

Ephemeris

[*Diarium I - IV*]

Mart Gorski

20xx

Four-Volume Semi-Diarium (Examples From Tetralogy)

Datus

[Diarium I]

Waterloo Manifesto

[Diarium II]

Sch'dy (Sk'dee)

[Diarium III]

Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe

[Diarium IV]

(1946-20xx)

Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe

Mart Gorski

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Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe (α)

Alpha alias *Yggdrasill*, or *Yggdrasil*, or *Ygdrasill*, from Norse *Yggdra* and *Syll* [by all means archaic (Gr. *archaios*, old, ancient; from *arche*, the beginning)], that is from *Yggr*, i.e. *Odinn*, i.e. *Othin*, i.e. the Teutonic *Woden*, *Alfadur* (All-father), the Ultimate Deity {God of Culture, Art, War and Death}, because of the universalness, that is because of the encirclement of the first two {C,A} with the last two of its interests {w,D}, i.e. because it is the one which, after the end of the world (*Ragnarök*), in spite of itself being emptied by drinking, is foreseen to be the source of a new life (its one-hundred-finger, pardon, one-hundred-twig *alpha*), is The Tree of the Universe.

Together with the three Fates, the *Norns* or *Nornir*, in cooperation, therefore, with *Urdur* that is *Urth* {the Goddess of the Past}, *Verdandi* that is *Verthandi* {the Goddess of the Present}, and *Skuld* (*Skuld*) {the Goddess of the Future}, said tree, *Yggdrasill*, leaning on {u,v,s} like on a round three-cross, veils the activity with time (the animation with juncture) better than any other tree.

This is how, instead of with its own shade, it protects itself from warming in an instant.

Derived from the first words (more is stuttered than said), with wings spread over ascension {Culture, Art} as above descension {War, Death}, being a partner {at Present} with {Past} and {Future} (so that neither descent nor ascent are what they are), the White Ash in question (*Fraxinus Americana*), or the European (*Fraxinus Excelsior*), or the Blossoming (*Fraxinus Ornus*) (it is one of them which is dealt with here), the Tree of the World therefore, a subtype of olive-tree (*Oleaceae*), the union between Mother (the rumour is it's an elder) and Father (an ash), according to *Eddas* collection (in accordance with the poetry collection of 1506 and the prose works from 1640), it consists as much of angelica (the angelic try) as of a devilish bull's-eye, as much of the wind's fold as of sandy gold, as much of wing's swing as of a flying thing.

It consists of all of that in the same way in which *Jasenovina* (Serbian for ash wood) consists of the same number of letters as found in *Yggdrasill*.

And in the same manner in which, to complete the picture (to confirm its time), a certain kind of eagle exposes its gene, one serpent (*Nidhogge*, mean by definition), gulps down (erodes) its threefold root: which is (in the land of Giants, *Jötunheim*), which was (in the land of Gods, *Asgard*), and which will be [in *Niffleheim*, the underground world in which reigns the above mentioned common viper (called also *Nidhogg*)].

Symbolically also, four harts (each older than five years of age) like four winds, graze its buds under the shaggy crown, under which there lies *Mimir*, that is *Ymir*, a giant who with his moustache guards the hairy Source of Wisdom (*Mimisbrunner*), a well which with two other springs, *Urdarbrunner* (Well of Fate) and *Hvergelmir* (Roaring Kettle), the springs that even in a braid do not dry up, feeds said tree with golden fleece.

And exactly because of such a principle of irrigation, and in spite of the multitudinousness of the time axis and the lack of appropriateness of the result, the leafy crown of the Tree of the Universe, that is of the World, that is of the Life, forever is dense and green.

That would be, approximately, the description of the given tree and its outcome/yield, the subject of these tales if they could be reduced to it, that is if they could be simplified by so much.

But they are, as any other substitute for reality, falsely more complex; it is only because of the regards for the (im)patience of the reader and the narrative procedure of the narrator, that they are, with the necessary examples of flora and fauna, curtailed to the three Deities/Dooms {*Urth*, *Verthandi*, *Skuld*} and four activities/conditions {Culture, Art, War, Death}.

While theirs, in itself a double-edged sword, as much as it put together it cut apart, as much as it gained it lost, as much as it (with no brains) dared it (excitingly) diminished. Into the scabbard, however, it did not return.

At *ZEKE*'s

The contemporary descendants of ancients, once occupied with hunting, are themselves busy with the same thing, sitting, however, at a sports bar, chasing the everlastingness (the state of being everlasting) or a sudden exuberance (rapture, joy), depending on the case.

Thus, for example, at *ZEKE*'s, the premises with no more and no less than eleven (11) TV sets, whereas each set emits a modern substitute for the past authenticity of a bull's-eye hit with an arrow, the patrons (coeval hunters, mainly men), (each one watching his own screen) with their eyes spend more time wandering than following the development of the situation on such a substitution (the projection plane) of the sport field, hesitating because they are not able to shoot, not having a target they hopelessly keep silent.

(Here and there, to be sure, they say something or even shout if it comes to that, only to, for a moment turned towards someone/something, return again to the subsidence of the previous naught, unproductiveness of words, whisper with the self).

Exposed, in fact, to the raving outbursts of commercials as to the final tamableness, from time to time they seem to twinkle in their eyes like the first hunters, although in a kind of, ever since, prepared fits of authenticity, puttering with an unfavorable score, lamenting over a missed opportunity as if they realized theirs, that is, as if their score is favorable.

So much of a (TV) competition and so little of a shot is what troubles them, dreaming of a trophy (finish line) they sleep through the hue and cry (process), instead on a hunting-ground they find themselves in its (civilizing) advancement - the sports bar.

Having substituted cave for house, they exchanged instinct for sensibleness.

More accurately: they exchanged their sixth sense for sensibility's ostentatiousness, for even it, the cultural model for everyday's sensitiveness, at places like this is rather a surrogate for coming true than it is its tiny lance (yet another official embodiment).

With no weapons and without hunt (counting not the present day versions of said activity, of course, panicky reproduced in the form of a replacement for boredom, reduced to the useless, although pompous killing of, mainly smaller, wild animals and still warm birds), without launch and jump and, finally, without acquainting with a sacrifice except of the others, they had become (who knows since when!) exactly that: the electronic matrix for a canto (the trivial hymnody of a spectacle belcanto), the television substitute for a salvation (under this Sun!), the cathode-ray tube instead of a double-barrelled gun.

Sitting in such a safe place and, thus, shooting at themselves instead of at a beast, they disassemble in front of it, mapping it out they find a refuge for it - the shelter from which they drove themselves out (upon cessation of hunt) into this security.

They stand up and step out into the night to enter something at least, they come out under the stars but don't even do that, in fact they chop themselves up by touching their own selves (the ones from now - not from before), they rummage through their heads as if that offers them to run away but, instead, they totter in place from which they don't come out (not even an inch), until they get rid of their substitutes and become what they otherwise are, when they are not a cartridge but are a bullet, when they are not a target but are a shot, when they are not an object but are a subject, when they are not the one being pursued but are the pursuer, when they are not below but above, when they are not a voting pool but are their own tool, when they are not a wreck but are what they make, when they are not nothing but are something, when they are not a number but are the sum, when they are not people but are individuals, when they are not a sheep but are a wolf, finding it unendurable to tolerate its own low, tightening it instead into a warlike bow.

{U, V, S-C, A}

Ecclesiasticus

In the base of a spirit (in a hinterland of things),
 With feet with no choice (with only a hoarse voice),
 We climb (allured as always) to the facade that brings
 About the unrestrainable poise (keeping away the noise).

As if neither yesterday nor tomorrow are any longer valid,
 (Turned into stones) as if we press against something quiet,
 Something that (although behind one's hand) doesn't appear varied,
 Only to reach the forehead in the way it does a lafayette.

We go (but where to?), are we going to know
 All these words how to abandon,
 Or, quite decisive (perhaps a bit pale), to at least slow
 Them down (at the finish line to cease to stand on).

Leaving for the heights (falling to the depths),
 Not moving whatsoever (neither left nor right),
 To the destination we credit its thefts,
 To us all that helps to not forget the plight.

The same doubt, look, haunts it (the same word dissolves),
 That which dreams of reaching descends below a touch,
 Even within notions of Heavenly Justice (corky sweetened stores),
 It shows only the doctrine (canonic as much).

* * *

To say less but more (not more amounting to less),
 To shut the mouth (to keep silent when everything roars),
 Maybe just at times to feature the prowess,
 To get quite courageous (till dirge spreads and soars).

To pay full attention to the passage of letters,
 (To not use so quickly the period / full stop),
 Until they (the learned signs), like accomplished hunters,
 Fire all of their guns (a slingshot atop).

To help them with both hands (and a pen if necessary),
 To wash them off then, to not let them multiply
 Into profusion of a zero, nutritiousness of a berry
 Of fiendish flesh - O Two-faced God!, conveniently standing by.

Words: a rise to the weak, to the strong - a stumbling,
 Listening to them the first one smoothly shivers,
 The second discards the sabre, more and more mumbling,
 less and less remaining the one who triumphantly squirrels.

To say less but more (not more amounting to less),
 (To leave it to the crowd to serve today's babble),
 To cut the self in half: from root to crown to digress,
 To plant a tree to fence the trouble - to strengthen the fable.

{u,v-c}

Wednesday, According to *Eddas*

According to *Thomas Bulfinch* {1796-1867}, the interpreter of *Eddas* (the mentioned collection of both the poetry and prose works from XVI and XVII century), in the beginning there was no earth nor heaven, only the frozen indistinctness, a world of ice and fog. To the south of that, however, there was a universe of light called *Ginnungagap* ("the yawning emptiness"), whose (southern) breeze had melted everything around it; from the evaporations of the yawning abyss of *Ginnungagap* at the dawn of creation there emerged the first living creature, a massive frost giant named *Ymir* (who, although evil, was the father and mother of all frost giants), and a primeval cow *Audhumla* (or *Audhumbla*), that *Ymir* fed on the milk of. The cow itself fed on the salt of the ice by licking it as passionately as it did fully. In doing so it did not notice when, one day, under its tongue there appeared first hair, then a head, and finally a fully assembled being, the first man by the name of *Buri*, whom *Audhumla* had licked free of the ice.

It turned out that *Buri*, gifted with flexibility, handsomeness and the power to turn over the cards, and his wife, a daughter of giants of irascible spirit, had given birth to their son named *Bor*, who then married *Bestla*, the daughter of a frost giant, and they, in turn, had three sons, the original gods *Odinn*, *Vili* and *Ve*, who slew *Ymir* and threw his carcass into *Ginnungagap*. (To the theme of a violent creation, as it is well known, not much of an inventiveness can be accredited). Consequently, *Ymir*'s flesh became the earth, his blood the sea, his hair the forest, his skull the sky, his bones mountains, while from his brain there came in sight snowy clouds, full of hail-stones. And from *Ymir*'s eyebrows the three created *Midgard*, a human abode (full of cheerless notions of a green woodpecker celebrated in verse).

Having created, in that manner, an entire world, and having walked upon it, the gods realized that it was incomplete because there were no people in it. Hence they took an ash tree and made a man from it, and took an elder and made a woman. They called the man *Aske*, the woman *Embla*. *Odinn* (also spelled *Odin*) gave them the life and soul, *Vili* the reason and stride, *Ve* presented them with the senses, facial expression and the ability to talk.

Thus *Aske* and *Embla* moved into *Midgard*; from there they started the human race - a genus pulled tight by the genesis, made heavy by the soil. (Due to that, since then, whenever the spirit of *Ymir* tries to throw off such a weight, the whole earth starts to tremble, keeping it that way until the first coming Sunday).

The gods themselves found the accommodation in *Asgard*, the dwelling-place to which, besides them, only the *Norns* (the three *Fates*) had access - albeit only in the capacity of maids.

Asgard was linked to *Midgard* by a wondrous rainbow bridge called *Bifrost* (an ethereal pathway for the gods, only a bit more modern - with a statics calculation of meaning); in it there were golden and silver palaces, with quarters for the gods, the most beautiful of which was *Valhalla*, an immense hall in the divine fortress of *Asgard*, the residence of the highest of gods, the one-eyed *Odin* (or *Odinn*, meaning something akin to "Fury" or "Madness"), who was said to have been presiding over the *Einherjar* ("Glorious Dead"). There, sitting on his exalted throne, *Hlidskialf*, a mighty watch-tower overlooking the nine worlds, he had a clear survey of all the sky and earth. Two tireless ravens as two airborne news reporters, *Huginn* ("Thought") and *Muninn* ("Memory"), (when not sitting on his shoulders) flew about only to, upon return, "into his ears whisper every scrap of news which they saw or heard tell of", making the god knowledgeable of events. Meanwhile, at his feet crouched his pet wolves, *Geri* and *Freki*, omens of good luck, for which their master once a day let them eat his dish of meat even though it was served to him - for a mead was his only food and drink (as chocolate would have been today).

And that is how, on the throne in question (in the long hours of his), *Odinn* invented *Runes* (the Runic alphabet), from which said *Norns* took the letters necessary to inscribe the *Words of Fate* into everyone's temporary voyage, and finally into the eternal one. While from the *Teutonic* variation of *Odinn*'s name - *Woden* - as from the variation of the *Serbian* word for the Center - *Sredina* - there originated the name for the fourth, centered day of a week, *Wednesday* (*Sredna* in *Serbian*), taking Sunday for the first (whenever nothing else remains to be taken/done that day).

And that is why, ever since, towards *Wednesday* the time ascends and away from *Wednesday* it descends, as long as the shadow of the *Tree of the Universe*, *Yggdrasil*, cools it down, and there fly over it *Huginn* and *Muninn*, and there devour it *Geri* and *Freki*, and there read it the *Runes of Fate*.

Dragana

Parked between the market place and graveyard, green as a tree (slightly more black, though), with no suspicious accessories - without the trailer, for example - with licence plates from *MN*, between two trips (between an anvil and a hammer), crucified but tightened, loosened but tied up, moved but stopped (if only a bit it stole out), full of the returning like a wheel of the turning, that truck is again here.

I see it near the lower base of the sloping parking lot when, sometime, I park here too, in order to (as it is commonly said) “put things into perspective”, as if it has nothing to do with the consent to immovableness that, really, is smaller for a step anyway, i.e. as if at least this area (between the cemetery and the grocery store) does not oblige one to, even symbolically, end with all this traveling (a passing from place to place).

One, therefore, parks here to get to oneself, with no rotating parts (shafts) nor their linear equivalents (voyages) - here where stretched into a pause of a short-lived concord there hums the silence between the sparing and working (between the Paradise relaxing and Hades flexing).

And although, however seldom, there come and go the passers by (only to be betrayed by their hush), and the snow piles up (however slow, like nothing’s up for a rush) - not even from such acts (as neither from a boiled sentence) one can pull out something bigger without submitting oneself to the added ebullition of words.

A tilted tree (the askance might: out on the branch there hangs an expired kite), all which, agitated, offers itself (prostrated, it gives up in return for approval): the front end as a miserliness of expression, the naturalness as a limpidity of the car window, the drawbacks of beatitude as the advantages of Inferno, the sudden sound of an accidental instrument (the guitar as an emancipation of its strings, the rhythm as an enhancement of *Saturn*’s rings), the participation and outcome, the indifference and redemption, the carrying capacity of this truck after all - they jointly fortified at this very moment, quite peacefully, right here, on the parking lot like on an empty page, with the exception of the letters of a name put on a stage.

On the truck’s right door, namely, in bold print it reads *Dragana*, which would be nothing unusual if it is not to do with (such a bosom) name from the other side of the world, if it did not, namely, arrive all the way here (and furthermore, as mentioned, arrived from an unexpected direction - *MN*), if it did not, that is, make a stop and park in front of me as if I am the one who issues the certificate/attestation regarding the arrival (reaching this particular destination), as if it is not to do with an incidental range of the seven letters involved with a stochastic shipping (with the forwarding of a polished chance), with something by all means temporary, instantaneous as a roused up middle, as if the dead at one and the alive at the other side of such a named vehicle are the expected/natural payment for such a long ride, as if, in other words, on it (the journey in question) nothing disturbing happened, no twitch of a butterfly (confusion of a worm, collapse of a stag before the headlights into Assumption), neither commencement nor resignation of the day, nor sufficiency nor necessity, nor despondency nor fulfilment, not even a hasty shade as an awareness of a doubt. As if in either there or in here (in *YU*, in *MN*, in *W*.) it is not a matter of sameness, a common mouth (of the same river), and as if it is not the case that it is exactly she (*Dragana*) who incarnates/embodies it (the described commonness), notwithstanding that it is done in this, by all standards a trucking (almost prosaic) manner.

It must be that because of that, therefore, the driver ordered that her name be inscribed on said door, so that he can transport it on the wheels to where he intends to go, then to return it to her.

For, it is precisely her (*Dragana*) who is his palatal goal, something which he (like a tooth to a tongue) periodically returns to, more exactly someone who he visits every two to three months, having gotten rid of, each time, the excuse for every such arrival of him, that is, having disengaged and unloaded the trailer and, subsequently, having parked the trailerless rig, in principle having sniffed her (in his thoughts having touched her - the object of the inscription on the door of his truck), then having visited her only to, after a day or two, return, because he did not stay, as if by not staying anything gets solved at any time, except starting the engine for the next departure, and the following return.

{U, V, S-W, D}

Out of Winter, Into Spring

It both did and did not arrive; even if one does not want to admit it, i.e. is not willing to give it credit (to ascribe its arrival to its worth) - it decorates itself on its own: one decoration for the warming up, another for the cheerful ringing, yet another for the melted bell of this winter too.

With it (the calyx of a flower all the more, before - the hollow coldness which used to further freeze when struck), it (the winter) was pressing so much all around itself (mumbling "Isn't that nice?"), increasingly foaming with rage converting the surroundings to ice, only to crack and leak out (the winter expiring today) - all the way down to the lower street.

So far to that point (the winter leaked), but even that was enough for the spring to start flooding from the upper one.

From street to street, one thing melts the other grows (in the eye's hunger there melts even a strangler), one flows out the other flows in (as much as one jams the other clears): the war has come to that point - what remains is the street fighting.

As much as the old grieves the new rejoices, as much as one bends the other struts, as much as this sheds tears that shines, as much as the first hides behind the wall the second shows off at the corner. (Not even Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring" would throw it out of a balance, even though, as *Eksteins* points out, the first title Stravinsky gave to the "harsh, aggressive and discordant" masterpiece of his was "The victim").

One (Spring in this case) finds itself at the doorstep of the other (Winter), and yet, it does not dare fully enter; rather, with the help of a southern breeze, it keeps pressing onto the polar door handle - until it melts the opponent away.

Making it glad or sad, in this way or that, in continuous strife as in a false alliance - one is dying away the other is being born (the retreat of one as the advance of the other).

Winter and Spring: one gives up - the other triumphs with a snap, while one keeps strictly silent - the other roars with a talent, down the gutter there goes Winter - but Spring climbs up, all the white stuff that Winter drags off - (converted into the green) look how Spring collects thereof! (The full colour of one under the shade of the other).

Out of Winter into Spring: out of peace into war, out of war into beak, out of beak into bird, out of bird into soar, out of soar into Summer, out of Summer into peace (as if someone is returning the ball) - all the way out of Summer into Fall.

The change as a crossed line of patience, studio-like nakedness of expiation, the imperfection of that which acquiesced without appreciable duration.

The season's collision as a soul glider - until it descends into the sameness again (just a bit milder). For, even if not all is the same, it returns to it (it makes smaller and smaller and, finally, protozoic circles around it): as much as it spills it pours, it assimilates to be able to recall. To be able to remember, that is, how it used to be and how it is now, how behind this hides that, how it is only a question of time which one (of the two) is going to show itself (as the one), as if in nothing one may discover something more, as if there is no supplementation (the act or instance of supplementing, filling up, adding to), as if everything is given clearly and finitely, ejected to flashily glow while something else withers away, ceding instead of defending, mitigating instead of contesting.

(The crystallography of watchfulness: at any moment to maintain it with only a single petal).

And all that, surely, only appears that way: as much as Spring is overpowering Winter (not letting it keep a snowflake, not to mention a chance for the fresh snow), the latter is ready to jump in - as soon as blue May is replaced by bluer June, yellow August by yellower September, and the black heron of November is greeted by the white hands of December.

Coup

To take care of days, to approve of them (to keep them on the palm as eggs are kept by a bird), to get accustomed to the casuality (the interrelation of cause and effect - *Webster*), to stop circling around the essence hoping that it will get more essential, to not wave with the observation of desirableness not being caught sight of (in a perspective) as with the proof of an error, to not interpret a window-to-window draft outside the logic of things, to not reduce the patheticness of *A. (Porfiryevich) Borodin's Petite Suite* (1885) to only its *1-st Movement (In a Monastery: Andante religioso)*; even though it could sound prosaic (with a pathos) - to sing something enthusiastic and healthy; because yesterday's day finished so nicely (in that it did not deviate from the day before) to not talk nonsense today either, to choose speculativeness (enterprising spirit) but then not even credulity to blame just like that, to avoid the danger of a sedative soul, to not plot against either one's own or somebody else's life (to let passion calm down), not even the war in self-defence to praise all day till the next morning (instead of exposing the overcoat to the bullet rather to cover the self with it), to pull out from the trap of a just solution since not even solution cures from the trap, not to mention justice.

To walk down the street as if going to a remote first grade class (as if sounding out words is still far away), to not enroll into a higher grade as if in the elementary reading book not all is said, to not be in too much of a hurry thinking that the arrival will be on time, to not withdraw in front of the taciturnity being afraid of what others will say, to see what does not exist, to not see what does.

Having noticed the existence of the blank space, however, to not think that a fulfilment is at the reach of a hand - to tear away and sink into it (the grotto) while it still features a deep-laid motto.

To be in command of one's own faculties: to not change anything nor offer advice nor get down to fixing the world in any way, to not propose a thing better than it is, to not enforce happiness.

To lay face-up and keep silent. (To lay face-up and keep silent).

Until something pops, the sky bursts open and the earth halves, the boom full of regained consciousness starts to deafen the ears (the flash of uprising to blind the eyes): the calm infuriates into a storm and it starts to thunder and lighten.

To bound up then, to throw away the skin of shame, to pull out from an adder-like embrace of inactivity, to trade the equanimity for the coup.

To go to war for that which there is less of rather than more, but there is.

Here it is, in the head (however it may be acting to mask the red): while it looks like it loafs before the jump, in truth it prepares for what comes after the slump.

To enter the engagement, to be able to turn upside down that which there is rather less of than more, to throw it down the river, to greet it with both hands at the arrival port, to unite with it (to soothe the mutual loneliness).

To do all that before it is too late - before the eye-lids lower down in front of a favourable opportunity - while that, which there is rather less of than more, still shudders at the thought of the original picture.

The picture of a planted sunflower (in an all-season garden as in an ever-seasonal retreat), ranging in colour and somnolency from yellow to white to, here and there, a soporiferous grain of poppy, of something, that is, sometime inducing drowsiness sometimes lifting up a torch, red-hot when bursting light-blue when kneeling, thrusting and shielding at the back porch.

Bed and Breakfast

Quarters for the night, that is, a *temporary lodgment*, is an expression which most closely relates to a (collective) notion of the *bed and breakfast*.

To be *quartered on* means to go to bed picturing a meal in the morning.

Both an unexpected guest (an accidental traveler) and a voyager who left for his/her destination according to a previously arranged/booked schedule/itinerary equally expect that, upon a stopover or following the final arrival, and after having good rest (in terms of having nice dreams) in a guest/hotel room, the travelled route would also remunerate their stomachs by feeding them.

(Such a long trip and such a small itch for: having already come nowhere, if at least that which they hauled in their heads all the time wouldn't let them down).

To go on a trip: to arrive, then sleep, then eat.

(To pull up into the station: to turn towards the self instead of in it).

To leave and, keeping silent, to expect the same.

(Neither to sleep nor to eat, and still - being able to escape none).

Pretending to be set aside while, in fact, doubling oneself (at another place repeating the ritual from the first one).

There is an innumerable count of shelters of the mentioned kind: here/locally the bed and breakfast (the place to stay, to be put up, to pass the night and in the morning to have breakfast at) is available almost every hundred yards: *'Sombra Bed and Breakfast'*, *'Theresa's Woodshed Bed & Breakfast'*, *'This Old House Bed & Breakfast'*, *'Quiet Streams B & B'*, *'The Nauvoo Ranch'*, *'Selma's Cabin, at Pinecroft'*, *'Country Haven B & B'*, *'Red Lion Bed & Breakfast'*, *'Do Drop In B & B'*, *'Birds & Blooms B & B'*, *'Woodlot Acres Retreat'*, *'HomeTown Memories B & B'*, *'Rebecca's B & B'*, *'Wander Inn B & B & Antiques'*, *'Mulberry Lane B & B'*, *'The Bib & Tucker Inn'*, *'Gazebo House B & B'*, etc.

Accommodations of that sort entice as if from each one of them (the asylums with a meal finale) announces itself yet another impudent salvation, a flight carried out by a step back into that which all this time was in the air (was suspected) but was never touched except in the remembrance of the feeling of a shielding/protectiveness in an old house, kept intact only in the memory, an abode that not even in an approximation associates with transitoriness of staying as it does with doziness (the inclination to sleep) and a meal after sleep, with a kind of serving the acknowledgement of destination (between the shot of rise and the refuge of demise), with a swing above the sigh of remains (with wings spread over the original plains), with an antique shop as the omniscient beginning of dawn, with a classical (antique) period seen ahead of time, in a word - with the copiousness of all past shivers.

Having landed (having arrived at the port), having slept over night, (in the morning) having eaten breakfast - to crane the neck, to finalize the desired image of the cake, to expound it with the satiated notion at stake.

With it to flow in [both when it (the cake) sweetens him beyond the mentioned (sweet) dream and when it (guardedly) brings his spoon closer to the hungry mouth of a river on which he (the one in question) sails upstream], to infuse, therefore, good thoughts into the head from the stomach (into the mind from the plate), into the shortlived inundation brought out as a gift to the everlasting privation of journey, to the festive table made for exactly that occasion, for said exigency in the form of a kitchen-oriented justification of stepping out from the dish of all previous, immovable days.

{U, V-W, D}

Belegiš

It is neither simple nor easy to avoid patheticalness while writing about a military that it is no more.

There where the *Danube* river from its own bed overflows to another one (where it floods the surrounding fields), about 30 km upstream from *B.*, a hindrance to the continuation of said flooding shows itself in the form of clayish crags, in the form, that is, of a sudden (almost insolent) half-knolls half-hills made of such a devastated yet with something (the unbased hope?) elevated land, extricated by the full ten, perhaps even fifteen meters into the sky, stretched along a line as long as it takes the river (tireless by definition) to get tired travelling by all that.

(The length of that, by the earthen mounds bordered bank, amounts to a few kilometers, judging by the fatigue of the eye which never seems to be able to sum it up in its full scale).

The expanse of the scenery in question is, therefore, of the kind of landscapes that first spills out (a conquering river through a conquered field), but then (right after that) the indifference of giving up converts into resistance to the invasion: the dramatics of the cliffs wakes up both participants in the, apparently, finished play - both a long ago defeated one (the stumbling field) and a victor [the river made heavy by all that success (victoriousness)].

As if when one goes from one extreme to the other, from the floor to the wall, from the base to the maze, from the race to the chase (from the horizon to the zenith of the time-space), from *adagio* of the form to *fortissimo* of the essence (from the layer of dust to the freckle of lust), from the gist to the fist. That is, as if when, due to the forgetfulness or in a derangement, from his/her pocket one pulls out a bill instead of a receipt. When, that is, instead of to proclaim a victory by means of paying the charges, the ground underneath the vanquisher becomes uncertain and, as in this case, piles up into liberation of the routed, at the very end of believing a miracle.

In such a manner, thus, to the mentioned overflowing, that is (in general) to the campaign of said river there resisted the last line of defence on this field which, by the village on its periphery, has been called *Belegiš* and where, at the time referred to herewith (more than thirty years ago), military exercises took place.

When the company arrives and the soldiers dig in the ditches on the sandy part of the flooded field, not even the command to a storm rouses up the plains as much as it does the steep side (flank) of the cliff which in turn (whether willingly or not) in that way alarms, interrupts, and finishes off the flood.

Nor (after the exercise) the kind of the headquarters in question (housing, if not the victim, the escapee of the water, for sure) presents itself in any better light: having climbed all the way from the described valley atop the clayey rock, the soldiers too (with that very act) renounce the sudden acquiescence of the field by the river: not even to them does it look more necessary than the deserted trench.

More unnecessary than needed, therefore, the flooded paysage along the river is marked in the same way too, it neither emphasizes itself nor disappears from the view, neither seriously comes under consideration nor writes itself off lightly, even when, from the last trench, the last soldier finds himself on the crest of the clay as on the peak elevation (the headquarters' marking on the map), and both the field and the sand under him subside before the battalion's march [into the hour glass of a still unexpired, infantry-like reticency, into the shot pulled tight by the clay (unlike in the case of a bird - into the blast pulled tight by the sky)].

For, not even *Belegiš* is anything else but a stamp to itself, the flooded memory of a futile (useless, fruitless, vain, ineffectual, purposeless) military exercise with which nothing was preserved except another bluff (feint, ruse, guile, trick) within the false performance (representation, acting, play) of the world, within the notion of progress from lying down to repose, as if, from the sand, all of them all the time are not being watched by a clay pigeon with the dead *Danube* (once blithe and bright) in the rifle's front sight.

* * *

And what if God is subjective?

If He (assuming the right pronoun is used) does not care more about this than about that. (If He drags Himself instead of jumping to His feet).

If He jumps with joy instead of holding back. (If He breaks in the eye as in the sky).

If He does not move (but does not calm Himself either), does not pretend to sleep as he may, and yet - silently dwells a whole day. (If He escapes work but ripens with exertion). If the future lets Him aboard but the past does not hold.

If at the exit from eternal condition He falls into an instantaneous state. If from a swoon He transits to a sense. If He does not frown for the sake of a pose but because of conviction. If He proposes one thing and tastes the other. (If he does not restrain from joining deuce).

What to do, therefore, with a God as an imperfection and His whim as the fulfilment? What to do with the price for deliverance when it does not include today's costs? When both the completed and the uncompleted sigh counts as the last one (and it does not stick out either).

When all is serene, still shivering so solemnly: it neither rears (on its hind legs) nor falls, neither says its prayers nor damns, neither swears (by all that is holy that this is all truth) nor stays away from the promise - it just started to husk and already accumulated into the intolerableness of a doubt (the principle of sobering up).

When it is neither here nor there, that which bridled up as if it was there when, in fact, it is here.

That for which it is assumed that at each moment it knows what it is doing (it does not pay attention to the passion), so that it neither becomes avaricious nor does it feel sorry about something, neither vengeful nor vindictive, neither kills nor gets out of the way - what if all the time it is to do with an agreement from day to day, with the doubledealing as a constant of conviction, with something that does not have second thoughts about presenting itself as a pith beneath the crust, having pulled out a knife and having cut itself into echo and hint, reverberation and drumhead trial (a well deserved court-martial).

As when from the truth there protrudes a lie (from the lie, truth), from unfinished work the final spreading of a sound, from the tilled ground a germ of faithlessness, from the momentary boundaries the snarling of continualness, determinism of inviolableness, conjecturality of belonging, the universal ill (spontaneous demise).

Although it is possible to imagine that the situation of a subjective God (whatever His alibi) is not rosy, this is not so. [Not only that it is rosy, it overwhelmingly inundates with a favorable scent - no room is left for a predicament (not a single thorn is meant)].

Doing one thing and thinking of the other, in conformity with instinct instead of with metamorphosis (the transformation of larvae into butterflies), He, in fact, takes care of Himself, instead of one - in His mirror there come in sight two supremacies: one over the soul and another over the body.

Sometimes reigning over one, sometimes over the other (as the need might be), making no mistake in weighing either one, until the physique (worldliness, mundanity, sensuality) makes Him facing the spirituality (spiritual-mindedness, godliness, devoutness), and vice versa, the two having decided to proclaim Him (so subjective) null/unimportant as compared to them (so important).

As if, with that, they (the body and the soul) turned the tables on Him, while, in fact, having made such a proclamation, they ensured their own close (a termination of no choice but to depose) at the moment when, to them (so easily made feeling high), as soon as He raises the curtains (ignites the glow), He cancels the show.

{V-C,A}

Loon

The loon announces itself at daybreak or twilight (the noon it avoids, during the night it dives).

Being a waterfowl (something that flies but is in collusion with water), it does not sound off to get rid of thirst but to make the water smaller with the sky, to pour it with the wing (from one to the other swing), to add it with a cling (is devotion not the right thing?)

From the eye - beak, from the beak - call, from the call – a loon. (Like a small balloon carrying around an all-eating spoon).

Above the lake - stillness, above the stillness - thought, above the thought – a loon. As much as it keeps silent it sings with talent (as much as it sings with talent it keeps silent). It cries out once, perhaps twice (when the third time is in order - it quiets down as a lichen).

It reports itself from the morning, the evening, from the transition into night (day), from anything eternally short in the same way. Only to inform about its (the swimming game bird's) presence, to not allow establishing an impression that there is nothing of it (to confirm its melodious conjecture).

As we fall into silence - it can be heard (as we utter - it becomes speechless).

A loon: a bird between seclusion and disclosure (in-flight elicitation, at the finish line - solidification).

Great northern diver.

[One would seemingly easily gather (conclude / deduce by inference / learn by observation and reasoning) that it might only increase under the feathers - if it was not for its soaked attire].

Having found themselves by vast water, as much self-sufficient as enjoying the company (flock), in the same way in which it happens to people, the birds, too, are being pestered with thoughts: what to span it with (how to determine its bottom before getting stranded).

To the humans there usually occur some stage-like (technical) solutions: a bridge, a ferry (a barge), a triumphal arch; from the birds there takes out a cry - double in case of a single loon.

With a shriek it twists itself before one's time (the early bird catches the worm), with another it lands on its feet on the eve of an event (of one shore meeting another).

Twofold is a loon's scream: it is neither singular nor is it lost in a multitude, in whatever manner to commence it terminates as a double (twice as much) - it fractures, starting to clink (clank) backwards.

Like when there lags behind a message and the justification is being supplied: a supplement in the sense of a remainder (although a groundlessness for salvation).

A bird's resume of things: the day hardly breaks but already there propagates a suspicious voice.

An exhibition of painting painted with a sound: the night does not resound with a bouquet of scenes however, nor does the day toast, instead (between them as between the straight line and a handy rhyme, the traveller's spine and the finish line) it becomes darker or it turns pale (it fades on each and every scale) - to repose (in the evening), to rub its eyes (in the morning), it wills it but knows not how to do it, neither it knows nor is it corrigible, it tries to say that and that's why it sounds like that, neither resolutely nor yieldingly, neither sagaciously nor foolishly - it sings, therefore, neither amassed nor spilled but as needed to get to the bottom of things, even if through a grumbling voice.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Nature and Structure of Time

“Nature and structure of time” - *B.* says that he is to work on that.

He says it as if he is to deal with something not too difficult (not with the secret unveiled either), something neither distorted nor unobscured, neither inexorable nor heedful, neither unsaddled nor mounted, neither fast nor slow, something that does not care to stay overnight since early in the morning (hanging from a white rose at noon).

As if something out there needs a repair but it cannot be fixed (“If at least it was exuberantly mixed”, one would add).

Time: from the outside hungry, satiated inside (as the day with the constituent moments).

What it picks on - cannot be saved, what it comes to - (sooner or later) gets scattered.

And when it can be found nowhere (in the kernel when it wraps, making itself ready but keeping quiet about it), and when it jumps out to the surface (a desirable poultice of things - in such a place when it prepares to stay), it actually throws away from itself: being neither in nor out, time does not accommodate itself at noticeable places before it rolls them out into a single one - the hemp of the end on the distaff of beginning.

Time: who makes a detour around it cannot be found anymore, who crosses its path bursts into flames and dies out (closes the door).

Opinionated by nature, mottled by structure, it becomes obstinate and foppish, it cannot stand diminution of its credit for the show even if bursting with kitsch.

For, it reckons, one lives off good parts, that's them which is remembered along with it (time), off other parts no one made anything better anyway (so why would it need to do that?).

In bad times - good times, in good times - bad times, one of them does not happen without the other (nor can it), the easy one feels well when thinking of the difficult one, the hard one scratches its head with the comfortable one (plus, it pets it on its hand).

Even under the time here it is - time (and above it, and in the middle), the only thing is that none of them leans onto the other without moving it aside (later on).

As one of them finishes there comes the other, even though it is well known what is going to happen with it too (it will be replaced by the third one).

So that, having described one of them (one time out of all times), neither the nature nor the structure of the next one in order (not to mention the one after the next one) got incorporated into the description (counting not the prologue and the epilogue).

Until each one of them (each possible time) bends over so much that there starts to leak a temporary clock from it into the everlasting center – today's noon.

But he (*B.*) is not to work on that.

He's only to slice it (time) as if it were a cantaloupe, each slice to hang on to the ceiling, to let them swing up there, to ring as if somewhere the fractional passing (of a kind) alleviates the mushy axis (soon to bind).

{U-C, A}

Origin of Time

The nature and structure of time is one thing, its origin is another.

While its nature duplicates and structure triplicates, its origin betrays it with its singleness.

By nature being this and that, by structure milled with one, the other, and still another thing, it (time) derives itself from the singularity (a particular privilege, prerogative, distinction), using this source (the only one) as its cane, and (lacking conversation) it moves its hands (the hands of a clock) as it would its eyebrows.

(Even the whisper fades away, let alone the talk).

From where time gets its origin there is no backup for even a voice, not to mention a choir.

[In the same way in which it started, it keeps company with itself (it sings to it as to its size would an elf)].

To its source it sinks. (It returns to where it comes from).

[The origin of time: the chiseling out (carving, sculpturing) graded in the chisel - the sawdust of pollen in the lungs of a weasel].

The crown atop a trunk fled from its base: a typical case of when even with such a judicious body (the main stem) of the tree in question (*Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe*) one cannot reach the crown starting from its root (but rather descends using a poor excuse as a parachute).

Having its origins here or there, sourcing itself from the center or the sides, reaching considerateness without consideration, time, in fact, behaves as if it is to do with the contract with a (bad) joke.

Originating from the convexity of a vessel in the concaveness of the journey, with that same thing time restores itself: being already solitary (understanding that nothing can be added to or subtracted from that fact), if at least it could pour itself from yesterday's jar to tomorrow's cup - it reckons while flowing into today's plate.

The beginning of time: the beatified (blessed) synonym for (who knows what in order) a big-bang constitution, as if in it there lie operating instructions for fixing things and not for their derangement.

Derived from pouring the pitcher of wine into the glasses of minutes, hours and years (of long ago forgotten lives), time becomes a member of echelons, columns and (white?) words of purpose. (If only it could get rid of them).

But, having been crossed itself (in swaddling clothes as in the hay - an extension of grass, the bandage of dreams along the way), a simple solution is not foretold in the cards of time either: as much as it disentangles horizontally it entangles vertically, as much as it gains in becoming a bee it looses in staying a wasp, as much as it drinks water it floods its plains (as much as they can grasp).

Time and its origin are in the same relation in which are the continuity and its beginning; the only unclear thing here is that continuity has no beginning while the beginning has nothing but the end, so that, even in the case that it is true that time relates to its origin in the same way in which continualness is related to its commencing, the end is written in the cards of any of them before they are opened.

{U, V-C, A}

“Chester Electronics”

When one drives down toward *Sheridan Road*, somewhere between *77-th* and *78-th Ave.*, taking any one of them only to pass by the contents of both [to pass, namely, by quite towering (wide-covering), basically benumbed trees (insensible to anything which does not suit their grins), the trees that, consequently, make the lawns and backyards of mainly white, but also ochre, yellow and violet-painted houses, definitely more solid (and so much fuller), or at least more dense than they actually are, the yards otherwise inactively overgrown with a passively solidified (suspiciously condensed) repose of the stagnance of the day - the classical extortion of retreating into the reconditeness of a cherry tree (for example) - passing by two or three bees tricked by the passion for unfinished work (the scenography as much refractory as full of justification for something that always has to buzz or totter)]; coming back to driving along one of the two avenues towards *Sheridan Road* - the first *different* thing that can be seen is the local baseball field, as wide as the line of poplars on its back side goes up into the skies, an arena appropriately peaceful and empty (although, as insignificant as it is, in the evenings contesting resignation still ending up with a measure), with the exception of the rare Saturdays (or Sundays) when even on it (the conveniently boring battlefield) two (whichever) sides fight about the ball, during a (usually irrelevant) sporting match, throwing it (the ball in question) not farther than the line of those poplars; finally, from that point on, driving just a short distance to the south (or the north, depending on which of the two avenues one takes in order to get to said road), one gets to a store dealing with electronic components and equipment, *“Chester Electronics”*.

As in any store of the kind, here too one can get all and everything, both needed and un-needed stuff, both that which is useful and that which is not [both that what commands the electricity (has the upper hand) and what serves it (walks away from it with its tail between its legs)].

It is understood that it is not the selection of the goods that the analysis of the store in question is concerned with. For, if it was the case, with such an act (with generating the write-up about the store's assortment of things) one would only produce another, quite unnecessary catalogue for it (the listing for the mentioned goods), while the existing one is available free of charge at the entrance door.

The item which interests us is a certain smoothness of said place, its impenetrability in the sense of indestructible, that is steadfast, that is heedful, that is ionic compress over things and, so-called, soul, an obsession with the electrical current as the remaining respectfulness of order and rule, not the hysteretic/eddy currents or the unruffled (sleek, calm) flow by itself but coating and alluvium of the (so-called) reality transposed into a lattice between crystal and rust.

The obsolete parts and devices namely, shoved, that is, placed into a sort of written-off, now useless ambient (benches with not fully wound solenoids, leaked electrolytes, unmarked, at that burnt resistors, low-frequency transistors and dipole-antenna stands) - as much as keeping silent wait for someone to touch them, judge them useful, and buy them even if no apparent need can be used as an excuse for the purchase.

On the other hand, new and flashy units, pile-ups of (quite impressive) state-of-the-art pieces of equipment (various audio and video sets and components) stand out as soon as one gets through the door in, so that some compassion with reference to the chances for marketing, that is, selling them becomes superfluous. It is presumed that the utility, that is usefulness of the products dealt with here strikingly spreads out from all of them all the time, that it is only a question of time when a customer is going to buy one of them.

It usually happens like that.

Thus, there (in the store) we also made a purchase, buying a stereo for *B.* (for his 11-th birthday), and now, 13 years later, it still plays well.

But nobody listens to it (a couple of years ago *B.* moved - he went his own way - *S.* and *M.*, as well as ourselves, listen each to their own stereo) - the stillness and hush go hand in hand with the taciturnity of those (electronic) parts and (high-fidelity) gears, with their silence/reticency that even then, it's so obvious now, from those stands and benches was inevitably spreading ahead.

{U, V-C, A}

* * *

To not ask for more than one, perhaps two right words (at most a sentence) from this day either.

To not talk much, nor to write anything as such. To crawl inside the pen (keyboard) and wait for a voice (letter).

To not imagine all and everything only to gain a richness of expression (to enhance the modulation of presentation), to not conform to a cascade of eloquence (from vividness to fluency to gracefulness to forcibleness to persuasiveness), a stormy description of toppled essence to leave to its trace in the sand, either the form or the substance to not stress in the sense of emphasizing a difference greater than that between the body and the soul [as if no one sees what this is (all) about].

For, of course, (all) this is about a relation between description and condition, reticence and tattle, quietness and exertion, to belittle it by means of agreeing to noise.

(Between the fingers the sifted flour, in the fields not even a single flower).

Acceding to the predominating murmur, because of the prevalent hum not even the first right word would have been discerned (set aside the second one).

This way, not ceding even an inch before the haughtiness of the state of being overcrowded / being filled to excess [not in the least (not for an iota) yielding before the vivacity of the crowd, that is), sitting in the room consisting of the forehead ceiling and the temple walls, not participating in the piling up of impressions (in the confusion of an otherwise reliable witness), having moved to the side as to a discreet explanation, the one who does that in fact wrestles the day's excessiveness, the night's concealedness, the monotheism of doubleness, the jest of purport, making no excursions outside but inside.

There, therefore, as it is the only possible place for a word (at most two) of today's explanation to stay in wait for him (the one in question).

(As with regards to tomorrow – we'll see).

Which means that to expect something more and to proclaim it possible is a function of a classical delusion (daily cleverness) of the protagonists of ephemerality (the illusionists of permanence), the establishers of notion of complete apprehension through trivialness of its constituents.

Since, however, to elude the snare does not mean to keep on exulting with it, one ought stand up and boil the tea pot of water, to start pondering (musing, meditating) about the lack of significance in the case dealt with here, the case from which it is expected, as always, to be patient (to endure) until tomorrow.

Which means that from today until tomorrow (from one day to the next) as much as one need not deceive oneself with the inspiration of the (quasi)oratory, one ought stay away from its (oration's) shepherds. That is, one needs to absorb oneself in thought and, in the process, keep hidden even though that might last forever (or until the next change of the theories, at least).

To not expect either plus or minus (to not be imposed upon by the indifference just like that either), to not plunge into motives (reasons, causes) as if they are not going to be there all the time, to not have patience for something that counts with the inevitability of error and placability of solution.

To dress up nicely and wait up for the morning (noon, midnight), having firmly stepped out from one (thing) to vigorously step to the second (third), at the festivity with the self to shake hands with that on the side which shrinks and keeps silent, courageously uttering today's truth.

{v-c}

Poisoning with Lightness

Contrary to the (layman) conviction that it is only the hardship (of life) that makes one disturbed, incapacitated and poisoned, one does not do better with its antipode, the lightness, either.

Although lightness (something that, by definition, presents itself as pleasant and mild) is considered desirable, it is not present in the sense in which it is (so amateurishly) thought of.

Except for the silly (unthoughtful, ignorant, bordering the dull) mildness/cheerfulness, as well as for the physical (material) delicacy/nimbleness, the spiritual lightness does not exist.

Lightness derived from thoughtlessness is characteristic of short-lived (ephemeral) attempts to avoid facing that which is inside one and out; physical lightness is the reflection of a full stomach and/or wallet rather than of something superior to that kind of fullness, i.e. something not yielding to the resulting pleasures.

As much as the first, shallow representation of the weightlessness of the subject in question, is based on the kitsch notion of life and not the life itself, the second one makes use of this same attribute (kitsch) considering it an ultimate value of its (alleged) predominance over the first one.

The second lightness offers itself to the first one as a model and general pardon of offenses such as stupidity and ignorance.

Those imprisoned in the first lightness like to hope they're on the stairs (in the vestibule) to the second one; to them the second lightness seems like all and everything - if only they could catch hold of it, they think (foreseeing the right bus stop for such a desire of theirs).

As a rule, however, one cannot get out from the first lightness [caught in it, its subjects (obsessed with themselves) enlarge only with that, the self], even though the second one (the second type of lightness) is all the time (inconsiderately) willing to exchange its charms (the satiety and ownership, the ball and travelling) for the advantage of the first one - a lighter understanding of things.

But then, those amused with the second lightness (in the early mornings and late nightfalls) find out, too, that costs to maintain it surpass the results obtained with it.

That those who practice the first lightness do not have what to feel sorry for except for the avails of those who ended up with the second lightness, and that the complaints sent from the latter (the appropriate mildness) cannot be addressed to anyone except to those who so calmly walk through the former (the appropriate cheerfulness), both groups are aware of, but it does not prevent them (each in their own lightness) to still strut around during the day (fall asleep during the night).

Not exchanging the lightness for the worn-out days (sleepless nights), some being fearful that the day-night combination would tip the scales to its side, others being apprehensive that it would cost them too much, both audiences (assemblages, congregations) today again drink from the same vessel: full of a gaudy tidiness and proper (permissible) attentiveness in the form of a trifling cure for the inexplicability of the condition, the commotion of soul, and scantiness of knowledge - in the form, that is, of a trivial medicine for all that which, therefore, they intended to neglect this time too, or at least to pour it into some other pot, only theirs to leave alone, here and there to warm it up maybe, whenever interpretation does not generate a desired explanation for them, so easily poisoned otherwise.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

March for the Death of Infantry General Prince Pyotr Ivanovich Bagration

The march lasts 4 minutes and 31 seconds; it was written in memory of the Prince by Pavel Dolgorouky, a member of one of Russia's oldest and most famous noble families.

The infantry general Pyotr Bagration, one of the greatest heroes of the wars against Napoleon and the Turks, died from the injuries he had incurred at the famous battle of Borodino, in the victory year, 1812.

"March for the Death of Infantry General Prince Pyotr Ivanovich Bagration" begins, therefore, with military fanfares; with the power of its destination (harmoniousness of its journey) it sets itself aside, however, from the formal/ceremonial notion of the so-called funeral music - the air from the cone of a cosmogonical horn tenaciously fills the lungs of its listeners, disregarding the Prince's last breath in favour of the (blessed) calm afterwards.

(Even instantaneous, the stillness is everlasting, as much in intent as in descent).

Not calculated muteness and hush, but a suddenly cranked peace.

Like a well-rounded rest (a snowball of Assumption - to test its first run), a spoon of the smelted ore for the casting of the last gun.

Something that was left over (a reverberation of a bugle), a wind-instrument variation on the theme of a fiery composition (either brass- or wood-wind abolition of the struggle), the past persistence of an entangler waiting to entangle.

The job of the last place (where only quiet flows, a hymn that everlastingly glows).

An entrance to the self, ruinous due to the testifying about the unimportant as if it were important, and vice versa. (An exit from the self, scattered because of reaching the finish line, as if it were a mensa).

Life as an ostensible visibility of condition, clearedness of the result, phenomenology of fighting for the crown witness: a shot at the spirit lured into a heroic act (and an appropriate brightness).

Spirit: an apostasy of the body, the *Prince* as a *General* of the dusty melody (sharper than a syringe), an assault of the (*Moscow Military Brass*) *Orchestra* on the heights of the dirge (the significance of musical notation after the last ovation).

(Spirit as a sustenance of ideas, the procrastination before a mutually agreeable feast).

To die in a battle: redemption for all times (leaving the old age to queue up for the salvation). (Who did not turn inside the self when on both sides there waits for him the sameness itself).

To polish the boots, to draw the sword, to go to war. To cut oneself, to step out from the self (one portion at a time), to crane one's neck (as in straining to see something beyond an obstacle or in the distance). (Only the victor over the self cannot be outlived).

To not sway due to the parade ending (a suite for the bouquet of false hope to stop from pretending), the uncorruptibility of the ill to start appending.

To move aside, to send to hell the march about the self, to smile when it (the kind of music suited to the action of marching) hangs the first horn of the dickens on his second one, to be able to blow through both of them, spurred by drums rather than harp (saddled by a spear rather than a shield), grounded by knocking out the sky - petrified in four and a half minutes, a second before the end.

{U, V-C, A}

Senator

Why did we call him a senator? Because, even if he was not, he acted like one (walked like one, stopped like one, sat like one), in a word - he looked like one.

And although (the chances are) he did not have a seat in the Senate House but on the stairs of a back porch of a somewhat dilapidated (certainly beneath one's notice) house, his appearance was of those who, above all, got rid of both the perplexity and doubt, devoid of earthly considerations, that is, acquainted with some other, certainly bigger, almost perpetual things, as it is the case with those sorts of people (the people of that style and posture), the kind of persons that actualize themselves through such a "socio-political" resemblance with the "elected" bosses of the world's populace, the personages presenting themselves as the natural sprouts of such an (elevated) company, with the only exception that our hero could exclusively be seen accompanied by a beer.

Beside him, that is, on said stairs of said dwelling one could not help but notice only the current can of a cheap beer (for example, a can of the "*Old Milwaukee*"), some kind of (one had to assume) a fluid, i.e. liquid mediation between the "Senator" and the so-called constituency about which, on the other hand, even then no one could deny that it itself did not stand out too much from such a stereotype of the spontaneous fermentation - the salivary secretion (genuine salivating) of a social authenticity resulting from the proportional satisfaction of mind via the stomach.

And in the same way in which, as a rule, the eyes of real senators do not bother to be lowered (from the stratosphere) down to (as it is called) "the pain of life", i.e., down to all sorts of miserliness incurred in their subjects' lives, neither our "Senator" had misguided himself with such incidentalnesses of a substance, with the only difference that in the omnipresent/all-given/ever-lasting circus his essentialness did not distinguish itself while theirs (the essential qualities of the real rulers), as if in clowns (not judging only by their into the skies lifted up but also the differently coloured, "Republican" and "Democratic" noses), emphasized themselves in the way disastrous for them.

[A "Senator" as an onomatopoeia of the essence of senator, neither his image nor doubler, just tick after tick (although not as slick)].

This "Senator" of ours (and there are such people everywhere) lived not farther than a hundred meters or so from our place, if under the "living" one understands the emptying of cans of brand names including but not concluding with those belonging to the "*Stroh*", "*Pfeiffer*", "*Shenandoah*", "*Busch*", "*Schlitz*", "*Michelob*", "*Lone Star*", "*Sleeman*", "*Budweiser*" (mainly "*Bud Light*"), Bert Grant's "*Yakima*", "*Flagstaff*" (also "*Falstaff*"), "*Golden Genesee*" (and "*Golden Prairie*"), "*Jacob Leinenkugel*", "*Kalamazoo*", as well as the mentioned "*Old Milwaukee*" (primarily the "*Pabst*" & "*Anheuser-Busch*" type of refreshments therefore, at least with regards to bigger names), drinking them up in the manner of an ultimate devotedness to something which rests itself outside of the known laws, including even the gravity pull, because [after finally (which means at the first dusk) having stood up on his feet in order to, missing already its beginning, at least enter the day's finale with a strong, dignified, in some way like that authoritative walk] he had a custom to give a possible observer the following pleasure (after so many empty cans tidily arranged slightly to the right of the spot which he did not move from all day alone until a moment ago, ruling from it over all and everything as a sovereign would over his land): one could not, namely, have any doubt with respect to the firmness and solidity of the walk in question; no mistrust could be raised whatsoever regarding his rhythm of advancing, the coordination of his movements and, to be sure, the victorious expression on the face of such one, terminal devotee to the mission of keeping vigil over all that is so low on such a voyage (unworthy of him).

Walking more towards himself than away, bending out of shape at each new step more than, it is possible, during a sudden ascent into the air a crane itself would do, our "Senator" would make a turn around the block as a (real) congressman would do around the Congress; even though throughout the place in question (*K.*, *WI*) one could not find a trace of an Assembly, not only that he would encircle it (the Parliament Building, the House of Commons, the House of Lords) but he would, with no question at all, return to the Chairman's chair (on said stairs), governing today as he did yesterday, with no pause except for that from the early morning until the late evening.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

* * *

God as a state (a set of circumstances and attributes characterizing an entity at a given time; condition, constitution), neither a phenomenon (appearance, occurrence) nor an invasion (sinking in, falling in) - neither fruit (yield, crops, milk) nor picking it (plucking, gathering, skimming it). Something that, like a sonorous lighthouse, after the biting sound transits into the tingling echo.

[Something that, having made it right with its might alleviates it with its sight, having dissolved it with its eyes solidifies it in the skies - both when it is foggy (when it is as obscure as cloggy) and when the unclear reduces to clear (when the mere mention of salvation puts it into the right gear)].

The perspective of a layman (a layman's representation of God), a typical (layman's) question (about anything regarding God) - by definition constitutes the first, fundamental error. (In comparison to the one who placed the question, what more about God can know one whom the question is addressed to?).

Without a mediator (without the clergyman as an ecclesiastical proxy), the only channel between him (the one who asks the question) and Him (the subject of the question) is in their deeds. Who of the two did and who did not do whatever was (was not) to be done.

So that, since the one who's asking questions did not do anything (more exactly, anything extraordinary/special) as compared to what the object of the questions did, there is nothing more that he can do except to find refuge under the first tree (appropriately called *Yggdrasill*, *The Tree of the Universe*), to lie there on his back, to close one eye (with another left to spy), to stop talking nevertheless - to fall into routine in the sense in which it is expected from him.

Big questions and little answers – isn't that that which, all the time, accommodates itself in all this: if the answers became bigger they would take so much space that for the questions would not be left enough room.

Covered with a design of suspicious certainty (and thus the uncertain one), not even this age fits into anything into which the previous one did not and the future one will not fit, yet look how everything's moving and smoking, as if not enduring in the crown while ruining in the root, not sobbing under the army coat while covering with the rain one, not killing from the mouth while saving it for a kiss, not waving with the solution without knowing what all this is really about, not using between two words the third one to limp along: the anthological word of a prosaic, by all means an unnecessary self-portrait.

Too warm a wind (the incandescence of the crowd): the potential difference as a gap between the world of good and the world of bad. (As if, melted away, the last consideration does not fall into the everlasting dream either). (And always the same truth: the retroaction of the story).

Between two possibilities as between attrition and terseness - none of them offers itself as anything more than the ontological formula of a dialectic swing: for a moment in the valley, the next instant on the summit - that which disappears behind the hill foams. (A topographical marvel as the cloak of the journey).

Not a single person who does not remember the first wrapping of the world will be able to reach its last husk, even if capable of peeling it with thoughts as with fingers. (The disappearance of enigma - a self-satisfaction for the price of a compress of late moodiness).

To step out from this afternoon too, to stay in the yard of the previous ones (to vanish from the chain of the future ones). To not trust the chase, to extirpate one's own footprints, to leave good intentions for tomorrow. To not rush forward into transfiguration, even less to enrapture because of the discovery of the reason for salvation, to smile only to the usual shortcomings of purpose. To not make the melodrama bigger than it is, having got tired in front of all this (the only thing which, unscrupulous as it is, is still valid), having run away with all that (which itself flees as if not invalid), both when it acts as lying dead and when from the jaws restores its head.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

* * *

Nothing's changing (will it ever?).

All is profitably (lucratively, remuneratively) busy with maintaining that which is.

Every grass blade [every plant (its flower), a tree trunk (its branch)], every being [human and animal (pleonasm?), a shell (*Molluscoidea*, comprising both the *Bryozoa* and *Brachiopoda*, known as *anthoid Mollusca*)], every singularity [elementary particle (its wave-like dual)], meritoriously stacks itself onto the pile of yesterday, all this of today to serve as tomorrow's prey.

("His dreadful imprecation hear; 'Tis laid on all, not any one exempt", Lee and Dryden).

(Why would one break the contract with everlastingness?).

Something renews itself, something else repeats, still other engages between the two - neither one thinks of anything new.

Wherever to look, whatever to listen to, or to touch it (or to smell), due to such a constancy is solidified and mute.

That which is called time cannot do anything about it, it neither helps it nor does it refute it, neither renounces nor adopts it (it only strokes its hair).

Jottings about one as jottings about all.

(All as one because of one as all).

(The same circling in terms of a somersault as in terms of the forward roll).

A measurement by the same instrument - the impatience - which, because of that, crumbles and husks, with no leftovers to be used for even a partial result, let alone the solution.

The bringing in and taking out, consciousness-raising and fainting fit, declaration of belief and complete taciturnity - the various forms of dwelling in the self (a lattice of self-enclosure beyond which nothing can be anticipated which did not get used to itself).

In front of both an instantaneous inspiration and the desert of eternal continuance there jumps out always the same thing - a certain impression of deceitfulness, incompleteness (or even prematureness), if (all) this were to do with that.

But, of course, it is to do with something else, in the twilight gently placed askance (in the daybreak working on its stance) - with a stain of ink completing the link.

That which one has a presentiment for, cannot be written down without letting it cross to the prosaicness, i.e. to the banality of the (alleged) explication of the presage in question.

To explain what?

How to explain that whose fate is decided by something which cannot be explicated?

The tailor and the pattern, the scissors and the thread, none of it is to be elucidated without being, at that, ripped into the yarn of such a comfy dress.

WaTor_21

The only letter of everything was, is, and will be in the way in which it continuously keeps silent about that. He who plays with it will not write anything which is not going to make him quiet too.

Nothing which does not get rid of itself is going to travel from the zone of clarity to the area of indeterminableness of the professed sense. In order for it to show up as something neutral (pale), it replaces the rosiness (a tribute to the passion) with impartiality (including the placid smile of benevolence): whether such a direction saves it or not from the state of vexation is a question as unworthy of placing it as the answer is *no!*

Under a surface - another one (under it - still another), as when entering the rows of iceberg lettuce (or cabbage), yet making inappropriate (pretentious, overdimensioned, full of pathos) conclusions about the meal prepared by such a cook.

Engrossing itself there glows a narration of stupidity, reciting an old song (a trifle; an insignificant sum) of today's desirability as an ultimate certainty of the eternal tomorrow - for a long time such an universe will not transform into the shelter for those who became speechless witnessing the foaming saliva of its singing interpreters.

Saliency as a dislocation - such is the representation of that which (appalled) sticks out, as if it is not to do with a continual opponent but with yet another refuse of the season.

Until that which protrudes fortifies the center, spreads its wings, assaults the protagonists of such a disastrous condition, as permanent as from day to day.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

03/09-11-II/02

* * *

Decease as narrowness (while it was spreading through the air, the morning was singing quietly, now - not even that).

[Narrowness as decease (while it was settling in the lungs, the noon was avoiding the midnight, now - not even that)].

Supreme Being as a partially said key word (the state of being worn-out as result of stoutness).

The cheap tricks of the sense (the field, the shrub, the stone, the wasp) are being replaced by the cheap hours of work (thereupon - by howling above the things).

(Operarius: Omnia vincit labor!)

...I know, when I was lying like this in that room there (*B.*), I was thinking of this room here (*W.*), in which I'm lying now (thirty years later), even though I didn't know a thing about it. So in what way could I (given such a case) think about it? I could do it because I was approaching it stealthily, without it knowing anything. (The mind is crafty).

And what could I then (in those times) imagine about this now?

Cotton fields of fate (*Gossypium: arboreum, hirsutum, barbadense, pima*): as much as we water them (with Water and Sun), like an expired (woolen) sweater they are going to sew open (with Time).

(Completeness as a chance before defeat, a missed opportunity for scoring against the self).

To always keep the pen close by (as a surprise demise).

Dissolution as the intoxication with cessation (life as a daze with commencement, word as the stupefaction with release): the trinity completed automatically.

{V-C, D}

* * *

By sitting in the room it is achieved that its floor goes to rack and ruin, its ceiling takes wing, its walls collapse into thinking - the one by means of which from such a box in such a way one escapes.

(Thinking as a bygone result of sitting).

Listening, namely, to the stillness, a readiness for the cooperation with toothlessness (the state of being toothless in the sense of having no reason to bite) is achieved.

However, in it (in the state of being in such a way toothless), the remaining tooth, the so-called tooth of time or ravages of time, becomes loose until (it too) falls to the floor (moving us from the false quietness to the actual one).

(In such a state) we reckon about various simple illusions (as if the past ones did not bring us to this).

[We play with words as if, even concealed, the signification of theirs walks on our side (here), at least with one foot, and not (with that foot too) on the other side (there)].

Yet, with the help of miniatures, we enlarge the picture: a contrition through extension of the afternoon into daily feebleness [a compunction through elongation of the rain drops into watery weakness - all that rain, after all, disappears somewhere (as days do, into memory)].

Disappearance as a proxy for deliverance (palate muteness as the remaining chance), moral of the story in case of a garrulous savior (harmoniousness of such representation in terms of acceptable behavior).

(Story-telling as a spoilage of the story-teller, the selectivity of the story).

Physique as unsuccessful revenge over the soul: while the first one is hanging from the ceiling, the second is preparing to issue the billing - look how the actors (on the playbill) are eager and willing to introduce the kind of dealing.

Demise as return to the swoon, healing by stepping back a bit (reinstatement of the precious habit).

Life as a discontinuity (the naked hunt of a moment), an impertinent encirclement with the self.

Both (the life and demise): a narration of the rashly violated hush.

To announce one's stand - to play up to life (to not meet the demise, a proclamation of mute).

A certain singing of a shrunken bird (at such a distance that, even to itself, it doesn't mean a lot), reaching as far as the "audibility threshold" allows (the notion popularly introduced from the theory of acoustics), going beyond only if it is able to squeeze out from itself however insignificant finale: kicking the wing against the heavenly vacuum (the beak against the earthly stratum).

It's getting darker - this can be seen by looking at hand: while it was turning white it was customary to go fruit gathering, now (with those same fingers) it sifts the results of the harvest.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

It takes three gong strikes for *Zero* to announce itself, into the eternal ditch of patheticalness to plunge the pseudo-emanation of *Johannes Meister Eckehart* (1260?-1327?), the founder of German mysticism and Dominican theologian [a more learned member of an order of mendicant friars and nuns founded in 1215 and named after *St. Dominic* (1170-1221)], and of his contemporary, irredeemably condescending "analysts" from Southeast Europe, the morphologists of some larger number, the ostensible *Trinity*.

{U,V,S-A,D}

The Three-Phase State of a Circle

0⁰

"*Experience informs intuition*", Brian Greene ["The Elegant Universe: Superstrings, Hidden Dimensions, and the Quest for the Ultimate Theory", W. W. Norton, ISBN 0-393-04688-5].



On Wednesday, July 3, 2002, around 7 p.m. [exactly when the will of *Hannah Arendt* (1906–1975) cooled down in the sight of a blind puma], there hung herself a sister of a friend of my younger daughter.

It was more than certain that, until then and in a *Röntgen*-like manner, *Barbara Parker* (that was the name of the beautiful girl and superb student, a senior in the Department of English Language & Literature) recorded this world on the croup of her 22 years of age - having jumped over all of its (world's) hurdles up to that point, riding on her own winged mare (an *Equus caballus* with the flowing mane - like her golden, wavy hair, unseen by the rain).

("...Who horsed the coach by which she had traveled so many a time", Thackeray).

She was not suffering from any of the apparent vices (cigarettes, alcohol, drugs), an unhappy love story was not her story either, as it was already said - she was a beauty, too.

With her parents and one year younger brother, she lived in a nice house (in the woods) on *St. Thomas* hills, from which one looks at the *Paradise Lake* (that's correct - the name of the lake is exactly as said), about a mile away.

She tightened the rope around the top of the tallest pole of the inside stairs - in its course/passage it (the lasso) was falling down the (meandrous) turns into (only hers?) loop.

Her mother was busy with not only lance-shaped leaves but also with clusters of fragrant red, orange, yellow and purple flowers of the wallflower in the backyard (fooling around with the cosmic root full of shyness of *Cheiranthus* - playing with that type of card), her father was still on the road returning from work (he got stuck on the highway from *Calamity* to *Joy*), her brother was with his company (the daughter of mine was there too) at "Williams", the local coffee-shop.

"Barbara was either a perfect actress (even in her dreams her torment was not without a trace of joyous waking up - as if it were her blissfulness she was going soon to meet), or something abruptly broke off in her (her wakefulness she must have suddenly proclaimed obsolete" - whispered (over night changed into a shadow) her mother to my daughter in the vestibule of the "*Ratz-Bechtell*" funeral home.

Although mother knows the best, *Barabara*, as mentioned, read a lot, and wrote superbly.

120⁰

*"As the day written last year gets farther and farther
(Becoming harder than the blunt sting of a bee)
It's all the more closer to me"*

(translated from the original in another, a southeast language) read the text on a piece of paper found in her hand.

The thing is that I recall the genuine write up - since 30 years ago. [*Belgrade's* main cemetery: going from lot 101 towards the exit/entrance door (depending on who/what passes through it) of the gate to *Бaje Секулића St.*, next to "Тиса" tavern - it was exactly those words that certain *Jelena Jovanović* wrote on the tombstone of an airline pilot.

240⁰

It is only in the state of a conviction that there does not exist disharmony between the representation of things and the things themselves - once in doubt: here it is (the discord), look how it blossoms around the fingers of perplexity.

In the case of *Barbara*, she came closer to that which (on paper) was receding from her; regarding ourselves, we're left with the jingling of that which (on those letters) was withdrawing from her, we - the toys of *Alice*, (piece by piece) made from scrap and rust, with a certain lust, more or less yellow, sometimes very mellow.

360⁰ (0⁰)

The Universe as an Attuning of the Strings (according to the Superstring Theory), or the Souls Befitting (according to the Suitableness Query)?

Having befitted the soul ("That name best befits thee", Milton), that is, having attuned the string ("Vernal airs attune the trembling leaves", *ibidem*), I'm retiring from the discussion (terminating the writing in which the pros and cons of the subject theme were considered, keeping in mind "Thus Atticus, and Trumbull thus, retired", Pope), requesting from a possible moderator: "Lock it up. Thank you".

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

08/01-04/02

* * *

There is a time for everything - as the saying goes, which indeed is the case.

In the same way in which, until a moment ago, the time was not right for this writing - and now it is. *De nihilo nihil fit*.

What is that which directs time to cooperate in the process of creating a description (as much of itself as of the one who's doing the describing) if not the exaggerated trifle: a giant carved from a grain of the void, a settlement between garrulousness and stillness, or maybe *Themis*, the goddess of law and justice, daughter of *Uranus* and *Gaea*, represented as holding aloft a scale for weighing opposing claims.

Or, perhaps, the conversion of roles and the fickleness of actors: right at the point of their excelling in reading a script, another text showed up; now, having practiced the second one to the same level of excellence, they couldn't care less about the first one (they forgot it!) - it's good to be reminded about it, *de integro*.

Whatever it is, representing it with a pen or a gun is not a function of the amount of armour but of the duration of endurance - when it is about to blow up, not even the stone holds back regarding the bang, *a fortiori*.

Whatever it is - Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday... - (it must be) the straight line of a circle: *theogonia* (the genealogy of the gods) as the straightening all the way South. On one side something's being built, on the other demolished - as if the two antagonisms are not in the same roundness (in the rotundity of a naught). (Just look how it smokes, *à coup sûr*).

Twisting out of shape as a congruous continuation, the banality of presentation. (And a little, remaining expectation - to remember all this falling down the creation: *crescit sub pondere virtus*).

The beginning of August (which one in order?) - yet, the milieu of the sky is being ripped with the antithesis of the crocheting needle provided by September: as if there are no plans for anything which does not fit into the design of such a table cloth, spread atop the table of the *Changer*, the meritorious *Theodotus of Byzantium*, who even in the third century denied the current one. [Antithetically reducible to a couple of contrasting clauses (from the *Webster*), such as "The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself", and "Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding", these efforts (the efforts of the change) do not necessarily oppose every thesis as such - in fact, some of them they allow with a cultivated feeling of impunity].

The change as a request to certify the zeal (*à corps perdu*): to not count on feast without fast (on bread and water without the water-mill).

A remote sound of unintelligibility - coming closer it changes into distinctness (augmenting itself between the ears, the back of the head, the palate and the lungs), it does not trip nor does it know about “enough is enough” (about the alternative of coming of inevitability to its large-headed casualty): a bag filled with junk words, body fatigue, dusty soul, with all that which does not transit into the new nor stays old, but exposes itself in the partitions of eternity, at the corners of transitoriness (on the *Boulevard of Cheap Victory*).

Tirelessness as a springboard for the next jump, tiredness as a call for landing: *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* and the new breed of man - support after deluge and before coming to this world. *Oderint dum metuant*.

{U,V,S-C,A,D}

08/05/02

Half-Day in August

An August afternoon (a half-day in August): the big weakness of the world shows in that even from a ripe summer nothing more than a honeyed slice can be cut out - not even a bee on its way to the diamond-like honey-comb (of a diamonded yet quite obscure crust) cares to look back on its (*Apis*-like) rust.

As if the waxed *Delphinium elatum* (the nectareous larkspur of the crowfoot family, with spikes of spurred, irregular flowers of a blue, purple, or white colour), or *Bubo* (the largest of owls), is going to spread out its leaves (pardon me - wings), above the eyeglasses of *Horus*, the Egyptian hawk-headed god of the sun and radical clairvoyant who used them (said lenses) as ornamentation while, instead of conveniently strolling down the *Prätho* (a fashionable boulevard), in a *prau* (a long, narrow, swift Malayan canoe) he sailed down the *Phlegethon* (one of the five fiery rivers of *Hades*), deeply inhaling *phenyl*, a monovalent radical C_6H_5 , that is, breathing in far down its (however deceiving) *phenol*-like, *benzol*-like and *indigo-aniline*-like odoriferousness - with no side effects whatsoever. (A god is a god).

Not even an August day goes out of a fire without letting its evening scatter into *Præsepe*, a floatation (of dim stars) in the constellation *Cancer*. [Self-consciousness as self-actualization: a concoction in the head (the sky / the soil / the sea) - it wraps itself into a seasonal blanket laid down for today, to fly on it (to walk, to sail), to borrow from yesterday for tomorrow].

Referring to the magnifying glass of the *All-seeing One*, not even the concavity gives itself for convexity, let aside giving up the limpidity for opacity, and yet, look how all these seconds, minutes and hours deposit themselves into the only honest bank in the world - the impertinent nakedness of substance (instead of into the conceptional fogginess as an implied salvation).

Along the edge of omen there always drags itself a sign - the boundary is not on its (presage's) way even in the entrance hall of presentiment, not to mention its rise to the upper floors. [All that is said up(stairs) is said down(stairs), if only it could put itself together under the roof. But, while it walked in the garden (planted a rose, cut its thorn), only a hornet could sting it, whereas here, up(stairs), both hornet and everlastingness can do it].

That is why that (which all this is about) keeps clear of its own omen, let alone the sign, until it itself (along its own edge) rests upon both of them (the omen and the sign), presumably linking them to the (ostensible) destiny, while, in fact, replacing their last not spent tooth (in the jaws of time) with the eternal one, spent. (The *Shakespeare's* “Well be with you, gentlemen” is what each and every foreboding is expected to (triumphantly) serve/return to its humble sender).

Nightfall: even a long-ago fallen asleep *Reseda luteola* - European mignonette – (by some miracle planted here), reveals itself with tomorrow's, yellowish color. *Pacta conventa*.

{U,V,S-C,A,D}

* * *

In principle, times are neither better nor worse but (more or less) the same - when not transitory then steady. Having recorded one, we record all the others (all other times) - with the same, spirited clock. (As if its hands are not secured with the lock of an identical encirclement).

[Like the encircling of both the author of these (overly garrulous) notes and *Oneida* remnants of, once prosperous, tribe of *Iroquoian* Indians, formerly dwelling in the region about *Oneida Lake, NY*, now scattered over the states of *New York, Wisconsin* and *Canada* - the exact whereabouts of the hastily learned personage in question here].

Chronological linkage as ship's log: the ropes through a pen as the letters through a net - the ink dripped through a hemp of departure-arrival (a stain of the melt-away voyage), the seal of a generalized veil over the finishing-line as a certificate of individual start.

Having left for somewhere – we're, in fact, returning.

To copiousness (from privation), to the phases of the moon (from moonshine), to lungs (from breathing), to the self (from the stranger) – that's how ends up all that which (from a real one) looked for the false solace.

For example: nothing's going on for two, three days (summers, years, centuries), all is wrapped into the self and keeps quiet (as if it's almost ashamed because of such an universalness): that's what an accidental passer-by would think, being a witness to all this which, in fact - keeps hidden, has an eye upon, lies in ambush, waits (winds up the first hour into the last).

In order to straighten itself up, to pull out, to strike (at last) - to bring things into the deserved order (cellulous homogeneity), crowning with being.

So that later one could not argue whether it was aware of such a simple illusion: to let everything fade away as if it is going to stay like that (of course, it won't). [Death is another thing. Cessation as an unexceptionable lack of reaction - even when above all that there soars *Hrasvelg*, a great eagle nested (together with *Vidofnir*, the rooster) within the leaves of *Yggdrasill* (*The Tree of the Universe*), lurking from there to swallow the dead].

This way, exactly when everything quieted down (relaxed, stretched, took a fancy to itself), when even the last thought about the irregularity of tranquility and uncertainty of repose stopped bothering it, so that (certainly because of that too) it started to infatuate with the theory (in other circumstances considered frivolous and funny) of the advantages of the stylistic culmination (the avant-garde of ethicizing as stylish lacquering) - look how from that corner there, first furtively, then (all of a sudden) openly, there extricated itself that which, as curious as omniscient, let it (all that this writing is about) blissfully fall into such an idealized description of smoothness and co-operation, only to (unperceptibly) take it for a walk, (all the way down) to a window exhibiting the prosthesis of a hand, whose fingers already squeeze it deadly acrobatically.

And it is always like that: right at the point when it (the thing that all this is about) forgets all that which watches for it, and as soon as it (full of indifference) starts wearing a kerchief around its head (having first washed its face and styled its hair), and nothing approaches it from any side of the road (nor from the river nor the mountain), and it sits in the lap of nought and starts swinging towards minus one (the pendulum as a proclamation of sign), and forgets about crowd and accommodation (draws itself under wallflower and saffron), and (in its dreams) turns over like *Minotaur's* psyche (the mind of the monster residing in *Crete's* labyrinth, half man, half bull, killed by *Theseus* whose soul, because of that, transited to *Momur*, a fictitious city and dwelling place of *Oberon*, the king of the fairies) - there awakes it (that which these words are about), in order to slay it, the day full of a tacit concord with the alleged harmony (the perfection of deliverance), the larval obsession with only one self: the *Chrysallis* and the caterpillar in one.

{V-A,D}

* * *

A very brief shower [both warm and yellow (not even a seasonal sunshine can so easily be put out)], an avalanche of stillness, and blossoming in the hair - in that order (from the large-headed / megacephalic sunflower to one-hundred-headed / *Hydra*-like elder) not even this day transits to the (album-like) cluster without, at that, branching out into a rose garden with no roses, a partially filled vessel, a pin-prick with no pins, *enfant trouvé*.

As recently as a moment ago the scent was that of a deluge - if only that was false one wouldn't bother, but the cascade in question flows over the imagination of a saint too, it takes the breath away from both one's self and *Ion* (the son of *Apollo* and ancestor of the *Ionians*; the king of *Argos* who offered himself as a victim to appease the wrath of the gods - unsuccessfully, of course) - it crowns him (the holy personage) in the heights, emphasizing his cheekbones over eyeteeth (and incisors), stretching them like seaworthy sails, as if it is not to do with an (in advance) sunken boat.

An ordinary downpour (of rain), and yet not even a drop of it can be seen except through the drops of the previous summer, the one before it (and so on) - through all those drops (of all those summers) from which there does not gush out as much flour as dough, as much image as color, as much poem as (the voice of) silence.

An entirely infinite afternoon, and yet only the last minute passes - one would reckon (one who would prematurely hang himself from the hand of a decisive second).

Per angusta ad augusta.

In the pelting rain neither *Melmoth*, a hero of *C. Maturin's* gothic novel "*Melmoth the Wanderer*", who sold his soul to the devil in exchange for everlasting life, nor *Lucina* (*Juno, Diana*), the goddess who presided over childbirth, would dare plan conception without skies spread out underneath the arch of even the smallest hut in *Kennaquhair* - if it was not Scottish for a place which does not exist (a name for some imaginary place).

Hence they hush.

As if the imaginary/nonexistent/imagined assists this which is, to get rid of that which is not, and as if, having not succeeded in that, it does not throw it out onto the surface of the same, common water, not even letting it sink into its (water's) real part without, at that, pulling its ears, whispering "*Nemo me impune lacessit*".

Ne plus ultra - shines from the potential of the will, the capillarity of condition, the bareheadedness of taciturnity.

Where and when if not here and now to announce the perfection of a trifle - the crumbs do not shun satiety even when they stick to it.

To reverberate forever or to disappear with the first echo - it is an academic question as long as the quiet can be heard.

(Which it can - it rustles like *ilex*, the holm oak).

It is impossible to not hear anything - as long as even that which can never be heard does not change its mind and draws itself off in *Gilgamesh* ark.

("Destinies were superstitiously, by onomancy, deciphered out of names", Camden).

A picked flower - and yet as if not a molecule is missing from the sum.

Opus operatum: A little bit longer and folded will be all that which, so suddenly, set itself upright from the initial error - having entered the circle with perfect stride.

{V-C, D}

* * *

Writing out the pages as besieging the days (strengthening the nights with silvery crescents, covering the branches with suspicious nets) - not introduced to the scene and yet such a vivacious act: the completion in a word as the defense before it.

Is that so?

There it is, it meanders yet acts as if holding onto a more solid direction - *Lasius flavus* (a tiny European ant).

(With what letter to bind it so that it does not climb on the last one - shining forth from there like a ceremonious end?).

(*Adscriptus glebæ*, without vindication not even an ant is to be shackled into the book, not to mention a man, a state, a continent).

Adsum: Even though all vociferates (offering itself in a full swing), i.e. even though all this (everything that is) does not stop poking our eyes (announcing itself through a piece of glass) - to take it as a snowball and not melt it before a true (chaste) description can only one who (together with all that) froze on time, and in the same, airy way (in an alleged sky).

[*Nebo* (meaning *Sky* in *Serbian*) as a *lofty* (*fine, noble, distinguished*) place (**Deut. 32. 49.**), and its (stale) variations: *Nebuchadrezzar* as *Nebo protect the crown* (**Jer. 21. 2.**), *Nebushasban* as *Nebo will save me* (**Jer. 39. 13.**), *Nebuzaradan* as *Nebo gives posterity* (**2 Kin. 25. 8.**)].

Which means that it is not enough to discover that (in the grass, eternally) something fondles something else, rolls itself, moves: before it becomes obstinate it is necessary to compel it to comb itself (before the pen), to make a bow, to say something smart (after all), which, as a rule, even when done, is only the first part of the job - the second stretches itself into a whole new task, as if nothing leaked out from itself (which is true), i.e. as if in the process of describing one should not rely on a help greater than that which the describer gives to the described, even in the case of their full co-operation.

{As much as it has been described - it gave itself up, that which reduced to so many words, keeping quiet regarding the others (the other words), as if it does not understand them because they've been whispered in *Gujarati* [an Indo-European language with which the description (of that same thing) is being done in the (Indian) state of *Gujarat*]}.}

As if above all (everything, the whole thing) there floats *Uria troile*, a narrow-billed arctic bird, guillemot (of the auk family, but smaller and more cautious, characterized by its habit of diving), first warning (croaking), then putting away (into water) that which ostensibly (on the ground) surrendered to the letters, while behind it, for any eventuality, under all that there put its teeth *Cavia cobaya* (guinea pig) to grind the remaining representation.

The representation of things pulled out from the beak of the diving bird (from the tooth of the experimental gnawer) as the staying in the self: in no one else's beak or jaw their concealment is bigger than in the self.

For, if that which one had a presentiment about would happen now, it would not stop at that - it would only transit from one condition to another, then from that to the next one: the presage always multiplies into perplexity and hesitation, the disavowal of *Serapis*, a deity of the lower world extensively worshipped in Egypt by the Greek and Roman immigrants.

(*Infandum renovare dolorem*: nothing from before remains).

In perpetuum rei memoriam: reviving the description (delineation, sketch, account, statement, representation), the words are to blame for they divulge the reviver.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

All Things in Flux

“*Summer, 2002*”.

Having written the above on the back of a package sent to *I.* and *J.B.* [regarding the “*Will of Hannah Arendt (1906-1975)*” & “*Letter to ZAPROKUL (Puze od Φepe, B.)*”], I recalled the summer of 1965, the season during which we went from *S.* to *C.* (via *D.*, in the middle section of the *A.* coast), with our backpacks and a tent not larger than a sachet for two, so that, on every third night, one of us would have to sleep between the feet of the other two, with his head propping up the stars polished with his forehead.

(*Wanderjahr* as a target year?).

I added: “As if during these 37 years only the tent went to ruin”, reckoning that, even if something else (through the years) disappeared / ran away (mindfully went over to those stars) - under said tent it did not have a nap (it did not navigate on the same map).

Or it did not, fallen asleep (rejecting to mince), wake up since. Not a country (nor its military), not a tribe (nor its anthem), not even a sonnet, nor anything else which (so pompously) sways in the permanent swing between the tossed and the seized [with the mentioned tent in the same (gambling) way squandered] - none of them, therefore, woke up since (however plundered and squeezed). (“The decline and fall of, practically, everybody/everything”, Anonymous).

Although, as long as it (the tent, in those times) was giving itself up (to an immovable Sun, including its rhymes), the other things were quiet on a quite different (in practice mute) kind of apex - the habit of words is always multiplex. [It is only the trust and distrust that they (the units of language) are not able to flex].

We arrived by train - yet as if we came into the station running: instead of the cars’ wheels it was our feet that shone from the railway tracks (left in the hills). (As when the ink is dried up by a golden dust being drunk by a fluent past). [*Marriage de convenance*: such possibilities of a voyage were understood in those times - after completing the whole length of the route in question not even our locomotive would have matched the passing of such a sedateness (of approved ignorance) past the finish line].

We threw away our bags and jumped into the sea: getting to know the amphibian pores were our only chores. (No deeper water nor higher skies could have been found in those times - not less of a suspicion could fog our eyes). *Suo loco*.

All things in flux: without knowing it, of course, we were confirming a platform of *Goslav*, an eccentric and recluse from *V. Nazor*’s diary “*With the Partisans*”, a character who in men’s curse did not see anything but the deserved punishment because of the alleged emphasizing (in human affairs) of worldliness/sensuality over the spiritual-mindedness (additionally wrapped in an appropriate modesty), as if our own white seraph waited to shun the black one for too long: as soon as an opportunity showed up - it changed its color. (And kept taking that kind of pictures - *integer vitae scelerisque purus*).

Thus, while it (the angel) pretended it was white - the moment we thought of something: so it was. (*À merveille*). (Say) we mused of a splendour on the wet gravel - there we were, equally shiny stepping on it; we raved that beach had melted - there we were, equally softened keeping in balance very cold rocks; or if we imagined that even that without means had (in fact) somewhere reached - there we were, equally poor we smiled (enriched).

The whole accommodation in a partial past - as if nothing gets settled ahead of time. *Weltbild*. As if it was not possible (in those times) to arrive not only to the contemporary casualty but neither to its abstraction (an impracticable notion, often in verse) without putting together the contract with a master of discernment of one protected by a fairy [of sensitivity of a crank (with the pen of a clairvoyant)] - writing out backwards all these (buoyant) letters, through the salt (and iodine) tracing that which matters. *Panta rhei*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

* * *

Besides all that happened with everything that was - the silence as a result of the noise, the illiteracy as a climax of the alphabet (the state of being toothless as a sting of a long ago ripped net, not less) - nothing imposes restriction to being so much filled with the (celebrated) self.

(*Vacuos cantat coram latrone viator* - as if, in the least, it is to do with that).

Look, even this stone (and wallflower, and rosemary), and ant (and juniper tree), and oak (and river), and the passerby (and that which he goes to - an incidentalness, and yet as if a bigger gain lies in wait for him by the oval road), all of them so boldly reign on the scene, prompting one to think that both the street and the yard consist only of them. *Tutor et ultor*.

Although, certainly, they incorporate other things too, at this moment (it is possible) less visible (or invisible, or indifferent; *tu quoque*), but, in any case, not written off, rather caught in a conceivable perplexity from which, as soon as they get rid of it (the confusion and hesitation), they will passionately jump into all this, so decisive (almost touching) fullness, the sharpness of no equal, which, as if it is not the paramount reflection of everything, considers the instantaneous palpability as an eternal goal. (*Scribimus indocti doctique*).

Scire facias: representation as a bilabial singing of *Distoma hepaticum* - a two-mouthed suctorial worm whose one mouth serves for chattering and the other for astonishment - the chorus which should be remembered at least until tomorrow, i.e. as long as one remembers both local and universal role played by the Seven Champions of Christendom (St. George of England, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick of Ireland, St. David of Wales, St. Denis of France, St. James of Spain, and St. Anthony of Italy), if here, too, it was not to do with the (self)proclaiming of uprightness, an unconcealed sauciness of *Geryon* (a monstrous king of *Hesperia*, who fed his oxen on human flesh until he himself was sent by *Hercules* to the other world), without, even symbolic, fluttering of *Lady Graveairs*, a lady of doubtful virtue in *Colley Cibber's* comedy "*The Careless Husband*", once *Gloriana* (the queen of fairyland in *Spenser's "F  erie Queene"*) did not park herself on the throne of such a comprehended order of things.

Scandalum magnatum: once, in other words, even *Glaucus*, an ancient divinity of the sea, did not get into an argument about the sandiness of essence [including the alluvial deposits of an (allegedly) universal but, in fact, latticed bottom of such a dwelling of said god], while somehow expecting that sort of action from a (globally-oriented) trainee-imitator [a state official, party follower, high commissioner (one who is included in a warrant of authority), in a word - an uncommon dignitary or a common noble, one whom it certainly does not take to be *Alogiani*, a member of a sect of the second (or third) century, that rejected both the *Gospel* and *Revelation of St. John*], while expecting that a person of such a caliber, therefore, has a showdown with it (the sandish trait of substance).

Fulfilment with paltry things, obsession with a bagatelle (a complete lack of weariness due to a missed point), and yet - look how a larger assembly pulls out from the amnion of today, climbs up into the swing of yesterday, sways towards the cling (an embrace) of tomorrow: *truditur dies die*.

"Always the same thing" - there whispers under its chin that which, up to that point, allegedly became engrossed in something else, having returned from the supposed fervor to the ostensible reality, carefully covering a frozen grain of one more day. (*Trouvaille?*).

There wrapped itself, therefore, and went to bed that which will, as soon as with the first daylight's paint, reduce to an experienced saint: neither less modestly not more pompously paying attention to all the hubbub around it - having generously handed over *Helicon* to *Apollo* and the *Muses* - under the hand having found by fumbling the old box for its forehead (however barking), from which, by means of a dim sparking, it so vigorously overturned into all this (free of glitch), whose pulse full of glare (flare) reduced to a twitch - as if it cracked its knuckles and then departed (as if it went somewhere and secretly started).

Vive, vale.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

* * *

"Our studies can never put us into contact with reality, and its true meaning and nature must be for ever hidden from us", Sir James Jeans, *Physics and Philosophy*, Cambridge University Press, 1942-3.

The first day of autumn - yet, as if there is no loss at leaping. (Truth to say - no gain at flowing, either).

A posteriori (relating to observation / experience), or perhaps *a priori* (prior to, and furnishing the basis of, experience; innate), in one or the other way [reasoning backward from effects to causes (inductive), or going from a generalization to particular instances (deductive)] - here they are, one can feel them in the air (cajoling in the pair), loitering in the ear (adding to something near), *Kant* and his band (their ratio as our trend), hand in hand.

(It's them who're sailing into the port).

ΕΠΙΒΙΒΑΣΗ.

Rationalists [observers *From Inside: Descartes* (1596-1650), *Spinoza* (1632-1677), *Leibniz* (1646-1716), and *Kant* (1724-1804)], and Empiricists [observers *From Outside: F. Bacon* (1561-1626), *Locke* (1632-1704), *Berkeley* (1685-1753), and *Hume* (1711-1776)]: the Stoics of condition in the condition of Stoicism - whatever presentation of the world looked to them as green yesterday, today it started becoming yellow. *Ultima Thule*.

For example, even this ladybug - acting incoherently at the first turn - withdraws (returns to larva, withers - *ultimus Romanorum*).

(Not even a painter painting little dots of sense could in a more miniature way colour such a modest sting, let alone coloring the freckles on *Coleoptera*'s wing).

Under the feet - the overheated floor of the deck (its crust) [above the hands - the epistemology of a speck (of dust)], a culmination of arbitrariness as an official approval of ignorance, at which point not even the so-called knowledge blazes a trail to the obsession with the self, until it too (the state of being obsessed) gets rid of itself, sinking into (in such a way obtained) a melassic solution.

(*Vaurien*).

In the same way in which from this, left side in the false shrub (from the whirlpool in a tub), a yellow flower (exposed to the transparent radiation) selects which side to face, while from the right a flattened, heavy stone (the local version of *Psetta maxima*, a big European fish, flattened to a leaf) reservedly looks at that thing (moving nowhere, touching nothing).

Coming to know as a nearness of the show: a neighbourly crossing to kneading the dough (a melancholic attentiveness in guaranteeing the flow), *vogue la galère!*

That which is being learned and the one who takes it on: by turning the certificate from its back to its front its contents does not metamorphose into the diploma of a greater knowledge.

("What seems to me is so to me, what seems to you is so to you", *Protagoras* (481-411, B.C.): there you go, in this way even an ant may convince itself that the spider is, in fact, in its (the ant's) web).

The first day of fall, consequently: not even an old weariness deters it from eulogy to itself, as if nothing should be left for tomorrow, except some antics from yesterday, *unter anderem*.

{U, V-A, D}

Evening Nourishment of a Firefly (*Освещение и Обедаяющий*)

Dawning as revealing of zeal of this lustrous insect too (a bug of the accomplishments of two, the triumphs of three), asking the question about ordered access to the formula of light scattering right at the point at which (due to the smallest movement of an antennal proboscis) the afternoon toothlessness covers with evening jaws: both *mandibula* and *maxilla* on their way to the sateen nightfall, riding on the bones of the firefly stretched out between rigid phosphorescences of *Elateridae* and *Lampyridae* - the two families of glowing vermins whose either upper or lower jaws stick at nothing to close shut into the void, acting as having a bite of mastodontic dinner: a luring feast of such an amphibian (belonging to the *Labyrinthodonta*).

[A light-based filter of selective digestion: instead of counting on weightless radiation, something feeds on something heavy - if at least a spark would shine on it (to stop the feeling of hunger for *Packungsbeilage*)].

ZAXAPOPIAAΣTEION KAI OAHΓIEΣ XPHΣEQE.

A situation similar to the case when, from somewhere above (from the illuminated ceiling as from the light fixture), a glance casted onto the empty table [onto the (voluntary) surrender to the everlasting starvation] reflects from the plate of *Schacabac*, a starveling in the "*Arabian Nights*" who is invited to a dinner given by *Barmecide*, a prince who at first pretended to treat the beggar to a sumptuous feast, pressing him to eat, though no dishes were on the table.

Jamais arrière.

["Like old acquaintance in a trance, Met far from home, Wondering each other's chance", W. Shak. - it must be that, at the beginning of the dinner not meant to be, *Schacabac* felt like that, additionally having thought (again naively, of course, although still giving advantage to the same author): "The fated sky, Gives us free scope", W. Shak.].

Jamais bon coureur ne fut pris.

Returning to the firefly, even though the domain of activity of the glowing beetle, in spite of being illuminated with the light beam emitted from its abdomen, looks like the playground for the light coming from its (the beetle's) sight, the reason for that is not that it feeds itself through its eyes - its quanta as its might, its food as its plight - but that it shines as soon as it steps into the night.

[To give off light in a luminescent manner (to shine with no warmth) - in a chemical way to escape the physical glare of golgotha (to always be apt and prompt)].

[To feed on the (apparent) light like on a (transparent) vitamin - not even physical chemistry to consult for the days' mean].

Moving into a hot night with the cogged sense of bread provided by either of a pair of movable, articulated antennae attached to its head (such as the fillform antennae of *Pyrophorus luminosus*), the (flashing) beetle actually makes a sacrifice to the elytra of its wings - guiding them (the wings) to their own flare, directing it (the night) to its melted glare.

[When, again, it turns itself upside down in the solid air (as dense as if in a tandem with something that it can hardly bear), out of all the light an untouched dinner will be left (out of the dinner - an unaccomplished theft)].

After all, what could have been expected from the fashionable duality of the (somewhat bigger than a granule) grain, that in a wave-like fashion flies out from its guts, instead of satiating itself with some corpusculous nuts.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Space and Time, *Inter se*

Inter nos: according to (the already mentioned) *Sir J. J.*, it is possible to speak of four meanings of space and time: conceptual, perceptual, physical, and absolute (“*Physics & Philosophy*”, Camb. U. P., 1942-3).

The first two are products of the consciousness of a particular individual and thus belong to personal (private, subjective) interpretations/meanings; the second two are universal (public, objective), independent of the presence/absence of individual consciousness.

At that, the conceptual (idea-based) meaning is attributed to the (abstract) thinking (the one which, for example, introduces the concept of the time axis / time dimension in mathematics/physics), while the other one (perceptual) meaning is contributed by a layman and reduces to the real/immediate sensation that in the (so-called) consciousness is produced by both phenomena [the phenomenon of space and the phenomenon of time, secreted / separated out of the integral / four-dimensional space-time by the sudden deceleration of earthly affairs (and the people involved in them) relative to the unearthly ones].

The third meaning is the one which understands nature, i.e. its space-time attributes [with the exception of the modifications due to *Einstein*'s theories of relativity (both general and special)], as strata (layers, sediments) of real objects that exist beyond and independently of (human) speculation/contemplation of them.

The fourth meaning, introduced by the philosopher/mathematician/physicist *Sir Isaac Newton* (1642-1727), assumes that there exists an immovable (space) frame and instantaneous (time) synchronization (possible only at the infinite speed of light); however, it is (for now) effectively invalid, due to said *Einstein*'s theories.

[That all (the movement of everything) is relative, was claimed three centuries before *Einstein* by the philosopher/mathematician *Leibnitz* (*Gottfried Wilhelm, Baron, von*) who, similarly, held that space and time are notions which make sense only relative to objects contained in them and not in their own right; according to *Leibnitz*, space is merely the arrangement of things that co-exist, and time the arrangement of things that succeed one another].

So that everything amounted to, more or less, that from which it had started: the kidnapper from the outside and the kidnapped from the inside.

(With no law in between. *Inter arma silent leges*).

[*Space and Time as Pole and Load* - a regardful pair: while the first carries the second, the second strokes the first's hair. *Высокий уровень обслуживания*].

Inter canem et lupum: while something outside hitched on the wall (scraping it with its nails on its side), something inside piles up the mortar, then licks itself (as cat does its paws, soldier his wounds).

Приятная и дружеская атмосфера.

As when a grating of any kind, for example *transenna* (a carved lattice-work of silver and marble), presumably used for exposing shrines but, in fact, serving as its hide-out and protection, is employed as space and concealed as time, because of which space keeps hidden in praxis and time hibernates along its axis, both being neither conceptual nor perceptual, neither physical nor absolute, but the thing seen here - with a little bit of imagination projected from the bush on the left side, half frozen, half warm due to a proclamation of another season of fundamental discoveries, to be made as soon as something deters it (the thing) from deceitful seeing, its hush converting to the brisk hum of its being.

Instar omnium.

{U, V-C, A, D}

Meekness Above Condition

The warm wind as the end of September encoding (as the stark lava overheating foreboding), as the compass piercing the ribs (encircling lungs - galvanic cribs).

(As when the gold drips from silver tips).

Он снял пальто.

In such a way (overly strong), all of a sudden submitted to this spark of the morning [to the croaking bird of the ionic inside, a certain sample of *Brahmaputra* - the large fowl of South Asia (with a hen's beak, until the next trick)], there expires this last September afternoon, that is - all this which accommodated itself in it.

[“Other articles breathe the same severe spirit”, Milner. *ΕΙΛΗ ΠΡΟΣ ΑΗΛΩΣΗΗ*].

Per mare per terras: neither yellow nor white (nor partial nor whole) - an unequivocal sword: it climbs upon the word (aware of its might, it raises up in height).

[Big thoughts and little words (some sketches, too): look what it reduces to - all this which rattles ever more - it neither calms in the false hope, nor does it sing, nor begs for. Negative?].

Ouvrier: some atomic creature - neither ant nor beetle (nor mole!) - the initial point of the world (and the last of the summer mold), before it burns out (for today), it lunges at (at least provisional) fate: setting the conjectural ambush around its state.

As if an omen folds around incidentalness, not rules (served on this morning's plate). (To boast - to climb on the head of monotony).

... And while all that was going on - there comes October! (*C'est un autre chose*).

(Here it is, keeping quiet about its ordeals, lying in wait for the season of ideals).

Not only that it arrived but, traditionally copper-plated (perhaps a bit bronzed), incorrigibly therefore porous, it stretched on the victor's throne, having wound up the candy of the current “reform flock” (the sweets of the stylish posters of a pro-electoral block), at the base of the seasonable clock.

[Tautology of an overthrow (its boring repetition): to decorate oneself with the assiduity of resurrection (to eat endlessly - with true affection), obeying those of the others - to not have rules in one's own house (to squash principles as if they're eggs of a louse)].

Not even *Nicholas de Cusa* (1401-1464), a character six centuries ahead of his century, would have been able to sell his definition of God (“God as infinitely large and infinitely small: infinite because of embracing all things, infinitesimal because of being contained in each one of them”) without the contemporary buyers' complaint regarding such an obvious drawback (of *Nicholas'* theory) – who will struggle with such a difference?

Observanda.

There yawns the middle (the middle yawns) - then it, too, turns on its side. Calm strikes - nothing befogs with suspicion (nor does the clock unwind anywhere).

Meekness above condition. (Meekness above state).

Sleepiness, checkmate.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Tick-tock I

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Besides a full speed of the unused time, it is heard the idle speed of spent time (the transition from sonorous to flabbergasted electrons), the eschatological confirmation of continuity (from the corner of sameness), an American oyster catcher (*Hæmatopus palliatus*, the European *ostralegus* - a wading bird having a wedge-shaped beak and stout legs), as well as the orthographic pen of *Ormazd* [the supreme deity and creator of the world in the notions of the ancient *Persians* (the modern *Parsees*); the wise lord (*Ahuro-Mazdao*) according to old commentaries in the holy writings of *Zoroastrian Avesta*] - all that is heard as it creaks on the paper drawn in the typewriter by me in vain.

ΣΤΑΜΑΤΑΩ.

(More exactly - it is heard as it squeaks upon the disk, but isn't it the whiteness of the paper which is the test for the carrying capacity of the disk: a disk, too, whines while paper whitens. *ПОВИНОБЕЖИЕ*).

With its mouth changed to a snout (and intention to persistence), parasitically attached to said bird [the one which demolishes the hard shell of a shellfish: disrupting its genus (*Ostrea*), exterminating its family (*Ostreidæ*)], even the water mite *Hydrachnidæ* (from *Arachnida* class) can be heard drinking second by second (of inspiration?). *Jamais arrière*.

[It strings them on the microbe's antenna, acting as if it announces bigger news: today there is going to be no refraining from tomorrow (nor insisting on the sentimentality of yesterday) - the unyielding endurance of a trifle is authenticated Gargantuan goal].

All that, therefore, can be heard, while no one truly came to oneself - waking up, people first get used to the false sounds, then to the morning ones.

("What pageantry, what feats, what shows", W. Shak.).

And even if, asked "where to now?" [and after the universal concerto for the viola, self-centering and profitableness (of a courteous unisonance) is successfully played], the listener like the one here (who listens to all this) proposes to go back [from the spent to the unused time (from the flabbergasted to the sonorous electrons), from the velvet folds of continualness (from the corner of sameness) to the deposits of boundary, from the beak of *Hæmatopus palliatus/ostralegus* to the *osteon* (bone) and *ostrakon* (hard shell) of mollusks, from the water mite to the tick and moth (*akares keirein* - too small to be divided further)] - from *Ormazd* he would have come (only) to *Auramazda* (the name from which the former started).

[According to the *Zoroastrian* doctrine, both names of said creator of the world are correct. That is why the world does not hold back presenting itself created by the one (of the two) whom, at the given moment, it is more fond of; by the one of the two, that is, from whom even getting the sliver counts as a stylish carving. The equivalency worth of an *acanthus*: now a prickle/thorn (*Acanthaceæ*), now an ornament resembling the foliage of the prickly plant, used in the capitals of the *Corinthian* and *Composite* orders (placed on the heads of *Doric*, *Ionic*, and *Tuscan* columns) - its resolution made adjustable according to the needs of an instantaneous redemption].

(*Præcognita*: tincture as zither).

Architecture and miter: netting the time filament with ornamental firmament.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

{U, V-C, D}

Around

What does one get after having a look around? (*ΟΔΗΓΙΕΣ ΧΡΗΣΕΩΣ?*).

The so-called big ideas or the petty cash of the epoch, the so-called enterprising spirit or the flushing of enterprise, the so-called co-operation or the vassal obedience, the so-called order (and orderliness) or the normative state of the system, the so-called peace (and tranquility) or the apathy of protectorate, finally – the so-called spiritual enlightenment or the omnipotent/eternal “*biznis*”: the ultimate goal of desirability of a thought which was once more inferior.

[First of all, those who gave birth to the original of the quoted word, do not spell it as above; the fact that there are people who spell as they pronounce testifies only about their consideration of things of which not a single one is bigger than its output - for such an output they (the people in question) should have differed, but, taking it as their own, they in fact identified with it. Ridicule on top of ridicule. *De trop*].

(It's difficult to turn the tables on hunger if voraciousness is what is celebrated). *Detur digniori*.

Having a look around, one gets (having returned from the so-called amnesia - loss of memory; having flown through, that is, like a self-evident fly) the algorithm of the passableness of (yet another) generation that outlived the other, an unblended marketplace day, *dies non*.

Since it is to do with a clash between the (so-called) big and small intentions/thoughts/propositions/actions, the whole undertaking is destined to be unoriginal/uninventive, having not satisfied itself even with forgetfulness (the contemporary purpose), let alone a coup.

Not even a forget-me-not, however, that *Myosistis scorpioides* with hairy leaves and clusters of blue and white flowers (in the heat of middle-class mentality extensively considered “the emblem of faithfulness and friendship”, so much so that one Tennyson could not resist it either: “The sweet forget-me-nots, That grow for happy lovers”), not even such a plant, therefore, could do better for itself in such a garden - the nursery of artless virtues and undesigning tears.

[Even if accompanied by a spectacle like the one here, in such a manner formulated simplicity would not take without each subject/citizen (on its subscription list) watering it (through a hole in his/her soul) right on the balcony].

Not even the Siberian crane (*Grus gigantea*), namely, would have quenched its thirst for the skies more quickly without having stood astride prior to that, with so much plumage on such a large ground. (As any decent *bon viveur*, a crane drinks through a straw too, only in its case it is called a beak).

Pathetically called “Cradle of Liberty”, *Faneuil Hall* (Boston, MA), the place where the Revolutionary leaders (of past times) often met and spoke, is in fact a hall reminiscent of a meeting place of a (possible) virtue only in the literature of light conversationalists (a usual outcome of *conversazioni*), i.e. in the Old Testament reader of *post-Moderna*, the primer of happiness from circular to spherical, *domus et placens uxor*).

“The excellence of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution”, Dryden.

[It is cloudy and rainy (*становится холоднее*), as if there does not fall only that which, even in the nicest of evenings, flees the ideals derived from futile passion].

And all that is obtained after one looks (listens, points) around, adding and subtracting oneself, multiplying and dividing oneself into all the more matching components/ingredients of totality/entirety that, even in this overcrowded eve, is in fact the only one which can be seen, heard, touched: with *pigmenium nigrum*, *auris*, *hinthan* - the spontaneous link between fingers and the twenty seven bones of the hand, respectively.

{U, V-C, W, D}

From Insolubleness to Easiness

In the center of the sky there is *Bes*, the Egyptian god of pleasure and satisfaction. (*BAIKON-AD*).

As, however, it cannot be determined where exactly the center of the sky is, i.e. as it can be claimed that the spot in question is everywhere (depending on above whose head at the moment there folds a small but fine chill), said deity distributes itself in as many parts as it is obligated by the crowd celebrations. *Bon diable*.

(*Bene orasse est bene studuisse*).

And so, it is not that each such (whom this is about) is deprived from enjoying himself, to the contrary. (Joyful is such one, as soon as the opportunity comes by).

(*Он быстро переоделся. Концерт начинается в семь часов*).

Until a minute ago quiet and peaceful (depressed as if all he had was sold at auction), here he is - he jumps, waves his arms (dances his feet), instead of a flag he took out a handkerchief (even in a ruined land there is something that can flutter). *Coûte que coûte*.

(*Ad vivum*: even in ruse he is the main one).

There leans on him (presses him or pets him) both this and that, neither this can finish him nor that can save him, and yet he embraced it (the ostensible savior) with great feeling.

(“*Загладить*” - he whispers, wagging his tail).

If he could only be laughing (he reckons).

As much as this bothers him and makes him quiet, that frees him from taciturnity - it almost forces him to joke with himself. (That is why he looks like a failed clown, but who is after an indestructible circus nowadays anyway, the least him. *Что с ним случилось?*).

One ought only to look around and see how everything comes into its place, fitting even the periodic table [dragging itself between yttrium, *Y*, and ytterbium, *Yb* (ignoring *Yu*)] - he mumbles even though he knows well that it is to do with a stride of seven miles of which none is the last one.

(After all, who can forbid him to bend over his own fall - and stroke his moustache).

“All ideas of rectitude and justice are erased from his mind”, Burke.

Whose mind? Whom is this, actually, all about?

It is about runaway/runaways from insolubleness to easiness, from complexity to simplicity, from stage production to act (from permanence to pause), from furiousness to calm, from philosophizing to practice [*brevis esse laboro obscurus fio*; to look at the necessities of life - is “philosophy” of their essentialness (the axiomatic inviolability)], in a word, it is to do with refugees from this which is waiting for them to that which is luring them.

(The dead may breathe a sigh of relief: that which awaits the living, already happened to them).

And the lure affixed itself on the fork of said *Bes*, from there - it smiles to this, bows to that, waves to everybody, to make their hair stand on end, to flush them, while they are (hand in hand).

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Sandy Introduction to the Atomic End (A Case of Potemkin's Village)

As much as in the evening there establishes itself a certain connection between an hour glass and an atomic clock (sort of a tandem mill), in the morning something tears them (they have a chill). (*ΠΡΟΣΕΧΕΤΕ ΤΟ ΣΚΑΛΟΠΑΤΙ!*).

If, until daybreak, a whole hill of sand (of granulation of unquestionable otter) pours onto the other, even finer (atomic) side, until the late afternoon even its last atom digs itself (in an ostrich manner - from an abatement to a high tide) into the original sand (under the building basement - *ΙΣΟΓΕΙΟΝ* - perhaps a bit aside). (Something builds to find itself on the other side, there it demolishes to look back to such a stride. *Они впустили его. УСТУПЧИВЫЙ*).

Transiting from one side to the other, time crumbles from indivisible to divisible; moving its shores backwards, it divides backwards too, until there is nothing to be divided into. (*Тянучка*).

Напарник: The hour glass as eucharistia of an atom's mass, the atomic clock as the alibi of sandy block.

(*Провозглашение*: From the first one there comes announcement that the second one sleeps, from the second that the first yawns).

Having not measured more than the other, to either one the particles (strings, super-strings), according to which the measurements are made, do not strike faster than does the one who forced them to think that there is a difference between them, but who himself is not striking. *Badinage?* ("In this world, everyone knows enough to be able to work on that which he knows nothing about, but nobody knows enough to be able to work on that which he knows about", *Chuang-tzu*, in his writings about *Tao*).

[Writing with a hand about the whole, with the forehead we join the parts (however small)].

Atomic clock or hour glass: having multiplied atoms until one obtains sand (having divided sand until one obtains atoms), what in actuality is obtained if not the multiplication (division) tables, hung around the neck of the flow, until hitting the target freezes them. (*À perte de vue*).

At which, target equals stop, stop equals the end of the fifteenth of "fifteen minutes of rainbow" (*Egon Friedel*). *ЧЕСТНОСТЬ*.

[*E. F.*, encore!: (And what if) even dreams are a dream... Who dares say "no" existence? All the villages in this world are Potemkin's!", from *G. Stagnon's* "God's Laughter - Man and His Cosmos", Harper Collins Publ.].

[The answers: In addition to giving free rein to the imagination of the one who dreams, and besides the fact that, having died, that same one did utter (the above) "no" (and although, having expired, the one in question interceded in favor of a decent burial), whether Potemkin's or not all the villages of this world are the sand brought out to the atoms: as long as they shine they stay away from midnight's spine, and when they start to fade their clocks sink past their charade. (Mumbling: *Après moi le déluge*)].

Prince *Grigory Aleksandrovitch Potemkin* (1739-91), Russian field marshal and statesman, here serves only to place all those villages not as much along the road (to the war) as upon the head of *Catherine II* (until even their time knocks them down). *Amantium iræ amoris integratio*.

In other words, not even her pompous voyage to *Crimea* (1787), nor his vision of things (with whose seemingness they, in fact, went too far - the Prince, namely, quite concretely increased the territory of his, that is, czarina's land by the victories in the wars of those times), on either of the two clocks (the hour glass and the atomic one) struck more than a passionate quantum (even though something broke under very stratum). *ОДЫШКА*.

{U, V-A, D}

At the Expiration of a Southern Day, Imagined in the North

A day like a universal fig, hard-shelled, having a pit, and overly sweet inside, absentminded, brownish, and wrinkled outside, pompous as a pharaoh (Egyptian, Syrian, Palestinian *Ficus sycomorus*), savage as *Clusia flava* (a tropical untamable shrub), as old as *pippala* (the Sanskrit sacred fruit) - (in front of our eyes) it disappears as it is being eaten by *Allorhina nitida*, the figeater in the form of a June bug, even though a long has been since June, and it is not known whether it will take the same time until something similar begins to shine, some, for example, *Ficus pedunculata*, on something like that (light-brown, reddish) again based day, and starts to spread over the Merchant pagoda in Persian *Gambroon*, and bears a hard red fruit.

(Στερεος, κοκκινος φρουτο).

And there decide to sing to it both the *Surinam* toad (*Pipa*, a genus of *batrachians*) and the *Manakin* bird (*Pipra*, from Central and South America), refreshing it from such a distance as even such a duet is able to extend these Mediterranean hours a little bit (while their last extension is ending).

(Сверчок in the rain - *Сверчок* more plain. In the end with no teeth).

Because, as soon as it announced itself (foretold itself, down the false thread lowered itself), this day is finished (done, completed, presented), there only remains that it be blown away by the domestic gale (the Italian *bora*), the Adriatic northeast wind, cold as a tonic (and so dry), that it be pulled out from this setup of things like a pirogue (canoe, hollowed out log), a dilapidated house (hut, cabin, tent), a whitlow grass (*Draba verna*), the cure for *paronychia* (hangnail), that it be done with like something that is (seasonably) predestined for inexorable write-off, for anything that counts toward the final act, towards the topographic line from Copernican dream to Oppenheimer's scream, toward the orderly filed and sealed verdict for *Cacus*, a mythical robber and giant of ancient times, slain by *Hercules* for stealing his cattle.

Across the imaginary beach there walk stranger and stranger. *Wie geht's?*

It is not heard that one says something to the other. (Perhaps they hold back). *Wissenschaft?*

The only thing that's heard are the shouts of the local children, in a language similar to the *Nama* language (the language of the *Hottentot-Bushman* family of languages) - after the first, that is, the initial sound there came three clear speech tones - afterwards they themselves faded away and there remained only it (the southern day imagined in the north) to rattle (empty), petrified, slow.

Splendide mendax: pulled back, those who (not strikingly at all) have bathed in it (the strangers, the children, and the one who's pondering over all that), are unsuccessfully getting dry, a large ball (an object in flight), a certain longing (naive plight), and themselves (right!) not any longer having found in either front sight hiss or rifle barrel miss, in neither round posting nor in linear jostling, nor in categorical entanglement of circumstances that at this moment have led to all of this, as if it is not the case of a long ago frozen, useless summer.

For, everything that after such a day remains cannot fill up that sea let alone this river, by means of which one went there and returned here, having stepped across a sensible measure of nominalism (audibleness, almost tastefulness), having surrendered to that kind of ocean sailing which brings one to a repeated situation, to an already seen arrangement of things out of which there lie in wait the ideas like these about a cube, a box, a bordered dwelling, something so much fit for moving into (and waterproof because of that), unsuitable for coming out greater than stepping into oneself and, for so much, not susceptible to extolling the peripheral objects, rather oriented towards realization that one should not bother with the comparison between days that, anyway, do not reduce themselves to anything which the one that currently is in effect is not reduced to, cut out in the south sewn up in the north into the imitation of a difference. *Voila tout*.

{V-C, A, D}

3N (D,N,I)

“Κυρίες και κυριοι, an outstanding beginning is wanted!”

To start the description (essay, sketch, *σχερκ*) in a brilliant way - that would be that which, throwing out from the saddle even the experienced riders of the (textual) essence, at such a decisive moment, rolls the tranquil dullness of a solitary person into the stormy water of the audience (stretches out the alleged sensibility of the word-handler, left to himself in the center of a tastefully furnished room full of a gentle introduction to unimportance), and, having played a piquant move in the opening of the given game of problems, it takes the latter in a nonchalant manner across the mine field of prosaicalness (watching only that its quality of being pathetic does not stand out more than necessary); if only it could end in an appropriate manner, in which case look how there develops a decorous, possibly above average story - mutters under his breath the one to whom even the least significant thought did not occur, let alone a decisive one (not even the first thought occurred to him, not to mention the last). *Magna est vis consuetudinis*.

Compressing the initial point, therefore, into a succinct corner (everything expands from it in the fastest possible way anyway - look only the satiated fly, with a full stomach it flies in each and every direction from there), like a turtle over the stone he walks across the floor and sits exactly in his place, in the collection of the ascertained steps of traditional inspiration (in the plans about a visit to *Serpentarius*, i.e. *Ophiuchus*, the constellation extraordinarily warm given its location/situation in the northern hemisphere), promoting it to a throne.

Knowing well that he will not have an easy time with the kind of topic which he has a showdown with [“3N: Nanos, Naracija, Neopisivost (*D,N,I*: Deposit, Narration, Indescribability)”], he reduces the sharpness of the lenses (softens the resolution), consults details not smaller than the omni-presence of a nought, tries to identify himself with the portrait of a late afternoon, moves back for a moment into an unsuitable outcome but quickly returns, having lay on his back he allows (by means of appropriate monitoring) for the things to present themselves as more visible than they are. *Magni nominis umbra*.

What is seen there (and what is represented, *ομυυαμβ*) is not yet clear to him - *ομμυδα*, stealing away from such one, nominally observational zone, he pushes away in the direction of an ephemeral eternity, the absurdity that built a nest not farther from the harmonious personification of a successful resistance to Satan, the congruous epitome given in the character of one *Abdiel*, a seraf in Milton’s “Paradise Lost”, i.e. a cherub of the highest, ninth rank (having three pairs of wings), who, “faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he” [like a syllogism out of whose sixty-four modes there does not appear to emerge one logically acceptable result, let alone all nineteen of them (as there normally are)], to all that reacts better than expected, allowing for precious insight into the immediate experience of chimera. (“*Το καλύτερο που εχετε να κανετε ειναι...*”, the angel tells him, consequently, adding - *ma chère*).

(In the esteemed company, by the respected advice) at least for a while calmed, he (the one who searches after all that, what?) lets himself to deserved feeling of achievement (to expected delight with the self), but as soon as he took hold of the (triple) wings of the angelic salvation, he found himself above the loose meaning of that word (the grid which clangs like a brandished sword).

Who salvaged the self without touching (ahead of himself) the Indescribability (*Neopisivost*), left (behind himself) the Narration (*Naracija*), amassed (above himself) the Deposit (*Nanos*) - clanged, therefore, from the provisional (latticed) device (as from the barrel full of a subsequent reason). One does not climb atop 3N (*D,N,I*) as atop 3M (a local scotch tape manufacturer), he remembered he had thought, furthermore having reckoned how nothing sticks better on 3N (*D,N,I*) either. (*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*).

In order to reach such a thing (to climb on it), it is necessary to abandon all those (tattered) speculations and start from something actual and real - he finally told himself, having stood astride between two Sequoias (*Sequoia*: a genus of giant conifers), the big *Sequoia gigantea* and the red *Sequoia sempervirens*, reaching for their joined tops, about three hundred feet upwards, the height they usually attain.

***Baraka*: Purism of *Weltschmerz*, Pain of Devotion**

What is that which, with no words (and none of a plot: neither a story, nor an introduction to it, nor its outcome), said more (did more), if not that which in this, so euphonic (pleasant/harmonious) diary, loudly confesses to itself (shouts to itself instead of quietly muttering something under its breath, entangling instead of disentangling itself. *Страдалец*).

Or, is it *Baraka*?

(*Строика* or *το κτιριο?*).

Стремглав: The essence of breathing or the basis of breath, the blessing/mercy or the omen/damnation - this is the choice that one is left with when using that old Persian / *Sufi* word (the word from the dead language), i.e. the title word of *Ron Fricke*'s movie (mentioned in these writings six years ago).

And, since *Sufi* literally means 'a man of wool' (although it also indicates a title or surname of the shah of Persia), while in fact it assumes the meaning of self-discipline/self-denial/asceticism, as in any duality of the kind it is not as much to do with the two meanings as with the third one: the designation of a person (*Sufi*) who believes in or practices so-called *Sufism* (self-denying it, to be sure, whenever it's convenient. *Reculer pour mieux sauter*).

Since *Sufism*, on the other hand, is less a remnant from the system of religious mysticism (practiced in the past in Persia), and more a way of symbolic thinking/writing (mainly poetic) which, as any well-behaved chicken (pardon me, as any good literature), peeked from one egg in order to begin to see in the other, the film by *Fricke* read this diary as much as the latter watched the former, at which to neither one it occurred that this happened to them by itself (spontaneously?), i.e. that it is exactly those thought symbols (having left the "poetic" ones to a more poetic situation, *paulo majora canamus*) that are unpardonably the same.

Namely, as on the paper, on the screen too it is by definition understood that nothing appeared from anything without, at that, having cast a shadow on it: *eulogia* as *eulogy* (commendation/tribute/praise) of self-sacrifice and not as *Eucharist* (unconsecrated bread) of sanctification, *antidoron* as contemporary euphemism (the use of an auspicious word for an inauspicious one) and not as *Graces* - is a consequential result from both the written pages and the recorded celluloid, *par oneri*.

Graces [*Aglaia* (Brilliance), *Euphrosyne* (Joy), and *Thalia* (Bloom), the three sisters goddesses personifying grace and beauty and having control over pleasure, charm, and elegance in human life and in nature] are the least expected outcome of the two said proceedings: the melodiousness of the film and the reverberation of the writing, *pro hac vice*, should thank them for the embellished echo above the scolding song / impetuous picture.

Like the (*St.*) *Gral*, truth to say [belonging to *Grallae/Grallatores*, the lanky orders of birds in the systems of *Linnaeus/Vigors* - cranes, herons, storks, plovers, snipes, rails, coots - having long necks and even longer bills], which for sailing from the earthy anonymity to the stratosphere's sanctity (*padrone*) should thank as much its long legs as the nakedness of the lower part of its tibia, that enables it to wade in water without wetting its feathers.

Baraka as the purism of *weltschmerz*, pain of devotion.

(To introduce more of a bravado into the word would be needlessly bold. *Pallida mors*).

After Voyage to Paradise

Having returned in a spear-like manner (in a spindle-shaped way having risen to the surface) from *Heron Bay* at present (*Ardea herodias* in the past), that part of *C. Springs*, FL (*Μπορείτε να μου δείξετε στο χαρτη?*), which with the longest (*Ardeidae*-like) beak, points into the heights - things do not look any more pierced on earth than in the skies, they look no more silent than they looked when they were (although, for a brief time) left to themselves (to spend the winter in there). *Ξαναπείτε το, παρακαλώ? C υδoβoλbτbιe.*

They do not look, in other words, yellower or bluer, nor blacker or whiter, not even do they look as a reason for the glory nor for writing it off, neither as a heroic couplet nor as a stimulus for such a verse (full of a tawdry foot of the excessively iambic pentameter: “In every work regard the writer’s end, Since none can compass more than they intend”, Pope), only if (perhaps) here and there, the ornate, (prenatally) established thread between the ambrosia (the food of the gods) and the satiated/incorporeal Assumption (“We have only to live right on and breathe the ambrosial air”, Thoreau), strained a bit to a side, enough for a sneer but not for the disturbance of a delicate equilibrium between mockery and exultation over the same, uncompensated evil (the mischievousness?) - the smile of *Hesperides* (the daughters of *Hesperus*), guardians of the fabulous garden of golden apples at the western extremities of the earth, watched over by an enchanted dragon, until the apples were stolen by *Hercules* who, at the same time, slew the beast.

(*Стрелец*).

[*Περeσeλeνιe*: From the real to the false changes not even time transits without sprinkling itself with the actual (real) spots of the eternal egotism, the seasonal ambition of a lively ambivalence (the conflicting simultaneity of the details of uncertainty)].

(*Περeσeλeνeυ*: It is difficult, after some time, to identify with its end, even more difficult with the beginning: look, for example, these amoebae - even under the stone they do not behave microscopic as they pretend they’re not like that when above it).

(*Amæba proteus* - lichen and splendor, like all the bugs - a suspicious vendor. A conceptual constant of rolling up into everyday’s clew after afternoon tea).

(Inextricableness as *bärke*, a sailboat with three masts of which not a single one catches the right wind without the latter ceasing to blow).

In cælo quies: ingratitude as a tacit perfection of a paltry thing, a mechanism for maintaining the ascension - even when they overturn together in the sunshine, the worm does not envy the bird because it is to eat it, but because it is to culminate.

Neither the argali horn of *Jupiter-Ammon* drummers (*cornu Ammonis* of all sunk summers), nor the semitic fossil of *Lot*’s shell (the spiral vessel of *Abraham*’s well), nor limestone nor clay (nor minerals from the mine of melancholic way), nor the pre-history of a flower turned yellow (the blissful salutariness in the loop of a sparrow), will enter that which is greater than moth, without sealing it in the circle of nought. (*Ha цыпoчкаx*).

Having returned, therefore, from that to this (from an in-depth understanding of the game of golf to the surface masterliness of a pseudomorph), from the fewest possible strokes to the halved number of pokes (the nine out of eighteen holes in the modern sky), we breathe more easily by so much, without inhaling anything which has not been inhaled before, which from the flock of classical herons did not separate into that of contemporary bitterns, from *Botaurus lentiginosus* of this place to European *Botaurus* and-so-on generators of the same, subtropical noise (quite plain), the booming cry above which our hands cross in vain. *In petto*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Hollow Bell of Mercy (Regarding F. W. Nietzsche)

“Without mercy!” - is the proclamation of the world, regardless of the fact that, *pour encourager les autres*, only a few people read it so insolently. [That Nietzsche (*per baroniam*) put his signature below it, did not, of course, make him more impudent than the signatory of these lines. *Покаяние?*].

Quocunque nomine: ‘manners of a herd through safety of a sheepfold’ is not an exclusivism of the (lower) animals.

Quocunque modo: since it is the cave which is in the background of a biological front, the majority of people prefer to jam under such an Utopian gorge, under something which, as in the case of (lower?) species, can be classified *pour comble de bonheur*, i.e. under some sentimental/pathetic/cozy/mild/soft, almost velvety shadiness provided by the harmony of the so-called assistance and concern, into, that is, orderly offered (and nicely packed) tranquility - even though (higher?) species know that the shade is not to be placed over the glaring truth (the shadow is not to be stitched onto the fuming wind). Even though, that is, with the common stand (the “social awareness”) one cannot escape oneself, those who did it do not shun grouping themselves according to their stands (a beauty of its own, one must add). The so-called political parties are here only for the purposes of showing the relativity of such an obtained rising. (To prevent the wormwood from candying too).

(To keep embellishing: to turn the paradise key in the inferno door. *Είναι μια εικόνα του Δαμασκηνού*).

Мышление: to reflect deeply in the mirror of superficiality, to not find a nice word for ‘monster’, to knit no hope using tow (even less to feed with trifles in one’s own glow).

(With a sudden onset of a change to the better, the expression on one’s face softens so much that it can light up with groundless joy, anyway).

[Even a Hegelian, having taken justice for his thesis and injustice for his antithesis, would have brought his synthesis before an accomplished fact (charade), let alone the Barbarian].

Messiahship as an unnatural (imposed) benefaction, the suspicious predestination of a disordered deliverance, the distasteful (carousal-like, pathetic, kitsch-like) insistence on the (socio-political) recipe for reducing the torment (a philosophically-religiously-political solace for the crowd - the heavens grace before the cosmic rebuttal), a social programme of domesticating the untamableness in the sense of a cure from an innate anathema: none of it will make a ship builder from a shipwreck victim, a colonizer from a subject, a manager from a workman, a landlord from a day laborer, a general from a soldier, a (Saxon) expedition leader from a (Tibetan) sherpa, an executioner from a condemned. *Sensu bono, sensu malo*. (And, even if it does, the cursed-and-mute does not speak about his promotion except if insincere. *Воспитание*).

Pretentiousness of the doctrinary way (*sensu malo*) dislocates even its destination - in the end consisting of grasshopper components, the composition of that towards which one started transits from vain desires to enraged substance.

(*Το πουλμαν Φενγει στις δεκα απο την Πλατεια Αγρυπτο*).

As if even from the best intentions there keep growing, sown in every thought about staving, the poisonous disks of *Strychnos nux-vomica*, the tropical pod of alkaloid strychnine that, because it serves as medicine for the heart (it is a stimulant), concealedly clenched before operating on the (so-called) injustice, in order to enrage itself because of it (to throw itself into the full beat of justice, *ΚΑΘΗΜΕΡΙΝΑ* or *ΕΡΓΑΣΙΜΕΣ ΜΕΡΕΣ*) - while the world still sleeps.

(The tale about a happy crowd sooner or later turns into the story about a multitude of wretches. *Rusticus expectat dum defluat annis at ille labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum*).

To reach the peacefulness at any price - is the reckoning of a typical subscriber to, in general favorable, the so-called humanitarian, i.e. socially-just solution - to lie down and listen how something else wails (an elder leaf, a stabbing leg), and not one's own desire, to encircle oneself with pillows for any of the four eras of the increasing difficulty, starting from the first (although golden) age - *Krita Yuga*, lasting 1,728,000 years, via the second - *Treta Yuga* (1,296,000 years), then third - *Dvapara Yuga* (864,000 years), to the fourth and last one, the present age - *Kali Yuga* (432,000 years), having not forgotten that, since each of the epochs is shorter, darker, and less righteous than the preceding for one *Kali Yuga* (one present age), one should see that their sum, the whole period (equal to four *Kali Yugas*, that is, to four present ages), i.e. *Total Time - Maha Yuga* (whose number of years is best approximated by a minute before twelve), strikes before it elapses - leaving behind neither the covers of Hindu religious writings nor the letter "J" from the scriptures' word "Justice", the notion that effectively became speechless under the hollow bell of mercy, with the hammer of Injustice.

ΣΥΝΑΓΕΡΜΟΣ.

{V-A}

11/07-08/02

Window

Not even in the late fall does there let up its beginning, but this autumn is only half through. *Der Geist der stets verneint*. (Not even the late intent is disturbed by the prematureness, but this intention just started).

A static sky (as always - stoical), a wet leaf on a desert path (circling the center it is the zero which does the math), all that is observed - less and less is swayed. Imitating a solemn stroll: letting an ornament to the winter roll. ("In the garb of a barefooted Carmelite", Longfellow). If someone goes down the street, he fuses with the rain (it lets him cheat). ("They seemed to fear the formidable sight", Dryden). Although nothing of the sort (nothing of the quoted sight) can be seen, it is felt that the basic propositions are not in order, neither the one about an obstacle in the form of a deathwatch, nor the one about the passableness in the form of a storm brigade; because of that even this little noise settles around the shot of surrender. (*OTTICK*: The encore was just ordered, when something broke up and faltered).

Some rush, some come to a halt, because no one, in fact, in front of himself pushes more than his own self, with whom, at that moment, he agrees or not. (People stay away from themselves, not to mention the others).

Window – one can neither see nor hear through it without dismissing it while still in the silicon conception: until all the senses get used to the limpidity of S_iO_2 none of them gives in easily to the straightforward condensation. To look to the left or to the right or, full of experience, to lean on its frame (to lay down on its lower edge the cup with a sinuous feeling of disreputable ceremony), to confirm the schedule of that which topographically distinguishes itself relative to this which withdrew to the deserved rest [a silkworm (pod, cartridge, larva) - the immobility of teeth: concocted insect *Bombyx mori* - an incompleteness *a priori*], the duplicity of relief as the most that can be expected from the proclaimed duality of a saint (a doll in the heavens, a mummy in the ground), behaviour based on the contract with the awe-struck worthiness, the legalization of a lion- versus the mouse-share, the cosmic boredom of a traveler at the bus stop, the shovel leaning against the wall and the building which holds it faithfully, the swung plumb-line and stationary otter (the look askance and orthodoxy with no shame), the woody jump of a squirrel from the stronger to the weaker branch, instead of the fracture (fall) - landing on one's feet (to stall).

A collection of poems: seemingly a lifelessness - yet there puffs up the libretto of a singer on the stage of strained senses, the performer so unrestrained that he does not have to pretend dying in the same scene, moreover, that he can perform a somersault (or some other acrobatic stunt), anything that will throw him over from one side of the window to the other, the one where everything is natural and possible but where, as it is the case now, there did not wait for him these eyes, full of the acrobatics of the picture, the cartwheel of things (in silent rings). *Liederkrantz. ГЛЫКА. Enfig.*

{U, V-C, A, W, D}

False Warming Up (Regarding W. Shakespeare, the Bard of Avon)

Suddenly, it became warmer, which produced the so-so sentence for the opening of this session, pardon, description of alleged time. *Καλη διασκεδαση!*

[The first embroidery is important - afterwards one sews on roughly anyway. (One excellence is sufficient: *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*)].

Although, the warming up in question (relative to the cold in answer) is not for throwing either.

ΕΦτασα, it is necessary to nicely line up all this, to weigh it, to see its merit (to find its harm by fumbling), to turn it inside out, to check its carrying capacity, “to prepare it for life” (to not be tricked, at that, by provocations of *Madame Sans-Gêne*, the heroine of a drama by Sardou and Moreau, a vivacious French washerwoman who, eventually, having become the duchess of Danzig and a prominent member of the court of Napoleon I, kept her simple, free manners), it is needed, therefore, to unbolt it [that which warmed up (*γκρον*, *Pimpinella anisum* of the Bible)], to unscrew it like a tap (to the end, *absens hæres non erit*), to get rid of the superfluous humidity (to avoid choking in the self), to approach it, then, in a fitting/courteous manner and put it away (store it) in a dry (dark, cold) place, like putting aside (storing) a cough medicine for the patient sentenced to the continuous inhaling and a single exhalation, his last (*auf Wiedersehen*).

À discrétion (although also *à dessein*): to question oneself about the origins of such a sudden warming up (garishly visible – isn’t it, maybe, fictitiously squeezable?) without, however, bringing it into a connection with the modern conspiracy theories, including the influences of more or less obscure (hidden, pseudo-inexplicable, *новый* but also an *ancien régime*) deities/organizations {Masonic lodges [walled up residences of the, so-called, Freemasons, as if the universe is otherwise free of a dwelling Thriller (as if long ago its strings disowned its Healer)], followed by the effects of “philanthropic” projects / trilateral gadgets of one Zbignew B. and another J. D. Rockefeller, as well as (from the highlands of Zion) by the influences of sleight-of-hand products of *Millenarian/Ellerian/Sion* doctrinaires and a full sway of *Setebos*, a god of the Patagonians in Shakespeare’s “*Tempest*”}, for the simple reason that all these influences on the person dealt with here (the person whose words instead of sinking - look how well they keep singing), i.e. on the individual of composition of *Dr. Jekyll* (the hero of R. L. Stevenson’s “*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*”, who, although of high principles and excellent character, by means of a drug can change his personality, becoming the debased and sensual being known as *Mr. Hyde*), somehow are too monotonous/boring.

All these attempts to indoctrinate the gentleman in question are, in other words, uninteresting, as if the described warming up is not taking place here (in *W.*) but in *Tetrapolis*, the city synonymous with the four places (grouped/confederated) from the four sides of the world (*Baal-hamon*, the place of a multitude, *Baal-meon*, the place of habitation, *Baal perazim*, the place of breaches, and *Baal-tamar*, the place of palm trees), during which process one can hear (of all of the requested tunes) only a tune from *Mercury*’s lyre (a musical instrument made of the shell of a turtle), such a prosaic message from the messenger of the gods, although himself in the rank of an additional god (the god of commerce, manual skill, eloquence, cleverness, travel, and thievery), as if for all the above named places it would not be better if they were Olympic or, at least, Festival cities, bursting with audaciousness instead of yawning like *Testudinata* underneath their instrument’s (the lyre’s) *Chelonia*’s sound, snoring like *Meleagros* (the hero of the *Calydonian* boar hunt), clanging like *Tetragrammaton*, the statistical/conjectural set of the four consonants of the ancient name for God, written as *JHVH*, or *IHVH*, or *JHWH*, or *YHVH*, or *YHWH*, always, that is, differently, since said name at those times was considered too holy for one to know to write it. (Today, one knows).

To repeat, all these attempts to indoctrinate the gentleman in question are, thus, uninventive, as if (even without them) it is not known that even on the *Isles of the Blessed/Happy Ones* [(on those islets, therefore, for which the ancients were saying that they were situated on high seas of the Atlantic, forming a sort of *Elysium* (the plain assigned to those who, full of virtues, left for the other world, even though they were quite virtuous in this one, too)], again - as if it is not

known that on said islands one cannot hear a single healthy (strong and vigorous, full of a pioneer-like serenity) *Elizabethan* that is *Shakespearean sonnet*, like the one by Bacon (“Elate with empty hopes”), more exactly - as if it is not known that among all those in the world that are apathetic, miserable, scorned, defeated, crushed by fate (*СБРОД*), the proposal of a type “Abate the edge of traitors”, by *W. Shak.*, does not make any sense, even if *Shakespeare* put it together.

Although it is fair to say that it is true that, while he worked on it (the proposal), he had not counted on them (on those who betray).

Au fait, that *Bard of Avon*.

{U, V-C, A, D}

11/11-13/02

In Andreolite’s Sight

In a great distance, things are insignificant. [Not even the telescopic sight of a sniper increases their significance, although it crowns them with the glory of a capricious target. *Ошибка?*]. Additionally, without the mutual resistance, friction, interaction with other things - the things in question appear motionless. (*ΤΟ ΜΑΘΗΜΑ ΑΠΟ ΕΧΘΛΗ ΓΟΥΙΝΤΣΕΡΦ*).

{I thought of this when, within the salt of daybreak, (proportionally crystalline) I woke up whitened, and nothing was heard (nor anything moved, nor thawed) - frozen above the *scaphoid* bone, there appeared blue the *os magnum* of, I thought, my right hand (caught by the phalanxes of the left) - so that it was easily felt that, in all of this, it was not as much to do with a disgraceful vision as with its running after the indecent shade: the shadow of me, of course, then of this room/building/street/planet (the planetary system), and of the ω *Centauri* cluster (a starship of menagerie or the travelling clock - whatever it is, it doesn’t hold onto its flock), and of the so-called *Nebulae* (the *Great* - in *Orion*, the *Ringlike* - in *Lyre*, the *Andromeda* - in itself), carefully entered in the “Gaseous Nebulae and Novae” by *Vorontzov & Velyaminov*, and of the *Milky Way*, and of two more, similarly elliptical galaxies (*NGC 4486* and *NGC 205*), and of six spiral ones (*NGC 5866*, *3031*, *891*, *628*, *278*, and *M51* - this one launched in *Canes Venatici*, run aground in a helicoid), and of two (galaxies) of suspicious origin, like the two *Magellanic clouds*, the big and the small (from which, again, it ambiguously rains), and of the lattice-and-spiral *NGC 1300* [where those corporsals (*Serbian kaplari*) went - by cosmic bow voicelessly released, by a sudden hush eternally greased. *Наваждение?*].

So that, in all that, given that the transactions of this world are closer to the periphery than to the center of that which is to be dealt with (*ΠΡΟΟΡΙΣΜΟΣ*), two things are evident: besides that in each such headquarters the earthworks are in low demand, one can hardly feel that anything stirs - amidst all the movement, in fact, no one yet reported any of it because one couldn’t: other than the vacuum nothing else brushed against him (besides the empty promises nothing else softened him). *Experto crede*.

Similarly to the ant bear after all (the anteater *Myrmecophaga jubata*, found in the warmer parts of South America; *Orycteropus capensis*, found in South Africa), whose extensile and glutinous tongue [thrown out from such one (although toothless) muzzle, having not caught, that is, a single ant], besides not being able to conjure to its snout (in such circumstances) the ant-like importance, is equally unable to leave a better impression regarding the given food (*Hormica Hymenoptera*) to the anteater itself [in spite of its (the animal’s) magnetism and the (same sort of) spirituality], as compared to the imprint regarding the missing bite of today, or (in the case of a pre-programmed easiness) regarding the “sour grapes” of such a blissful afternoon, regarding, that is, a certain contortion of a mute doll, directed to use its stomach to bring closer that which it is not able to bring closer with its tongue. *Зверинец*.

The phenomenon in question (the yearning portrait of nearness, a dreamy picture of remoteness, *ЗАКБАКА*), contrary to the universally accepted belief of its (alleged) dynamics, is best observed in the (still) *Hartz Mountains*, in the example of *andreolite*, the cross stone, i.e. mineral harmotome, a hydrous silicate of the zeolite group [the group consisting of aluminum, sodium and calcium, poured into the cavities of igneous rocks]: not even its crystallitic structure (in the form of a cross) melts without (in the previous phase) pompously engraving itself, with one horizontal and one vertical movement, into the *Elysian* plus.

Sine die: like *Androclus*, a runaway Roman slave who extracted a thorn from a lion's paw, and subsequently was caught and doomed to fight a lion in the arena, only to be confronted (by chance) with the beast he had befriended and, now, the one which fawned upon him in gratitude, this observer of the significance too (without a day of, actually, being promoted to such a level of duty), at the end of the described *sine praedicio* voyage (in such a meager way!?), found himself at the start (sniper's spot), aligned (a lot) with its front sight - in the heavenly eyes of the beast's plight.

{U, V-C, A, D}

11/13-15/02

Driving the Bookish Shadows Into the Profane Ones

Whose witness is a shadow, the witness of presence or absence? (*Filius teræ* or *filius nullius*).

A photon-like swing or the swinging of photons - a particle or wave or their single sway - whatever it is, it does not get rid of the chivalrous act of *bon ton*: "I have observed of late thy looks are fallen", Addison, addressing the Presence, and "It happened this evening that we fell into a pleasing walk", addressing Absence.

Fidus Achates.

As if everything is known regarding shadows, and nothing understood: otherwise, why would one be finding in presence the justification for absence in which the shadow is present? *Ερχονται καθε μερα*.

To be here, or there, and at none of the places to cover more than one's own shade, is typical for it (the shadow). ("*Που μπορω να παρκαρω?*" - it questions, at that).

So that, with it (the shade), there is no uncertainty in the sense in which it is known in advance that it (the shadow) will not attach to the wrong owner: the one who is chosen by his own shadow plotted against its life, the one who is not chosen realized the plot. *Do ut des*.

(The presence of the first annulled by the absence of the second, the authenticity of the second leaned on the crutches of the first, *своенравие*).

Who of the two intended his shadow for whom - this one from whose grasp it twisted out, or that one who courts it - it will not be known until noon strikes so that one can transfer from the chest of the first to the back of the second. (*Joci causa*, if for no other reason).

And even then (while one lies on his sternum, the other sleeps on his back bone), it (the shadow) would need to travel the distance from the sewn-in doubler to the thread & scissors in the function of a taylor (*justum et tenacem propositi virum*), i.e. it (the shade) would need to sharpen / thread a needle with / cut out a pattern of (to look back / think of / form an opinion) how to jump from the button of one to the collar of the other (having unbuttoned the first, strangled the second) - if, at that, it was not to do with an act of inconsiderateness worthy of one *Legree Simon*, a brutal slave owner in Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin", whom even the sad story of *Lenore* (a heroine of German balad whose dead lover in spectral form carries her on horse-back with him to the graveyard) did not impel to a milder debut on the stage of sincere reality, let alone the pathologicalness of *Leigh Aurora*, a heroine of Mrs. Browning's poem of the same name (the story of a poetess and her love), as if the person in question (*Simon Legree*) learned nothing from *Liliom* either, a swaggering but likable barker in Ferenc Molnar's drama of the same name, who, after ill-treating his wife (originally, a servant girl), and committing a few more crimes, died and was tried in heaven and sent to hell, from which after sixteen years he was sent back to earth (although, for only one day), to see whether he could do one good deed, which he, given he didn't learn humility even in hell, did not do, so was returned to serve his sentence.

Shadows of laymen and professionals, of blasphemers and dignitaries (of worldly and sacred ones), the tidy and sloppy shadows, the loquacious and stylish (the profane and bookish shades): testifying about the absence of such a number of bodies - with their swaying presence singing a dirge for those flesh's absence. *CBIII*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Insolence of Life

Even though he considered the pen an invention greater than the wheel - he thought he could go faster and farther with it (under the assumption he had somewhere to go; also assuming that, without superfluous pedantry, under the wide notion of a pen he could accommodate the keyboard too) – already on the first page [furthermore, in the first paragraph on the theme in question (see the title)] he fell into the infamous *PTSD* (*Post Traumatic Stress Disorder*), characterized (he recognized it by those signs) by his withdrawal to himself and an aggressiveness.

Already there, namely, at the very beginning of the adventure with the writing accessories, he made a mistake, having thought it was about time to concentrate on the description of something from the, so-called, real life, instead of to continue (like at the present) to describe that which is nominally expected on these pages, possibly with a tasteful measure of (un)clear fiction (a kind of a classical Moderna), but, at any rate, without (easily verifiable) basis in so-called reality.

Se non è vero, è ben trovato.

“As if the surrealism does not secrete itself too, from the same experience of phenomenology (leaving the other, ontological, allegedly different but, in fact, a complementary experience, for the 'creme on the cake' - the ending of this page)” - he remembers that, after the first symptoms of said breakdown/collapse (and with the full right), he thought of that [qualifying the mentioned kind of experience with that very act as something belonging to a certain, the only recognized sculptor, the one exclusively authorized (by state decree almost) to shape/form the subject of the process in question (the process of said breakdown)], as if such one, rather stupid label (*PTSD*), typical, after all, for the sort of the (rushed) “creativity” of the (institutionary / parrot-like) climate in which it was born, could embellish/improve the experience of its owner/bearer, the experience derived, truth to say, from lying in the greenhouse (in the golden cage), but for which even Shakespeare found that “It is no act of common passage, but a strain of rareness”.

(Μπορείτε να το γράχετε παρακαλώ?).

[“Culture and death – they’re yet to meet”, he remembered that he had additionally thought (that way having got rid of them at once), having passed to the next pages, even though right there, in such one (sudden and insolent) transition (as if under the order of a heedless infallibility), having noticed certain, however uneasy (neglecting its carnival-like fluttering/likableness), roguish feature of regardlessness].

“Between zero and infinity, my choice is zero!”, after the remaining paragraphs/pages (which he painlessly filled out) he triumphantly declared (although more to himself), as if with the smaller extreme he had chosen less torment, *неперемие* - but he had not, he only, as any layman versed in tactility (a professional reduced to exclusivism) would have done, made a mistake in calculation.

Перенел.

For, his position between these two numbers (0 & ∞) would not have changed even if he had chosen the other one, for the simple reason that even that (his second choice) would be lying as close (also - as far) as the first one: as many times, namely, as his state [paralyzed in a kind of the semiotic-topographical middle, i.e. chained at point “M” like some, in the best case, saprophilous semi-parasite (leading a half-photosynthetic, half-parasitic life)] - again: as many times as his condition would be contained in one, infinite end of said axis, its other (initial, starting, original) end would so many times be contained in him.

And, regardless of how much he, *любопытный*, moved along it (along the axis in question), i.e. regardless of how much he shifted on such a standard axle (between two such excesses; one could even rightfully claim - two oppositely rotating wheels), that is, regardless of the case in which his own sum (significance, description, appearance), by means of a certain (fictitious) transfiguration, stopped at some other [singular, point-like (“N”, “O”, “P”,...)] place [halted itself in such a way as to go, to come back, to sit down, to get up, to keep quiet, to say something, to sleep through, to take a walk, to stand, to sing, to hate, to kiss, to intend to hang the ethereal thoughts (look how that pole quietly vaults!)] - his outcome would still be the same (he would still be obtaining the same result) in relation to both of the extremes, the end and the beginning (the infinity and the zero): as already mentioned, as many times as he would be contained in the end, so many times the beginning would be contained in him ($\infty/M \Leftrightarrow M/0$).

Ленесток.

Insolence of life: look how all this around (including *ласточка* - *Hirundo rustica*) puffs up while coating itself with five layers of inviolability [with (hotel-like) stars of internationalism] - the throng (to run around / to babble), the market place (to buy / to sell), the doctrine (to lie / to rule), the procedure (to whip / to creep), the profitableness (*semper avarus eget*) - as with the (cosmetic) cream of a “free personality”, made per the prescription/teachings of *Pelagius* (a fourth-century British monk who denied the doctrine of original sin and maintained that man has freedom of will), although not quite so radically, in fact somewhat more mildly, so much so that the layers turn out more vaseline-like, soluble like the semi-*Pelagianism* of *John Cassianus*, a French monk from (this time) the fifth century, who modified the doctrines of *Pelagius* in that he denied the significance of human participation in matters of good, emphasizing the necessity of the influence of the Holy Spirit, however also repudiating those doctrines of his predecessor (from the other side of the Channel) which were referring to the unconditional choice, the irresistible grace, and the certain perseverance of the saints.

Semper timidum scelus.

Sixteen centuries later [having neglected the recent/current bombing campaigns to which both the bombed and the bombers became callous, having disregarded, that is, the trials in which the latter try the former in the manner in which, led by the so-called instinct of life (the biological euphemism for the absence of the sociological sense of shame), said shows are heartily added to the world's state of affairs], yielded by the above, mental coating [with hotel stars of inviolable regardlessness (the partial layer of *Cassianus* as a relative one of *Pelagius*)], there shines the only thing which is still being performed - a physical coating, covering things in part with seasonal and in part with eternal coat (although, in both cases, in a similar way as back then).

(*Οχι εκεινο - αυτο εδω*).

[Now, it is only a matter of maintaining them (the physical and the mental coating) so that they do not fully overlap - reckons the poet of the world (*поэт* or *романист*), imposing his own eagerness onto that of the world, as if (at any time) anything has been realized from the forced universality except the generalized indifference].

Ρουα: spring, summer, fall, winter, elder, alder, accacia, hazel, cypress, elm, maple, willow, birch, plane (*platanus*), oak, linden, walnut, pigweed (green amaranth, love-lies-bleeding), grass, spruce, poplar, plantain, hemp, sorrel, wormwood, and mulberry tree – all they do is laying the everlasting coat into the seasonal vessel (both then and now, *caveat lector*).

Only an *Ash* (the *Tree of the Universe*), the stuttering of this book (its worries – look!), its ringing name – the infamous *Yggdrasil* - (its whitened singing and mellow mill), under the false name of *Fraxinus Americanus* (the western pseudonym of the eastern pseudonym of the polar describer of an essential furiousness), the tree of feather-like leaves, winged fruits, a slender trunk, and ample seeds, above all that (what?) folds its branches into the fan by a well conceived jerk to impeccability, finding nothing wrong with such an interpretation of the sauciness of life, its maintenance and growth at any price (rustling through the wind “*Αυτο ειναι ενταξει*”) - under the condition of wiping off, in such a manner obtained, the ontological speculation about ostensible honour.

{U, V-C, D}

Culture and Death

Ten definitions of culture (*Webster's*) and eleven of death (*Demogorgo's*) overlap in one: while the former (culture) understands the latter (death) without saying, the latter yawns in the former (fully swaying).

(*Поднурать*).

With the exemption of the pathetic deviations from the theme (i.e. neglecting a change in subject), such as “Friendlessness is death itself”, and “After the first, there comes the second death - the death of the soul after the bodily demise”, followed by the (dry) “Culture as development, improvement and refinement of the mind, emotions, manners, and taste”, and “Culture in the sense of the concepts, habits, skills, art, instruments, and institutions of a given people in a given period; civilization”, the above mentioned convergence (overlapping) of the phenomena in question culminates in their twofold meaning: “The growth of bacteria or other micro-organisms in a specially prepared nourishing substance, under the watchful eye of a primeval creator, somewhat terrifying and mysterious god or demon of the underworld, *Demogorgo*, to whom sinister powers are attributed (in whose hands the ominous/portentous powers never feel discarded)”.

Ecce signum, γρηγορα.

Namely, in the same way in which “to delude the nation by an airy phantom” (*Burke*) with the ingredients of death in culture (culture in death), keeps even a big dragon (e.g. the planetary government) busy, let alone the little one (the British branch, pardon, a ruling elite of the isles of *Tristan da Cunha*, for example, in the south Atlantic), the “confidence to turn his wishes into demands” (*Locke*) classifies said demon, *Demogorgo*, as a first-class demiurge (the originator of evil) of the cultural etiquette of death (the cultivated procedure of demise).

As says *Dryden*, “Permit my ghost to pass the *Stygian* ford”, and everything will fall into place - the culture becoming available to death, and death to culture’s funeral procession - there reckon the authorities (and even the contemporary, urbanized population, under ‘ford’ understanding the spiritual freedom, under a phantom the material one, like the rulers).

[After all, in relation to the mentioned, modern diptych of the, so-called, non-government organizations and the government ones, neither *Don Quixote* (the hero of the great Spanish romance of *Cervantes*), nor *Dulcinea del Toboso* (the country girl selected by the *Castilian* country gentleman as the lady of his knightly devotion), presented more agreed members of a couple, with more pretentiousness/pose, even if talking to each other in, by all means a piquant, *Arawakan* language (the tongue of the *Caribbean* tribe of *Tainos*)].

De mal en pis.

An equivalent relationship in the, so-called, fauna and flora can be found between an average weasel (*Galera barbara*) and a miniature member of *Marsupialia* (*Tarsipes rostratus*) which, although not larger than a mouse, being fed with insects and honey by the first mentioned participant of said pair (an animal of the mink sort), is eventually brought to the state of a complete sugary self-elevation (that is, the state of the blinding with a passion in the case of the particular knight and the openhearted *madame*, or the condition of being carried away by culture in the case of a generalized mortal and the expired nurture – “Warn poor mortals left behind”, *Tickel*), at which moment the feeder animal starts eating the fed one (the *Mustela* starts eating the *marsupium*), chewing it like a tamarind (a leguminous tree, *Tamarindus indica*), with at least one incisor pulling it under the tamarisk (flowering cypress), a plant having as many slender branches as feathery clusters of pinkish flowers that blossom in Germany (*Myricaria germanica*), India (*Tamarix indica*), and Arabia (*Tamarix orientalis*), although withering in the Mediterranean region (*Tamarix gallica*), like something to which there expires the (academic) hour dedicated to the improvement of aesthetic taste, the refinement of thoughts, moderateness of emotions, and proper conduct, something that, although ascending until then, at this very moment is falling down, having said all that it had to say with the voice of a dying person (the voice of his phantom), in *Gaelic* (*Celtic*, the highlander version of *Scottish*) culture known as *taisich*, in *Russian* as *смертельный ропот*.

{U, V-C, W, D}

Middle East

A line on the map (the camel-like *Petra*, *Jordanian* gate to *Mesopotamia*) starting the nap (sold out *Pieria*, a phantom-like region of *Macedonia*), the shortness of breath (blown out *Phrygia*, the air stream of minor *Asia*) ending the length [Palestine (*Philistia*), Syria (*Pisidia*), the king of *Seleucidae* (with all his strength)], the drawing compass and stellar sextant in mummifying choreography (and *Phoenicia* - the fifth quadrant of the geography!). *Ancienne noblesse* as *arrivederci*. *Τι αζιοθεατα εχει εδω?* [The continental unimportance in convulsion of grandomania (the fertile soil prepared to boil), Sumerian *Sinbad* gone aboard earlier (*Babylon*, *Assyria* - measured by a vernier caliper)]. *Полночь*.

Not even *Fafnir*, a *Norse* giant whom greed made monstrous in nature and shape, and who therefore (in the form of a dragon) guarded *Nibelung* hoard (until the youthful *Sigurd*, armed with his father's sword and guided by certain *Regin*, outwitted the dragon and won its ill-fated treasure), having arrived in the Middle East (while still alive) and, subsequently, having strolled through the central *Iraqi*, pardon, *Mesopotamian* valley, feeling more refreshed than both of the (domestic) rivers (*подмоченный*), not even he shunned the idea of polar supremacy over the equatorial *Tigris* (and *Euphrates*), let alone a dwarf (compared to said giant), the modern *moron* (as yesterday, feeling she had had enough, a secretary of the Canadian delegation at the *Prague* summit called the not-at-all-virtual guru of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, because of which, and besides possibly returning home on her own expense, she'll have to look for another job, if and when something's in prospect, that is), let alone, therefore, the sheriff kind of such an understood chief, leaned like *Alexander* over the map by *Ptolemy*, self-importantly looking for its weak point in the winter as if yet *Dryden*, referring to the *Alexandrian* astronomer and geographer, did not say: "No winter could his laurel fade"; why would such one shun anything?

Of what good is that, on the other hand, if it is known that the cited Greek word (*moron*, neut. of *moros*, foolish) means "a mentally deficient person with an intelligence quotient (IQ) ranging from 50 to 75; a person mentally equal or inferior to a child between eight and twelve years old". At which, truth to say, in the definition of the (mental) state in question, it says further: "*Moron* is the highest classification of mental defficiency, above *imbecile* and *idiot*", whereby the former is characterized by an $25 < IQ < 50$, corresponding to a child between three and eight years old, and the latter by an $IQ < 25$, which corresponds to a two-year old.

This is to say that not all is as dark as it could be were the current chief replaced by a still worse one (selected from one of the two categories above), for the purposes of maintaining the cultural continuity (in going downhill) at the occasion of taking over the organizational aspects of the next summit in the sense (of course, not only for the sake of jargon): "*And after Prague – Prague*".

And even if everything stays the same (if it is not to change for worse - if imbeciles and idiots are not to replace morons) - what does one moron know what a *murva* is {even if he knew that it is to do with a *Singhalese* word, the word which the signatory of these lines [loading the travel-record of an obsolete conqueror of substance in the saddle-bags of literature, as much skilled in things necessary for an eastern overthrow as unskilled in the details of significance for the western regency (as much progressive as regressive in lifting up the essence during the fall of the pith)] found in lines written in sand before the *Sand* (not *Desert!*) *Storm*}.

In other words, how can a sheriff know what *Sansevieria roxburghiana* is, cultivated in the areas of interest under the topic here because of its silky fibers useful for making the fiddle-bows used in playing the "*Scheherazade*" by *Nikolai Andreevich (Rimsky-Korsakov)*, the strings so strong that they can easily last until the striking opening (*Largo & Maestoso*) of the musical piece in question finds its orifice in the classical finale (*Allegro Molto*), even if it takes a thousand and one (1001!) times to do that, but also so interwoven that they (the fibers) can attain the lightness of a traditional (flying) carpet, like the piano accompaniment for the fingers on the right climbing the keys up, however not coming across another opus (this one being *No. 35*), with the exemption of a chant played with a shepherd's flute made of *myrtle* (having come, thus, from *murva* to *myrtle*), carved in such a way that only a half of the mantra can be heard (either *Myrtus communis* or *Lysimachia nummularia*), i.e. that under no circumstances one starts assuming that from the provincial-militaristic pomposity of the messiahship-subculture type of importance there shows (repeats) itself anything more than a barren half of *Egypt*, of barrenness of a whole pharaoh. (*Dolce stil nuovo*).

Misanthropy as Ultimate Philanthropy

“One should not worry, this will perish too” - that is how the stereotype of the attitude of the alleged misanthrope towards human affairs and deeds [moreover, of the attitude of such an outcast from civilization (*sic!*) toward the universal (generalized) outcome of both the inanimate and animate world] looks (sounds, reverberates, echoes, trembles), masterfully fit with glass (almost delicate).

Semel abbas, semper abbas.

If it was not overly simplistic, said stereotype would fail at another, seemingly more complex obstacle: neither a misanthrope (being so obsessed with himself) can find time to engage with people, nor (even if engaged) would he really put his foot in his mouth pronouncing the opening sentence above, without having developed the idea that, at that, it could refer to him, too.

And, if his word becomes ruined – what’s left for the (linguistic) speculation about the frowning happiness?

[*Selon lui*: from the thorns there raises a sour dock (*Oxalis acetosella* with blue and red flowers), a clovered standard for hops, pierced by osmosis (gathered in crops)].

This way, operating with a reduced model without mechanisms that could justify the reduction, (although not the only one, rather one more in the sea of the, so-called, simplistic theories/explanations) the described (layman’s) prejudice (about a misanthrope as an incarnation of the, so-called, pessimistic attitude towards people in principle) fails the exam of its own qualifications for carrying out such a scrutinization in the sense that it (the prejudice) is based on an insufficient (often minimal, sometime absent) complexity of the connectivity/interlacement (by definition quite complex, *semel et simul*) of human experiences, realizations, senses and criteria.

(The easiness of qualification as the qualification of easiness: *sic eunt fata hominum. Προσμοῦ*).

Since, on the other hand, “everything changes”, as it is commonly said (and commonly is the case), and (after all) because of the second law of thermodynamics - of course that everything “will perish (*τρομερος!*)” [if not because of the recurring/reversible/‘alternate’ change, i.e. a relatively benign change of social/governmental system, then because of the irreversible physical change (due to entropy)], and whether one should worry about that or not - it is philanthropists who best know the answer.

But, neither of them would be what they seem / try to project / pretend to look like / present themselves (philanthropists - such good souls!), if they could only stop waving the rescue flag from the other side of the (existential) fear in which, on this side, choke the subjects of their benevolence, that is if, having thrown all those monies into the wind and having jumped over the implied fence, they could jump into the, more or less, life, i.e. survival, i.e. (only biological?) fierceness - *το αποτελεσμα* of this side.

In whatever way they [the professed devotees to improving the stakes of the poor ones in this (often heavenly) pandemonium] looked in such a case (the case of them jumped to the other side), it would make them no different from the wretched ones, essentially condemned to the everlasting duration (in the mentioned paradise), the ones, that is, to whom, until then, said philanthropes were throwing the crumbs of time - as coins of verdict.

(“I prefer being tried to trying others” *Десанка Максимовић, с/о Р. Л.* - reaches them as much as money reaches an empty wallet. “*Σε ποια βιλλα μενετε?*” - they ask each other).

Deriving an analogy with a *Lydian* stone {a type of black rock used to test the purity of gold and silver (by measuring the deflection of the metallic glare from the stony stare), and according to which the layman’s definition of someone’s

attitude toward people (society) emphasizes the extreme polarization [to haters/distrusters of mankind (the stone), and those who love/help mankind (the gold)] as a cover for his (the layman's) own projections of allegedly desirable ingredients of philanthropy, and for an exemplary and understandable hostility towards the, so-called, misanthropists} neglects that said stone, which in the past could be found in *Ireland* (in a form of basalt, i.e. black porcelain), practically disappeared because, at those times, it was used by giants in building a road through the local bogs and marshes, so that, consequently, the mentioned similarity (analogy) does not have a reference plane (in which to reflect itself), and said porcelain (even if black) reverberates no more dully than (in such a way obtained) the fallacy of the one who is doing the derivation/comparison.

It is because of that that those who 'hate', being more succinct, reply with silence, while those who 'love', being too extensive, 'replicate' (for the purposes of achieving a corresponding effect) with a double tongue, juggling, therefore, between *euphuism* (Gr. euphuēs, not euphemismos) and *anadiplosis* - luring (in that way) the very *Euphrosyne*, one of the three *Graces* (in fact, the one in charge of Joy), to come from those who give to those who receive and make the joy of the latter even greater.

(*Hamouçak*).

And while the *euphuism* has an artificial, affected, high-flown and pompously ambitious style of speaking/writing [used by certain *John Lyly* (in describing a fictitious character of *Euphuēs*) and his imitators], characterized by alliteration (the repetition of the same sound, usually of a consonant, at the beginning of two or more words immediately succeeding each other, or at short intervals), balanced sentences, antithesis, and farfetched figures of speech, because of which, regardless of how useful it is for the opening address, it is not useful for ending the job of giving, while establishing some "charitable / philanthropic fund" it is by all means *anadiplosis* which is used - a grammatical duplication; the repetition of the last or any important word or words in a clause or sentence, in the beginning of the next, so that the importance of the repeated words could be stressed.

[The fact that (in all socio-political systems), primarily *anadiplosis*, and, in a more exclusive number of cases, *euphuism* is used by, besides the above users, all those groups of state/church spongers, parasites, hangers-on, sycophants, favor-seekers, attachés, and, of course, dignitaries themselves, to whom (naturally) "givers" belong too, only makes said juggling a topic wider than this text can possibly accommodate. Στην υγεία σας!].

Imputing to someone's misanthropy (although also to melancholy, disappointment, apathy, *зпычмь*) the refusal to engage in the, so-called, projects for (universal) human good {through social organizations like political parties, public or religious denomination school boards, trade associations [including (globally more influential) various Masonic lodges, i.e. 'Rotary', 'Lions', 'Kiwanis', 'Knights Templar', and 'Transylvanian' clubs (e.g. "Ancient Mystical Order Rosae Crucis – Rosicrucians", "Ancient Mystic Order of Samaritans", "Ancient Mystic Order of Bagmen of Baghdad", "Daughters of Rebekah", "Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way", "Black Legion", "Builders of the Adytum", "Alliance of Transylvanian Saxons", "Ancient Order of Zuzimites", "Ancient Order of Osiris", "Artisans Order of Mutual Protection", "Ancient Order of Hibernians", "Angelic Order of Fairy Bells", "International Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons", "Free Sons of Israel", "Free and Regenerate Palladium", "Grail Movement", "Order of the Patrons of Husbandry", "Improved Benevolent Protective Order of Elks", "Invincible Club", "Order of Iron Hall", "Lions International")}, all the way down to municipal and city block philanthropists], as well as through a whole gamut of the, so-called, concerned citizens of various traits [from "human/animal rights activists/contenders" to clubs/associations of pensioners (who, in all this, are about the only authentic ones)], while, at the same time, portraying the engaged ones (the 'activists') with appropriate/festival-like decorations - one more presentation of the eternal, *Thespis*-like drama, is actually being witnessed, a play pretentious as much as, like always in such cases, the usurped (annexed, grabbed, seized, robbed, plundered, looted) in the last act changes to being received as a gift.

For, in the same way in which the (so-called) natural and human resources are not abstract notions, neither their usurpers are fictitious personages: some are misanthropists, some philanthropists, the others those who did not decide whether to trade that little scruple still left in them for love or for hate, having an inkling of that neither one nor the other (a canine gasping of unclear duty, *свѣмоу*) will make them rid of eschatological indifference of the final thing (the verdict between immortality and death) towards any choice that does not present misanthropy as ultimate philanthropy, leaving the latter for an anthropoid saint.

Solitude in Multitude

The animism of aboriginal/native tribes by the name of *Miaow*, from *Kweichow & Hunan* provinces in mid-south China (*ειναι μακρρα?*), their believing, that is, in vitality/liveliness and spirituality of natural objects and phenomena such as trees, rocks, *тюльпан*, the rain, the wind, *η Φτερονγα*, and into a spiritual connection of everything that exists (*υκος*), from which there secrete (over which there float), according to the doctrine, good, that is bad spirits, that is demons, even though not differing much from the current/contemporary theories/beliefs “on the topic” (on the topic of universal connectivity it is even in harmony with the postulates of modern physics), differs very much in the way in which it articulates the speculations in question.

While the “developed world” expresses said contemplations in writing (or orally), in music (or picture), using science (or para-science) to (somehow) obtain the algorithm of operations between things, the people-cats of the tribes in question (hence their catlike/feline name), jumping around (*en badinant*), dancing their colorful dances [dressed in the rainbow-like dresses (*πλοβυχίη πλις*), synthesizing both man’s and animal’s kingdom into a characteristic vocal (replacing *Humanus* and *Animalia* with one another), the vocal, that is, of a two-stage *miaow* (a *mew* belonging to the vertical echo: upwards - towards the purpose, downwards - towards the self) - they (the *Meow* people) are, in fact, doing a cartwheel, as if they are being wrapped by *Golconda* (a source of great wealth, symbolic of a gold mine), covering up that which they are after (which responds to their *meou*, hides from their word, *υσομς*), and which is not the safe-deposit box full of gold but a collection of a hundred aphorisms of astrology, i.e. the *Ptolemy’s Centiloquy* hung on the *Felis*-like clatter of surrounding mystery as on the four legs directed to the catacomb of one.

(It is a quadruple gait with which the single way of walking presents itself - the step of the last side of the world, the final result of the four of them).

Уж, узурпатор.

“A postponed sentence” - with these words the narrator of the tribe story, shown on (digital) channel # 138 [i.e. broadcasted using only zeros and ones (even though so much was to be conveyed)], described the condition in which they (the tribes) were in this, 2002 year, having in mind that their isolation is not going to save them much longer from that which he [the anchorman, *δημοσιος υπαλληλος*, a city dweller of one of those world’s capitals which transmit their radio & TV shows (their interpretation of things) all over the globe (“the global village”), teaching the audience how to interpret them properly], which he, therefore, thought himself as well while (open-heartedly, *loyal en tout*) being at great pains to unriddle/determine his own chastisement, the punishment of a highly educated gentleman [a well-bred and cared for charmer of a perfect diction and style, in the service of Her Majesty as per the nature of his duty, the cordial collocutor regarding the topic of a nominal condition, an eloquent analyst of the post-turbulent epoch, the implicit apparatchik of an omnipotent stock exchange, an European American, that is, of the provenance of *Buddha*, the instrumental witness of a laborite-like Toryism, a discretionary follower of *Heidegger* (with *H. Arendt’s* traces), a courageous proponent of investigative journalism, a routine expert regarding the causes of stumbling / going astray of African (Asian, Caribbean, Balkan) history: *libertas et natale solum*], a person only as much haughty as necessary to not think of him as having a weak point - with the cited observation having pointed however (what bad luck!) just at it (his weakness), having felt, that is, a solitude in multitude of others, so similar to him, and yet, such foreign beings, accomplices / fellow sufferers, and yet, silenced each with his own pain, correct (civilized) in exchanging thoughts and in team work (*judicium parium, aut leges terræ*), and yet, directed each into his own *catabolism*, a destructive metabolism in which living tissue (as opposed to the case of *anabolism*), changes into products of a simpler chemical composition, regardless of that each one of them brought the described process of socialization to the perfection with no equal, although having forgotten to *miaow* when alone.

{U, V-C, D}

Innate Properties of Deliverance (Regarding G. J. Mendel)

Having taken hold of notoriety, the savior does not renounce the role awarded to him by the saved (an openheartedness of the latter). *Succès d'estime*.

One would think that at least then, having confronted the fragility of the refrain of the standard healing [like the one from the plebeian prayer book of a professional (Book of Common Prayer): "O Lord, comfort and succor all those who, in this transitory life, are in trouble"], an equilibrium between logic and *fatum* (causality and predestination) establishes itself in him, in the sense that (at such a moment, *как можно скорее*) he finally realizes that he dealt more with the architecture of a sacrificial altar than with the expectations of the victim, because of which (the assumption goes further) he denies even that little glory acquired in the studio of unsuitable thoughts (*стычка*), and he (*миссионер*, a *Philistine* with a mission), for the purposes of covering-up the scandal (the relativizing of failed expectations), retreats to the diligence of an (industrious) ant (*сокрытие*) - in practice playing inside the house and in the backyard (*можжевелик*), in his thoughts turning over a salsify (half oyster, half tuber), placing it under his hard palate (indeed, like some palatine, whose court times are gone but not his taste. *Зоркий*).

But nothing of the sort happened.

Зря.

("Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?", W. Shak.). *Молва*.

As if something like *Mendel's* laws (the three principles of hereditary phenomena: *Ειναι πολυ ομορφος; Ειναι πολυ ομορφον*) made sure that the unit characters from the first law [the characteristics of deliverers: height, weight, physique, eyes & hair color, saintlike persistence in having a good look at a distance (*προς τη Μητροπολη*)] subjugate themselves to the segregation from the second law [the filtering of the (pre)determined unit characters from gametes (joined cells) in the sense of stimulating the workings of adrenal glands, manifested by a smile more pleasing to God and an increased secretion of saliva within the limits of a particular seanse], before they (the unit characters), according to the third law of said *Gregor Johann Mendel* [an Austrian botanist and monk (1822-1884)], transform to dominate the recessive characters which, in turn (a molecular indignation or elementary displeasure?), change to the state of being latent (state of a saintly memoriam feast), in the same way in which, spatially organized into the fortress of superiority/predominance on the principle of discretion, chromatin in chromosome blames the inexperience for courage/bravery. *Зубр*.

("Discretion is the victor of the war, Valour the pupil", Massinger).

On the other hand, as one of the rare inhabitants of the universal (human) monastery who, instead of the fruitless bowing (while praying), produced a scientific enormousness, *Mendel* was lucky to see on time that, with his entering a monastic order, and in particular the *mendicant* one (*sumptibus publicis*), neither the *Franciscan* nor *Dominican* nor *Carmelite*, nor even his own, *Augustinian* order (teaching absolute predestination and the immediate efficacy of grace), all forbidden from having land property and, consequently, instructed to live on alms/donations - none of these orders, therefore, would ask him for more than he could receive from them: because of that, instead of plowing the field, he was digging the *cell*, instead of asking for charity, he was spending his *inheritance*.

Summum jus, suma injuria.

While the other friars, similarly to *Mensheviks* a century later [the members of the minority faction of the *Social Democratic Party (SDP)* of Russia], hitched themselves to the carts of the predecessors, *Mendel*, according to the above analogy - a *Bolshevik (sursum corda!)*, like such a radical faction of the *SDP* (although the *Bolsheviks'* faction was in majority, him alone), settled accounts with legacy having it got rid of the puzzle of heredity not as much as of the mystery of deliverance, having not conveyed the genetic information of redeemableness without the receivable expiation.

{U, V-C, A, D}

In Expectation of (a Wretched) Occurrence

It is for the best that nothing bad (*худο*) happens because, if something bad happens, everything will still be the same, as if nothing bad (*зло*) happened, but it happened. *Δεν αισθάνεται καλά*. Sitting down and listening in (making sure) that nothing bad (*больной*) is happening (interpreting even unworthy noiselessness as a gesture worthy of attention), one in fact eavesdrops (lurks, observes, gapes, *Davus sum non Œdipus*) as something bad (*дурной*) prepares to happen.

Anguis in herba. *Упрек*: the fact that at the moment (for some time already, for ages maybe) nothing bad (*плохо, дурно*) is happening, only means that there approaches the time when it will happen (that there flows out the time when it is not happening, *неумолимый*).

This which is to go away (*идиллия*, not happening) and that which is to come (*το κοκτειλ*, happening) are separated (split up) by waiting. (Here, it serves as a traffic-light announcement of departure/arrival, *самозванец, урегулирование*).

The state of tranquility as the least tranquil state: nothing calms down as much as it postpones itself (as if postponement is not more ruinous than happening). *Παρτε ενα χαλι τρεις Φορες την ημερα*. Calmed down by the lack of happening, before the happening even the victims yawn, not to mention the happening (*фирменное блюдо*). "Look how everything testifies about the certainty of soothing" (reckons the one whom this is about, *нотариус*): it is immovable, impenetrable like obsolescence (peaceful like fainting fit, *фисгармония*), but again - there is no single bird to overturn without blocking the view of the sky (to the glittering thought), nor is there a sunflower to husk without turning its head askance (to the yellowish moth), nor is there a *Sabaist* (the worshiper of stars) to move without causing *Tsabha* (host of the heavens) to plant *Cassiopeia* for *Andromeda* on him.

Neither the inner circle, the circle of *Willis* [a ring of arteries at the base of the brain, named after *Thomas Willis* (1621-1675), an anatomist who first described said hoop], nor the outer, *Diurnal* circle (the apparent circle described by a heavenly body on account of the rotation of the earth, *Webster's*) encircle waiting (between not happening and happening) better than the first flash of dawn, when everything that used to be carried away by the advantages of consciousness (that jumped out from the firebrand of the unconsciousness) sparkingly rounded off with the *Senonian* dust of *Cretaceous Period*, the upper formation of the third geological period of Europe (in the *Mesozoic Era*), the dust of the deposit chalk beds that, right after the *Jurassic Period* (although before the Upper-and-Lower-House type of parliamentary Social Democracy and before the Labour-Conservative bravuras of Atlantic Alliance: *καλη τυχη!*), got down to work to utilize all those layers (of powdered flour!) in order to, like those early mammals and flowering plants, today also cover with something the flattering followers of toothed birds / gigantic reptiles, which, taking into account the humiliating contortion of theirs, is not so difficult. ("Flatterers are always bowing and cringing", Arbuthnot).

It is more difficult, namely, in all that (in waiting for something to happen, *οκρικ*), to avoid one's own twisting inwards. ("Old Vaga's stream...crancling her banks", Philips).

As if it is to do with the three varieties of sphinxes, responsible for the procedure of the condition/state (*οκρησность*) - the state of not happening, the state of expectation, and the state of happening: while the *criosphinx*, having the head of a ram, is in the first state (the state of immobility / not happening), the *androsphinx*, with the head of a human being, is in the second state (the state of expectation), into which (finally, sooner or later) there flies *hieracosphinx*, the synonym of the third state, hawk-headed.

So that, given the more than certain flying-in of the fate/doom in the form of said bird of prey (given the dramatic/stage appearance of its embodiment in the form of the given sphinx), there does not help even the dried up leaf of *Alexandrian sana* (*Cassia acutifolia*) with its therapeutic effect of complete purging, nor the evergreen twig of domesticated *Rubiaceae* of the Countess *del Chincon*, wife of a Peruvian viceroy of the seventeenth century, the lady who was being successfully cured of a fever from waiting for death by that red bark of *Cinchona succirubra* (of the curing properties of quinine), until the eighteenth century made her superfluous. *Οказия*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Remembrance of Polar Futurity

When I was little (Lord, what a beginning! *Εμπρός?* - it is true that sensitiveness goes to extremes but such a pathos one should have avoided, *зажимать*), in some picture book brought by someone about whom nothing is known yet (*заика?*), someone who (*загнуть*), I am sure, was well informed about the futility of giving away his name to those who will, once in the phase/age/state in which I am, unconditionally (inevitably, absolutely, furthermore sleepy) forget, in such a book for children, therefore, entitled “*The Northern Lights*” (*τα φωτα προειδοποίησης!*), or “*The Tales From the North*”, or “*The Colours of the North*”, something like that, no more and no less prosaic than the (*Uncle Vanya*’s) “*Peter and the Wolf*”, or the (anonymous, *κινδυνος!*) “*Igloo of Kamchatka*” (visible from *Anser*, though, a smaller star from the constellation of *Fox* or *Goose*), in such a book, thus, entitled as much ordinarily as fundamentally, like something which, in biology, is considered an *anlage* (the basis for the latter development), like something, that is, which resembles a spontaneous *anschluss* (the voluntary annexation) between the moral of the story and the *apologos* (a long speech in the form of a fable), or, that is possible too (if not for sure), like something which features an arrangement of reflecting surfaces and loose bits of coloured glass in the original kaleidoscope from 1815 of *Sir David Brewster* (the inventor of said apparatus, a chaste picture of the antipode to Oppenheimer’s babe from 1945), the reflections from which were received (by the child’s eyes) some 135 years later, sometime around 1950 (*point de repère*), from where this (unplanned) reminder suddenly / unexpectedly / ‘spontaneously’ (as, today, it is commonly said) jumped out (into *W.*), to remind me in an almost dramatic manner that in it, the picture book (of the sleepiness of *Clytie*, a nymph who was changed by *Apollo* into a sunflower, and of the entrepreneurship of *ankh*, an Egyptian emblem of sprightliness of spirit, a cross with a ring at the top), I saw something which I had forgotten, but which I am remembering more and more.

Something that could be classified as coming true (the verification) of foretelling (the trustworthiness of presentation), in the sense that (it turned out that) a long time ago I arrived to such a polar area, predicted by the colours from that book (from whatever side to look at it), and stayed there frozen (*αρησασα*), like in some inconvertibility of minerals (from the armatures of knowledge to the bandages of storage).

(“Minerals are not convertible into another species, though of the same genus”, Harvey).

That was on 3. (the astronomical heights of southeast *Β.*, *μυοβειμικα*), where we used to live (in those pavilions), now it turns out, in the same provisional way (in the pavilion-like, pigeon-like modest way), although, by the same token, that could have been anywhere else, for the simple reason that in such, the earliest phase of life, the kind of book in question (both theoretically and practically an elementary picture book in colour, although this one was bluer, also whiter) presents itself to every child everywhere to fence him, when grown up, with ice from hate.

(“The love of wicked friends converts to fear / That fear, to hate”, W. Shakespeare). But, that’s another story. (*Paucis verbis*).

While this one continues from where it stopped. (*Υπερτιορα*).

Usually dark blue, silvery (and tawny), a little bit frozen in the reddish evening, ash gray (perhaps stormy), spilled without inking (without the letters that reverberate), dealing with travels (with simplistic estate), a laboring farmland (discovered by shorthand), a single step forward (two steps back by a coward) - the colour is from the picture book in question (*γροδα*), that presents itself all the more persistent as the winter is settling down all the colder (like the radioactivity from radiation, unsuccessfully pulling out from it), almost becoming barefoot in the twilight, however, with the bare feet stepping on the pathway on which everything was trampled a long time ago, and which (because of that) leads to the north by means of the frozen will, the navy-blue, and the zinc, sufficiently vertically so it can be interpreted as a planned sting into the local pole, lighted with ocher and cinnabar just so it burns down halfway, with the unburnt half to sketch itself to the mentioned child, with the burnt to the present runaway. *Λυκα*.

{U,V-A,W,D}

‘Importance of Silence for Repose of the Story’

Everything’s here (it purrs), ready, it keeps quiet (it pricks up its ears as if it has them): the word-processor, the electricity, and the disk, it is only me who all this falls short of. (*Шабави*: it is going to take a break).

That is, I am here too (*Ωρες επισκευεως*), but that does not count if I have nothing to say [if I do not know how and where to find that regarding which I can address the mentioned collocutors/companions (to co-operate with them)]. The Romans could have been tricked, the witnesses of Rome - not. (“The Romans were entertained with shows and donatives”, Dryden).

Since (with the exception of manipulations/speculations of the type *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*), as a rule, nothing more exact (truthful, accurate, correct, proper, in order) announces itself with a nicer (more elevated, aesthetic, waving) word/sentence, the thing about searching for the right word/sentence/sound reduces to the elementariness of talking/shouting/signaling, leaving to dignitaries the ornate phrasing (including the saintly one). (“A divine sentence is in the lips of the king”, Prov. xvi. 10. *Чихнуть*).

However, and in contrast to the word of *St. John* (who exercised his authority over it), not even it (the right word) opens the door without closing it immediately afterwards, let alone that it (the right word) redeems through it (the door), as the saint claims. (“I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved”, *John* x. 9. *Шедерп*).

So that, even when it (the right word) flashes, at the same moment it extinguishes: who spent more time with the right word than with the self, he ran away with it and it is not known who led whom to the flight. (Although, “Doubling and turning like a hunted hare”, Dryden).

Like *Dorkas* (**Gr. Gazelle**) [a woman who (according to the Bible) spent her life making clothes for the poor (the activity in which, at the present, *Dorkas Society* is engaged, with the only difference that dresses supplied nowadays by these sewing societies to the needy ones are somewhat longer - covering their rebelliousness too)], the one who cuts out letters intends them for the hungry ones as well, hungry for the words that is, although, similarly to the case of the clients of said societies, that type of hunger changes too: rather than for the right ones, the demand is for the comforting words, like Blackmore’s. (“To every doubt your answer is the same”, Blackmore. *Щепетильный*).

The thing is not, however, as much in words, whether they be the right ones (disconsolate), or the false (gladdened), as in the pause between them. In something, that is, which yesterday, inspired by a different cause, was mentioned by *Dr. Karl Haas*, a pianist and conductor, although primarily a musicologist (“music analyst”), a kind of ‘intellectual’ institution on the (not only of this place) *NPR* network (*National Public Radio*): “...the importance of silence...for the rest of the story”, referring, in the given case, to the music story and the corresponding, binary pause (from a unity measure/bar to its half, quarter, 1/8, 1/16, and 1/32 part), while in the other, a prosodic case (although again not in an explicit connection with the topic here), the words are to do with the art of versification which uses a short pause at a certain point of the verse, the so-called caesura which, even when fitting the metric structure, rhyme, and stanza form, does not fit into the final pause of a certain *Wilberforce*: “Sweet indeed is the rest which He giveth”. (*Экзальтация*: a proof of the orthodoxy).

Avoiding, in any case, both the musical measure and the measure of the one who does not possess it (the *Wilberforce* case is a typical one), the repose of the stories dealt with here is based on the pieces of silence to be sewn in when something in them [the stories in question (*Μονοδρομος, Οριο ταχτητας*)], after getting up on its tiptoes, suddenly flows out (finishes, breaks), in the way which does not leave room for doubt that they (said tales, at a given instant) are mature for such one, synoptic outcome of the harmonic reverberation, until it too (the echo full of demystification) is replaced by an abrupt discontinuance: *Rhesos*’ ultimate end, into which it (the echo) fell at the same time at which did he (the King of *Thrace* and ally of *Troy*), whose horses were stolen by *Diomedes* and *Odysseus*, having made worthless the oracle saying that *Troy* would not be captured if *Rhesos*’ horses drank from the *Xanthus River*: they were already galloping towards the gospel stillness, a parabolic repose of the given story, similar to the one here in fundamental silence.

Rules About Time

“The purpose of time is to prevent that everything happens at once” - one more inspiration from the morning's primer of (the previously mentioned) *NPR*, broadcasted very early (“*Emily* ere day, Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array”, Dryden), while the majority of people (*мечтательный*) were still asleep, dreaming how everything's happening at once, that is how into that (which is happening) they fall all the faster and deeper, without the ability to determine its bottom (*днище*), or to (*навший*) adjust the rate at which they're falling down, because of which it was difficult to imagine it (*προσεχετε!*), threatening to become unimaginable (*προσεξτε!*), at which moment they (the people in question) indolently started waking up, habitually having waved back (each with his own hand to his own dream), then having moved to the bathroom, kitchen, for a brief period of time however (leaned against the dining table), having recalled last night's dream (*οριστε!*) - having poured it together with water for the tea to boil, to evaporate along with the steam from which it came as from the mirror in which they looked at themselves prior to coming out of their dwellings and getting into their cars in which they turned on their radios only to hear “The purpose of time is to prevent that everything happens at once”, a sentence apparently taken from the book of a poet (*justum et tenacem propositi virum*) whose name they had forgotten (*non mi ricordo*), but the book itself was published by the *University of Illinois Press* (they remembered so much).

How much of an advantage of the given kind (cited above) is there in the phenomenon in question (the phenomenon of time), i.e. how much of the necessary slowing down (deceleration) hides itself behind the notion of time without causing the danger of going too far in the stretching (of an instant which is eternal anyway), not even the poet himself (*назубый*) said, except that, at the end of the poem, he wrote something like: “...And then, there comes death, only for us to say ‘Huh, what's that?’ ”, from which it turns out that, because in the given ending one is to do with an ultimate deceleration (a too diluted flow of time, *кружевной*), from the function of a moderator (decelerator, remedy) one crosses to the dysfunction of healing (even if both *Emily & Joseph* dressed in their nicest dresses).

(“Pharaoh arrayed him (*Joseph*) in vestures of fine linen”, Gen. XLI. 42).

(*Павлин & Паводок*).

So that (from the poem in question, *пление*) it turns out that one should not court time either, unless intending to serve it (like the homonym) forever.

(“Supple knees, Feed arrogance, and are the proud man fees”, W. Shak.).

And in the same way in which one should not use the baby-talk when addressing time, it is equally useless business digging out (confiscating) the, so-called, justice from it - as long as a transfer is not made from the one who digs/confiscates to the tools he uses.

[And even then, one should bear in mind that, by definition, the notion of a plunder assumes the usurpation by any means (by means of any tool)].

(“Who, not content, With fair equality, fraternal state, Will arrogate dominion undeserved, Over his brethern”, Milton).

Having realized that, from the rules about time, he reached only time of the rules, such a man therefore [about whom this all is, who (because of them, the rules) got up early, washed his face, dressed up, drank his tea, glanced at the mirror even though acting as if he did not (“What need a man forestall his date of grief, and run to meet what he would most avoid”, Milton), although his case did not completely fit Milton's (the latter, namely, could not have bragged that he had a good second job), and who then went into the frozen car (counting on the fact that it would warm up by the time he reaches the highway) with a nervously emphasized disdain (like that of *Faunus*, a rural deity of principally human manners, although with a short goat's tail, pointed ears, and cloven hoofs instead of regular feet) towards everything

more chattering than him, having tuned the car radio to one of a couple of non-commercial stations and, consequently, having listened to the newest rules about the phenomenon of time as a concept of stretching/protracting of one-the-same (sameness) versus thickening/condensing of another-one (distinctiveness)], such a personage, thus, turns the steering wheel, returns (*non culvis homini contingit adire Corinthum*), finds that which could have been expected (“The ground did cranny everywhere”, Golding), and, being (like *npopaθ*) not easily susceptible to the confusion, he sets the alarm clock to go off early (*nonobstant clameur de haro*), having laid down waiting for everything to repeat itself (*non liquet*), having felt certain indifference towards the rules that directed him into that (*non sine numine*).

Призер.

{U, V, S-A}

12/08/02

Birthday Gift

Andromeda, Antlia, Apus, Aquarius, Aquila, Ara, Aries, Auriga.

Then *Bootes*. Thereupon *Caelum, Camelopardalis, Cancer, Canes Venatici, Canis Major, Canis Minor, Capricornus, Carina, Cassiopeia, Centaurus, Cepheus, Cetus, Chamælæon, Circinus, Columba, Coma Berenices, Corona Australis, Corona Borealis, Corvus, Crater, Crux, Cygnus.*

Afterwards *Delphinus, Dorado, Draco*. Upon that *Equuleus* and *Eridanus*.

Then *Fornax*. Thereupon *Gemini* and *Grus*.

Afterwards *Hercules, Horologium, Hydra, Hydrus*. Upon that *Indus*.

Then *Lacerta, Leo, Leo Minor, Lepus, Libra, Lupus, Lynx, Lyra*. Thereupon *Mensa, Microscopium, Monoceros, Musca*.

Afterwards *Norma*. Upon that *Octans, Ophiuchus, Orion*.

Then *Pavo, Pegasus, Phoenix, Pictor, Pisces, Piscis Austrinus, Puppis, Pyxis*. Thereupon *Reticulum*.

Afterwards *Sagitta, Sagittarius, Scorpius, Sculptor, Scutum, Serpens, Sextans*. Upon that *Taurus, Telescopium, Triangulum, Triangulum Australe, Tucana*.

Then *Ursa Major* and *Ursa Minor*. Thereupon *Vela, Virgo, Volans, Vulpecula*.

All of this, three years ago combed by *S.* (22, *ex uno disce omnes*), six years ago scrutinized by *B.* (25, *ex facto jus oritur*), *M.* got for her 19-th birthday, and she did not even have to move more than a couple of things on her dresser, to make room for said constellations. (*In toto*). We decided (*R.* and *I*) to give them as a present to her because, first, they were suitably, without pomposity packed (*предубеждение*), second, they were proportionally unpretentiously illuminated, using a built-in bulb rated at 25W (*проводка*), placed in the center of that *Star Globe*, made by “Nova Rico”, Flor., IT, imported by “M.Q.P. Can. Inc.”, T., CA, constructed in such a way that on the outer surface of the sphere of diameter of 12.85” there goes on the inversion of the inner one, that is in such a way that that which is from the center of the sphere (the *Earth*) seen as not overturned on the sphere’s inner surface (the *Sky*), it is seen as overturned on the sphere’s outer surface (the *Yks*), while at the same time, which provided the third, deciding reason for obtaining the subject means of instruction (the described teaching aid) in the school of Milky Way (*η οικογενεια*), not in a single one of *M.*’s 19 years anything in the relationship between *Celestial* and *Laitselec* changed, that could bring the given conception into question in her eyes.

Юбилейный.

{U, V-C, W, D}

‘Year after year’ is a measure with which, after a number of years [long ago (in the blurred past) having expelled from the race more important seconds and minutes, and (of a less importance) months, days, and hours], all the smaller beads are strung onto the necklace of time. *Безнаказанно*.

Time: something that burst into flames in the past, *το θάυμα* [or a burnt out charcoal, *η καθημεριν*, depending on how it was going along, and what it was ending up with (what it was insisting on)], each flame marking its own year, becoming increasingly less significant however (in case of both good and bad years, *неподкупный*) - it neither radiates (as it used to) nor does it hopelessly darken, it neither flashes nor does it become despondent, (inside the past folds of passion) crossing from flounces of delight to strings of equanimity, or (in a better case) to all the less important theories of late omniscience. *Несоответствие*.

In other words, when I left that place there so many years ago (on today’s day, *κατα τη γνώμη μου*), that which I knew then - I forgot by now, this which I know now - I laughed at then [with the very act of searching for it (*вступительный*) somewhere else]. All that which, in the meantime (placed across the way), grabbed so many cards as if it hired the card players too. (Once the achieved becomes the standard a new deck is shuffled and played - by the same players. *Καλη τυχη!*).

Dealing with an obsolete idea as with a finished outing into the self, everyone who made an effort to justify the confidence in such a journey, set his tent underneath his forehead. (*“Κατανοίζω”* - convincing himself).

To say something to someone in one way or the other, to propose this or that (the lightning change - a revolution, a slow maturation - the evolution), to intercede in favor of the full outcome or to step on even a single grain of the result, to pull out a dove from the sleeve or to choke it with it, to counsel but not hire a counselor other than silence (nor to have an employer more silent than persistence), to refer to the state of emergency but give way to a holiday routine, to justify the inexperience with the blissfulness of attitude (*καλη ορεζη!*), to keep explaining how nothing secretes from nothing [without sugaring (*το καρπουζι*) in the honeycomb of the scene], to subjugate the officialty of a court clerk (*jurare in verba magistris*) to the diligence of an ant (*je suis prêt*) - to deal with all that would mean sending messages about incurableness to those cured from such messages (although ill because of the others: “Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure”, Dryden).

After all these years, therefore, the only thing which came true stretches out from the first year: by jumping out from the universal knowledge the ignorance lands on its feet too - *Κερδιζω!* On the other hand, not having crossed to the other part of the sameness (*το ιδιο κανει*), the dust of a team devotion to the common prow would not lift from the first part either (i.e. no fuss about the crossing would be possible to make). Only in trying the same, a fine distinguishing is achieved, even though not even the refinement (*бесонница*) seems as uncatchable to the unskilled senses as it does to the skilled ones. This, of course, does not mean that a layman’s worthlessness is more worthy than that of a professional, it only means that it is not given the same (miniature) key, the (small) key with which one locks up the arbitrariness. Another key, however, the one with which to unlock the uneasiness, *μοζαика*, a layman-like professional (as the one here) would use again - repeating everything (unlocking all this over) - under no circumstances standing the calm (a numbing narrow passage, *перешеек*). (“Seas would be pools, without the brushing air, To curl the waves”, Dryden).

Θυμιασι: approximately at this hour (around seven thirty in the evening), 29 years ago, having left those two suitcases in the hotel room (mentioned in earlier writings about said journey, *внешне*), in order for them to, being just brought in, at least in temperature become equal to the warm walls of the distrustful goal (*βοκρυς*), and, wondering, having run down to *Jarvis & Dundas E.* to sniff the catch, I surely thought that out of all that (out of subsequence of the years) a certain (pseudo-dynamical) balance would somehow be derived, that is, that some solution/clarification will be found in one way or the other, which turned out to be true: all settled in the best possible of ways, with none of nostalgia and, here and there, with a lofty jest (sticking out a bare neck from the newest nest), reducing the undergoing to a finished act (extracting a thorn - while another’s born), muttering these feeble tales under the breath of irrefutableness. *Врачебный*.

Es muss sein!

It only takes one (although fundamental) result of the modern physics, according to which light does not age but instead is timeless (of zeroth age) [i.e. according to which this light (light of now) is that light (light of before, of always, *servus servorum Dei*), that is, according to which the thing with light is to do with immortality (although, of light only, *το λαστιχακι*)], for one to realize how results of other disciplines are almost negligible, or, in the best case, modest (dwarfish, *ζαδολγο*).

[Under the condition, of course, that one does not waste much time speculating the notion of time, that it (the notion) should be approached, as much as it is possible, in a fashion-journalist way shrewdly/astutely (in a fashion-journal manner correctly): with a clean conscience and open heart (*servabo fidem*) - as in a supermarket].

In the meantime, playing with time in order to extend the play until tomorrow (*serus in caelum redeas*), for today we immortalize ourselves with the perpetuity of a flashlight - if only the battery would last as long as this routine day does (we reckon cleverly), or, at least, as the previous one did – all these days full of little ideas and big desires, so that it does not turn out that one can live off the thinking as off the *Adeste fidelis*, a church chanting of the type ‘O Come All Ye Faithful’, pathetic in the sense of a touching self-love (a pseudo-highlander-like humaneness, an appropriate extollment, a watercolor-like self-centering spread with the corresponding kitsch-like ink), even if it was a *Shakespearean* idea, like: “What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving, how express and admirable!”. *Soi-disant soi-même. Si monumentum quaeris circumspice*.

As if all is immune to all (nothing derives from anything, *si diis placet*), so that even *Adelphians* (brothers in faith, that is, *Thomasians*, members of a sect founded in 1833 by certain *Dr. J. Thomas*, a physician who denied Trinity and opposed the baptism of newborns by immersion), would not be able to lower the gleaming decorations of the species obsessed with itself to three-quarters of a mast, let alone to a half-mast.

Вымпел.

Citing the speed of light as the one which is responsible for the condition in which everything that is slower finds itself, in the sense that to all that (*влязь*), the light itself (being unattainable) is the one which is to blame for being late on the road to eternity (*высуться*), the followers of the theory of immortality agree (with *Addison*) in one thing: “One side commands a view of the finest garden in the world”, under which (such a nice garden, *ο κηπος*) they understand a photon-like grid on which (not having passed to the other side after the lascivious radiation), hooked, there flares the dogma of that, commanding side, from which there winks at them (the followers) a deliverance in the form of a comma removed from the place between wishfulness and fulfillment, a whitened perforation like the white notch of the same shape (with a cutting edge of the comma), found on the lower wings of *Grapta comma-album*, the butterfly marked by such a dainty, separating line between food and overeating (force and violence, *sœurs de charité*).

(“Command and force may often create, but can never cure an aversion”, Locke).

Like an indoctrination which, in a nominal case, is attributed to the mental abuse of the weaker by the stronger, neither the tractableness towards immortality (in this case - of light, *το Φωρ*) is the reason to not impose onto the one made tractable by the results of the en(light)ement those same, overly sweet results of the theoretical harmoniousness of salvation, the practical melodiousness of silence: “Not music so commands, nor so the muse”, Crabbe.

As if the scent of the nine nymphs is not that which captivates the stillness: the perfumes of *Clio* (the Muse of history), *Euterpe* (of lyric poetry), *Thalia* (of comedy and idyllic poetry), *Melpomene* (of tragedy), *Terpsichore* (of music and dancing), *Erato* (of erotic poetry), *Calliope* (of epic poetry and rhetoric), *Urania* (of astronomy), and *Polyhymnia* (or *Polymnia* - of sacred hymns and harmony).

Muss es sein? Es muss sein!

Namely, in what they were citing, neither *Kundera* (citing *Beethoven*, c/o *C.J.I.*) nor *Beethoven* (citing quietness) quoted that which they were referring to: the light-based formula of letter-knitting (the not erased rhythm of quiet breathing), the initial conditions of music's might (singing from notes at first sight), the coordinates of a completeness (the geodesics of awesome neatness), a symphonic poem of *Czech-German* diligence (a room temperature outside the fence) - in the morning in the sign of Probation, in the evening in the line of annunciation (the television raster of volubility as a fresh propaganda for nobility) - the nymphal scents of ambergris (an invaluable hush after a hiss), *τελειως*.

{U, V-C, A}

12/14-16/02

Holiday Errands (Written Before Christmas Eve, Dec., 2002)

Ice, snow - today's roads cover themselves in that order (with such a motif, half *névé* half *firn*), even though this is not Switzerland, nor is it an expired year yet.

("The imperfectly consolidated substance, partly snow and partly ice, is known in Switzerland as *névé* or *firn*", Huxley).

That this is not Switzerland is seen by looking at a passport, that it is not yet another expired year - by looking at the dove-like patheticalness of the current year.

("And oft I heard the tender dove, in firry woodlands making moan", Tennyson).

Ne sutor supra crepidam.

It is before the holiday, yet it is already known (it can be sensed - it hangs in the air, drills in despair) that the target is beyond it - only when elapsed, days like these come to their senses, adding to the persistent workings of time the activity of unfinished jubilation, although of the corresponding pomposity: a classical trick of a pause during the everlasting errands.

(Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien).

The deluding errands, the futile errands, the outstanding errands of the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, a talented musician of German legend who pipes away all the rats from the town of *Hamelin* into a nearby creek where they drown, but right after that (*le dessous des cartes*), being defrauded of his reward, he pipes away the children of the town too, who with him enter a neighboring hill and are nevermore seen, while he himself, having come down to the (*Miltonian*) "meadows trim with daisies pied", becomes a hero of one of the poems of Robert Browning.

The errands still not started (*Ωρες ιατρειον*), brought to an end (bewitched, like the errands of the *Finisher*), extended forever [blessed, like the errands of *Scheherazade* (about whom everything is known - *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*), or pillar-like, as those of *Simeon S.* (about whom nothing is known - *le coût ôte le goût*), the subject of a poem by Tennyson, who, being one of those fanatics known as 'pillar saints', spends all his years on the top of a pillar (spontaneously building himself into the sky)].

Свая.

The errands both cheerful and cheerless (when it is time for laughter, when to go laughterless), the war time errands and errands after the war (when answering a storm call, and pissing on all of it), the disliked errands and errands of passionate brands (when loudly nagging, and quietly hugging), as well as those errands (typical for the, so-called,

subjects of an apathetic protectorate) to which *Ruggles of Red Gap* succumbed (a butler in a humorous novel by H. L. Wilson, who, when given an opportunity by his master to be a gentleman, decided he preferred to be a butler).

Holiday errands (errands of said kind, *синеватый*): the errands with which one exits from the holiday without entering it with them (as if something did homage to them too, qualified them for the role of an escort glue), seasonal errands (of seasons that are through, *сероглазый*, and of those eternally blue, *сизый*), combined into a big, communal errand of a vogue celebration of the current continuity, something that does not move from one's way just like that (without the previously signed directive of incessancy, in the sense of expecting the next step of self-assurance), reduced to a particular errand (*сказание*) around the universal pith (*сказ*), as if all this is to do with pulling out a catch from the torn net in which the effect stayed but not the cause, the result which could easily dedicate itself to its own wonders if it was not besieged by the *Seven Wonders of the World* - the hanging gardens of *Babylon* {1}, the *Mausoleum* erected at *Halicarnassus* {2}, the temple of *Artemis* at *Ephesus* {3}, the *Egyptian* pyramids {4}, the *Colossus* at *Rhodes* (a megalomaniac projection of *Apollo*) {5}, the statue of *Zeus* (by *Phidias*) at *Olympia* {6}, and the *Pharos* (lighthouse) of *Alexandria* {7} - offering a promising alliance to it (the result).

(Counting on *Addison*, neglecting *Swift*: "The friendships of the world are oft Confederacies in vice", *Addison*; "His friendships, still to few confined, were always of the middling", *Swift*).

Holiday errands (a candle's permutation), the lie of redemption (an all-time mansion).

("And there confess, humbly our faults, and pardon beg", *Milton*).

As if behind the holiday's workings one doesn't see the workings of the individual parts (*η σκονη*) - the cerebrum, the cerebellum, and the feet, the role of the last being in pulling the first two from defeat, helping them to get out of all this in the best possible way, as soon as the ornate kitsch (a rococo-type holiday glitch) ends, and the roads get plowed.

Сезонный: if the children didn't come to visit, no errands would be worth the trip.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

12/16-18/02

Firmness and Steadiness

Firmness and steadiness as severity and fidelity, constancy and sobriety, hardness and loyalty, perseverance and regularity, devotion and persistency, resoluteness and permanency, reiteration and incessancy - one derives itself from the other, branches out, blossoms, grows (grafts and sprinkles, picks and transplants, *καθημερινορ*), before both (*το παιχνιδι* and *το πακετο*), using the secular (layman, *ενθουσιωδης*) explanation as a walking-stick, roll in a farinaceous state of time (tribal satiety, *κτημα*), wave back, descend into the yawn of equanimity (the hush of pusillanimity, the chant of a memorial feast), *post bellum auxilium*.

Having used (at that) the explication of those who even got rid of vices (having converted them to virtues), not to mention getting rid of their virtues (by converting them to vices), they themselves metamorphosing to ecclesiastical meritoriousness of clergymen / civil servants, having wrapped and placed into a small chest (*ο υπεθυνορ επιχειρησεωρ*)

the notorious piece of ‘the mystical shroud of Turin’ (*κρυλάτβιι το υΦασμα*), on one side inscribed in 22 lines with words from the *Renewed Leviticus* [the words with which *Moses* announced himself for the second time in the fifth book of the first five books of the Old Testament (Pentateuch I, vi.4-9 & xi.13-21), a functional inversion of *Euclid’s pons asinorum*], and on the other side with the (then current) name of God (*Shaddai*), in order to, following holy commands, hang the minute chest on the door of the home of *Reini Kugel*, the *Rabelaisian* hero and strong man of *J. Falstaff’s* satirical extravaganza, hoping that with that act they would be able to induce mercy in him to represent them in the role which they, indecisive and weak, at one time renounced.

(Peu de gens savent être vieux).

With such an rationale, to be sure, the personages in question do not suffer excessively, although they do not relax much either, so that (the spirit of) said *R. K.* may still be considering their case, which (given they know not of his bitterness - *plus aloes quam mellis habet*) offers them a (however fragile) hope.

On the other hand, insisting in a suspiciously ardent manner on maintaining the mentioned idiosyncrasies (of reliability, endurance, and other variations on the theme) as desirable features of one’s character/disposition/personality, the protagonists of such one, too fervent pleading, risk (as always) that they be separated from the previous, more apathetic ones, with only *meum et tuum* in between, a borderline key from the file of validity, an ultimate proof of the ownership rights to exclusivism, but not to an individual clash with amorphousness, a flash of singularity in the pile of formlessness, a couple of the remaining moves of those who are more silent, so much so that it is their aloneness which distinguishes them as personalities of no equal (with the exception of the everlastingness of that ‘Provincial Lady’, the name for herself used by a certain *E. M. Delafield* in books about her trips about her cozy dwelling, the trips none of which helped her to actually run away from the relatively descent English country home in which, finally, she reconciled to her fate of a jovial resident of an insignificant place).

(Place aux dames).

“Firmness belongs to the will, and constancy to the affections and principles; the former prevents us from yielding and the latter from fluctuating”, *Webster’s*.

Par nobile fratrum.

And in spite of the hesitation and the, after all, abandonment of the so-called principles by some, and the false support of that kind of tenets by the other, more loquacious and, hence, always modern ones, as well as in spite of the rejection of those, more silent ones (like the principles they stayed with - *parlez peu et bien si vous voulez qu’on vous regarde comme un homme de mérite* - always obsolete), look how both notions - firmness and steadiness - defined in the dictionary and offered like a lemon slice with pop (e.g. *Cadbury Schwepes* tonic water), pull tight into the mouth of a firm/steadfast being that tastes them as they are, knowing well that, as far as he is concerned, he is on the only possible road (*pietra mossa non fa muschio*), that he personally has nothing to do with all the described (patheticalness of various) “*Scyllas & Charybdises*”, “dilemmas and torments”, i.e. that “in this world” he has nothing to lose except, as *Pope* said, the passions, because of which he actually mutters the poet’s words (“Does passion still the firmless mind control?”), letting himself to the corresponding consideration of getting carried away with virtue (*η χαρτοπαιζια*), adding to it some fieriness so it wouldn’t behave too bookishly (*το παιχνιδι*), in order to, from the artificial confrontation between the firmness and steadiness on one side and the passion on the other, throw out all that doesn’t also see the first two devotions with the passionate eyes of suffering due to the same devotedness, getting off of the chair to confirm all that, encompassing himself with his look through the window.

Τρυχα.

Praise to the Self

All the closer to one, all the farther from another, at which occasion it is understood that neither one is to be weighed in a hurry, that what counts is only a serene/rational experiment (*male parta, male dilabuntur*), a test like the one with the word *Shibboleth*, with which some *Jephthah* determined who were *Ephraimites* and who *Gileadites*, directing the latter to cross the *Jordan* river after the former could not pronounce the initial *Sh* [having stammered *Sibboleth* instead, (Jud. xii. 6.)], due to which the notion of *Shibboleth* qualified as a test word (password, formula, criterion, *main de justice*), the rationale for decision about who is going to cross to the desired side (to get closer to the destination), and who is going to be left roaming away from it (to loose his way wandering, or take a wrong turn), as it usually is the case in stories of the sort (*maintien le droit*), as if not all the roads flow into one, after they cross at a point to pretentiously leave it in opposite phases (*mala fide*), one going forward (*maison de campagne*), the other backward (*maison de santé*), so that arrival may boom from one and departure from the other, for as much as one brings the other takes, as much as the target crouches in one the shooter lies in wait in the other, prompting them into a symbiotic relationship, fitting them, as previously said, into a single, with itself saddled voyage (*magnus Apollo*), the trail of shooting in vain (*maison de ville*), with the auxiliary results of fullness (*mal à propos*) - that is how this day passes too, not extinguishing itself before it is necessary to do so (not bragging about its evaluation before its homework is done), maybe leaning a bit towards exclusiveness (into the alliance with a growing hope), with an appropriate caution, changing into the evening, before the night, *malgré nous*.

Until then, there remains to be confirmed that everything that dared stepping into the void (*mariage de conscience*), thinking that it is on the springboard of *Mr. Twemlow* [a mild, inoffensive, old gentleman with some aristocratic connections (*mariage de la main gauche*), on which account he was often invited to dinner by the *Veneerings*, in “Our Mutual Friend”, by Dickens], caring not that such a kind of landing (or, perhaps, stronger by a nuance) could make another individual proud too, the individual being a certain *Mr. Turveydrop* (in “Bleak House”, by the same author), a vain and selfish dancing master who, aping the prince regent, poses as a master of deportment (*mariage de convenance*), while selfishly living on his son’s earnings, at no instance having said ‘*Εισααστε πολυ ευγενικος*’.

Having in mind (*βουδυ*) the mentioned combinations of (however many) superseded characters of (a never finished) riotously entertaining state of the world (*Μπορω να παω με τα ποδια?*), (by so much more reserved) their describer (neither today) is willing to be assigned to the given sequence of moves (*бунтарь*), with the exception of agreeing to a certain collaboration in avoiding stoking the urgency (*быт*), i.e. to a partnership in inscribing an aromatic moral of the story of *Zadig* [the hero of a novel of the same name by Voltaire, a Babylonian tale showing (again!) that the ways of providence are inscrutable], but also to an alliance with the false leisure of a seemingly petrified soul, which, in fact, turned out to be curious, with good chances for a classical revelation.

Борец.

(“Some souls, we see, grow hard and stiffen with adversity”, Dryden).

That, however, “not all is dark” (as a sentence preceded by the above ones, of the type ‘*Παρακαλω, αφηστε με*’, is nominally written), is seen from that, at the end of this day too (in the twilight, *βορδovsky*), one does not see the shirt because of the lace (i.e. the cake because of the creme), filtering out indispensability from superbness (spontaneity from premeditation), not getting involved with anything which may affect in a negative way the (close, at arm’s length) favorable solution, leaving on the side all that succumbs even to a light introspection of one’s own participation in things of significance (*Οχι, ευχαριστω*), sometimes like this, sometimes like that (*Χαιρω πολυ*), obligating or colloquial (*автономный*), disappointing or consoling (*агитационный*), standardized or improvised (*автобиографический*), classified or disheveled (*анатомический*), from a pressing certainty to the flexible epic moving along the line between tackiness and kitsch, knowing that no song is sung enough to not be sung once more, not even a praise to the self, *аттестат*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Concluding Scene of Purification

It keeps fidgeting on the water spout, yet it is soaked no more than a sea crow, nor is it more black than a coal goose, nor more broadshouldered than a cormorant, nor more voracious than a glutton - according to all the data (*caveat emptor*), one deals here with a single (pelican-like) spirit of *corvus marinus* (*Phalacrocorax carbo*), a voracity example also known as shag, even though it presents itself as being none of those (*cela van sans dire*), none of that about which poems were written ("Light vanity, insatiate cormorant, soon preys upon itself", W. Shak., and "If thou be still human and not cormorant", Carlyle), with a single inhalation and a half of the voice, as if it was a question of a completed scene (concluding scene of purification, *Ξεναγησειρ*).

Cetera desunt.

And, as if that is all which (today too, *одинокий*) is seen, standing on the edge of the roof, in a suitable/practical manner as *Martha* would have done it [the sister of *Lazarus* and *Mary* and a friendly aunt of *Jesus*, whom he rebuked for doing housework while he talked with her sister (his mother, Luke x. 40)], a woman who (even in the presence of an ultimate sanctity, *multa gemens*) does the housework and looks after practical affairs, having found in them (*ipso facto*) enough spiritual food to feed the participants in the discussion with the physical food, without grumbling in the kitchen.

Отрадный.

As if, in other words, it is not known that even marigold [in *Serbia* known by the name of *neven* (virgin)], with red, yellow, and orange flowers [here named after *Mary* and *gold*, there after the paradoxical virginity (*laudari a viro laudato*)], behaves in the same way, that neither it (*отнюдь*) wilts, while (during the day) changes the carbon dioxide into oxygen, having taken for its deputy only light [a medium of the ultimate roundness of a cone (the conus-like surface of the evolution of the world, *отрада, с/о Б.Л.*)], although it is possible that (in that kind of situation) for the purposes of nurturing/surviving/maintaining a use is made of the substance which, at the right moment (in a magic/wondrous manner), creates itself in front of unlucky ones, like a substance miraculously furnished under the name of *Manna* (*tableau vivant*) as a food for the Biblical exiles in their journey through the wilderness (*однажды*), saving them from dying from hunger (*tout frais fait*).

One should not be wondering about that, however, recognizing that *Manna* is obtained from the *ash tree* (more specifically - the European one), which, as we know by now, is the *Tree of the Universe*, except that it should be pointed out that, in modern medicine, *Manna's* sweet, gummy juice is used as a laxative, as if a sort of sidetracking took place in that it has been forgotten that it was the same juice which came into the view of the mentioned victims as a salutary grocery (*Te, Deum, laudamus*), obtained by a simple incision from the *Fraxinus ornus* - *Yggdrasill* of Mediterranean Europe - and placing a vessel under the cut. *Εζοχικον κεντρον*.

To be sure, one should not build his career on a certain scepticism regarding said possibilities of nurturing - after all, great illusions are the least ashamed by the small ones, even if the nutritious properties of *Ricinus communis* (castor oil) have been cited with the proportional inspiration in such a specific literature: "And the house of Israel called the name thereof *Manna*; and it was like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey", Ex.xvi.31.

Очень вкусный.

The concluding scene of purification, without the unhealthy ingredients of the world (beyond the harmful influences of the sword), harmless like a medicine with no side effects (smooth in the sense of established threats), now on the roof now in the base (now in the window as a crack in the glaze), pacified like a satiated pelican (*transeat in exemplum*), cawing like a holy giant (*tiens ta foi*): it pulls out from the morning (undresses in the evening), hanging trifles on the tow (warming up the words to bow) - transiting into something, therefore, that will show nevermore.

Бабочка.

{U,V-A,D}

Fashionable Life

The incurableness as a habitual effect of hastiness - it is up to the deficiency to console itself with an attainment, at the price of an antiquated triumph of *Leda* [the mother of *Castor* and *Polux* (and *Helen* and *Clytemnestra*), who was visited by *Zeus* in the form of a swan], or of the victoriousness of Major *Barbara*, the heroine of *G. B. Shaw's* play of the same name, the daughter of an earl who, having determined that poverty is the worst of crimes, becomes a Salvation Army major in order to eradicate it.

Самозащита без оружия.

Giving in to the so-called high ideals (*τιποταλλο?*), proclaiming the noble and/or socially ambitious goals as the desirable ending of this day too (having placed their heads in the clouds), charging for the hard work / ethics of the devotee / activist by the self-admiration of a party bard / usher (the ultimate bearer of a humanistic significance, the crown of the thoughtfulness of proceeding), the meritorious personages of the described kind enter into a sudden (imprudent) clash with a personified damnation (an archfiend, a devil, an evil spirit, a demon, an evil-doer, an irreconcilable foe), the collision that (always) ends up in the way in which there used to end the tours of certain *Freischütz*, a marksman of German legend who obtained seven magic balls, six of which hit whatever he aimed at, but the seventh went as the fiend directed. *Noscitur a sociis*.

Not even a free ticket to *Cockaigne*, an imaginary country where all sorts of good things are to be had for the taking and exist in overflowing abundance (*περαστε να δειτε!*), entitles the givers not to, from time to time, fulfill the additional expectation of cheering the takers up with smaller but necessary excursions to ever-increasing indispensability (*салфетка*), that is, to not appease the appetite which grows with the supplemental rations of necessity (*рюмка*): having lost every track (sense) of sufficiency, the settlement of suffering does not stop at satisfying the initial (original) needs, it rather entrenches itself in the ever-deeper trench of supply and demand (*жилище*), piling up the accumulated (today's gain, *жетон*) in the name of tomorrow's continuation (*жамва*), bringing the enlargement into equality with salvation, decanting *Jacquerie* into the revolt of overgorging (pouring the rise of poor people into the poverty of rebellion), drawing off the proletariat into *inverso ordine*.

Jacta est alea. J'ai bonne cause - is the apology of both the first and the second ones (of both the givers and the takers), as if even the eternity is not choking in the deficiency of a reason, let alone the revolution, as if, that is, *Ixion*, a Thessalian king who for his wickedness was punished in the infernal regions by being bound to a perpetually revolving fiery wheel, did not sufficiently expiate for the misery he brought to his victims, or at least by so much atoned for it that the improvement of one's life (life situation) becomes finally a matter of the individual rebellion and post-insurrection finishing touches, and not, like in the instances here it is the case, an act of a particular vigilance, almost mindfulness of the so-called helpers (an act of routine merit of those devoted to a standard deliverance), an over-dimensioned state of the fiery moment of a crowd or a sociological fable for the students of melancholy and contemplation, a junction between a so-so elevation and usability of the ideals of *Monsieur Jourdain*, the hero of *Molière's* comedy "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme", representing a worthy but ignorant bourgeois placed by his wealth among gentlemen, but rendering himself ridiculous in his attempts to acquire all the accomplishments necessary to fashionable life. (*Magna est vis consuetudinis*).

For, exactly it, the fashionable life (*модный жизнь*), a presumption of coziness and sureness ranging from a kitchen with a crust of bread (a glass of water) to gourmet / *bon-vivant* restaurants, is that which, fascinating with the immediateness of discerning wriggle (with details of ordered festivity), keeps the helpers in a restless engagement and the helped in a sugarcandy type of providing for, as if neither the former nor the latter ever left themselves to the pathetic wanderings of *Hunter Vridar*, the hero of a tetralogy by *V. Fisher*, an Idaho youth whose first wife committed suicide and he, remarried and already a college professor, returned to his early home to write of his "inner struggles" and his discovery of "moral freedom", having not avoided, therefore, the fate of *Ralph the Rover*, about whom *Southey's* ballad says that, after he removed a bell from a bell-like rock in the Northern Sea, placed there to warn ships

of the dangerous proximity of the ominous cliff, he was the first to perish, with the exemption that the respective *H. Vridar*, having removed the danger from his equivalent of the bell-like rock, approached the crag by means of the exemplary acquired lightness which, of course, was not sufficient to guarantee him not to meet with a fatal accident due to it (due to the metaphorical rock), like the fashionable models from the books about “moral freedom” who, preparing themselves to leave for that from yesterday again today, long ago stopped to do that humming “*magnanimiter cruce[m] sustine*”, *совместно*.

{U, V, S-A, W, D}

12/26-27/02

The Role of People in Stories About People

Even without referring to the definition of a novel [“a relatively long fictional prose narrative, with a more or less complex plot or pattern of events about human beings, their feelings, thoughts, and actions”, *Webster's*], it is easy to notice that so-called fiction, that is, fictional literature [novels, stories, a hundred tales of *Boccaccio's* “Decameron” - the fourteenth century result of ten decades, *για ενα ατομο*], is based on *conjuring up* the world of humans (*потупнуться*), as if *experiencing* it (*потусторонний мир*) is not enough, similarly to the present day (textbook) description of circling of the valence-determining / outermost electrons of chemical elements, as if their valency has not been determined 15 billion years ago (approximately two minutes after the Big Bang).

Magna[?] spes altera Rom[?].

The role of people in stories about people is, therefore, in that one should not infer superhuman results from the narration about humans: even the moral of story is extinguished by the eternity - let alone the prattle.

Jus et norma loquendi.

As any theory, nevertheless, this one (about the role of people in the mentioned thing, *res judicata*) in practice does not live up to the expectations either - it can often be read/heard, namely, that such and such book (novel, story) left a better impression (presented itself in a better light) than its own heroes, having reached the heights which the latter never dreamed of, embroidered from threads of the author's technique to welcome even the modest results, having equipped itself with a working version of the second-rate (accustomed) cordiality expressed (without hesitating) towards the universal reason and particular sense, scribbling, that is, about the trivial panic of a man from the last page using the pompous letters from the first, having theatrically gotten rid of the verbosity of the middle (having recorded the newest prize for gossip). *Res gest[?].*

From the stories which are so pedantically being stacked into the saddlebags of solitude by the writer who, even at this late hour, does not let himself fall asleep so easily in front of the devoted, and, above all, patient reader, it is not difficult to see that in them (the stories in question), he (*беспорный*), even if sluggish (*бессвязный*), is not settling accounts as much with humans as with Latin interpretations of the nature of particles, elements, and derision of stillness (*rerum primordia*), although, here and there, he has a pick on the gluttonous appearance of a gray eminence (humane or inhumane, it's all the same), something which, like *geodesics* (designating - contrary to dictionary - the *longest* possible curves, such as the equatorial circle on a sphere, the helix on a cylinder, the straight line on a flat surface, *το ευραΦακι, с/о. Б.Л.*), engraves itself into everything that (still) holds on to its own geometry, until even the mentioned helix (the only curve whose function of twisting equals its function of bending, i.e. which bends as much as it twists) is no longer an obstacle for it (the eminence) to go (before ‘straightening up’) into complete distortion, taking it (the cylinder geodesic) hand in hand, transiting from smaller to larger humility ‘on the road to freedom’.

Беспрепятственный.

It would have been, moreover, a miracle that people are mentioned in these writings at all, if it was not for their insides out, the ostensible mythological and/or literary characters/personalities whose fronts/countenances long ago moved to the (corresponding) stories, coming out of them in the form of (for this author) convenient slogans, in no small number of cases the only chance for him to fill out / complete the text.

All the rest (tied up in these note observations), from history to utopia (from the phenomenology of happening to the ontology of decorating), is a kind of mineral/unorganic veto, a collection of rules resulting from the junction between the two worlds (human and alien), the fall and gravitation (“Gravity is the difference in flows of time”, *W. Unruh*, c/o. *Б.И.*), the force and absorption [a standard Assumption from the sault of pauperization (*res est sacra miser*), a mere enrollment in the form of registration (*възърошенный*)], so that one could not even mention some role of people in stories about people written here, with the exception of a human component of unmasked feelings (as it is said in a neoclassical manner), as if the business dealing with such a thing is to be executed so leisurely (*kapieren?*), as if already (by the feet) there does not roar all this which is barren.

{U, V-A}

12/28-29/02

Summer Tasks (From Astronaut to Astrologer)

Astrologer as a fixed astronaut, a motionless catcher of the self (consolidator of false *Thebes*, *urbem lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit*): while the second (astronaut) flies in all directions, the first (astrologer) plants himself on him (like the fire under wooden brim), during the *Theban* year of 365 days and six hours having begun to burn those who, in their hurry, forgot their magic turn, letting things to only quietly amass, having pulled the carpet out under *Lyra*'s mass (confiscating even such a weightless pass).

Кинжал.

(Imagination and reality: having unwrapped from one, the same story wraps itself into the other, as always - without an unknown lesson. *Virtus millia scuta*).

Астронавт: Of all of the school years (there and then, *качалка*), only those summer jobs occurred to me at this moment - every student of that secondary school (of a technical vocation) was supposed to do a work term of a month or so during summer (to practice what he learned in the school year). The work was searched for and provided by the school, unless the student was able to find it on his own.

So it happened that, after my first school year, I worked in a movie theatre “*Б.*” (located in the city’s downtown, close to *T.* square), after second year in a military hospital shop (located above *S.* square), repairing and maintaining medical instrumentation, and, after the third year, in a radio & TV service shop (on *Б.Б.* hill).

Εκδρομεις.

[After the final year, there was nothing of the sort waiting in the forever-stretching summers of, by now, undisputable old timers].

Although my boss in the theatre [a projection system operator (mid-age individual of likely the same, mid-scale views) whom, like his lectures anyway, I completely forgot, even though the school sent me there with greater hopes], had shown me, here and there, some tricks of the trade, and, as far as I remember, let me play a movie a couple of times, the month of August in the summer of '62 was too hot for my (work) duty to be so triumphantly fulfilled at those few peaks

of my 'running the show': it often happened, namely, that I was sent during the show to a nearby marketplace (3.B.) to get, as per the boss's instructions, such and such watermelon, which, then, we would be eating in the small projection room, devotedly and quietly, during the n -th show of 'Alamo', where $n \rightarrow \infty$, pardon, 30. (Besides that one, there was no other movie on the theatre's repertoire during those thirty days). For *Widmark R., Wayne J., Harvey L., Boone R., Avalon F., & Co.*, moved by the touching notes of *Dimitri Tiomkin's* musical score, this actually had constituted the reason to get killed as many times so that, at least with regards to my understanding of the things at those times, there was no hope for them anymore.

(Si nous n'avions point de défauts, nous ne prendrions pas tant de plaisir à en remarquer dans les autres).

The youngest of my four uncles secured the second summer job for me (in that hospital's shop). (*Sufre por saber y trabaja por tener*).

Similarly to the inspirations of the first job, besides some metal filing and soldering, my talent was to be manifested in caring about my stomach (and the stomachs of the others in the shop), i.e. I was expected to take care of breakfasts, making sure the food was on the table in front of everyone (*table à manger*) by nine o' clock a.m., including some extra pieces in case *Ing. Dželatović* showed up, the unquestionable authority when it comes to *Röntgen* equipment which, unfortunately, not even in July of 1963, could attain the all-seeing quality expounded under the *venienti occurrere morbo* motto in *Dželatović's* "Report to the Branch of the Ministry of Piercing Thoughts for the Post-socialism Epoch of a Christian-Democratic Provenance With the Ingredients of a Labour-like Liberalism in Tory-like Prognostication of a Pro-Reform Social Democracy of the Alternative School of a Non-Governmental Mondialism as a Paradigme of Planetarian Market as Eschatological Phenomenon of Independent Unions of Adolescent Geriatrics", leading to the contemporary idiots of the political parties all over the place. *Ouvrage de longue haleine. Классика.*

And, as uncle *Ђ.* got me the second job, another uncle (*R.*) found the third summer job for me and gave me instructions how to get there, although that June (in 1964) he could have easily sent me, fallen in love for the first time (with *M.K.*, since mid-March! - *vera incessu patuit dea*), to a hill on the moon (if she would be passing me, as she was doing it in the city in question, through her fingers into the sand there too) - all the chances were I wouldn't look back to the *B.B* hill at all. In the same way, that is, in which I wouldn't bet that I have fixed less than two receivers and a TV set without, at that, having seen through them. *Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere.*

[Summer tasks: liquified portions of this world, (from astronaut to astrologer) carefully silent, a movable sword, a very, very green past settled aboard (blossoming - in a word). *Ou la chèvre est attachée, il faut qu'elle broute*].

Астролог: That which astrologer did not read (in the stars), the astronaut did not put behind the bars, but that which the astronaut kept quiet about, the astrologer inscribed by his own mouth. *Сновидение.*

Astrology as a failed astronomy (surface-like astronautics, *tel brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier*): having equipped its only employee [the astrologer (*сморщенный*)] with the ship's log of his sailing to the *Exterior* (a proto-memory of the perfect *Interior*), having let him climb the trademarks of his busy summers (covered by the constellations of yester-years' roundness), walking him, in fact, as far as from door to door [locked with pure gold locks (rarely something more)] - with no helmet, whatsoever, of such an astronaut (without breaking into what his head is about). *Ammaue.*

{U, V, S-C, A, D}

12/29-31/02

Attaché

Having died, he threw his hands off the workings of internal organs, the tension of skin and the growling at kitsch, straightened up, stretched himself, and took a step to the next phase. *Obiit.*

He did it in the manner of a well greased Spirit, without racket, creaking, or extra coloring. *Obra de común, obra de ningún.*
Ιδιωτικός χωρος.

On the other hand, to him this was not all the same, but what is, is, one had to repudiate something without singing (neither the last furrow chants to the field, *obiter dictum*) and without, at this, arriving to hand from the powder of fingers. *Пецеуца*.

(*Пурэм*: to him it was enough to recall how the rain pours out in drops, to start to shudder from the flood of thoughts).

In formal suit (with official decoration) all this would be too obvious and according to the protocol of Service, this way - by means of the resolute moves of *Yak* (Tibetan *Gyak*), the *Poëphagus grunniens* of a significant carrying capacity, the freight beast of an eternal transportation of things, together with them he transported himself to the unofficialism of the journey, *нурпиество*.

Such an enormous time, he reckoned (shamelessness with no equal, *obsta principis*), it lasts but sobs not (it does not tremble in its result, *obscurum per obscuris*), it is good that he got rid of it at all, it is not even important that the shortage of style is going to be attributed to the change of seasons, what counts is that he avoided the commemorative character of disappearance in the best possible way - having vanished offhand (having passed extemporaneously from sight), like a din of crystal in the crystallography of glass (in the mineralogy of a bottle), perhaps a bit more softly, like when there pops a petal (when it rolls down metal).

("To exercise visitatorial jurisdiction", Macaulay).

["Men, who live without religion, live always in a tumultuary and restless state", Atterbury. Correct! Given that they are their own attachés, they represent them before themselves; the others change into someone else (they quiet down in foreign representation), reducing religiousness to yielding, smooth operation, melodiousness of a widened respiration in a narrowed breathing, *ne vile fano*, as if lungs do not bathe in the bed of the same metronome river either, *pabulum Acherontis*].

Ammaue: between self and self, without mission in another country (committee, fund, devilish scheme), restrained, refined, ready for anything except for the blackmail of benevolent hours (once passed away forever passed away), the precursor of aptness toward rounded-off work, cast out by fate (*Abaddon*), given by fortune (*Abagtha*), stony (*Abana*), beyond these regions (*Abarim*), same as *Abdiel* (*Abdeel*), meadow-like (*Abel*), of waters (*Abel-maim*), of dancing (*Abel-meholah*), whitened (*Abez*), following (*Abia*), same as *Abijah* (*Abiah*), father of strength (*Abi-albon*), red earth (*Adamah*), ornamental (*Addi*), flock (*Ader*), lord of Bezek (*Adoni-bezek*), lord of height (*Adoniram*), lord of justice (*Adoni-zedec*), a heap of ruins (*Ai*), place of gazelles (*Aijalon*), an eye (*Ain*), an oak (*Allon*), extended (*Almodad*), hidden (*Almon*), faithful (*Amnon*), deep (*Amok*), strong (*Amzi*), dust (*Aphrah*), dispersed (*Aphses*), lion (*Ara*), fugitive (*Ard*), a husbandman (*Aretas*), best counsellor (*Aristobulus*), active (*Arnan*), swift (*Arnon*), ruined (*Aroer*), earth (*Arza*), cured (*Asa*), smoked (*Ashan*), happy (*Asher*), migrated (*Ashkelon*), again strong (*Ashnah*), captive (*Assir*), incomparable (*Asyncritus*), buckthorn (*Atad*), without a lodging place (*Athach*), nothingness (*Aven*), root of a mountain (*Azal*), noble (*Azel*), robust (*Azmon*), forsaken (*Azubah*), fortified (*Azzah*), started with the first letter (*A*), ended with the last (*Z*), for example *Zurishaddai*, whose Almighty keeps like a rock, from where he throws his credentials into a psychological ditch, between self and self, without mission in another country (committee, fund, devilish scheme), restrained, refined, ready for anything except for the blackmail of benevolent thoughts (once passed away forever passed away), the precursor of aptness toward rounded-off work, *писанный*.

{U, V-A, D}

01/01-03/03

Resolution

To throw a net. To not fall from one excuse to another. To not say later that this year has been caught by its end too. See how far it went in approving the existing scene, from this scenography making that painting of stage scenery - the same though.

Satis dotata si bene morata.

Everyone to take up arms. To light the fire underneath the boiler (to lay the carpet) for the five-year plan. To not let the state die away. To go through a lot. See what it means to learn from the self-consciousness, having reduced oneself to a fervent employee of the cycle in the self.

Sat cito, si sat bene.

To change roles. To pull out an epic stride from the cowardly step. To perform a collection of folk dances. See the difference between *Schism* and *Eucharist* (the buoyant blush and breathlessness).

Secundum artem.

From a *New Year's Resolution* to the handful of *Märduk* [the chief god of *Babylonian* dealings, a fairy tale of *Märchen*-like feelings (local examples of the heavens' billings)], from petty desires to the spoilage of letters, from this which is to that which is required: *sauve qui peut*.

[*Secundum naturam*: proposing a recovery to postpone the continuation (to set oneself aside from noon's indestructibility), having dived onto the idea of *Marcion*, an *Oriental Gnostic* from the second century who adopted the Eastern idea of insufficiency of the two conflicting principles (the principle of good and the principle of evil), completing it with the principle of a third power (being somewhere in the middle - a sort of seam between the two), the cheap neutrality of time's tilt between the two sparks of a single flint, *secundum usum*].

Renouncing one year in favor of the other (*πολυ καλα*), improved so much that all its tracks are covered up (*черепок*), one transits from generosity to robustness in the manner of a well-turned page of the calendar, in whose compartments reserved for days there crouch the centuries of equanimity, wilting away every half hour, not crumbling (to be sure) more than it is expected from them, emulating all which (trembling) broke into pieces with a measure (*шаткий*), leaving aside that which is not of immediate use (*шарахнуться*), which did not act sufficiently lucrative beyond the naked facts of days, having as an example (in front of itself) the shortage of time, the traditional haste of those whom it (the time) escapes and who, because of that, announce themselves in a hurry, *secundum ordinem*.

Emphasizing, therefore, that everything changes (that nothing is being brought to an end, *sic transit gloria mundi*), that from yesterday's year one arrives only to this one, that in all this one need not search for an advantage greater than the result from a classical approach to that sort of thing (*чтуть*), but also (in spite of everything) that one ought rescind heavy sweets of the past year in front of the (however still minute) cakes of the current one, arranged in the shape of a triumphal arch at the pastry-like entrance to the newest fair, with all the advantages and some disadvantages that have been acquired until now, until this very moment, at which all this spreads in this way in order to be able to throw itself over the fence between the spasm of ending and the dazzling beginning, in the form of an empty slogan (justification, resolution) with which the break from the norm is approved, as it is the discontinuity from an act of the necessity of continuity, (instead of them doing that) proposing a turn of events or, at least, separation from the year which, like the previous ones, impudently poured into the cawing words, the signs of propaganda, and the beaming symbols from which one need assemble another year that should not stay on the same page of the same book, even though it (the new year) happened to be between the same covers, the year of the first and the year of the last of the temporal resolutions about the eternal middle, with tiny takeoffs to a sterile passion, *sed hæc hæc hactenus*.

{U, V, S-A, D}

01/03-05/03

Unfounded Vehemence of Objects

Magnetic lines of *Magnesia* (an attractive district of *Thessaly*), induced poems of *Thalia* (pastoral spas of *Etruria*): mesmerism of words from the ambush of paper (blacker at noon, at midnight brighter), firmness of letters of ineffective memory, and the book showing mercy on them (shaking its ink off into the ditch of history).

Secret et hardi.

(A barking full of poetry: In that in which vagueness picks on something dangerously, the teeth are busy during it too is up pompously).

Βζορ.

Having (again) started from the beginning, neither the third (fourth, fifth) day of the first month will drive out more than the fixed number of (permuted) variants of the two thousand and third (fourth, fifth) year: *The Anomalistic Year* [a year from once coming face to face with the Sun until the next time (with itself)], *The Astronomical Year* (a year from one equinox to the next), *Bissextile Year* (a leap year), *The Calendar Year* (a year hung on the wall of a silent kitchen), *The Canicular Year* (a year from one heliacal rising of *Canicula* to the next), *The Church Year* [a year from one *Advent* (of contemplativeness of that time) to the same next - *αΦιξεις*], *The Ecclesiastical Year* (a church year), *The Embolismic Year* (a year which consists of thirteen lunar months, the best paid year - *Ευκαιριες*), *The Platonic Year* (one out of 26,000 years), *The Gregorian Year* (a year from the calendar in which a century year is leap year only if exactly divisible by 400), *Hebrew Year* (the year of Hebrew days, from one sunset to the next), *The Julian Year* (a year that even *Caesar* forgot about - *non est vivere sed valere vita*), *The Lunar Year* (a year in which the moon encircles earth twelve times in vain), *The Lunisolar Year* (a year which lasts 532 common years), *The Sabbatical Year* (the seventh year), *The Sidereal Year* (a year of replicated stars), *The Solar Year* (a year of the replicated Sun), *The Tropical Year* (a solar year), year after year, every next year, a year in which all these days are contained according to the definition of the occurrence of objects that happens on their anniversary - staying at that. *Nolle prosequi*.

(“Can storied urn or animated bust, back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?”, Gray).

(*Ελατε αποδω παρακαλω*).

Unfounded vehemence of objects – if they could be heard as much as they’re seen shining, not even the blast of midnight hour would move them from the head.

Ραδιῠ.

This way, swaying in an ordered offertory (*ραζζοη*), reflecting above the absorption coefficient of the surrounding (*παδυζα*), disappearing no more than it is allowed to in order to be able to again return, they (the objects) stand on the road side, exerting an influence on the senses, in the form of a forest, or a meadow, or a point-like (typically white) house on the border of today’s perceptibility, the rim of this day, neither first nor last (nor in the middle), yet so stiff between such obstacles, procrastinating itself in something which is the only thing which represents itself, the lifting from the provisional garden of the world like from the basis about which there exist various theories, in the form of a law of indisputableness or the rules of everyday’s apparition, in which all is in its place because it is the only thing which they (the objects) are left with, because it (the thing) did not decide to vanish until tomorrow but, instead, it started blossoming just when it was about to expire, when the scene additionally spreaded being obliged by its next phase, from which not a thing can be heard, yet it bathes in the physical light of eyesight, which is physical to the point to which it serves as water for the bath tub of the eye, until it starts to spill out from it, to cry its eyes out with the caustic representation of things, the profuse volume of objects, the cavalcade of impressions of something which gallops this morning too, possessing the outside picture reflected from inside, magnetized in the manner in which it is going to also present itself tomorrow, to the unfounded vehemence of objects giving the shape of an internal sorrow.

Разборчивы̆й.

{V-C}

01/06-08/03

Telling Things

“Does Chaos Work Better Than Noise?”, *Maide B. et al*, C&S Mag., Vol.2, #3, Jul.-Sep.’02, is the question which *Maide* and her colleagues asked in the above paper, having in mind that “both (chaos and noise) help order to arise from disorder”. *Sal Atticum?*

The paper itself is comprised of the sections named ‘Self-Organization in Arrays of Dynamical Systems’, ‘Improving Performance of Genetic Algorithms’, ‘Ant Colony Optimization Algorithm, Including Ant System with Elitist Strategy & Rank-Based Ant System’, ‘Parondo’s Paradox’, ‘Pattern Formation in *Drosophila* Embryos’, and is written, in conformity with the nature of the journal in which it has been published, at a rather comprehensive level, suitable for an average full/part-time student (*Για Φοιτητές*), with a modest use of the mathematics (*смешение*), that is, the abstract/symbolic notation.

(*Τι μπορεί να κάνει κανείς τα βράδια?*).

Look what stage has been reached in the specialists’ considerations of the allegedly metaphysical (*Ευνεχής χρήση*), but, of course, system notions (notions from the theory of systems, *ogniuno per se, e Dio per tutti*), and yet, in all that, nobody gets upset, neither laymen in their ignoring (it all), nor professionals in their knowing (it all), although it would have been more proper to say that the members of the two groups, in fact, seem as being on the opposite ends, i.e. that the first ones know (all that) because they act like that (*зажиточный*), while the second ones do not know (all that) because, besides behaving (as per an internal code) quite skeptically, they usually finish their works as the work in question is concluded, with words: “in our experiments we are encouraged to assert that the benefits of chaos are often evident, even if a general answer cannot be formulated”, and “the question introduced in this paper is still open, and we hope that this contribution will stimulate more examples either to reinforce our feeling or to deny it”.

Perfervidum ingenium Scotorum (although Scots are not being dealt with here).

And while the eternal conflict between the pretenses and the effective condition, in the case of the former (the amateurs) reduces to the pathetic unsuitability (homemade rapaciousness, futile talkativeness), of which they, as a rule, are not aware (*via trita, via tuta*), in the case of the latter (the professionals) the clash takes place in a different arena, in which two other antipodes come out to the stage: the interpretation of notions and the notions themselves (the words and their meanings, the determinability as an algorithm, and the algorithm as a determinableness, *плюш* and *плющ*).

Since the story of the first ones, unfortunately for them, terminates at this point in this text in the way which it deserves (in the manner in which such a thing can only be terminated) - by staring into the void, it remains to pay attention to the story of the second ones, *sous tous les rapports*.

Doing that, it is realized that by a simple exchange of names with meanings, neither the one who labels (names), nor that whose meaning’s basic layer (*прослойка*) during the procedure is being (at that, *снотворный*) pulled out / deducted, offer themselves to each other in telling things by actually saying them (the things in question) - not even a single word comes out in the exchange.

So that, if (technical) specialists (*optimates*) choose unsuitable words for notions for which non-specialists don’t have their own words, the former make an error too, a mistake because of which the latter (only in this text?) reached as much as they did, left to wander within their ranges/scopes (reaching as much as they are able to, *rus in urbe*).

The claim that ‘chaos’ (instead of ‘noise’) offers better thoroughfare for the rise from ‘disorder’ to ‘order’, entered notions too much to be able to stop at them - from their meanings it (the claim) shakes off the letters, let alone the words, in order to, at all, be capable of speaking about the exactness of that which is claimed, *passim*.

The justification according to which the given words have been used in conformity with the introduced definition, which has nothing in common with the original/layman definition of the notions in question, is as good as a gutter set in the middle of a desert - only when it (the eaves trough) starts echoing because of water drippings, the renamed meanings will answer the calls addressing their new names (and even then - *сбокү*).

Although, it is most probable that from all this (from the excessive easiness in building the new bricks, pardon, definitions, into the however worn-out notion wall of a traditional consciousness) one will come out too, as from any similar ‘inspiration’ before - leaving to the words to think of the right ones among them.

Просторечие.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

The Same (Confronting the Same)

Confronting the same, when it is represented like this, and when it looks like that, when it lurks from the last track, and when it collapses to the gun rack (before and after war, conducted in a crack) - when from the loaded weapons it crosses to the unloaded, when it stirs up the show (*zonam perdidit*), and when it extinguishes it (*vacuus cantat coram latrone viator*), when for something that happened thirty years ago it says that it was three million years ago (and when it doesn't inflate - brings it down to a million), when because of all the things it gets dizzy, and when it throws them down as if that is easy, when on the palm of its hand (as the hunter would a hare) it drives out a silent fare, and when it (like water in a bottle) locks it up in its throttle, when it listens to the river even if jumped in it, when it winds up the clock to let the same (the sameness itself) to wake it up. *Una voce*.

The same: that which in all languages is said the same (inarticulate, wordless, sometimes in a whisper), without linguistic juggling of philologists and grammatical unpleasantness of amateurs, although with a certain disbelief that it itself is that which all this is about, that the one who discerns it came across it, rolled into the earth's hay (arrived into the sky's bay), up on the roof covered by silk (entrenched in the basement - the heaviness of milk), caught representing itself as it is not that which it is (leaving the possibility that it is that which it is not), spreading in all directions like a suitable reflection in the eye (*tour d'horizon*), keeping quiet as if all this is not about it (as if all this is about that which does not answer calls to its name), imagining variants of how to maintain the illusion that it is indeed that which today, too, stretched into something *ashen-eternal-identical*, turned aside so much that, at moments, it becomes uncatchable, yet without terminating (with a casual move) its participation in all that in which it is sensed but not explained, sniffed but not determined, drunk but not absorbed, stepped on but not run over, observed but the one who observes it actually sees himself (*каницлер*), leaned on one leg one hand and one head, using the last instead of a cane so that, to the other leg other hand and other head he can put an end (deliver the bill), subsequently boarding a canoe, rowing to his second self, turning over and falling asleep without calling on himself from before, *подзащитный*.

The same: drawn into the nostrils of the three wise men from the East (three Eastern kings known under the collective name of *Magi: Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthazar*), from the nostrils taken to the lungs in the form of their (*Magi's*) notorious gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh (Matt. ii. 1-13.), because of which their bodies [after being brought by the *Empress Helena* to *Constantinople*, and after only their souls departed this world (*en route* to the other)] from one *C.* flew to another (*Cologne* - nowadays known as *Köln*), on the golden carpet soaked with the same myrrh, and fumigated with the same frankincense, where they lie to this day as the *Three Kings of Cologne*, appropriately perfumed - the bony specimens of *eau de Cologne*, with the ingredients of a conviction of the type *tiens ta foi*.

The same: that which, even in less pompous examples, shows itself here and there, equally represented in every place (not only among royalties but in the voting body, pardon - population, too), not only in the form of the fragranced spray but in physical cubes representing physical places of an abode (a room) as well (*коробка*), in which (because of that) everything reduces to the same, so that those who stay awake in them (the cube-like dwellings) would not start thinking that they deal with something else, i.e. so that they would avoid thinking of one thing today and another tomorrow, to the contrary, so that they should position themselves in such a way to be visited from each corner (of their respective lodgings) by the same, to be watched by it (the same) through the stationary windows and inert doors, so that they cannot complain that it (the same) ignores them, or leaves them on the side, since it rather takes them for a walk, from one same to the other same (between this same and that same), not finding in that anything which would separate itself from the representation about the same, confronting themselves, in fact, with the same in the manner which such a confrontation is always reduced to, in the sense that both he (the one whom this all is about, *подвыпивший*) and the same (that which this all is to do with, *подвох*) became accustomed to their serene fading away, in that they progressively lose themselves as they watch themselves more and more, shaking off the dust from one another into the surrounding same (*подержанный*), pretending that it is not the same which is going to bring them into the situation to lose their interest for something which could have been different if it was not the same. *Μου δινετε το κλειδι παρακαλω?*

The same: the after school hours of regular hours of teaching about the irregularity of that which is not the same (*подзаголовок*), so much so that it is unnoticeable when it is not the same, and is sensed when it is the same - as a benefit of dreaming ("Hoity-toity! What have I to do with dreams", Congreve), with neither top nor bottom (nothing so trimming), *подлодка*.

{V-A,D}

Scenes of the World

Prodigal in a queer way (unruly profuse, *продольный*), extravagantly thrifless (*щедрый*), yet even such a day (*обильный*), the day entirely consisting of floral sensations, thought of with the aid of the lazy one and the freckled one (the bumblebee and the ladybug of June or July, *felicitas multos habet amicos*), in front of this day (the day in the middle of January) has nothing to put over the hand without letting it freeze the second one. *Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge*.

(Even the dispersed snow gets frozen, let alone the idling hand).

On a day like this, not even the poetic *Jehovah* would have taken a ride to warmer places (*η χωριστρα*) if, in these, he was not threatened by the icy forgetfulness of *Jah* (*пробор*), regardless of how much he was kept warm by the flock of worshipers of fear, the pathologicalness of the sorcery which, as days (years, ages, *время*) go by, all the less adolescent become all the more strong, crossing from the plainness of kitsch to the syllogism of being (sophism in the form of a fair-like justification), attributing spiritual discoveries to the privation of spirit, offering cheap drinks to the sensible taciturnity, *fide et amore*.

(“Extol him that rideth upon heavens by his name *Jah*”, Ps. lxxviii.4. *Пасмурный. Скучный*).

Someone shovels the everlasting snow (engages himself into a pursuit instead of in escape), another one lessens running down the street after a glass dog, yet another shatters in that part of the psyche in which the fracture betrays him - withering as in the middle of summer; the scenes of the world in a window like this increase in strength (*γεματος η χειτονια*), growing from the flower pot as if watered by the wind (meter by meter transplanted into ether), as if being pinned by a sharper half of the pair of compasses into the center of a universal horizon (*балдахин*), circumscribing in the way in which all that is contained in it (the center) shovels the everlasting snow, or lessens running down the street after a glass dog, or shatters in that part of the psyche in which the fracture betrays it, or submits to being consoled by the tall sons of the Earth - the cedar, oak, and pine.

Fide, sed cui vide.

(“Earth’s tall sons, the cedar, oak, and pine”, Sir R. Backmore).

Scenes of the world: all that is seen when there is nothing to be seen (when it dares not be as it may), when it is time for it to nap or walk away (to mess up the room, then tidy it up), to throw *Hooker*’s law from *Eternal*’s doorway.

Fidus Achates and fides Punica.

(“The law whereby the Eternal himself doth work”, Hooker. *Оттиск*).

From this and that side of the window (inside and out), on the top and bottom (in the air and water), before and after the last post (when it is still visible, and when it slowly disappears), to be lucky and mix with that which, as soon as it has shown itself, effortlessly goes away, leaving the impression that it knows where it goes, that there cannot happen that it gets lost in the woods (dreams, or at a square, *запоздальный*), presenting itself in a favorable light of expertly arranged plants (of the green exclusiveness of a seasoned destination), imposing the rhythm of the voyage sway (taking away the floating day), crossing from objects to scenes of the world (flashing in a manner that is quite awesome - only to let something to everlastingly blossom), having passed through the acoustic pipe to the other side of audibleness, like *Eustachio* (of XVI century) who went through his own tube, a slender link between the middle ear and the pharynx, having equalized air pressure on both sides of the eardrum, to not hear anything which does not belong to the scenes in which someone shovels the everlasting snow, someone lessens running down the street after a glass dog, someone shatters in that part of the psyche in which the fracture betrays him, someone submits to being consoled by the tall sons of the Earth - the cedar, oak, and pine - and someone looks at all that (*Совхоз*, a vegetative being), drowsy, though all-seeing.

{U, V, S-C, A, D}

Numbering Off Inevitableness

Half past four. Another hour and a half, and even this which is still visible will not be that anymore. Although, because even while it was visible it did not uncover itself, one should not feel too sorry about it. The only thing is that it will, along with itself, drag away that which indeed unveiled itself, but the harm will not be done with that either, because that which revealed itself said everything with that very act. So that there remains to, without pathos (i.e. not behaving like a crybaby), that is, calmly and stately, wait this half an hour or so, to slowly lose from sight (disregard) both that which in the course of the day submitted itself to it (sight), and that which did not do it, to forget the effects of the full day indoctrination with inevitability, because, look, it too (the inevitability, *Ewigkeit!*) came for what belongs to it, and yet, everything else (*impos animi*) still sits (fumes, leaks - *Που είναι το πλυντήριο?*) in its place, even though it floats (fades) more and more, before it becomes gray-haired - and falls from the other side of the roof.

Растерянный.

According to the law of expected challenges, therefore, with the exemption of the edifying disappearance, nothing more certain offers itself in the late afternoon either, although it is not easy to also put an end to them (the challenges) without causing them (used to the light formula of darkening, according to which the night too takes some time to fall) to express themselves in the form of elongated shadows of the world. [As if in the world of shortened shadows, numbering off does not shorten too, in such a way as to make sure that it (the mentioned counting off) happens when it's too late, when from noon the afternoon strikes (while from the morning - *en effet* - even the first smoke did not rise)].

Half past five. It's dark. All that one could have speculated about an hour ago, turned itself into a speculation. *Excitus acta probat*. It remains to examine the connection between the wrong and the right, so that it does not happen that it gets even darker (which is a possibility, too), until at least those things have not been gotten to the bottom of (so that they stop pretending that, in even such a simple example of comparison, there is something which is not clear). *Το ονομα σας παρακαλω?* What remains, thus, is to prevent them (said things) to whisper in the ears of one another: "The difference between right and wrong, in some petty cases, is almost evanescent" (Wollaston) - all the time thinking how the other one has a nicer dress. ("Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear", Milton).

Half past six. Two hours have already passed, yet, out of everything that this discussion is about, one arrived only at half past six. (Not a single gun to go off, let alone halving the time - to arrive back at half past five. *Ποπολαμ*). From a certain size of the objects (on the given scene, *μεστο δειστωια*) it is foreseen that they will not completely disappear, but one should not be tricked by that either, after all - while larger things did seem more comprehensible, their names at the present are not known either.

Πως σας λενε, παρακαλω?

Half a century. A century. A hundred centuries. A thousand. (*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*). A thousand centuries have passed already, yet everything still radiates only from this evening (though becoming hardly lukewarm in the beginning), as if only half past four has passed. *Взбалмошный*. In different times it is normal to expect different world views but, in cases like this (having glanced at such a world, *везде*), not being able to see more than a mere sequel of that which was (which always is), it can mean only one thing: that, throughout time, only that which continues comes true, while the other one, which contains units for measuring the continuation (the units for measuring dispersiveness/dustiness of things, and immobility/taciturnity of beings), keeps fidgeting, jumps from one foot to the other (blows into hands), bays at the moon (*бесшумный, preux chevalier*), to all these circus-like moves (purposeless movements, *непокладаярук*) giving the expression of necessity, with which it tries to cheer up the first one (the one which keeps continuing, *показуха*), hoping that, in turn, it (the first one) will let it (the second one) fulfil such (even if only a provisional) duty - in two hours to count down to the last hour, be it in a thousand centuries or in two hours.

Позднее.

{U, V-C, D}

From Vocabulary Shabbiness Into Somatic Death

Filling itself with sporadic words (keeping quiet between seldom utterances) - the day shuns the idling, and yet, too elaborated, it breaks in its wheel (ruins in its base, spreads in its crown, *умечка*), as if it (so talkative) is going to last a full 24 hours of one *Brahma* [his one day and one night (a period of time known as *Sanskrit Kalpa*, equal to 4,320,000,000 solar years)], that is, as even *Kant* himself would not hold against such verbosity (of the day in question), assuming that, even though its contents may be vacant, its form is satisfactory. *Forensis strepitus*.

[According to *Kant*, namely, the *contents* (of the knowledge) comes afterwards (*a posteriori*), from senses, but its *form* is determined by the previous (*a priori*) categories of thinking (consciousness), which, in the case of days like these (*επιπλωμενοσχηο*), could be reduced to tolerating the superfluous story, as long as the words from which it consists existed before it itself did - something which, it has to be admitted, is not far from the truth. *Gaieté de cœur*]. [Loquacity as a panic of shabbiness and taciturnity as the worthlessness of words, better yet, taciturnity as pliancy in the sense of serving silence instead of noise (instead of waving the flag of the bullies' patriotism: instead of the professional attachment, accommodating the membership of an adamant schism), separateness from the complaints arranged by the type of torment, regardless of that the one in question (the one who, in the past, took them, the complaints, into consideration, even was into them, *утомительный*), all the time reckoning how injustice is to be solved by justice (how justice emanates hope), as if the rise is not governed by the fall (as if the revolt is not choked by the crawl, covered by a fitting hat, though, *ушанка*). "The subjects' grief / comes through commissions / which compel from each / a sixth part of his substance", W. Shak. *Уяснять?*].

For, what is that [allegedly existential, in fact an indebted (epically-narrative, slavishly-sedative, *разорительный*)] difficulty in comparison to the torment of the participants in the exchange of opinions which reduced to the opinion of exchanges (*cum notis variorum*), taking the qualification of exchangeability above the attribute of stability, to the trading properties of goods exchange attributing the ultimate advantages of such one (as popularly said) mercantile world (*curiosa felicitas*), not getting into the clash with doubts of any kind (*grande chère et beau feu*), except those in connection with the possibility of a different approach to each one of these days, considering, for example, a possibility emerging from its (day's) close end - the night, ahead of time renouncing it (the night, quite foggy in addition to being so impractical). ("The length of the night and the dews to compensate the heat of the day", Bacon).

A heap of prattle (tattle, babbling, chattering, lamenting, weeping, grumbling, crying for help, excusing, vindicating, exculpating, assuring, convincing, persuading, attesting, proposing, moving, suggesting, pleading for, speaking in favour of, *cum privilegio*), versus (the speechless hour of) a singular heresy/schism - just as needed to accommodate all this in today's day too, with a sense of measure (to satisfy both sides - the voting and the abstained from voting), just as needed, that is, to not take notice that in all this there is something more (a certain lagging of reverberation behind the sound, *cum multis aliis*), i.e. just as needed to not register today's antiwar demonstrations (January 18, 2003) in many countries including this one, from which the war (its most lucrative export for a long time already) is to be exported to the next/predetermined old/new victim country, just as needed, in other words, to go to bed this evening in the same manner in which this morning one got up, like *sigillum*, a fossil tree of the *Paleozoic* age, with perhaps a few less seallike leaf scars, but then of a proportional mysticalness (a tawdry occultism) of the current descendants of the subscribers of the first Temple of wise *Solomon* (a peace loving sage from the tenth century - but *B.C.*), and of, more or less the same, not likely greater sagesness. *Avito vires honore*.

To go to bed, therefore, at the end of this day too (*загляденье*), and cede the self to the sweet dreams of the members of *Somaschian* order, the patrons of orphans and foundlings in the sixteenth century, the sweet dreams, that is, of their (however conventional) suitably assumed participation in something quite appropriate and deserved (*foi pour devoir*), something which, in other words, in no way disturbs the pith of things, even though it presents itself as (notorious) *soma* (at last declared entire body/trunk), in a *somatogenic* manner emanating from so many *somata* (only within the discipline of philosophy changing to the ostensible *somatism*), in the somatists having recognized the materialists, in the cessation of the functions of vital organs the sign of their road (the only one on which they go away): from vocabulary shabbiness into somatic death.

Дочиста.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

68 Forest Variants

With a propitious number of forest variants, the broad (encyclopaedical) overview of plants (*το Φυτο*), birds (*το πουλι*), and the condition of worms (*Φυσικα*), both here and there (in both the *New* and *Old World*), is achieved, until the given list (as always) is about to include man, that is, until it is about to be finished/completed.

Смесь.

This is achieved/attained without insisting on the superfluity of a pile of wood (even if from a modest timber yard), in a typical wooded area (the forest variation of the overcrowded state of days filled with the regular duties of a civil servant of the watchfulness of an otter), i.e. not finding fault with regards to forest words [having ceased (and desisted) the frenzy of *Zoilus*, a fervent grammarian (eager critic) of *Amphipolis*, mercilessly bitter (severe, malignant) scrutinizer of *Plato*, *Homer*, and *Socrates*], not wasting time, therefore, regarding the symbolic (letter-wise) conventions of the so-called alphabet, or regarding *Zölner* lines (*J.K.F. Zölner*, 1834-1882, a German physicist) - parallel lines made to seem unparallel by intersecting oblique lines.

Per angusta ad augusta.

Ломедея.

The result is: (1) there daphne, here wood laurel; (2) there ginger, here wood ginger; (3) there a woodpecker, here a green woodpecker; (4) there tar, here resin; (5) there copper sulfate, here a precious stone; (6) there an ibis, here a stork; (7) there intertwining, here afforestation; (8) there a lark, here a *Lullula arborea*; (9) there a wood nymph, here a forest vine; (10) there a goat blood, here a pert creeper of a greenish flower and dark blue fruit (one single plant - two slaughtered words); (11) there a wood pigeon, here its flight; (12) there a dyer's greenwood, here a woodwaxen; (13) there a sweet woodruff, here *Asperula odorata*; (14) there a woodcock (*Scolopax rusticula*), here a *Philohela minor*; (15) there a spurge, here a *Daphne laureola* (of genus *Thymeleaceae*); (16) there a shipworm, here a teredo; (17) there a blackcap, here a whitethroat; (18) there viburnum, here *laurustinus*; (19) there a blackbird, here a robin; (20) there a warbler, here *Sylviidae*; (21) there a thrush, here *Turdus musicus*; (22) there a blowfly, here *Centaurea cyanus*; (23) there a sage, here *Salvia officinalis*; (24) there a speedwell, here *Teucrium scorodonia*; (25) there a geranium of the *Geraniaceae*; here of the *Pelargonium*; (26) there methanol, here wood alcohol; (27) there honeysuckle, here *Lonicera caprifolium* of yellowish white flowers which, while climbing, offer honey suckling; (28) there almond, here *Hippocratea comosa*; (29) there anemone, here *Anemone nemorosa*; (30) there a white ant *Termes flavipes*, here a red *Formica rufa*; (31) there apple cider, here *Pyrus Malus*, (32) there *astra*, here a plant with a starlike flower; (33) there a lousewort, here *Pedicularis canadensis*; (34) there a worm that bores the soil, here the one which peels it (there a mole cricket, here *Crustacea*); (35) there a fuller's teazel, here *Dipsacus sylvestris*; (36) there a red-backed shrike, here *Lanius senator*; (37) there a marmot, here *Arctomys monax*; (38) there a wren, here a *Regulus cristatus*; (39) there a snipe, here a common snipe; (40) there a nuthatch, here *Sitta caesia*; (41) there a wood duck, here *Aix sponsa*; (42) there a fern, here *Aspidium*; (43) there a wood frog, here *Rana sylvatica*; (44) there a reed mace, here *Luzula sylvatica*; (45) there a grouse, here *Lagopus scoticus*; (46) there hoopoe *Irrisoridæ*, here a brightly-colored *Upupa*; (47) there a *Campanula* bellflower, here a wild hyacinth; (48) there a horned lark, here *Lullula arborea*; (49) there a larskpur, here delphinium; (50) there a leopard moth (a common white moth with black spots), here *Zeuzera pyrina*; (51) there a lily, here *Lilaceae*; (52) there a lily of the valley, here a *Trillium*; (53) there lice, here *Termitidæ*; (54) there *Zingiber officinale*, here *Pyrola minor*; (55) there a mite, here a tick; (56) there a bomb, here *NATO*; (57) there a field mouse, here *Mus sylvaticus*; (58) there nettles, here *Laportea canadensis*; (59) there henbane, here belladonna; (60) there a hazelnut, here *Corylus avelana*; (61) there a dryad, here a wood nymph; (62) there magpie, here *Picus*; (63) there a quail, here *Rollulus roulroul*; (64) there *Mimus polyglottus*, here *Totanus glareola*; (65) there a lizard, here *Mabouya agilis*; (66) there a swallow, here *Artamus*; (67) there a wood engraver (or a beetle of the family *Scolytid*) or some specis of *Ips*, here of *Pityophthorus*; (68) there and here a seal hunter or a woodcutter or a manhunter taking part in the hunt for a man who lives in the forest in sixty seven variants dying in the sixty eighth there and here.

Молча.

{U, V, S-A, W, D}

Polar Fence

The day as a day-long temptation - should it become longer, the enticement would stretch its neck too (they squabble about the same avowance).

(*Τι μερα είναι σημερα?*).

It lurks using a periscope threaded through *Dalarnian*, the pre-Cambrian rocks of the North, a 6000-foot layer of sandstone and shale, as if the temptations of the *Upper World* are monitored from the *Lower* one, i.e. as if the opposite is not true - as if *Daksha* (whose father was *Brahma*), having not overcome the earthly temptations (offering himself to save *Rudra*), did not incur the stratosphere wrath of *Vishnu*, and as if from *Feralia*, a solemn festival held by the Romans on the 21-st of February in honor of the dead, one would go to *ShangriLa* (Утопия) without the heavenly manipulations of the living ones, although (for that occasion) suitably deadened (all of a sudden sentimental). *Abusus non tolit usum*.

Icy days (frozen nights, *тягостный*), not even poultry dare collapse on their feet (not even the fowl risk of falling asleep on them in a pullet-like manner) without first warming up by means of *Cryptogamia* spores, thrown on the bottom of the hen-house. (“With fern beneath to fend the bitter cold”, Dryden).

Ο χειμωνας.

It is neither time for war, nor for peace - in addition to being cold (*τον Ιανουαριο, την Πευπηη*), it is disarranged in a hormonal way, which means that, as soon as it warms up, it will be able to reveal itself before it enrages, *увесистый*.

(“Ninus was no man of war at all, but altogether feminine”, Raleigh).

But, don't be worried: to erect a polar fence is enough. (“A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath”, Addison).

The fence based on strict power sharing: let its winterly part belong to the winter, to the lodging let the insight to the residential certificate of exertion go, to the salutary idea let a diplomatic response of the other side of the medal fit in, as long as the eternal winter of the only pole of this afternoon lasts, that is, so long as its temporal tooth (*зубной*) is in effect (whether it's canine or incisor, it doesn't matter), what is important is that it does not wake from the hibernation without the obligatory snapping in the void, like that of an informal practitioner of *Zen* (*пресловутый*), a nominal protagonist of meditative thinking about enlightenment as a result of the self-examination and intuition and not of the *Pali* doctrine (the set of guidelines from the sacred books of the rationalists' *Buddhism*), although also of a proponent of thirst-quenching without using the *Zemzem* fountain (*пресекасть*), so that neither *Ishmael* nor his mother (*Hagar*), driven into the wilderness by *Abraham*, would be able to count on a help greater than their readiness to reject it. *Ancienne noblesse*.

And exactly in that, in resisting the obsession of mass salvation [in setting up the polar fence against the sudden and successful overthrow south of the equator (*тропический*)], lies the diligent undertaking of the (himself tamed) tamer of passions, his above all deserving technique of stoical self-denial, but also the denial of some larger, however pompous/representative gathering [a key conference (*пресс-конференция*), a top-level meeting, a decisive convention, a dramatic assemblage of the government of national salvation], at which point, anyway, he would have been dealing with a methodology delivered to him as the last bill whenever, as it is the case now, things are to do with such an irreproachability of emotional pollution, with which he actually is paying for his stakes in the transaction with the self, having arrived to the nought, more exactly to minus nineteen degrees, measured at noon before it too (*полдень*) becomes frozen along with him at midnight, from which, nevertheless, it (high noon) resolutely bars itself (in the form of a polar fence, *понятие*) in front of the onslaught by the Moon and its Brotherhood – the Tranquillity (from *Mare Tranquillitatis*), the Frigidity (from *Mare Frigoris*), and the Nectar (from *Mare Nectaris*), itself having peacefully frozen in the drink of the gods.

Смочить.

{U, V, S-A, D}

Topography of School: School of Topography

From day to day as from one everlastingness to the other. (*Imperium in imperio. Шесмеуе*).

Although they (the days) are shorter than it (eternity), they measure themselves in it in the absence of a less consistent dwelling in the self (in the sense of a blissful argumentation set in the official duty of such an understood dweller - of his persistent self-seeking?). "Free from touch or soil", W. Shak. (*Ποτε γιορταζεις?*).

Indeed, pulling out from this evening's layers of the newest truth (or silence, depending on whether the radio/TV set is on or off), he (the dweller in question) does not actually involve himself as much with making his version of what's happening to others official, as with scuffling with the slipknot of what's going on with him. ['The case surely more general than mine' - he must be reckoning (*απασχολημενος*)].

Having reached the state of not understanding things anymore [didn't it take him only so long - 56 years?, although he'll soon turn 57 (*ariston metron*)], somehow he still finds his way on a greater scale (perpetuating himself on the smaller one, *currente calamo*). *Шунучка*.

The frozen bus, the crowd in front of the school (a missed chance for self-demonstration, the unkept pace in search of the current style, a ceased flow of the presentation ahead of its time - *υμνηση*), taking the circumstances into account as a suitable introduction to the desired result (*υκατυλκα*), the elementary school students and their sentimental parents (*Υπαρχει διασκεδαση για παιδια?*) in a sudden complexity of an otherwise expected turn of events (the continuation of using selected notes of the symphonic version of yesterday's void - *υμνησιμυ*), crossing the street while there still is somewhere to go (the postponed resignation of the person in charge of advising the less prudent members of society - *à propos de bottes*), the state of partially said destinies as an expected epilogue of over-emphasized persuasiveness of mindful patrolmen and leaders, and a small stripe across the sky (petrification lurks!) - look what is seen through the window through which that (which is seen) bursts asunder whenever required (when not hesitating, when the need shuns it), framed in the hurried zeal of a well thought procedure and the corresponding knowledge (fitted with a silicon mutuality between the everlasting process and the instantaneous state), filled in the document of creation's fate. (*Τι ωρα τελειωνει?*).

And even though the school in question (*WPS*), 'prepares children' (as the phrase goes) for this and that (*ευνεχης παρασταση*), in the window there reflects a preparation for growing up in the self (*ad multos annos*), for getting used to the fact that bigger games do not derive themselves from the smaller ones but are rather understood as such (*bis pueri sens*), there reflects a preparation, that is, for a jump from what is learned to what is applied according to the principles of *topographical aging* [*Webster's*]: the *topographical infancy* (characterized by regions newly exposed to the action of water, and by the abundance of lakes and streams); the *adolescence* (characterized by the topographical features of land areas with well-defined valleys, cut by main streams but without highly developed systems of drainage); the *maturity* (characterized by the greatest degree and variety of relief, caused by the processes of denudation, such as the sea cutting back the coast line in one place, and building it in another, rivers establishing themselves by conformation to the underlying rocks cutting deep trenchlike valleys, widening the valleys by the atmospheric agencies, slowly wearing down and washing away the sides and tops of the hills); finally, the *topographical old age* - the fourth stage in the development of the topographical features of a district, characterized by a *featureless condition* as the result of the continued effect of the denuding and degrading processes in which the region becomes worn down to a nearly planar surface, through which some sluggish stream may still meander, so that, when it stops too, the process is complete and such a country is said to be *base-leveled*.

(*Ядерный*).

As it will be the school age of these children too (*η νεολαια*), who, this afternoon, go to their homes (tomorrow - to their passions, the day after tomorrow - to their thoughts), in order to pull out from the last ones - the thoughts - lined up between the beginning and the end on a not too large playground, the playing field whose age (*elapso tempore*) not even topographically can be determined, because the plane in which it fades away does not get rid of the properties which they (the thoughts) brought to the point where there are none of them, *et sequentia*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Trainees

“Yeah, we need to figure out a better process, for sure”, said an older (soon to retire, in such a way positioned, *самоотверженный*), dressed classically, withered away woman (former *Distaffina* or *Dollalolla*, *patriis virtutibus*), to someone who was passing by (someone who, regarding all that, judging by everything, sometime ago spent his precious time with her, *обрюзкли*), a middle-aged man most likely, who could be spotted, as mentioned, passing by her right at that moment, and, responding to her statement, nodding as a sign of agreement, and, neither quicker nor slower (in the manner of a pretendant to the act of *Dodsworth Sam*), disappeared by the corner of the corridor that, just at that place, under the right angle, was breaking into this which reached that point and that which left it, so that, cut out in the same way, her sentence (*paucis verbis*) stayed hanging in a rectangular-like manner (acquiring with difficulty, but devotedly, the reason because of which it, the sentence, was in a straight-line way imparted a few seconds earlier), although the answer which followed [in the form of confirmatory nodding of the inaudible collocutor (silent collaborator, *отовсюду*)] made things fairly equal, to the affirmative offer of action having reacted with a principled assent.

Poco a poco.

[*Dramatis personæ*: emancipated, somewhat benumbed spirits of once more lively *Dodsworth Sam* and *Distaffina* (or *Dollalolla*), one would think having seen them at that place (and in that manner) - a wealthy American automobile manufacturer in Sinclair Lewis’ novel “*Dodsworth*”, who, having visited Europe with his frivolous wife, achieved new calm and stability, as well as heroine of Rhodes’ burlesque “*Bombastes Furioso*”, *Distaffina*, beloved by *Bombastes*, whom she jilted, or her antipode (no door should be left closed), wife of King Arthur in Fielding’s parody “*Tom Thumb*”, *Dollalolla*, in love with the little hero. *Doux yeux*].

Taking into account the retrogradation of the process in question (*ταρκοζ*), here, however, most likely it was the case of some courteous reminder about a joint project in the information society to which developing countries so passionately rush, and in which these two trainees (pardon, planners) have found themselves in the way of accidentalness of a present hamster and a former otter (a resourceful person) - the casualness by no means deprived of the official importance or even the extremely trying business undertaking - but even if it was not like that (if the subject sentence/proclamation and the corresponding response referred to a more mystical entrepreneurship of the mentioned lady and a more irrational reducibility of her colleague), their collaborative relationship (although in some measure barren, especially with reference to him) still could not be brought into a question, so that out of all of the described, after his disappearance in the lower leg of the corridor and hers in the upper, above the entire scene (a geometrically proper plateau, formed by bringing face to face two bordered planes over the flinched soil, *Συνεχης χρηση*) there still remained suspended both her absence and his disappearance, two vacuum halves of a futile encounter that was not too promising, but now, when everything quieted down (when there was no one left to say something and to react minimally to what was said), it took hold of the walls, seized the ceiling, built itself in two outstanding windows (one on the right side and the other in a bird eye’s view), no longer than a moment (at most two), to be able to, reinstated by promulgation (not vacillated by transitoriness), officially get registered.

(Ouvrage de longue haleine).

Having passed by all that (*τι περιεχει αυτο?*), sensing that, because nothing has been violated (nothing broken away from the alliance with marvel), from letting free follows even that which until recently was considered being in hibernation, it occurred to me that one may not say that something happened just because it happened, that before that (out of all of that), in order to issue a suitable certificate (that it happened), it has to withdraw in a progressive manner, leaving behind no more than a vague confirmation of the recent clarity (*целебный*), of something that for a moment (or two) still manages to actualize itself while, at the same time, not falling prey to the popular feelings of triumph (to the simplistic variant of Populism, a viaduct-like elevation of an interred road), giving to talking and its (although tacit) confirmation the significance bigger than of a breath of air (the fall of a leaf, *хромосома*), even though, in all that, one

cannot deny (an accidental) presence to something very important, something that occurred now and never again, so ephemeral (trivial, absurd, naked), because of which (it is possible) its own (programmatically) appropriation betrayed it, still something so unplanned (almost spontaneous), derived with not a mite of standstill and/or unnecessary passion, something quite orderly and ultimately unfavourable for the concept of predestination; consequently, it cannot be denied that, in all that, it was a matter of presence to one of the rare integral processes, which, chances are, momentarily happened in the central passage of the company building, likely under the influence of a course or a presentation or an adequate training that took place not in a more distant past than in the last quarter, when the characters from this story, helped with ghosts from previous ones, unwillingly met for the first time since then (*хореография*), having agreed the concept, that it is dealt with, ought to be such and such (*домашнее*), that about it one can think in a number of ways but that the way which, at that occasion, they established is the one which needs to be realized in practice (*хорошенько*), having reminded themselves about it (the way) in that section of the corridor which reduced to a traumatized spine on a prothetic track, having confirmed that everything revolves around such an approach to things which a courteous/polite instructor (himself a trainee of *Dives*, a Latin metaphor of rich man as a parable of *Lazarus*), true imperceptibly but also irrevocably indoctrinated them with ("in this phase of their lives?" - that would be the protestation by a forum usurper of the bookworm / bookish scholar / institutional type of pedigree, a sort of a pro-reform personality, of a dissident-and-teutonic-like educability), coaching them, therefore, not to pass by one another this time either without recalling his lecture about a relational communicatory exchange, she in a weasel-like manner having uttered a business phrase, he inaudibly having shook his head with doggish ricketiness.

Цикл.

{U, V, S-A, D}

01-02/30-31-01/03

Androcephalous

The last days of January (first days of February), yet neither does anything finish nor commence its quest (neither a straight line establishes itself from the circle, nor does a direction stick out from the reticent chest), that which is - took hold of the exchange (with a gaudy crest, it dances in jest). [While one confesses the other struts, as if they are not in the same dough (they must be nuts)]. *Similia similibus curantur*.

From minus twenty six to minus infinity not even mercury lowers (nor *Alcestis* descends) without being caressed by absolute zero.

Τμήμα εκτακτων περιστατικων.

[*Alcestis*, the heroine of imagination of *Euripides*, the wife of *Admetus* (king of *Thessaly*) whose life she saved by offering hers, because of which she would have certainly been finished (at which point everything regarding her would have been terminated) if it was not for *Hercules*, who rescued her from *Hades*].

Being a member of *Anthropidae*, the family of mammals that includes man only, and having selected *anemology* from its branches of science, dealing, that is, with *anemography* (measuring/recording the speed and direction of the winds, as well as taking notes on it), writing, therefore, a fiery treatise about the collision of wind gusts (*смерч*), he did not notice when, caught in the vertex of the storm, and in spite of such an elasticity (although on the other side of this, *Siphonia elastica* street), even the most rubbery rubber tree was blown over.

Слезать.

(*Si parva licet componere magnis*) even that is better, he reckoned (having postponed the unfinished writing as if it was a fragmentary one, *словарный*), than being seized by *anthomania* (a mania in the sense of showing an extravagant fondness for flowers), because from the downed tree, as from any end, a beginning will spring up, but from *androecium* [all the stamens of a flower (and the parts belonging to them), taken as a whole] look how there lies in ambush the witheredness of the world.

Смекалка.

The evening is all the deeper, although (even if increasingly indistinct) the cause and effect still let themselves to be arrayed in a logical order (as if all this is to do with the first, thus unused morning). *Similis simili gaudet.*

For example (even though this is not explicitly written in the *Koran*), having arrived in front of *Al Araf*, the wall that, in *Mohammedan* belief, separates heaven from hell, *Alborak*, the white mule on which *Mohammed* journeyed to heaven, had to jump over it.

Сладость.

Besides that confidence in a global reason is being preserved with such one (rational) approach, one gains in the connectivity of little things (in the details of the picture, crocheting needles of Gobelin), piercing through all those small nets (on such a road) with an orthogonal field-glass down to the dwarf level, where *Andvari* can be seen, a *Norse* dwarf from whom *Loki*, the god of discord and mischief, stole a hoard of gold and a magic ring.

Sine dubio.

So that, taking into account all that could have (in front of the thought) interposed itself (thus moving the thinking from its way), one has to conclude that things are still in a certain harmony, that it is not true that negligence (carelessness, sloppiness, indifference, nonchalance, chaos, disorder, disintegration, *скука*) prevail, neither on the molecular nor on the macro level (*слагаемое*), although, one has to admit, all that becomes suspicious when one arrives at the order of magnitude of man (entering his shadow, curling under his cap, *согласный*), catching himself how, like an *androcephalous* (a lying sphinx with antique rings), under a human head licks the lion's paw. (As if it is a sweet root, a lady's vegetation, *солодковый*).

And even then (as always in cases like that), finding himself only halfway through [as if both *aphasia* and *agnosia* attacked him (the clinical trouble with words meanings, and the melody/manner of their pronunciation), the former from the left side of the brain, the latter from the right, because of which he is neither there nor here (no wonder that in the center of one's head one is half way)], he pretends he does not hear/understand even such a simple thing (an *androcephalous* - yet acting as an integral saint), i.e. he feigns that none of this could compromise exactly him, that, on the contrary, all that with the body doubleness (with the duplicity standards of the soul) is to be placed in its place (into the body-soul duality, *sine praesudicio*), while he, lying in state (having reduced, both high and low, on his paw), transits to a certain megacephalic state of bliss and caress (a bluish large-headedness), not quite willingly but without an ulterior motive either (which a quick observer might erroneously find in him), not hesitating to refute that, in the stony silence in which he will forever be, he ever was an *androcephalous* - the one who, in such a script, (*sit venia verbis*) ate people in *Egypt*.

{U, V-A, D}

02/02-03/03

Coagulation of Particular Into General

By dissolving the particular into the general, an impassive solution is obtained.

(Tout comprendre est tout pardonner? Ченуха).

That is why one has to move in the opposite direction (in the direction of an enlarging condensation, the magnification of a macro-cut, the hydraulic flood - *частично*), in the way summarized in the title above: *tout bien ou rien*.

While the particular may have excelled in this or that, reared (on its hind legs) here or there, leaned to this or that side, frothed after this or that, tried itself in this or that, emphasized that or this, manifested in this or that way, lined up here

or there (*η πολιτική, η εκκλησία*), got upset because of this or that, conformed to something which could have been located here and there, the general (during that time) spread out over all that (*το σινεμα*), not blaming it but neither praising it, not lifting it up higher than a standard trophy but not lowering it more than a nominal oblivion either, relating to it in the manner in which a general relates to the particular - having dulled its blade and rounded off the tip.

Ο κυκλος.

Because of that, it is no surprise when, having dissolved the particular in general, a predetermined result is obtained: the moderateness of the middle (the doubleness of truth, the polyvalence of plurality, the insignificance of singularity - *η δημοσιος υπαλληλος*), something that, in any case, is neither there nor here [neither in the offensive nor in refuge, neither in the grove nor on the hill, neither in the ears (or corn-cobs) nor in the haystack] - it rather (in harmony with itself) unfolds in the shade (nestles under the spade, *η υπαλληλος*).

Particular and general: so long as each is by itself, everything is lucid and clear, as soon as they mix (as soon as the particular is not visible because of the general, and vice versa), besides making them foggy, the assemblage acts like soaking wet gun-powder, it neither aims somewhere nor does it shoot (it neither burrows nor pecks) - listless (between two yawns) it roams (atop the paramount imitation), perhaps translating *Schurz* (*Carl Schurz*, 1829-1906, Am. general/statesman, born in Germany). *Traduttori traditori*.

Gaping into the void - how else to describe that which leans its elbows against the garish table of its bosses' alliance, from there throwing the crumbs onto the pamphlets of the subjects' doubt?

(Частник?).

The doubt of an easy care of the particular using the general (and vice versa), but also of the care of each one of them separately - after all, when was it that particular sat quietly on the balcony, while general accommodated itself on the throne?

Having reached said height (the height of the dwelling's balcony, that is, the palace's throne), those two (particular and general), do not stay there either - one of them (the particular) swaggers while walking, the other (general) brags while stalking. [While one signs the residence list (*человечек*), the other enlists in the templars' feast (*человеколюбивый*)].

Until both give way to this hour's sleepiness (its excessive extension beyond readiness, the wear and tear of pra-idea, the weariness of the geo-sphere's insomnia), and start singing together following the (not surprisingly trivial) libretto: the one according to which there would neither be particular without general, nor general without particular (nor would it be that the particular is eradicated by the general, or vice versa), nor would it happen that from all this bluish (in a tactless manner overflowing skyish) there protrude the greenish eyes of the retreating (once advancing) stuff in between (now it's seen - *стеклянный*), nor would it be that from the palm of the grassy surrounding there rise the fingers of quiet soberness, the break in the farce amidst the writings about the collective wellness - specific and universal (in the form of a novel and in an epic form, regional and olympic, autocephalic and *Uniate*, county- and province-like, para-state- and federal-like), full of a fine *Ascension* during the spiritual fall (a lyrical slope sweetened by a layman's hope), *sic passim*.

(An abode at whose door one knocks only when arriving at the wrong address, is an infallible sign of residential rightness, *стилистический*).

An extractive/separateness (from the general condition of principled presence) as orthopaedic luxation (dislocation as an insectival termination) - having pulled out with particular claws from the general jaws of the world, the insect which on that occasion (and by that procedure) is being obtained, is not even succeeding in taking off and already a chastisement caught up to it, in the form of a classical landing: in an airplane way, for another moment or two, it flickers (swayed, it fondles on its static entrails - it nails its hair under its comb), from such peaceful atoms coagulating into an atomic bomb.

Частица & все.

{U, V, S-C, A, D}

Disturbance While in a State of Rest (Regarding S. A. Kierkegaard)

Crazy wind - if it would only flare up, but it rolls over too. (*De profundis*). It jumps down from the roof, yet it looks as if prostrating itself from the height of its tummy or knee - it stirs a bit, paying more attention to completing its somersault. (*Трапеция*). Not even on *Mars* does it blow in such a wild/furious way, and yet, it is *Earth* which is said to be gentle and tame. (*Удача*). [As if the wilderness does not do its best in tameness - look up under *man* and *beast* (irrationality is classified under liberalism anyway, *αποκλείεται*)].

Theoretically, the traditional interpretation of the whirlwind (something in the air) reduces to the encyclopaedical studying of the storm (something in the soul), practically - even there not much collapses. *Duomo*. (What else to collapse under the sky in its own lapse?).

That is why the thing with the disturbance (in either the air or soul) is best considered when it is fully in the state of rest – when it does not present itself as much as it (*soi-disant*) can be foreboded. [While the fact that an entire forest, even if not too large, today has been uprooted - that the wind in the crown took all its branches down - remains to bear witness to the cellulose debris, why would one put himself in a situation to have to come up with an indestructible book (*édition de luxe*) from an ordinary fiber (*edit princeps*)?].

Disturbance while in a state of rest: isn't that the one which (drowsy) shows its teeth and growls (*tirailleur*), shuns the heavier sound (pretends it's not around), the one which, slouched [huddled in the net (*торжественный*)], together with the fallout of the world, fell into the hands of the remaining gravity, into the winter fold of *anno Domini* 2003, even though of all the deities presumably available there passes in review only some author of the self-realization of a wolf - from *Kierkegaard's* scorn of the jolly crowd into the sweet hermeneutics of *post-mortem* bound.

Угон.

Not even *Soren Aabye Kierkegaard*, that is, the religious *Danish* thinker (1813-1855: *счастливец?*!), would interpret the *Scripture* in the manner in which he did, if not forced by the dichotomy (splitting up, *суполока*) similar to the one implied above (in the connection with said wolf, *угорелый*): howling between believing and knowing (between imaginary and real), inside the *wolf* (an onomatopoeia of every *Soren*) even *Little Red Riding Hood* (by *Jakob & Wilhelm Grimm*) prepares herself for the co-operation with the boss - after all, she cannot jump out of it. *Te, Deum, laudamus*. [*Question*: if from the disturbance while in a state of rest some pattern is requested (some recognizable melody, motif, a model for the right attitude, *суперобложка*), why then the same is not required from passing away (stillness, quietness, a correspondence with the sense, *суточный*), without submitting, at that, to the pathetic prejudice of temptation - the subscription to the recipe, i.e. the recipe to the subscription? *Answer*: Because from a recipe the simplicity is required, while from a subscription is required that it is not expensive – however, one excludes the other. *Dum vivimus, vivamus*].

Being just another one who contributed (*подвижный*) to said disturbance, nothing better could have smiled at the *Dane* either - besides the fact that it still exists, the church (of his) has as much in common with his thought as that wolf with the mentioned girl - when it's full, that is. (*Μουσακας*).

Until then (until the complete and irrevocable satiating is achieved), all that existentialism (*точило*), that school of the extreme Protestantism (the suffering as a condition for the equality of the two, in essence, opposite derivatives of pain - one going up, the other down), will have to wait on the shelves (in a store) of the contemporary supply taking care of the classical demand - which means that it will have to wait forever. *Præscriptum*.

Having flown in on such an ungovernable wind, namely, both the disturbance while in a state of rest, and its protagonist (both the wolf and its howling - *Kierkegaard's* obscurity underneath the lancet of an aphorist) will be flying away for some time, just as long as needed to never fully fly away, yet of a quite satisfactory duration to not spoil the impression made so far, knowing well that things without them (without the disturbance and its hero) stand the same chance as when with them - deadened in their eye, lucid in their cry, not at all high. *Трафаретный*.
{U, V-C, A, D}

Living Abroad and Bias (Absence and Irreparableness)

To look or to see - a classical discord in which there finds itself sepia, the dark reddish-brown cuttlefish at the bottom of the eye of the world, as if these two colors provide it with a colorific stage (of both the pre-Inquisition Spain of *Sephardim* and the post-Diaspora Europe of *Ashkenazim*) on which there is what to chose from (as if there is what to *look* at like it has not been *seen* before), i.e., as if the inquisitorial Middle Ages did not just slightly retouch the *Babylonian* exile (the scattered germs of the dispersiveness), with such a slender revision having not disturbed even the sepia's *look* (the reddish gesture of its good will), let alone its *seeing* (the brownish concession to its self-escape), in order for the given, individual migration, to present itself as the urgent (official) evacuation before the noses of the *Thirty Tyrants*, thirty oligarchs who ruled *Athens* with great severity and absolute power in 404-403 B.C., until they were denounced by *Asa* (a king of *Judah*) who opposed idolatry (1 Kin. xv. 8-24.), while the exiled ones (on their part) calmed, putting themselves into habitualness.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

[Yes, *Asa* (not *As*) - one of the *Aesir*'s gods - just to confirm, although such a confirmation is unnecessary nowadays (*locus classicus*); furthermore, it would also pass unnoticed (*lana caprina*) in the *Epworth League*, the local scout organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, founded in 1889, to promote personal evangelism and intelligent Bible study. *Сделка*].

But they, the dispersed fractions in question, were not completely cured from all that (from the inquisitorial torment on one side, and the banishing anguish on the other) until the advent of *Asclepius* - the god of, such a fitting, healing and medicine.

Фармака.

[For, it is true that "Time's office is to fine the hate of foes", W. Shak., even if, in the meantime, all ten of God's emanations/attributes/properties/instructions (one whole *Sephiroth*) cost the victims dearly. *Locus criminis*].

Yet, it is a preconception to think that all happened exactly like that (that it cured itself so easily).

Сглазить.

Take, for example, the modest case of this registrant of the so-called "living abroad" (*που?*), who, instead of applying himself to the search of a cozier corner in the dwelling of his, with the assiduous ethics of a fine registrar (of outdated significance of the current hour) this evening again drills (bores, digs, baits a hook to catch a look of) difficult words with the easiness of a wading bird, and it is easily realized that their sense (the gist of those words, that is, the signification of the ontological-philological jewels of the adamant-like drilling (*Είμαστε στη Λαμια?*)) is lost already in the first reading - having crossed to the other side of such an imagined room of his [having sat quietly in a spot under the tasteful lamp, although with no adequate proviso for a full-fledged literary session (a stanchly organized erudite evening)], he may comfortably throw them (the words in question) towards the lamp's shade, they won't fall beyond their own disrepair [shaded, even the (light bulb's) *Watts* shun the porosity - however full of fancy - a sign of late eloquency].

Посмертный.

[At which, of course, the disrepair (dilapidation, ricketiness) does not count when everything's over, *посеребранный*].

Having escaped (first of all) from the self [*Ashkenazim* and *Sephardim* are here only as a trait, i.e. in the role, of the cabalistic seasoning (*Obadiah*'s prophetizing - *популярность*)], anyone who goes on such a journey does not return not because he cannot, but because he does not want to. *Magnanimiter cruce[m] sustine*.

Look how each *émigré* ends in his own bias: fruitlessly pompous, like the *Scepter of Our Lady* in the ditch of *Orion's Belt*, i.e. like *Uncia uncia*, the snow leopard from the mountains of Central Asia (including the parts of Siberia, *поодаль*), changed on the dot from the once quivering nostrils to a suitably stretched cat (*пополудни*), i.e. extended sufficiently to run after the snow all the way up to here (*ο Καναδάς*), only to find that (after all these years, and in spite of the fact that snow over there used to fall twice as much) the snow in question fell on him ("On me, whose all not equals *Edward's moiety*", W. Shak.) when everything was too late, when (as far as he remembers) being without any ('pro-reform') bias regarding the topic of a purportedly voluntary retreat (ostensibly 'living abroad', in the sense of *omne solum forti patria*) finally made him no longer count all that which fell, including the fallen country (fallen podium, *помост*), fallen sense of belonging (fallen display, *спектакль*), in that he (turned to whatever side – *напыщенный*) shunned all that before it shunned itself, and even if (in a courteous manner) sometimes recalling it (*посланец*), he does that in the sense in which a poor student remembers his only good marks - in *Absentia* and *Incorrigibility*.

Поселенец.

{U, V-C, A}

02/09-10/03

Cicada septendecim

Only habitual things can cross from this situation to another; getting closer to those items that are out of the ordinary, one finds that everything already spins around a unique marvel.

Поворотный пункт.

Take, for example, drowsiness (*το σλιπνικ-μπαγκ*): what part of it can be carried over to this sheet of paper depends on what succumbed to it (the sleepiness) - if the letters are sleepy, the word does not sleep; if the words took a nap, the paper doesn't doze off; if it is the paper's turn to come about (if it starts buzzing and humming), nothing tears away from the book; but if the writer fell asleep, only a miracle (wonder, marvel) can twirl this afternoon around an imminent promotion. *Aut Caesar aut nullus.*

Thus, having woken with a jerk from the slumber (having taken hold of the sobriety when, out of its *buzzing*, not even the "b" is heard), it can be noticed how time flows slowly, how sounds from the street quietly die down, and how the thoughts that had risen early slay themselves.

Микстура.

Does this mean that there arrives a universal deceleration, or one could rather speak of a loss of the interest for progress – this is the question which hovers above the mouth of the chronicler of this meager hour. (*Au grand sérieux*).

For, the hour which is in a state of lacking (which is in an ascetic condition) due as much to the careless change of speed (*дерзость*) as to the lack of a bigger reason for interplanetary exploration (*космический космонавт*), a kind of the moment which enthrones itself when all the others missed their target (*τι εχετε?*), a peculiarity of the expressiveness which can only gain in accountability (*πολυ? λιγο?*) - they all are the inspirations not easy dismissible without being withdrawn from the circulation by the fleetingness of supply. (*Ante lucem*).

Being reduced to the very quick gatherer of meaning (as quick as lightning), therefore, the one that this is about (*anno humanæ salutis*) does not leave anything to chance, nor does he rant because of the incoherency of this or that, nor does he carp about the working conditions (or salary raise), he even does not get agitated because of an obvious shortage of the right words (he already thought of expressing all this about meaning with something more paramount, more efficient, more inspired, concretely - with the charter of reason of a certain *Roderick Hudson*, the hero of *Henry James'* novel of the same name, a young sculptor who goes to *Rome* to study, has a love affair, and loses sight of his objectives. *Affaire du cœur*).

Because of which, not hesitating even as little as does a speeding hare (not pricking up the ears prior to the long jump without a suitable spot for the perfect idling), he directs himself to that side from which, anyway, nothing reminds him of today's sluggishness (on the contrary, 'Δεν εχετε τιποτα' echoes in his ear) - the inertness which, a short while ago, hardly pulled away from the hug of stillness, does not oblige him to continue keeping quiet – so that he (the one in question here), not impressed by the shouts of *Isak* either (the peasant in *Knut Hamsun's* "Growth of the Soil" and husband of beautiful *Inger*, an epitome of the ancient struggle of man with the soil), undertook to survey and measure the land according to a new method: based not on his modest occupation, but on its initial condition. *Amende honorable*.

As, however, from the soil there reaches through the window only the state of completeness (as nothing stops before snatching its end, *Μπορειτε να το σΦραγισετε προσωρινα?*), he had to abandon that, the land in question, too ("Even if it ripens, let it do that without me", he reckoned) – after all, his profession does not count as a modest one anyway; his is to count decorations, to polish them nicely (place in the drawer), to proclaim himself the first runner on the race list. *Æs triplex*.

The race in which, truth to say, only he participates (*преднамеренный*), but that was expected from him, for the very reason that he woke up from the nap to which (without that) one could not see an end, which led to the sudden development of the situation in the sense in which he, for a moment (a second, at most two) remembered all this about which it was inappropriate to keep a single word away, not to mention the whole essay of an extraordinary diligence, the condition in which he, in addition to have been aroused, thought of further steps of an attentive *Ascension* (the kindhearted scraps of a layman feebleness of the theological psychiatry of *Vladeta J.*), in the manner of *Tithonus*, a young man of whom *Aurora* has been enamored and whom Jupiter made immortal, having forgotten, however, to endow him with perpetual youth, which, when the hero aged (withered away), resulted in his taking the form of a constant cicada, an insect of a characteristically sharp chirp, produced by vibrating a tightly stretched membrane beneath the lower stomach - the abdomen-like surrogate of such a chaste nutritiousness of the entire day, imprudently cut through by the abrupt awakening of *Cicada septendecim*, a locust incited every seventeen years, about which he convincingly thought as being the master of all these letters in the interim too (*предопределение*), a kind of a lettered czar, taking it from the afternoon lethargy to the linguistic bar.

Предвестник.

{U, V, S-C, D}

02/11-13/03

Euphony of Assumption: From Beard to Hairstyle

And even if everything is explained to the end (*Ewigkeit*), who can claim meeting the demiurge (*ego et rex meus*) without being warned by *Plato's* followers and champions of *Gnosticism* that it was not him (*начальник*), that, there, one deals with only a skillful worker (a secondary deity, a demagogue of a favourable solution - *сразу*), although of the creative spirit and enviable eagerness, but also a possible originator of evil, sometimes too playful (of an eye fitted with glass), another time very kind (in heaven, too, it is well known what manners are), sometimes tactless (in spite of the label) - all in all, as much conflicting as necessary to ensure the feeling of loyalty and spread the shadow of suspicion (both separating from the crowd and sinking in its charm), ending the pause which borders him (the claimant) with the public announcement (checking out the redness of the press secretary), but in all that (*Πως παω εκει?*) he does not throw himself deeper than it could be justified with valid reasons of thriftiness and providence, knowing well that with the given appearance he can feel at home (*спячка*) as long as *Eurus*, the god of the east wind, does not blow its roof away (even a second-class one).

Спокойствие & спонсор (сторонник).

And because from the roof to the arch roof (vault, arcade) there isn't much - here we are, at the destination (on the summit of the world, *feu de joie*) - it is thought in the corridors of the openheartedness (flounces of *Assumption*, bandages of trite care, *fête champêtre*).

[If demiurge (in the capacity of the *Creator*) thought of the roof, his boss (the incarnation of *Originator*) seized the arch - it clanks from the floor (from the money pile), the ruffraff cries out (full of a sugared smile): *Μου δινετε το κλειδι παρακαλω?*].

To exalt (*Λεγεται η Βιλλα Παραδεισος*), to reach the heights at any price [if nowhere else, at least somewhere here (by the chandelier), between the ceiling and the roof (*en Dieu est tout*), true cheap but also necessary construction variants of another one, a conceptual vault - the firmament (*en Dieu est ma fiance*) - to jump farther (and higher) than one's own capabilities allow (*Deo favente*), to not consider the kitsch produced with such a move as something one ought to stay away from - on the contrary, in addition to being recommended (advised with thick lips), the *Assumption* is by all means being practiced, ringing in an emergency if the agitation has not been done on its behalf [as if, at the same time, both the empathy (pathetic fallacy) and the fury (insanity) stroke it, which is not far from the truth], today also elevating itself before tomorrow's re-run, like completing the proof of the remaining virtue: occupying with the self (with one's own uniqueness, *Dominus vobiscum*), insisting on the regeneration of a stylized conscience (*Deo juvante*), linguistically conditioned by belonging to a particular speaking area [by membership in *Accademia della Crusca*, an academy founded at Florence in 1582, mainly for promoting the purity of the local, Italian language (*Deo adjuvante*), a melodic version of Vatican canons (*Deo duce*), but also universal, in the sense of paying the bills of inexpressiveness with the speechlessness of liturgical academicians: "*Adieu (auf Wiedersehen, au revoir)*, in this phase" - there remains on their lips, untold but understood (like *panakeia*, the universal cure), *Deo gratias*].

("The juice nectareous and the balmy dew", Pope. *Deo non fortuna* - he must have meant).

Deo volente: how everything fits in the classical scheme can be seen from the pricked ears of the subjects of the law and order, the exemplary attentiveness of *Hygeis*, the goddess of sobriety and soundness of body (and daughter of *Aesculapius*), the qualities she watched over from her asteroid (between *Jupiter* and *Mars*), with a kinetic energy sufficient for three more lives - if only they can cope with this life of now [they reckon like that, act like that, perhaps a little hesitating before such a challenge of the one and same ethno-genesis, and even that only when they (said subjects) make sure it (people-origination) subjugated itself to the automatism of a formative association, (the subjects) being knocked to the side somewhat, if possible backwards - a typical *εμπαγc*].

(Having exalted in everything except in the self, the one who does that postpones all other things for tomorrow, when he is going to, anyway, come down for his medal regarding trifles, between the volubility of the garrulous flock and the polishedness of the smooth-spoken shepherd, patiently assigning himself to the golden middle - a daily *Assumption* to the practical salvation, in pursuit of the 'certificate' of doomsday: *страхование жизни*).

Строка красная: dealing with the inverse kind of euphony (achieving the sweetness in gesture, musicalness in voice, and elementariness in diction, with the trained actions of a standard guru of universal delusion, instead of letting the regardful/complacent changes of speech/sound to unfold naturally, by phonetic assimilation and dissimilation), the propagandist of the upward journey (the helper of *Assumption*, *суфлер*) plans, therefore, not only to propose such a voyage to his audience but also to realize it for them - in such a way as to keep repeating the lesson from the euphonic oratory until they themselves start muttering it under their breaths, their beards elevating to the same, unbearable height of the hairstyled self.

Deus avertat!

{U, V, S-A, W, D}

02/12-15/03

Wool Sweater

I have recently put on said sweater because it was very cold. *Данные*.

More exactly, the cold stayed longer (as if it booked the entire year for itself, *à tort et à travers*), in addition to myself being (as the phrase goes) 'up in years', so that early in the morning, leaving for work, I felt cold. (*At spes non fracta: bis pueri sens*).

[Even *Cassandra*, the daughter of *Hecuba* and *Priam* (King of *Troy*), a synonym for a person whose prophecies are not believed - because the talent of the prophecy she received as a gift from *Apollo* was withdrawn when he became angry with her - even she would find that people believe her, if, for the years piled up together with the local cold, she prophesied that, after a number of them, they start to shiver (to chatter their teeth)].

Normally, a wool sweater is rarely, or not at all, worn around here, even though winters are cold, colder than where it was knit. Wherever one to go – it's heated, including the car in which one makes the trip. *Compte rendu*.

But, during the last couple of weeks, the temperature did not fluctuate except between *-20* and *-30 Celsius*: the fact which brings one back to the previous explanation of the reason for wearing the sweater, knitted more than a quarter of the century ago (29 yeras ago, *ακριβως*).

However, because it was not used, it looked new. Although, in an odd way: not like a *freshly new* sweater, but like a *recently new* one, a *new sweater of those times* (the 'old fashioned sweater' - as a reporter dealing with obvious and direct things would certainly qualify it - in the meantime forgotten and now, here, brought to the light of day, all of a sudden put to use (impudently unfolded after being so humbly folded, *αισθανομαι*).

None else but vastly green and brown - of such vivid [as after heavy rains, uncontrollable floods (*ars est celare artem*)] deluged colours of *Дели Јован*'s forests, the earthly colours of *Тресибабa*'s hollows (the rugged crags of *Хомолье*'s furlongs), the moistened colours of ferngale caves of *Лишковац* (the clayish ditches of *Вришка Чука*), of all such colours (therefore) turned blue from, in principle, *Тимок* hinterland (*Восточный район*), perhaps shaded with only a bit of a paler green (and brown) reflections from the abdomen's wrinkles of *Рготин*'s lizard (under the stone in the fast brook of the next action of the torrents of thoughts) - of such colours and gleams, this sweater, thus, had to be classified under the catalogue item designating a mere cover (heavy cloth itching, the roughest possible standard wool that could present itself as being soft, *ex tacito*), all that which instantaneously is felt on the elbows, shoulders, both upper and lower back (in the head, *воμζω πως ναι*), as soon as one puts it on. *Est modus in rebus*.

К тому же, with opening in the front (buttoned up, with six buttons of which only one was slightly damaged, yet with the cracked edge still buttoning up its share of the sweater - without the perfection of an original circle but with the devotion of an exerted completeness, *meden agan*), of somewhat longer sleeves and a longer main portion too (that kind of sweater was/is supposed to be of an extended length, anyway), with two arabesqued motifs, both vertical (*memor et fidelis*), neither one more complex than the other (*mutuus consensus*), consisting of intertwined spirals, entangled leaves (the elongation of stems in the hours of revelation, a geometrical series in the folds of creation), finally, with two small pockets - for keeping (nothing bigger than) the elapsed time (the arithmetic sum of all those days, an ancient jug with nectar of no dismays), in order to not throw away that which does not count as an irrevocable oblivion, (not being tossed off) to save it for another gulp, even though it was consumed by an icreasingly smaller ant, *беглец*.

And when something like today's *Aquilo*, the north wind of the icy planet (*ледяной борозда*), causes said sweater to present itself in all its ethnical (folklore-like) form and the (memorial) pith, when, that is, the so-called chance (a coldness longer than usual, crossed with the age of the woolen sweater's owner) classifies it under the phenomena of decoding that which passed (which happened, which crafted and presented itself in the most direct of ways - with the wool of covering, the warmth of imaging, the characterization of one period with the cryptogram of the other, *modo et forma*), then from it - the very green and brown sweater of a traditional epoch - it is expected that, in relation to such origins (*cuilibet in arte sua credendum est*), it behaves in the manner of a well prepared tea: sinking in itself all these atoms of winter, not as much physical as caused by the shortage of the naive colours of the world (*naissance*) before the experienced coloring of the past summers (*natale solum*), as melted as bold, the summers in which, from the appropriate material and with a couple of knitting needles, the sweater in question originated and yet nobody, including me who recently put it on, thought of wrapping himself with it right a way, preventing the late acquaintance with something which then, in *Б.*, remembering all those mountains around *З.* (where she gave birth to me), my mother knitted (arranged and tied), and (like a snale its shell, in the same way pale) brought to this vale (of a frozen stride), returned and died.

Η μητερα (мать).

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Neologism of Peace, Neology of Insurrection

It is still cold {even *Numa* from *Februarius* [the month of expiation which (the atonement in question, last in the year) he almost forgot he had introduced] would ruefully utter: *nulla nuova, buona nuova*}, and yet, as if yesterday's demonstrations announced something new: not even an acclamation to the climate [including acclimation (*циклически изменение*: what started up as the same, ended up as the same)] can serve as an excuse for withdrawing from the self.

Cadit quæstio.

Before it becomes forgotten - probably the largest ever anti-imperialist (anti-aggression) demonstrations (*η διαδήλωση*) were held yesterday all over the world (*всюду*), on every continent (*езде*), mainly in the capitals of the imperial 'alliance/coalition' [in the cities located more to the (peripheral) East, which, in the already stale happenings, leniently (with their tails between their legs) joined said 'alliance', the crowds were proportionally quieter, some completely silent: *полный капитуляция, включая духовный*].

It thundered and boiled, therefore, in the boilers of the 'coalition', which, according to the fixed calendar of the ever increasing insatiability of the already notorious appetite of *Pompilius*, just readied itself to dive at the next victim country, no matter which one (one should rest assured that it was smaller and weaker – *n'importe*) and no matter what (fabricated) reason may have been presented to the audience (one should be certain that it was none of that which could not have been imputed to the aggressors themselves – *n'importe*); no change in either of the two (the target country, and the reason for targeting it), namely, would have altered even the most peripheral trait in the aggressor's mentality, not to mention the dominant one, a distinguishing quality of the contemporary brute, featuring the slogan, as always, of the previous ones (*oderint dum metuant*), nor would it in the conscience of the (current or any other) victim find a response more dramatic than some additional fear, mixed with, more or less, a disgust fermented into a hush.

Πριν/Μετα το Φαγητο.

It remains to be seen what will come of it (of the protests and their causes/protagonists, on each side), but the worldwide satellite scene already glares and shines (*тарелка* sparkles and glitters): the dragon started wobbling, even if it waddles away into the war (which, knowing it well, it will do) - it will return in a stagger (more isolated than before). *Cum notis variorum.*

And, because from loneliness to thinking there is less than from thinking to loneliness (*leve fit quod bene fertur onus*), when finished considering all and everything, the one who, alone, did it (performed the deliberation), will at least place its (the dragon's) tail where it belongs (*nul bien sans peine*), if the things are not going as easy with its snout [if on its (the dragon's) TV-show the same phrases always plow, getting the situation (however cliffy) under control (and that - in a jiffy!)]. *Mendacem memorem esse oportet.*

Врунья.

For, even if it is possible to dive with the imperial neologisms into the shallow minds of the blotters of phrases [it is not the intention of this meager treatise to, even in a paltrier manner, list them, it is enough to turn on the radio, open the newspapers, not fall asleep in front of the TV set (*вскочить*)], one should not count on being any smarter (pardon, deeper) repeating the old words in the new packaging of the current phraseologists ('persons skilled at coining phrases and catchwords', *Webster's*). *Nugæ canoræ.*

[“I learnt my complement of classic French (Kept pure of *Balzac* and *neologism*)”, E. B. Browning].

At which, *E. B. B.* did not have to be *D'Israeli* to conclude that the given purification was the least carried out there where the biggest opposition to the given neologisms existed.

Maggiore fretta, minore atto.

("Neology, or the novelty of words and phrases, is an innovation, which, with the opulence of our present language, the English philologist is most jealous to allow", D'Israeli. *Magna est vis consuetudinis*).

As neology on the other hand, like the rationalism in theology, deals with the introduction of new doctrines too, it can be supposed that, in the cases in question [the cases in which words are being derived based on their usability, i.e. their utilization/exploitation properties relative to, of course, the needs of their users/manipulators/mentors (*magister caeremoniarum*), and not to the needs of the intended 'end users' (*loyal en tout*)], one transacts business with the rationalization of a new faith - the faith in chattering threadbareness instead of in taciturn uniqueness, in manufactured reality instead of in foreboded dispersiveness, in spectacular strikingness instead of in spectral diffusion, in a *basic simple sentence* (containing only a simple subject and a simple predicate) or, at most, in a *simple sentence* (in which the subject or predicate has modifiers or complements), instead of in a *compound-complex sentence*.

(Πριν πατε για υπνο).

A sentence representing the ultimate jewel of the *Neocene* epoch of the *Tertiary* (from 54 to 38 million years *B.C.*), during which mammals underwent their greatest development and manlike types appeared as the crown which, even today, one should not shun - under the condition of not being taken in by words without meanings, *бессмысленный анекдот, ore tenus*.

It's getting dark, becoming more and more silent since the times when, first bashfully then increasingly persuasive, there walked out *Nox*, the goddess of the night (identified with the Greek *Νyx*), hand in hand with *Nephtys*, a divine lady of *Set*'s household, who (together with *Isis*, the goddess of fertility) was concerned in the ceremonies for the dead, to be performed when everything is brought to its place (finding the peace within the self), without a bit of insurrection (or even its pose). When there starts to rule repose.

Salve sabreur! Serus in caelum redeas!

{U, V-A, W, D}

02/18-20/03

Impetuosity of Proceeding, Gradualness of Procedure

Even when it warms up (when the temperature raises to minus eight), it is not known whether that happens because the winter felt pity on the weather, or it started to blow into its hands. *Parva componere magnis*.

Запыхаться.

(If the winter had compassion for the weather - it did not dare cede more, if it started to warm up itself - it did not count on such a capacity in its lungs. So that, in either of the instances, the thing with warming up reduces to the case of a restraint - only it can explain the insufficient impetuosity of proceeding, *плавучий*).

Impetuosity of proceeding: if it is sufficient - things change fundamentally (*наводок*), if it is not - the change is insufficient, even for a story smaller than this (*очертание*).

In a sudden application of rules of change there lies the whole wisdom of the impetuosity of proceeding (*отмычка*) – just how much such an undertaking is indeed wise is best judged by that which crowns it when true. (*Συγχαριτηρια!*). If, as in the case of temperature, the thing becomes lukewarm - it is necessary to draw it closer (as a hungry person would the pot), if, however, it does not thaw a bit - it will have to be given (during the break in the performance of men's singing society *Liederkrantz*) to drink *Rhine* wine *Liebfraumilch* (from *Darmstadt*). *Suum cuique*.

On the other hand ('on the other hand' - not even a hunter hunting his own head would get ashamed of such a level-headed approach to swinging the stick behind someone else's tail), it is seen that something is to be left for the gradualness of procedure, too. (*Открыто*, not everything is in the impetuosity of proceeding, anyway).

The gradualness of procedure (*знак отличия*): if it is insufficient - things are not in for anything which haste was not (*спешка*); if it is sufficient - tranquility is guaranteed, even for a story bigger than this (*спокойствие*).

The one (impetuosity of proceeding) reflects itself in impatience, the other (gradualness of procedure) in patience - which of the two will be accepted today does not depend as much on the (im)patience of the participants in daily transactions of eloquent profitableness and up to date confirmation, as on who dreamed what last night (what came into whose view, during the dream). *Sic eunt fata hominum*.

According to that theory (*secundum ordinem*), the one into whose view there came an overthrow, will start running after the culprit (will act according to the criminal proceeding, *jus canonicum*), while the one to whom a cease fire presented itself will enter the negotiations (will act according to the peace procedure, *jus gladii*) - they will not understand each other, even if during the day they adequately collaborated regarding the rhythm of their respective tasks. [One thing is the impetuosity of proceeding (*leonina societas*), another the gradualness of procedure (*le monde savant*)].

The impetuosity of proceeding, the gradualness of procedure: in the first case - a sudden/uncontrolled release of the end result takes place (*συγκινητικός*), in the second - a polishing of the sum (*συμβαίνει: τι συμβαίνει?*). Wherein, under the sum a total of the antagonisms of partakers in the given ebullition (the exceedingness of things at a critical point, *Προσεξτε!*) is understood, and under the polishing - the hands put up, *Βοήθεια!*

[The safest way to go from rebelliousness to surrender (from impetuosity of proceeding to gradualness of procedure) is by means of negotiations, the kind of friendliness practiced when dealing with *Liebchen* (sweetheart, darling), an exemplary incarnation of a favorable solution whose champions are found among the personages known for their friendly rapture with justice, full of the bachelor's atmosphere of 'domestic representants' (*δομασινий*), and 'accredited emissaries' (*типичный представитель*), whereas (of course) said justice offers as much actual (real) cover/security as the square root of negative one, i.e. as (for the occasion) a properly declaratory put together (formulated) and appropriately read 'material'. ("When the reading was over, nobody said capital, or even good, or even tolerable", *Hook*. Yet, all signed it up). *Jus et norma loquendi*].

If it did not go too far in emphasizing the expected characteristics of temporal troubles of ever hindered population (snow drifts, wind, frost, *Φονάζτε την αστυνομία, ограничение*), unskillfully concealed by a sporadic (insignificant, here-and-there) warming up (as it is the case today, *мягкий*), not even this winter would have been able to line up so easily on one side (on the side of words of failed treaties, *Latine dictum*) - this way, it is at least comforting that none of the other articles on the same theme offer more satisfactory chance for negotiations about the everlasting goodness.

Мим.

("Other articles breathe the same severe spirit", Milner).

Whatever season is in question (winter or summer), whichever things are about [about the membership in the *Camorra*'s guild (a secret society, organized ostensibly for political purposes, with a programme based on armed action and violence), or about the sorority dealing with a seminar(y) of Christian Democrats of a not-insular / neo-liberal, i.e. reform-based programmatic orientation (at the price of *lèse majesté*)], finally, whomever this is to do with (whether *Odyssey*, who in such a thoughtless manner went on that journey of his, or *Calypso*, a sea nymph who detained him for a full seven years on a far away island), the impetuosity of proceeding will be replaced by the gradualness of procedure (*les bras croisés*), according to *Addison*'s recipe: "Calm and unruffled as a summer's sea, When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface". *Les doux yeux*.

If it was not for the miniature fly revolving around the disk containing this text (*in usum Delphini*), one even bigger thought (*живой*) would jump into the afternoon analyzed (considered, understood) in the above manner; this way, it remains to pull out gradualness of procedure (its summer landing) from the fly's impetuosity of proceeding (its winter standing), with as little death as possible on the way (the falseness of spring).

Гибкий.

Zinc Coat of Memory

Exiguous is one's memory.

(It clangs like zinc).

Цинк.

The most one remembers is the least of what happened to him. *Servare modum*. Remembering more - he would not believe himself, remembering less - he would forget that too.

Связанный.

(That is why he stays the same: remembering only that which he remembers - the same, no more and no less but the same, in the same way in which the Greek word for "never" and "when" is one and same - *ποτε*, which is not far from the truth: when *never* becomes *when*, *when* disappears *never*).

He (the one who remembers) is left, therefore, with as much memory as necessary to not cause him difficulty with regards to the correct understanding (of all this), in a typical situation of lethargic relaxation (characteristic calmness, *аккуратный*) of a spontaneous aphasiac (*тихий*), a sort of a milder case of acute aphasia [an induced loss of ability, in a grammatically relational way, to use or understand words (*Πρέπει να μείνετε στο κρεβάτι για τρεις μερες*)] of a person who attributes significance to a clinical reminescence not larger than a small probability of the exact diagnosis of a hushed being. *Stat pro ratione voluntas*.

"Thus while I ape the measure wild, Of tales that charmed me yet a child", *Scott* - look what he (the one who remembers), in spite of being so drowsy, recalls, whispering to himself *Scott's* words of the standard description of a convenient phase of early childhood (a phrase after a phrase), as if the arbitrary praises to the past games appeal to anyone other than protagonists of the present result (the ones who, having neither evening nor morning service to console with, throw themselves into the unsolved afternoon).

Тяжелое испытание.

Вторая половина дня. Remembering the unclear images underneath the pleiad of the impudently clear ones [presenting the slouched posture above the canonically timed (eloquently set) *Canon's Starwriter-30* word processor as another (closing?) uncertainty in the multitude of others, which consequently (on their part) stayed as such], the one who does that (the person in question, *вон там*) actually dares not push away into the day's emulsion - proclaiming the bad mood of the writer (the operator of said processor) a source of photographic hindrance, and the whole fleet of such processors (the electro-mechanical counting the time, *двигатель*) a source of the workshop impediment.

For, (besides being exiguous) the memory is short.

(It clangs like zinc).

Цинк.

The one who tries to remember something is unable to recall even that of a year (or two years) ago, let alone that from a half a century (or so) ago. *Неспособность*.

And even if he is able [if succeeding in recalling, in a year, something which took place a year ago (*впечатляющий*)], having travelled during that (light) year 6 million million miles (as if the trip was intended to finish off the one who, *неосторожный*, went on it), the traveler in question adds to the broken sentence (his own history, whose beginning is forgotten, and the end disjointedly waves) just another word - an uncertain data in the sea of others, *несущественный*.

WaTor_98

Thus, it is better if he keeps quiet (about that, too).

(Quam diu se bene gesserit).

To keep quiet, to keep silent (again and again - to hush), see what it came to while describing the images (of a contagious discourse) of the everlasting pause between the formal dizziness and the official consciousness, true, subject to a few variables [life, death, and stoicism in the split of (in that manner) resulting layman], but also a function of two inherent constants (the certainty of a victim and the argumentation of a libertarian), sufficiently independent to not succumb just like that to a taciturnity greater than a functionally permissible and hierarchically acceptable one. *Obra de común, obra de ningún.*

All that he is capable of reckoning (thinking he's imagining it), he generously does while still awake (reducing it to a line in the text, a sparkle in a thought, *otiosa sedulitas*), in return getting no more than a menthol aromatization (*pari passu*), adequate, in truth, to prevent the violet lavender (in the vase on the table, shadow on the lungs, *point d'appui*) from becoming a lighter shade of pale (something like preventing *Lavendula spica* from wilting towards magnesium mica), but, then, inadequate for his ex-country (even if rolled in all that) to not go through the same thing through which every *Liguria* does (each enslaved by its own Romans).

(Μπορείτε να το σΦραγίσετε προσωρινα?)

Although to him (the one who remembers) something precious always shows itself (*as if no jewel he will miss, from his mine of memories*) - *officina gentium*:

as if (before freezing in *Orion*) the precious stone named *lygyrion* [a reddish-orange *hyacinth* (Ex. xxviii. 19)], separates like ice from freon (CCl₂F₂): a single coat of zinc (*Цинк*) around the memory (in sync).

{U, V-A, D}

02/23-25/03

Outing

Sporadic in principle, on Sundays not even a bus passes by (for all practical considerations and purposes) - let alone something less important, something which (even when, after an *outing*, deadens itself) does not stop testifying about the unperceivable inadequacy.

Tôt gagné, tôt gaspillé.

'If it's like that on Sundays, it doesn't mean it's like that during the other days' - would be a remark of a watchful observer of things, *наблюдатель*, as if they - the things - were reducible to a means of transportation without a metaphysical engine, *tombé des nues*.

Whereas, of course, both with and without said drive (the engine based on obsolete thoughts, *tria juncta in uno*), the only thing that (in due course) would pass by (that would still be able to disappear down the street in the same, winding way), would be the meandering itself - a convolution as the ultimate self - going down the overcast street as down the cobblestone sky. ("O'er the calm sky in convolution swift, The feathered eddy floats", Thomson).

Извилистый.

Having reminded myself of carrying (drinking) water from the spring of ascertainment (having recalled an outing that materialized before the times of a fervent suspicion), by pure chance (spontaneously, silently) having revived the picture of *М. М. Луж (Роша)* - the one-liter plastic-threaded bottle [in two, at most three colours (*падуца*)] and the pupil carrying it so simply [having renounced complexity at its neck already] - one realizes that not everything is conveyed by that scene only (*η εικονα*), that it is to be completed by dispersing it into the present one (*το τοπιο*), gaining in the dusty continuation (reflecting in the additional dust, *порошкообразный*), independent of the type of people who

participated in the outing [parents and kids (derivativeness of extension, *родословная*); I think I remember that *Звонко Г.* (now an artist, then a classmate) was there too], and independent of the type of day in which the summer in question could not have been extinguished (an August afternoon, the tranquillity of implantation, *раскаленный докрасна крепостное право*) without being overwhelmed by an early sobering (all of the bottles of this world - none with that summer's thirsting sword, *адειоза*), that, after all, to derive from it (the described picture of the past age, a full oscillogram of the personal page, *собственное встречаться*) an excessively decorated prosody (the overdressed versification, *стихи*) is also a matter of the garishly rhymed reverberation, *сведуций*.

[And who else but *Vicars* is to say how to get rid of those who behave like that (who do not listen to the above reasons): "Hurl them down on their pates, Awhile to keep off death which properates"].

In other words, not even *Proteus* (a sea god, the son of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*), of distinguishing abilities [including assuming different shapes at will], a synonym of a changeable, shifty and fickle person (one who readily changes his principles or appearance, i.e. the one about whom, alternatively, it is also said as being clever and resourceful), even such a hero would not be able to put together more poems from less verses while singing of his own resourcefulness during the outing to universal profitableness - another reason to search more and sing less of modest excursions. (*Suus cuique mos*).

Which brings us to the result of the search regarding this excursion to the summit of simplicity (an outing to the bottom of reducibility, *autres temps, autres mœurs*), a jaunt from which everything started, with a practically negligible move of an ostensible pen (by inaudibly striking the first key on the *Storwriter*'s keyboard), like a surgery incision with not too great chances for post-recovery, rather done in order to facilitate the access to the 'gallery of faces' [as it is (in a trendy way) customarily said], the countenances of people some of whom may be living and some not, as well as to understand that, for any of them (*pleno jure*), the mentioned day trip cannot be brought into question without causing a particular impact on the flow of things, which was such as succinctly described and is now easy to be judged in this or that way (as if it was to do with a regular undertaking of the protagonists in the given situation, *more suo*), when it is very well known that it all happened (that all happens, *tout à fait*) in a way in which the partakers in the outing (the excursionists in the excursion, the picnics in the picnic, the hikers in the hike) early in the morning started going towards *Мокролушко поле* (the grove in question), on one side decorated with some low stubble (together with a berry bush, *vis medicatrix naturae*), on the other with yellow and white flowers (not disturbed with anything as much as with the unparalleled distance of a dreamland, *en plein air*), through which, if having a better look, there goes a pathway and on it one (of exemplary behavior and excellent marks) schoolboy (*школьник*), carrying a one-liter glass bottle threaded on the outside with a nylon line in two, at most three colours (*аркуй*), having relinquished complexity already at the point of reaching the spring or well (*le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point*), simply carrying it, therefore, towards the place where the rest of the vacationers were/are each busy with their adjustments of purpose, nonchalantly aware of that (in all that) it is not to do as much with the imminent thirst as with the strikingness of something that is condemned to oblivion in a larger container (*космический артерия*), from which the then schoolboy today scooped (with his bottle) water only for himself (*самостоятельность*), having forgotten the names of a few still living participants in the outing, and having failed to remember the thirst in the day out of the perished ones.

Все.

{U, V-C, D}

02/26-28/03

Cases of Situation

It's long before *Bon*, a religious festival observed by Japanese Buddhists from July 13 to 16, when the spirits of dead ancestors are supposed to come back (*digito monstrari*), yet these and the like expectations are being warmly encouraged at the end of February, as if there is no longer than the next beginning until the summer, *en effet*.

And if it is like that here (*entre deux feux*), then not even the European bison (*Bos*, common ox, buffalo, bull) has reason to lower its snout below the fume lifted to the air by a sigh of the vain recollection of the days of a larger herd.

(Как попало).

Because of that, it would be a good idea [there reckons the master of the trade (the reinforcing of reason with spiritual bricks, *зdec*)] to erect such a (suitable) kind of wall [*мым*, between the axiological phone (drawn in principle) and the ontological screen (of a cripple)] which wouldn't let even the "e" from "expectation" to the other side, not to mention empty hopes regarding an aristocratic reconstruction of the soul, *en grand seigneur*.

("Let walls be so constructed as to make a good bond", Mortimer. *Связь*).

{At that, and in order not to go through the same experience as did *bohunk* [(the unskilled laborer from East-Central Europe) who, under the circumstances here, more easily than typically is the case, exposes himself to the danger of being taken in by the stories of a painless transfer of property (both house and yard) from the bank's to his own account, not suspecting, namely, that still valid goods (the goods whose owners no longer exist - *bona notabilia*), before becoming goods without an apparent owner (*bona vacantia*), become perishable (*bona peritura*)], the master in question starts searching for the *Lost Pleiad*, apparently (figuratively) the seventh of the seven daughters (*Pleiades*) of *Atlas* and *Pleione*, six of which were placed by *Zeus* in the constellation *Taurus* (in the starry eye of the previously mentioned bull), while one got lost and is not yet found (the one who responds to the name *Lost Pleiad*), even though, of course, in the case in question the subject of his interest refers to the lost number (seven out of seven) rather than to the number of the lost (one out of seven), not writing off the cynicism of the accompanying phraseology less than what nominally is expected from him, even if *Pope* himself solemnly signed it off: "Will Omnipotence neglect to save the suffering virtue of the wise and brave?". *Extinctus atabitur idem*}.

The last days of February (2003): as if its collectiveness is the last too - from one collection (that of virtues) to the other (of merits) there rush both the young and old [of those, that is, in the "circles" of the (spiritual-secular) governance], yet - the whole effort reduces to pettiness of mind regarding the (ingredients of the) procedure. *Epulis accumbere divum*.

Конгрессмен & Съезд.

("The most natural division of all offenses is into those of omission and those of commission", Addison).

То αξιωμα & επισημιος.

There does not exist a lapse that did not happen in order to plug the hole in the sky - such big (and holy) goals on one's road were not set even by (Milton's) *Gabriel* (humming '*en Dieu est tout*'): "Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat, Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night". *Fama semper vivat!*

Considering grammatical rules at the end of (yet another) month of hush [neither first nor last (nor in the middle of becoming lush), nor used for some informative plot (its cracked lips transformed to a nought)], taking as an example the autarky (self-sufficiency of a nation), and its subjects (at the present died out highlanders - some time in the past authentic and strong), it is seen that nothing can be used to justify that whose syllables are sounded out with great difficulties after it was fluently read, although it is true that it can be additionally despised: dependance on foreign words is no better than not having one's own, whatsoever.

I gran dolori sono muti.

(*Взаимное обвинение*: description of things differs from their look anyway, regardless of how much the latter presents itself with false description).

Whatever to add to all this suppressed (in that it is falsely said) - it will not make March from February without, at that, reducing it to the same, phonetic waste, in the sense in which all that is frozen continues by changing from ice to jelly (*косметическое желе*), from avalanche to steam (*на всех парах*), from the self to someone else (*превращение*), too hot to be able to levelheadedly take care of the rules of survival within the inimical encirclement of formal interpretations (canonical interpreters, *переводчик & переводица*) of yet another month of the official truth of cases of a situation (words of presentation), *почить на лаврах*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Between 1 and 2 MeV

No one is irreplaceable - nobody means too much. (From whatever angle to look – it's the best). *Modus operandi*.

Расщелина.

Συμφωνω.

And even if someone (although disposable, long ago *незнакомец*) means much - if he looks back (or ahead of him), one out of all breakthroughs recommends him: when he conceived to forget all this. (Pretending he doesn't care). *Justum et tenacem propositi virum*.

[That one, also, can do without anything (except without an unrealizable idea, *magnum bonum*), belongs to another story; it is mentioned here so that it does not look that this one (the story unwinding here) struts around with a realizable notion (a viable conception), *компетентный*].

Having come out to open space, or having curled up in the corner over there (having untied from the head, or having tied in it), having pierced the opposing side, or having left it to still shiver (having frozen in a sea expedition, or, in the golden fleece, having warmed up like an argonaut), having derived manner from custom, caprice from manner, from caprice having acted against tradition - such a course cannot boast of the shepherd's understanding without sheep hanging it like a small bell too.

Populus vult decipi.

("Custom has an ascendancy over the understanding", Watts. *Ora et labora*).

Having taken the proposed corner as an example, even it (the angle between reason and plywood) presents itself as Sanskrit *asrama*, a hidden place in which a group of devotees from the East would easily devote themselves to the repentant life of religious meditation and healing simplicity of *Aesculapius*, the god of medicine, if they were not prevented from doing that by the learnings of *Archontic*, one of a fourth century sect who held to the belief that the world was not created by God, but by heavenly rulers called *archons*, whose rule extended more than anyone's expectations (including theirs), so much that even *Asshur*, the chief *Assyrian* deity, in charge of war and possession - an act and result of a nominally (institutionary) understood Empire - would not find in all that anything unfavourable to the exhibited devotedness of the subject group of rural hermits, under the condition that, out of that corner there (between the opposite and the right wall, where *краеугольный камень* is), they don't make Sanscrit *asrama*.

Временный храм.

For, it looks more appropriate that it (the desolate corner in the fully furnished room, *utile dulci*) be utilized by a worthy expert, the practitioner of *architectonics* (the science of systematizing knowledge), *sero sed serio*, in order to prove the fictitiousness of any other presence in it, presenting himself as *Ariel*, the Lioness of God, the airy spirit and servant of *Prospero* in *Shakespeare's* "The Tempest" [when he is not, that is, an Australian flying phalanger (*Phalangista*), or *Gazella dama* (from either Asia or Africa)], having found the inspiration for cancelling out the doctrine of the real (actual) presence of anything else in the given corner in *Petrobrusiani*, a follower of *Peter (Pierre) de Bruys*, a *Provençal* who in the beginning of the twelfth century preached against the doctrine of baptismal regeneration and the use of churches, altars, crucifixes, relics, and prayers for the dead, as if *Areiopagos* itself, a supreme tribunal at *Athens*, famous for the justice and impartiality of its decisions, approved of him, while (also the Greek) god *Ares* [the same one who, for the Romans, was in charge of war (*Mars*)], reduced every offensive thought of him to a petrescent state of the adversary - neutralizing the potential danger by converting the foe into a silent stone [the opponent's immobility = his mobility; *sic semper tyrannis* - something similar to the modern, so-called pre-emptive strikes (against a more or less pompously announced enemy), in the sense of taking a belligerent initiative].

Μικτη ασΦαλεια.

The only thing which, in actual fact, has been forgotten here, is that (under the circumstances) not even *St. Simon* [more exactly, the *Earl of St. Simon* (1760-1825)], the forerunner of socialist ideas, who held that with the social ownership of securities (nowadays called shares), and the just distribution of the results of work between the workers, there would be created a social order free of diabolism (which characterizes it otherwise)]; not even the Count in question, therefore, in the situation in which seven centuries beforehand *de Bruys* found himself, would snap with so much vehemence at such an injustice without avoiding that his (the Count's) descendants proclaim his rage a relic past, denying it any genuine (factual, valid, *bona fide*) justification.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

What is all that which flows in the desolate corner in the brimming room is best seen, therefore, in that way in which (as in the case in question - *sile et philosophus esto*) one lets the room fill in (on its own, *автономный*) with the constituent elements of a nominal abode (*το διαμερισμα*), while its corner, during that time, jangles empty - so much that it starts causing a warranted suspicion of not a small number of long-established objects and local populace in the form of six dining chairs (styled in a sensible rococo fashion), one dining table (for six), two beige sofas [generically fitted to an explicable levelness of the *n*-th afternoon of the author of these, serial notions about all these (*n x 12*) hours of daylight], one package of dates (because of whose seeds time numbs as soon as it gets rid of its crumbs), and a handful of molecular flies, of hereditary properties of a programmatic buzz of target particles bombarded with the same, aggregate yawn of the daily outcome (nightly collection) of *everything which is* in relation to *everything which is not*, of energy between 1 and 2 MeV.

Диапазон.

{U, V-C, D}

03/01-03/03

Appropriate and Inappropriate Memoirs

Isn't it, maybe, that it will turn out that all this was not as it was claimed?

Тяжелая утрата.

{That, for example, dreaming was done only furtively! Or (in a milder case) it revealed itself too early [and then (*Aufklärung*) curled in an alleged Enlightenment]}.

Argumentum ad ignorantiam.

And, if it *was* like that, why *it is not* any longer? (That which is told about it can be dismissed - the tales are always considered a feline whim, consumed by a fire place when not narrated).

Argumentum ad iudicium .

Thus, it follows that the hesitation regarding that which (in a certain way, *το παρελθον*) *did* happen, is justified, for the simple reason that it is *not* anymore (and it is well known what can be attributed to the fate of a man who errs).

Ошибочный .

("Faulty men use oftentimes, To attribute their folly unto fate", Spenser).

Posing, moreover, in all that as in a presentation whose beginning is not seen (and the end is related to the difficulties of a temporal kind), they (the chroniclers of their own destinies, *πρησμενοςο*) do not let themselves to confusion so easily: having run out from the rigidity of facts to the field of corresponding adjustments (with the mentioned, waving pennon) - truth to say, of a spontaneous (although a very light) interpretation of happenings (and things) - they find enough docility in the lessons about niceness for harmonious steps of tamed players towards chronological happiness (afternoon's considerateness, dwellers' code of lastingness).

Простой совершенство.

(“They had the air of figurantes, attitudinizing for effect”, De Quincey). *Привлекать.*

Registering something which *was*, the majority of registrars (of their own understanding of things) agree in one: that which happened in the way in which it was not supposed to happen, *did not* happen (in the sense that, even if it did happen, it was against their efforts and opposing actions); that which, on the other hand, happened according to the custom and tradition, *indeed happened* (in the sense of expressed agreement with the action/attitude of the registrars).

Быть видным.

Whereas the fact that even a method used by *Hercules* [when he in a day cleaned 3,000 oxen (uncleaned for thirty years) in the stable of *Augeas*, by diverting two rivers through it] wouldn't help them (the mentioned registrars) stay clear from the matching omen, does not bother them more than they care for the given (*Augean*) stable. *Argumentum ad verecundiam*. [Question: “Why so many oxen did not drown in so much water?”. Answer (c/o *P.J.*): “Actually they did – of course, in the same (bogus) way in which *Hercules* diverted the rivers”].

Дождик & души.

Even when it was coming to them (said registrars), winter like this was not happening to them; having undertaken to describe winter misses (if at least time would reverse - they would be targeting the winter with the summer), in the spring they are being benumbed by the gentle blowing of reason and purpose (regarding the role of their own side, certainly) - a cordial musicalness of nature (rustical audibleness of notes) is that which, in their writings, expresses the advantage over disturbing scenes of the look through time (pardon, window).

“Vernal airs attune the trembling leaves”, *Milton*, and “Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play”, *Pope* - are the leitmotifs of those (and the like) doyens of mere semi-deeds, less bards more chroniclers, with respect to the (then made) standard blunder of appropriate memoirs. (*Ad unum omnes* - in that sense cheering).

The standard blunder of appropriate memoirs: to stay with one's own recipe for contentment, to not count on a worse diagnosis, to also trivialize the description as the described (the object of describing, various occurrences usually) does not differ from triviality.

[To perpetuate oneself with the motto (make believe *Virgil*'s) on the other side of the privy seal: *Annuit cœptis!*].

Only the smaller number of those who let themselves into a specific gamble with the interpretation of the completed/finished things [as well as those things which, by all means, last without discontinuity (e.g. *Сибирский леопард*)], i.e. only that number of those *observers of things* (it's best to call them like that) who come to the entirety by recapitulating the result without adjusting the sum, and (subsequently) by putting the thread of (in such a manner obtained) almost final words (*наконец*) through the needle intended for selecting the absurdity (*отбурать*) and bagging the banalization (*перестать*) - only such a minority did manage to solidify time into the finished typesetting at the moment at which it (time) was all set to spill over (like it did in the case of the majority) into all those books about the adjusted sameness (*тот же самый*), considering the dies of the adjustments as the beds of the solutions, without any of the latter not being threaded through said needle into the sting of these - dear reader! - such inappropriate memoirs.

Неприятность как правда.

{U, V-A, D}

Crust

The day is breaking earlier, but (so much ahead of time) it boasts too.

Πовстанец .

It shouts as if it knows what it is doing (attributing only a formal importance to the escapade from the gloom, *ο διπλωματης*).

Дипломатический.

Even if it falls asleep (*там и сям*), it rectifies the error in such a way as to assign to itself (at the next instant) the role of a well commenced morning (if only it would meet a convincing noon as well).

But, that's the thing - early mornings end in themselves.

(Of so many possibilities, the safest is to hold onto the first one). *Post equitem sedet atra cura.*

Beginning of March: fifth, sixth, seventh - even such a triad of dates does not stand out from the oneness (a singular mention) of *datum* [the initial/unprecedented legacy of my father's stratum (nothing more combined is left)]: it has been for thirty one years now that from these, *Lent* mornings (*επι πλεον*), as insignificantly as they themselves are imperceptibly longer (as paler as they are bluer), there lessens the weight of one (correspondingly fading) *de Stijl* tenet [marked by the use of rectangular projections of a classical ark in two primary colours, or grays and blacks (the complements of the 1917 red, when said style was first presented/announced)], of as much artistic as vanishing principle of permanency - from the solidity of the past scene (firmness of raster – by all means green) to the scattering of glean [sentimentality of the split, inviolability of a suite (its sonant tilt)] transiting all the more naturally and softly (*мягкий*), so much vacuous that nothing remains of its appearance, perhaps only a bit of grayish-blackish-bluish embodiment (crumbled into a nonchalant sediment).

Pour tout potage.

Over and above the memory of events (such as a sacral/ritual of long ago), an item results from today's makeup too, in a way smoldering like a *salamander*, an elemental spirit in *Paracelsus*' theory of elementals (also a spirit supposed to live in fire), but in this case (in the case in question, *действительный случай*) the mentioned smoldering reduces rather to a cooling, to an agreed transition from embers to firebrand (from poking the residue to stoking the feelings of vehemence with tongs of indifference), to replacing the (so-called) bitter thoughts with other, all the more falsely sweeter ("They that sow in tears shall reap in joy", *Рс. сxxvī. 5*), as if even saccharin (C₇H₅O₃NS, obtained from coal tar, 400 times sweeter than cane sugar), under such circumstances would not stop emanating honeyed signs from itself, having submitted its own brand to such a sweetness (having preferred the ash of the mentioned cane to the soot of said tar, *пыль*).

There passes by *Saiva* (a worshiper of *Siva*), in addition to which down the street (or up) there runs his pal (*дополнение*) from this side of the world (a sober propagator of plain Communion / Christening / Holy Secret), crossing himself all the time along the way, (by means of orthogonal waves) propagating the rites of seven sacraments [baptism, confirmation, the Eucharist, penance, extreme unction, holy orders, and matrimony], but, right after that, suddenly turns around and disappears [even him (the buddy of *Saiva*), *космополитический*] in a single file of the movement interested in equalizing the differences, as if a compromise between various convictions, beliefs, stands, evaluations, theories, findings, instructions, experiences, thinkings, and, after all, talents for shaping all that into a corresponding manifesto/procedure (*выступить адресовать на собрании*), as if all that, thus, is going to let its proponents to a single queue: a line along which to line up for today's destination – to reach themselves, from which, however, they had started, only to join with that very act their, up-to-date circles, with those of others, *qualis ab incepto*.

And *vice versa*: neither *Saiva* (the fan of *Siva*) passes by, nor his fellow sufferer from this side of the world (a worthy advocate of the Communion / Christening / Holy Secret) runs down (or up) the street, it is only their imperfections which are settling into the universal spot of such an understood literature [neither difficult nor light – (with the exception of a few stormy pieces) breaking in with all its might], as if all this is to do with a single generalized/universal shortcoming (*quæ fuerunt vitia, mores sunt*), because of which one cannot be in distress (unless a false hope emanates from it, *qualis vita, finis ita*), but, also, because of which one can no longer touch/comprehend anything without attributing it (such an inadequacy/deficiency/shortcoming/imperfection) to an overly excessive (unrestrained/uncontrollable) expectation that, after something which *was* (which is no more, not even in *Cimmerian* dusk), there shows itself that same, originally encoded mask: a sign of which, filmy, pines (for all the present rhymes and past shrines), presenting such softness of it as a sort of must - while, in fact, it is to do with an ordinary crust. *Par oneri*.

{U, V-C, W, D}

03/07-08/03

Davidiana (Or For Whom It Is Snowing)

It's snowing (but it is not known for whom). *Le génie c'est la patience*.

{Even when it's snowing (what many a time!) - it rules like a charm; what would happen (one wonders) if it started falling up (in the sky! - *окно в крыше*) in the manner of notorious angelic guardians [even if only with a pair of wings (*двубортный*), depicted in *Ezek. 7. 5-11* as something of a second order (*херувим*), in any case under the rank of a seraph (with three pairs of wings, *утроенный*), and by all means under *Uriel*, a regent of the sun, one of the seven archangels placed closest to the Lord's throne]}.

Although, even this which is falling down (*шквал*), the two snowflakes that started to subside, do that like *Urim* and *Tummim*, certain unidentified objects mentioned in the *Old Testament* as being worn in the breastplate of the high priests as a device for determining the will of God (Ек. xxviii. 30.), so that some elevation (of said snow into the sky, *το ασανσερ*) is not necessary to happen in order to, as shown here, reach the same result, a particular kind of ordered murkiness (*η ομιχλη, туманный*), as is the case with utilizing *David's root* [the Brazilian *Chiococca racemosa*, used for snake bites (*змея*)], that is, in the circumstances in question (*выносливость*) - as is the case in a situation of strewing over with snow after being bitten by the torrid sting of life.

Instar omnium.

That the snow is late (that, *с затуманенными глазами*, it puts in an appearance after life's bite), can be seen in the example of *Uriah*, a *Hittite* captain (pardon me, team leader) whose beautiful wife, *Bathsheba*, aroused lust in the above mentioned *David* (the one whose the *cahinca roots* were), who, in turn, arranged for *Uriah* to die in battle and then married the widow; the lateness of snow can also be noticed in the examples of admirers of *David Joris* from *Delft (Holland)*, the founder of an anabaptistic sect in the sixteenth century, i.e. (for those willing to go three more centuries back), in the examples of *Davidists*, followers of *David of Dinant* (Belgium), who held extreme pantheistic views [the beliefs according to which God is Everything and Everything is God, i.e. the doctrine that God is not a personality, but that all laws, forces, manifestations, etc. of the universe are (according to the Belgian) God], the views which, eventually, lead to burning *D. D.'s tetralogy 'Quaternuli'* in 1209, and scattering and slaughter of *Davidists*, with no noteworthy effects, truth to say, on the other, more properly oriented portion of the populace.

In sano sensu.

[Said in a more mundane sense: "People are generally calm at the misfortunes of others", Goldsmith. Which is, besides the obvious brilliance of a perfectly understood day (*ослепительный блеск*), normal too - how else, otherwise, to expect such a gargantuan surviving of witnesses of the deaths of others. *Quod bene notandum*].

There extols itself (then quietly descends) one more, or perhaps two waves of snow - that covering with whiteness is utilized by thoughts very much (the body being, anyway, coupled to the hatch), linking the first steps of ascension with last moves of descension, is something which even *G. Meredith* would not have been ashamed of exploiting in his novel 'Diana of the Crossways', taking them (the examples with snow, *per conto*) as the faithful accounts of lightness, ascribing them (the weightless portrayals, *per centum*) to the conception of an ideal woman (beautiful and intelligent, *domus et placens uxor*), if in all that there did not begin to fall (it too, as if all the snow of today does not count) the suspicion regarding the validity of such an attitude, too devoid of error to be recommended as a solution.

Εμεινα απο λαστιχο.

DaviDiana (or for whom it is snowing), can be briefly described, therefore, as a fairly crouched *Kapellmeister*, the conductor of *Hittite's* orchestra and choir, who, frozen like *Caleb* (after surviving forty years of wanderings through perilous wilderness) faced with the need to overpower the beast (a *Calydonian* boar, afraid only of *Meleager*) if he is to reach *Calypso* (a sea nymph sojourning on her islets at the time), but touched with the sound from *Pan's* flute, scatters in full view of those he conducts in the manner of a snow which on the ancient eyes of *David* (a relic of a nut) stacks up reason after reason for keeping them, as *Diana* does her, shut.

Dichtung und Wahrheit.

{V-C,W,D}

03/09-10/03

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The glaring days of January, February, March: so much of (to no avail) used Sun (for freezing the opening's latch) leaves to the remainder of the year one, at most two seasons (at least some taste!), to thaw before, again, the season of waste polishes itself (in the same haste).

(Sufre por saber y trabaja por tener).

[That these days are penetrated (permeated, pervaded) beforehand (by looking through them without leftovers, *вполне*), is not necessary to confirm in the obsolete encyclopaedia of behaviorism, it is enough to gaze at the self-examining fly on the edge of the dining table (a rare sample of scrupulous introspection): while it keeps crossing itself with its front small legs (while there keeps clicking its *anterior*), standing on the middle ones, it (*Musca domestica*) keeps seizing upon its rear ones (keeps fitting itself into *posterior*), ready for a new dodging - into the same. *Μυχα: Toujours prêt!*].

Βοκρυς: "The parching air burns fore, and cold performs th' effect of fire", Milton.

Ποβσιουδυ.

Until one starts taking it apart, not even a faulty structure disrupts the firmness of rules about the impeccability of fitting (*ποδοδιαμιυι*), according to which all that dovetails into a thing actually makes it.

Μπορειτε να το Φτιαξετε σημερα?

Thus, for example, having taken a sunny *belvedere* as a fitting apartment in season of a possible gloom, its dweller, in hours like these (an early Sunday afternoon, the only things not absent being the remnants of the elapsed years), would not shine light on himself as much as he would irreversibly freeze - enough to, it is possible, start cracking along the edges of the room from which (at that moment) he expertly observes the surrounding of a glacial, outer cube (satiated with *paraselene*, a mock moon, but also packed with its real responses to the actual excitations of the sun - in the dead of the night) - a *belvedere*, that is, brimful with (ostentatiously) populated rooms which, with their heedless taking up the space, forced it (the dice in question) to subside to the point of a fracture (burst, *ναδενυε*) of a scene obtained in such a way, i.e. to the point of a breakage along the seams of (as already implied) the head of the one who started going into it seamlessly.

WaTor_107

(Другой наблюдение: “Cold plants have a quicker perception of the heat of the sun than the hot herbs”, Bacon. *Souffier le chaud et le froid*).

Under the ceiling of an electromagnetic studio, thus, there can be seen *Bellona*, the goddess of war (sister of *Mars*), singing (again) the old song - but even that is not met by a warmer reception of the residents (used to everything) in the base of the notorious invaders (callous to even *Mars* himself).

[*America & Great Britain* (each with fully warring chieftain) vs. *Iraq* (a fervent land, whether agrarian or proletarian), what a life (amidst the woes) - a grain of sand (the adage goes): part sectarian, part presbyterian!].

Silent leges inter arma.

“Passion is the drunkenness of the mind, and not always controllable by reason”, Dryden.

(*La belle dame sans merci*).

And yet, if he was not passionate, not even *Belsharraisur*, the last king of *Babylon*, who was warned about the imminent defeat by an apposite inscription on the city walls (*Dan.v.*), would behave in a more sensible way regarding the disappearance of his own kingdom, without being, at that, crushed by the suspicion about the good intentions of the Empire in a form of certain incompleteness of the (professed) socio-political reality of their subjects, sufficiently reduced to virtual ones to not be inspired by anything more real to strive for an additional sense.

Semper avarus eget.

There extinguishes itself even the little remaining glow, the newest hurdle / η ζενωυση (preventing the jump from this to another world) raises itself (as it is always the case - in a doubtful distance) - yet, having not put the marks of identification on the back and chest (of a stereotype bust) of the eternally present miracle (*наизнанку*) in this world either, not a soul addresses it with a dose of trust greater than the one available for getting into such a discreet, binary vilification (*digital blasphemy*, с/о в.л.) for today, having knitted on the keyboard of the ‘web’ a suitable corner (*приятный угол*) for the tranquility of this moment too, possibly somewhat flawed, but, at the outset, infallibly fitted to the individual salvation, until the next phase of a sacred drill of the sensuous rite of a contemporary villain, a regular visitor to his own temple of thoughts, of a mouse’s Assumption and the scope of mouse.

Потолок (максимальный уровень).

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

03/10-13/03

The Root

Since *Yggdrasill*, as any other tree, consists of three parts (the root, the trunk, and the crown, *tout ensemble*), and since for the tales under the shelter of the *Tree of the Universe* it does not beseem to join dance at one of its parts (*танцевальный вечер*) and silence at the other (*молчание*), it is about time to, along with the first part (the root, *прикованный к месту*), also leave alone the first dance (the collection of stories written so far, *треть*) - to let it enter, in the manner of the first rain, its wasteland rootlets (desert rhizomes, *tout-à-l’heure*). *Водяной знак*.

[If, in them, it brims with mirth anew (it gets carried away again) - it will have, at least, a stage-like grounding, there mutters these words under his breath the up-to-date choreographer of the scene, a classical electrical engineer otherwise, *secundum usum*].

And because all these first (rooty) writings are a preparation for the (sprouting) others, that is, because from these stories one can go nowhere - except to the next ones (even if the same, *secundum artem*) - each one of them is a single rootlet for all three roots of *Yggdrasill*. (*Sed hæc hactenus*).

{One should be reminded, namely, that in the case of the *Tree of the Universe*, the adder by the name of *Nidhogge* (darkness) perpetually gnaws at its triple root: which is (in the land of Giants, *Jötunheim*, where gurgles *Mimir*'s source, *το πηγαδι*), which was (in the stronghold of Gods, *Asgard*, beneath *Urd*'s well, where the gods held their daily assembly), and which will be [in foggy *Niffleheim* (or *Niflheim*), the fiery land beneath the earth, close by the spring of *Hvergelmir*, in which shall reign the mentioned half-serpent half-dragon *Nidhogg* (as its name is also spelled)]. *Secundum ordine*}.

Having read the previous pages, (by a concurrence of events) assigned to the regions under the root of *Yggdrasill* [a "Dreadful Mount" if taken literally, that is, according to the letter of the myth, the *Tree of the Universe*, on which *Odin* hung himself for nine nights (and nine days) in order to learn wisdom in each and every of the nine worlds, the universes overhung easily by the tree's mighty limbs], one would think that, in accordance with the hastily elaborated (simplified) meaning of the notes in question, that is, in conformity with *Odin*'s usage of said tree, they (the mentioned writings) are proportionally cheerless, at least like the sore thoughts of Milton himself (in the case of his tree).

("Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste, Brought death into the world, and all our woe", Milton).

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.

However, being the first (earliest) of the three parts of the whole tree, its stories (the writings of the section placed underneath said root) shall actually be understood as pleasant, fittingly tailored to the nature of things which commence, as Burns yet so nicely told us.

("O life! how pleasant in thy morning", Burns).

Scribimus indocti doctique.

[After all, there are as many radicels as there are tales, which does not imply that there is food for all that which keeps the tree, nor that there starve the stories which, conveniently rootless, appropriately flee. *Sdegno d'amante poco dura*].

Given that under such a root of *Yggdrasill* only a third of the (planned) stories has been planted so far, that is, given that there remains twice as much material to be transcribed, watered (and let grow as a hedgehog), the one who irretrievably got occupied with all that (the humble guide of yours, dear reader, conducting you through all that *H. Sienkiewicz*'s "jungle and desert", i.e. the desert and jungle of a single and, consequently, the final/conclusive/decisive tree), such an individual, therefore, reckons that that which for a house is a foundation for a tree is a root, which is to say that, in the case in question, the groundwork has been laid - what is left is to build and put under a roof, which is not so difficult, even though it looks like twice as much work.

Sat cito, si sat bene.

And even if it is two times harder, *вдвойне*, the one who once stepped into a root (read - basement), quickly stepped out of it, even if he had considered himself a cellar gardener. (*Садовник*).

A gardener in the vaults of words, that is, wherein under the idea of garden a carbonic eloquence is meant, and a tree silence is assumed under the notion of gardener. (*Садоводство*).

The silence with which one started (from the underground) into this undertaking, then into the lungs (above ground) converted all of his making, from the root into the trunk therefore sweet dreams of his taking, on the road (the whip) proportional to the trunk of proportional sinking.

Нижняя часть → Середина.

The Trunk

Somewhere between *Paradise* and *Odáinsakur* (The-Acre-Of-The-Not-Dead), that is between the Glittering Plains (*loca aprica*) and The-Earth-Of-Living-Men (*Jörð lifandi manna*), sprinkling it with water from (underneath the Root) the mentioned wells (especially the one in *Asgard*, in connection with *Urd*), the three Norns (*Urdur*, the Goddess of the Past, *Verdandi*, the Goddess of the Present, and *Skuld*, the Goddess of the Future) maintained the trunk of *Yggdrasil* [according to *Fjölsvinnsmál*, *Mimir's* tree (*Mimameiður*)] in such a way that it was “as white as the membrane between the egg and the egg-shell” (*Gylfaginning*), so much so that, according to a female prophet in *Völuspá*, in that flare even the horn of (a certain) *Heimdall* was blinded, by the burnt shine of the hedge of sacred tree it was thrown into a shade (“*Veit hún Heimdallar / hljóð um fölgjóð / undir heiðvönnum / helgum baðmi*”), exceeding the glares that, under different circumstances, could not have been exceeded [the circumstances under which the trunk of the Tree of the Universe, conceivably, could not be seen well (let alone being able to stand out)], as it is the case of, for example, the shining of the light which does not disperse, created (as confirmed by *Saxo*, too) “over these mead-reservoirs, above which there hang round-shaped objects of silver, which in close braids drop down and are spread around the seven times gold-plated walls of the mead-cisterns - *Inde digressis dolia septem zonis aureis circumligata panduntur, quibus pensiles ex argento circuli erebros inseruerant nexus*”.

Блестящий горелка.

By how much exactly the trunk of *Yggdrasil* [the Tree of the World, that is the ash tree (*Ясень*)] whitened, it could also be concluded from the fact that it was the one which (in accordance with telltales of good-natured perons) had been chosen by a Unicorn to be its pal, given that the one-horned (*Единорог*), it is well known, except whiteness nothing else fixes upon its horn, *a fortiori*.

On the other hand, that it is the white, i.e. a European ash tree (*Fraxinus Excelsior*), about whom at the present day there circulate empty stories, and even the emptier about the American one (*Fraxinus Americana*), and that there recur at least the ticklish ones about the Blossoming ash tree (*Fraxinus Ornus*), the trunk like this one (the trunk whom this is about, *рвач*) feels on its bark very well, but (being *planta vivax* rather than *vivatus*) it saves itself from those sorts of banalities - by continuing being silent, *au sérieux*.

It is only here, in the section of the work in the golden middle (in the chapter around the over-satiated belly, *το στομαχι*), that it lets itself to partly say this and that, surrendering to the tongue [from said stomach (in Russia known as *живот*)] full of understanding for stories of standard heroes and heroines. Stories from which, like, after all, from the whitish trunk of *Yggdrasil*, one cannot deduce anything which has not been inferred from the provisory crux and the solidity of argumentation of *Rasselas*, a prince of *Abyssinia*, in a moral tale by Dr. Johnson, originally detained in delightful captivity in a certain “happy valley”, from where he escapes, wanders around the world (*отчаянный путешественник*), only to, having found no greater happiness elsewhere, return to his old abode (the “promised valley”, *a prima vista*), with the exception that, in the modest case of more or less identical stumbles properly discussed here (*à discrétion*), such one, from a logistic point of view justified ending, ought to be left to every prince (and pauper) so that they [each in his own dale of honey (*рай*)] raise it to a throne, because they themselves (all these noted observations, *правдоподобный документация*) are going to find their happiness in a valley of fine thoughts anyway, where they are taken care of in such a gentle manner by the one who plants them in so rude a way (acting as separating corn from corn cockle and not sense from nonsense, *in toto*).

The trunk as a guarantor of steadiness and firmness (a dignitary of vertical manifestation of purpose, *трубчатый рыцарь*), but also a tool for trying out the non-tearable state of skies [a pillar placed between the last miss and all tries (“Missing by a narrow margin is as conclusive as missing by a wide one”, Webster’s)], something that (by means of the volume of an elongated cylinder) fits into a devotedness to tuba, constructed in such a way that its walls tremble from

the alleviated tonnage of the world (the proverbial flatness of the cold), as if everything is related to everything else in the scale of one to one, without magnification or reduction or pointing a finger at unimportant details of david and goliath from one's own war (the war against the self, *не могущи быть превзойденным*), as if in nothing one needs to find reasons bigger than those which, like the roller of the main pillar (the pillar of the writer's nest, on the arched doorway to a current crest), stretch themselves between that which is being held and that which is holding it, in the form of a (tubular) diary passable to a halfway point, and from there depending on thoughts: if they originate from the root - one need return to the first page (*Середина → Нижняя часть*), if they wave from the crown - one need go towards the last (*Середина → Верх*).

Середина → Верх.

{V-C, D}

03/16-19/03

Appearance as Apparition - I

Every one, except the dead, knows he died.

(*Смерть*).

He, however, is being embarrassed, finding in death prenatal similarities with the self (*смертельный*), attributing the significance of a beautiful fantast to the symbiosis of the original and the concluding image (*in praesenti*). *In propria persona*.

On the other hand, because he contemplates death, he must be bored – he's telling himself even though he knows that (as a rule) nothing of that which is in question (*sicut ante*) will coincide with the popular representations of liberation, so characteristic for this hour of the day (the late afternoon of the world, look how the fervency spreads out its mold, *το πυροεχυσια*), in spite of the teachings of great men (to which end, in the like circumstances and in a layman manner, professionals are being hired), like the following: "None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who (falsely) believe they are free", *J. Goethe, c/o C.I.* [whereby the word within the parentheses (the obliging pleonasm) alleviates the approach, *sotto voce*].

['Alleviates' in the sense of still maintaining the aspiration of those who (opinionatively) trust they are free, although, in truth, their faith is being crumbled into the patience of their habit by the fickleness of their patience. *Pactum illicitum*].

The world (which is) founded on the hierarchy and domination really is not some (ideal) world (he remembers that, at such an inconvenient hour, he thought of that), and yet, it couldn't be that he advocates some kind of a sponge-world (a filtered balsam within the framework of a kitchen sink of a spongy universe, *зубчатый вылечить*), some sort of a blotting pad for such enormous miseries (including his own anguish, *кумулятивный*) and difficulties (including the torments of others, *член профсоюза*), some type of a door mat for such a pitiful [purportedly banal, but, in fact, engaging (*симпатичный*)] fluttering felicity, disregarding the mannerism indispensable to himself - deriving the effects from the causes of the words, *pleno jure*.

As if he did not learn anything from the inflexible (*Protestant?*) insistence on exertion, the uncompromising devotion to work [of course, this one (the writing) - of which no living is made (although cheap points are being collected)], including the judicious perceiving of the examples of *Seventh-day Dunkers*, the members of a German-American *Brethren-tunker* religious sect (properly called *Church of the Brethren*), whom even the last, seventh day of the week (*Saturday*, their *Sabbath*) - after finished practicing such rites as the laying on of hands ("They will lay hands on the sick and they will recover", Mark xvi.18.), the washing of the feet before the *Eucharist*, the kiss of charity, and triple immersion during christening (*prends moi tel que je suis*) - did not direct towards an outcome greater than the deposit, let alone the slim

chances that he (the perceiver of things) may be able to come to his senses, and stop investing in the failed project of persevering in the self.

(Настойчивость & упорство кандидата наук).

The school children come out of elementary (and by so much matchlessly the first) school, the small birds such as sparrows amuse themselves (something always sets itself to bore through the season), a trepidation stretches between move and presage (no one starts dashing without first ensuring that a deserving finale waits for him), (even if still visible) the purpose is additionally allowed to err (to deal with the idea underneath recommendation), in the cot of the century there pile up the split seconds [the current instant falls asleep too, (contrary to the popular belief) it does not wait a moment (or two)], all which decided to announce itself (today too), gets up once miniaturized (befalls as yellow once summarized), droops into the grass (once ostracized).

Выступление как Видение.

Appearance as apparition: in such a way (approximately) there passes this evening hour too, not disturbing anyone who, himself, has not been thinking of a more general role of the gloom as well, of something very solid in the sense of producing cover for (yet another) day, as if day and night are not two states of a single plan for the flow, for streaming ahead (throwing back the hideous words of the farewell of the silenced self), in connection with the newest salutation to the being's chronic hush, assuming a comfortable end is in prospect (a swift sigh of the glare and a jewel-like flare). *Sursum corda!*

“At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up”, Phillips.

Sauve qui peut.

(Only fulfilled wishes are worse than standard expectations).

“The mind checks at any vigorous undertaking”, Locke.

(Партε το ασανερ στον τριτο οροΦο).

There whitens the hair of perpetuity. *(Хронический).*

Besides the dead, every one knows he died, but no one remembers why. *(Куколка).*

As when the unwanted guests are forgotten, the pathetic rabble announces itself, and *Myosotis scorpioides* becomes proclaimed as the memorableness of the tales (*post cineres gloria venit*: the copiousness of the sales).

Аминь!

{U, V-C, W, D}

03/20-22/03

Easiness as Insolence of Decoration

It is not easy to start from nothing (like, for example, to get going with this text from a nought), even less to come to something (to provide the right words for the given page), because of which an uncertainty shows up in the procedure - until a precious path (similar to this) establishes itself. *Desipere in loco. Тропинка.* The pathway by means of which, from the absence and indistinctness, one falls into the all-seeing state of an ant (a centi-winged condition of a fly, the tangibility of a keyboard, *расточительный прогноз*), supervising (flying over, finding by groping) the fabric of this day too, the fold of a torn costume (the rim of an old-fashioned hat), the enchanting outfit and everlasting fedora of the foppish universe, *некоторым образом.*

Between these (statistical) hours, and those transversely spreading (through the 'ether') relative to the pointy gauge (crosswise with respect to the straight line of Falling Asleep), remains only to perform all that (the measurements, *μετραω*) in the pen, submitting the hours of portraying to the correctness of words (the times of repose to disinherited reticency). *Τα μετρα.*

A pause slips out [demolishing the taboos of an ostensible condition (it too)], there takes the plunge a part after part of the gold-plated dedication to the flow as such, there echo the washed plates (queen of spades - look what it reduced to, this which used to raise the stakes!) - all that merges into a single line of the adherents to the fireworks-like honey-comb, little stars of thoughts (one longer, another shorter). *Brutum fulmen.* (These attacked those, the world keeps the pose). *Глубокий.* All reduced to the lie (deceit, the editing of the procedure); in fact, it never departed from that: in order to infer the conclusion about the world it is enough to cast a glance on any of the protagonists of its micro-proceedings - even when giving themselves to the wind, they fall into its folds, unable to rescind the television molds (from the synoptic meter to gravitational dither), they trade their saintly chastities (in the name of *St. Peter*, *тем не мене оживляются*) for mogul-like properties. [The content of the acceptable thoughts is being determined with a commendable zeal, it remains to examine the sense of the deal (not bothering with a cheap meal, *arcana imperii*)].

If everything goes as planned, it is possible that nothing will have to be defended any more - (taken care of in its glossy pore) all will be on the other, Paradise side. (*Δεχστε τραβελερς τσεκ?*). (And even if it does not go as planned - it will not miss its bliss as long as it is impressed with it. *De gustibus non est disputandum*).

There spins a picture between merit and representation: 2π times the lightness of decoration, *легковесный*. (To decorate oneself for the tirelessness in emphasizing the self can be done only by a restless student with an excellent mark in the science of his own sanctity. *Crescit eundo*). And even when it swaddles (in the bundles of extinguished celebration), that which until a moment ago shone on the palm of the hand of an open-minded (ready for everything) saint (with a self-centered image), does that only to surmount the difficulties of the evening (then the night, *η νυχτα*), to respond to the updated need for resting and sleeping (*отдохнуть*) - already tomorrow here it is (the celebrity of the generation), it swarms (springs up because of the induced fermentation), beats the chest of a realized hero (a battle person, character of rank and file), in his hands taking the rings of realization, starting the drills of a classical termination. *Delenda est Carthago*.

And all that would be okay if there does not impose itself the impression of an additionally equipped passion (*эзотерический эфир*), something that gathers the courage to propose an outsider's look at the world, as long as it testifies about the mutual understanding between the passionate ones and their passion (although finding them in the trembling raster of the affected television too). *Ame de boue*.

For, what is that which is seen in the discreet charm of (in the swaying opal) painted wall (swung through the window into the sides of the unsavory reputation), if not *Semiramis*, the queen of *Assyria* (founder of *Babylon*, noted for her beauty, wisdom, and lasciviousness of a marten), as she, from pilewort to edelweiss (above the sable, her own sprout), jumps over the hurdles (annuls the hypothecs) of a proven tightness [while *Mustela americana* (or *foina*) bends over the juniper tree], at no instance serving the crowd without taking the pose of a healer, *de facto*. [So much peace, and yet, war blossoms in all of this; who is attacking whom - the *Euphrates-Tigris* river basin evidently shows: in the disgrace of the world, the (very bewitched) easiness of decoration deprives it (the sink) from the meanders (in front of everyone) uncomplicatedly sold. There attacks *Скотина*].

Only half the day reached the brim (nevertheless, various analyses are already being brought to the market place, the list of thoughts of the flock is in the process of being accepted), and now it's going beyond that - from the sky there stack patches of fog atop all that which (until yesterday) was in full approval of it (heaven), encouraging it to persevere until tomorrow (following the rules for ever and a day, *τελευταια αγγελια*), in addition to which there fall down onto the filed in the form of daily bugs (then decoratively, one might say, transiting into the fog) one *Ephemera vulgata* and one *Elysian musca*, acting on behalf of a *Mayfly* [even though it's long before May (it is still just *Kislev*, the only imminent is *Tebet*)], from the perennial stage of a pupa exposing itself to the active life (from the wrapped larva changing to the molecule of a strife), in the duration of several hours to several days, (with barely taking any food) just continuing the species, then dying off, more in the sense of an entomology than decorating the impudent excursion to the sky. *Coup de grâce*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Mind and Body

Rummaging through the sky, the mind counts on the height of the ladder.

Transeat in exemplum.

Крест-накрест.

If the ladder is too low - the psyche rises from the plant's smokestack, if the ladder is too high - from the smoke plant.

(Aleksai Grigorievitsch Stachanov and the coal dust. Ударник).

If such is the case with the mind, what is the case with the body?

(Aleksai Grigorievitsch Stachanov and an excavation with the forehead. Ударный).

Not even here, however, a secret lies hidden. (And even if it does, it is not this text which is possibly to reveal it. *Είναι πολύ ακριβό*).

Regarding the body (including the head) therefore, even though it, mainly, scratches through the dirt, here and there it engages itself with pinnacle and leap - such a strong impression, namely, has been made on it by the credibility of the facts (of life), that it has hard time comprehending that all that [such a collection of immediate insights into everyday's indisputability (*Μπορείτε να το βάλετε στο λογαριασμό?*)] is going to collapse (at a critical moment), and [together with the expired scheduler (*деловой календарь*)] disappear from the calendar scene.

Провал.

("But starts, exclaims, and stamps, and raves, and dies", Dennis).

Sit ut est aut non sit.

Симбиоз: (using the body) to find the mind by groping, or (using the mind) to bend over the body, is the question which (besides the association with incorporeal nursing of *Sabrina*, a fabulous princess of ancient times who took the first opportunity to change to the nymph of the river *Severn*) in front of said metamorphosis implies consideration of the profanity of the internal organs in visuality of the body in its entirety (shaded with food more than with piety), although it has to be said as well that it is not easy for an organism to, deprived of 'higher spheres', find its way in the peripeteias of the nature of an abdomen, and (of the same origin) the insatiable ending of the pen. *Нельзя*.

[Justifying one, the other slips out - that which did not administer an oath to the loyalty (did not show a pioneer-like ardor): "A peculiar stamp of impiety", South. *Ничтожество*].

As a result, refreshed by the theory of a sugary (harlequin-like) purpose (stirred up by the candy of the circus clowning of modern exclaimers), one can get over with this day as well, if, before that, it doesn't sweeten with itself too, in which case one ought to give it a formative help in the way of a lollipop maneuvering of a democratic medium of informational trinity (newspapers, radio, TV), although, right there, there can be caught sight of the first contours of the absolute end (the last reflections of the subscriber's stand): "Traditions shall above all things be inviolably preserved as guides to our national activity and standards for the measurement of every national achievement", Grover Cleveland. *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*.

Хорошо?

For a mind to achieve the advantage over the body, it is not as needed to become well read/informed/articulated, as to, above the bodily equivalents of the closing mistrust (the corresponding spasms of the eyes/ears/lips), establish itself in the form of a compress made of cammomile, a tea made of the compress, a warmth made of the tea: to coat the read, filter the heard, burn the told, all three with the placid laborer - the silence.

Вуаль.

To win the mind not leaving the body cannot be done by anybody who did not join that which he left, and yet - the rules of stimulating spirituality are being established in such a way (contrary to the regulations), that any proposal of a model approach to said joining without bringing into question a proper handling of the hothead, is, actually, ineffectual.

Locum tenens.

The only thing which does not betray, as of yet, is a petite collectedness of things, those that are neither here nor there (even though they can be seen a little everywhere, *вездесущий*), putting out to sea from the shot of light (covering into the immortality of the firefly, *всеведущий*), shunning themselves as much as finding their use (entering everything, attending all, *ночной*): it cannot be determined what such a fine collection of things (*жернов*), between appearing and permeating, is about, although it does not bother with that while emulating this which it consists of - two parts in two halves of a whole - uniting along those edges along which, at the right time, it can let out into the mind and the body (what an entirety!), each a half, none a totality.

Милovidность, пополам.

{V-A}

03/27-30/03

Personal Mutuality

"In the remnants of the snow (and all else), where the new stake lurks in glow (how immense!), as long as this passes and that comes (no pretense!), it's important to keep gnawing at all sense".

(Грызть).

As much as the above verse turned out just fine as compared to the essence of things (*сущность*), it arouses their anger regarding the pressing form (*формальность*) - as much as the two (the stanza and its objects) got into an argument about the large-headed void, they conspire against its empty head: "Come, come, you wasp; you are too angry", W. Shak.

"*Υπαρχουν μνημιατα για μενα?*".

"But let no footstep beat the floor, Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm", Tennyson. *Sub silentio.*

[Something always interposes itself to help the excuse (to contribute to the self-withdrawal), even if it is from the same army. *Беглец*].

From these considerations, nevertheless, one can (easily) go further - having a showdown with the inviolability of the established order [unrestrainableness of the approved flow (*одобрение*)] - but it should not be forgotten that, in all that, it is not to do as much with the technique of splitting [from this which hides behind the harmony (at stake)], as with the technician as a performing contractor, because to change one with the other, after all, is not such a difficult thing, but neither is it a thing to which its practitioner (the one who's practicing it) attaches the aureole of the ascent into heaven without being tied to its weights of tripping. *Malheur ne vient jamais seul.*

(It is somehow redundant to become carried away and long for another day; even without the craving it comes in its flashy outfit and with enough pomposity: "Each day new wealth without their care provides", Dryden. *Magnæ spes altera Romæ*).

So that, in all this (in searching through the self in a copious day - *magna est vis consuetudinis*), one finds increasingly more understanding by the rejected thoughts, the ones by means of which, some time in the past, there established itself that which is going on at the present, but (back then) they were not criticized because of their collaboration with the eloquency of the moment, while now they are being blamed because of their squandering of the ages. *Lupus pilum mutat, non mentem.*

[“Then they for sudden joy did weep”, W. Shak. (The rejected thoughts, that is)].

Ερχονται καθε μερα: Each day (one after the other) slips on a mask over its head (the cranium of thrown away deliberations), while from the clarity it is only the plot which threatens (the doubt which blossoms), *loco citato*.

As if it is of no help, either, that (however civilized and presentable) the columns of people move on to their memories of better days (because the present ones don't improve their impressions of the world, not even somewhat), i.e. as it does not help that at the exit of an epoch there already squeaks the gate of another (equally glorious and famous!), for, look, everything came abreast (waiting for the sign of golgotha), while from the street there reaches only the hush of auxiliary things [an ant's activity does not concern one who (in the simulated warmth) frees the bulky picture of the world from disgrace]. *Laborum dulce lenimen.*

To use oneself up as the eve is crumbling (to not have where to stop in without scattering the residue), from this situation to predict all the others (to see what their signs are, and when due), to not stop bothering with the polysemantic state of the rainbow, using pure skill to move into long thoughts.

(Januis clausis).

Personal mutuality: the walls between which a fragile dwelling becomes as solid as a bone - the forehead birds fly over such a room from one temple to the other, while, residing in the self, he (the resident) solidifies their flight (takes them out into his head as if it is their plight), whispering to the speechless surrounding makes them heavier (exposes them to the limpidity fitted with glass of taciturnity), using an obsolete method proclaims them (said birds) his dominion, in which they both may fly and don't have to [for they are distinguished from all by being the notions from the forehead and not some gesticulation of the body (*les bras croisés*)], even if agreeing to the ungrateful role of something which flies only to fly over something (*in totidem verbis*), something that established itself between that there and this here (*in toto*), with its teeth having clenched the personal contribution (from growling mutuality to civilian landing), then having slaughtered it.

Резать.

{V-A,D}

03-04/30-31-01/03

Communal Dwelling

Many a year passed since nothing significant happened, but it didn't prevent the chronicler of the obscured importance to dive at the self-propelled beetle that walked into focus.

Il aboie après tout le monde.

At one moment it goes to the left, at another to the right (first it directs itself up, then down, *ποια είναι η διενθουση?*), it marches from a victorious oasis (then falls into a deep crisis), although, in fact, (in all that) it covers itself with the table cloth (primarily with the faked back), rolling into the *India*-rubber (or, for that matter, any kind of silk from the far East) - anything which will impregnate it and smoothly cover forever (so that nothing significant has to happen in order to confirm its importance, *in extenso*).

Плакучая ива.

And so the bug and its dash (of a million summers ago), the acceleration's rush (encore!) of *Cicindela campestris*, all that which [(like the grain weevil in the wheat, the world's epicenter in the summer's heat) not coming out from itself (showing off, instead, aboard the sunlit beam)] blossoms as *Coleoptera* from the plain keyboard (an immobile scream), floating through the abode in a stream of confetti, simultaneously happy and full of esteem (keeping the best manners of the winning team, *in equilibrio*).

"Life's choicest blessings center all in home", Cowper. (*Είμαστε στο νομμεζο εντεκα*).

Which, by itself, is insufficient - the followers from inside the structure (the constructional transversal underneath the vacant dwelling) are expected to join and contribute to the rejoicing. (The more the better. *Толма*).

("What, fifty of my followers at a clap?", W. Shak. That's a good number. *Χορωο*).

Having hummed after the deadened crowd in the eve of a discovery of the glaze of a mole cricket (having covered the self by spreading a porcelain equivalent of the insectival aloneness of the people in question), the given man and the creepy-crawly direct themselves to the communal dwelling (mutuality of the solitude, *δвойной*) as to a wide spread demeanor (retrospective endurance) of a well-tuned duet, not getting ahead of the finale of inevitable unisonance of the rabble, but not being tricked by the initial rhythm of ending the aria of the self-induced elite either (*facta non verba*), conforming (first of all) to the principle of neutrality in cases such as this (*égarement*), characterized by a certain perplexity in connection with the question who is who and what is what [more in the sense of a deterministic enthusiasm of the inquirers than the expressed expectations of government statisticians within the framework of a properly understood felicity (*detur dignior* or *detur pulchriori* - the question is now)], but also conditioned by a placid increase of the level of satisfactory explanations [all the way to the institutionalized attractiveness of the collective wasting time in idle chatter regarding the pre-determined condition of the election campaign (including a day of the pre-election silence)], in a word, characterized by an appropriate bewilderment in the cases in which nothing is announced without intention to be sold or exchanged, like when there prevails a synchronized awareness (the reality of a screened destination - look what, kindly, radiates its worldly temptation!), in which dreams cannot be fully expressed unless they are projected using the recommended projector or (in any case) a piece of equipment which cannot be classified as a simple source of wishful thinking above the wave of fulfillment, but from which (by the same token) cannot be expected either to offer itself (just like that) to the service of all this which revolves around the given pair (the man and the fleck) in said communal dwelling, *in articulo mortis*.

From a far distance, the close one drips. [In it, there bathes the first meter. (The first meter of mystery - after it, everything breaks open as if not blistery. *Законченность*)]. In the community consisting of only themselves, the dwellers that this is about (*дуют*), in the dwelling which this is to do with (*жилище*), cannot reach the mutually acceptable sharing of the rooms without waiving such a favourable representation of themselves - brought from the other room (obtained by the absence from this one, *ex adverso*, *без постоянного местожительства*).

So that they're left with no choice but to use force to move each into his/its own lack of company, the insect into the man, the man into the insect, the bug to stroll (*прогулка*), he to crawl (*ползат*), the pest from one wall to the other (*intra muros*), he from one tidbit to another (*он сам крошка*), like two alarmed specks evading each other in the hallway in front of the main door (*главный ворота*), the creature stepping out, he stepping in - from that to this, the only leftovers after the move from the necessity to inescapability (from vista to shade), as when there pass by each other two doubters persuaded to the teamwork at the door from the combined residence (communal dwelling) to an indisputable conclusion. *Жест*.

{V-A,W,D}

04/01-05/03

Fractions of a Day

Who says that a thunderstorm is coming when it is as calm as a bull's eye? [When nothing's falling down (even on the cattle), not even the sky]. *Ducit amor patriae*.

WaTor_117

And even if it comes to the disturbance of the present state, who can claim that it is not a return to the old (the previous fate - whether of *Artio-* or *Perisso-dactula* - an ungulate mooing of whitish ruminants, *wir haben darüber geredet?*).

Ehrfurcht gebietend!

Predestination of the world and school files - apportioning the reason to a pre-programmed *eporoieia* never brings harm, even in the curriculum planning according to the requirements of impersonality (the needs of the Service) of the officiated progress. *Είμαστε στη Λαμια?*

[*Που είμαστε?* A target is not removed by moving away destination, it is only made more relative - like a slack elastic of an overly exploited moonlight, it's used up in all those slight sonnets and lesser poems, with nothing left whatsoever (not even a pull chain for a good fair's pendant, *паускуй*)].

Let's not even discuss, therefore, a possible astoundment: how can that, which behaves so nicely to the infamy of the world, be surprised - while it tries hard to shun (for now Iraqi) pain, then absent-mindedly squinting at the nominal advantages of life (in the form of a perpetual habit of accepting a decent offer of vassal-like tranquility/calm, *разумный*), that which pretends, that is, that nothing reaches it (*разогнуться*), while, in fact, it melts into the custom, going hand in hand with it, daringly stepping through the dark to make a nest for its darling.

Dramatis personæ & Erholungsheim.

[*Verhalten & Resultat*: by the shrewishness of a decisive step into the void, (at least a minute) benefit of a tactically oriented individual can be achieved - he reckoned (the one about whom, as if out of malice, all these notes are), having reminded himself of a typical configuration of limitless salvation, *tadelnswert*].

Неужели?

Time and its derivations (what about derivatives!) - having started from an unrealized tempest, one arrives to the trifling gale of a voyager caught during the recommended stay in a tolerable bliss. *Dii penates.*

'How long will all this last?': it is not the first time that he asks himself about such an absurdity - lastingness (and in such one, unpardonably amateurish manner) - but since not a soul has the answer to that question (with the exception of a few rare individuals on *Mars*, pardon me, the "London School of Economics"), he withdraws the question and peacefully (as if he didn't lose the most important battle a moment ago - against time shaped on the other side of the medal, *einseitig*) sets off from one room to the other, as if with that deed he does not move the outsider's decoration as well [not being bestowed a discreet ownership by a paramount one (the ultimate medal) either, *ex quocunque capite*].

Fractions of a day: the whitish powder as a salicyl of preservation ($C_7H_5O_2$: the universal mission as a fraction of condition), a speech variant halved by definition (the harelip as a word's suspicion), all that which plunged into the numerator before leaving the denominator, jointly settling accounts with the numeral of creation, *ex vi termini*.

"When sparkling lamps their sputtering lights advance", Dryden - look what it reduced to (after it hardly started), this evening too. *Fugit irreparabile tempus.*

Гоголтамь.

Frage und Antwort: Wie viel Uhr ist es?

It is quarter to six (and dark as if that is not certain either), it's only snowing (though, the freezing rain is helping), in spite of that it started as a much more serious threat (a phony one, fortunately) - as much as these days are full of sobriety (looking as one, it turned out as the other), they wring themselves like desolate hands in the rings of an apparatus for universal alignment (a sort of iron for ironing the nightfall garment, *de pis en pis, hoch oben*).

But the day is not so turbulent to be prevented to come to its senses (it only pretends that something keeps pestering and bothering it, *Höhen und Tiefen*); it remains only to fit itself into the collection of justified trophies and it will be easy to manage the fragments of nonsense. (They are always driven out to dry ground by something - not even this rain, nor snow, will cost them their lives). *Erziehung*.

To go along the broken line of the sky until one reaches the same (indented) attitude of those who hold it (the heaven, *intensiv genutzte Zeit*) on their shoulders, pardon, tongues (no one can convince an eager buff of polishedness to do a running start into a zigzag) - and yet, even from such a peak of the conviction (about the appropriateness of direction, *Sinn*), the fractions of a day make turn towards the interior of the residence of *Moloch the Governor* (a god of *Phoenicians* and *Ammonites*), his fervent servants (this early!) and reasonable victims (some curly!).

Разговорный язык.

{V-C, D}

04/05-07/03

Immortality as Unauthorized Hopefulness

Even in a world like this, a good move can be made: with a safety device to silence hopelessness (with an ordered immortality to mitigate mortality).

(Although, one should not forget: *non nostrum est tantas componere lites*).

At that, with a suitable proclamation, to let (us) know who is chief (whom to ask questions, and regarding what). (*Was willst du damit sagen?* To ask the daylight in case of the hope; in case of an immortality to ask the nighttime). To prevent that, when life and hopefulness are brought to the change (between day and night), the hope darkens, the life brightens up - then shuts off. *Тишедушный*. (The hopefulness is to be kept under a clear light, the immortality under a dim-one, in other words. *Για τώρα*).

Only if, here and there, *Frank Sinatra* helps a bit - that would be, approximately, all that can be expected from the afternoon like this (*non est vivere sed valere vita*), full of a masterful commencement of a logical popularity of the softly modulated trumpet [although also of the enigmatic voice of charming troubadour (*Spitzenmarke*), in the rank of a *konzert-meister* of the corresponding festivities including *Rosh Hashanah* celebrations], noticing that this is not a case of blowing into the trumpet inside a certain sanctuary (*музыка за причастие*); on the contrary, it could rather be claimed that the word here is about a classic truism of the omni-present/everlasting pomposity, starting from the demotic/hieroglyphic interpretation of a tablet of the black basalt of *Rosetta*, via an ancient (mystical) order of the cross-like rose *AMORC*, to the appellate court *Sacra Romana Rota*, in each of the cases having lifted oneself up as high as the bleating of the sheep on the occasion of an achievement greater than its cover, in the sense of the domination of a well-argued over the occult (an esoteric over the causal), an easily composed over the painfully attained.

Malum in se.

[Yet, there is a certain hopefulness as an example to the world, but it too (like immortality) is based on the need for a more modest presentation of the surplus - even if presented as a qualified outcome from the background of things, that still cannot be justified as their bust, *alles in allem*].

Предложение: to pull out to a dry strip of land, (on it) to equip with everything necessary for a persistent reticency in the presence of an enthusiast regarding some (whatever) mission (e.g. the secretary of a trilateral commission, or a provincial rotary club member), to plant a flag of a superseded (extinct) federation into such an obtained layer (of thickness not greater than that of two or three molecules of a substantial salt - the pith of unorganic structure and benumbed fault), in the manner of a local *Felis pardalis* to set in the lithe body of a routine expectant, in the range from

a fundamental disturbance to the delicate noise, (to react worthy of an overstrained mind) until all returns to its place (in the sense of coming back to the dry strip of land): *ludere cum sacris*.

Mit Abstand der Beste: immortality as unauthorized hopefulness - to favor the certainty of being over all these attempts of articulation of condition, to especially stay longer at the constancy of the scene, to emphasize the performance of acting (it is acted that that which bears itself is independently being borne), in the extension of the era to see only a casual sign (not a good will too) of a periodic granting of charade, without an authorization of the hopefulness (supported by either theory or practice).

Más vale ser necio que pofiado.

After all, the descent readies itself (the mask ought go down) this early morning too (although everything still holds to the established puncture into the hours): around eleven, already, both the notary and the note are missing (*четвероногое животное*), because of which no continuation is due, but, in contrast, there establishes itself an overthrow (not even a more heedless company moves from the whimsicality of the first to the traditionalism of the second part of the day, without a previous training in the hugeness of the aim) - all that which, until this moment, was proclaiming itself as the only desirability, suddenly loses its importance (disappears from the horizon), being replaced by the pictures from the plebeian frontage: one small immortality and one average hopefulness - rather modest results [given such a large deposit (almost guaranteeing the stock) towards the humming state of the flock].

Malus pudor?

And just when one would think that everything has been said for today, a perplexity (personal opposition) becomes evident: *das passt mir nicht*.

Folglich, “All now was turned to jollity and game”, Milton.

For, having arrived to the fiesta-like solution quoted in the above line, the one who occupied himself with it, as a rule (around noon already), bids the disparity of such a small gain to bereavement (auctions off the disproportion of such an arranged pastime to optimism), and, without breaking with routine practice (*заведенный порядок*), withdraws the authorization of immortality larger than the hope into himself, bareheaded and barefoot, principally reduced (from foot to head) to the one-way seesaw: from an obsolete reverie to modern awareness. *Memento mori?*

{V-A, W, D}

04/07-09/03

Attempt of a Fresh Approach

Advancing further [filling out page after page of the jest about the serious role of life (*pacta conventa*)], the convention passes innovation (the routine novelty): and even if happens that it (the blade of a new move, *Klinge*) breaks away from the rules of training, it quickly curbs itself, stupifies, becomes perplexed, the condenser effect bequeaths it (it too, *лезвие*) to a dry and cold place (an intended storage), not suitable to fervent incitements, procedure inimitability, nor a singular act.

Инертность.

[Like *Erinaceus europæus*, i.e. a hedgehog (that is, a porcupine) - the more it shivers before the unfamiliar guest, the less it can be read as a palm, until the conditions for perforation ultimately disappear. *Pied-à-terre*].

“I will hedge up thy way with thorns”, Hos.ii.6. - represents the response (*Hindemis*) to each such attempt of a fresh approach to the old question of inherited condition [the shuddered sky, high above the clew (very high), *μπλε μαρεν*].

(Who can write all this without repeating everything already written, even changing the script?). *Obscurum per obscurius.*

Also, when the day proceeds so fast, there remains no alternative than to analyze it posthumously.

Посмертный.

Thus, for example, it becomes apparent that it (the day, while it was lasting) was scattering the small laws of challenge to every side, and now (while it is burning down) it hardly took on (at whichever of the sides) its portion of bickering with a purpose (even a sleepy one).

Меры предосторожности?

On the other hand, having reached all the way up to here (by the early evening having collected all of the statuettes of the full-day casualties), a day like this (more exactly, its earliest, brownish eve, *Zwielicht*) exhibits all of the features of a journey travelled at any price, not caring about the registration number of a recurring passage through the same (statistical) finish line (stochastic destination, plethora, *praecognita*).

To make such a big move in about ten hours can only flash a hundred times longer, a lemur's tail landing on a disappearing branch for example (in a day emptied like it has been the case with this, *Lemur catta* holds even onto a nonexistent bliss) - it is no wonder that then, under the circumstances like these (*post bellum auxilium*), primarily characterized by a meticulous approach to the ending scene [in the case in question - by the systematic rolling into the inky folds of an already opaque day (in the past green)], every acceleration is to be understood as a formula of an increasing felicity, *pour encourager les autres*.

On balance, what is to be said having lost the transcript of a dialogue with misgiving [having affirmative support on hand (*номинальный поддержка*)].

Incontestable certainty of representational change: pouring off through a miniature set of connections of brooklets and narrow passages, none of the pieces of today's melting ice exceed their states from before - even a plain bucket (*per gradus*) domesticates metamorphosed water, let alone the leaking day.

By making sense of the flow, however, the process in question becomes more radical - small stripes of water change into a spray (a vehement thought stirs within its bay), *partout*.

[There can also be heard two (precocious) turtledoves: their beaks assigning the frozen seconds to seven *Plows* - seven stars in the constellation *Ursa Major* (the *Dipper*; *Charles' Wain*) - with no stain].

Pour couper court.

[As the mentioned phenomena (whether above the earth or in it, *was gilt die Wette?*) have a tendency to scatter at the first obstacle already (by changing the flow of thoughts, mechanism of oblivion, rationale for a transformed attitude)], an attempt of a fresh approach is seen in that the one who practices it (the endeavor) is being prompted to a classical ruse - by hiding said obstacles using well prepared words to provide them (the phenomena in question, *несуществующий?*) with the fluency/smoothness of a suitable sentence, sufficiently protective to make them stay where they are (to prevent them from becoming confused and starting to withdraw), to continue presenting the image of a soundly trained move ahead, something which (if only a little bit helped) even in these (undefined) circumstances shows itself as a sobering element of an otherwise obscure stage/scene, a demonstration brought about by means of pointing at the progressiveness of (mainly) optical transmission of repeating pictures (*Erinnerung*), some serving as a lesson, some as a desolate filling of already struck hours (*es sieht ganz so aus*), as if, in all that, nothing's going on in order to gain in lacquering and lose in ruminating, the pondering, that is, from which all this started, but, having realized that it is to do with an approach which cannot be eluded just like that (nor proclaimed old-fashioned), it concealed itself (both here and there) until the original notion (said pondering), like at the present, is driven out from such oases to the glade by an obstinate piercing, as the one here (*gar nicht schlecht*), however phony, into the arch underneath harmony.

{V-A,D}

Field of Vision

Great sounds of the world (humming as such - distant and clean), all which bends (so much) over everything else (the fifth column, surrender, spleen) - although, nothing will save those signs (*ich kann nichts dafür*) from the approaching harm (their appearance will not be safeguarded from losing conveyance, nor will the wave-like state of theirs be sheltered from straightening with a lost chance).

Age quod agis, bedienen Sie sich.

Καθημερινος: from cooling down to warming up (gauged by the noon pendulum) there transits the day (a shadow plays - not even the zenith can make it fall asleep without arranging for its doom).

Простою.

The difference between the smaller and larger ant (having just started moving towards each other) is in that they do not arrive at the same time: while the smaller grows red-hot along the path, the larger caught hold of the pathway alongside - (considering it won the race) it lets the smaller blazing up both inside and out.

Bis peccare in bello non licet.

In the meantime, (in the same way in which the sun does) all of that has set [*рыжевато-коричневый*: since, however, it did not climb as high in the sky, it did its next best by hiding in the earthly grass (placing itself on the eyebrow of a larva - increasing its mass, *gepflegt*); consequently, it can be found neither here nor there (neither in this nor in that world, *один из двух; тот или другой*), even though the worlds did not change (*das ist es ja gerade!*), (given that the two mentioned ants didn't do it) they (the worlds) only passed by each other (*проезжать*), but even that was enough to result into a certain situation of the presence/absence of such highly valued components of the field of vision discussed here (*die Bäume und ihre Blätter*), which (the mental picture in question), besides being encircled by itself (*собственная*), keeps impressing the devoted observer (*aufgeschlossen*) as much with the diversity of supply as with the methodology of vanishing, for, look, a full hour or two have already passed, and yet there is no trace of the above described beginnings (see the first paragraph), [as if they vanished through a set end (*wer ist da? - ich bins*), having reduced excitingly / dressed in a zero frantically (*weniger denn je*)], which means that one cannot trust them longer than during the initial impulse (the sensation of the retina, the reverberation of a pellicle), nor should they be studied without the withholding of a reserved writer (*tatsächlich, in der Tat*), more or less versed in the dynamics of things, although, by all means, doubtful (almost dull) when it comes to such a representation (or a similar one, *in geringerem Maße*) of something which, in itself, does not carry any worth any more (does not fascinate itself with anything too much), taking into account, however, that in each following cycle of this, which manifested itself up to now, one cannot count on more than the very same decrease.

(Es ist noch etwas Milch übrig, though).

Field of vision as a range finder of the scene: as far as one can see, only one (the same) is visible (under the sky's dome) - a ripped open heart of geographic foam (the licentiousness of the flow in the area of a vein), a ticktock above the hill (preventing a time strain).

Гибкость.

To not be taken in by the favourable impressions of sight (the harmoniousness of hearing, the lack of shame), [in circumstances in which all happens in this (overgenerous) manner] to find so much strength to overcome the first congealment of daybreak (day's vindictiveness, night's flirtatiousness - the time intervals of a threefold waiting for a marvel), to maintain the idea according to which this is going to expire (by itself) too (i.e. according to which nothing can force it to not disown itself), to move to where everything is alright [(by chasing away an all-inclusive spell) to stop waving from an uncomfortable height], to calm down and bet a sense (*aut inveniam viam aut faciam*), the one with

which it will be possible to determine how much it was proceeded with violating the balance (delicate even without being disturbed) of an obstinate luck (*σπουτ ποσμοτρεψ ετот φιλμ?*), manifested just enough to not have to prove (on the first occasion) that not all is so dark (that, in spite of everything, and however faintly, there can be seen beneficial contours of, to whatever degree changeable, a perspective of the diligent population which, hushed, idly labors, or increases its skills speculating how to separate from the order of things by having selected the *ΕΑΗ* (*Everything-Always-Here, alle fünf Meter*) for its permanent goal, as if nothing nowhere is frightened out of its wits, nor the news are spreading of being executed twice (leaving and returning - *Ποτε θελετε να ταξιδεψετε?*), nor anything is foreboded which already, in the field of vision like this (*στατιστικеское данное*), does not lead to the idea that collective fate cannot be further taken to pieces without getting into elementariness without cover, *von da an*.

At spes non fracta: with the exception of several assiduous taps onto the tree, those two or three birds (which performed the knocking in an organized and cheerful way) did not show a particular artfulness, something about which substantiated exchanges of thoughts could be developed for longer than a moment in this afternoon [did not put on a performance of adroit tricks of sleight of hand from which a comparison to the cartwheel with a misused head (*ich war schon einmal da, du auch?*) could be inferred], and yet (in the basis of all that, *au fond*), a certain impression of inviolability of an obvious referment of state (*à tout hasard*) creates itself, witnessed by infallible bites into the birds' environs (the woody frame of the target), which, by that very fact, always shows up where it is least expected, sticking itself out less [*bon diable*: more making sure that it be not the only one (not "lone in this world", *sic!*)], fitting into the alleged paysage full of unquenchable lines on both sides of the hollowness, originated from the need for complementing something which cannot be complemented without being tricked by the finished work, in the courtyard's field of vision as on a flying saucer, *à droite*.

{U, V-C, A, W, D}

04/12-13/03

Forgetfulness (Regarding Lord Kelvin)

A mutual relation is what counts. *Seien Sie vorsichtig, wenn Sie über die Straße gehen.*

There can be seen, for example (on the neighbouring roof, *μετοξυτηλυство*), two birds (it's them again, as if in this diary there is nothing else, that is probably why it croaks so much) as they are strutting angrily (face to face), one would say that there is nothing left any more of their (symbiotic?) relation (*Ποναει εδο*), even if one of them got frightened (if the situation was like that), the other one would have kept on dozing off, but the situation is not like that - the two birds are struggling each one for its own screech.

In terrorem, inter se.

Still, out of such circumstances - they flew as if nothing happened: it must be that they entered into an agreement about something fatefully important (*Που μπορω να σας βρω?*), because of which they suddenly came to be in better terms with each other (*Μπορω να σας βοηθησω?*), so much so that they (in tandem), without a derangement in their wings (without a perplexity in their goals), brushed even against the chord of the wind (true, somewhat weak, *Geschwindigkeitsbegrenzung*), one having overturned towards the other, occupied with thoughts about roused luck.

Loyal devoir.

"Look how everything is changing out of which nothing, the least of all two beings, sets aside!" - grammatically monotonously concluded their (of those birds) protector, a superb inventor of the free flight of spontaneous fancies (*наблюдатель*), having seen the birds off at a glance, having derived the conclusion with a vision of another senseless war (*libertas et natale solum*), as all the others ended up in the silence of a cowardly begged peace.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

And so, even this episode of a well understood presentation of pseudo-confusion would be gone if it was not for the occurrence of a certain false magic (with, at that, its wings spread out as well) of the insatiableness of a wasteful moment (*das hat mir die Augen geöffnet*), exerting pressure on the already crushed senses to postpone the registration of worthy incitements until tomorrow (if today, after all, one cannot say that everything resurrected with a measure, *poco a poco*), and to use osmosis to throw the object in question (the thing that this is about - a practiced continuity) over into a *formaldehyde* as an interconnected *carbonhydrogenoxygen* (like in CH_2O), wherein it goes without saying that there comes into effect a suitable ceremony (professional celebration, statutory festivity, noble affectation: formality, punctuality, parade, etiquette), with attention paid, therefore, to the order, correctness, conventionality and the imperial toughness, as if the cure for the lengthy sameness is to be found in the manner and not in the result, and as if from the restoring of good relationships automatically follows universal amnesia (a cosmic forgetfulness, *otium cum dignitate*).

(“Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful”, W. Shak.).

Миниатюрный псалом.

Since everything is going to be forgotten, from nothing there can be made a reason sufficient for the insistence on selecting it for perpetuity, and yet, operating on parts subject to deluding the nature of time (*das Beste daraus machen*), the selection (*ohne Zweifel*) imposes itself as a continual feature of activity, its incessant skillfulness and adjustment before any slightly more significant move of the opponent - the breaking from the previous flow of things, *nicht mehr zu reparieren* - in order to preserve this which, selected originally, has demonstrated itself as quite acceptable when compared to that which is to be imposed by the simple state of the newest unavoidableness (*односторонний*), as if, in all that, one deals exclusively with replaceable parts and not with irreplaceable entirety (*весь*), as if, that is, fragmentariness has an advantage over integrability, triflingness over totality, small teeth of an ant over the tongue of an anteater, this day over another, more yellow. *Еще желтый.*

Forgetting the current one, one picks the other harmony for always storing the same cats and dogs, for sustaining the opposites which, even reconciled, do not present a sufficient obstacle for the whole process not to continue to boundlessness (in a more humble case - to the next life, *soi-disant*), so that, possibly, the form is satisfied (leaving the essence to the dull, sobering hour in the head of the nominal crowd, the one, that is, that still has it). *Spes sibi quisque.*

(“The commonalty, like the nobility, are divided into several degrees”, Blackstone, *selon les règles*).

Forgetfulness as support for deceitful permanency (a vindication for steady fickleness), a shallow move of the remembrance of the self, a sort of bewitching voyage, in the sense that to it (the forgetfulness), on it (the journey), sparkling and cheerful (like a mortar's solemnity), everything is pardoned except forgetting the fervent organization and canonic direction (“And there will I meet and commune with thee”, Ex. xv. 22.), as if underneath one season (*siècle*) there does not lie (memorative) excavations of the other (*siècles des ténèbres*), petrified by the lies from this one (*siècle d'or*), uttered with intention to, while forgetting everything at hand, forget this day's brand, bound to Kelvin's end.

Gedrängt voll.

{V-C, A, W, D}

04/13-16/03

Promotion

It is not easy to put these lines together and, at that, to decorate them (being so fragile and unconvincing) with victor's boredom, as the only decoration of such a determined procedure of promotion. *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.*

Сводка.

But, what to do with turning to the self (the introspectionist mutters under his breath), with an unproportional absorptiveness of the praise from within?

[Not everything is in the exterior look anyway - says the one tricked by the mirror, the mirror of the soul that is (his thoughts ruining the wall). *Sie können sagen, was Sie wollen*].

The increased luminosity of the day cannot help but to assail onto solving of important issues: how to increase production, how to change a shadow's clothing, how to invent the wheel, how to avoid the truth, how to perfect the process, how to stand on your hind legs in front of the occupier, how to entertain the bomber, how to wag a tail, how to live quietly, how to not live - to mutter the words of weak consolation (to count off the rosary underneath the head-eaves of salvation, *сварной*).

[*Nächtlich*, eight o'clock passed already (as if quietly sold), yet nothing before eight got ready (let alone solved)].

Shoeing with waiting (*Τοπική ώρα*), the insolubleness of the hours advances all the more firmly - even hired hands of grass blades start to reverberate (in the grassy vicinity their alarm being served in a plate). *Felicitas multos habet amicos*.

Sometimes more (sometimes less) there comes to a reversal of direction: that which started going to that side arrives to this, and vice versa, that which a raven's eye reflects as utter borax, sends its ($Na_2B_4O_7$) letters courtesy of *Corvus corax* - even to this, new alphabet (used by the new, electronic people), it may turn out to be beneficial to spread in the manner in which the old one did: through the old fashioned ether (using the bird's meter).

(*Was passierte danach?*)

A stranger passes by [given that the road did not take him to the alternative advantages of Heaven, he, too, would like to (at least) get to feel at home], the bus is even less frequent (this is easily noticed because the bus stop is right here, in front of the window - which, therefore, most of the time looks at practically no one), but, then, there piles up (collects in the corners, grows and shines) a habitation doubt regarding such an intended dwelling of the bearer of the abode licence, i.e. of a dual user of said domicile (in the case of a cube, and in the cube of a hush), if one exempts the bank (whose, of course, are both the sojourn and sojourner, *faire bonne mine*).

What else could be cited in support of the shy thwarting of stillness, not even he would know (the dweller convinced into the correct volume of the room), if he himself (*ex auctoritate mihi commissa*) did not concur with discreet noise of washing the dishes as a consequence of the day-long feast, superfluous after the hunger faded (set afloat in the deluge of salutary ideas, *ex abundantia*).

Μηπως θελετε κατι να πειτε?

Alternatively, *Μηπως θελετε κατι να Φατε?*

Having covered the feet with two fine blankets [of which not a single one passes more than half of the cold (*нет никакого возможности*)], and even that only in the case of throwing the cotton fabric onto the frigid floor], it remains for him (the one whom, as throughout all these notes, all this is about), warmed up primarily in that way, to not overheat beyond the prescribed, *Lowell's* norm, *de trop*.

(“Sate the hungry soul beyond an hour”, *Lowell*).

Like *Cebus capucinus* (capuchin of a bare, wrinkled, whitish face and black hair growing like a monk's cowl, and of a wide nose and tail serving the function of tongs), there goes something behind the wall of the softened edifice [its passage will be as its going was - a rubber belt fits each and every belly (whatever the cause)], it circles around perplexity as breeze around a finger (it bends in the wrist like an ant in its gait), catching everything it sniffs, taking all it can (leaving the rest to still shake), pretending it knows what it is after (at the end of the road, however, still

clinging to its habitation), a friend of no one, passer by to every one, something which one should (every time) also pass by, without turning back that could be interpreted in various ways, none of which would be able to offer anything besides such a manipulation of public opinion, obtained by conducting an interview by means of a sample of the clatter of feet of a fictitious ape behind the wall of the softened edifice.

Absurdity, absurdity, absurdity! *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.*

(*Con amore*: to R., whose birthday it is today).

Der Fuß des Berges: with the exception of the promotional feature of the evening by itself (even in it, one has to climb atop the backbone of reason and, from there, emphasize the recommendations of an orthodox devotee until the crack of dawn), everything else peacefully extinguishes itself (neither is it being carried away by the daily rewards of the ant, nor is it longing for the nocturnal tributes to the cricket), although, as well, a certain enthusiasm can be felt due to the self-congratulatory position of being as an ultimate remuneration of life (insatiable is the life: even under the occupation it springs up like a water lily in July - *es ist etwas dazwischengekommen*, affording to say at least that), a paramount inconsiderateness promoting itself to the meritorious chastity of a procedure in time, point in space, token in the self, *κ счастью*.

{U,V-C,A}

04/16-20/03

Three Out of Four

Being timid, the state of numbness (*et sequentia*) renounces itself too, because of which one should cheer it up (not let it split hairs about the tactics of withdrawal to the completeness of words, the longevity of hours, the shadiness of voyage, *et sequentes*), it should be freshened up with a gulp of (vitaminized!) lemonade at hushed noon, when nothing can yet be taken for more than a half of that which it is, i.e. when with such a half-way (benumbed) condition there represents itself all which, in its name, hesitates as a whole, with which this cycle (of typically attentive thoughts, *no so was!*) started and with which it will end, unless a publisher (in the meantime) publishes it (nonchalantly prolonging it by the act) in a jubilant series of the systems of detection of average solutions (*so oder so*), on the occasion of meager ceremonies in connection with completing a surgical incision at the dead of (such a reduced) night.

Das ist gut so.

Such a reduced night, brimming with deceitful impressions of the day, flown down the perfect bed of the ruddiness, out of which neither the first nor second nor third (neither the ruddiness, nor the day, nor the night) will for a long time melt together in a manner in which they did it along the soft edge (a peripheral string) while looking into (this) observer's face with tacit approval of his act to, in fact, leave things to the immediateness of encounter due to which (at that instant) everything falls into its place [that the day submits from the glare to the night (*à coup sûr*) without any loose ends], giving up the synchronization of that kind of dovetailing to the teeth of prudence before (also) surrendering the newest mouthful to the interminable jaws of the world (*γужинать*), snapping six days out of seven (claiming it is enough, *was solls?*).

("Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work", Ex.xx.9).

Was soll das heißen?

As if (from the licentiousness of the heavens) *Abessa* announces herself *Abessa* (*Αρχίζει στις οκτώ*), the impersonation of conventual life in *Spenser's 'Faerie Queene'* (*Τελειώνει στις εννιάμισή*), with such a kind of sobriety which cannot be interpreted aside from the coincidence of circumstances (the fairy behavior within the rejoicing circle of outcasts of the expert state, the graceful walk and rosy cheeks of *Vivien*, a wanton from the story of *King Arthur*, whose charms overcame even the enchanter *Merlin*, having enclosed him in a hollow oak for all of time to come), the circumstances,

therefore, which brought it (the given sort of sobriety) to all this practically instantaneously, emphasizing the justification of contemporary intertwining of relations and things, their primary model being the moving target, marking a heart discovered in a strayed runaway [designating something that still beats on the (otherwise silent) road].

(*Εχει διαλειμμα δεκαπεντε λεπτων*).

Underneath all that (under the patheticness from the window, *so wie es jetzt ist*), there rearranges itself a fine diluteness of (a professed) God (it is seen in the withering away of the sentence typesetting - *so, das wärs*): whether the first changed to the second (or the second transformed to the first) is not of immediate significance for the further development of the events (*so viel ich weiß*), all the more vague/jagged relative to the previous happenings (a flashy introduction to the pomposity of condition), from which, afterwards, everything hardened at noon (disappeared into the evening by drilling through the night's beaming). *Fortiter, fideliter, feliciter*.

But, as if something sounded itself (as if it dared to, slightly, scratch). *Сюрприз*. ("It was the lark, the herald of the morn", W. Shak.). *Жаворонок*.

According to the (justifyingly) imagined scheme of the events, that, however, is not all: "And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn", Prior.

(*В покое?*).

Building itself onto everything that happened before it [but which did not promise more than a modest motivation for the bloom (*Blüte und Glanz*)], therefore, it too, showed up there - the next morning of the previous days/evenings (*frische Luft tut gut*), regardless of how much something was delaying it, or barring itself in front of it in the form of sweet duties of a dream, slowing it down to the point at which it was no longer possible to avoid the inevitability of parting from the past trinity (the ruddiness, the day, the night), the only one from which [as from a tripled, but also reasonably flexible beam of yesterday's reflections (*sozusagen*)] an inception like this could appear, the genesis of the newest moment, the one from which there also secretes the raucous morning (*sich umsehen*), as something which is assumed by itself (*auf die Dauer*, though), after all the costs resulting from maintaining yesterday's phases [the blaze-the noon-the dark: from each one (in a haze) - *καρandaui*], to not sink into that from which it would not be possible to keep describing this morning either, without lessening its leaning on them, three out of four, *drei von vier* (*три от четыре*).

{U, V, S-A}

04/20-22/03

Methodology of a Story (Type of Reading-Piece, Procedure of Story-Telling)

So many pages already (there must be a hundred of them, for sure, *natürlich*), yet not a trace of a novel is in view - all which is caught in the words defends itself from them (*легко-мысленный*), regarding a possible story even a whisper of imagined heroes is missing, let alone a case of truthful characters talking to each other, *quod bene notandum*.

If anybody speaks about anything here (pretending to have something to say, *Συγγνωμη, μπορω να περασω*), such a personage is in no way of those, pseudo-epic heroines and heroes (*roman fleuve*), nor is it, sure enough, of those falsely fictitious characters from the real-statistical literature (*roman à clef*), the pronouncers of the one-way (from *basic* to *simple*) sentences (exclamations, riddles, repartees, comments, neo-linguistic instructions - *Sprachen liegen mir nicht*), busy with a traditionally established list of interests for phenomenological pieces of characterizations of states ranging from ephemeral to trivial, nor is it of those literature personalities of an affirmative clarity of the periodicity including the *yes-no-yes*, *here-there-here*, *now-then-now*, and *this-that-this*, in the sense of the ontological opposition to the metaphysical transformation of one's own restrictiveness to the universal one, even at the price of a vivid barbarism of the boredom towards aspiration, like the one attributed to *More of More Hall*, a legendary hero who killed the *Dragon of Wantley*, *pardonnez-moi*. (*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*).

A complete reversal of thinking is also possible, though, in the sense of a perfect complement of the (otherwise useless) attitude: “A volte-face worthy of a politician”, W. Besant.

Im Affekt handeln.

Persevering on a singular tone, all that (in these writings, панорамный) can be classified under the universal results (relative to the singular) of the processing of all these days (and nights, with the necessary passages of dawning under the forehead), and carried away by the lexicographical pompousness of an individual like this humble raconteur of yours, dear reader, repentant only during the buzzing underneath said forehead (*in vacuo*) - all that, therefore, still brags because of its sharp line of distinction from the miniaturized surrounding, the boiling scene of the voting/polling protagonists/subscribers: a proportionally small change of such one, ‘post-liberal’ epoch of insight into the hour emptied before the end of the world.

Внутри.

An hour emptied before the end of itself, that is, when even from seconds it is expected to realize their whim, before dissolving into the ages of the calculated glory - a half for the clock (a ticktock star), a half for its keeper (each to his own czar). *Поклонение.*

The writing of a diary like this as avoiding the vulgarity cited by *Ouida*: “The essence and object of life is vulgarity – that is, publicity”. (In the sense: *Все кончилось хорошо*).

Type of reading-piece as a choice of river basin: it will either properly flow into an awkward sea of familiar banality and affectionate blunder (*всего хорошего; с наилучшими пожеланиями*), or it will flood and drown (plotting against the life of the one who this is all about). *Da kann man nichts machen.*

As is the case with other things of the kind, however, one can approach the decision of which kind of writing to chose to bribe the text, in two ways: to take the day as is, and (in such a way solidified) to dilute it with a standard cocktail (*je suis prêt*), or to throw oneself from the incorruptibility of condition to the opacity of day, thus (by means of an illegible powder) tearing to pieces the self too (*das ist mir entfallen*).

It is one thing to state things and events as they presented (are presenting - *interdum vulgus rectum videt*) themselves, and the other as they concealed (kept secret, without intention to unveil themselves - *prends moi tel que je suis*).

Mapping the external effects/shapes one does not arrive but to a worthless (although alluring) picture of a prescribed granulation and suitable goal: on the other side (*und wenn es noch so schwer ist*), deepening and crushing (unsifted flour), all that a grain says - the other speck keeps quiet about (*bis auf weiteres*); in the end, it can be said that it is to do with a pert imposition of even such a diminutive, provisional conversation, which the executor of this nauseous procedure/task tries to go in for, instead of, like the registrars of the first sort (*bis es dunkel wird*), engaging in the annulment of the restlessness by pointing at a more gentle feature of the derision of a classical stillness (of the incompressibility of the afternoon hush). *Pour y parvenir.*

“He who attempts to violate the happiness of another”, Wollaston. *Genau das hat er gesagt; was pasierte danach?*

By the captivity in the self (*ich kann nicht so viel arbeiten*), i.e. by the generalization of such a staging of announcement about all this (in fact – nil), there also exposes itself, to be sure, the procedure of story-telling advocated here, along with all others concerning the registration of ostensible misfortune and fortune, to none other but the same, dual judgment - regarding representation and concealment, until one bribes the judge to be lenient toward the other (that which dared to differ) - *occasio facit furem* - to let it enter the methodology of the story, having come out from its own (having reduced it to the same one), (in all these circle-quadratures) having stayed without a decent alternative (having prescribed one of the two curvatures).

Орел или решка?

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Absinthe, Snipe (Woodcock vs. Wormwood)

Eeny meeny miny mo, Catch a tiger by his toe, If he hollers, let him go, Eeny meeny miny mo - so goes (sounds, flies, yells, grips, smiles and shines) a string of the pre-school pearls, but because, since then, every one finished every school (successfully mastering nursery rhymes), the mentioned necklace (heedlessly strewn in the records of a futile knowledge) does not count any longer as the unbound way of writing. Rather, it breaks under each letter under which it would start (as before) to bind into *Eeny meeny miny mo, Catch a tiger by his toe, If he hollers, let him go, Eeny meeny miny mo*.

Ich mache es morgen zu Ende.

The day widened more than it extended (*pactum illicitum*) - accepting even stocky hours as they are, instead of elongating them upwards (*το μπιστοβνι*), staggering to the side instead of rearing (on its hind legs) - rolling like a barrel instead of bursting, *баран*.

In all that (in such a headquarters setting, *перевосоружение*) there is no room for disagreement with the nature of things - rather, one can talk about the unconditional acceptance of the strong recipe of growth. *Labore et honore*. [Growth is pushing the grey eyes of an ant, (like the insect) the next day's also thinning, (in its teeth) there shines the white dot of its rant, a badge pierced in the mouthful of evening].

(Etwa um 2 Uhr).

“And to have added a little touch of joy and beauty to the land of one's living, this is worth a little effort, to be sure”, Andrew McNally. *Noch zu bezahlende Rechnungen*.

Since it's already like that - the day's reverberating like a suddenly struck bronze [ant is jerking, (under noon's mark, centering its pose) earth is asking for its own plunder, *pugnus et calcibus*] - why does not one arrange right away that the medicine (for today) be *Artemisia arborescens* (a tree wormwood bearing no nonsense), that the wormwood (*absinthium*) is not picked where its pickers could be tricked (*pro hac vice*), i.e. that, in addition to tropical *Aster* (a family full of wild *Parthenium*), (as in a classical movie) one picks the weed of the genus *Ambrosia* (Roman wormwood treating nausea)?

Классический подступ.

(Having impudently gotten rid of all that, *bis jetzt*) one should avoid offering (as an escape from the plight) honeyed crossing by snipe's flight [the flight (to the other side) by the bird which, besides symmetrically bisecting / halving the absinthe (woodcock vs. wormwood), flies through the bitter forest as a succinct whole - firstly starting pecking from expected heights, and then augmenting its restrained nights], as if, so far, nothing got resolved (if not fully, at least by a half), as if, that is, all kept going round the past heat [sideways from the elbow, yet above the knee (utilizing fully medicinal tea), shifting gears from the first one, to the second, to the third], during the ascending of the sugary bird (like the ring of vapor to finally gird), *mehr oder weniger*.

(Qualis vita, finis ita).

There - *Scolopax rusticula* (here - *Philohela minor*), of short legs and a long beak both here and there [their first half - a half drink of entire wormwood, their second - a half of what they (look!) whitstood]: *wenn ich Sie wäre* - they're saying to each other (*rusticula, Philohela*). “We cease to wonder at what we understand”, *Johnson* claims (in the meantime). (He probably meant - ‘we *think* we understand’; supposingly, exactly because of that ‘we *do not think* that we think we understand’, i.e. because ‘we *really think* we understand’, he occupied himself with the problem. *Sapere aude*).

“I want to seat and watch the setting sun”, says *Southey* (on the other hand). *Indem er das sagte, ging er* - like a bird from the bitterness (having tested all the ways), *abends, am Abend*.

{U, V-C, A, W, D}

May Day

Zur Debatte stehen: A perfect slave - one who works and keeps quiet. (*Что с ним?*).

[Even when working for himself (he thinks) - yet paying taxes for bombs (it stinks), *σωστα και τακτοποιημενος*].

Le dessous des cartes.

How useful is an idler - and on top of that disobedient - can easily be answered by looking at how eagerly he is being retrained (soon, there won't be enough of him for even an ethnographical museum). *Más vale tarde que nunca.*

Ideal slaves: good workers, poor warriors.

It couldn't be that only bees/ants understood that.

In case of humans: wherever to look, one sees *business* schools, *management* courses, *economy* theories, a hastened performance of the brain in the range from one profit to another, almost identical, perhaps a bit more liberal (*die Information wurde dem Feind zugespielt*) - the one who guesses right what the trainees study, will get a hundred shares: ten right away, ninety tomorrow (once he learns what to do with them).

Was ist los?

[An enhancing triad, of course, is being studied:

“A skillful manager of the rabble”, South.

“Leave them to manage for thee”, Dryden.

“A prince of great aspiring thoughts; in the main, a manager of his treasure”, Temple].

“What is, therefore, necessary?”, there reckons the boss (the queen bee in a beehive, the pushiest ant inside an ant hill, *abeille reine, пчела королева*).

Вопрос жизни и смерти.

It is necessary to teach him [the worker (whether human or bee or ant, *geringfügig*)] to work and keep quiet, *правде говоря*.

With which we return to where we started from: the one who keeps quiet and works - is a perfect slave. *Lapis philosophorum.*

Ich hatte also doch Recht.

[“The waiters stand in ranks; the yeomen cry, ‘Make room’, as if a duke were passing by”, Swift.

Manibus pedibusque.

An all-time procession of both the system and its order (the slouchiness of people - a controlled disorder), something that supervises (beats its chest as if on a stage): a whim which (even today) takes place without the rage.

Начальник].

1. **May** (*Первое мая, der 1. Mai, le Premier Mai, May Day*), 1996-2005: *J'ai essayé de t'aider, sans résultat*; nine years have passed since my writing about that *May Day* (then), only to, around the coming one (arriving when?), things become reduced to the excavations of the prior one (maybe slightly worse): *Karl Marx* as a critical acceleration of the *Gotha programme* of 1875 (you bet!), the working class as a voting mass (bothersome deceleration) of the computerized planet, the “reformers” & the “transition” as a foolish accretion (the TV pollution) of a linguistic coquette, *ekklesiastikos* as a formalized result of the post-voting longing in a single set (*η εκκλησία*), the fourteen books of seventy-two *Palestinians* as the three volumes of the not understood poet (*septuaginta* as an enrichment of a capital net), *Arkadia* and *Hercules* – the *Stymphalian* birds’ nervousness (*n'est-ce pas* ?), (*Stymphalides* as a culmination of retaliation - no more, no less), the only bow of mine (of course, my moves are fine) - not even I am any longer some sort of a workers’ mama, let unions on their tanks dash into the panorama.

Sursum corda: танк как Телец!

{V-A,D}

04/27-29/03

Sun On the Wind

Sun on the wind approaches in a rhythm of a docker (coastal dancer): *pas seul* - it swings once (or twice, about the point of the least break), before it (like a struck sail), from the sky’s mast (a gauzy thigh), shifts downwards (to the ground floor) - and continues to practice sorcery. (*Per fas et nefas*).

It portends warmer days on the basis of doubting these (predicting coalescence of things - warming up frozen dreams); it foretells how (in the focal point of everything) there will renew itself the traditional kind of a (focus-like) coupling.

Невесомый.

[*Doxologia* of the Sun: *Gloria in Excelsis* of a thermal climax (in a feverish sense) in place of the ruinous body - something which (above 98.6°F) already (considerably) talks nonsense. *Πρέπει να μειντετε στο κρεβατι για τρεις μερες*].

All the more sunny days offer new (brighter) moments in exchange for the old ones - only to execute the transfer without a complaint (without an error) and all will be forgotten (as always in the past), even with regards to the one who, suitably full of himself (*plein de soi-même*), does not hold back when it comes to the question of leading the wrecked flock.

(*Der war es, er ist bekkant - Choreograf*).

Ausschau!: beyond the left opening in the roof (of the neighboring house) there disappears a falling bird - so ash gray and early, yet unable to fly over even such a (matinal) crater without playing the role of a handicapped *Peter Pan* (in the crevice between the solemn pause of *Cygnus* and effervescent transmissions from *Lyra*), forever under *Neverland*’s dome, never on the shingles of the original home, *μπυσιχα*.

Repose as a forcedly hushed morning [stretchiness as an alleviating circumstance (of the concerto) for flute and boning], an extended response as reverberative toning, *quels que soient les problèmes*.

“Calm is the morn without a sound”, Tennyson.

Point de départ (das versteht sich von selbst).

Under the layers of the wind, these (first) rays of the (over-praised) Sun have a difficult job - to not be the last (*в самом конце*), to prevent themselves from releasing (due to such a large load - *κατε μερα*) even a milligram of the morning twilight (from the photonic grid laid in the familiar combination of day-night), *maßgeschneidert*.

As if (in all that happens - first knitting, then setting/situating itself - *Wandteppich*) one always has to make sure that things don't come close to exceeding the glare of a zealous believer (of sparkliness of the sterling silver), regardless of (possibly justified) reasons being supported (being given a certificate about the regularity of the exemption) by such an extreme position of the (personages on the) right (or left, depending to which side, from the provincially pathetic center, the pitiable evaluator enviously looks) - yet maintaining, at that, good connections with passionateness of the moment, on the crupper of the wind [the rider: the Sun (riding on the rays of *OB-LA-DI OB-LA-DA*), the accompaniment: the Wind (sliding on the waves of the *Boards of Canada*)].

(Одна, даже, мысль об этом меня пугает).

“The strong passions, whether good or bad, never calculate”, Robertson.

Хорошо!

There shines the top of the fence bent by the well performed gusts of the burnished wind: as if the lighting has nothing to do with excommunicating, which, to be sure, succumbs from time to time - in case the object of expelling (that which is being interdicted, *ebenso*) is not reflecting any more [not even in a just promising scene (having ahead of itself a dramatic theme, *победоносный*)].

Wie sieht es aus?

There replies Irving: “Consider what scope the business of the scene gives to the actor's purpose”.

Sympathisch.

A wave of the wind, then the sun's resplendence - even in passages they get together as if they never found themselves in front of the wall of silence, of the reflectivity of a well adjusted mirror (of absorptivity of a trusted foreboding), of a characteristically hermetic attitude of the sceptical polyglot (unwanted in the company of pro-voting campaigners, including the post-war devotees of alternativeness, *pour y parvenir*).

It's slowly getting dark (echoing in such a hoarse way, untying chains all the more gray), a little bit longer and the wind will stop, only to not have to deal with protuberances, shivering at the very mention of the *H-bomb* - the most imposing copy of the nearest catacomb (the so-called Sun) - which, in fact, is nothing of the kind: only a deuterium in the jaws of the helium, the hydrogen blown to the other side of the mind.

Möchten Sie einen Kaffee?

{V-A,D}

04-05/30-02/03

Progressiveness of Situation (Boundary of Representation)

From April to May: a balanced, almost linear representation of the growth's chance (from April to May: *Vanilla aromatica* grown into the almond-shaped radiance), something that nicely fits into the notion of Paradise [if only not being taken apart by the terminating dice - molecularity, ecclesiastical enzymes (leavened bread), and elementary gleam] - look what happened to the (some time ago customary) jumping from one melody to the other (*sum quod eris; fui quod es*), without disturbing the notes of either one (perhaps, hurrying them up a bit, *si diis placet*), behaving in a

neutral manner with respect to the yeast of thoughts (*das heißt*, not showing signs of excessive interest/attention), pretending that, in principle, nothing is going to renounce the internal ideas in order to reduce the transformation (in moments of capricious transfigurations - *η κατενθουση?*) to something more than the unwanted oblivion of the present condition (condition number two, *das Jüngste*), having routinely stacked the condition number one (*Gerippe*) onto the bundle of obsolete thoughts.

(Γρεζα).

There, in such a situation, even a person more skillful than him would start pondering over the acrobaticism of entering the qualifiedness of such a remote, crucified attitude.

(*Ultima Thule*).

(“His own door being shut against his entrance”, W. Shak.).

The progressiveness of a situation as an arrangement of rings in the chain of effects (*mitten in der Nacht*), wherein the cause is represented by a single ring - the first one, so that the chain is reduced to a stick: who takes it in the hand, he gets a match, lighted with that very act, burnt out with whichever comes up next, *ex necessitate rei*.

Look, even today, a velvety impression of the outer structure (the saliency of the inner) makes only squirell and rain still interested in figuring out the phenomenon of the boundary of representation - a necessary touch with the hydrostatic world is achieved by the adroitness of the tail over the capillary basis of water mass, the world in question being the one from which minimal dynamics of the entire picture in individual stages of film development is expected, *comme il faut*.

The progressiveness of a situation as a boundary of representation is established, therefore, through the encounter of the rodent with the connectivity of the fluid - the squirell's jump over today's rain being an indispensable ingredient of such a process, whose completion reflects in the unnecessary reminiscence of the harmless beast, *à merveille*.

(To follow advice about ending off that which lists itself under something else, not as much questioning the original as preparing it to think of the possibility that it is the one which, afterwards, becomes the other, *Sie wissen ja, dass...*)

(“And award / Either of you to be the other's end”, W. Shak.).

Limpidity as a comfortable bite from inside (*jawohl!*), but also an unexpected advantage of the glass bee whose stinger, thus, pierced the window of the world, *de bon augure*.

Having arrived to the last spot (in the progressiveness of situation having run into the boundary of representation, *бесспорно*), the one who announces it makes an error exactly because of that - he is no longer there where he revealed he was (*Ενα εισιτηριο για τη Λαμια παρακαλω*), all which (along the way) hung on his side mistreats him from both front and back (letting him neither pass ahead nor go back), until he repossesses the command of his faculties [having abandoned the proclaimed goal (having not looked for the boundary of representation in progressiveness of situation)], having reduced himself to the initial condition of introspection (an authorization of the morning chills) - a reserved pass of the worthy stillness (a face concealed by the evening's thrills).

(*Aut Caesar aut nullus*).

Fickleness to which, otherwise, one cannot agree with a light heart (and rosy cheeks) without ending in the way in which, according to the Old Testament, the name of *Yahweh* ended up as the name of *Elohim*, as if the name of God is not subject, without saying, to the constancy of the missing information (in truth - of topological supremacy), i.e. as if by varying representation one changes the naming of the condition, even if keeping the same number of letters (six), and the same letters of the number (God), *собственно говоря*.

That is why he (whom this is about - *such dir etwas aus*), having anticipated a boundary of representation (*идеальный горизонт*) in the progressiveness of a situation, starts shunning all that, and (having listened to himself as he would to extinct kings) finishes ruling over this day too (routinely submitting to it): “Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth” (1 Kings xviii.27), having arrived to that to which a latent shark arrives (*Somniosus microcephalus*), in the progressiveness of the situation maintaining the cruising appetite, in the boundary of representation the harpoon’s might, *как будто прижиматься (прижаться), друг к другу*.

{V-C, D}

05/03-04/03

Posing of Otter

Reciprocity as repeating the singular (unique) posing of an otter - that is how one ought to look at oneself (not only in the mirror of the hours) when from the morning like this (as if from a whisper) an informer’s day brightens: having broken (around the waist) into two new halves (giving up to the vertigo on the roof, say), having landed in the form of a dreamed dismay (*extra muros*).

Dagegen kann man nichts tun.

[Since one came all the way to here, it cannot be claimed that not everything is a dream - even in the same, fragile order, it announces itself above the hand, forehead, mind (however sane), lifting them up as if it were a crane. Here, in the center of the old news - serving as a residence to the inner truce - *fide non armis*].

Coupled by the Earth (with its rocky chambers), the sun descends (through plasma) to the heated soil: to the rings of smoke adding quiet embers (wrapping them, like a jeweler, in yellowish foil). *Eh!*

Es spricht nichts dagegen.

H θεα: At first glance everything is independent, sharp (filled by itself like that puffed-up hen) - during the first walk, however, tied to something else (something which, for sure, in eerie position, doesn’t really talk) - look how, together, they visit the cause of the joint mission, *через день*.

[*Dorking*: of a large, heavy body, short legs (with five toes on each foot), and a plumage of varying colors - a domestic fowl which, in an instant, changes into a rooster (cock, an alternative poultry), very quickly doubling (and quite beastly growing - with its beak like scissors flashing all but faulty), *но всей стране*.

A fractured pomegranate - nothing to insinuate the everlasting sleeper.

“*Se remettre dans le bain!*” - there shouts its ever cautious keeper].

And it’s always like that: two result from one, having looked each other in excluded singleness (snow, wind, or water), that which used to be one sees two looking at each other, one in the form of an otter, the other in the form of another otter, whereby neither one of them can be denied a certain prompt ability of recognizing and, immediately afterwards, harmonizing with the other one (*prendre un bain de foule*), in such a way gaining (in terms of a collective move) against the broad-shouldered solitude (*вон там*), straightening the curls on the head full of the sobriety of collaboration (*no сравнению*), treating itself with the outcome of the alliance treatise - a contemporary passableness of the otter duality through the constant doubleness of *Scylla & Charybdis*.

He говоря уже.

Having doubled, nothing gets rid of the self as much as it lets itself into the amplification of a well aimed tandem - of nicely copied otters, which, sure enough, is not to be understood literally: even *Blatta gigantea*, a gigantic beetle of

S. America, bangs its head against a tree in order to call its tree-mate (not surprisingly, the other, sleeping part of the same state).

Anstalten machen, etw zu tun.

A union of skilled beings [otters, beetles, humans (otters, beetles, humans, *meiner Ansicht nach*)], a considerateness in behavior and pose in attentiveness, a diversity in proceeding and transgressive fasting (*hohe Ansprüche stellen*), an appetizer consisting of slices [main course full of toast thrown between dices (*hohe Ansprüche haben*)], variegated state of the pair members as a rainbow bridge over their chambers (*ansehnlich*), above all - sensuality (made by an apparatus which, even if shaky, generates all that can be comprehended as the proposed duality).

(*Dramatis personæ*).

“I am resolved to double till I win”, Dryden. (*Το διπλο κρεβατι?*).

As if something always rolls into itself (or is being generalized by the mirror's reflection), or it (the hasty, omnipresent otter) throws its tail into the dual result: imposing itself in such a way so as to make sure its initial singleness does not leave a trace (even in the sand) - there too, namely, lines of doubled time are seen as a two-fold brand (biological clock + a physical ticktock never falsely mock), *aus eigener Anschauung*.

[*D' autre part*, a very radiant (ready for everything) bird, black as coal (both an expected basis of the key hydrates and a splashy watering of the mentioned mates): garden clash resulting from this day's nice scene (eternity - derivative of exhausted theme, encircled with strawberry), things which only float, rubbery, rubbery. *Резиновый*].

Posing of otter: the skill in presenting a condition doubled in size, unearthing flexibility (lurking from a hydra), things which get along in sync / very fine (always throwing out their prominent chests), both when (gray-haired) they keep their nests, and when (from its studio) something snubs them (and fully defies), placing its own picture under double skies.

Wichtig sein.

{V-A, W, D}

05/04-06/03

Busyness With Immediateness

Question: What is that which all this (and any of its parts, every part of everything) is busy (obsessed, occupied) with, at each moment (in every hour)? *Observanda*.

Answer: The immediateness.

An immediate presentation (*auf einmal*) of occurrences, beings, objects (and their relations, *es war einmal...*), all that which stretches itself in front of all this (all of its components) for the mutual evaluation and inspection: first there, at the main door (*pas de la porte*), then closer (inside the window glass, in the room, by the lamp), finally, the closest (in tomorrow's grass - *éternité*) - a direct/unavoidable/unquestionable influence on all this (and any of its parts, every part of everything) takes place.

Τι θα παρτε?

It is very hard to avoid immediateness (to hang on the neck of the beautiful nowhere), primarily because it has nothing to do with dealing with representatives of the other side, nor it (the other side, *забияка*) can simply deny the role which gives it the right to snub the victim - to strangle it with the fondness of an accidental passer-by (*гитнотизер*), even if

the latter did not identify himself, which is most often the case, from which there follow all other cases (*зипнотический*), full of the inevitability of facing the immediateness of the phenomenon in question (*зипноз*).

Occupied with their immediateness, in other words, all parts of everything / everything by itself (*amicalement*), stays only at that: one should not hope for some essence of temporality (*den Ausschlag geben*), nor expect the form to fill up the room (*es sieht nach Regen aus*); even though things happen due to their effort (*es sieht schlecht aus*), they (said parts of objects/beings, also their relations) do not putter with anything outside the localized workshop of the world, struggling with the periferal masteries of *Yggdrasill* (the *Tree of the Universe*), *quod erat demonstrandum*.

It is because of that that it is possible for everything to happen (including to bloom) in the way in which it does (until all falls to a sort of gloom, *quod avertat Deus!*).

(Even cherubs reach for the lantern in the underground passages of the heavenly kingdom, *quod bene notandum*).

Busy (obsessed, occupied) with immediateness, the participants of their own lives have been taken in by the primary news too much to be truthfull protagonists of their own lives), having presented the all-seeing property of the cube (in which they bathe with their thoughts of reasonable dwelling) as an exit from the dweller's anxiety (*quod erat faciendum*), a decorativeness of the horizon due to the needle-shaped pine tree (juniper bush, *Ash* bark) as a reflection of the wooden goods (*utilité*), having postponed the uncertainty of today's finding until tomorrow's rehearsal - although, when they hesitate they have good reason for it: in whatever way to turn their faces to their wishes (their backs to their worries), they find themselves queuing up for the diligent microbes (or, at least, their stories).

(*Populus vult decipi*).

Occupation with immediateness as well-planned, by the solidity of results nicely rounded day, full of the official users of an up-to-date transmission of the sense, although of the statehood principles as well, of which even if only a button on the collar of libertarian *épopée* remains - a degraded pauper (with the epitaph in a luxurious grove) submits to his omen, letting the rainbow warm him up more and more.

("The rainbow appears like a substantial arch in the sky", Watts). *Præscriptum*.

Wherein *Ani diFranco* sings from the rainbow (the pay for the senses is never too low), having not heard her (having not cared for her singing), occupied with immediateness, the earthly worm would like to play with its own greatness - if only the sky were not thin for that sort of clinging. *Præcognita*.

[Being already so tiny, if at least it were as shiny, it reckons at that. "Like the bountiful season bland", Tennyson].

Desto besser.

Busyness with immediateness as an ultimate occupation with the self: exactly with that (a high-altitude consolation), it terminates itself (how neat!) - melting, atop all years, together with it.

Aller-hand!

{U, V-A, W, D}

05/08-10/03

Transparent Complement

Warmer days are (supposed) to lead to a softer approach to things but, as in all cases of induced facilitation, there too appears a (mild) form of disbelief of an experienced, though a somewhat heavy-eyed subject of someone else's plan.

Von da ab.

Hearing/seeing the roundness of an improvement announcing (establishing) itself in the manner in which (in the previous shows, *непрезойденный*) all those rings of the plaited advantage of updated moment presented themselves [until washed off with this same rain (which is to start any time now, *неутомимый*)], one has to approach the capricious presentations of the given sort quietly and cautiously - there reckons a routine expert of the progressive conjecture (having hung himself on its realization like a little bell on a joyful sheep, *εχετε δικιο!*), having also thought of the way in which, along with such an exercise [done at every mile - from a grindstone to a whetstone (through an automatic progression of the benevolent style, *не от мира сего*)], he is going to believe all that (the pre-programmed improvement of a calendar season, *unten am Fluss*) - as soon as *Dryope* (a nymph changed into a poplar) smiles at him, *eh bien*.

On one side *Egeria*, a nymph from whom King *Numa Pompilius* received instructions with regards to religious institutions (*als Antwort*), on the other *Eblis* (or *Iblis*, the chief of the evil angels - *nichts als Ärger*), or *Edyrn*, an evil character who, according to *Tennyson's* 'Idylls of the King', underwent a positive transformation at *King Arthur's* court (*alles Gute! Prost!*) - there it is that which involves itself in explaining the proposed enterprise (*was mich anbelangt*), here it is this which denies the former (the undertaking in question, *Dichtung und Wahrheit*), or, unable to prevent it, silently plots against its life [unless, like *Edyrn* (*digito monstrari*), it suddenly improves itself].

Vorschlag: one thing is this which prepares itself for a quick flight to the other side, the other is that which (being already there) quietly waits to change the first one (in the same way in which the crime changed *Donatello*) from a simple animal (resembling the *Faun of Praxiteles*) to a complex one (such as *Ammon*, a deity with the head of a ram).

Two things are in effect: this one - sharp and impressive (*Anregung*), and that one - vaporous and indistinct (*de trop*).

It is permanently felt, namely, as if something is not as it should be, more exactly, as if something's missing, but not in the sense that this is not all, rather in that all is something else - while this serves as a transparent complement [like water full of hydrogen, even though the oxygen (its lungs plus alleviation) serves it eight times better (in terms of granulation)].

Τι ώρα τελειώνει?

Something which declares itself as if it is mute [whose words wouldn't spring unless quite astute: *Anteros* himself (the god of mutual love and coupled compassion, who, besides punishing those that do not reciprocate, does not pardon those who are in a merciless war with themselves. *Gage d'amour - gaieté de cœur*)].

['Never mind' - the observer of such fine things concludes; (full of self-awareness) an old (rather traditional) wisdom is going to indicate itself at the first occasion (a complete state of being informed without minor news) - a woolen sign of the runic Annunciation, *de tous les cotés*].

Transparent complement as a compensation for the withdrawing into the self (*furor poeticus*, staring across the pleura of an ascertained stranger): the approved recipe for inhalation of this day too - neither better nor worse than yesterday's (nor more certain than tomorrow's), (here and there) decorated with a trait of a certain narrowness (of one crushed with silence of the lost struggle, *нераскаявшийся*), embroidered with a thread threaded through the personal stitch - underneath a dome covering the unyielding kitsch (above the hush of displayed trash: *ваше время истекло*).

Sich über ein Thema ausbreiten: as if, at the very beginning of those summers (then), it was normal to pick up a book from their middle (*J. Verne's* "The Children of Captain Grant" & "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea", *H. Sienkiewicz's* "In the Desert and Jungle", *J. Walker McSpadden's* "Robin Hood", *R. L. Stevenson's* "Treasure Island" & "Black Arrow", *J. London's* "Call of the Wild", in the community centre "Зелено Брдо (The Green Hill)", or in a bookstore near the part of the city known as *ЛИОН (autre temps, autres mœurs)*, in order for all those adventures, voyages, heroic deeds and their protagonists (the histrionic dramas and melodramatic difficulties of theirs, *превратности/судьбы, allées et venues*) to be effortlessly poured from such sincere sides into (the only) center of the world (under its childish hammer)

- the transparent complement of an everlasting summer, significant in the sense of a completeness of impression of a possible warmth (*auf und davon*), regardless of how illusively such a pattering of the given reader with the victorious disposition of the predestined bearers of the sense might sound (*он не годится для этой работы*), in the books intended for his (*prae-summer*) complementing at the moments of the silicon-like visibility (glass-like intelligibility) of that life then, in this hand now (an extension of the same scan), equivalent to some plan.

Arbiter elegantiarum.

{V, S-A, D}

05/12-14/03

Where Next?

Where next (on this page, that is. For something more - the real steps are missing, for less - the fictitious letters). *Μπορείτε να μου δείξετε στο χαρτί?*

Sich auseinander setzen.

Where next, therefore, when even this (here) is announced as being worth a grandious goal. *Δεχονται πιστωτικες καρτες. Realpolitik.*

(It is fully possible, namely, to achieve triumph having achieved nothing. *Tiens ta foi*).

Regarding the next, therefore - look how one is supposed to gain the upper hand over a suspicious duality of the voyage (*Υπαρχουν εκδρομες?*): going down the road's right side, or taking the left through a deserted mind [an alluvium which the advancing one, even if he crosses it, uses as a marker - between the self from before and the self from now (to whom he changed while figuring out where next)], to the obsolete or up-to-date representation of the self, depending on the adopted text, *tentanda via est*.

Having chosen the direction to the (bluish) conscience throne (having ended up in the self-protection zone: *внутри*), or having found oneself out of the self [*внешний*]: having chosen the red roof (on it - well-accepted news for the blessed masses), it is true that (from it) one can wave to all which gladly passes, but futile is the salutation at passing nice things if each one of them nothing but the praises brings (ovations are insufficient for a better depiction of the unreformable truth)]: *suchen Sie etwas Bestimmtes?*

One never learns from the times past, nonetheless, more than the obsolescence of *Moderna's* cast (*mit bloßem Auge*).

(Fielding: "I am not much traveled in the history of modern times". *Blöße*).

Where next? [the self-conscious appraiser of the (appropriateness of the) direction asks himself - *der bloße Gedanke*]; if he goes to that side - there waits for him *Set*, the god of evil features (and the same deeds, *mit der bloßen Hand*), if he turns to this side - there lies in ambush for him *Yama*, the lord of hell (fierce and terrible, *bloßer Neid*), and if he comes to *Ma* (*wie ist das bloß passiert?*), the goddess of truth and justice (it is a reasonable supposition that he started going there in the first place), it turns out it is late (for that too): long ago the goddess abandoned both of those responsibilities of her in favor of a more practical (and softer) alternative to such a bookish exertion (*vous ou moi, ou bien*) - having devoted herself to the suitable improving (correct polishing) of a laborite convention in the (contemporaneously modified) pseudo-Baudelaire spirit with a *L'art-Pour-L'art* type of tendency (a sort of the quazi-poetized provenance) fully incorporating the necessary ingredients of the Christian-democratic guidelines for an unequivocal voting procedure set by a liberal candidate of the Tory platform.

WaTor_138

(“Prettiness, come from paradise or hell, all the same”, Charles Baudelaire. *Un ordre de grandeur, jusqu’à nouvel ordre*).

Where next in an evening like this (under the stars which listen to the moon’s hiss)? *Поэзия*.

[The great corridors of the world are full of the small fires (burnt pathways) regardless of the sky’s kiss. *Перемудие*].

Pour cette raison: to jump, to move, to land (at least slight) - three chapters of the novel about flight – the introduction, the plot, the epilogue’s plight. [As if it is not known that pilot overalls don’t protect against the fall (not even tonight), *au prix où c’est*].

The day fades away, definitely. (*Organigramme*).

All that is (still) heard is unimportant, consequently. (*Organique*).

[Probably because of that, it - the day - got into a mood for singing (even if, itself, being so close to what the end’s bringing). *Organisme*].

Three “O”-s for a day like this!

As if anything more than a confirmation (or repudiation, depending on from which side the wind blows, *мелодичный*) of so-so light is expected from it (the day in question).

Святой соответствие: [A] “Let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay”, *Matt.v.37*. [B] “I therein do rejoice; yea, and will rejoice”, *Phil.i.18*.

Sie wissen doch, wie das ist. Da kann man nichts machen.

Only a little room is available for the debate about the possible effects of the duality of choice (to answer with *yes* or *no*, to go *there* or *here*, to line up for *this* or *that*, *sich blicken lassen*) - in such (late) examples of an (already obsolete) answer, the things do not present themselves as curiously as they were doing it at the fresh beginning (acting as if they would promptly get resolved), rather, they tremble because of the worn-out state of the solutions (*laisse tomber!*), not leaning towards any one of them as much as towards the first one (*très estimé*), according to which it was both normal and natural that for the “*farther*” one was choosing the “*farthest*”, leaving the “*nearest*” for the remaining solution (the one of today), completing the perfect somersault of the world traveler, from once retroactive (now headfirst) larva having come to the conclusion about the caterpillar as a result of butterfly (clearly stepping in the opposite direction), with that very act having determined where next - from the winter coat to the silk worm’s gown, from full *Bombyx mori* to a toothed crown, from *Zahn* cocoon’s talk to the doll-like pupa, from a blossomed trifle to grub in the oak.

Locus classicus.

{V-C, A, D}

05/14-16/03

Appearance as Apparition - II

“Humanity must perforce prey on itself”, W. Shak. *In totidem verbis*.

Whether taking into account that which the (panic-stricken) *Notorious Bard* in the *Queen’s Inn* on the *Plebeian Barrel* (it must have been empty) wrote down, or something else is in question, it doesn’t matter - the weather won’t get nicer for a longer than a day in either case.

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Как жалко!

On the other hand, even if it lasts beyond the established hour [make believe accidentally, hanging on those two (or three) extra hours quite expertly], the nice weather behaves like a hurt bride (*aus ihr wird nie etwas*) - not even to her is clear where such superb praises disappeared, until a few moments ago being announced with an attention worth of the above Queen.

Coup de théâtre.

(*Manzoku*: And always, there is some uneasiness in recognizing the goodness - quiet hours need not be tamed to exercise the prowess.

Shikashi subarashii ja arfmasen ka!).

But now (it's clear to the royalists too, *поистине*), (without any shame) everything wrapped itself in the plebeian fame - not even the excessive beauty (allure extended for an hour or two - *entlang dem Fluss, den Fluss entlang*) prevents once pert callers to address it [at last arrived (and faithfully and intimately established) *позавчера*] with the boredom of experienced users of bliss (the routine subscribers to the process of no end nor beginning, *Φουλ-πανσιον*), as if it is quite alright that, all of a sudden, everything becomes so extensible (elastic by itself, *jisei suru*) that its practical end cannot be seen even in the theoretical distance, let alone in a room measuring three meters by three meters, *de tous les côtés*.

Only an anthem perhaps (something in terms of idling around the canonic fineness, *Υψηρεσια δοματιων, gut eingespield*) can rouse them (the experienced users of bliss) from this estheticism (*einsprachig*) - and even that, only if it is really necessary, *ins Einzelne gehen* - something like dynamical instruction (in the form of a potential threat), preventing them from fundamental moving (returning them to the jumpinees of the hare, them - the players in the cosmic case, with a jack underneath an ace).

Ποζολοτα.

Something which knows that (being appearance as apparition) it is going to appear not by the apparition, but by attending to it (*ποζολοτуть*), regardless of the interpretations in the circles close to that other, not the intended showing of the same thing (*подушка*), obviously shifted more to the side at which, in whatever way to understand it (*подумать*), it unexpectedly becomes apparent, relative to the side on which, when everything's summed up, there also wait alluring possibilities of (some other) apparition, although, regarding them (said opportunities), everything remained at that, *n'oubliez pas*.

Something, therefore, which even the ancient storyteller would propose for these, always possible moments of getting carried away with the self (ascending with a customary sort of one's own Assumption - whenever things like that, which is the funniest, are taken seriously):

“Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar; Wait the great teacher, death, and God adore”, Pope (Alexander).

Показываться.

After which [having solved the question of life and death (*как вы проживаете?*)] there comes the lesson about virtue:

“Truth and right are above utility in all realms of thought and action”, Charles W. Eliot.

(*Das fällt mir gar nicht ein. Shin-komedi? Οχι - Σκουπιδιά*).

As, nevertheless, such a patheticness does not poke one's eyes more than making them (so pitiful) narrow, a consolation is offered by (who else but) a conceptual philosopher: “Many are perfect in men's humors, that are not greatly capable of the real part of business”, Bacon.

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(Sich alle Möglichkeiten offen halten: sans Dieu rien).

As, however, nothing is rid of its part of the problem, neither the above morals of the story stop at anything to avoid failing already at the next, although (this time) a more functional thinker, i.e. at the first practical obstacle (*Extras auf Wunsch*), established by a principled transaction of the results of work:

“The law reached the intention of the promoters, and this act fixed the natural price of money”, Locke.

По-видимому.

If it wasn't for the praise of the worthy ones, its renunciation would be praise worthy.

Like this:

“The heights by great men reached and kept / Were not attained by sudden flight”, Longfellow.

Подавно.

Na so was!

Appearance as apparition: a worn-out impression of everything known (*быть на побегушках*), and a turbid one of the unknown (*побочный продукт*), the fragility of data as the frailty of procedure (according to which an overheated atom is cooling down), an abundance of facts which, by themselves, do not change anything in the factual condition of deserted trenches (the wind always breaks atop the blackened branches, *подбоченившись*), a substantial ascent of the tiny appearance of the jingling marvel (linking arms with the nought there appears its resonance), all that which (today too), coagulates in bright blue, then gets rid of the trance (for the dead - a missed chance), *повествование*.

{U, V, S-C, A, D}

05/17-19/03

Profusion (Principle of Making Even)

Profusion is seen (felt, foreboded) swaying in the wall projection of a constituent point, yet - in such a small volume its certificate is minute too, it deals more with needle than with acupuncture, from the pin-prick into the spasm it pulls out a sensation of a miniature spear (from the peripheral nerve not even that).

De nihilo nihil fit.

[The more some thing is diminutive (condensed), the more it shuns the artificial knowledge (moves from the way of its own description), but, then, it (fully) throws itself into that which exonerates it from the dotted condition, until they collectively (in tandem) reduce to the principle of making even.

Communibus annis].

Je eher, desto.

Уравнять.

Profusion in the principle of making even: exceedingness of the border line in a spot, on one side all that stretches out (*au fil de l'eau*), on the other the white forehead of *Astraea*, a goddess of justice who, at the close of the Golden Age, was the last of the deities to leave the earth (becoming the *Virgo* constellation).

(As if something told her: “*Il faudrait que tu partes*”, adding: “*Komm gut nach Hause!*”).

[In such a situation, i.e. having exchanged justice for gold (*fause alerte!*), neither *Argus* nor *Tarkus* (the reverberation remnants of *Wishbone Ash* and *E.L.&P.*, respectively) would fit into a more universal warrior on an uncompromising tank, without previously placing themselves each on its portion of the post-war chastity of skies (*hankoseimei wo dasu*), stubbornly maintaining an adequate melodiousness of ever the same shambles].

(*Εχετε ευκολιες για αναπηρους?*).

Look how *Theosophia*, a metaphysical concept of ‘direct contact with a divine principle through contemplation and revelation’ (which, according to said concept, enables a ‘spiritual insight superior to empirical knowledge’, *suuda koto wo mizu ni nagasu*), almost naturally fits into something (identifies with something, shelters behind something) which is on the verge of starting to bleat because of being carried away with itself, i.e. because of the fittingness of the terms, completeness of *Crinoidea* - in the tubes of the violet, white, and red finding the three colors of desirable *Themis*, a goddess of law and justice, daughter of *Uranus* and *Gaea*, holding aloft a scale for weighing opposing claims, none of which questions that which is not questioned by *Theosophia*, interpreting the declarative advantage of speculation over experience as a suitably tailored justice, *unter anderem*.

An exquisite afternoon (even birds from the voyage rounded with such a moment noiselessly enter the list of traveling trophies), nothing which indicates green avoids flashing yellow (the *binomial theorem*, according to which raising a two-member set to any power does not free the set members from the individual raising to the same power, demonstrates itself again and again), associating the result of the growing plants with a mathematical procedure leading to a universal theorem, applicable to any multitude/quantity of firmaments obtained in such a way (the kind of numerousness which never boils over in the paroxysm of the earthly result; “*Μηπως εχετε κατι μεγαλυτερο/μικροτερο?*” is not the sort of question to be asked here).

There enter the scene *Belial*, a Biblical word meaning worthlessness or wickedness (*porter aux nues*), and *Wänderjährling*, a year of travel before settling down to (eternal) work (an old custom of *European* journey-men, *unterbezahlt*), two appropriately formulated replacements for the all-seeing property of error (*einer unter ihnen*), in the sense of a puritanical phrase of an impulse/desire/need for leaving/wandering/traveling regardless of the sameness of destination (*Vergnügungspark*), *Wänderlust* as a theoretical confirmation of this day too (*wie verlautet*), spent (in spite of everything - *das ist kein Verlass*) without unnecessary outpourings of sympathy towards the hurried change of paysage (the hasty causing of difference, with a dose of understanding the balance, *zum Verwechseln ähnlich*), giving the advantage, therefore, to the principle of making even, patiently pointing at the profusion of one the same (*ηρυσυμβυε ουχα*), that which, even today, does not hesitate to be seen (felt, foreboded) swaying in the wall projection of a constituent point, yet - in such a small volume its certificate is minute too, it deals more with a needle than with acupuncture, from the pin-prick into the spasm it pulls out the sensation of a miniature spear (from the peripheral nerve not even that).

Предчувствие.

That which is available is being gathered by whomever and with whatever means: (with its whiskers) hare amasses the fear (*заяц*), (with its tail) squirrel accumulates the trepidation (*белка*), (with its beak) a bird assembles the twitch (*хищная птица*); *auf vielfachen Wunsch*, even a magnified aeroplane would present a chance for impressing the indifferent participants of an automatic world view, but in this case, at such a distance (*vor und zurück*), its trace in the air becomes equal to the rotating ingredients of the unfinished voyage (*незаконченный*), i.e. equal to all that which (again and again) decided not to (not even today) fulfill the promise from yesterday, stepping into tomorrow according to the principle of the same, zeroth equalization, as much profuse as, with the very subject of its act (the infamous prae-nought), returning to reenact (*bona fide*). *Bonne et belle*.

Kaleidoscopic Rising

Exactly as it is said above (*ноговорка*): a real ring of the field of vision of a droplet-like (mainly azure) picture above imagined hills – a suddenly foamed area successfully separated by the layers of almost narrative colors [greenish in the front, silverish on sides, ash gray at the bottom of such a performed act - bordered with (dark yellow) gold], leaving the impression of a candid way of addressing a mountain pioneer (*kanzen ni*), i.e. someone who has already reconciled to the possibility that nothing would be coming out of all that (*ca ne fait rien*), that such a (primarily speculative) play with projecting the kaleidoscopic rising is to end before it starts (even though that would not be something which happens for the first time, *Ντεμι-πανσιον*), i.e. that before getting the definitive impression of the upper stratum of a relief understood as a bulge, the latter has to be leveled according to the model of a classical plateau atop an emphasized peak, *usque ad aras*.

Hast du so was je gesehen?

Even if it rains (as actually is the case, although warmer than expected).

(*Успокоение: похоже на то, что будет теплый дождь*).

The rain, that is, as a hydrodynamic throwing into always the same basket (itself in a conspiring plot with the fluid mechanics), i.e. as a transfer of the water column done according to the rules of ultimate irrigation of the (empty eyes of) worldly fields [(even when filled with the advantages of positive identification) all they emanate goes into powering the impassive sight, *ich habe es ja gewusst!*] - look, even now (forgetting the troubles, returning from the oblivion), through rows of fallen bubbles (in the capillary aggregate of the askance dandelion), *Taraxacum officinale* combs its (greenish) doubt about this day too (however thin, it takes hold of its hair pin); it is only the back side of the awareness which (with the right sort of denture) still strolls (head up) along the edge of the nature: so much rain with no remorse (the impression that only thoughts inundate is, of course, false), yet as if that is not enough either, as if something waits for a noise from the wet grass - unable to escape the flow of the water mass...*Sie wissen ja, dass...*

Caught in the transition from experiment to discovery, the day presents itself as more deserving than it is (*shajitsuteki na*), adding some style (*byosha*) to the result of the transfiguration, by means of which it throws itself [through the worm-eaten window (the window of a wormhole?)] from conviction to cleverness (shouting “*tu das ja nicht!*” in such a situation would be of no help whatsoever), like when a garlic clove changes (through *Caryophyllus aromaticus*) into a plain clove (*die Bäume und ihre Blätter, wieder*), skillfully providing the significant role of diminutive progressiveness (aromatic co-operation) for the purposes of a better impression (higher desirability), the progression which could not be easily criticized by even a hardened cynic (*но-помните мои слова!*), the follower of an ancient sect who held virtue to be the only good and stressed independence from worldly needs and pleasures (saying “*для меня это очень важно*”), disapproving of the rest of society and its material interests (*спорное дело*), *собственно говоря* - questioning the sincerity and goodness of human motives and actions, i.e. believing that people are motivated in all their actions entirely by selfishness.

Suum cuique.

“Creditors have better memories than debtors”, Franklin.

(*Suus cuique mos*).

That Franklin’s observation represents only a surface sting of an incorrigible cynic, i.e. that it, of course, has nothing to do with a (deep) idea of biological organism as a bifurcous crown of the process of dichotomy (the forking of cells proportionally to their growing demands), is known even without this reminder.

(*Du bist müde, nicht wahr*).

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After all, even the tooth formula of a biting man [according to which

$I = \text{Incisors} = (2-2) / (2-2)$, $E = \text{Eyeteeth} = (1-1) / (1-1)$, $P = \text{Premolars} = (2-2) / (2-2)$, $M = \text{Molars} = (3-3) / (3-3)$, $I + E + P + M = 32$]

says nothing about the sting of said mammal.

(Das ist schön, nicht wahr?).

“Compose thy mind; Nor frauds are here contrived, nor force design’d”, Dryden (addressing the *μοραφυι*).

Товарууецтво.

The kaleidoscopic rising as a spirited gathering convened regarding the happiness in color (*совещание*), one (before all) intensification of secularized bliss full of coloration (*sine mora*), the observation from the ridge of reinforced sides (liberally pragmatic plus professionally rationalized), (in a circus manner justified) transition from oneself to someone else at the price of a dual being, surrendering to something which presents itself with no room for doubt, a very sensible summit, *servare modum*.

In parts in which everything flows out on time, the ascent in question also tries to realize itself by noon (to take all from the morning, leave nothing for the evening), to spend the night on the mountain of the day until, at least, tomorrow’s downsizing, when it will, anyway, run out from the kaleidoscopic rising.

Es regnet nicht mehr.

{U, V, S-A, D}

05/21-23/03

AND

Punishing a text (*oxoma*): all that is being described moves away to the side (in such a manner it takes its aim), perhaps discharges (takes a rough ride), completes the form of an exaggerated claim.

“An insect’s bite = A whole word’s might”, sees the harsh writer (his pen gets brighter), because, in fact, set in concrete there shines a word with always the same result (*Hauptbahnhof*): used in between any adjectives (proper, descriptive, quantitative, demonstrative, indefinite, distributive, possessive, interrogative), it checks itself out with two straight letters (**A** & **D**) and one askance (**N**), all the time using its own meter (its ends, its center, but no dither), *aussi large que possible, in saecula saeculorum*.

This is one of the reasons why in the offered texts (on these pages) that word is being avoided at any price - not using it more often than it is necessary each page ends at where it started (at nothing), otherwise (arm in arm with **AND**) it would have arrived somewhere (it would have been taken to some place, towards something it would have brandished in full swing, *bis Dienstag muss es fertig sein*), which could not be controlled in an effective way, so that the entire affair with these writings would have stretched itself beyond one’s sight (it would have curved into a circle, infinitely converging, *tasaku no*), in no case having presented itself in the form in which it shows otherwise: the form of a termite-like sting of a ruined labourer (a virtuous surveyer plus construction worker) atop the palace of absurdity, in a dukedom of sense, *inverso ordine*.

Was mich betrifft, **AND** as something which checks itself out with two straight letters (**A** & **D**) and one askance (**N**), all the time using its own meter (its ends, its center, but no dither) - *betreffend* - something which (if allowed) just keeps connecting, as if (even without it) not everything is connected (while acting like it’s separated - no part of it got reinstated; *Ποσο θα μεινεται εδω?*), as if, in other words, not everything depends on everything else (*modo et forma*),

with a smaller or larger coefficient of coupling (*modus operandi*), positive or negative (attracting or repelling, *mobile perpetuum*), all the same, what is important is that (one after the other) something everlastingly continues (or defends itself from that: *noli me tangere*), as if under each and every juncture there lie in wait for the wax and candle, the wax to turn the candle to burn - something that, in any case, softens up the strong influence of time or hardens it (*more suo*), in which one should not look for reiteration nor novelty (neither the linkage of vessels nor the vessel itself).

Was gilt die Wette?

Remembering something “as if it happened yesterday”, one, in fact, uses **AND**, inserts it between that then and this now, enabling the unrestricted flow (*Gelegenheitskauf*), establishing the crossing from that to this (from this to that) with no error, except the one with which so smoothly (very harmoniously, *beir jede Gelegenheit*) one attains brilliancy around the neck without the first and last pearl (*more Hibernico*).

The pearls, that is, reduced by means of the concept of strangling to a finished (completed) stand, a view with which (*gemächlich*) into this book this day is being brought, too, *очередной*, *mirabile visu*.

(The day as any other otherwise - an entire uniqueness it has cheaply traded for a pompous endurableness, the excessively decorated (garishly overdressed) *Telesis*, *gekünstelt Geisteszustand*).

(*Telesia* as *Telesis*: a planned use of social and natural forces, programmed progress, *Geltungsbedürfnis*).

AND as a literary connectivity of days, their *mot du guet* (what’s with the nights?), the understanding of a continuance even when it holds back, a conjunction (connection, link, artificial limb / prosthesis) to that which has stiffened and is waiting (instead of to jump up and solve all this with a logical sum, *наводок*), *Павлин*.

“Like a long team of snowy swans on high”, Dryden. (*Пагубный*, he forgot to add).

Using **AND**, one performs an additional operation, lengthens this whose time has expired, in a certain way obliges himself to participate even though other customs rule in the troupe. [“The valiant never taste of death but once”, W. Shak. A theoretical act (*voulu*) which, practically, no longer exists].

AND as a functional gratuity of a saint (*боже мой!*), a travel supplement (the speech with no equal, so meant, a newly-said thing), in fact an excerpt from a guarantor’s silence - guaranteed is, with the sign, the neighboring covalence. *Nil desperandum*. [*Tartini*’s tone, a tone whose frequency is obtained as the algebraic sum of the frequencies of its components, is the most that can be heard, but even that is enough for the (spectral) detection of *Tartarus*, the infernal abyss below *Hades*, where *Zeus* hurled the rebel *Titans*, *faché contre*].

By the linguistic-phonetic processing of the conjunctive **AND**, one reaches the stage where into each pore of an afternoon stopped long ago, a flowage/circulation is being thrown (the break/cessation is being moved out, *gegen 3 Uhr*), an endless due date is being announced, *gerecht gegen alle*.

Look, even now, while everything’s cooling down (while, through the soil, there shudders an icy crown), there manifests itself a hope - through **AND** to connect with the upbeat slope (to pass the pain, to stop awaiting mystery from the pen - to shine its stain). *Быть в движении*.

AND as a fiery move of the grammatical continualness (a timely pass, *hitotori renshu suru*), a sparkling movement of an eager analyst of the art section (before getting to the daily news - sufficiently early to not let them develop into full stories, *stell dir das plastisch vor!*), the omniscience with which, it is true, he dare not confront the ultimate break with all this (nagging “*das passt mir nicht*”), borrowing (from the corresponding primer, *an Ort und Stelle*) as much linkage speck as elementary particle of the later dust. *Passant*.

AND: being out of breath (leaving the plot) when a call to order is made to the last dot, *ewig Unterkunft*.

Cherries

Why would one think that things are like this, if they are like this in order to not seem to be like that? *Lass das sein! Más vale ser necio que porfiado.*

(Круглый год).

[And, if one already thinks like that, why doesn't he (the one that this is about, *распространенный гражданин*, *in sano sensu*) reach for the working version of the poster displaying that which (according to what he seems to see) is like that (such and such) - having hung it upside down to prevent its teeth from falling out, for they bite so much. *Noch heute. Noch einmal. Noch dreimal*].

(Things are like this) because, if everything was opposite to that which (it seems) is in this way [or if it doubted the official/prevalent opinion (...*ni...wo suru yo ni meirei suru*)], the same question, but regarding the new situation, could have been asked at the very next moment (*Τι είναι αυτο?*).

In other words, were they (the things in question, *in re*) like this, or like that (*in puris naturalibus*), doubting Thomases will always exist (regardless of the version of things), *ma chère. Ni l'un ni l'autre.*

Look, for example, at the case when on a day like today, some forty years ago [after just finished watching track and field competition of the Balkan countries, a sport event now quite indistinct (*locus classicus*), after such a rudimentary picture therefore], we left the Stadium for the other part of the city (its 3rd hills), where the brothers *Heu.* had lived, more exactly - when we left for their backyard in which there were (however prosaic they may seem now) one white- and two red-cherry trees: the case in which one, ignoring simplification, leaves for the basket of dreams (for, in it, there waits for him the ruddy domestication - or so it seems), *und wenn es noch so schwer ist.*

(Niemandsländ).

To get there, one takes the street car (or a bus), then, from the last stop, climbs atop the hill (it doesn't take long before a reasonable peak offers its splendor to a climber to sneak, *notieren*): even on the summit (of the fitting city), (damn it!) more is still unclear, less is nitty-gritty; *notgedrungen* - nothing that's relying on picking some cherries, diverts from the direction of the deceptive berries.

Стилистический.

(Хотя, дождь льет как из ведра).

Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that we preferred becoming addicted to the cherry pecking.

[(Unlike today) the seeds would be spat out only under the condition that, along with them, one would not spit on the world].

If someone climbing atop the tree was later than usual, he would have returned the favor to it (thanked it for its waiting, and that - very quickly) in such a way so to not (*ликующий*) spit the first pound of pits even if the act like that could alleviate him in front of his conscience (pardon - before the 'international community'!).

(*Laudator temporis acti*: "The tree was high; Yet nimbly up from bough to bough I swerved", Dryden). *Insouciant.*

Laudum immensa cupido: all those cherries, then, were authentic ingredients of a rigorous system of thinking, according to which at no time one would bring into question the quality of a diet based on strict pecking. *Laus Deo.*

Жизнерадостность.

(“To take a survey of our own understandings”, Locke). *Inter spem et metum*.

Furthermore, covering eyes with hands (protecting them from the sun, *sei ja vorsichtig*), from the top branches one could surely see all that spread out on the horizon of such a vital grade (all which, even then, departed from itself - *du kommst, ja?*), chewing and chewing - a cherry marmelade. *Nonbiri shita*.

(Отдых).

[At those times (*insofern*), the notion of cherries, namely, was spontaneously regarded as something identical to a plowman's simplicity of moves (*Μ'α ρεσουν οι Φραουλες*), a nurtured clarity of paysage (GERMAN), an unpretentious/spontaneous bliss (*Instandhaltung*), so that potential attempt of doubting the contribution of said fruit trees to the universal state of things was practically destined not to succeed, if not in the first, then in the second try for sure. Under the condition, needless to say, that to someone (of that era) it would not occur to put together such an ambiguous text as this one is (with the writer himself wedged in its, like a cheap marble, kernel-like moral of the story, *n'oubliez pas*). *Noscitur e sociis*].

On the cherry trees in question - two with red cherries and one with white, on the hills of *3ε.*, at the property of *Heu*. brothers (*Hochrechnung*) - one would, thus, always have concluded that all this which, then, presented itself as being one thing, indeed *was* that, i.e. that all that which slouched, i.e. comprehended as something else, still waited, actually *was not* that, so that between the two (that which *was* and that which *was not*, *Hohlmaß*) there interposed themselves (not missing anything in any of the intervals of the skillfully accumulated time) some of the cherry trees - the white one if the things were to do with a composite structure of the gap (*bis zur Mauer hin*), or the two red ones if the things were to do with the dual/split nutrition (with the eddy currents in the bifurcated condition, *zu Lande*).

To try now to convince one that, from this perspective relative to that (*πρεχодящий*), things changed for worse or better, is the same as to throw said pits from said trees on the world which is constantly in the state of backbiting: while it is true that their (simplified) fall on the ground (in those times) was providing them with the moments of good will, one could no longer claim that they would not be bitten by the present bees - said kernels being their sweetest meal.

Привкус.

[“There I'll sup / Balm and nectar in my cup”, Crashaw. *Причмокнути*].

From the (personal) questioning with regards to the (universal) cherries, one can, therefore, exit in two ways (*mutatis mutandis*): still thinking that things are like this, even though they are like this in order to not seem to be like that, or, eventually, hanging them upside down (the things that all this is about - including the berries), letting their teeth fall out before biting those cherries.

Mutare vel timerne sperno. Was solls!

{U, V-A, W, D}

05/25-27/03

Compensation of Time

Compensation of time is performed by turning back the hands of the clock by hands full of the sensible longing of centuries-old beautiful/mythical princess *Cassandra* (the daughter of *Priam* of *Troy*), the royalty of an undeniable ability for crystal-gazing, however punished by *Apollo*, who made her gift worthless by causing people to disbelieve her prophecies of evil.

(If, at least, he told her “*Μνε жаль тебе*”; *nan de mo ii desu*).

Also, it (the compensation of time, *το δρομολογιο*) can be achieved in such a way as to let everything dilute, and then, through a quiet but persistent proceeding (full of correct sensibleness) of drinking only from *Cawther* (the lake of paradise in the *Koran*, with sweet and cool waters), reaching the stage at which no thirstiness is felt any longer (including the thirst for time).

(Lass uns gehen, das lässt sich machen).

Or (there goes the third variant, *entendre dire que!*), time may be compensated with a passion resembling that of *Castorp Hans*, a young engineer from *Hamburg* whose whole life (according to *Thomas Mann*'s 'Magic Mountain') is changed for the better by a sojourn in a *Swiss* sanitarium, where he met a beautiful *Russian* woman by the name of *Clavdia Chauchat*, although one should stop here [*Unterbrechung*; what is going to happen with time ('as such') is a question to be left for another consideration], for, as it is known, the engineer's journey suddenly changes again, taking him to war, where he is killed.

Guerra al cuchillo. Повеление.

(Rien d'autre).

Although it (the restitution) can be helped by them (the illusions) in days like these, the compensation of time, at any rate, cannot be reduced to experiencing the catharsis by means of the cheap tricks of the narrated tradition (traditional literature) - (*auf vielfachen Wunsch*) in order to reach a more permanent solution to the given problem, one must ensure a more intensive radiation of the scene: a membranous support of one time (interval) to the other must be provided, *exempli gratia*.

(Вроде - вручную).

"Thy rose lips and full blue eyes", Tennyson; they [this time (interval) and the other one, *das versteht sich (von selbst)*] have to relate to each other in a similar way, while, hand in hand (*vergnügt*), moving away towards a temporal version of said support/fulcrum (a fermentation without interruption).

Ενα μαζιλλари παρακαλω.

For, rejecting mutual aid [shunning association in the sense of enforcing continuation of this day, too, into all those days which, like this (*désorienté*), will have to pass through the same tunnel], one can mask the momentary position of a voluntary stranger with the eternal one (in the land in which that kind of action does not incite any impetus for participation], although a certain excommunication (a wandering worthy of apocryphal *Daphne*) cannot be neglected, *dignus vindice nodus*.

"*Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood", W. Shakespeare. [*Daphne*, a nymph as a mezereon/camomile/daphne (wood laurel or laurel tree), anything but the individual recognized by *Apollo*, even if she had to persist staying in the state of remaining solo - wandering through the woods full of fabled thorns (her feet heavier than in the case of never-borns).

("Il faudrait que tu partes", her instinct tells her, but it stays at that).

Compensation of time as the consideration of that which, however it is put, behaves nice in periods of automatic *Falling Asleep* (bringing closer to its mouth glass of dawning deep, *familièrement*), a well-controlled relation to the inertial slowing of today's pendulum (the afternoon's elongation of easily dismissed doom, *fantaisiste*), something that counts as a response to the stimulus of the type of (universal) checkmate, performed on the scene on which there shines *Kalpa* (full of the steady state), a period of time equal to 4,320,000,000 solar years (one day and night of the life to which *Brahma* devoted himself), a procedure which ensures that nothing remains on side (that the result is not packed without a temporal guide), that plans used by *Denham* to bid are fully fulfilled (*genzai wa*).

("How can you hope to compass your designs", Denham - *am Rande bemerkt*).

Compensation of time: the firebird of the *abscissa* (a learned name of the *X*-axis) with suitable wings of asbestos (an oil-based part of the elastic praxis), a contract with the custom to shun the style (inflammability atop gunpowder pile, *ex tacito*) - *auf die Pauke hauen*.

(“A wandering fire, Compact of unctuous vapor”, Milton. *Общезвестный*).

Classifying, however, the proposed compensations of time as irrational, i.e. establishing their inadequacy for solving the problem in question (*noch einer?*), and keeping in mind that, with rational compensation of time, one arrived to where he arrived (*Nahziel*), there remains the anti-rational compensation of time (in his head’s amphitheater: *Buddha*’s own waves, in *Prakrit*’s *Pali*: dead language prays); but, look, here too (according to the calculation), a diminished rower (an atom, but slower), (white-haired and blue) ends its duration: that it (the phosphorous firefly) laughs in the sky, is of no consolation - it took too long for it to reach its *Zen* (not even its last eye will ever open).

Eheu! Fugaces labuntur anni.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

05/27-31/03

Perfecting the Planets (Regarding G. T. von Holst)

Sometimes ago, *B.* sent me a message in which he wrote that, by chance, while dealing with something else, he listened to *Holst*’s “The Planets” (more exactly, to one of them, *arrectis auribus*); since the message was in the form of an *e-mail*, he sent an attachment as well, with a photograph of the cover of said record (London Philharm., *cond. B. Herrmann*, with an illegible year of the record production, which, judging by the jacket/sleeve design, took place some years ago - “*autre temps, autres mœurs*” one would say, if a minute eternity could not be seen there, *полнота, auf der Reise*).

How did he get a hold of the vinyl [which ‘planet’ was his favorite (which one did he listen to most often, *au fond*)], was something in all that [amidst the presumably suiting acoustics of the *Suite for Orchestra*, H125 (Op. 32), *полностью*] disclosing itself {something which (after this type of introduction, however echoing, *dentoteki na*) could still be faintly anticipated, although (fully confirming even such an unreliable foreboding) under no circumstances moving away from the uncertainty of the road [the road to the 65-th, or 66-th, or 67-th year in the sixties - I cannot exactly remember which of those summers this story is to do with; besides - given the number of so many other, make believe more important summers (*au grand sérieux*) - that’s not important]} - I couldn’t figure out the answers to any of those questions, until a kind of the process of finding it out revived itself with this undertaking of mine here, whereby, as seen, something already started submitting itself to it (the mentioned task), encouraging it to grow (*Να η αποδειξη*), in the sense in which a genuine yeast receives a sincere welcome in every respectable dough, *брожение*.

Es darauf ankommen lassen.

Regarding the yeast therefore (*ryuko suru*), in those years it consisted of nothing which could not be stretched as far as the distance from the Earth to the nine planets (more exactly - eight; because it was discovered in 1930, more than twenty years after “The Planets” were composed, without an accompaniment *Pluto* remained quietly circling in the void), whether they (the planets in question) played any of the (musical) instruments or not, *marschbereit*.

Although, in this case, I think there were only two planets dealt with: “*Jupiter*” and “*Mars*” - the record in question, actually, had only these two on it, even though, as it could easily be sensed (separating crystals from the mash), it did not need more (planets) in order to be played back in the range from exultancy to crash.

(*De gustibus non est disputandum*).

The record of interest here, namely, to which the vinyl ‘sound carrier’ from the beginning of this text was only a suitable excuse (*ad aperturam libri*) to enter this writing [a pressing project which (all this time) was ‘hanging in the air’], was a precious property of M.B. [*autant d’hommes, autant d’avis*, a friend of mine from high school (*in die Schule gehen*), at the time, like myself, a twenty year old chap], having reached him in some, who knows which (mysterious?), way - *suo loco*.

Panta rhei.

[Under the circumstances, the elusive rarity of that kind of “material” was seen not as much in the extreme bareness of exclusively possessing it (*coram nobis*), as in distinguishing itself from the nominal associations with the trendy attractiveness of other “goods n’ stuff”, more easily brought in connection with both the age of the subject personalities dealt with here, and the times (*autres temps, autres mœurs*) in which this was going on].

One afternoon (in one of those summers, *Μπορείτε να μου το κρατήσετε?*), having not much more to do, and, thus, having started going to M.’s place in order to, at least, shorten the remaining part of the day [I remember going down the *JHA Boulevard* from *Καραϊοφύες Park* towards *Σλαβιζα Square*, passing by just-watered plants/flowers in the gardens of the sidewalk *cafés/restaurants*, in which the guests, with ordered food and drinks on their tables (*konsumieren: εσα σύμμα τελικωμ*), were not hesitating to make their cases, pardon, their lively discussions more spicy by briskly waving their arms through the oleaginous air full of linseed oil and overheated bugs (of latticed structures worthy of *Coleoptera*, in the same way unbreakable), sitting on wooden chairs and wearing primarily blue shirts (although green too) with short sleeves, laid back each to his (make believe) obsolete hush], I didn’t think I had found anything unfounded in all that (in the purpose of the trip as well as in the passing through said part of the city), in the sense of being aware of an idea according to which all that was nothing else but something which could not be greater than the result of a simple addition of two arguments (*start & stop*), possibly more encompassing due to the constant of integration from *Τονχιδερσκο Βρδο* to *27. Μαρμα (Kehrseite – Цвижућева St.)*, the street in which, in an apartment consisting of a room and a kitchen, whereby the two (‘distinctive’) functions belonged, in fact, to a single (‘singular’) room (*jitai wo shoaku shite iru*), there was the trip’s destination (*en échec*): a turntable set ready in M.’s dwelling - *immer verkraften*, and on it “The Planets” - *immer verköpern begabt Beisein*.

Облучение: in the abode’s kitchen/room in *Цвижућева St*, we used to listen to (in the given context) “*Jupiter*” and “*Mars*” (the latter more often), *con diligenza*.

By itself, the orchestral suite “The Planets”, whose composer, *Gustavus Theodore von Holst* (1874-1934), in spite of a significantly wider opus (combining an international flavour based on the styles of *Maurice Ravel*, *Igor Stravinsky*, and others with a continuation of English Romanticism), almost exclusively is remembered by the legacy of his, is an impressive work [“*Mars*” is more known to the general (non-specialist?) audience than the other pieces; it is played on the radio more often]; since its first performance in 1918 (almost 10 years after its creation), the composition qualified as one of the (artistic/cultural) achievements whose reach is certain even in the future more distant than the immediate one.

Given that this text has no pretensions (nor inspiration) to identify with some sort of a musical review/critique (*coûte que coûte*), this which makes the object of its interest finds itself, therefore, not as much in determining such a kind of appraisal / qualification / analytical mediation, as in spreading out (*Bedienungsanleitung*) on the other, at first glance peripheral, but, in fact, essential side (*bedeutungsvoll*) of recalling things like these, the original components of, by now, an indistinct scene of accessing the notes of perfecting the planets: the crossing from one part of the city to the other by means of passing by the people found (like flies in a pitted fruit) in the golden middle (*beaucoup trop*), so that there [in the room on the peripheral (*Παντιγυλι*’s) street of the jolly city of a vanished country on the planet Earth (*auf dem Land / der ganzen Welt*), i.e. *Mars* (the Bringer of War), i.e. *Jupiter* (the Bringer of Jollity), i.e. *Mercury* (the Winged Messenger), i.e. *Venus* (the Bringer of Peace), i.e. *Uranus* (the Magician), i.e. *Neptune* (the Mystic), i.e. *Pluto* (the Renewer, as already mentioned - left to itself)], the story like this finally ties itself up using *Saturn*’s rings (the expectedly circular portents of the Bringer of Old Age) - in the sense of using the previous circles of life (*où sont les neiges d’antan?*) - into the closing chain of the polished encirclement of the remaining path (*um besser sehen zu können*), until either the last measure of the suite or the fracture of the record is seen as the final improvement, in whatever way said *Gustavus* thought of the concluding movement, *ohne es zu wissen*.

Gaining in Strength

And look, again, another June: it is only auxiliary causes of change that challenge the summer - a silenced blow of the wind, a prevailing carpet of grass, a bird of miniscule mass [although this one, since morning, suspected much worse things (which actually happened, *dictum factum*): it couldn't lift itself from the ground (*da draußen*), swaying back and forth (to the left and the right, *außer Betrieb*), spasmodically opening its beak into the void (even the last screech looks for a sleigh before let go down the miniature teeth), *tout ce qui, tout ce que*; in the meantime, we went for a walk and grocery shopping (*за кулисами*), and, after an hour and a half, on the way back, we saw it (said bird) lying motionless, having not greeted the official summer].

Mujun.

Even now (*σημερα το απογευμα*), while the afternoon expertly draws itself into the inconsequentially heated circumference of the (easily poetized) day (*τον Ιουνιο: Mäzen*), there is no way that it would come to the disturbance of the previously established order of (1) skillfully imagined things, (2) the proverbially enigmatic era, and (3) the daring conviction of the writer, according to which everything [that, nevertheless, under the circumstances themselves progressing for the better (*Verwechslung, Verwarnung, Verwertung*), behaved in the way in which it presented itself during these ten (or eleven) hours] is going to continue tomorrow too [announcing itself on the occasion of tomorrow's cycle (*en rapport*), whose outcome is going to be seen as much then as (it already is seen) today - in a show presenting the, so-called, world line (*so eine lange Reise*), a trajectory full of the supplemental truth of the electrons of today (*an sich*) - providing a so-so (neutral) future to the elementary charged parts (*die und die Zeit*)].

In other words, as much as it is easy to derive a comforting picture of the facultative participation in the self, even that which (as *верблюδ*) in a caravan-like manner steals out atop the sand, by so much sifts into an unreal trip (down the newest land): not even bigger expeditions managed leaving desert (winter) for jungle (summer) without significant losses (starting from prelude), let alone a conventional searcher searching for an unchanging ('fixed') interlude, *aus dem, was er sagt*.

[Automatism of an iterative (repetitive) scene: *schwach von Hunger für Störung, von ein Uhr bis zwei*].

(It is) five before five - the afternoon does not stop even if everything suggests that it is on the edge of the hour (at the verge of another one), i.e. that, if all this keeps going on for another five, at most six minutes, its sleepiness is going to be replaced by sureness (a feeling attributed to the inevitability of change, even though nothing changes there which, by means of an earlier change, did not bring itself to the present point - any certainty/unavoidability/ineluctability in all that is theatrical, almost funny, *gaudeamus igitur*).

Below the bending of the sun towards the magnified side of the world (the side from which, as soon as tomorrow, the sweet void is going to come true, *кроткий*), a contouring gig can be anticipated - one should only recall all those laws of gravitation which did not stop at making even the profane victims of Fall giving up Assumption, but had continued to procure a dance from the literary ones (the ones from literature) - the rhythmic movement full of victorious bells of *Antonia Shimerda*, a *Bohemian* immigrant in *Willa Cather's* "My Antonia", who, according to this story of early days in the West, was betrayed by an Irish neighbor, which didn't prevent her from marrying a man of her own nationality and having a large family on a Nebraska farm, her manifest destiny (and her ultimate dance, *как бы ни мелодраматический*).

Fides et justitia: aus zuverlässiger Quelle wissen.

A handful of (alchemic) possibilities elevates itself into attentive air, (even in the room) everything shivers expecting a well-designed marvel (*комната имеет тридцать футов в длину*), no one hesitates to throw out from his own principles (however lucid) the 'relapse/repetition of the (bitter) past' [it is not enough to direct journalists to the form –

only in the substance they feel like fish in water (equally supplely beaming), dressing the wrong salad with the pith gathered by gleanings], there still associate only *Strephon* and *Strickland Charles*, a shepherd in *Sir Philip Sidney's* "Arkadia" (whose character is often chosen in a general sense for that of a rural swain, as in *Pope's* "Pastorals"), and the hero in "The Moon and Six Pence", by *Somerset Maugham*, the artist whose (oh, artistic) soul makes him to abandon his family and go to the South Seas to paint (and 'go native'), at which point, unfortunately, he dies in diseased poverty, although his paintings (after his death) become famous, causing their value to go up (which only *Strephon*, after all, was willing to pay, *aufs Meer gehen*).

It can also be seen that (with all that) there involve themselves *Struldbrugs*, wretched beings from *Swift's* "Gulliver's Travels", who cannot die and, consequently, live in *Luggnagg* (suffering from the infirmities of old age), so that even *Subtle* couldn't help them, the alchemist in *Ben Johnson's* play "The Alchemist", a quack who swindles *Sir Epicure Mammon* (and all the others) through pretenses of discovering the philosopher's stone - *fama semper vivat*.

An entire complexity full of simple/little sparks, therefore, flashes through the evening (*ex quocunq̄ue capite*), turning on / turning off (turning on / turning off - depending on the amount of shivering due to the rhythmical happiness - *epea pteroenta*), planting the present act on the next one (*γχιση*) at a high rate (to a significant degree), giving evidence of that by gaining in strength.

Kawatta fu ni.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

06/03-06/03

Between That There and This Here (The Pupil)

Skillfulness (a desert-like skill) to describe that which is not seen from this corner, is achieved in such a way as to observe it from that corner (*matomari no nai*), which is the same as when one closes his eyes and proclaims both corners one (*in utroque fidelis*) - a corner in which this which is seen and that which is not seen reduce the mutual conjecture to supposing their mutuality, in other eyes having seen no more than its own glow, *in praesenti*.

Une tricherie.

[If any one of them (that which is there, or this which is here), at that, started thinking that it had turned tables on the other, that (kind of) thought would (instantaneously) turn it numb like a pharaoh.

Was passierte danach?].

A pressure is always applied to perform a splitting into that which is there and this which is here, whereby assuming that that which is there enjoys the acquiescence of untouchability (aureole of superiority, *сверхчеловеческий*), offering the abstraction of the presence as a live pledge of being uncatchable, in order to, at the same time, keep auctioning the imperfections of this which is here, proclaiming it inferior and softer (almost amorphous), by all means more indented (in the sense of a heterogeneous/unnecessary allowableness: *буду читать те книги, которые мне нравятся*), and even banal, so that some suitable word (in favor of this which is here, *διασκεδαστικοσο*) practically fails the exam (of that which is there, *διασημοσο*), the threshold of sensitiveness of this which is here (*υρωαπο*), being imposed by that which is there (*σε γωνια*), is not achieved, all this (which is here) reckons (i.e. speculates) as if it is a temporary solution (*les us et coutumes*), until it reaches that which is there (*jeden Tag*), even at the price of a time/space [*irgendetwas (wird genügen), irgendeiner (wird genügen)*] regarding which it is uncertain whether or not they (the

time/space in question) exist, that is, to which, besides empty hopes / layman wishes (*haben Sie welche?*), nothing else offers its authority – yet it is well known what kind of an expert one becomes having a singular matching of conditions available, *auf jeden Fall*.

Another day saturated with rain [(having easily been left without a stern) as if no one cares about hiding his tracks], (from the water spout) anyway, only the initial error steals out (more water is needed for the flow through the final mouth), whoever is to bond this day to that (this waiting for a miracle to that there), he will have to (like a water statue) scatter into drops everywhere, *jeden Moment*.

Hatsuiku.

Shuo.

That which is there and this which is here (*nehmen Sie ein beliebiges Buch*): one (that which is there, *δεν επιτρεπεται*) recommends itself with a water-proof layer, the other (this which is here, *δεν ταιριαζει*) with a direct nakedness of prayer (until it gets rid of it by means of something still grayer), one announces itself with bass (the other with soprano) from place to place (both here and there) above which it is well-known what stings - the sky like this or like that (whichever sky, *δεν μεννοιαζει*), anything which (enthroned, both here and there) alone sings (and sings).

[*Подрад, один за другим*: anything which, alone, sings (and sings)].

[“An artless platitude is really more artificial than a clever paradox”, W. C. Brownell. *Его болезнь была не такой (сервезной), чтобы вызвать беспокойство*].

Having started from this which is here (having sworn that everything will stay at that, *такой-то*), or having returned from that which is there (having promised oneself to this which is here, *такая красота как ваиа*), it can be seen that such a (return, in any case - *kulant*) trip closes a classical contour (ties itself up into a deltoid loop) - *Kultur* - taking away as much as it brought in (contributing as much as wiping out), having directed the wretched fellow (bitter passenger) into a deserved circle (*Kutte*), the same one which he (full of suspicious merit) thought of as being triumphantly parted from (*das kümmert mich nicht*), having imagined that from this which is here to that which is there one goes citing the beneficial liturgy of the trip leader (*ich kann ihn nicht mehr hören*), returning back to the all-embracing liturgiology of the masses (*Gezwitscher* - neutralizing the ‘inherent mysticalness’ with that), attributing to the virtuous diagnostician of the round trip a neuralgic point (his only one?), created by the quandary of how to deprive such a distance of the closed curve by means of a surgical procedure applied to the strides of seven miles each - without it being done in the very self (in the reptilian coupling between the everlasting hunger for the unrealized escape, and its, miraculously, easy realization).

Le mot de l'énigme.

In all that (*lupus in fabula*), like, after all, in other cases of imitating big things with little moves of self-proclaimed saint (*loyauté n'a honte*), that which is there renounces this which is here in a way in which the opposite process happens too (touching that which is there with the long arm of this which is here, *instar omnium*): assigning concrete duties to the members of the crew of the spaceship intended for the trip from Earth to the stars, and thus launched into the heights from which nothing for a long time (as a matter of fact - never) will descend to be around them (around the united members of the crew of the ship for said stars), even in the form of a clumsy formulated personal prae-sanctification, i.e. in the form of a (fully consecrated) fermentation between that (which keeps vigil there) and this (which keeps boiling here).

(*Сжатый*).

Deshf.

(In *Japanese*: pupil/follower/schoolboy).

Unsuitableness of Simplification

There can be heard out of common outdoor sounds (and indoor ones - due to the lack of a veto), spreading along with the rise of the will for the new presentation of (all these) cascade summers - for, perhaps, even with such an opinion (as seasonal as bold), it may be possible to reach the notes of the world [without compositions longer than one, at most, two movements (played in the cold), *pondere, non numero*].

Во весь голос.

[In the small ear (underneath a large one) a daily deposit is being collected: “*Μνε вынал жребуй*”, says everyone who appreciates himself (who has a positive attitude towards the self). *Τι εχετε?*].

A late afternoon - yet, it got early to settle accounts with purpose: as if it could not let all this (dealt with here, *Wunder als Metapher*) cool down and discern things (*Ξαπλωστε εκει περα παρακαλω*), then surprise it with a shot, *pour y parvenir*.

Even a twin-engine plane flies by all by itself, let alone expecting anything more from the multitude of the propellers based on the air stream levitation: the spindles thrown off from the dandelion bloom would look like that if it (the originator plant) were the subject kind of the garden flower in question (its representation) - this way, they are to do with anonymous consignments sent from one to the other yellowness of the promenade (station-to-station), inside the white bubbles of easily understood expectation, *poco a poco*.

The rain is expected, we're told (so low is the ford).

(Winzig).

Unsuitableness of simplification is seen in that it is not all the same whether the thing in question (the thing dealt with here, *yoshi, yoshi*) presents itself on both sides or only one - having simplified itself more than it was expected from it [having turned its one side only towards the observer (*cela lui réussit*)], it, in fact, halves [not collecting itself into the proof, flowing out as much as flowing in, not pulling out from the (basic, *thermique*) husk more than entangling itself in it (muttering “*Kümmen Sie sich um Ihre eigenen Angelegenheiten*”), claiming no debts (not thinking of owing anything to anyone) it does not result in anything which, otherwise (presenting itself on both sides of the center plane, *quam diu se bene gessert*), such a thing would result in - the next kind of a casing, *fehlend*.

Yes, a casing. For, presenting itself fully (*opus operatum*: waving the flags of liberation on both of its sides), and so claiming the right to the duality of the panorama's range (the bipolarity of the scene), it would not free itself from the next change (nor would it have against what to lean).

(Præscriptum for the continuous unfolding of the game, or a discrete charm of something always the same?)

[Not even duality is clear on how to block the way of that other (false) side, not to mention to hold, in such circumstances (*qualis ab incepto*), anything against the singleness, especially if it (the exemplary instance of singular irrefutableness) prefers to stay that way, *renovate nomine*].

Still, if reduced entirely to one side, it would not be possible to quietly rest because of the other (*quod erat demonstrandum*), which (all the time) actually is the case, although it (all that) crosses over that kind of a meadow like a cat over its shadow [thinking it's someone else's (*quod erat faciendum*)].

WaTor_154

“Matters have been brought to this pass”, South.

Mireba miru hodo iya ni narimasu.

As if it is not true that a sufficient amount of explosive crouches in (at least) something (*soko ni oite kudasai*), waiting to be activated to break into the encapsulated inscrutability, passing onto the other, otherwise inaccessible side (*dare mo imasen*), i.e. as if, instead, only this (one side) emphasizes itself, so visible and clear that it, *Sachen herumliegen lassen*, became worthless and trifling long ago (tasteless and boring, in any case - deserted and vain, *trostlos*), making even that little effort of removing the veil absurd and funny.

(Ich habe gekündigt - ja?).

Or, it only seems like that.

(Point d'appui).

Since the losses incurred during diving into the thing (dealt with here) count towards its full price (the price of a normal/expected procedure of disclosing its other side, *quo pax et gloria ducunt*), one need not make too much fuss about them, even if the result, yielded by that kind of process, does not point out at a justified sacrifice.

(Post cineres gloria venit).

After all, was it not said a long ago that, even that which (seemingly) was incomprehensible to loose, so listlessly disappeared from the view (and now - it is almost impolite to mention it).

“All losses are restored and sorrows end”, W. Shakespeare.

Совершенно.

All of a sudden there come humidity and heat, not only one but also the other side (of all this being dealt with, *сумма*) becomes red hot, the information vacuum of the classical traits of the repose (*во весь опор*) radiates from the presentiment as from a weather probe (*беззубый*), with the exemption of two (or three) bugs (*у окна*), gyrating towards naught (*re infecta*), no other move changes the outcome of the math (*prudens futuri*), according to which this multitudinousness transits into singleness too, regardless of the unsuitability of simplification.

Wie erklären Sie Das?

{U, V-C, A, W, D}

06/09-12/03

Play

By devoted looking (self-sacrificing gaping) at the small display of this (legendary?) 'word processor' (6 ephemeral rows, an eternity in each, *dilatoire*), one cannot compose more than a paragraph (at most, a paragraph and a half) without overfilling the registering square (the fluorescent field for said registration of the importunate nothing) with old prospects of the new day.

Ist das klar?

Je suis prêt.

'Processing' word by word as if it is to do with the bricks of the soul physically taken aboard the electronic machine in question (*акклиматизация*), the most one can build, therefore, is a heavy text [even if, according to *Coulomb* reading ($1.602 \cdot 10^{-19}$ *Coulombs* decorate each electron's feeding), it dealt with the attractiveness of ions (*kare no suki na mono to kirai na mono*) instead of the crystallography of symbols], attributing the role of necessary linking to the seductiveness of compulsory writing, *арга*.

Whereby it is understood that the respective writing explains an otherwise muted thing (its tidy detail or a worthy generalization), something inorganic and constantly lying (*zweifellos, ohne Zweifel*), in a steady state of tension (a sudden jerk of smoke in calmed branches is of no force to mention), a sort of a connection or a ridge (a wheedled singing on today's bridge), nothing personal (not even under a minor theme, *crème de la crème*), given that (here) one does not deal with an attention which is not above the white line of the world border [between the segments of the limestone - a diurnal (lepidopterous) order], something leading to the idea of influence of higher beings, especially humans, even those entitled to the typical imperfections of their kind, *unterprivilegiert*.

Das ist untertrieben!

"There is a class of presumptuous men whom age has not made cautious, nor adversity wise", Buckminster.

En vieillissant on devient plus fou et plus sage.

And in the same way in which today's day could be characterized as a solid continuation of the preceeding days [if it were not for the routine upgrading of the initial conditions (*зобелен*)], here it is - this which shows itself from (the same) basis of such a presentation, gaping / efficiently revolving around its axis (neglecting the loss), occupied with the identical/classical question of completing the purpose, *uso no moshitate de*.

{Early this morning, while driving to work [86km in one way, still less than 100km (as was the case before) - if this is not clear/comprehensible to the potential but, regrettably, speechless 'publishers' (ranging from the listlessly apathetic to the overly hasty), further reading of this diary should be postponed until after driving back (completing the trip)], and (by chance) listening to the radio (WNED - Buff., 94.5 MHz, *Garrison Keillor's* "Writer's Almanac"), I learned that, in its first edition, "The Diary of Anne Frank" had 324 pages; first indistinctly, then increasingly clear, it occurred to me that it was the case with this writing of mine too, for, exactly three months ago (on March 12, 2003) in the (sketched) outline of this, fourth part of the (quadrupled) "Ephemeris" ["Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe" - essentially, another uncertain log in the primer of certainty of all these days (and nights)], I have determined that The Root, The Trunk, and The Crown (the *Floralia* type of the trinity of said *Yggdrasill*) should consist of 108 pages each, by which (not knowing about it) Anne's number had been repeated. As, however, a possibly congenial piquancy mentioned here does not go any further than that, the problem presenting itself before this writing remains unsolved: it is identical to the one which, according to *Keillor*, did not spare even Anne herself from her (additional) dismal thoughts - who, after all, is going to read all that, that is, who, if anyone, may be interested in that which (already tomorrow) leaves even the writer himself indifferent, in Anne's case a thirteen-year-old, in the case here a 57-year old, whom, to make things worse, it took significantly longer to arrive at the same suspicion, although, for some wondrous reason, doggedly going ahead, in all probability thinking *après moi le deluge*, not waiving such manners of his from those of the Court of Louie/Louis XV, not even under such (extremely unfavorable) circumstances under which the technocrat in question found himself, masked as a transparent linguist of all this (dealt with here), stylishly classified under the cosmic echo, bookish reverberation, *lusus naturae*}.

Every so often it rains [the sky solidifies somewhere there, between water and spray; in other states, true, it is softer, but also bluer - a (laundry) bluing determined to stay], the birds are getting uneasy [their unrest, in practice, is that which carries them (makes them awfully busy), that is why they (the addends taken by the golden fleece) should not be filled with the false peace (a tranquility equivalent with the expected bliss)]; (in addition to all that) even the little anxiety preserved from yesterday (*das hat mich schön erschreckt*) disappears in a sway - instead, a feeling of a (however unfounded) high tide (the exclusion of rules, omnipresence of play) begins to show on its side.

Выполнение (осуществление, удовлетворение).

Play: a versatility of the (circus-like) supply under conditions of a logical lightness (*Είμαι εδώ για την εκθεση/εμπορική εκθεση*), an acceptance of the obvious ball as a pledge to the spherical dream (*Μένω στο ξενοδοχείο Παραδεισος*), a certain good-naturedness in the circumstances in which even its owner becomes hopeless (when, even out of order, nothing cares anymore to quit the mess), a sportful disposition manifested through a rushed attitude toward the stunt, the nakedness of a trophy being pulled by an ant.

Felicitas multos habet amicos.

Play as a care-free condition of the everlasting hush (*Warteraum*), an impudent move of the skillful shooter reduced to his shot (*Landen/Niedergehen*), a narrative encouragement to a group outing (*gage d'amour*), deriving the conclusion of a favorable score from the ratio of uncertain presence to the certain absence (*gaieté de cœur*), waving with the algorithm of an unofficial rally [once all the other matches ended up in a jamboree (*shiji ni shitagatte*)], one, principally, extraterrestrial flight, conceived in order to finally flee (*te ni oenaku natte*).

There tremble the antennae of a fly (the nostrils of expectation are no longer dry): the stretched trifle sharpens its size, who falls in its net plays for a great prize [‘danger is ever present’ the old saying goes; look, *Arthropoda* is coming - everything smaller bows!].

Забавляться.

(The anticipation of resonance: *было забавно?*).

“Most men are more willing to indulge in easy vices, than to practice laborious virtues”, Johnson.

Zutreffendes bitte unterstreichen.

Throwing the stone over the shoulder, practicing football [racing with imagination (*bel et bien*)], climbing atop eternal boulder [ultimately: hitting the ping-pong ball (a celluloid operation)], until the new day breaks (*en beauté*), (unfolding the stakes) rowing through what the forehead makes, lifting the weight for the third time in a row (*beaucoup trop*): all that and much more (a complete show) - let them all glow [let them all glow (*beaucoup plus*)], for, look, everything is hand in hand with everything else, spreads in its circle (even if losing its temper, it stands behind its decision), looking for neither vice nor virtue (facing both hush and its derision), transiting into silence with superb precision, even if at the last whistle (carried away while playing), (in the self) it keeps saying: “*Tu es en beauté!*”!

Haec olim meminisse juvabit.

{V-A,W,D}

06/11-13/03

Obsession With Condition

The black sweetness of the worthy obsession by the eternal moment stretches out its white neck little by little.

Подъем.

Волна.

[It exposes itself to the golden hour (somewhat shorter and yellower but also quicker, and so deserving this kind of a duel, however sour). *Lis litem generat*].

Litem lite resolvere: To keep avoiding all that which could harm the firm conviction (established condition) of the ontological fairy tale - is the result of the given skirmish (on this scale); it is only the participants of the possessed pursuit [the small struggle in question, (like a bat) lifted in the air (assaulting from there)] who watch spirit go flat.

Überwachung.

WaTor_157

Ulkig.

Sufficiently strengthened, the shoots of *Vallisneria spiralis* wrap around each other's waist - having stamen here, pistil there (both on this and that, very passionately implemented plants), they behave like a (plantal) male and (flowery) female: a singular *Dioecia*, correspondingly bipolar (and sleepy).

Stunde um Stunde.

Oriented in *Dionysiac* manner (full of the joy of life, *θαυμασια!*), *Diomedes* passes by (*saino batsugun no hito*), a warrior at the siege of *Troy*, who helped *Odyseus* steal the statue of *Athena* (*loyal devoir*); without a guilty conscience which normally shows after that kind of undertaking - here he is (*L'allegro*), purposefully stepping.

Having bent once (or twice) their heads forward (in the direction of their feet), then having raised them again quickly (i.e. having nodded as a sign of their agreement / having shown some tact), both young and old come down the road (walking after him, the battle-hardened hero), in the sense of a generation gap overcome by that very act.

Базар.

Die 2 Stunden sind um.

There frames itself intention (the labor fits with glass) / There leaks malt's consolation (the pen reduces its mass).

(*Слышалась музыка*).

And who knows how long this would have lasted if all that [(like the described acts/participants/reasons/outcomes/*umeinander*) until this moment overwhelmingly presenting itself in order to spontaneously win the laurels of the written word of a conveniently emerged interpreter of everlasting truths of traumatized collectiveness of this *which is*, relative to the constant of nirvana of that which *is not*] did not move to the side - its time reducing like its strength, not having even such a little intermission to be able to wave a tidy farewell (of a token ignition), *umfüllen*.

Or, maybe, this is not as much to do with the disappearance of the image as of its observer (as much of the sound as of its listener, as much of the physique of things as of their inner self, *nostro periculo*).

(For - *watakushi mo ugokanakatta shi, Jon mo ugokanakatta*).

“Novel lays attract our ravished ears, But old the mind with inattention hears”, Pope. *Балалайка*.

Even that which (until a moment ago) was clanking atop the roof, lets up (*joci causa*) as the totality of the impression fades away [with the exemption of that portion (of said entirety) carrying only those parts (of the impression) which, like quails, hang on its teeth (*Latine dictum*), the daily dose of the sense extinguishes itself, preparing the terrain for specters (phantoms, ghosts, their *jour de fête*).

“These are the specters (phantoms, ghosts, their *jour de fête*) the understanding raises to itself, to flatter its own laziness”, Locke.

A condition as something being possessed with it, *müßig* (*nicht rostend*).

The obsession with condition causes that, in all that (*n'oubliez pas*), the beginning disappears from the view in the end, transiting from one act to the other in a manner of the careless actor (*legatus a latere*), someone who (from all these scenes, *Deo adjuvante*) collects only half of the roles, evading the second half by means of contemplation about the unique finale, something which suitably fits into representation worthy of such a kind of acting (*munus Apolline dignum*), (more and more quiet) progressively humming in the present daylight, disappearing more and more over the left shoulder fully to the right, into *Niemandland*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

The End Is Known To Everything (False Occurrence)

The end is known to everything though it hides itself, but not at any price, rather in its own, colloquial way (*per fas et nefas*); someone to whom his own transformation becomes clear, (for sure) makes more effort to present himself in the old image (true, with a new picture's clue).

Точка зрения.

[Nonetheless, having crossed the end, those who did it - held on to themselves. (*Sie bleiben gern unter sich*)].

So that one should not look for the final contract no matter which, until the entire diplomatic corps sign it - the ambassador, the consul, and the *attaché* of the non-existent country, i.e., the country which is no longer, but which they still represent finding nothing unusual in that; even though the end is known to everything they know nothing of it, for they did not sign anything, *стоикии (непоколебимый)*.

{*Отправной пункт*: A set of clouds leans over the other set [the fact of the matter is that something constantly gloats over something else (look - above the indistinctness, a well defined smoke perfectly floats)], hence (even with the hope of those underneath them leaning over) the gap between them (the sets of clouds) gapes as if above doubts. *Tiens! Hier sitzt es sich gut*}.

[The end is known to everything, yet nothing even clangs, on the contrary – (very quietly) it rolls all that which (also speechlessly) is able to quickly let itself to the happiness (to make the paradise of it, adjusting only its grimace), mumbling from the corresponding (skyish) terrace “*go-seiko wo inorimasu*”].

It is all the more certain that from the heaven's promises (made in such a way) nothing remains for a solid day. *Presto maturo, presto marcio. Τρογγυλοσο.*

Days in the sense of proof of the sight's mission, a subject fell without shame into a prone position (completely calm), widened with the self as if taking down the sun (throwing it onto its palm). *Wie ist das zu verstehen?*

Wie gehts?

Gut, und selbst?

In all that (in which this day, too, repeats yesterday's mistakes, *du weißt schon*), nothing's perceived which cannot be reduced to the way out in the direction of today's threshold of surface clarity (a tubular passage filled with the classical/standard salvation of an exemplary fineness), a result which delights whenever using the trifling sense to present itself as the crown of fullness, *schon oft*.

Das wird schon noch gut.

“Equal and unconcerned, I look on all”, Dryden. *Στο τέλος του δρομου?*

To win the advantage or to move from the way - what a multitude of solutions in store for one who wanders, one, that is, who understands well (having listened to it so many times) that which is normally felt during wandering in the self (“Time and tide wait for no man”), as if with not moving something more than a daily pause can be achieved (until the next morning), i.e. as if in it (the day break), nothing is going to grab it (the temporary halt), satisfying a single but late wish: to hit the bull's-eye before missing the target (so high and bluish) .

Das war schon immer so.

“Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day / Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops”, W. Shakespeare.

Hast du schon gehört? Komm schon!

Nevertheless, not even in Shakespearean times were all days sad for one to claim that they are like that at present, now when everything’s more progressive in every respect (*wenn ich das schon höre*), with the exception, of course, of sad impressions of the current times, as Shakespearean as those were (*ja schon, aber...*), and, neglecting the technology of observation, as much profane (*schon möglich*), even exempting Shakespeare himself (*ist er schon da?*).

For, even if one cannot speak here of a peak above two hundred feet, all that which climbed on those heights (at those times), sings the same song equally loudly (with all its might) in times like these (from the low height): *quanti est sapere*.

[Even though (what can one do?), the (echoing) sound nags here too: *plus on est de fous, plus on rit*].

Yugata.

Wearing required togas (*toga candida*: a white toga worn by a candidate for office, *toga praetexta*: a white toga bordered with purple and worn by a higher magistrate, *toga picta*: an ornamented toga worn by a high officer on special occasions, *toga virilis*: the toga of manhood worn by a boy who is about to complete his fourteenth year, *toga pulla*: a black or gray toga worn by a mourner), five persons disappear down the street, respectively.

Исчезновение.

To ask them where (dressed so casually) they set off for (in such a quick-witted way, though), would be somewhat inadequate (inappropriate, intrusive, tactless), and, after all, belated (*spät*) - if they already did not get there where they started going to (*Shlaraffenland*), none of the togas will help them do that now (as stated), *Schlag auf*.

Asa.

It is the yellow sun which prevails (while the stillness becomes red-hot), there falls asleep *Tiu* (although one can say *Tyr* - it’s the same beast), a God of permanent war (and of the sky: an automatic feast) - the end is known to everything (when it no longer matters), when (eaten by the late splendor) its falcity becomes its vendor.

Ложный появление.

{V-A,D}

06/15-19/03

Outer Side of Meaning

Who would think that, behind the wall, a whole panther (of the terse scene of the exterior of the sense) purrs? *Et in Arcadia ego*. (As if stuffed with foreign furs).

The black cat of blue blood (an aristocratic origin), (entirely by the ground) attentively watches its prey for today, caught without a sound. (*Nichiyobi ni mo*).

To please the season subtracting a death (*Parabolantenne*), or to identify with its postponement in the eyes of the beast checking all that in a single breath [full of the sagaciousness of an automaton (*Packungsbeilage*)], and, in truth, with an additional (though gentle) incompleteness of an easily made judgment about the frequency of repetition (of all that) as an inverse picture of (such an aperiodic) today’s world completion] - is a question which does not bother one as much as it forces him [by means of making him take the pulse of the mystery in question outside of its meaning, *d’un seul coup*] into an enigma of a black panther with blue eyes like in twin sisters’ epitomizing rather foreboded (not visible) meanings of purpose, *de chaque côté*.

В то же время, a circus-like fly lands almost blindly as if brought down by an unexpected jump of an athlete on top of the salt of (such an infamous) typing machine (onto its still, peripheral keys), with such an expert move of the season finding its reason - deadening on '7 & 8', a character combination found on the top center key of the exemplary portion of the keyboard which is bravely used by humble self (through a ghost's bravura made of simple thoughts warmed by my tea) to reach all these letters (by the shortest route) in the zero's mouth - a procedure about which one cannot say that it did not direct them [all these thoughts, emotions (*oh!*), and some extra notions], to plant this fly-like text (its insectile gain) onto what comes next (an insectival stain), by moving to a smaller, *Insecta* domain (*время от времени*).

"Only connect!...Only connect the prose and the passion, and both will be exalted, and human love will be seen at its height", E. M. Forster, "Howards End", 1910, ch.22. Of course everything is linked/connected (it couldn't be that it is disconnected), yet, such a nerve of using the clean calculation (and a lengthy affection, one must add!) of a methodist-based, hip explanation, in order to enter the structure of (working with) the clear-cut letters (however dire, full of stagnation), pours oil on the fire (deprives the story of spontaneous fermentation).

*"Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Proelium certaminis"*.

And, since every writing, including this one (*на следующий день*) can be continued in any of the numerous ways of the pompous Golgotha (*und wenn es noch so schwer ist*), the issue is not as much in question of what the *textus* of things offers to the senses, as in the conclusion and justification (pardon, introduction - *συστηνω*), in that order (and with such pompousness): whatever (went ahead and) represented itself with its cute position (its sensible certification, *η Φαγούρα*), it brought into the transaction the end of a somber note (neglecting a sort of expected narrowness) - not everything is so bad if it is able to (freed from said golgotha) become prettier in the sense of classical handsomeness.

*"Gaudeamus igitur, Juvenes dum sumus
Post jucundam juventutem, Post molestam senectutem, Nos habebit humus"*.

"And lo, a spirit taketh him, and he suddenly crieth out", Luke ix. 39. [Who could guess that, during the first attacks of the crisis already, such a fine range of solutions becomes available (only to Luke?), so neat and ready. *Das ist noch besser*].

The day goes away [its justification extinguishes itself (a fully shaped marvel never waits for the next salvation)] - its voice, too, disappearing in the luminous generalization. (*Asu wa kin-yobi desu*). Including all else (belonging to the day), which, going down the (obsolete) path, crossing the way of the soundly realized destination [getting into the same arrow], did not hit the right target - a deserved kind of marrow (missing the pith, its miss being anything but narrow) is actually arrived at. "In a cowslip's bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry", W. Shak. *Notlösung?*

Perhaps yesterday's dust (a slim choice of the virtuous tomorrow) falls short of today's need as well - the impressions (those which haven't changed their states) tell us (their physical mates): if an entire life descends from somewhere above (its glow distinguishing its phases under the same terms), it dissolves itself into yet lower germs.

*"Глухо. Вселення спит, положив на лапу
с клещами звезд огромное ухо"*.

A dog in the neighborhood keeps barking (every now and then he's dying like that); whether one died or not depends on why one was born: if he arrived to this world for the purposes of a dog, he has no choice - leaving it in the same form (barking in his full voice); if, on the other hand, one came with a particular detail in mind - he may be entitled to an everlasting bail (of a kind), although (keeping the notions intact), things would be proportionally more complicated, not even all the flies (supplied after the fact) would be able to help (as it already has been stated). *Долго*.

There ruins itself all this which is inside (*weder A noch B*), it is only the outer side of the meaning which may touch the inspiration (*по одному*), providing enough troops (in a classical, defensive sense) for today's operation. *Das mag wohl sein*. Until the bearing of the bone resembles a well laid stone (completes the transformation). *Montage*.

**First Day of Summer, 2003
(Triptych, With a Comment)**

“Наша земля
Воздух наш.
Нашу звезд алмазные копи.
И ми никогда,
никогда!
никому не позволим!
Землю нашу ядрами рвать,
воздух наш раздирать острями отточенных
копий”. (1917).

“Ours is the land.
The air – ours.
Ours the diamond mines of stars.
And we will never,
never!
Allow anyone,
anyone!
To ravage our land with shells,
To tear our air with sharpened spear points”.

Владимир Маяковский [1893-1930]

“Modern capitalism needs men who cooperate smoothly and in large numbers; who want to consume more and more; and whose tastes are standardized and can be easily influenced and anticipated. It needs men who feel free and independent, not subject to any authority or principle or conscience - yet willing to be commanded, to do what is expected of them, to fit into the social machine without friction; who can be guided without force, led without leaders, prompted without aim - except the one to make good, to be on the move, to function, to go ahead...

...Modern man is alienated from himself, from his fellow man, and from nature. He has been transformed into a commodity, experiences his life forces as an investment which must bring him the maximum profit obtainable under existing market conditions. Human relations are essentially those of alienated automatons, each basing his security on staying close to the herd, and not being different in thought, feeling or action. While everybody tries to be as close as possible to the rest, everybody remains utterly alone, pervaded by the deep sense of insecurity, anxiety and guilt which always result when human separateness cannot be overcome. Our civilization offers many palliatives which help people to be consciously unaware of this aloneness: first of all the strict routine of bureaucratized, mechanical work, which helps people to remain unaware of their most fundamental human desires, of the longing for transcendence and unity. Inasmuch as the routine alone does not succeed in this, man overcomes his unconscious despair by the routine of amusement, the passive consumption of sounds and sights offered by the amusement industry; furthermore by the satisfaction of buying ever new things, and soon exchanging them for others. Modern man is actually close to the picture *Huxley* describes in his “Brave New World”: well fed, well clad, satisfied sexually, yet without self, without any except the most superficial contact with his fellow men, guided by the slogans which *Huxley* formulated so succinctly, such as: “When the individual feels, the community reels”; or “Never put off till tomorrow the fun you can have today”, or, as the crowning statement: “Everybody is happy nowadays”...

...The world is one great object for our appetite, a big apple, a big bottle, a big breast; we are the sucklers, the eternally expectant ones, the hopeful ones - and the eternally disappointed ones. Our character is geared to exchange and to receive, to barter and to consume; everything, spiritual as well as material objects, becomes an object of exchange and of consumption”.

Erich Fromm, “The Art of Loving”, pp.79-81, Harper & Row, Inc., 1956.

“That the bottom of a lie is extremely shallow,
Everybody knows.
Adding to that, mellow, I would argue - ‘cause
No bottom, there, actually holds.

For, the one who likes to take a bath in it,
Today, or tomorrow (or after tomorrow),
Is going to, lastly, fall completely through,
(No sky will save him with its hollow blue)”.

Јован Јовановић Змај (Serbian poet)

[Printed in *Cyrillic* in the printing shop “Омладина”. 8,000 copies. Printing finished May 5, 1948, in Б. 25 sheets].

Comment:

Life as a worthy irrepressibility,
A very pert warning to the death.

Tempus edax rerum?

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

06/20-23/03

A Day Before Summer But There Is No Room For Exultation

A day before summer but there is no room for exultation on anyone’s behalf: nothing is going to (at least, not in an easy way) get rid of the winter.

Это не так.

[*Naherholungsgebiet*: a calendar summer in the graphical pith; paper and pen – the graph of a prae-climate (in the virtual crypt), all that unsubscribes (that fades away), vanishing downwards (taking off afterwards, a bit astray). *Тонкость*].

Summer. *Сжатый*.

The flow of sleeping through the season (*iki wo tsuku*) - and yet, as if it is being dealt with a bigger undertaking: the one who succeeds in writing down a word or two (today too), quickly withdraws [transits to grandiosity - climbs atop the summit, destroys the last bridge (exulting: "Damn it!"). *Seine Berechnungen waren nicht richtig*].

The top of a house - look how it disappears as well, becoming more and more bluish, dissolving in the thin foil (it is enough to jump a couple of feet in the air, in order to take a picture of the marine blue linkage with the soil. *Ποτε θελετε να ταξιδεψετε?*).

There pass the hours [minutes, seconds, very light birds (becoming heavy due to a secret agenda - agreeing to fall, to get dismembered), all that is collected during an era (even if unknown why it is remembered).

Au milieu de la montée.

Partially sitting under this tree, with another part levitating in a kind of old age, with which, therefore, it is to be achieved a certain smooth universality of an easily imagined (in a standard way solved) classical union of a *man-plant* type, primarily green but also golden, in any case representing a disciplined access to a certainly cosmic tree, according to the amount of radiation which, miraculously enough, can be measured by all these words, formulated while partially sitting under this tree, with another part levitating so that I can allow the increasingly longer noon to end (having become the afternoon, you understand).

Такой.

[Simplifying the scene, a gain is realized in terms of an increased mass - magnifying solution, a boar in its burrow adorns its eyes (however mesmerized). *Такие люди*].

"To every doubt your answer is the same", Blackmore. *Nur keine Panik*.

And so - summer, yet we hardly moved a bit from the poker (*zur Sache kommen*), (as a matter of fact) everything built itself into the photonic grid of a generalized setting of the seductive moment, so much so that not even this (seasonal) blow (of all-seeing ashes / fractions of live coals, *manu propria*) can add anything here [in the sense of a kitchen version of the room temperature of the virtuous dweller of the elevated dwelling, in the circumstances in which everything (all the time) swarms (in a relative blue), pouring from this spontaneous revolution to that without cover, although the right times will come too!]. *Manu fortu*.

"Statutes and edicts concerning this debate", Milton. *Genau das hat er gesagt. Er dachte, dass ich krank sei, er dachte, ich sei krank*.

Will it come to an uprising, or will the summer leave us alone (not even hot seasons care much for defetistic megalomaniacs) - nobody knows, although the following can be anticipated (as a quite regular tide): this is to go away (that is to come in), all which (so insolently?) looks from the (wisely concealed) side - is to gnaw us not (is to let us follow the plot). *Подрывная деятельность*.

"Debout! les damnés de la terre!
Debout! les forçats de la faim!
La raison tonne en son cratère,
C'est l'éruption de la fin...
Nous ne sommes rien, soyons tout!
C'est la lutte finale
Groupons-nous, et demain (bis),
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain". (1871).

"L'Internationale", *Eugene Pottier* (1816-87).

“On your feet, you damned souls of the earth!
On your feet, inmates of hunger’s prison!
Reason is rumbling in its crater, and its final
eruption is on its way...
We are nothing, let us be everything!
This is the final conflict: let us form up and, tomorrow,
the International will encompass the human race”.

Doryoku sureba dekimasu yo, watakushi wa chitto mo ki ni shinai.

Evening, night, just started - yet already confirmed summer (without any slack): even its gleam goes away on track.

Non sum qualis eram.

And even that which (until a moment ago) was so unmistakable and clear - it, too, changes now, vanishes somewhere near (it can be felt that it is late, sensed by the obsolescence of the fear).

“*Hier wohne ich*” it says (and even that, it knows, in all truth hardly stays).

“In the gloom, the gold gathers the light against it”, Ezra Pound (1885-1972).

Das hat er gesagt, Ezra.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

07/11-15/03

The Six-legged

To leave (for somewhere), and to return (from there), and, at that, to not move (*das geht zu weit*), can only be done by something which is on six legs (by a six-legged, for example, *weit blickend*): with two to go, with two to return, with two to wait for the black-and-white death - the black to snare him, the white to fool around.

(What is certain, is certain).

Уравновешенный.
Βολικοςηο.

There are, in this world, these kinds of centipedes and those, but the one which is six-legged is the only one which, in the described way, travels all over without staying somewhere for good, not even dying as it should, *kanojō ga itta yo ni*.

Instead, it becomes obstinate and insists on the next: neither leaving for somewhere, nor returning from there (the least while being dead, even for a second) – [being in the text as fitting as smooth (both fore and hind)] it agrees to a partial solution (cutting with its tooth the breath of the wind).

Фокусник.

The six-legged - yet, as if it is a twofold, restricted centipede, both here and there (a hundred legs pull it to that side, a hundred to this, the six not letting it anywhere).

Фигурка, in weiter Ferne.

Wehrdienstverweigerer: Having in mind the golden rule of melodrama, according to which nothing is so precious that (at the first opportunity, like an empty cup) it won't break (against itself, needless to say), one should not have illusions about the completeness of the path in the case of so many legs either, even if it (the pathway) ended as expected (as it was only possible) - with a sort of the conventional clash with the self (*в чем дело?*), imagining justification for the accomplishment (of such a sudden trip) whose inevitability does not even require a fictitious decoration. *Laudationes eorum qui sunt ab Homero laudati*.

Югославский нуть?

Look, for example, the case in which, having returned from the South, it is seen that not a larger amount of the silveriness of the dawn emits heat in the North either - freezing it, because of that. *Es ist zum Weinen*.

Um besser sehen zu können: a calmed squall of the wind (as soon as it mounts - it rains), a big lazy day (a weekly dormancy of the world in dismay), and a shrunken stunt: underneath heavens there plays the lessened ant.

A stand of everything is seen. (*Ohne es zu wissen!*)

[This unevenness, or, at least, its sample (as the next example) - (something to teach) the inquiry of a doubt of the straight reach, *noch zu bezahlende Rechnungen*].

A little bit longer, and it will come to the state of the levelness before the act of the jump is close (to the accumulation in front of the victim's nose), i.e. to the working of all six legs of the six-legged, two of which will do no work, two pull him forward, two backward, *il n'en est pas question*.

It is no wonder that (in these circumstances) such a thing (on six legs, *zu Fuß*) leans on thoughts (*zu meiner Freude?!*).

But, thoughts like thoughts. (As if this is to do with them).

For (sure enough) it is to do with six-legged. (The one with six legs, and many more).

Шестерка.

It is to do, consequently, with the small encyclopedia of *Chilopoda* - with, if possible, a pebble coast full of travelers going ashore and aboard a rigorous, though precious stone, for a period of time being projected in the form of a loose, almost acceptable powder (*το τάλκ*), then transformed into a universal principle (*zum Fenster herein*), so solid and firm that even *Polyphemus* would have trouble trying to bite it, the Cyclops who confined *Odysseus* and his companions in the infamous cave (and ate two of them daily), until *Odysseus* blinded him with a stake (as the beast slept) and escaped along with those still alive, *zu meiner Linken*.

"All is centered in a life intense", Byron. *Es geht dort selt-sam zu*.

"The essential community of nature between organic growth and inorganic growth", Spencer.

Эх!

A very beautiful afternoon: not even the six-legged could escape it, *motu proprio*, even though everything is out of phase.

When torches are lit in that country there, namely, they go out in this one here, and *vice versa*, but even that does not prevent the six-legged to go to both of them and dance in the sooty spot around the burnt mach, *in situ*. The same one from which it (the six-legged, in both places), snuck out, caught itself stealing, walked away with a swaying gait (hand in hand with insatiable prey) into the utility of the small blazing regarding the both thieves (not only conceptually), because of which they stayed at the same, six-legged-like encirclement of practically a no man's land, in the sense that they did not move from it. *Ob das wohl stimmt?*

Gag

Полуденный.

Before all, it is necessary to understand that that which follows does not alter that which precedes. (In the opposite case, sure enough, things are opposite).

Experimentum crucis.

Very low, by the ground, as high as two, at most three centimeters from it (*καλωσ ορσατε!*), between the grass blades in the focal point of a quadrangle of the homish garden (a plant nursery basis), yielding a crop of average kernels (*de temps en temps*), nothing stronger than a discrete charm of a nameless squeeze [cooing in the style of a makeshift wind (tantamount to a summer breeze)] swings a tangled web of an area of a dwarfish hand of a once virtuous forerunner, *matomari no nai* (approximately).

And although it lasts as long as any shining moment (counting on impertinence: *полевые цветы*), one cannot deny a certain worthiness of wave propagation (habitualness of salvation), in the sense of hybrid foundations of a silk net resulting from knitting the evening like this (making a trophy set), *если понадобится*.

[Look what's going on: an individual under that and that name mows the lawn (he, too, struggles with all that, therefore), oppressing the idea of being as dual as a blooming thorn (not letting it under his forehead anymore)].

“*Wie geht es dir?*”, I ask him.

“*Jetzt geht es mir gut*”, he answers. (Naturally, not in German)].

Which is (the set mentioned above), as we have said, a petite pillow just a bit farther of a plain hand, usually found underneath threads as much silverish as utterly hemmed (in the form of a sterling silver embroidered by the eye closed by the act of a radiant needle), as a handcraft product of the passing beetle secreting itself both when it ascends and when it descends onto the meadow blanket as on a peaceful grassland.

Ausgezeichnet.

[In the early phases of a pure revelation (forget the sightseeings), even small attention inspires all beings, *ex more*].

On top of all that, Diamond (Neil) announces himself (completes the set); 740-AM: even demodulated, its style drips just as if formatted, charging the transitional tax to the processing of the fixed state [with a melodious understanding of the sentimental plainness, it humbly reaches its daily stateliness (drawing its newest needs always from the same sweets), *ex officio*].

[Patheticalness as a generalized (omni-musical) eagerness, the hymnic projection of a *pop*-based video beam onto a honeyed nibbling of the contemporary self-esteem; *er brachte sie alle zum Lachen* (after all)].

But it cannot be denied that, in all that (what?), things are being brought to a prescribed connection - in the end, whose merit is to be framed without promoting the frame? *Similia similibus curantur*.

The sky has become overcast a bit, but that will be rectified (we're told), by means of the washed out Sun (nowadays, everything's up for grabs), in a multitude of substantial tubs (made of pure gold). *Fidus Achates*.

Someone practices a foreign sport (weird sounds come from outside), someone else interrupts himself (black pebbles reverberate inside), yet some other person revolves around his axis (the whole planet shines from such a *praxis*): something always bestows something fully to something else (however small), not giving away its other something to it at all.

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(Before it surrenders as a whole).

Πονηριε.

“Recovering hardly what he lost before”, Dryden

(Kare wa watakushi ni torihiki no shosai wo setsumei shite kuremashita).

So that that which {[very low, by the ground, as high as two, at most three centimeters from it (*καλωσ ορσατε!*), between the grass blades in the focal point of a quadrangle of the homish garden (a plant nursery basis), yielding crop of average kernel (*de temps en temps*)], no stronger than a discrete charm of a nameless squeeze [cooing in the style of a makeshift wind (tantamount to a summer breeze)]} swings a tangled web of an area of a dwarfish hand of a once virtuous forerunner [*matomari no nai* (approximately)], should not be understood as anything but a gag.

Otium cum dignitate.

A gag as an epilogue of the suspicion of Giant Despair in *Bunyan*'s “Pilgrim's Progress”, a formidable giant who lives in the Doubting Castle, where he keeps both *Christian* and *Hopeful* prisoners alike, until they escape by means of the Key Promise.

Cet homme-là (Despaired Giant / Giant Despair) *en particulier.*

A gag in the sense of a *Gargantuan-Pantagruelian* encouraging of the self, a passionate fringe as a shield of the inner hush, the condition of being caught between the sniper's cross and its (fully cast) front sight in the straight line with an atomic bomb dropped one of these days into a false oblivion by the regular procedure without a comment from the official place.

Drôle.

{U,V-C,W,D}

07/18-20/03

Perspective

In a certain perspective, everything turns into a dot.

Dignus vindice nodus.

[Having started going in a straight line - one goes in a circle, until it reduces to the (mentioned) dot. (*Kan-ippatsu de nogareru?*)].

It is not known what is to be gained by passing through it (the given dot, a deathwatch of the thriving perspective, *von mir aus*), until the one who does that is not any longer seen, but, even then, everything depends on whether he is in the mood to talk about it (his transition through the dot), *Deus avertat!*

[It did not happen yet that someone, after such an act, turned talkative, even if only to use a single word - the first one (after the last, naturally).

“*Παρακαλω, αφηστε με*”, such one usually says].

So that all that which is to do with the benefits of perspective (which, due to the nature of things, ends up as a dot), is more or less a plan made without consulting all concerned - so much more is withdrawn than deposited in such a case, that no prize [in the form of possibly an extended panegyric bestowed on a nominal saint (*выставление напоказ*)] could provide more twigs of tarnished laurel for an, otherwise fairly polished, wreath, *retrospectivement.*

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Perspective as a geometric outcome of the body (one cannot go out from his spirit, anyway, without the tune of his ghost's melody). *Ça ne fait rien*, however.

It is warm, yet it cannot be said that it (the humble afternoon, almost *extraire*) does not know what it is doing.

Since morning, they (the hours of daylight) were preparing for this hour (to bend over, lay down on the grass, light a small quiet fire), and now they stoke exactly that (the present), sufficiently reserved though (to prevent it from burning down before the evening), but also productive enough - look how it's darting in all directions (only so many?), blazing them through as much as it is prescribed in the unit of time even if, sometimes, forgetting itself (bursting into uncontrolled flames, *extrémiste*) - confirming cold change with each blazing branch.

(*Au bout du fil*).

So that a temperamental state of the white spanning (from one winter to the next, over all in between - so restrained) is being constantly maintained.

(*Размен*).

Let us take, for example, the following dialogue:

CLAIRE : "How do you know you're...God?"

EARL OF GURNEY : "Simple. When I pray to Him I find I'm talking to myself", *Peter Barnes*, "The Ruling Class", 1969.

Summer, consequently, complicates (most of all - the winter).

Ποιος εκανε αυτον τον πινακα?

(If, at least, it would cool down at dusk. So to not, as currently is the case, wait for the instructions of the ashen writer. *Er hat viel zu verlieren*).

Although, after all, perspective of anything else is not rosier either.

(*Facilis descensus Averni*).

As long as recognition follows from merit (position from acceleration), the ultimate point (paramount dot, the described mouth of each perspective) tinkers with all the stagnation.

Although when, asomatous, it starts to soften (to still go higher), its lies go out on the false site of a fire. *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*.

In principle, one is to look for not more in perspective than a miniature, at that a yellowish one - like the last salvo (however premature). *Fata viam invenient*. [Having fired all the ammunition from the frontal means of speech (the mouth), the words still count (slickly curing their illness) - but only as an attached company of stillness, *in perpetuum*].

In petto, a (completed) verse gets through to (the mentioned) grass: "Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo. Shovel them under and let me work - I am the grass; I cover all", Carl Sandburg (1878-1967), "Grass" (1918).

("Wie ist der Kuchen geworden?" can be heard from a kitchen nearby).

Grenze: here, where the lines of the body meet its projection, in perspective their relation reduces to receiving an injection - being intimately (hospital-like) stitched between the floor and ceiling.

Überdies, das ist untertrieben!

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Coordinate System of Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe

Forcing himself (that's the right word, *pace tua*) to conscientiously add to each of these days that which he so thoroughly takes away from them (*mach zu!*), pressing himself (therefore) to persistently stack page after page of this (daily) report into the spelling-book of (the apocryphal *textus* of) the monumental void (so that whatever happens, happens, *etw auf sich zukommen lassen*), the writer of these (and similar, although canonic) insignificancies persistently holds onto the golden rule of *Septuagint*-like significance: a layer of *Dragon of Night*, a layer of *Bliss of Plight* - not a single oasis exists which the spectacle (of the ostensible poetaster) does not orderly link with the others, including the abyss/asylum of *Apollyon* (*номычпоронуй муп*), the king of the bottomless pit, a wicked cherub in the sea of so many others, officially better (appropriately lit)!

Pacta conventa.

Taking the so-called *apogeotropism* (a tendency to grow or move away from the earth, i.e. from the pull of gravity, found in some roots, leaves, lichen, etc.) as a reference frame (coordinate system) of *Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe*, these writings (in order to stay comforting) leave their sediment in neither sky nor ground (nor in the remnants of the systematic *Trinity*); they rather multiply underneath the skin of wrinkled properties - their words levitating like the tree's top branches (static in the crowning quiet latches, as slavishly and with no scratches), at last muted (microscopic), fully apogeotropic, *sur le pas de la porte*.

So that not even *Apollo*, i.e. *Helios* (the god of archery, prophecy, medicine, poetry, and music, as well as protector of the *Muses*), nor *Morpheus* (the god of sleepy themes, generating all sweet dreams), having stayed overnight under *Yggdrasill*, would seize a single word (out of so many) which would not be the one that planted itself on them (in such a weightless, full of morphine manner), (using *apophysis* as false retraction's sway) presenting both heroes (in such a rigid way) with an accomplished fact (taking $C_{17}H_{19}O_3NH_2O$ down to their tract) - another subsided blow of the right word's edge (and, however slow, pointed cosmic wedge). *Poeta nascitur, non fit.*

Obstupui steteruntque comæ.

[Everything pulls to its side, a whole day (and whole night) it's a disagreeing tide. *Todomaru. Tomaru.*]

The coordinate system of *Yggdrasill (The Tree of the Universe)*, consequently, expresses a primarily secularized relation between height and depth of a loquacious signification (the ability and ambition of a voluble alphabet), a properly arranged park with an allowed frolic (or two), a very professionally established secularness as the writer's preference (the storage room for all of his reticence), one rotation one translation one focus of the up-to-date point of the original soil (if not sold), a perfect magnification of the obsolete disregard of the world (from the very outset: an onomatopoeia of evil pierced with a bullet).

Seien Sie vorsichtig, wenn Sie über die Straße gehen!

The *Past, Present, and Future*, in relation to the *Culture, Art, War, and Death*, could not have climbed a better tree. (*Πονολυδνι*).

If they climbed atop the *Platanaceae* - the *Death* would fall off, if they reached for the *Quercus* - the *War* would drop out, if they got on the *Acer* - the *Art* would unhook, nor would they be able to take the *Culture* with them, even if going towards the *Ethno-Urban shrub* - it is only on the *Ash* tree (*Fraxinus Oleaceae*) where the goddesses of the *Past, Present, and Future* [*Urdur* that is *Urth*, *Verdandi* that is *Verthandi*, and *Skuld* (*Skuld*), respectively] are able to realize the C, A, W, D course (to complete the relay race from *Culture* to *Art* to *War* to *Death*), *in gewisser Hinsicht*.

However, while here we try hard to show which tree is worthy of climbing, it too starts bending.

(“*Είναι επικίνδυνο?*”, someone asks right away, while the more mindful ones are interested in getting an answer to the question “*Είναι ασφαλές για μικρά παιδιά?*”).

(And all this goes on) while it (*δерево, о котором идет речь*) is either shaken by the storm, or weighed down by doubt, or drowned by the rain, or overcome by fear, or crushed by frost, or robbed by a thief, or watched by that which ties it (the tree in question) by a simple thought to a complex *Demiurge* [allegedly - a number two Creator (for, it still is to grow to reach number one, *вне сомнения*).

So that the problem of the reference/coordinate system of *Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe*, cannot be solved without an eternal irrigation plus the temporal worm (*da bin ich!*), although, even at that point, one should not conform with the uniformity of supply while, at that, forgetting the fundamental function of such a cylindrical dice [of the color of a humble eye (focusing on reason)], the upside-down ball (of the sphericity of the current season), in a word: the function of the Crown, the Trunk, and the Root mention (with no cheap or kitsch commemoration).

While the purpose of the given system (*Betonung, всех слов общества*) is to be found in an informal anthology, i.e. in the collection of schemes of obsolete news (*вотум недоверия*), in the sense of a careful assemblage of degrees of rise of conscience from the radiation of γ -rays to the emission of the (*Radio/TV*) *Adds/Commercials'* waves - as in the case of *Beethoven*, when instead of the hearing apparatus, the implements of the α -transmission show themselves [between the quantum of the right key play, and his gift's quanta running astray], or, in the case of *Yggdrasill*, when instead of the thorns of the cosmic branches (from early to late), the (praised) Tree bears the spines of the hedgehog of the final state (stuttering “*Есть ли хоть какая-нибудь возможность?*”), *dann und wann*.

In Betracht kommen: “Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search”, Addison.

Десять минут ходьбы отсюда.

{V-C, W, D}

07/22-24/03

Betrayal

A very clear evening but, already there, a betrayal is perceived.

(*Πομπή*).

Although, it is a betrayal of that which did not reach further than (the already vanished) clouds (*do cux nop*), and yet (one wonders) did it have to come to that so suddenly? - one thing to flinch, the other to click its tongue, *bis jetzt*.

Violent turns of events (a lightning reflection under ripe quince), jumping from myrtle to crags ever since (rising the threshold of suspicion): transactions with a handful of wheat (their mission: regardless of how long a life is put on time's trial, it is always terminated by an act of betrayal), *surgit amari aliquid*.

Glosse: it is not easy to struggle with premeditation, except if it is protected with prejudice, in which case not even betrayal is so invulnerable [aiming at the (four-leaf) clover from the surgical/literary phase, one ought only put it (the betrayal) on graze, *nante utsukushii!*], yet, using a lancet no harvest is gathered (not to mention any produce which is more amorphous).

Nante hidoi!

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Day by day of a piercing beauty, yet, only a single eye is smiling - a merry fellow's one.

(*H πατριδα*).

(Unsurprisingly, the other eye is not tearing up either, but one should remain polite at any price - why to think that two eyes of a single head are equal in betrayal? *Κανατε λαθος*).

Nevertheless, since betrayal [like *Anastatica hierochuntina* (a rose of *Jericho*), a cruciferous plant which can imitate resurrection due to the property the dried plant possesses of absorbing water when placed in it and appearing to live] also counts on a sudden and efficient fluid absorption (sufficient, in any case, to make one thinking that even that which, until a moment ago, appeared dead (as an expired bee), without warning becomes startled (lively continuing life's jamboree, *vol spatial habité*), whereby, in order to not make things banal beyond an allowable limit (such as that of the simplification of an union-like evolution), it is necessary to maintain them with a kind of spontaneous approach to the usual details of urban revolution: to start firing from all the weapons (including those with long barrels) on the governess of the previous regime, then - to sneak in to the ranks of the present one.

(*Sub prætecto juris*).

Whereas (between dress folds) to nonchalantly hang decorations from both.

(*Grauhaarig*).

Betrayal as a two-valued condition of aloneness (ambiguity in the hands of clearness), *das dürfen Sie mir glaube*.

Durchmesser: presently being an obsolete (rejected, disdained) word, as recently as yesterday the betrayal was utilized in the sense in which, without pathologicalness, the up-to-date obsolescence removed it from the field of use (as a weed from the lawn) - grinning at it (the betrayal's face reduced to its own).

Durchschlagend.

"The letter was admirably calculated to work on those to whom it was addressed", Macaulay.

Veritatis simplex oratio est.

And, like *Amphion*, the son of *Zeus* and *Antiope*, who, with a lyre that *Hermes* gave him, built a wall around *Thebes* by charming the stones into place, (playing his valence teeth) the contemporary guest of honor of the modern authorities builds around himself as within the paradise - not even bothered by a stack of false splendor, let alone betrayal (and its truthful vendor).

Жесткость.

"The deliberations of calamity are rarely wise", *Burke*.

[Wherein *Burke* surely meant a mental calamity (a spiritual misery); the other one (physical) does not even go off to it (deliberation) today, it leaves it for tomorrow. (After all, who is to be deliberating without even observing, *wohin du auch gehs*)].

"*Caesar* had his *Brutus* - *Charles the First*, his *Cromwell* - and *George the Third* - ('Treason', cried the Speaker) ... may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it", Patrick Henry (1736-99).

But, these were men/humans/people.

(*Hic et ubique*).

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Whom to put on the list today?

(Hic et nunc).

“They (corporations) cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicate, for they have no souls”, Sir Edward Coke (1552 - 1634).

Круглый год, im Großen und Ganzen.

{V-A, D}

07/25-27/03

Scenes From an Enticing Life

Controlling themselves (fusing all ingredients into one - resistance, *μελλοστοιχειῖ*), persons like these [fictitious bearers of the useful right to a daily mistake (look how they, at any rate, disappear down the street)] become numb at the very mention of rectifying the actual condition (*um ganz sichrzugehen*), seeing in such a process the attack on the (already) grim fate of the crown witness of (a once) enticing life, *ad valorem*.

Of an enticing life of a daring firefly in the ardent beak of a dot-like bird released into this, impregnated evening (full of modern stocks) - so that something (somewhere) may flow out softened (like melted wax).

Чрезвычайный?

[Because of which, actually, it turned out that, having not been able to embrace itself in some other, more majestic way (not even a bit), only resin had leaked out from these hours (so proper, even neat), although only half of it. *Чудодейственный*].

Чудотворный.

A sort of silencing is presently going on - yet (notwithstanding that it is to do with the quieting down), the wind from atop the basic scaffolding sticks onto the thought currently unfolding.

Чужбина. Arcana imperii.

Stepping out from the sun [true, along the way having created a number of recognizable standards of the ostensible eras (from the *Classical* era, via the *Renaissance*, *Moderna*, *Post-moderna*, all the way up to the *Omni-bomber's* era)], a domesticated appearance of travelers sunk in the business deals of indisputable values spreads itself across the world [and, in the case of an unfavorable outcome (*God forbid*), the paper transactions alike], which this chronicler (of things delicate rather than universal, needless to say) jots down quite sincerely, of course, due to which reason having started to write somewhat unintelligibly [an evaluator awash with expeditious impatience, pardon, modern hastiness (say), reckons like that (judges these letters in that way)].

Ни чуточки.

[However, speaking softly under his breath: “Passion always occupies itself with a petty attention” - he (the raconteur in question) justifies all that (this writing of his), occasionally adding “*Ποναεῖ εδω*”].

Scenes from an enticing life, therefore (considering that, here, one does not deal with a pictorial magazine), include an entire rainbow-like (kaleidoscopic) series of partial perfections of a generalized imperfection (*un ordre de grandeur*), ranging from all that which (having stayed up there) boils over [leaning on itself (*jusqu'à nouvel ordre*)], to all that

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which (having started going down the street) vanishes like a dog into far-flung yelping [as, for example, this ionic stream of air which (roseate and full of corona) still pompously swings (as if that is really helping)].

D'ou?

Par ou?

While it is possible that some other scenes (from an enticing life) resemble these (*Τμημα εκτακτων περιστατικων*), it is also probable that (in all that) one is actually to do with a hierarchical mapping of the degrees of the organic reaction to the synthetic excitation of the surrounding exhibit of the world [expertly hanging the universal pain (from a minor to the main) on its honeyed sting, however bold], *ni itazura wo suru*.

And, in the same way in which a single mole is not distinguished by taking a picture of everything, not a single scene from an enticing life can be reached from all of them (all the scenes), unless pulled out to dry land, leaving it (the enticing life) there, letting it wriggling “alone among the stormy winds” (*kangarè no nagàre*), its neck / its nose / its ears / its eyes / its tongue being squeezed by the pincers of the executive clerk of a white empire built on three gales and four sails [so it can always escape the chase, calm down on the crystallographic lattice of the journey, stop wandering, and start floating (above its fundamental place), *auf die Dauer*].

Argumentum ad iudicium.

Anders gesagt: “A mysterious presentimental hell”, Thackeray.

Шрам.

But, because nothing is, in fact, connected to anything else by means of something which, already on the first occasion, wouldn't unfurl, letting each end to its own beginning (to again start breathing that “other, stronger” air, *эй!*), one ought not be carried away by the alleged steadiness of the connection (between things) greater than nominal (*неразрешенный эйфория*), according to which they (the things) ostensibly cannot separate from each other - after all, it is more appropriate for the truth to stretch and snap its ties than crease with flashy lies, *causa sine qua non*.

“ ’Tis a great means of profiting yourself, to copy diligently excellent pieces and beautiful designs”, Dryden.

Неразбавленный.

Scenes from an enticing life as a remaining introduction to the ultimate title of the world (*срочное дело*), a pompous choreography based on the earthly poultrices of movements (*субъективная оценка*): a step forward, two backward, four to a side (all in all: 2ⁿ, where n spreads), waving its hand (shaking its hair): launching itself into a pose within the starry mass, flickering after all that has been done (although, using reverberation, the most one can reach is another description of the same, perhaps a bit delayed spasm), a vacancy of a once full pitcher (its contents as its pleonasm).

Принятие желаемого за действительное.

{U, V-C, A, W, D}

07/27-29/03

In Function of Classicism

All this reduces to impressions which, from whatever side to look, humans (and things) prepared for each other, *rund um die Uhr*.

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Having thought (by pure chance) of something like “*Хорошо бы день уже кончился*”, the problem, however, is not solved either - it can be even said that, as far as the solution is concerned, it breaks at the most inconvenient point.

At spes non fracta.

Refinement of stillness - look where one can always find a little bit of war: only after squabbling about nuances, one reaches the full picture (settles the score).

Τιποτ'αλλο?

Τι θελετε?

A distant airplane [it always shows up when the text lacks (when *зарпун* is in shortage of the catch)] - even if it landed, it wouldn't get rid of such a long voyage (a sort of a mismatch).

(Who has landing in his plan of flying, he's to bounce with his wing when trying).

Ястреб.

Monogatari: modernism and routinism throw each other out from the essence of things (whichever is to prevail - it counts on its stings), *rien de moins que*.

It is easy to see, nevertheless, which classicism is more fit for its title to be lit (the modern one, of course, for there is no room here for the everlasting) - it is even possible to evolve from it (by stuffing with these days its current master kit).

(Éphémère).

The only question, now, is sort of a must - evolving into what? (Exempting, of course, one's glorious bust!).

The function of classicism: to spin around this or that pillar of a corrective support [to mix glow with fire (and water with ashes), with a stanch desire to complete the flashes], to consent to something perceived here and now (to use the advantage of the 'know-how'), by means of the senses of a single pore [the pith of a nut, the mouth of a cat (with its lower ear pricked all the way up)], for a moment to allign to the right, then to the left (finding oneself at the baffling site), (using the intermediate pictures, words and notes) to wash off the wrinkles with new countenance (such music results in a polite dance), *immer mehr*.

In the meantime (through an automatic selectivity of suitable genres of the non-genre writer, *ceteris paribus*), it can be noticed how, already moved to within itself (*cavendo tutus*), this evening, too, falls into the previous ones (*à mon avis*), perhaps featuring a bit of a longer glow of its sweet story, according to which (look!) there sprout (from day's spring to mouth) the flammable shadows (however fit), furtively sounding out all these critical letters (as long as their eyebrows move, as a minimum, a bit), *au jour le jour*.

Spalte (Spaltung): Thrown into the cleft between the sky and the airy accordion of such melodious lungs (moved from chamber to chamber by the ultimate breathing phalanx), an exit road shines - *in memoriam* of *Antaeus*, a giant wrestler invincible so long as he could touch the earth, killed by *Hercules* who was able to slay the giant by lifting him high in the air (where said creature was, therefore, visible), and crushing him there, whereas it is possible that things didn't stay at that, i.e. that (amidst the mess) *Alborak* showed up, a celestial animal (heavenly beast) in a wondrous form of a white mule, which, having previously carried *Mohammed* to the seventh heaven (appropriately cloaked as something quite plain), offered the same services to the mentioned giant, however slain.

(Осторожно!).

In this case, actually, even *Aeolus*, the god of the winds who kept them confined in a cave in the *Aeolian Islands*, could not prevent anything of the sort, even if having all of them (all of the winds) sent against *Alborak*: in addition to being proportionally strong, namely, the mule in question was known to have been directed into the secrets of a classical stubbornness, с энтузиазмом.

(After all, it is no joke to neutralize the transportation means to the seventh heaven, even if the gods were to work on the neutralization).

The last wish of two (to three) birds underneath the very top of the sky is being executed (freeing them of an opportune dismay) - look (at this very moment, itself gone astray) all this fluffy water is taking them away [whereby, under the water, corresponding clouds are actually meant, pseudo-plumage formations hung on the hydrostatic hooks, in the same way in which (that's how it looks) the expanding soda finds its bubbles stuck in the mineral water bottle (as molecules of transformation left without a throttle)].

(“Откройте окно, пожалуйста?”, it can be heard nearby).

It is only an abridged writing which can still be seen in function of classicism: the expected form of an ethno-cultural exertion full of the emotional plumpness of a certain *Arden Enoch*, the hero of *Tennyson*'s poem of the same name, a seaman who (after all those classical storms of ‘*da war ein Unfall*’ type) was presumed dead, yet who instead returned home only to find his wife happily married to another man, and so (*das hat er gesagt*) in order to spare her (to not make a miserable day for her), he left without revealing himself, and died broken-hearted.

The function of classicism - letter signs and pictures, sounds, all this which digs deep profounds, *rund um die Uhr*.

Dreidimensional.

{U, V-A, D}

07/30-31/03

Burdock (*Arctium Lappa*)

I don't know what to do with it, if I leave it alone - it will prick, if I cut it - I will.

Ex auctoritate mihi commissa.

It grew more than it should have, yet, if its growth was disrupted, one wouldn't know that somewhere there, around a meter (at most a meter and a half), it would eventually stop growing (as opposed to growing past any measure, *faire l'homme d'importance*).

Ex dono: the one dealt with here just prepares itself to bloom - a grooved hedgehog (a spherical goat's hide) sits on top of each shoot; *множество*: bristled up and playing hard to get, it polishes itself, dresses nicely (to prove it is not a tenderfoot, it acts extremely pricey).

Миф.

That would have been, in short, a convenient description of the burdock located to my left [its taciturnity aiming at the right (giving it a gentle touch), throwing both the hush and the hammer along the silenced arch], for, it is well known how such a thing should look in order to not disrupt the spontaneity of the first encounters of that kind of augmentation - *многосторонний reibai*.

This one, however, got carried away by an adamant attitude somewhat more - it moved into the lawn [an ordinary backyard (a yawn of the sleepy building), ignoring brick by brick (though in some fatigue)] without the latter's ceeding.

Liegen bleiben in dem Bett?

(The garden in question, otherwise, consists of something like that nonetheless - who keeps quiet in it, he finds himself quite fit. *Ιδιωτικος χωρος*).

The burdock under the scrutiny, thus, cannot be classified according to some hasty (bookish), syllogistic (or some other, similarly imperfect) principle. (Trying deduction, now and here, may only harm the plant's abstraction).

It can rather be argued that, taking into account its firm conviction of its right to puncture, one cannot say much about it (the burdock and its mode) without, at that, letting it change its code. *Ecce signum!*

Demzufolge: Being a meter (perhaps a meter and a half) tall, the burdock in question (*Arctium Lappa*) with such a feature fits into the nominal representation of an impediment to the early running (a dashing of a long ago), across the field of a low profile, down the scene of a life style deftly assembled into the earliest phase of struggling with thorns of the later phases, whether they were to do with *Carduus*, *Cirsium* or *Cnicus lanceolatus* genera of the given pricks indeed (clenched in the small fists of the troublesome weed), or with the golden thistle *Scolymus*, or the distaff thistle (with large pale-yellow heads) *Carthamus lanatus*, or the southern *Cnicus conspicuus*, or the polar *Cnicus arvensis* (with purplish flowers, wavy leaves, and roots of a creeper), or *Russian* thistle named *Salsola tragus* (which can be found in the western parts of this continent, too), or a *Syrian* thistle named *Cnicus syriacus* (which, being almost wholly subterranean, exclusively pricks its bottom of *Mediterranean*), or tall (and very common) *Cnicus altissimus*, or a yellow-headed thistle (of sharply spinose foliage) named *Cnicus horridulus*, or white *Asperugo procumbens*, or blue *Echium vulgare*.

Цельй мироздание.

Not surprisingly, in those times, we did not know of all of them, nor did we, on said field (each of those summer days, *umso besser*), impudently face each one of them, but that did not imply that (by means of the plant in question here, *sympathisch*) none of them (none of the burdocks of the world, *mirabile visu*) was taking away all of the world's thorns - for, not a single thorn was hurting any of us then.

Mirabilia.

(Choir: Not a single thorn was hurting any of us then) occupied with but a pioneer-like folly of a quasi-professional play (*multum in parvo*), a juvenile variant of something which was competing with the burdock in the sense in which it was tenaciously rushing though it (*onaji koto wo suru*), as if it was under the spell of a condition known as *tarantismo*, a nervous disease characterized by hysteria and a mania for dancing, a kind of jumping first noticed in southern *Italy* in the 16-th century, believed to be caused by the bite of *Lycosa tarantula*, a spider found around that time in the vicinity of the town of *Taranto*, whereby (for the purposes here) the town in question is assumed tantamount to any other town, albeit more suitable for a younger age, *le mot de l'énigme*.

And, in the same way in which the cure for any serious illness usually arrives when it is no longer of any help (*nota bene*), in our later years the so-called *tarantella* came by, a remedy for *tarantismo* in the form of a rapid, whirling dance for couples (*nulli secundus*), in *6/8* time (6 out of 8 times pin-pricked into a whirlpool), a sort of late medicine because the thing with burdock was already over, so that all the subsequent plays achieved everything except curing the first one, the amusement consisting of running through a burdock 'which is no more' (using the terminology of the sentimental patheticalness of the 'modern age', as those times, then, have long been proclaimed its antipodes, *in terrorem*).

For, the burdock here, regardless of its color, brand, the swaying of its stalk and hardness of the thistles (*in puris naturalibus*), without good reason (with no reasonable justification) somehow is picked from the stack of those, just envisaged burdocks (*omne ignotum pro magnifico*), long ago moved from a (then) real field to its present image, the one which no longer permits framing any vista without, at that, itself being pinned onto a zeroth scene - a prospect of the first, original self: and if it was up to me, now, to (empty-handedly) cut this treasured burdock - would I cut it up, or down, or would I make its middle heedlessly unlock?

Pour couper court.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

From July To August

Доброе утро!

The last days of July, yet August tricks the senses, so that the Sun is in between. (What a team!).

Sauf et sain.

Sicut ante: neither has this month ceased, nor has the other one commenced, as if both are expected to be proclaimed the months of no beginning or ending [something only woven (that is thatched), with no single border (meticulous or scratched), *с достоинством*].

[As if a thread of a hushed progenitor is being knit (well matched).

Грациозный].

All which is distant (the supposition goes), at the same time is past, *богобоязненный*; all which is near (according to the teaching), is that which is reaching, *безбожный*.

(Servare modum).

So that, in the crevice between July and August (with one foot still in the grain, the other in the glowing hay), both months, being in close proximity, also behave close (shun anything astray) - offering to it (the cleft in question) their contemporaneity, instead of what remained of it (in this heat).

(Savoir faire).

But, as soon as one of them (July, in this case) starts expiring (going away, increasingly sinking), the hurried currentness of the other one (here, August) is quite certainly going to blow it away into oblivion (after making it discouraged/exhausted first), *tôt ou tard*.

As a result, (besides in changing the names) the only change is seen in the accumulation of time in the positive direction (in one way) - in a single chronometer all names dissolve anyway, *vom Fleck weg*.

And yet, July is July, August is August - one cannot say that, here, it is not dealt with associations like those of two gold ingots of a single bank: the Sun.

(Tout frais fait).

One being of a pure (July's) gold, the other (of August's) remaining to be seen what it will turn out to be like, but, already, it is undeniable that even it (the subsequent ingot) won't easily get rid of the seasonal culmination, of something, that is, which, in all that cold/calculated trifling (as in any banking tale - in essence and form), remains as immovable and huge as a stranded whale (and proportionally warm).

Ubique.

Some children play somewhere (someone, rather hushed, totters over there), while the two months (July and August) take away the doubt from the face of a saint - right on their juncture (in the pith of nought) there glows barley's onslaught.

[All into which they change by night (until parting by day) approximately is: oats, flax, wheat, hemp (especially hemp), hop, onion - all on one plate - and a sieve to separate them by atomic weight. *Sub silentio*].

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As it can be seen, some of the above is of the nature of anticipated plants, some of the methodology of filtering out the unfitting weights, while something features the uncertain result in all of the states.

Nebenprodukt.

[Not everything which leaves no trace is able to (just like that) jump from place to place. *Tout au contraire*].

[(Until a moment ago being hazy and warm) all of a sudden everything skips into a clear form, or does it?

To examine blade by blade of such softened grass - to be able to answer when it will inexorably amass].

Tout bien ou rien.

From July to August: if, by midnight, things become unmanageable, (being so flexible/changeable) the months in question will quickly turn to becoming each other's safe haven - foolproof and stretchable as *E. A. Poe's* raven (*το πεζοδρομιο*).

(It is well known which shelters which, as it is known when they will switch. *Η διανομή*)

[A full-year pyramid made of the particular months (and tetrahedrally split), *de mo koré dakè itté okù*: autumn landing with such wet feet, winter repeating its freezing myth, but, look, spring declaring a fresh beat, luring summer into this heat].

Hotte oki nasai.

Voraussage: the last day of this month, (as soon as) tomorrow the other is going to hunt - yet (already decoded) its lucky ace won't last beyond its regular chase [in thirty one days, exactly, it will become fully eroded (strewn over its obsolete place), *totis viribus*].

Heutzutage: and so - it's August, not a trace nor a sound has been left behind the days of July, as if they did not exist at all [for, they may have not existed indeed (who said they did?), *ich habe es einem Freund verkauft*]; *zu meiner Überraschung*, does it really not occur to every honorable exemplar of the world to [finally, like the last target (*berührungsempfindlicher Bildschirm*), at the end of the (corresponding genre of a) ticklish movie], aim the long barrel at himself, if only he wasn't (even hidden) sketched by the (dusty) remains of his own chalk (finished by the hasty participation of his own talk), in a class in which, the very next summer (be it calms or storms), the subject of history (a dried up fig) became the topic taught by the future worms (providing them with what to dig), *von oben bis unten*.

Спокойной ночи!

{V-C, A}

08/01-03/03

Selectivity

For the first time nothing happened, yet, everything stretched tight because of the news, *secundum artem*.

[It is beyond doubt - the strutting counts as a virtue of a typical witness of hierarchical informing of a saint formulated with great difficulty; "*Ihm nach!*", it (the vigorousness in question) repeats to itself (like a crane would to its legs)].

Nach allem, was ich weiß: the newest sleepiness announces itself in the oldest dream - who falls asleep once more (for the second time), nobody is going to believe him when he stands up and starts talking.

[Tired due to the unending propelling, even a silkworm (thriving in paradise) would have its decision hanging by chance (of how to keep kneeling and improve the stance, *сопредельный*)].

The warm rain just stopped blowing its own horn (*спекулянт*), and already (with small feet of great notions, thus preserving all proportions) the first signs of poisoned beauty take hold of themselves: along the edge of fullness (the void of exactness).

(Crossed out, who gets fully framed in such a graphic test - even in his picture, he won't get a rest, *снесивый*).

[The first image of a sense - a frontal kind of past tense; for, all that comes from the second - it only (circling) repeats the bond, *снартакиада*].

Selectivity: to select this or that (one or the other news), front or rear lines (the awakening or a sleepy afternoon), a classical or metaphorical act, a thorn or a blackberry effect, the hammer of a forehead or a honey instead, a folk or a trade school, a revengeful or conciliatory hand, *Israfil* or *Israfel* [according to *Mohammedan* story, the (one and same) angel who will blow the trump at the resurrection, and who himself has "the sweetest voice of all God's creatures"], *Babylonian Ishtar* or *Astoreth of the Phoenicians* or *Astarte of the Greeks* (the goddess of the evening star, or the fruitful goddess of the earth, or the patroness of love, respectively, whose cult was associated with voluptuousness and abominable rites); consequently - to select between this and that, whereby this refers to that, and that to this: a selection before the sense, sense before the prudence, prudence after the disappearance, *sub praetexto juris*.

So that one should not bother oneself too much regarding the answer to the question above: neither can something be selected without making a mistake, nor can the mistake slow the lifelong merry-go-round down.

(Who does not believe that - *θα σας Φερω αμεσως*).

Simply put, things are as they are, to (exultantly) speculate about them, or (servilely) surrender to them (*fondre en larmes*), will not make them better (although, it won't make them worse either) - one should only recall *Colonel Jack*, the hero of a fictitious biography by *Defoe*, who from a pickpocket becomes a slave-owner!

(Typical? Why not).

Ikubunka kimochi ga yoku narimashita ka?

On one hand (my) daily cautiousness (*das ist es ja gerade!*), on the other all that which (so heedlessly) descends into all this (*eine gerade Zahl*): both with the same chances to not avoid the fate of *Mrs. Jellyby* of *Dickens*' "Bleak House", a lady so immersed in missionary matters, and so much concerned for the poor heathens in *Africa* (especially those of *Borrioboola Gha*), that she neglects her own household - in a word, *Gemeindeverwaltung*.

The summer storm started [only *Jarvie Bailie Nicol* could still be surprised by that, a notorious *Glasgow* magistrate in *Scott's* "Rob Roy", conceited and prejudiced, but kindhearted] - the newest opinion about another (so 'successive') day of *Jenkinson Ephraim* is being promoted, a swindler in *Goldsmith's* "Vicar of Wakefield", who cheats the vicar and his son *Moses*, while talking learnedly about the 'cosmogony of the world', *gerecht gegen alle*.

Even *Indra*, a *Hindu* god of the heavens, rolls up her things (*gegen bar*), let alone poor devil *Ibbetson (Peter)*, a prisoner who, in the novel of the same name by *George du Maurier*, shares a dream existence with his beloved, *gegen Quittung*.

Gegen Abend, this day fades away, too. (*Es sieht ganz so aus*).

Who selected what in it - he did; who didn't - the selectivity won't ruin his plan (even if he repeats telling: "*Es steht dir frei, das zu tun*").

Existenz - (in all of its pose) selecting the form, at that juncture hopping (as the lowest norm).

{V-A, W, D}

Poetic Rendition

There is no such a person who, in a day like this, would subject himself to remaining days (given they do dawn), even if he adapts it (the day in question), making a poetic rendition of it, *sine mora*.

With a poetic rendition, however, one does not sing of a shady apparition.

Безделушка.

[Who announced something - he found himself in it (eager he was not). “*Ubi lapsus?*”, he solicits himself (on the very spot)].

Беда в том, что [singing this (or that) song] the achieved harmony is not being eliminated, to the contrary, it’s becoming somewhat more distinct (in a local fall, even distant birds are a bit extinct), *bei solcher Hitze*.

Вторник: something rains uncaringly - as if it is to do with this, and not that map, the one which has the roads of its own beauty [and, because of which, it gets quickly drunk (almost in a snap)], i.e. as if the worm of adjoining clarity (having stood up on its massive croup) aimed from golgotha [(disavowing charity) jumping on its paw, barefoot and low], and exclaiming (with a sense of loss): “*Si Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos?*”.

Satis verborum.

The incompressibility of the water (pouring from the sky), on the other hand, impels to a bigger (than anticipated) juncture of suspicion and bad weather (an appealing try): their measure’s heard [all which ruins personal/tame pact - struggles with itself (vanishes intact)], *bei Nebel*.

Можно попросить у вас: On one side the sensibility of doubt (*secundum artem*), on the other giving in to the first sign of a comfortable solution (the indication of a beneficial algorithm, *no kanri ni makáserarètè*), a certain yellowish tangible object (like actual talc), obtained by crushing the sunny side of the false shore of an everlasting (and therefore fluid) boundary between two complementary/symbiotic worlds (heavenly and infernal, *mánichi ni sonáete*), as if the exceptionality of Paradise is judged by how close it adheres to some saint’s ribbons [as if nothing of (that kind of) closeness is meant to discourage provisional fineness of the pathetic main point, *tanto buon che val niente*] - not even a poetic rendition will make this (harmonious) hour get rid of the minute of a suitable melancholy/longing, *tant s’en faut*.

Bei der Arbeit, writing a line at a time [advancing towards something that pretends lying on them (the lines) while hardheartedly snowing on itself, and snarling from there even when fleeing them], it can be observed how each one of them (each of the lines of the mentioned doubt, *beieinander*) cannot wait to plow the road full of such a frenzy (*beim Fahren*): having arrived by this or that path, it incessantly drives it (the fury) to that corner unerringly (although, perhaps somewhat more to the right), to make it brush under the carpet tight (to prevent a single sound if not matching such a sight), to preclude its words from scratching (all this in the tardy light), *tenax propositi*.

Truditur dies die.

[That this is so, can be seen in that none of them (neither one of all these days) fails to repeat: “*Tu ne cede malis*”].

Danach (dementsprechend): a little bit longer, and the pre-evening phase will bring the effect of a warranted border (an interval of both an apposite rest and a fitting order); *Έχω δικιο* - it can be expected from this kind of experiment to, eventually, point at some detail of its (however much prepared) label, but under no circumstances one should get carried away by the finished text (or sketch, for that matter) of a heart-breaking yearning for that kind of ether (neither now nor later).

(Πρέπει να στείλω αυτο με fax).

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Performing a poetic rendition upon (the same) view of immeasurableness of things [magnifying one about which the actual thing (the thing in question) does not care at all], reciting (even quite reasonably) what all this, indeed, is (groundlessly) to do with, the reason is being emphasized as something for which it is assumed that it will match - the perplexity with conviction (lavishness with inutility), the wormy apple with a stormy propagation (a fruit worm with such a derivation).

Sic eunt fata hominum.

The chances for (the predicative stipulation of the type of) “*to be*” are slimmer and slimmer.

Neither this would *be* singing about that, nor that would *be* dreaming about this.

(Seances dealing with “*to be*” are paler and paler).

Even that which, normally, would never *be* doing it, is fading away [a cracking tightness of the senses (*her damit!*), so much absorbed in itself that its assiduity folds into a fluffy series of deserved noughts, *tombé des nues*].

Being adapted - only such a rendered evening hides the day’s head; being not adapted - it (the nightfall) does not want to do even that (instead - it keeps idling like it’s fully fed), *von der Form her*.

That is why the (by now) scattered shower occurs in the first place, *неоспоримый*.

(If only, helped by the drizzle’s beat, its husk would soften a bit).

There is not a thing (in this world) that has not been operated upon by the poetic rendition (*лежащий в основе*), but not a single adaptation (obtained in such a way) let itself into the tooth of the adapted prey (*Gott sei Dank!*) - it (the deserter born in such dismay) rather nodded (turned to a kind of yeast), before (such molded) reduced to words of feast.

Неудачник.

But, since the poetic rendition is not made only of words in cheery crates (i.e. because it’s augmented by all that still reverberates, *gezwungenermaßen*), neither it itself stops at that at which there stops the one who, cheerful (at least, he thinks so), distributes it further; to the contrary: taking command of its own faculties, it sets its fate, for example, to five, and (as soon as you may have pronounced ‘poetic rendition’) - (playing *Russian roulette*) it checks the graceful ammunition.

Sublata causa, tollitur effectus.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

08/05-07/03

In the Wind There Are Eight Yearnings

In the wind there are eight yearnings: cloud, air, tree, grass, whirling, flying, touching, awareness - (in the middle of the playing with a octahedral ball, it does not fail to dream of eight things out of them all, *pour comble de bonheur*).

[The wind is foppish, its trump cards are foppish too - (flapping their coats in a big clew) it jumps up a meter, perhaps two, *вследствие этого*].

Das gefällt mir an ihm.

Although in all that (in the combing of a keen desire with worn-out wind, *hazúreru*) there are only eight of them, a greater number of yearnings would stretch it (unable to collect enough branches for any of them, *туманный*) to many sides, while a fewer yearnings would make it withdraw into a shell (to eke out a bare existence there, as cold as a hell, *смутный*) - so it is left with (touchingly) holding itself against these eight (making sure who defies whom, even this late).

Kàrè ga sukf ni narfmashita.

Cloud, air, tree, grass, whirling, flying, touching, awareness - in the wind there are eight yearnings (even if some of them fell asleep, looking for the better clearings).

(*ΔιαΦορα. Με παυακια*).

At which point, it is easy to notice that (even if having a headache) it exclusively dives [(from the cloud pocket, through the air sleeve) jumping onto the tree, falling into the grass, whirling and flying while (in all that mess) distributing its awareness] - a pot with yeast spilled to an ant (fermenting downward, making him do a stunt).

Opus operatum.

Playing hard to get (*in der Luft liegen* - is that so difficult?), the wind acts as if it was never throwing itself down [falling straight onto the low-lying area between *Kaf*, a mountain that surrounds (walls in) the earth, and *Lodona*, a nymph changed into a river on her attempting to escape from the embraces of *Pan*, a god of flocks and herds, often represented with two horns, pointed ears, and goat's legs, *omnia ad Dei gloriam*] - such a classical, nocturnal portion of *diurnalis*, which so obviously does not care about the price of the settling of daily news upon the remnants of the burned down day (it is well known that, in some sort of a cove, the day wind blows upward, the night one downward), as if, for its protectors (patrons/benefactors, *ich finde nichts dabei, wenn...das wird sich finden*), it hired no one else but (the wretched fellow) *Siegfried*, his (also cheerful) wife *Kriemhild*, and their sister-in-law *Brünnehilde*, a German princess possessed by the spells of the first one (*Siegfried*), because of which even the extraordinary strength and prowess did not prevent her from marrying *Gunther*, not only brother of *Kriemhild* but also king of *Burgundy*, so that all of them got to become members of *Nibelungenlied* dynasty, whose great treasure (described in the old epic of the same name) was obviously sufficient for covering the above specified costs (the 'investment' put into maintaining the night component of the full version of the wind, especially emphasized between said mountain and said river), as well as for financing the vengeance of *Brünnehilde* towards *Siegfried*, although to some degree late and, by all means, unintelligible 'in the light of' still restricted (almost tame) air flow in the given space (of the size of a fairy-tale), which by no means could be brought into connection with something that suggests to *weltmacht*.

Officina gentium.

(Even if one of them has fallen asleep) in the wind there are eight yearnings: cloud, air, tree, grass, whirling, flying, touching, awareness. *Полировицик*.

When (with a shoe against shoe) it clicks (then dresses up), it, in point of fact, adjusts the tip-top on its forehead (as does the rudder - steering the ship into things ahead), *не покладая рук*.

(*Это мне на руку*).

Par accord: there are eight yearnings in the wind - one is here, another there, the others being both here and there (if only they could, so mischievous, be saved from being taken somewhere so grievous).

Par ci par là: in the wind there are eight yearnings - all would (it's a fact) become covered with evergreen leaves, if a gentle dove (sized like flying means) pets them high and low.

Eight yearnings are in the wind - first, second, third, fifth, seventh, eighth and ninth [for (long ago we're softly told) the sixth one has flipped over to the four sides of the world].

Omen faustum.

Рифмовань: from the flowerbed I listen to the trend - there are, in the wind, eight yearnings; on my feet already (up and ever ready) - I am hit by, look, *Electra* (the brightest of the six stars in the *Taurus* constellation), the seventh's missing [where is she (the last of the *Pleiades*), didn't she also stay?], trying to hear (at this stage), I put my ear to the sky installation - (roaring in her rage) the eighth one complains as well, promptly fading away.

Schlussrundenteilnehmer.

In the wind there are eight yearnings: cloud, air, tree, grass, whirling, flying, touching, awareness - one is here, another there, the others being a combination of both here and there (if only they could, so mischievous, be saved from taken somewhere so grievous) - the eight yearnings, all would (it's a fact) become covered with evergreen leaves, if a gentle dove (sized like flying means) pets them high and low; eight yearnings are in the wind - first, second, third, fifth, seventh, eighth and ninth [for (long ago we're softly told) the sixth one has flipped over to the four sides of the world], from the flowerbed I listen to the trend - there are, in the wind, eight yearnings; on my feet already (up and ever ready) - I am hit by, look, *Electra* (the brightest of the six stars in the *Taurus* constellation), the seventh is missing [where is she (the last of the *Pleiades*), didn't she also stay?], trying to hear (at this stage), I put my ear to the sky installation - (roaring in her rage) the eighth one complains as well, promptly fading away.

Endgültig.

{V-C, A}

08/07-08/03

Promenade

A little bit of rain here and there (an upside-down everglade), and a nice small puddle is made.

Sursum corda!

(Surtout pas de zèle!).

[That it will (after a minute or two) dry up, is its lot - why would one, even not quite passionately, dedicate himself to auxiliaries of the end's whim, when the beginning does not bestow a decent downpour of rain on him? *Taisez-vous*].

Правильный поступок.

There can be also noticed a significant shortage of restricted equipment (there is no trace of the first-class glasses, hearing aids, tactile-olfactory instrumentation, and processual hyper-text).

Neither can anything be seen nor heard (in other words), nor sniffed nor touched, let alone described. *Gibt es einen Gott?*

Bestürzend Nachrichten.

[It is no wonder that posting a wanted circular for the means that mask everything in front of them (interpreting the low-frequency component of the ambient print in the sky as a wide-band target) is being procrastinated].

Sic vos non vobis.

Given that every one is occupied with the self (with one's own interpretation of things, *semel insanivimus omnes*), neither the vanquisher is to step out to his terrace (*σημερα το βραδυ*), nor the vanquished is to resuscitate in his grimace (*αποψε*), nor the divinity student is to bend over in his time and space (*τον Αυγουστο*).

And in what way is he (the last one) supposed to get rid of the stage fright, when *Farrar* already said what he thinks about having him in his sight: "The lank party who snuffles the responses with such oleaginous sanctimony".

(Er erlebte sein blaues Wunder).

Zusammensetzung: parts of the condition (fragments of texture) of a universal scene of landscapes and beings in one big mixture (*sero venientibus ossa*), hesitating between masterpiece and kitsch (*sero sed serio*), in a drowsy manner disappear somewhere around the forehead (the story goes as such, offering nothing instead), as if described by a *smorzato* (an *Italian* expression for fading away in music), a candy in which, even if melted (liquefied sweet), one can see the sugar beet (*сладкий зубец*).

Sic transit gloria mundi.

Someone (*jujun na*), just slowly humming (or, at most, quietly whistling), starts going down the street towards a noteworthy labyrinth of roads and paths, none of which (according to him, *semper paratus*) can fail [can help to not bring him into the otherwise acceptable (correct, flawless, faultless, *Ο.Κ.*) situation of one *Roger Bontemps*, the impersonation of contentment in a song of certain *Béranger*, one always hopeful and inclined to make the best of things] - not only that such one easily goes down the sidewalk of a full day sense (*si parva licet componere magnis*), but even more easily (almost weightlessly) he goes up: here he is (*человек, о котором идет речь*), vigorously passing by some wasted-away/run-down/returned-to-seed tree (*mein Beileid*), being used to that kind of approach to hanging principles [as long as they're watered by tears of joy of, indubitably well thought-of, *Sir Joseph Bowley* from Dickens' "Chimes" (*ich kenne ihn nur dem Namen nach*), shed on the occasion of (yet another) successfully realized humanistic project of that pompous, although somewhat narrow-minded member of parliament who poses as 'the poor man's friend' (*nämlich - 'poor man's friend'*)] - look how far one can go returning along the way along which he left, without interpreting such an act as a return of an openhearted fidgetiness busy with the self.

Sit ut est aut non sit.

Along the road (*secundum ordinem*) something descends, something ascends, something feeds them both, so they wouldn't bully it as being the reason which crucifies them (besides, it's better if everything finishes as it should).

[Regarding myself, *я расквитался с ним. (Wie wärs mit Sie? Во всаком случае, wie heißen Sie?)*].

Something remembers itself from after [i.e. from before a sack full with it (thrown away) died away].

(Kodokushà ni jigà).

Something is a voyager, something resident, something (a dream book) has become warmer to someone, got undressed in front of someone else, before the eyes of the voyager hanging his abode, before the resident his voyage - so that, later, they could not claim they did not share the same dream (a sunflower plain, a yard full of the right esteem).

(Se non è vero, è ben trovato).

Something down the road, something up the road, yet something (their only coat) covers itself with something else in order to divert attention (by means of the number of buttons) from the voyages of that which got down to performing pranks due to the fault of that which (on the promenade, that's where its approach was made) passed (ah!) by the self.

Ну то ни се.

Border (Boundary)

Positioned askance relative to the middle (straight relative to the end) - the fold of today's covering with the condition is not giving up, *ньедесмал*.

(Inter canem et lupum, the professed purpose twinkles).

Featuring such wrinkles (from well defined to meek), it's after the glow of a circus (topographical emphasis of the peak).

Jamais arrière.

[Not even the basis looks bad to a sleepy side, let alone the possibility of the summit crushing it (in a top-to-bottom tide)].

Labore et honore, a boundary edge of today's sight establishes itself (*nikirometoru hanarete, yákù*) - all which is on that side (from the edge onward) dexterously discontinues (*lateat scintillula forsan*), all which is on this (from the edge inward) shows itself without shame (*latet anguis in herba*), *ausgebucht*.

Border (boundary): an edging which is not everything that seems it is (*jeu de théâtre*), unless, at that, being divided in half - one half here the other there, one bordering with itself the other sparkling onto yourself, dear friend who are one half a hint above the page, another half a flint under the stage, even if with a third half (and fourth) lying stretched over a new pledge [engraved without rage (using either *Latin* or *Cyrillic* alphabet - there is always something to gleefully engage)], *aus Mitleid*.

“Dim with the mist of the years, gray flits the shade of power”, Byron.

Aus ihr wird nie etwas.

Boundary (border): a bridge left intact on purpose (sure enough, along its longer side, not sideways - *inverso ordine*), the encirclement (true, full of tact) obtained through an efficient assaulting the self (*òdenue*), a self-questioning without a pressing need, but, then, with appropriate elements of personal hauling from a sensible to a flexible category of subjects present in the picture of the afternoon, a phenomenological retreating to this Saturday too [in the absence of none else (not even an *Adventist*) clue].

Ista est.

“Sensation and reflection are the boundaries of our thoughts”, Locke.

Ita lex scripta.

Imperceptibly, it becomes colder however: even that which, until a moment ago, was thought of as laid back in the chord, straightens itself, jumping out from the planned scheme (playing roulette with a gambling theme) - as if a whole different world dives (elated and sublime), riding on the spinning wheel (between two honeyed beehives).

Βαυ!

Not for long, though.

Αληθεια? Ναι!

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[For, even that wouldn't be gyrated if it wasn't round - just look how (safe and sound) higher spheres sniff it; yet yesterday, it appears, (being at the wrong place, de-rated) it was a disgrace].

Ira furor brevis est.

(At least at his border) united with himself (not totally stuck), towards the gathering pack (meeting place, assembly point) there walks alone (meter by meter) a notorious laborer (e.g. a land surveyor, someone dealing with that kind of assets/holdings in his prayer, to all intents and purposes - a geometrical purveyor), hence consisting only of himself, until scratched by something ostentatious/neater (and instantly cured by its showy glitter), only to be brought to the state of dither (in all that behaving as renowned *St. Peter*).

(Pardon, *бездельник*).

The flowers smell nice, who knows, (depending on the price) there may exist some justice, it is only a matter of packing and readying it for the trip to the place of practice (and making sure it doesn't boast on the way to such a rubbery lattice).

Le bon temps viendra.

Sich überlegen folgend.

"Of all virtues, justice is the best; Valor without it is a common pest", Waller.

Aufs Ganze gehen - gar nicht schlecht.

Wir können davon ausgehen, dass: (to go) like this to the border, (to return) like that from the border, only then we will see if it has been wholly crossed (in the hidden, inner sea), *in utramque fortunam paratus*.

["It couldn't be that shabby principles wanted it like that, for it is very well known who operates the haughty violation", *Hypnos* is heard grumbling (the god of sleep and lightness), behind the shoulders of *Horus* (the hawk-headed god of the sun), full of the thermal fineness (actually, having fun)].

Eingebung (das fällt mir gar nicht ein): a border as a (very) sharp mark between two uninterestingly stretched sides (*lucidus ordo*), one going down another going up (*nec cupias, nec metuas*), as if (besides jumping from the make believe notoriety into the mania of false authority) with a relative moving between the typical levels one can guarantee something more than a jump from the ostensible state to the alleged over-state; a boundary as an extreme stiffness, in addition to so many more spontaneous, rolling, even shaded transitions (ominously lighter, free of the stagnation), from the pulmonary attentiveness of a verging writer, to the chronic relevancy of his oxidation, *спазмодический*.

Как пишется это слово?

{U, V-C, A, W, D}

08/10-12/03

Seemliness

What in the hell forces me to write all this can be inferred from that, actually, I force it - so many indecent words (which?) have accumulated in all this (what?), making it not easy at all to force even the fiend to not disown them.

Scandalum magnatum.

And yet, is that really so? (*Shinpai shinai*).

Here and there, there may be found some hope/support (*similis simili gaudet*), a word so dutifully/meekly fitted to the bountiful trend of the withered intellectualism of syllogistic tranquillity / hermeneutic pompousness [*das ist mir entfallen, fast*: the word of a polite passtime of serial magnates (raised all the way up to the spectacle of gold - a shining cure of that kind of a mental fold), *sponte sua*], the word of (almost) daily salvation [certainly picked from such a potboiler - another spoiler (pathetic like a tedium of stagnation), *biologisch abbaubar*].

As, for example, seemliness.

(*Вежливость, politesse, Rücksichtnahme - ευχαριστως*).

Regarding seemliness therefore (*vulgo*) - even if it can be associated with only *Ungulata* (an extensive group of mammals having hoofs, feeding exclusively on flattened grass and vegetables), who and what (in the Lord's name) is suitable towards the plants there, *secundum usum*?

Satis superque.

[*Nicht am rechten Platz*: seemliness as the remaining canonicalness of an intention - a fitting generalization of the inconsiderateness of (seemingly) measured evaluation].

Neither the derivatives of seemliness however [*savoir vivre*: politeness, civility, nice behavior (good breeding), fitness, propriety, decency, decorum, loyalty to etiquette, and, to some degree, devoutness (*тревожный!*)], 'in the given light' are doing any better - unable to knock down the victim (to make him forever glide), (swearing) they bring him over to their dutiful side, *sit venia verbis*.

[Seemliness in the sense in which nothing holds anything against whatever thing (but one has it in for everything), does not apply here: when such an appropriateness dares to bite - it bites through itself with all its might. *Все равно*].

Silentium altum.

[*Wert darauf legen*, (as soon as the rain stops) capillary networks emerge from the drops, followed by the coiled arteries and veins (a piping which increases beyond standard crops), as if a kind of utterly adequate batteries (their seemliness in their good taste) makes them feeding (in a sort of haste) the remaining hops (a creeping *Humulus lupulus*, and all such vined flip-flops)].

“*Semper fidelis*”.

Take, for example, the above slogan, whereby, besides an ambient of a corresponding state of aggregation, none other thing is to be looked for in connection with the notion of the (so-called) *marines*, whose motto (filled with such uncontrolled emotion) the above phrase actually carries.

Which (said dictum) is but another romanticized variant of seemliness (*sub silentio*); in order to get to its real (actual) meaning, it is necessary to address none else but the very patron (an investor bard) of the conventional standard (which seemliness certainly is), *sub rosa*, a stanch proponent of, from whatever angle it is looked at, the above mentioned agreed/understood etiquette (*mehr als zehn/zwanzig*), whose authenticity/credibility, nevertheless, is not of an outmost importance to the participants of the given agreement (*wirklich?*) - things of interest here, namely, are more to do with avoiding being bothered until the next part/module/section of the lesson of civilized behavior (*usus loquendi*) is in order, at which point it will be seen which side buries its axe, and which one (with a proportional cry of offensive inspiration) takes it up in the air, so that from seemliness one traverses to inevitability [in the same way in which all other behaviorisms soothingly crossed their own abysses (*tangere vulnus*), having leaped from the enforced politeness of 'peacemakers' to the enraged pose of the 'righteous ones' / imperial heroes (*si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer*) atop the obedient/domesticated pets (having them, too, suitably aboard), along these lines completing their ethnologically dynamical sets], causing things to return to the natural, predator-based world, *vel prece, vel pretio*.

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Surgit amari aliquid: not even a bug says 'hello' to an ant, let alone a brute to another brute (a much larger beast than just a petty acrobat).

Ποτε γιορταζεις?

On the other hand, the outpourings of good will (the state of a saint being carried away, *ему не везло*), the sentimentalism of an adjudicator (the aloneness which leads towards something better, e.g. to a paramount arbitrator, *без всего*), are only the ways of postponing the bee sting, (deceiving one already mistaken) hoping that it won't come out of the blue, making sure this day goes without scratches too.

Всего хорошего!

Oh, you magnanimous little cake of civil (polite) behavior (and virtuoso-like, gentlemanly background) - besides time never deprived you of imitation, it neither sweetened your original (instantly recognizing your aberration); it looks like it rather bears with you as with another circus-like imperfection - but watch, it is going to let you float above the jaws of jaguar-like starvation.

Vide ut supra.

Seemliness: an undermined bridge by definition (*ich habe es über die Auskunft erfahren*), something which stretches from there to here without even an elementary calculation of a plain deal between two antagonistic organisms in this very universe - one looking one way, the other looking the same way (with the same, sugary verse), only a bit more impudent, in the sense of emphasizing the eye tooth (nothing more, nothing less) as the *limes* of biological seemliness, *nicht überfällig*.

{V-C,A}

08/12-14/03

Dethronization

Pretending being in a straight line (in one direction anxiously), or else stormy vertically [thundering, lightning, pouring, storming, that is what it looks like / what it reduces to (this rifle company of heaven's crops), *de profundis*], a round trip leaks from all these drops (confirms its stance): water-vapor-vapor-water (nothing stays occupied with a quadrature of the circle longer than the unpaid balance), *en effet*.

(Es ist noch nicht fertig).

However, it stopped as a sick hare (*быть прикованным к постели*) - that which framed itself with the square, by now used to the idea of parting from the circle [incessantly being thrown, the sky supply to the four-sided plane rectilinear figure in the soil (an ordinary lawn) was, indeed, very knowledgeable of the latter's need to constantly boil (*ex mera gratia*), but a measure is always welcome].

(Surú madè ni narfsagarù).

Only if (once in a while) an isolated (yet loud) bird succeeds in fleeing away [i.e. if the plumaged fate of a hen pullet (in a fox-like way) utters a sound of dismay], or (in the manner of flying, although subdued archfiend, *луженый*) if some alated, restful, and (above all) long-legged and bold *Ornismya ornata* (*Trochilidae* polished from an ounce of gold), pushes itself off into the air as a well kicked ball (in the form of an acrobat told to no longer stall) - and that's all, *малочисленный*.

[As always, the rest (of the birds) arrive (tight-lipped, *Sehenswürdigkeiten besichtigen*) when these wrap up and go (being just tripped), *en grand seigneur*].

[Dethronization was not devised by naive persons, *et id genus omne*, to the contrary, there is a whole pile of reasons here (even if looking funny, they very well adhere)].

Συνεχης παρασταση.

An overthrow (the driving from a throne, dethronization, *Στο θεατρο*): a clear-cut fall from *Yggdrasill*, *The Tree of the Universe*, into *Maarath* (a treeless place, Josh. 15. 59., synonymous with the notion of a thorough woodlessness), according to *Maher-shalal-hash-baz* principle ('the spoil hastens, the prey speeds', Is. 8. 1.), i.e. moving away of a favorable solution in the sense of insisting on unsuitable compensation, like in the case of *Miss Havisham* of *Dickens'* "Great Expectations", according to which said *Miss* turned into an eccentric lady in that she, being deserted on her wedding morning, continued to wear her bride's dress for the rest of her life, walking quite comfortably in it through all the other places (both wacky and sane, perhaps mildly ionized, in any case profane), waving both hands above the news unimportant since long ago, having missed to put together the tails of her lush dress (a bookish hyperbole for the hush in both her dresser and her chest) between the fingers of her left hand [on the way to her (not-to-be) nest], in front of an official altar as before her (not-to-be) throne (through her unrealized providence reaching the peak of her clone).

Désorienté.

An equally elucidatory case of dethronization, although certainly more explicit (*embarras de richesses*), can be found in a play by *Henrik Ibsen*, in which a certain *Gabler Hedda* (*femme couverte*), the heroine of the drama of the same name (a fine example of the melting ice, *entêté*), married to an ineffectual professor who bores her (more than once or twice), (*inopem copia fecit*), decides to exert a destructive influence over a former lover of hers by making him return to her, but, after he is killed ignominiously in a brawl (*манекеницик*), and to avoid exposure, shoots herself.

Stille.

Although, both examples of dethronization may be considered surpassed by a folk tale according to which, *in ähnlicher Weise*, a bride by the name of *Ginevra* playfully hid in a trunk on her wedding day (right after her sweetheart heard her saying "*Ich liebe dich so sehr*"), in which place she, however, extensively stayed, because the lid fell, burying her alive, and eventually (*sie kann keine Mathematik*) her skeleton was discovered.

Ex adverso: two unsuccessful attempts to marry, and one marriage finished under violent terms, are not, however, exclusive instances of dethronization, at least not in the sense in which the notion dealt with here is being (quite rightly) observed/understood in a rather flexible, i.e. not at all narrow manner (*in medias res*), for one to not be able to add to them even more outstanding cases of the mentioned phenomenon - more exceptional not only because of the way in which they have been explained, but also because of the explanation of the way of the mentioned demise [to the jaws of *Hades*, by the treason of *Gad* (a soldier of good fortune, otherwise) and the verdict of *Jada*, a wise man on whose one shoulder an equally wise owl lands (even though on his second not even the bird wants to put its hands, *мятежник*)].

Thus, having taken into consideration the following sentence (by none else but illustrious *Sir William Shakespeare* himself) - *наведение*: "He after honor hunts, I after love" - one reaches the final definition of the notion in question.

(Sei endlich still!)

Dethronization as *Likhi*, a personified representation of the notion of being fond of learning, whereby one cheerfully learns about the natural processes of fishing and hunting (*Wildnis*), wherein it can be easily seen that everything which (so neat and bright) lively swings underneath the fishhook / in line with the weapon sight, inevitably (sooner or later) triggers at least one of the two fieldpieces, in the beginning not being taken in by their good looks, but, as time progresses [during which all the more (i.e. progressively) neglecting stumbling blocks along the way (until reaching these, the ultimate ones, *implicite*)], already quite carelessly (being characteristically adolescent, *fortunæ filius*) having

fallen into their field of influence (*flosculi sententiarum*), i.e. into a certain silverish reflection of an (allegedly) nonchalantly rocking bark [steadily moving towards the residentiary obtained peak (in a stark contrast to the fickle wavering of such a petty dwelling trick), *Erleichterung*], from which, at that moment, is too late to pull out, having insufficient knowledge of ichthyology (the science of fishes), and hunting (the science of dethronization), *das dürfen Sie mir glauben*.

{V-C}

08/15-16/03

The Effects of a Power Blackout

If the (electrical) power yesterday was supplied as usual, the stiff note observation in front of you (dear peruser) would start gnawing the infamous (3½") disk by so much earlier (*à mon avis*); this way - it (the empty floppy) extended the illusion of reconciliation with the lack of magnificent happenings (favorable words, *ad summum*) until a short while ago [until the power grid has been connected back to the potential of disrupted action (of, otherwise, uninterrupted chattering)], and everyone got very excited with nothing bigger than an average result of (in some places quite a usual) electrical power interruption: the journalists (so-called reporters, *kokokuban*), the politicians [contemporary 'Aristotles' - the world gardeners each within his own fence (in no other way deprived as much as in the cosmic sense) - *wo bist du gewesen Landschaftsgärtner, in letzter Zeit?*], finally, the electromagnetic waves (the newsboys polished up in *Maxwellian* manner, *представить себе сластолюбивый вихрь*), all resumed racing each other in terms of driving the wedge of appropriateness into the wheel of futility [(more or less) stirring up with the self, exclaiming "To hell with the devil's ugliness", *iche werde morgen nicht hier sein*] - if only they could stop at that [if nothing else could take them away from the form, not even the essence (an innermost storm)].

(*"Πως το λene αυτο το λουλουδι?"*, they ask themselves, therefore).

The effects of interruption of a routine flow (of air, water, alternating current, and supply chain of energy balance of a body/physique exclusively based on the outside, *anno humanæ salutis!*) are most conspicuous once said flowing is re-established [when one re-starts to breathe, quenching the thirst ahead, becoming electrically charged (in automatic head), *Deo adjuvante*], and when everything which (until that moment) was virtually used to the idea of being submissive and meek, all of a sudden starts celebrating the very self (its very merry aspects, ritual and pagan), *anno ætatis suæ*.

(*Amour propre*).

[Not exactly everything, of course, for, what are we going to do with the eternal expectant of a naturally understood fracture amidst all the plush (a literary inclined *Bard of Hush*), an ecstatic carrier of unconventional genome (the co-owner of the notion of disorder, both uniform and random), no matter how much excommunicated / how seldom his hush was stated (*à perte de vue*)?]

Because (it should not be forgotten): "He looked with indifference on rites, names, and forms of ecclesiastical polity", Macaulay.

(*"Verbinden Sie mich bitte mit Mr. Jones"*, having said in addition)].

Deo duce, the palpability of supplying daily attainment (in the sense of securing a desired energy profile among various achievements of human kind, *breveté!*) is to be observed with dual eyes (*à merveille*): in order to be able to talk at all

about said tangibility without loosing (at that) touch with everything else {just arrived from its rehearsal, irretrievably launched (on the other side of dailiness, even if permanent) by the simple sum of taciturnity, certainty of the goods [integral of the rooms, predominantly oval (some full of looms)]}, one should distinguish between two things - one is carbohydrates (iron, lungs, functioning electrons, *anno Christi*), the other empty hours [days like these (including the inexpressible daybreaks), all which under all this so insolently dives (whatever it takes), *à deux mains*].

Ad unum omnes!

Pardon, *Dieu et mon droit!*

After all, the spices typical of a fervor of some greater summit (of '*en Dieu est ma fiancée*' type) never meant much to the practical means of surviving, to which, certainly, the electrical current/power belongs too (*en cueros*), to be able now (when, *Kommissar?*) to say anything more about them without letting it (all that has been said) so nicely fit the standard panegyrics of armies of tattlers in praise of themselves (*exempla sunt odiosa*), as well as match the understood relationship between the reporters and those being informed by them, regarding which, surely, one should not split hairs, nor should he, however, think of an elephant as a starlet (although, in truth: *extinctus amabitur idem*).

On the other hand, as even *Pieria*, a region in ancient *Macedonia*, in which all appropriate festivities were held exclusively in honor of inspiration (via spunky *Muses*, true), has been long ago connected to the (electrical) power grid, and as even there, out of all the divine influences presently is celebrated only the one which gave rise to supplying said territory with the mentioned daily attainment (energy profile) of jovial level-headedness (*bis zur Mauer hin*), then either a smaller or larger workshop regarding the phenomenon in question [see the title of this humble treatise about the function of body in feeding the soul (raising its mark)] can be arranged (*auf meine Bitte hin*), although, for a more comprehensive discussion (even if the only appropriate one), it is, after all, late (especially in this kind of dark). *Навыпуск*.

("Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* spring", Pope).

A baggy day, yet as if it is to do with a tight shoe of *Phosphor* [also known as *Lucifer*, or *Venus* (from the poster of *Almagest*)], the morning star presiding over the others (of the same intentions, which is frequently the case) - incessantly jumping on only one foot [*The Syntaxis* (as another name for *The Ordering of Nature*)], as if that will help it to ingratiate itself with the easily understood parallax (an atmospheric simplification as an everlasting hoax). [*Denebola* (tail of the lion), *Denebkaitos* (tail of the sea monster), and *Rasalhague* (head of the serpent charmer), join in the perfect circle (yielding a circumference of 2π times radius of the cosmic fence), for, everything always spreads from the past tense (as if it has not stepped out of its glance). *Fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ*].

And look now (after two days): in some places the power is back, in others it is still out [to some it flashed without said *Phosphoros*, the cut off strait of *Bosporus* keeps the *Black Sea* still around the others (to them, to reach the *Sea of Marmara* is just another silly prowess)]; to those who got connected - the electric current came as said palpability of supplying daily attainment, to those who stayed disconnected - the mentioned strait is still there, even if cut off it can take them (by night and day) far into themselves, enough away, *exceptis excipiendis*.

{V-A,D}

08/18-20/03

The Distortion of a Picture

A festive afternoon (quarter before three), yet, not even the march of the psyche can be heard (you see), *aus unserer Mitte*.

[Demonstrating self-confidence without vindication results in always the same story: a step forward, two backward - inexorably, in such a spasm it is only the noon pleonasm which does not move (not even a yard), *mánichi ni sonáete*].

Even in a paradigm of a diesel-electric locomotive for instance [constantly pulling, make believe, an unrestricted train - tamed only by the restricted distance (*d'ouï, fausse alerte*)], something carefully watches out for explanation of the journey (whenever getting dangerously close - it shows itself on a sign for the next station, *продольный*), not to mention how smart one would be expecting anything more from rather fragile things [not only modest trains but all that such a notion inevitably brings (puts forward, then thoroughly checks), regardless of how much they stretch their iron (or other types of) necks, *рафинированный*], no more vigorous than, say, these brisk grasshoppers today (after all, who is to make sure such instant stoppers don't sway?)

The tangled web of habitual events of current season promptly unravels: a luster of something ahead, the scum of its forehead, its dullness (instead of being just glad), *Συνεχης χρηση*.

("Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott", the whisper of the observers of the three acts of the mentioned scene can be heard).

[Not yet made blunt by anxiety, things try not to finish too sharply either - boisterously (or insisting on a quiet propriety), they will always settle with a tender feeder, *сразу*].

The distortion of a picture: an image ostensibly showing itself, yet looking as if wrapping in its own review (then unwrapping - its testimony being taken as the official view, *на месте*).

(Doing one thing, saying another) it is telling lies as a result, straightening up then falling down to a full halt (its word coating with itself during the night) - being all that which (with its paw) greases the self in this daylight (waving its false hand as if everything is still all right, *абсолютно чистый*).

It is a big question, in other words, why one should expect that this which presents itself as being such and such, indeed is such, without allowing for it possibly making arrangements with an alternative of the self (its spare truth).

(*Оно не жалел трудов*).

[(As if it was in the throat) there scratches across the sky a small (commercial!) airplane - what is the use of 'supersonic' planes used by the air force if personal belongings travel at the speed at which their owners' throats are being scratched due to the humming of a just-activated (droning) complete autopilot and all that which it (revolving) steadily holds (masterly flying through the velvety air folds): the notion of self-importance as a classification of everlastingness in the increasingly comfortable hours of levitation is not even being denied by the saints of aviation - two blackish and one whitish bird, (carrying their bluish birdie sign) hanging on the reddish sky lattice with the same, fully colored and latticed design [in their greenish eyes showing less than high noon, more than eleven (o'clock)], until it, too, embeds itself into said heaven (at its first knock), *das versteht sich (von selbst)*].

Wie du siehst!

The distortion of a picture as distortion due to the heat (*das ist mir recht*) - wherever looked, something trembles (drags through itself, checks its funny beat), oscillates along its length as along the only way (its width occupied with the dough of its strength in this very lawn, anyway), or it bangs on its head as if it is of no mass [drawing in its thoughts the place for (everyone knows which) next grass, *jetzt erst recht*], or, very simply (just like that), it involves itself in a chase for its (unsuitable) raster, by means of which all this was originally shown to it (in the form of a foreboding of some sort of master) - *dies faustus*.

Dies infaustus: in a regular mirror we are not able to clearly see even ourselves with our eyes (as if it is made of a melting ice), yet we expect to vividly see (in the same device) no more and no less but an entire world (and, really, beyond its present mold); in a word: we behave as if (all this time) we wait to frame a final picture, purged of the preliminary lies (as if we had properly put aside all the previous ones - onto the right side of the universal dice, *au grand sérieux*).

The distortion of a picture: *au mieux* - the fragments everything depends on in the best possible way, *Musterung von Stoff*.
{U, V-C, A, D}

A Plowed Region

Once I dared to start dealing with letters, I thought (having taken hold of the basic needs like a culprit of his excuse) that it would be a good idea to connect them - the letters into words, words into roots, roots into a trunk, a trunk into a crown, a crown into the letters - to (at least) obtain a fairly wooden circle, for the purposes of satisfying an immediate need named *Yggdrasill*, in a more literary case considered a gambling verse, a fine poet's feel [*The Tree of the Universe*: a somewhat epic style (completed by the ash wheel)].

Tour d'horizon.

[*Ordnung*: it has always been a custom not to stay with the rules of disorder (even if continuing with moves of a sleeping elephant), yet - out of a day like this nothing came which (as the hunt which is illegal, beyond the border) did not plunge into the bulky image of a lacy disarrangement (a desired form of tactility, *sukóshizútsu*), an almost pampered (and, of course, empty) facility of its own estrangement].

(*Праздность*).

Look, for example, at the way in which, at about five miles within the encirclement drawn by today's pair of compasses (in the direction of logically advanced, i.e. modernized agrarian fields), by moulding the condition until it is flattened, there comes into sight a farming machine [a delivery mechanism in the form of a self-propelled trailer, some sort of a golden thresher, perhaps, or a type of a combine accessory for an integral analysis of (likely) scattered mines], whereby also, at such a lovely spot (*ob das wohl wahr ist?*), one becomes acquainted with such an uncomfortable feeling (missed gratification?) of performing basic acts of harvest without particular measure during the operation, which, under normal circumstances (*ohne weiteres*), can easily be found in the corresponding spheres (*Nützlichkeit*), as a reasonable contribution to reducing the undoubted difficulty of the present moment, or any other that nears it (including its torment).

Das ist mal so.

[There wakes up (there must be waking up), next to his wife *Inger* (who is a symbol for childbearing farm women), in that house there (most likely a plantation building, made of a dry, aneroid stone, sunk like dice into the indeterminable bluish, although also an oval darkness), a farmer by the name of *Isak* (if not the real one, then a derivative of him, his rural clone), the peasant in *Knut Hamsun's* "Growth of the Soil", who epitomizes the traditional struggle of man with the soil - even though (on the scene under the description) the latter pretends not being engaged in that (in wrestling with *Isak*), i.e. not being interested in anything of the sort [the least in dealing with a farm laborer who, anyway, is just another ephemeral attendant in its eternal plant (*suum cuique*)], which, by itself, provides an impression of a well prepared and neatly registered poetizing of *Imlac*, a poet and traveler, the friend of *Rasselas* in *Samuel Johnson's* novel of the same name, as if from the plowed region to the standard bliss one goes following *Imlac's* flowery style (however ultimate), using all of his syllables (from initial to penultimate) to avoid stalling, belted with his poem like an actor with his role, *paucis verbis*.

After all, not even *Hylas*, a youth beloved by *Hercules* and carried off by water nymphs charmed with his beauty, would end up with a better solution without being thrown by the nature goddesses into the vast seas (regardless of such an impressive protector of his).

(*Magni nominis umbra*).

There can be heard (him too) *Andvari* (or *Alberich*), a craftsman dwarf whose treasure trove was stolen by *Loki* [also known as *Lopt*, the fire god who, on top of being a mischief-maker, trickster and shape-changer, additionally slew *Balder* (or *Baldr* or *Baldur*), a young (and of good looks) God of peace and light, the son of *Odin* and *Frigg*] - first getting closer then going away (meaning he has just passed near the very death, however dwarfish it was itself), a *Norse*

equivalent of *Balkan's Little Thumb* (as the story goes), in the absence of a greater solace (it is no joke to be so drastically robbed) mumbling popular proverbs (what is certain is certain), except some more reflexive ones (mainly didactic), like "Sell at once sheep complaining about heavy fleece", and "Teach the child whining about a hot soup that a storm is before its nose" (c/o *M. B.*), as if thieves abhor the wisdom (*was nutzt es?*), or do not steal its joke, *Dei gratia*.

Bon gré, mal gré.

A plowed region: all of the might of classical truths in the middle of the valley of deceiving hoops - everything that is seen through that, spare window of hesitation (of square-like features of recognition, and, one must say, some deceleration), in a false manner spreading away (with many badges, *au grand sérieux*), (learning in stages) escaping the secret in an omniscient way (*au mieux*).

Not being able to escape, nevertheless, even if it approached *Pharos*, once an island now a peninsula (near *Alexandria*), *noch am selben Tag*.

Ohrfeige.

[Not even islands are any longer what they used to be (where they used to stand) - their exemplariness joining them to the mainland, *Maßarbeit*].

Until over all that begins to shine *Dazhbog* (*wo bleibt er nur?*), known as *Дабог* to the Serbs (*Dazbog* to the Poles), the *Slavic* god of the sun but also son of *Сварог*, the god of the sky, and brother of *Сварожихъ*, god of fire, born again every morning in order to not miss the ride through the sky on his diamond chariot, becoming old by nightfall, until he was married to *Myesyats* (a northern excuse for the south *Месечина*, i.e. Moonlight), that is *Мјесец* (the moon), and quarrels between them start causing earthquakes, because of which it is practically impossible to any longer consider an exemplary, that is, plowed region as such, *massenweise*.

{V-A,D}

08/22-24/03

A Wasp That Has Blindly Landed

Having written this or that (about the present day, one more in the way in which days should be, *en Dieu est tout*), a greater or smaller degree of fidelity (as compared to the original) is achieved (*bis es dunkel wird*), but then [in the primal boom of things (*эмпирический*)], that what so feverishly one went for (to pull it off and process it, *tobochu de*) has not changed at all - a futile volubility: the same honey always leaks from its garrulous mouth, *yuku-yuku wa*.

(On the other hand) the evening already nests [even though, as just a short while ago, it was glowing without a candle, in such a boost even becoming red-hot (ruling the roost) - a handful of daily fire, first stirred-up, then flickering as if not stout (trying to wear its shade out)] - although, presently, it calms down (falling together with today's crown), now sleepy, now asleep (like a long-legged clown straddling an outmoded tip), *πριν πατε για νπνο*.

De pis en pis (as a perky appraiser of things would have said in his jubilation, having again rushed to make a statement, of course, without justification).

(Although something always comes up tightening the claws, conditioning the ostensible freedom with ripe sleepiness, *bis in die Nacht*).

Blindlings, even the sightlessness moves in through the back door (it is enough that the worst idler leaves it ajar), there is nothing here to be further discussed, *bitte schön!*

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Ярус.

A slight blow of the wind (its silenced might), followed by the thoughtfulness of (the right) destination (the copiousness which does not leave anyone alone): a wasp that has blindly landed (and now it culminates - with its legs it gropes, examines, palpates), *ягненок*.

Этак: a wasp that has landed blindly. (For, after all, what is it to see? Nothing? Thank you kindly!)

Эвакуация: a wasp that has blindly landed - don't mention; besides, what to expect from something to which its humming provides an apt reception, *Bewirtung*.

(Grande chère et beau feu).

[Renewing from itself, even a wasp escapes from the acoustics, (appropriately bound) exaggerating the silence (curbing the noise), although gaining in terms of the background sound (*Bevollmächtigter*), somehow managing how to modernize it without that being interpreted as a fashionableness of yet another insect from the choir of everyday's menagerie (pardon, the world), the whole time swinging within a generally available version of solfège (*sùgù sokó madè kité irù*), leaving nothing for improvisations of *Ashur*, a national hero in the form of a chief deity of *Assyrians* [god of war and empire and king of other gods (*hakushu*)], nor to the exhibitions of *Alladin*, a well known character in the "Arabian Nights", the owner of a magic ring and lamp and son of a poor tailor in China, *nijú-yo jikàn*].

Aufs Bester: by means of a wasp one reaches the exact sting of the day - neither left nor right, neither forward nor backward, neither up nor down - but straight into the center (where hay is on fire).

(What a way to retire!)

(Шипение).

Although, not everything which is buzzing is a stinger at the same time - for, it stings even when its tongue (like a double lime) becomes swollen in its muzzling jaws (at long last restrained because of so much talk, as compared to all the ordinary laws).

[“ ‘Whom are you?’ he asked, for he attended business college”, *‘Chicago Record’*, Mart 16, 1898, G. Ade (1866-1944)].

Invita Minerva.

Besonders: the stories about remunerativeness (the copiousness of a necessary plus), the agreeableness in terms of the omnipresent goods (the monetarism of a cosmic flux): the stories that even this wasp hastily escaped from, in order to (having landed blindly here) make sure its sting completely adheres.

Zur Besinnung kommen.

“Vet du icke, min son, med husu liten wishet verlden regeras? - Dost thou not know, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed?”, Count Oxenstierna (1583-1654), in letter to his son (1648).

Урок.

Шмель, опять. Прощение, оса.

Так, a wasp that has blindly landed - even from such heights (*эромовой*) it knows where its 'wasp-port' is: not even its landing on it (with such an excuse) interrupts darting its tongue/sting (*ab incunabulis*), even though it may look like the continuation of the past walk (a peaceful and reasonable act, *ab intra*), a humming through perpetuity in the sense of a permanent sleepwalking (*ad astra per aspera*), something similar to the role that, in *Bellini's* opera '*La Sonnambula*', was given to *Amina*, a certain mademoiselle whose fiancé was upset due to her nocturnal wandering.

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until it was discovered that she was a sleepwalker, upon which he accepted her somnambulism, whether he wanted to or not.

A bisogni si conoscono gli amici.

With the exception that here one deals with an afternoon hour, an instant which, even when extinguished, testifies about a wasp that has blindly landed (*auch wenn das Wetter schlecht ist!*), as if it did not have enough of always the same darkening of the destination (*es ist verhext*), achieved by the feeding elapsed time (whether true or phoney) with a fitting teaspoon of illusory honey.

Mit Recht.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

08/24-26/03

Material, Righteousness

Заклучение: at the *end of all ends*, one does not have anywhere to go - it is by so much that the end in question (*end of all ends*) got rid of helping devices, classical tools and everyday's tricks - *non nostrum est tantas componere lites*.

(Non omnia possumus omnes).

Having been careful (*Συντομενετε παρακαλω*), one can reach one, at most two means from the above (salutary) list of desirable parts of the initial move of *Talus*, a wonderful man of iron in *Spenser's* "Fäerie Queene", who has a (also iron) flail with which he executes ultimate justice (*nanika miemasu ka?*), but even that (as previously said) does not ensure (let alone a smooth, but, indeed, any at all) the passageway toward the favorable result (a just outcome - *aus dem, was er sagt*), regardless of that the hero in question had his model in *Talos*, a brazen man made by the legendary *Vulcan, mirabile visu*.

Material is one thing, righteousness is another (it is, of course, understood that the notion of justice, as a nominal category of a fine fellow's obsession with the prosaic marvel of a fairylike grace, is not being considered here - *из этого ничего не получилось*), for them (material and righteousness) to be (so easily) derivable from each other (like the square root from a square foot of dwelling area of one who deals with all this, *среди бела дня*), i.e. to be able to extract a proportional case of rectitude (of the type of 'меня осенило') from the reference material (even if, here and there, one comes across suitable examples of 'civilized legacy'), without, at the same time, letting the material become unwavering, *wie Sie es auch ausdrücken*.

(Geschäftigkeit).

Veranschaulichung: as if it is understood that, *изо дня в день*, citing the corresponding material [like the one regarding *Dr. Sangrado*, a doctor in *Le Sage's* novel "Gil Blas", who used to prescribe the same treatment (copious bleeding and the drinking of hot water) for every sort of alignment], a proportional equitability is to be created for each possible case of disturbing such a baseless nirvana (*Mund-zu-Mund-Beatmung*), regardless of the shortage of necessary, already mentioned means and tools (*Stricknadel und Kenntnis*).

(Médecin, guéris-toi toi-même!).

As if not even *Ate*, the goddess of hatred, crime, and retribution, nor *Asmodeus*, an evil spirit from the book of *Tobit*, introduced to the literature by the same *Le Sage* (in his “Le Diable boiteux - Devil on Two Sticks”), have anything to do with all this (anything to ‘build their careers’ upon), so that all of those devices, tools, and tricks in due course could be used together, for one to get from them at least so much to not go to bed with more than one, at most two unjust outcomes, *kono ten de wa*.

Material, righteousness: a vivid or twinkling luster/feverishness induced by means of literature (*l’empire des lettres*), at the moment at which neither the shooter nor the target can escape from such fireworks [when the most vulnerable point of the world (see under “Achilles’ heel” to get a feel for its drowsiness) presents itself in a full sauciness], as if by fixing that which constantly fails (*nudis verbis*), i.e. by sewing a patch on top of another patch, the error in a spotless thing is to be rectified [as if only that which voraciously swings (*memoria in aeterna*) counts in each and every case], as if, that is, except in the stepping into the void (although full of righteousness of which so much is expected when cracking one’s knuckles), the way out cannot be found in anything else.

(Like all which is too spoiled in its godliness - until it suddenly steps back from the uprightness, *несколько раз*).

Magnum opus.

Shouting from the housetops about the bell of righteousness, a simple echo is obtained (*mutatis mutandis*): to condemn yet another (which in the order?) crime, to not succumb to anything at all (*Süße*), as if all this is not to do with parading under the mask under which there gapes *Непочин Поље* (*sich der Lage gewachsen zeigen*), the infamous field in which, in this or that way (automatically, that is), everything turns to the better (*Rettung!*), and all it needs is no more than to auspiciously process its insomnia, i.e. let its last years pass in relative silence (*sie liefen in Kopenhagen ein*), the same one from which this, righteous initiative so unbearably originated (*le style, c’est l’homme*), resulting {in the examples from the literature [in the substance of the keyboard, at the turning point from this to that material of the (righteous) nomenclature]} in rounding off the outcome of the aesthetic correctness of a short sigh of the cosmic guru of yet another redundant passion (‘*magna est veritas et prevalebit*’, eh!), even if showing off as if its thirst is being quenched by *Juturna*, a Goddess presiding over the springs near the temple known as *Vesta*, and it was born by *Justitia*, (needless to say) known by all and everything, *a primera vista*.

Locus in quo. Lucidus ordo.

{U,V-C,A,D}

08/26-28/03

Concertos Brandenbourgeois

As soon as it concealed itself behind the warm cloud (as sticky as glue) - here it is, running away (in the direction of cloud number two), the sun of today [gold in the rainbow, *Johann* in the bow (*Bach* in the fugue - playing with demiurge], throwing yellowness (coloring?, yes!) - (more or less) completing *Sebastian’s* case, *obwohl er sich ständig beschwert* (*энциклопедический*).

1685-1750: and yet, as if it was before that (poor thing - even though he was timely let out of his fears, he drank himself through his own ears), *nosce te ipsum*.

A rabbit sensitive to the cold (*sukkai*) runs out into the open, but he (*novus homo*), hidden behind those ears, still cannot be seen - the music of the world is not being listened by only first-rate listeners, but also by sensitive to cold exemplars of the musically talented *Sirens* (*Ligea*, *Parthenope*, and *Leucosia*, *le tout ensemble*), whose listening ability, in spite of everything, did not retreat before the gift of their amiable singing (*в частности*), especially because the latter was

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unable to allure *Odysseus* (*l'allegro?*), even though it easily did the trick in case of his fellow seamen (*non sine numine*, in truth).

(*Επιτρεπεται να παρω ΦωτογραΦιες?*)

On the other side of the emulsion (of things of a doubtful turn of events), the condition of having a flair for something may easily replace the state of musical ability, even if it has to do with top operas, *modo et forma*.

(“*Ist das für mich?*”, a conscientious statistician of libretti asks himself).

In *Beethoven*'s opera “*Fidelio*”, for example, a certain *Leonora*, the wife of *Fernando Florestan* who is confined as a state prisoner at *Seville*, in order to save her husband enters into the service of some *Rocco*, the jailer, disguised as a young man under the name of *Fidelio*.

Nul bien sans peine.

Then again, her namesake (*malheur ne vient jamais seul*), the heroine of *Verdi*'s opera “*Il Trovatore*”, enamoured of *Manrico* (the troubadour, reputed son of *Azucena*, a gypsy), falls (together with *Manrico*) into the power of *Count di Luna*, who loves *Leonora* and puts *Manrico* to death, not knowing he is actually his brother, while the *prima donna* (pardon, *Leonora*), falls victim to a poisoned ring she has sucked.

Nisi Dominus frustra.

And who is the one, in all this, who dares to prefer the state of being musical to the condition of having a flair?

Bach, of course! *Xopouo!*

For, with any two of the “*Six Concertos For Various Instruments*”, for example, as the composer himself entitled the concertos in question (*Concertos Brandenbourgeois*), even a paramount syncopator is so busy preventing the canonic string of acoustic trap from breaking, let alone being able to do the same thing in case of a complete, threefold cannonade of such a *Kapellmeister* amalgamation, in which *ripieno* (the larger section of the instrument players) can only be tamed by *concertino* (a smaller number of virtuosi), a difficulty best understood by being aware that neither *Christian Ludwig*, a military governor (markgraf) of *Brandenburg*, nor *Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen*, in spite of each being ‘one of a kind’ patron/benefactor, would have been able to help here either, having let a good ear (for music) being warped by the sense of what is stylish and striking (in the same way in which the *August* wind has a twisting feast in the cornstalks - look, autumn already waves from atop the haystacks), (and all this) even after the “three generations of post-*Tristan* things” (*Ernest Newman*), some of which would neither today be able to get a sense of a more dualistic passage from harmoniousness to accordance without (at that) being deprived of a certain (although understandable) collaboration in propagating one's own theme through (in a hybrid manner) tuned time, possibly a bit de-tuned, by as much as *samba* differs from *viola da gamba*, something like that, *das kann ich nicht entscheiden*.

Quo Fata vocant.

Шурма: strong tones and low noises of the world (even though, naturally, the situation is opposite - *populus vult decipi*), listen, today also are spreading between that tree there (*Yggdrasil*, as it is well known by now) and this spot here (without kinetic attributes of any, the least natural forces, *anna ni takai*), (as if holding on for dear life) taking hold (in the ear canal of sensitivity of the hearing aid, and walls of a silk-based braid, *watakushi no ié wà aré desù*) of formal reviews of music critics engrossed with baroque notes, possibly reverberating here and there, but, in principle, withdrawing to a safe place, stealthily yawning, *pour passer le temps*.

[Even a concertmaster of the afternoon form must follow some rules (however borne), *es steht von vomherein fest*].

(Who said: “*Post cineres gloria venit?*”?)

(All other things being stopped) only a treble clef pours from the dissonance of the moment to the drowsiness of the instant (*pleno jure*), and even that is done by means of a teaspoon (*per gradus*), legitimately brought into the situation in which it is to play the finale of today's pretense (*das lasse ich mir nicht bieten*), whereby, anyhow, the whole lot smells sweet like a bouquet full of the singing knowledge of, make believe, this or that (*hier/dort*), but, in fact, long ago reduced to a point not bigger than a small button (*verarmt*), just sewn onto the tail of the coat of a diligent bard moved out of sight by running after the overture to his own dirge, that is, by running after the draft created by jumping ahead from the string of the bow to the whip of the forehead (what a stream!), on which it reads as on the body cream:

“*Nur zur äußerlichen Anwendung*”.

{V-A, D}

08/28-30/03

Some Transient Day

What bravely crawls cannot be described with haste.

Every *lector benevole* knows that.

(*Le génie c'est la patience*).

Having procured it in this or that way (*приобретение*), having met it here or there (having imagined it in the elevator, or once stepped out onto the floor full of the trimly crammed graffiti - the final destination of the kind of 'Diaspora' whose soul's abode is neither here nor there, *in utramque fortunam paratus*), having written it off at the very beginning or precisely at the end of a completed round trip (having abandoned all this which is dealt with here, in any phase of the process, *im Großen und Ganzen*), or, simply, having become pensive over all that, in the way in which it should be done (without waving hands as if this is some end of the world, after all - *ich könnte Sie morgen sehen, wenn Sie wollen*) -having done any of that would not have yielded anything of the sort which one could use to put together a text more laudable than the present attempt - and it is clearly seen what it turned out to be (*chianbogai*).

(Although, it is true: *otium sine litteris est mors*).

However, since (practically) everything moves slowly (nothing dares exceed its threshold lonely, *oublier je ne puis*), (regardless of how much pretending it is on time) one should approach it with “a pure heart and radiant mind” (with a foppishly curled moustache, *pro salute animæ*), in some way like that / having that as the norm (*könnte ich Sie kurz sprechen?*: “The mood matters, not the form”); whatever the case may be, one should under no circumstances become carried away by a faster corollary of (already) red-hot writing implement (brain wave, deliberation, keyboard, reflection, pen; *ich kann es immerhin versuchen*), at least not until examining the effects of an acceleration that is too easy (fictitious popularization - *oderint dum metuant*), without showing on honorable intention of turning to *Zen*.

Ohe! jam satis.

Μη σκυβετε εζω: some transient day puts in an appearance [as if not all days are transient, from yesterday to tomorrow (from completely pouring out to not fully filling in, *shushi ga tonton ni narù*), from a nice-behaving stealth to a quitar-extolled death (*par privilège*), tied with a braided wire (deserved decoration of today's quagmire)], together with some of its newest prejudicies (as if these, from a moment ago, should mean a break with the frenzied representation of a

mental fortification of the type “*alles, nur das nicht!* ”), like the ones about inevitable presence of *Urim* and *Thummim*, certain unidentified objects mentioned in the *Old Testament* as being worn in the breastplate of the high priest and apparently serving as a device for determining the will of God, *quo pax et gloria ducunt*.

(Pro Deo et ecclesia! - wenn ich es nur gewusst hätte.

Sans Dieu rien).

Quand on voit la chose, on la croit, de quelque manière que.

There flies by, as a consequence, *Urbicolæ*, a group of butterflies popularly called skippers, skipping from everything which elapsed (including the previous second) to all which is going to elapse (including the next world view), waving the wings like seamen the oblivion (*Kapital schlagen aus*), embedding into the universal flow of information in such a way as to, assembling bit after bit of crumbling powder due to the introduction of the order (*npoco*), properly signal when to stop the Crusade against the disorder (*npomybovec*), disengaging from the economic trend of the mainstream planet, *re vera*.

Even the very *ouranographia*, a cogent access to the heavens and writing in the sense of freshly empowering the branch of astronomy which deals with the description of the skies by constructing maps, charts, and tables of celestial bodies and their relations (*Τι θα μας συνιστοῦσατε?*), loses its importance in moments like these, so transient themselves that not even some transient day, like today's (*en vedette*), presents itself as any sort of a surprise to them, quite the reverse, it fits rather well into the slipperiness of their terrain (the ambiguity of the topography of the moments in question), looseness of the procedure, an all-seeing state of dust particles to which, considering all and everything, (feeling like that or not) all those maps, charts, and tables reduce (on their way to the stars to amuse! - *je n'y comprends rien*), as soon as such an instant, transient like the excitement preceding a trip (full of feverish voyagers - exemplary samples of the eternal stage fright, *respice finem*), is presented to them in the form of the remaining bill of logical equalization (on the road between appearance and condition).

[Whereby, appearance and condition serve only as justification, a fitting couple arranged so that in its middle there sits exactly this, some transient day (*zur Abwechslung*), if necessary seen in one's mind's eye but, no matter what, more real than any of those more mundane ones, to which 'nothing is so sacred' to be able to prevent them from taking a bath a few more times in their own ashes (*in vacuo*), i.e. in all that which affixed itself onto them (burnt so heedlessly), in the form of so-called memories of beings (*memento mori*).

The memories of beings, therefore, some of which may, for example, be slightly injured by all these forms of kitsch, while the others, again, can be found quite tranquil and calm, to some extent perhaps used to the estimated inutility of their nominal passions, and to some engrossed in their skindeep considerations of a, nonetheless, shrouded purpose, *veluti in speculum*].

So that even *Utopia* (the truth is the truth, one should be realistic), an imaginary island described back in the year 1516 (in a book of the same title, written by *Sir Thomas More*) as an oasis (a just-what-the-doctor-ordered retreat), having a perfect political and social system, in a day like this would not be fully expressed (*tôt gagné, tôt gaspillé*), first of all because it (the day in question) is a transient one, so that such an island (in the long term) would hardly present itself as an image of a strong favorableness of meta-opportunities (in terms of the absence of any bewitchery, including the devilish one), and secondly because in every bastion of the good, by definition, including the one dealt with here (*fröhlich*), wickedness is in the tallest tower, where (pretending it is a lightning rod underneath the lightning, *Klassiker*), being spoiled, it waits to be licked by the new day, as a logical continuation of each of these days, so manifestly transitional towards the same one, *mit getrennter Post*.

From August To September

Was it not already said what results from change?

Another change, of course.

(*Crescit eundo*).

[Let him, who does not believe this, compare the title above with another, recent title ("*From July To August*"), both inspired by the same theme - the reflection of the present instant in the next moment, regardless of that each one of them lasts as much as a butterfly's flight to anticipated South, *compagnon de voyage*].

Well, August extinguishes, therefore, September struts.

(*Haud passibus æquis*, nevertheless).

[One thing is to be put out, the other to wriggle (with an open mouth), *exæquo et bono*].

Although, in the case of September, this is more muffled (and yellower) - it is well known what kind of transformation a nuance goes through when the basic color turns pale (fading like this of today into that of yesterday), *Betäubungsmittel*].

(Dissatisfied with the description, *suchen Sie etwas Bestimmtes?*)

From one (of the two) there sprouts a self-praise, from the other a tricky stimulus - if only it could be ensured that neither be betrayed by a false vow (*shijo saiko no kashù*).

[They know (the two of them): a mind's eye in the grass means a warning, and yet - as if it is soothingly real (said imagination, presently undergoing), *grâce à Dieu*].

(*Kami wa sonzai suru ka? Ex post facto?*)

(It is) quarter before eight, nonetheless, as if it is to do with notably less addends (*ничего не подделаешь*): a trodden clover, a slouched evening, a silver filming descending down the stiff vertebrae towards the plumage whitening maybe just a bit longer until that too resolves itself giving pleasure to all which gently behaves like the fading with this day hanging on a thin thread waiting for a conjecture according to which even this writing about the pending coming of night will certainly turn to be all right.

Не подлежит сомнению.

(Melancholy aside) August counts on a long stride to take it straight into September (remember - one should be a thirst promoter to fetch a jug of the fresh water), as soon as the Holy Day [an ordinary Sunday (31-08-2003)] is sensibly entered as another working day, and the hunger of things (alphabet of desires) is brought (all the way) from far started thrills to burnt out fires, *по понедельникам*.

[From August to September one is to be transferred in such a way as to use the path of *Teufelsdröckh* (more exactly, *Herr Teufelsdröckh*, the hero of *Carlyle's* "Sartor Resartus"), a learned *German* professor of things in general (the universal, generalized things, like how to order a decent refreshment in *Greece*, e.g. 'Ενα τσαι με γαλα και λεμονι'), who, along the way, also expounds a new philosophy - the philosophy of suitable clothes, tailoring one for each month (for August - tilted, September - wilted).

WaTor_202

Although, it could be said rightly (having *Herr T.* confirming it smartly) - September suit still has whom to doll up for the outdoor party, *schlecht und recht*].

Ingredients of one in the mixture of the other, the hit of this in the shot of that (in the board of one is the dart of the other, *повально*) - whereby all that (beyond any doubt) counts as a tidy procedure of transfiguration (*das ist geschenkt!*), and yet, sensing the rift, no one likes to expose himself to risks (of such a routine, regular shift), even if having changed the mentioned requisition of *Herr T.* to ‘*Μια πορτοκαλαδα με ανθρακικο παρακαλω*’, i.e. even if having strode along the very straight road, to *Schlaraffenland*.

“Seed time and harvest, heat and hoary frost, Shall hold their course”, Milton.

Magna est vis consuetudinis.

From August to September: having burnt the last hoop of summer around the barrel of fall, what could be expected from further ruining the principles without that being considered an evasion of the past rules of the game (*soré wa sore toshite*), something which (having a pop) dares submitting to the (so-so) courteousness of a top (*entrefaites sur ces*), a certain variant of organic closeness with admixtures of mineralogy, traces of silicon dioxide for example, that is of quartz, that is of something which, in all that, behaves indifferently, that is impartially, as if indeed this (all) is to do with a process of crystallization (from August plain clouds to September rain drops, *entendre dire que!*), usually characterized by hexagonal prisms with the same, hexagonal-like end surfaces, but, this time, shaped in the form of minuscule pyramids (*der Kampf um den Titel, unter anderem*), sticking out in the direction of eternalizing by means of the heat accumulated by the autumn picture of the permanent golgotha, under the condition that all that should continue (in a pharaoh-like / pompous manner) extoling the contribution of September oxygen to August silicon, in the sense of a formula of the elementary juncture (S₂O₂), with which, having taken everything into consideration (*nemine dissentiente*), neither one nor the other month should be dissatisfied (turning to other monthly displays), for - what to expect from burning the increasingly transparent days, *um Gottes willen*.

Se remettre dans le bain.

{V-A}

09/01-02/03

Devising a Tree

Can a tree be devised?

Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe, of course, cannot - but how about trees which are not ash?

Искренне.

How about this tree which, on the left side, pretends it's on the right: spreading so much [(look what happens) when green color ignites!] - drinking from all three of those wholesome spring sites (*transeat in exemplum*): one here, another there (and one more besides).

(*Chuibukakù*).

[Whereby said drinking implies devising (the mentioned) tree, but it is well known what speculations and drinking lead to].

WaTor_203

Quite a dead afternoon, “*O-suki na yo ni shite kudasai*” is heard from a twig (fading away), while the media (that must be it) says it’s Labor Day.

Usus loquendi.

[“That must be it”, for, who (relying on the self) still follows what media, exposed long ago, nowadays say. *Nichts als Ärger!*].

[Although, even the very name of the day in question (“Labor Day”) is a kind of mask (1. September ≠ 1. May), suggesting that the mark of suitable permissibility (the threshold of acceptable improvisation) should not be crossed here either, to avoid being trapped by that which is said relative to that which is, *sous tous les rapports*. (The old story)].

However, since (in the air) it is as it is [uncomfortably deadened (devilishly quiet, proportionally hushed, in a word - *silentium altum*)], while in (the earthly) cats/dogs/men the fact-based condition prevails [who, in the world, walks with whom here (and because of what), is known only to those who (alone, on the same path) decided to try accompanying themselves], the only thing which remains to be done is to absorb (in a vacuum-like manner) a tree at a time from the actual surrounding [replenished with reason (a peripheral nursery in the ‘holiday season’)], then process it in spotless (not poisoned with anything) thoughts of a subject of the given celebration, in the sense of idealizing no matter what tree combination.

(Not even in the sky can one find some *ad hoc* relaxation, *vulnus immedicabile*).

One can watch the same tree a whole day without feeling other pain.

(Immobility as numbness with prejudice, a contribution to ingrown gorgeousness).

Gold-plated, darkened, stiffened, swayed, veiled, naked (and masterly trimmed) - it (the tree in question) slows down all it can, both above and below itself: connecting to the rigid earth with its root in frigid stealth, an entire neck (its trunk) stretching under its big head (its greenish crown) - staying in that kind of race even if the skies keep it down, *semper paratus*.

Devising a tree as offering the proof of a consolation, in terms of even-tempered cover with all kinds of woods (*in tadellosem Zustand*), even though one can hardly get anything usable from such a kind of forest - not only that it is devised, but [even if it is not (devised)] it is cut by doubt, whether it includes (a mammoth-like) *California* tree (*Sequoia gigantea*), or genealogical (the tree of a dying-away breed), or the tree of *Buddha* (the *Bo Tree*), or the tree of heaven (*Ailantus*), or the tree of knowledge (of good and evil, needless to say), or the tree of life (a tree in the Garden of Eden, whose leaves are for healing the nations; not seldom associated with *The Tree of the Universe*, although that is, in the least, doubtful), or tree of long life (belonging to the myrtle family, of the genus *Leptospermum* or *Glaphyria*), or tree of *Porphyry* (a logical tree, mainly of a purple color), or the tree of the sun (*Japanese cypress*, *Retinospora obtusa*), or the trembling tree (the *American aspen*), or the tree for the gallows (*Tyburn tree*).

(*Spes sibi quisque*).

“Albeit so mask’d, madam, I love the truth”, Tennyson. (“*Mehr denn je!*”, he additionally exclaimed).

For, what can a tree do except tell how things are - from the virtuous beginning to the suspicious end - especially if it is devised, *mehr oder weniger*.

Until *Tyche* (or *Fortuna*, the goddess of chance) flies over from one to the other (devised) tree, and solves the problem of disclosing the truth exceedingly easily, in such a way as to interconnect such (devised) trees (*schöner denn je*) with their rootlets (branches, leaves), on the whole - with all of the standard attributes of an accelerated course of systematic afforesting of a sensible voyage to a fairy-tale grove (*es war einmal...*), so that not for a single one of them (not for one of the trees in question) it can be said that, out of all the other trees (equally hustling and bustling), it was given the privilege to give truth the last chance [to purr (while rustling): “*Verdad es verde*”].

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Hunger As The Same

As much as (all) this is to do with something different - it deals with the same.

(*Geht das? Jawort. Gehts noch? Es geht. Ausgezeichnet!*)

(*Отличный, я сказать!*)

It may look like this or that (trembling with its own or someone else's being, *eo nomine*), presenting itself behind this or that face (offering this or that hand, *ex mero motu*), taking it easy or becoming obstinate (saying to the self '*Esto quod esse videris*'), but, in the end, it always turns out that (all) that deals with the same - a voiceless smile of the dead of the night in the early morning of a diligent writer of the late phase full of the sagacity resounding: *zannen da!*

Such an (approximate) frown {neither tame nor wild (neither strong nor mild), neither local nor unleashed (*Πως παω στο Ναυπλιο?*), neither quite different from anything nor equivalent to something [although, perhaps omnipotent, *Deo juvante (er ist uns ein treuer Freund!)*]}, waits under the fitting cover in order to (in the masked-ball manner) look angrily some wretched fellow in the face well carried for (*ex tacito*), right after he started fully rejoicing [thinking he had indeed been able to so quietly pass by it - the cover - as by an exemplary life].

Wherever to look (whatever to hear, *en grande tenue*) - there grins the same, unassailable face of a dominant singularity (using the plurality for commercial purposes), first distinctly showing some eye tooth of its [mainly here and there, later all the more (*неумеренный*), in its growing fits], then loyally flashing the incisors of a not returned passion (the teeth from that type of light beam's fracture are always welcome to the inertial elucidation of such an inert structure), however (having overcome death), not even for a moment doubting processional attributes of burial (regardless of how it felt), *безутешный*.

[“Such a shining of the sun - yet, of all apparent results, the only visible is this (heliocentric) fun”, a chronicler of the (radiant) culmination mumbles (during that time), although being comforted by the fact that even that which bathes in the radio waves of a state habituated to the role of an electromagnetic purist, is going to be sunk (today, tomorrow, or after tomorrow) by an ounce of propaganda, *fortier in re*].

Back to the topic: a universal (generalized) sameness - look how it bends (achieves blissfulness), stresses its cleanliness - *ecce signum!*

A semblance, but which one (a sameness of what)?

Ex abrupto: (Of) the hunger!

[The unconvincing harmony: having changed to a bird (in a thunder), from the well of the sky there flies a sparrow hawk (the previous hunger), *schwach vor Hunger*].

Hunger as that which is everywhere the same (around which everything is vehemently cautious), that which, sleepy, stretches in its waist [whose sum (no!, spindle!, in whatever way obnoxious) changes into an always predictable route: abdominal periphery - famished mass - bad taste: its forever crunching mouth].

À perte de vue.

(*Spontan handeln*: the teeth in question did not show in this text for no reason).

WaTor_205

Hunger as the same: that which is remembered, whether ten or one (or a wanting hundred), a very clean result: in its spasms looking for its instant flames, while when satiated (when it thickly leans) - making use of dreams, *adorer le veau d'or*.

Alter ego: the voracious eye of an all-including sameness, from sharp to obtuse [(sternly testing itself) amidst all this hunger playing fast and loose], as long as the daily grain marks its endless fairness - deposit is in its bone [stomach, soul (stomach's clone)], feeding by means of hawthorne.

(Even if it's fasting - it stops broadcasting; devoured by haze - it's stuck in a maze).

At spes non fracta! (says the one who satiated himself).

Something always eats another something (the same teeth fit the round sameness), *недоверчивый*.

There is no mention, whatsoever, of some sort of solidarity [it is enough to glance at the gnawed day's throne, to see the disparity in such a picked bone (*внутрь*)].

Möglichst geringer Aufwand: it munches, watches, stretches, keeps a list of its smiles (wags its tail above flies), looks around with its big head (searches where to put the bread).

Ben trovato.

The same: eating, purring, sticking out its tongue [during thinking of its (empty or full) plates], yet enduring all that except what its hunger always makes: a case which calls for cutting all that crawling down *the same* victim's spine (its back stuffing), letting it then (maybe) soothing - throwing its head to *the same*, which (with hunger) coats its lips, (underneath it) hides (and chews, and peeps). *Coram nobis*.

{V-A}

09/04-05/03

Tick-tock II

To reach an answer by means of a full examination assumes a learned question and a tamed reflection (*par oneri*) - without right shot and filtered bounce neither will the right target be hit, nor the correct result obtained, *simplex munditiis*.

And although, even at that stage, in the inappropriateness of question / inadequacy of answer, one may have a bad time (and, even, irretrievably sink), it is in order to differentiate letters from letters (words from words, *das Richtige*), and, by means of a suitably lighter text, prepare the sentence/target for the game (shot by a word hunter) - to cover it, like a living fly, with the first web - to such a hunting person, it (said sentence) will show itself aligned with his rifle/pen sight, *sine dubio*.

(All else, nonetheless, is a function of a steady hand / disciplined touch, *facilités de paiement*).

After all, even this clock which, through its striking as through determining the pulse of the target (*Ποσο κοστιζει η ωρα?*), agrees to collaborate on this writing, confirms that a right moment will strike for a right letter - so why would the typesetter need to think it over?!

(*Extinctus amabitur idem*).

Aiming as determining the pulse of the target (*нпуснеишник*): *tick-tock, tock-tick, tick-tock*, every yelling releases its marksman from the main trick (increases the slippage) - pacifying the target victim is not only a fitting image (*kinko shoku*).

[It is not said for no reason (*tick-tock, tock-tick*) that one should act according to the rules of the service. *Qualitätsware*].

One should become absorbed in thought, ask around, [run aground (feel remote)], realize how all that (targeted, presented, stiffened, shot through) is good for nothing unless it is known where it has been hit, and with what (what it all ended up with, *nach dem Gesetz*).

Mach erst mal die Arbeit fertig. Wenn du das erst mal hinter dir hast, zuhören:

Tick-tock, tock-tick, tick-tock - just look how, almost a weightless rifle, shoots at nothing which already gives itself in full agreement (as if it is mostly milky), at that buzzing, like a wasp trying (very silky) to find a cure at least bi-weekly, *passim*.

Tock-tick, tick-tock, tock-tick, tick-tock, a comparatively low noise ascends higher and higher, in the direction of a sightseeing block, from which it is adequately seen how everlasting pictures permanently grin, humming *tick-tick, tock-tock, tick-tock, tock-tick, in petto*.

Sure enough, that which is heard (*tick-tock, tock-tick*, and so on, *in pleno*), is the fated ticking of a wicked *Thanatos*' (appalling *Mors*') unending trick, if it is possible to easily say that this which *ticks* is that which *tocks* (tidy and clean), without leaving from under the skin, while bells in question still toll their mean: *tick-tock, tock-tick, tock-tock, tick-tick, in ovo*. [An opportunity for a trustworthy *tick-tock*, in any case (*tock-tock*), shows itself at the right moment (*right moment*), at which to complain that (*that*) in neither this nor that way one is going to step inside (*step inside*), without ruining beautiful eyes, which, for a long time not having anything else to watch, are now watching from the dark (*dark*) of the eye sockets profoundly striking *tick-tock tick-tock*, as if to make sure the time has come to recognize the right clock, *in pace*].

That is how (*tock-tick, tick-tock*) every wasteland (plus its mock) always strikes (unblemished knock); 'why a wasteland?' asks somebody who himself (at his place!) checks all features of his face, for it is the vain screaming which (by means of *tock-tock tick-tick*) answers such a slick questioning, snapping fingers as if, from its clocking hands, that kind of droning sound is not able to set off a proper torment to this and that syncopator, bound to be charmed by rhythm *tick-tock tock-tick tock-tock tick-tick*, to avoid that atop a tricky building (or likewise) any such song is just yielding to its demise, especially when it's needed in some manner (*Babylonic*, perhaps even *Astronomic*) to keep singing *Metronomic tick-tock tock-tick tock-tock tick-tick, in nuce*.

One *tick* another *tock* (*tick-tock* makes them happy both), if at least they were fit to trade letters before they split (while their writing is still neat), and not only continuing *tick-tock tock-tick tock-tock tick-tick* - wasting their precious time (discontinuing in rhyme), *in dubio*. ("I have resolved to take time, and in spite of all misfortunes, to write you, at intervals, a long letter", Swift, *in foro conscientiae*).

To go as far as from some *tick-tocking* to an (all-inclusive) words denoting (a sort of a writing like the self-promoting or, at least, a kind of a direct, yet judicious talking), additionally testifies about a well-thought campaign of getting the right answer by masterly placing a supreme question, dealing with the object of jottings in a ceaseless sea of the fleeting impulses (excluding all those that cozy up to kitsch), whose meanings come by means of the two sets of seven letters each (*jotting; impulse*), admitting that, in the case of a writer depicted here, not a great deal could be expected without noting that the extra sign between the two screeches (epitomizing initial *tick* and consequent *tock*) [the sign indicating a bogus break (in form of the mark "-") used to keep them (the mere *tick* and its *dear* tock) in a two-word stock: infamous *tick-tock*] is that kind of a permutation which, without any hesitation (making no known violation, yet of a zero mass), should be given an A+, *en règle*.

{U, V-A, D}

09/05-06/03

Presentation

The easiest thing is to write down the date - it is not important anyway - but, then, to go to the day (in question), requires more skill - at least as much as for two dates: one initial, another final, *conjunctis viribus*. (Life and death as

worthy examples of this claim, *in extenso*).

[The day as an encirclement with the self is not to be included here - that one, in any case, made an agreement with said extremes to keep repeating in their nice dreams (*многоцветный*), why would one have to add something to that?]

An already chilly evening (a momentary status of this report) - yet, nobody ever claimed that this (point) will not be reached, one only needed let himself to the (smooth) 'scheme of causality' [even if all else keeps turning from today to tomorrow (including sightlessness of the morning), the hurried thoughts, at least, do not tell lies (*Περαστέ να δείτε*)].

Also, it is a bit more windy in the morning, which means that everything (coupled in such a bracing way) changes much faster (invigoratingly jumping from one branch to the other as if not sliding into the standard void, however stopping on time, so that not all is exactly catastrophic, *sukúnakùtomo*); later (during the morning, *meines Wissens*), a sort of equilibrium establishes itself (if nothing else, for one to take a break until the afternoon, *rejasenta*).

Descriptions of days as certificates of the describer's forgetfulness - that which he yesterday caught on its tail, (unable to secure the bail) today escaped from his mouth (in a rushed sail, it fled from the words of agility to a gorged tranquillity, *chottó kiite*); in whatever way he thought he would be able to, at least figuratively, solve all this (one, practically, complacent continuum, *chián hanji*), it changed from a well-bred figurativeness (polite trust) to the foul-mouthed bust [having thrown out its chest at the moment when the most delicate balance of principles (autochthonic vs. vassal ones, *seito ni*) has been achieved], i.e. from an entire heaven to a small piece of eye (from the eyelid cover to a droplet-like wink, *e re nata*), from a daily needle to the evening thread: that is the way in which tailoring a suit for a naked day goes, *fidus et audax*.

Having dressed (having put on the suit) in this or that manner (folding its indeterminate collar over to this or that side, *моделировать*), ironing it with the uniformity of dispassionate hours (so that it wrinkles less under their mechanical teeth, *молчаливый*), a day like that ascends a bit, then slightly descends, which means that it holds quite well onto a diagonal [yet, stretched in the shortest possible way (as much filled to capacity as fully poured out)] hydrostatical act - whatever may happen to it, it has means with which to extinguish, to become just bluish [making all these bugs burn before they find the greenish pass (especially those flying near inflamed grass), *in posse*].

Ausstellen: the presentation as a compress of the day (an appropriately dilatory fault of it) - one more twitch of a public opinion [(caught in a clinch with its own oblivion) the day itself has nothing to interfere with there, *abkürzen*]. [(Inaudibly) presented - yet, brought into connection with a prose-like act of (each and every) syllable; *Stemschnuppe*: as much full of vowels that much full of shouting, as much full of consonants that much full of quieting, *pro nunc*].

It (the thing which presents itself) may be incorporated from both here and there into the (above discussed) procedure of presentation (highlighting a, more or less, poetic inclination of the presenter, *mit einem Geheimnis umbegen*), to either become more courageous, or change its plucky mind [before dark thoughts occur to it, making it mischievously withdrawing from the suitable process of presenting itself (*einzel*), resigning from the close alliance with the scene ready for everything], but, having abandoned the essence, it is unable to do the same with the form - rather, it lets them (the essence and the form, being two sides of the same presentation) end up in each other: a tail pulse of dismal wonder with a packsaddle, used for hauling empty substance (formally with no hindrance), *einfach*.

Unter'scheidung: one is that which (in the air) pleases the ear [presenting to the inner senses that (all) this is to do with a parade (of pretenses), *gewohnt*], the other this which, according to everything it is charged with (as if it never healed its wounds using herbs past daily bounds, *verantwortlich*), falls into dimness - *Wie erklären Sie das?*

[A fiery top of presentation is easily put out with a concealment: (in a procedural way) to take off the hat, but then (rather than to obligingly bow) to stand up at once on one's paw - not a single wolf is in exactly the best possible mood, when it comes to the case of Little Red Riding Hood, *allées et venues*].

Day after day of a first-class turmoil, yet, presentation counts on a lower soil: my mother's termination as *in-memoriam* foil, *quand même*.

Ha!

(And so) how much longer is all this going to stay the way it is (hour after hour, day after day, line after line, a procrastination), as if a single (*single!*) escape from this to that (*that!*) world of reasonableness (a transfiguration) is feeding on the pale (*pale*) color of the sky (crust of the bread, lack of sound, threshing machine leveling all that to the bare ground). *Voilà tout.*

A (ful)filled day again (by the fervent rule of life), but it's all the same at present (*aru imi de wa*) - neither can something be changed here, nor should one insist on that; as always, nonetheless, the best thing would be to not make it across the finish line, for, other options turn out yielding something more open-ended one way or the other (at least a round trip), like this bee breaking through a kind of smoke as if going through free motion of subsequent open seam of a summer overripe with a gleam of hay, something which is not to be in a hurry thrown away, *ненужный. Das stimmt, oder?* [These days, anyway, the story is that everything dropped anchor awaiting providence during wringing its poor hands (*selon les règles*) - it would be a good idea to shake it a bit, for example by means of a post-destination trembling of some experimental bird (or two)].

One should start going, therefore, towards the self (*tangere vulnus*). [Only, what if that flees too (there reckons the one who this is about), *noch nicht*]. Although, trying to go towards the self, really, is not so hard, given that one can take the trip by way of a false inspiration.

Konkurrenzkampf: one road leads there, the other here (*Κατι λειπει*), it is important that one does not deal with anything which would not be able to stand the criticism of a well-intentioned being (in the sense of the critic pointing out the realness of the condition), and one will even get there. [Where? To the self, of course, *так, до такой степени*. Besides, where else can one reach it - the self - in the same self-assured way, without assailing another living thing? (Is '*Ora et labora*' not a text-book example of its deportment, too?).]

Entendu: suspicious signs still don't imply God's desertion, they only pull Him out to where it's anodyne and arid (*c'est entendu!*), not finding anything favorable regarding such proportions of alleged singularity in compound depths of hydrogen, *Ha!*

Ha! – just look who joined the heavenly company: said hydrogen from stars above trees, *Marko Polo* from roaring seas, down-to-earth Cynic *Diogenes*, and *Allmighty* (in His solo party). *Ex mera gratia*.

Kommunikee: returning from the trip to *Peterborough* (ON), besides rhyming (even granting requests of the type '*komm gut nach Hause!*'), one finds that, today too, things are as they have been said they were yesterday [*Ha!* - said hydrogen from stars above trees, *Marko Polo* from roaring seas, down to earth Cynic *Diogenes*, and *Allmighty* (in His solo party)], which, practically, means that everything's turning around the archetypes of tradition (plus - necessary saintliness), *comme il faut*. Here and there some cricket (O.K., he may jump into all that too), but one does not gain anything with that sound which already (only half an hour ago) was not boiling on (the same) assimilated scene - it would rather be that various additives (insects, vermin, pretext notions – a whole cognition of popular subjects of a story like this) serve more to establish a particular, until then, hushed style [the shaping of a certain (otherwise very thin) hydrogen game into a clayish spin]. *Yokù yattá!* [It is true that hydrogen is awfully light, yet both young and old merged with it (as if a magic glue) - check the list above to see who joined such a witches' brew, *щекотливый*].

There loosens another daily warmth ('all has its measure' it mutters, as if that is not otherwise known, *à la mode*) - the usual finale is in order (*al fresco*). (The one who catches hold of a good result here, does not have to play lotto anymore, *mattáku riyu ga nai*).

But (*Ha!*) - the analyst of an evening like this pertly jumps in (it came to that point, *sans encombre*): things being difficult (according to him, *Innenarchitekt*), it turns out one should pay respect to a behind-the-scene plot, according to which it (said eve) is to bring itself to an end with the exclamation used above (without a doubt), even if again it would start to radially sprout, *sich kennen lernen*.

In the Right Place At the Right Time

It is said that permanence is in effect, yet no one knows what tomorrow is going to be like.

(Cæteris paribus).

Something either always hums or constantly filters (*überaus* - it cannot take its eyes off of a foggy procedure), yet - neither the form nor manner save it from making a wrong step towards a diligent pith [in whatever way to take it (the step), it will end up in righteous heat, *устроитель*].

Ganz meine Meinung: to take a step 'in the right place at the right time' [as it is said (in a journalistic way) after coming to one's senses (*bonis avibus*)] is only a jump at noontime into an extinct era [a first-class rehearsal possibly, but a blind eagerness as well (*Οχι εκεινο, αυτο εδω*)], a hope too obliging for such a state of superficial healing (the point-like entrepreneurship of a firefly, *au désespoir*), a conspicuous handful that one can count with, as if dealing with the front side of a face framed with adequacy.

Watakushi wa mujokèn de sánsei desù.

To not bother with the fastidiousness of a saint (to not waste time searching for a better place (with a more solid support), and a more suitable moment) - at this very instant to go ashore the other side of the same puzzle, to not be shy however [what's more - to settle comfortably (*au troisième*)].

[An outdoor blueness (*устойчивость*): the realization of past principles [today's stroke (like yesterday's) - made of quite an apposite mother-of-pearl (*ave atque vale*); an untied kite (swirling above the site): beyond any doubt - a materialized might!]

[Blueness as an instant of crossing blue with a bomb - a recently exploded catacomb [(what a dainty try!), one should never pick the earth with the sky, most of all when floating like this hanging blimp, *meilenweit*].

Little by little, this text rises too (into a geared up day), or vice versa (the day rising into text) - in whatever way to take it, there will always be enough for daily bread (dough + yeast = yeast + dough, *Deus vult*), if not, a fight will break out [the poor are their own biggest shame (if it only could, all that mob would immediately surrender to the majesty of the usurer, *kòno tame*)].

Устранение: late trucks take the garbage away [as long as it used to be defensive, it did not bother anybody; now, once it has shown its cards, various excuses to justify getting rid of it are being circulated, *au grand sérieux*].

That is where all these (as wild as 'emancipated') moments of approved enlightenment disappear (*ga suki de aru*), brought [by means of (a brownish) procedure of an all-day practicing of grinning separability] to such a tidy, almost pastel condition (of a discrete lovability, *miauen*), practically led to a single thought - how to reach desirability.

Auri sacra fames.

Klarheit: in the right place at the right time one ought to know how to behave, otherwise an inadequacy would most certainly occur.

For example (and to prevent things from a sudden break), one should not (in the right place at the right time, *currente calamo*) pay attention to other places/times, so that the place/time dealt with does not end up in an unenviable

situation, reducing (said) things to a multi-media authoritativeness of an omni-place/time (as if anyone is after an omni-arrangement), *a prima vista*.

Also [and in order to save the potential of ‘progressive forces / fresh reinforcements’ (i.e. clever deserters of blurry passions, *chacun à son goût*)], in the right place at the right time one should not deal with bidding one’s brains at any price - it is sufficient to make them (the deserted would-be scholars) full of activity, in fact, as busy as necessary to be able to get a ‘favorable loan’ from the bank, after which, anyway, everything goes on its own (so much so that, if truth be told, the right place and right time become the only place and only time - *dies faustus*).

And, even though with reference to said ‘temporal-spatial’ attributes of eagerness/suitableness (of each moment of this afternoon, normally *no sei de*) a few more recommendations could be made [in the sense of how to bring it (the expiring day) to an end without pouring it out], a better idea would be to keep clear of bad business, having surrendered the mentioned instructions to the (usual) camarilla of bureaucratic/official lamentableness (*Deo duce*), to transpire it to its virtuous citizenry.

Dies infaustus ili c’est la vie?

Crème de la crème.

Accordingly, there continues that which has placed itself in such a way as to perform a self-evaluation by means of its ideas of the high noon’s notions, yielding its place to its time, *klassisch*.

{U,V,S-C,D}

09/11-12/03

Transactions of the World

Everyday’s transactions commence late - when everything is already known.

(*Μετα Φιλοδορηματος*).

Entwicklung: it is known how they are going to end [in the meantime - how to grow and become remunerative (*ordre*), or, being fruitless and vain, how to lessen themselves in a dramatic way (*désordre*), fading away before the time anticipated by the rules of orderly ending, *обязательно*].

Transactions typical for a day like this - contained in the self as a weasel in its fur (turned towards the sun as a sunflower having fun, *wo suru keiyaku wo suru*) - a day, therefore, understood as a checkpoint/location/support for activities which nominally could mean a break with laziness [if it was not to do with such a feverishly accepted (pliantly glistened, uncritically extolled, in a word - fashionable) ‘feasibility study’, i.e. ‘road map’, i.e. ‘amendments’, i.e. ‘transition processes’, that is, if it was not to do with an interminable inferiority complex of perpetual outsiders, i.e. a fateful subordination of everlasting losers (depending on how each one is served by his/her tongue, that is, depending on what one needs it for)], even if no one is after moving from the self (full of the dead silence of a blissful sameness of a living being sitting in its ring) - *prends moi tel que je suis*.

Transactions of a perpetual submissiveness which [in the sense of a layman (provincial) veneration regarding dull instructions of worldly ornamented ‘chosen elite’ (according to all measurements/standards of the dazzled simplicity)]

changes the action of idolatry to the idolatry of 'action' (by sublimating the individual ox into a sufficiently piquant page of idols, *einwandfrei*), deadening those little chores left over in the same way in which the tar does a mole cricket.

(*Свестись к нулю*).

[(In the same way in which the tar does a mole cricket) they choke themselves - their flesh a function of their cash (their eggs laid to their idols' nests) - *quocunque nomine*].

{There shines a duet of (a few days ago mentioned, long petrified) advertising blimps [(in a tandem manner) flying over all this which, dizzy, keeps quiet (not renouncing apt recognitions)]; a dog only drives them from their throne - starting to bark as soon as a premonition (of them, in their heights) is felt (though, quite slobbery, due to such humongous skies, full of dazzling candy as if nothing ever changes into sheets of nights) - *désobéissant*}.

Aufschreiben: Transactions of this Earth, plus Unearthly transactions [alternatively, transactions which nothing can be complained about, without, at the same time, becoming qualified to take a rest (having thyme tea, for example)], all those (not everyday's) transactions being performed every day in such a way as to be assumed in principle (*necessitas non habet legem*), transactions of honor and those honorless (transactions of devilishness and those of nursing thoughts), transactions of indifference and those of an ascension - in a word: transactions of the world (excercises in the obligation, *juste milieu*).

Very intensive transactions, even though it is so late [so late that, in fact, there is no one to, ready as a hammer, get into the familiar role of an excellent worker (working on the anvil of the universe, *ça n'a pas traîné!*)] - the 'modalities' of acceptable behavior, in the presence of such deviations of storm-union behaviorisms, have almost been forgotten; what remains for one, consequently, is to rouse from sleep, *tout ce que*.

[Although, to wake up without causing a chain reaction (in terms of a collective waking up), is a fruitless jerk of an individual made sober by the real work (transaction), *tout en chantant/marchant/etc*].

Transactions of the world: all that which (without itself knowing how, *lapsus memoriae*), in the course of all this, first piled up and, now, waits for an appropriate (everyday) completion, realized with either voluntary or forced work, pretending that it is not known that "everyday's transactions commence late - when everything is already known, *μετα Φιλοδωρηματος*".

[It is known how they (*stagnierend*) are going to end [in the meantime - how to grow and become remunerative, or (being fruitless and vain) how to lessen themselves in a dramatic way, fading away before the time anticipated by rules of an orderly ending, *unnötig*].

Transactions in whose 'description' there is nothing because of which they, in the first place, commenced - transactions of the world of which, to be sure, they do not expect more than 'fixed working hours' (*le bon temps viendra*), but to which, at the same time (and considering all ends), they do not pay back a daily output larger than an idling of folded hands, *tout à coup*.

{V-C}

09/12-13/03

Alteration

Little by little, a handful of empty sounds is being collected in the middle of the day (wholly combed), in the middle of the night (disentangled), in the middle of the self - consisting imprisoned hush of all that.

Ледниковый период.

[*Ледяной*, it doesn't say a word - yet a white candle has been lit for it (incessantly being in a hurry to meet itself on time; i.e. to meet something self-made enthusiastic by the prospective of its selfness, whether minutely shaded or deafly semiotic, all the same, what is important is that it (fully gesticulating) keeps imposing itself by means of its mimicry today too, *go-tsúgo no yoi toki ni*).

“Which today?” (one would rightfully ask at this point), for it is possible that tomorrow is already here, in which case it turned upside down (that is why a jump backwards always means a morning's midnight, *σκεπτομαι*).

(*Denkvermögen*: a silence quite sufficient for presentation about the self, but from which appears no demiurg.

Ich überlege es mir).

A quiet blow of the (warm) wind, for example, does not mean more than a simpleminded brushing against a slightly swinging hair (*de toutes parts*), possibly stirred up to an acceptable degree (rarely disarranged by a breeze like this, *j'en prends mon parti*), although it is true that in the interactions of the kind it is to do with, at the outset, making sense of the next move by the capriciousness of the previous one (*tout le monde est sage après le coup*), regardless of how much it was hiding behind the bluish scales of an accidental disturbance.

Tel est notre plaisir.

[A cloud passes by here and there (that much is evident), but it does not divide by a (less airy) thought].

Trahit sua quemque voluptas.

D'autre part, there comes a phase of subsequent uncertainty of destination (the beginning itself long ago stopped being radial), yet, nothing hesitates to immediately feel as if at home [the alteration led no one away from here (as if the best possible meal is offered here), *ne pas*].

Alteration as a transformation of sense: that which altered behaves differently [different power charge (of today's cartridge) waits for it, *so de wa nài to kikásarenài kagiri*], aiming at the difference under circumstances under which one started going towards all this, as if circumstances determine result, that is, as if an outcome does not determine itself - having wrapped into a silkworm, *secundum usum*.

It is not possible to promise alteration to any one, without himself (*selon lui*) starting to prematurely look forward to his own dissimilarity (*wie spät ist es?*), based on that motif from before (*gebrauchsfertig*), i.e. on the extorted equanimity of an executor of the newest role (*tenax propositi*), once all the old ones so inaudibly failed (having crushed themselves by that very act).

[*Bedenkzeit*: in the spectrum of an endurableness, the hush dominates with its coloration (noiselessness with a conned stagnation) - as long as there is what to unbearably shine (producing ovation), *semper idem*].

The same bird, again, places itself across a passage of the fall - once it flies away, there will be something left for plunging into *Hades* (small misunderstandings like *what/how/where/really?* cannot cause an additional commotion here).

[“Starting from the proposed examples of fauna and flora, one should only embellish their eyes a bit (while a panther in the jungle makes the night so fit), afterwards (and besides the preceding), in the middle of the alteration - succeeding in stepping out from the self should be quite enough for the transformation”, there reckons a sharp pointer at the next step of a virtuous follower of indisputable splendor (as if pointing at a suspicious condition, behind the standard door), *semper fidelis*].

Alteration: all that which stretched in today's web and growls and howls (even if gravitating towards the self, something that tore away long ago - look how it's fleeing outside its being, *sub voce*).

Bound by various prejudices (*traduttori traditori*), the alteration subject, however, is not released from the previous beliefs as much as it seems - establishing the newest codex of behavior in the most recent oasis (his latest net), he, in fact, does not stop to (here too) put on airs and fondle and cuddle and pet, *Widerstand leisten*.

Ingratiating himself with the 'change' at the price of a complete disappearance, altering even that which serves the alteration (*servare modum*), its eternal protagonist (the alterant himself) for ever feels sorry about something (*so eine lange Reise*), now advocating a reformation, now an altered education, considering that what he learned sufficient to alter it into something it is not, *gut eingespielt*.

{U, V, S-C, D}

09/14-15/03

Due Respect

It is not said for no reason: *Vorsprung durch Technik* (a commercial slogan from 1986, for *Audi* cars).

Ad vivum!

Whatever to look at (wherever to start going, whichever to touch, *à tort et à travers*), it has a handle on its shaft, and on the handle a hand full of the craft, and on the hand a unit for enforcing today's draft [whereby the force is applied in *Newtons* (1 *Newton* = 1 move of an unyielding hand, *à mon avis*)], such that some softness [amorphousness of the material, giving up on all and everything (including 'authority'), *au pis aller* - secludeness in the sense of surrendering to the self] in no way is going to happen (except if considering a formation march of automated dreamers, or an armored column from the motor pool).

(De gustibus non est disputandum).

"God has been replaced, as he has all over the West, with respectability and airconditioning", I. A. Baraka (Everett LeRoi Jones). *Dei gratia*.

Due respect: a wrapped measure of owed caution through a necessary acknowledgement of something which it is not recommended to oppose at any price, *Unfähigkeit*.

Cucullus non facit monachum: an object, that is, a field of interest of the due respect, may be technology (technical inventions/devices/solutions, for example *το Φιλτρο αερας*), idolatry (idols of every kind, from more profane to more meditative ones, for example *самозванец*), a general theory (various types of studies, these or those claims and learnings, ideologies, *a maximis ad minima*), finally a dogma (philosophically-religious stratum of a being, *in saecula saeculorum*).

Sua cuique voluptas.

Even though the creme on the cake of due respect is whipped from the last, conditionally said, spiritually-analytical domain, the cake itself (its dough, crust, and packaging, *kèkká shidài dé*) is not thrown away by said admirers either; moreover, the technical items, dolls of idolatry, and theoretical attitudes of the elite, by all means seize (each their own portion of) due respect, whenever having a chance.

Suum cuique.

Whereby the fact that it (due respect, *tædium vitæ*) quietly melts away (calmly relativizes) does not make it oppose its definition ("a wrapped measure of owed caution through a necessary acknowledgement of something which it is not recommended to oppose at any price, *связка*"), which is what it (the definition) exactly relies on (counting on the wrapping of today's string, flexibility of such a thing), in order not to keep itself responsible for all possible interpretations of due respect.

WaTor_214

(Semper timidum scelus).

This way, due respect is the kind of respect used to free one from liability, *sich wiederholen*.

[A sort of tameness of carbohydrates once everything else has been eaten up (*secundum naturam*), a kind of paying attention on entrenched destination, because of which, anyway, no other target can be seen (*secundum usum*)].

Another evening (which one in order?) unwinds behind a (kaleidoscopically!) burnt out day [with all of the attributes of carbonized fame, exceeded plan (*scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons*)], while the only thing which underscores itself at the same time withdraws: look how that small bird of attention (*sui generis*) [with its sober head pointing at the light omissions (mid-day mistakes) in the symbols of dailiness (the branched solutions of a nest in the form of a knitted residence)] skipped away from all this as if escaping from the self - looking even smaller.

Vulnus immedicabile?

(Although, with what kind of respect if not with a due one, a daily sparrow is going to transfer to the owl's night?)

D'autre part (táho de wa): a need for praise subsides (extinguishes itself), it is only an agreement with a dragon which is being waited for - to the gluttonous omni-presence it is not unusual that, at the last moment, someone who understands all this shows up, offering it to sign a corresponding document.

Scribimus indocti doctique.

One never knows, therefore, what to do with (the notion of) due respect - manifesting it here and there [arranging it in doses of one to two bows, *sichergehen*], one may be able to attain both a wild beast satiety and a stoutness of the congregation (*Sicherheitsvorkehrung*), however, overdoing it (making too much use of due respect, *quocunque nomine*), threatens that not a single follower remains after the last respected one, in which case one should keep out of his sight by all means, *par accord*.

{U, V, S-C, A, D}

09/15-17/03

Forward-Backward, Left-Right, Up-Down

Forward-backward, left-right, up-down - look where it is (where it hides) that which (wisely) is considered as not being at all known where and what it is.

Омоним.

To add to that the relativity of condition / curvature of the day, to make sure that, in a sense, all be well mixed and poured into the eyes of the first strong wind passing by (a snowstorm of notions always gnawed by something), so that it, almost fully blinded, roams through the branches - in order for it (all that) to end up in something, (in the worst case) to change to a faint memory.

Ex quocunque capite.

Left-right, forward-backward, up-down - where else one would be able to find that something like that (gone so wrong, without intermission) could easily change its clothes without permission?

(Entrefaites sur ces).

WaTor_215

[To change its clothes or get dressed up - whatever is done, only not to let anyone know about it (to not let that which covers it uncover it, like flowers do the vase), *itsumo*].

Zénpanteki ni mítè: all the more apparent sensitivity of the sun to the cold (while it used to be on autocratic throne, it did not care about its subjects shivering) grabs the soil too: one can no longer say who is going to cement with his doubt whom (*unter Denkmalschutz stehen*), without turning from it into the tactical illusion of daily silvering.

Опечатка.

Up-down, forward-backward, left-right - always somewhere here (there) something moans (groans) rests even dwells and protrudes and then fully contemplates to still climb atop its fiddling as it likely is unriddling the wandering through its saving, *оправдание*. {Saving? [How (can that be) when everything's expanding? (Expansion ≠ Ascension)]. *Опьянение*, rather}.

“The starred expansion of the skies”, Beattie.

(*Er bittet darum*).

Here we are, consequently: forward-backward, left-right, up-down - a starry wideness of the sky [albeit (as recently as in the past life) one was thinking how to get out from all this (in one try)].

(*Μπορείτε να συστήσετε ένα Φτηνο ξενοδοχείο?*)

Although, this is not bad either - all kinds of things can be profited from every (including starry) sky (not even a weather forecast is to be thrown away, *extra muros*).

Fide, sed cui vide.

“Men judge by the complexion of the sky / The state and inclination of the day”, W. Shakespeare. *Discur de bons mots*.

Up-down, left-right, forward-backward - all in all (there is a) lot of room for the panting circumspection (for lurking by means of full inspection - *dum spiro, spero*), as in the best days of collectors of attention (*er ist bekannt dafür*).

Collectors of spirituality that is [behind every inhalation a transparentness stands - diaphanous from the outside, gauzy from the inside (*fidus Achates*), it has no problem disappearing at the first cough (*en plein jour*), in case somebody tries to spy on it with a laugh].

Doppelgänger: left-right right-left, up-down down-up, forward-backward backward-forward - it became agitated like a standard capriciousness in a contemporary mirror (pardon, window), at least that is how it looks to the one wrapped in all that (*extrait*), presently keeping quiet, having offered enough reasons to (still) feel safe and composed [smooth as a polished stone (*одно и то же*), perhaps a bit more exposed] - (waiting to make a pass) on the other side of the (window) glass (*один на один*).

It remains for its vapour {created by the touch of predominantly lulled eyes, sizzling forehead, and restrained face [be patient - it will be seen whose (*один раз*), this is a promise]} to be wiped off by a move of an *exemplary doubter* (the promise fulfilled, *одним словом*), hemmed forward-backward left-right up-down with that something which like him (the doubting *Thomas*), in the very same (i.e. muffled) way asks itself why it wipes off this same window when it is a public knowledge that nothing ever wipes it off with anything while moving its hands backward-forward right-left down-up thinking how it is going to find out the right answer to the question where is that which is considered as not being at all known where and what it is, for not seeing that (again, with its hands) it keeps beating a dead horse (as it always is the case) in directions which are as wrong as that something being looked for permanently sits behind the right ones wisely hiding (almost saintly), *in nuce*.

Одуванчик.

{V-C, A}

Correspondence (Regarding Macavity)

Over the Internet even theoretical physicists correspond.

(The correspondence can be found through 'Google').

One says to the other:

"Dear Dieter, May I ask a question.

In your 'The Wave Function: It or Bit', <http://arxiv.org/abs/quant-ph/0204088>, you wrote:

"*Claus Kiefer* and I have been discussing the problem of timelessness with *Julian Barbour*...

Although we agree with him that time can only have emerged as an approximate concept from a fundamental timeless quantum world that is described by the *Wheeler-DeWitt* equation...

(While) *Barbour* regards a classical general-relativistic world as time-less, *Kiefer* and I prefer the interpretation that timelessness is a specific quantum aspect...

In classical general relativity, only absolute time...is missing, while the concept of one-dimensional successions of states remains valid"...

Julian Barbour explained what would kill his idea...

I'm wondering, what would kill your belief that 'the concept of one-dimensional successions of states remains valid'? ...

Please see the problem of 3-D space at <http://members.aon.at/chakalov/Nature.html#NB...>

From 'Foundations of Physics', Vol.9, pp.803-818 (1979):

"We also know...that consciousness changes with time...(actually with) spacetime...every spacetime point carries consciousness; we can only communicate with some of them, and with other brains as a whole, in a nontrivial manner"...

Macavity was created by T. S. Eliot, in the poem 'Macavity, the Mystery Cat', in the collection 'Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats'...I liked the story of this invisible cat which shows up only when no one is looking at it, just like the negative energy density...

I will keep your reply private and confidential...Regards, Dimi,...

P.S. Dead matter makes quantum jumps; the living-and-quantum matter is smarter".

I quit the reading (turn off the computer), cast a glance through the window, but there: *wohin du auch gehst* - an entire pile made of debatable words (moodily) is hard on a bird glancing at the same bonds (furtively), looking how most easily to soar into the air before something blocks its path (standing on a chair), not letting it (the birdie) cure itself from that point on (so sturdy: not a single quantum to quickly turn into a *bonbon*), still it's alive, it's happy as if it dreamt of snappy ways to remain fully on its own (to the last bit), to not let doubt scratch it, nor the false faith disown it.

(Whether it be coiled up by a black cavity, or submitted to a tender look of *Macavity, in pleno*).

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

The Crown

Look how each and every tree (not counting the hungry trunk / thirsty root, no siree) in its (photon-like) crown-story makes sure to, after all this harm, gather top notch sayings – for example “third time’s a charm”, *communibus annis*.

(Whenever biology is not responded to, a transfer is made to physical chemistry, *di salto*).

Having grown to that height (*ad summum*), not even a rosy future (good fortune) would dare look around - but the dark crown summoned here, in addition to beholding, bends its hand (branch) over its leaves (eyes) in a cookie-like way, to be able to, after all that happened (*falsch Befehlsverweigerung - wie ist das bloß passiert?*), triumphantly (and finally) hem all that these stories are about - partly with a greenish, *Yggdrasill*-like trimming, and in part with a sterling silver beaming - *aequaliter et diligenter*.

(*Нахальство?*)

At this point, however, one has to remind oneself (again) of the basic properties of the tree in question (‘with an emphasis on the crown’, this time).

(*Commune bonum*).

Sans aucun doute: (as it is well known) as long as through its rhizomata there flows upward the underground world (the world of infernal ideas and even more violent clashes - *quel dommage!*), and as long as with its trunk it fills up the entire middle world (the world of suitable proportions and correspondingly sinful days - *la bourgeoisie dorée*), the *Tree of the Universe* (*Yggdrasill*) with its crown reaches the Paradise itself (*dragée*), resting that kind of skies on its shoulders, i.e. branches (*dompteur*), on which two birds have their nest, that is one and a half bird - an eagle and a rooster (a cock with no fault, still an unrealized bird), *communi consensu*.

And while the given eagle (a whole bird but with no name, *muméi no*), is harassed all day long by *Ratatosk*, an insolent squirrel who brings unpleasant comments and insults up from the dragon *Nidhogg* gnawing the triple root in the hellish domicile (as mentioned before - the adder in question is wicked by definition, *affreux*), during that time the half-bird (left to itself) bears the full name - said rooster is always willing, namely, to answer / to melodiously crow (e.g. cock-a-doodle-doo) if one calls it *Vidofnir* (the tree snake).

(Except when sleeping: the singing serpent to such a false cake when clinging).

If, however, there naps that half of a bird (or the whole one, *herüber*), in no case there slumber the four harts like four winds (mentioned in the beginning of this book - each older than five years of age), with their necks sufficiently long to enable them to browse without a pause on clusters of enticing/plentiful buds of above average size (and violet in case of *Fraxinus Americana*, and greenish white in case of *Fraxinus Excelsior*, and white in case of *Fraxinus Ornus*), hanging from the branches that bifurcate like arms spread around everything that is known and that is not known (*Ελατε απο 'δω παρακαλω*), in a form of a well rounded (practically plump) and above all a rich crown of pinnately compound leaves of the tree of interest here [an Ash, of course, that is *Yggdrasill*, the *Tree of the Universe* which, according to the horoscope, is equivalent to the month of March, in a rustical/country-side type of lists listed under the name of *Nion* (*Unicorn's pal*), with reference to the old Celtic alphabet known as *Nuin*]. *Es geht hoch her*.

Deo adjuvante, such a loquacity could have been expected when the word is about said tree, but to have a right to the pages of various calendars, the cooperation of mythical creatures, and even to the legibility of druid lettering, could only be claimed by *Yggdrasill*, a tree gifted with a fully magic art, with an almost quantum-level heart [from *Nion* to *Nuin* not even *Neon* begins to shine before it gets strangled by its own twine, *cæteris paribus*].

Beneath this crown therefore (underneath the wreath of that which all this is about - *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*), the act of investing with a crown (the crowning itself) has been realized by the nature of things (according to a procedure), but the improved quality of such a constructed roof remained an empty wish: that one, as always, leaks in a most critical situation - whenever this world gets covered/encompassed with the crown in question, while from the other one there is no single trace nor sound.

(До свидания!).

Hence one should not be surprised that under some crown (*hic et ubique*), no matter how much the security spreads itself out (to what degree the safety reigns), both certainties/surenesses, being of a type of feeling developed under the tent of a docile vagabond (*ободрение*), have a temporary character - as soon as autumn arrives, i.e. leaves begin to fall (even from *Yggdrasill*, the *Tree of the Universe*), every soul points at his/her leaf making it yellow in the sense of a baroque hunger for remnants of the past season, something that, of course, comes too late to be used as an excuse to grab spring renaissance, *in ovo*.

For, on the door there knocks exactly it - the fall.

(*Genau genommen*).

Which means one ought to slowly gather (*Schritt für Schritt*) all that shucked through all these words (all that does not easily submit to interpretation - *das wird sich schon geben*), at which point the things ('in the context' of the text in question, *ex auctoritate mihi commissa*) are by all means referred to gathering of the foliage/leaves/pages hashed up by diligent typing on the dumbfounded keyboard [on the keys in already frozen branches (*Heu pietas! Heu prisca fides!*)], in a frozen tempest that is - *sonó nisiàtsu no hón wa dóchìra mo onáji yò na monó desù*], after which one need [with a bag full of ready books and empty crowns - kind of brats - pompous like the one here (look how nicely it struts!)] descend along the trunk axis to its root (to ingratiate oneself with no more and no less but the purpose): for, each tree has always the same, cellulose debt, from its top to bottom it repays it with a paper theft.

(*Via Середина*).

Верх → Нижняя часть.

{V-A,D}

09/20-22/03

Summer, Autumn (Autumn, Summer)

Summer is one thing, autumn is another - but that is not realized if one falls asleep today (Saturday, *pro salute animæ*), and wakes up the day after tomorrow (Monday, *prosit!*), because Sunday is (in whatever way its tackle) a non-working day, so that the season change, which this year falls on that day (*предчувствие*), may easily be tricked by an even more profane, let alone Biblical idling.

Ohe! Jam satis!

Although, in the long run, not even such a shallow ruse (based on an accelerated sleeping over in the presence of ceaselessly awake eyes of change, *comme d'habitude*) can be of any help: this summer too will wrap itself into autumn as the neck of a crane into a fluffy scarf (*pari passu*), whether keeping its eyes closed or not having a wink (going from ball to ball, trying not to think).

(*Hinátà ni, àmè no náka, kamáwanàì*).

Look, even today, one more (white) page of the quiet, eloquent abyss, (without pompousness) changes to a yellowish text (what bliss!) - let alone the quality days passed in the hush (*rerum primordia*), ready to be utilized to make an agreement with *Ve* [(also known as *Lodur* or *Lothur*), of very devilish traits but also in charge of the senses of hearing and seeing (*pour se faire valoir*)], if only they (said days) could be used to spend enough time listening/watching the transformation of the season, the worn out state of reason (from the apple of discord to the cider of accord, *fahrplanmäßig*).

(*Klischeevorstellung*: with the last step of summer, autumn walks from tomorrow, that is so logical and simple, although its preparation is behind its alteration, like a turtle's tail in relation to its hard shell back (however slow), all encased in a symbolic glow, *klipp und klar*).

Summer, Autumn = Yesterday, Today; although the question of what tomorrow is going to be like cannot be answered from this (suspiciously bordering) quazi-strategic point (*respice finem!*), yet, it is sufficient to deal with *that which was* and *this which is*, in order for everything to be brought to the cause-and-effect relationship of an acceptable credibility, as an example of virtuous changeability of all the more fictitious growth from this state diagram (*penetralia*), something which, loosening itself with an expert squeeze of the spectacle of a 'variety show' (*Που μπορω να αγορασω εισιτηρια?*), settles in front of the easel of still another postcard of the world (*rus in urbe*), featuring gentle coats of sameness and somewhat more intensive ones of passion (*res est sacra miser*), so that it can seize, from there, at least feeble justification for such a zealous act of being present in all this which (*plus sage que les sages?*) increasingly moves to the side.

To the side as to a warm shadiness of fibrous velveting (*pro hac vice*), something sufficiently soft to be able to make an impression of a psyche (*poco a poco*) [in the sense that (being cosmic, i.e. string-like) it can be lulled by the word of *Iduna* (also known as *Idunnor* or *Idun*), the wife of *Bragi* (the god of poetry) as well as the goddess guarding the apples of youth, a symbol of a favorable combination of fruit-based remedy and model-marriage, i.e. immortality and fertility], if it was not for autumn, supposed to subside all that in itself too (then scatter it in the form of an apparition, *inter canem et lupum*).

Then scatter it in the form of an apparition (*inter canem et lupum*), as soon as it tears out the moon, which easily turns during the night, however tomorrow already having hooked on the failed expectations of continuity, even if coming from a shipshape assembly-line of the hours none of which ever makes a wrong strike except the last one, *was für ein Durcheinander!*

Sunday, 21. Sept., 2003, 18:18^h (*ich bin nicht deswegen hier*): little substitution for so many symbols could not be shown even by the recent pause in the flying of a (drunk on its own ego) wasp - while it was kept in the air by a kind of levitation worthy of *Lif* and *Lifthrasir* [a couple hiding in the sunlit branches of the crown of *Yggdrasill* (*The Tree of the Universe*) while the earth was being purged by fire and flood, in order to, when everything quieted down, climb down to a *Fresh Green Age* (*ipsissima verba*) and start repopulating the world, i.e. creating the *Renewed Human Race* (*собственноручно*)], one could still think of it (*потенциальный снаряд*) as having bigger plans/aspirations/'vision'/ *соблезнование* relative to an (if not exactly human, at least) insectival genus/brotherhood/kind/'sort'/tel-ou-tel, but it (*Wespe*), having suddenly fallen onto the grass and having stayed there as if suffering from an acute illness (*maladie - pierre d'achoppement*), clearly indicated that its previous (floating) acrobatics actually was its last act of (however trifling and minute, *de qualité inférieure*) characteristically buzzing, summer episode (*de suite*); having finished off the insect too, the end of the summer primarily delivered the final blow to the symbolism of frailness, transiting into a solid reality, *inter alia*.

Into a solid reality of autumn, that is, as a useful (relatively utilizable) firebrand of the summer (*in vacuo*), as much burnt out as left over by means of a careful focusing of *Loddfafnir*, a man who learned the wisdom of the gods by visiting the Well of Fate (*Urdarbrunner*), the spring of *Urth*, Goddess of the Past, whom the other two Goddesses (*Verthandi*, Goddess of the Present, and *Skuld*, Goddess of the Future) were helping to water with it (the spring in question) the root of *Yggdrasill*, stretching all the way to *Asgard*, the dwelling place of the gods, who held their daily

assembly in it, so that after each of the assemblages he (*Loddfafnir*) would join them at *Valhalla*, the residence of *Odin*, the main amongst the gods, with the result that nothing of what he was retelling upon his return from there could be verified [for it belonged to the past (*l'occasion fait le larron*)], although he himself was never in doubt whether to make clever use of such suspiciousness, announcing the collected knowledge and fluid sagacity in a skillful manner, in the form of an interesting mixture of commonsensical advice about good conduct and fashionable superstitions concerning the avoidance of witchcraft (*in te, Domine, speravi*), be it summer or autumn or anything which on its way to the self scraped it all off like a chisel mumbling *ça n'existe pas* as a weasel be it autumn or summer.

{S-D}

09/22-24/03

Nevermore

Nevermore nevermore will there be a rain like this which today was downpouring its warm shower (still enduring), *bona fide*.

Nevermore nevermore obsessed whitened in a sense with nice notions (in this universe), *bon jour*.

Nevermore nevermore will a reflection of the rib keep swinging in the lungs (like the moon's silver in the night's crib), *ben trovato*.

Considering what can be expected to be avoidable (*Karwoche*), and what cannot (*Wahlpropaganda*), it is concluded that there cannot be expected for one to be able to avoid the list of inevitabilities (*Είναι ελευθερο*) - although it can be shortened (don't be tactless: the result-wise simple days are not sculptured by exactness, *мне вспомнилось*).

(The answer to the question of) which and how big is this list [one (by inevitability encircled) laurel wreath of *Велеи*, a *Slavic* god under whose command (once everything else dispersed) all the flocks and herds were (until they dispersed too, *à genoux*)] varies from case to case, "at which point it is illustrative" to consider the example of *Gradgrind Thomas*, the unscrupulous, pardon me, successful businessman connected with the iron trade, in *Dickens*' "Hard Times", an 'exemplar' of a person who learned well the lesson about the unnecessary dissipation of personal reserves and necessary amount of agility and resourcefulness, ('in another time and space') having carefully examined the case of *Charles Gould*, an engineer in *Joseph Conrad*'s "Nostromo", obsessed with a silver mine he owns in a South American republic, to such a degree to cause a revolution, which made *Gradgrind* even firmer in his conviction that, in comparison to the careless *Gould*, he had to continue his business as much without scruples as with covering up the truth, in an illusory (public) manner setting things a mark above the minimum of (according to him - the so-called) human consideration and sentimentalism, while in reality (secretly) caring only for what is practical and matter-of-fact, i.e. for the business deals of his company which, therefore, are to be considered model entries for the mentioned list of inevitabilities in the case of said owner (and boss), *au bout de son Latin*.

Nevermore nevermore will the whitish salt, the piercing salt (all that brackish ricocheting), do their part of this crocheting, *ad unguem*.

Nevermore nevermore will there be a whole minute of blank time (and a noon gong to rouse them from the sleepy rhyme), *à haute voix*.

Nevermore nevermore will a roof above the dwelling stand be a red dot underneath the magic wand, *à perte de vue*.

However, since an emphatically stated assertion like the one from the title above [*Nevermore (Nevermore...) - affaire du cœur*] can hardly get a civilized reception from the rational observer of doubtful certainties in principle, there remains to check/test such an 'atemporal' irrefutableness in the case of *Vainamoinen*, the champion of the *Kalevala* (The Fatherland of Heroes) and a peerless mage, a vigorous but also sensitive old man, who from birth possessed a wisdom of the ages, for he was in the womb of his mother (a primal goddess, *Luonnotar*) for at least thirty years, which made him a tireless explorer who journeyed across the known world and, alone among said heroes, returned from the underworld, but, nearing the end of his life, he set sail in a copper boat and embarked on a voyage without end, whereby not bringing into question the assertion dealt with here [*Nevermore (Nevermore will Vainamoinen be right back)*] - *affaire d'honneur*.

Nevermore nevermore will a voyager leaving on that road be coming from abroad, *en plein jour*.

Nevermore nevermore will a thread through the needle eye have much more to supply, *en passant*.

Nevermore nevermore will the vastness under the sky glance at all this (spread like wings of a tze-tze fly), *en revanche*.

[Even when the first infection with late meaning shows itself in the evening (*yushoku wò shinàgàra hanàshaimasho*) - when complaints regarding most of the problems at last fade (*fiyú nò áida*) - *Nevermore (Nevermore...)* is not a missed topic, having no end it never stops beaming (*lass mal, ich mache das schon*)].

Nevermore nevermore will birds grant a wish to the skies, will the skies be kept for the earth to breath, will the earth post the circled signs, to renew that all *cliché*, according to which triteness everything is in the senses which (Oh, what a bore, what a bore) will be nevermore nevermore.

Всего, всегда.

{U,V-C,A,D}

09/24-26/03

Airiness That Is Not Easily Approached (Parte beatum)

To add something else to all this can mean only one thing - the story (dealt with here) has neither stopped, nor started, it has only complicated itself, *genug für alle*.

[And it did it even without consolation (with and without *Horatius - bien que il a du mène*), not counting a nicely carved piece of freight (crate), the traditional sign of authenticity of a ceaseless voyage, *dans une certaine mesure*].

(*Quintus Horatius Flaccus*, 65-8 B.C., yet, as if it was yesterday. *Неявка?*)

Kongruenz: words onto words (hush onto hush) - to address the shortened eternity with a characteristic speech from a corresponding height (to cover it, then, with a sheet of residential silence) - and here it is, such a healthy nap!

(*Kèìgu*).

Creativity as materialistic comfort of objectifying the faith [in the sense of lulling oneself with the ideated remunerativeness of a sudden saint (*Πότε γιορταζεις?*)] - yet, on all sides (there shows itself) an airiness that is not easily approached (*неугомонный*), as if it is not willing to be fascinated just like that (*неуступчивы*), that is, as if it holds on to a constant distance by means of a sporadic allowance, *нетронутый*.

Airiness that is not easily approached:

Little drops of a misty cascade of large clouds, being carried by a stroke of a paint brush, fed with a (fluid-like) appropriate breathing, in the space between parts some of which are made calm by (at the first glance blessed) neo-cinnabar, the others being enticed by two or three cyclamens, *неторопливый*.

[When (inanimate) things are like that - what's with humans?]

(Grosse tête et peu de sens).

No one, however, claims that this is to do with (lifeless) things, i.e. with what (living) humans think of them; with all that commotion regarding things, it is not bad to consider the mechanism of the opposite case, even in the obscurity of an ostensible resistentialism.

“Resistentialism is concerned with what Things think about men”, *Paul Jenings*, from “Even Oddlier: Developments in Resistentialism”, 1952.

Kann sein.

Folgerung: things as things (everything can be expected from them), but that is not the end of the world; however, not even an omnipotence can chase away that which twists itself to such an end, *en grande tenue*.

Which means that it is not omnipotent - a trite contradiction, something that still can be managed, *sine qua non*.

Although, there exist other theories too, like that of a certain *Soame Jenyns*:

“Omnipotence cannot work contradictions; it can only effect all possible things”, *S. J.*, from “A Free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil”, *letter #1*, 1757.

Invita Minerva!

What a neat (suitable, diligent), aromatically systematized manner to proclaim, even the Devil himself, relative!

Ludere cum sacris.

On the other hand, airiness that is not easily approached, is not easily discouraged either.

Furor poeticus.

(Was it not already described how the subject matter was allowed to be painted with cinnabar, and fed by cyclamens, *неуловимый*).

Not discouraged therefore (the airiness that is not easily approached, *hast du so was je gesehen?*), effortlessly corresponding with sincere details of discreet coloration / post-festive atonality of condition (as if, *Deus avertat!*, it is to do with the Day of Atonement), not even this afternoon, however, such an invigorated triflingness finds anything unusual in a certain inexplicableness (at least that is not debatable) of a seemingly confectionary but, in fact, structural

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weaving (*pour la plupart*), sewn without movements on four sides of the world (*tout dans les limites normales*), sewn open on the fifth (although, very slowly), extended into the airiness that is not easily approached, *нисколько*.

Ich habe es ja gewusst!

{U, V-C, W, D}

09/26-28/03

Emergence of Triglav

As if it is to do with an unconvincingly emphasized advantage of standard circumstances over exceptional conditions - for such a little casual concurrence of melodiousness (*за последнее время*) differs from the cavalier tuning of strings (*зод за зодом*), characteristic for this time of year [it is early evening, yet, since long ago, rudimentary sounds flow as if something emerges (without stereotypical obstacles), *далеко за полночь*].

Perhaps a wild hyacinth *Scilla nutans* emerges in England (its time may be gone and so it briskly encourages itself, producing a false calm, *забвение*), that is, a bellflower *Campanula rotundifolia* emerges in Scotland (a spare version of the ringing of the original, interpreting the same restlessness in its own way, *заблаговременный*), imposing itself to the (early) evening, in the same way in which it is done by the American *Muscari botryoides* throughout the day: by adding high tones to the low ones whenever the latter try to halve the scale (raising its price), preferring an air transportation scene to the buzzing of a fly (however serene), *за рубежом*.

[*Annuit cæptis* as incentive for reaching the heights, if only *Virgil* (*Publius Virgilius Maro*) would rouse himself from the siesta, blessing the reality obtained in such a manner).

[Even the lungwort, a derivative of such a well-understood, although increasingly less visible, garden of self-proclaimed providence of contemporary flora (*anno Christi*), submitting to the hydro-therapy of an increasingly humid night, tests its modest capabilities - let alone left (then right) lung (trembling like a honeyed pulse of a day so stung, *kásukana hitógòe*)].

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen”, Gray.

(*Wie verlautet*).

Or, perhaps, (and in contrast to the flowering design of highly harmonized duties and rights, *auf das ist kein Verlass*) it is to do with a galloping race of traditional sons of fury/rage (*benoi regesh*), a well-known kind of preachers loud in their recitations (sudden in meditations), in whose case, however, the (moved into the night) day still did not move the road away under their feet, so they, nevertheless, could still come to their senses and see what this is all about, *communibus annis*.

For, as always in situations like this (marked with a modern emergence like waterfowl with a virtual cane, *deceptio visus*), it is about a contemplative retreating from the outside to the inside of something which does not hesitate proclaiming itself a protagonist of such a skill (*au grand sérieux*), persevering with the style of *Utgard* [an “Outer Place” in the form of an icy citadel,

carved out of snow blocks and glittering icicles, a real stronghold for the *Frost Giants* and illusionary one for everyone who dare step inside it (*à pied*)], personifying the ability to immortalize a persistence of *Vafthrudnir*, a wise *Frost Giant* who was believed to have gained his impressive store of wisdom by consulting the dead (*ad majorem Dei gloriam*), which did not help him to not lose his duel with *Odin* (or *Odinn*, the chief God at the time), although it turned out to be useful when he had to make a decision on how to act in case of his own death, having decided to die temporarily, following the procedure of the one who defeated him, i.e. *Odin* himself, who (as it already was said in these notes) voluntarily hung himself on *Yggdrasil* (*The Tree of the Universe*) only for nine nights, having met the tenth one in good health and with impressive might, *запом*.

Emergence like in the poem:

“O snail,
(Even so frail) let your tentacles come out on old lady’s dales,
If you don’t want to do that I will be chasing you (until your strength fails),
With thoughts in my head on the green grass (even if it hails)”

[Serb. Traditional]

with an appropriately changed ending, so that not everything reduces to a simple ballade, *dem Ver’nehmen nach*.

There also emerges an advantage of sense (for, if nonsense would prevail, it would not stop at the emergence) - reckons the one who got all that mixed up into some sort of exultancy with the self [if only something would hug him with the convincing remnants of today’s original (*Ξα ναπεστε το παρακαλω?*): a secondary dose of the invincible radiation of always watchful ego, for example].

(*Που εμαστε?*)

[After all, even if it comes to making understandable favors to this here, nothing obliges one to avoid being upset by that there, unless it is to do with *Tuoni*, the god of the dead, with whom one cannot joke, that is, whose asylum is provided by the cold and dark lands of *Tuonela*, which possibly can be visited but from which few travellers return, *viel zu wenig*.

(One of the rare ones who succeeded in that was the mentioned *Vainamoinen*, but nothing is known about him for a long time either, *von wegen!*)].

Auf vielfachen Wunsch:

There emerges, therefore, *Triglav*, a three-headed god of the *Slavs* living in central *Europe*, in whose honor four separate temples were once built in the town of *Stettin* (in present-day *Poland*), which were maintained by war booty (one tenth being the amount due to the three-headed god and his black horse housed in the best of the four temples, *hotondo wa*), which all lasted until said people converted to Christianity (*idée fixe*), having sent to the Pope in Rome pieces of *Triglav*’s three-headed statues which, at the occasion of conversion, they broke (*von vorn anfangen*), having started with such an act a long tradition, whose end is not seen.

Es wird gleich regnen.

{V-C, A, D}

From September To September

In the same way in which it came it goes away: not even September knows how to cover its track without repeating the beginner's mistake of regularity - by disappearing it gains periodicity, but lacks surprise, *secundum naturam*.

(*Va et vient*).

Two more of its days are left, yet, as if it has flown out (without remnants) this morning - dispersing with the dawn, *sich von selbst regeln*.

[*Am Rande bemerkt*:

It is difficult to sit down and make a diary virtuosity from September, still, that happens sometimes, the only thing is to prevent that all those days end up as the leaves did - as much as they are in harmony with today's calendar, in January there will not be enough of them even for an oblivion (*к первому января*)].

К тому же, September, too, expires cheating: reckoning how to subside, *rechtzeitig*.

(Here - to proclaim itself an extinct twelfth,

there - the outcome of this here, times twelve).

Nowdays it is easy to write - using a computer one can augment, shorten, beautify, almost embroider (telling the story like a painter paints a picture - in layers), but what is the use of all that when not even September can be described without making use of suspicious colors: instead of green - yellow, instead of blue - dark blue, instead of a lively one just two (or three) drowsy ones, *re infecta*.

[And all that without even mentioning the universal illiteracy.

On one side digital means, yet (in the head) chaos gleams.

К чему, скажи-ка мне].

Of a sharpened beak, day after day dives down in order to get here (the end of September, *jodan toshité*), neither closer nor farther from materialized prey which, undoubtedly, can mess up the hunt in principle (i.e. the 'conceptual' hunt, *nostalgie de la boue*), even if hunting is done with a desire to reach the remunerativeness of the newest season (*Είναι ανοικτο την Κυριακη?*), the one in which the target trophy, no more and no less, looks like the fabulous *Draupnir*, the wondrous multiplying ring of the main among the gods, *Odin* (also known as *Odinn*), the symbol of his power and wealth, crafted by the dwarf, *Sindri* (while his brother, *Brokk*, pumped the bellows), in such a way that it (the original ring, *Draupnir*) literally dripped eight similar rings every nine days (*panta rhei*), symbolizing the promise of fertility even after the winter days of bleakness (*tout le confort moderne*), but also signifying a consolidation of magic properties/powers of said ring in each of nine worlds, out of which all that originated in the given way (*peu à peu*), in order to incorporate itself into a (ring-like) circle from September to September, from cornstalks to hay, from hunting to prey, from Assumption to Dismay, from throwing a stone to the shot of *Atalanta*, an unwanted daughter of *Iasus* of *Arcadia*, yet a famous huntress, a beautiful, swift-footed maiden who, helped by her equally resourceful and energetic sweetheart *Melanion* (and before the goddess *Aphrodite* turned them into lions), with said shot killed a legendary beast in the form of a wild boar which has been ravaging the plains of *Calydon*, having made a trap for it (the creature) from September to September.

From September to September as in an old, illustrious dwelling place of a pre-programmed chance (*pre hac vice*), full of dwellers each in love with his/her part of 'stochastic determinateness' of the day in question (*plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*), sometimes better sometimes worse, in any event uniformly varying, from one month to another the same (and so twelve times, *lusus naturae*), with understandable outings from said uniformity in the form of weather changes characteristic for a fitting circle (*казалось бы*), started at the point at which it is finished (finished where it's started, *мне кажется*), registered as a year anyway you take it.

One more day to go and even for September it will be possible to say how it used to be in the past (*umgekehrt Prophezeiung*), all which comes after it is going to pretend it had nothing with it (*pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*), as if until the next September only (and exclusively) the tournaments are going to be held featuring competitions in not recognizing one (the same) state of eternal hunger for the next phase of the constant scene of considerateness/monstrosity spreading without stopping (*omne ignotum pro magnifico*), succumbing to the high circulation of fashionable agreeing to everything, true - including a caprice here and there, *noch am selben Tag*.

Und wenn es noch so schwer ist.

It is not necessary for the dark blue color of the sky to prove itself every time from the beginning, but one should give it credit for a certain coloration even at this "constellation of forces" - on one side a kakologia of elites in power, the tragicomical pronunciation, i.e. diction within the scope of one more cycle of a full-year garrulousness of the Senate (*oro y plata, ore rotundo*), on the other (caught in themselves) voices of the stillness (*otium cum dignitate*) - something which (in all that) dissolves all the more blue (*pleno jure*), stretching the September nuance for a week, at most two, rarely longer.

Исчезновение.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

10/01-03/03

Worm

Down the quietness (somewhere that way, it certainly feels), as easily as painfully, via sort of a white hush [compromising two ideas bothered by the same anticipation (forward, backward, then stagnation)], someone's singing while pretending being done with his harshness (*наедине*) - or it's his worm [encouraging (in him) minute kindness, *намокнуть?*].

A worm which starts to slow down when (still eager) meets the evening, but (with the morning) jumps (not meagre) - branching out to all sides (one here the other there), boring each one under water (crumbling them in their stutter), piercing all around calmly [all that which used to (lovely!) be protective and act firmly], all that which, external, finds itself as quite fraternal (both diurnal and nocturnal, *надолго*).

Although, on the other hand, in displaying such an attitude, it (the worm in question) may be right.

(Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point).

Maybe it (the given worm, rightly singing at the present), puts on something very light (*hikkiri nashi ni*), establishing (what amazement, in this type of night!?) that which, as if given each and every right, kept on dreaming how things

were smarmy sharp and bright (*cum grano salis*), adding to all that a hundred MeVs (an energy sum of the present tense), then completing the addition with tomorrow's apparition, bridled up in all this void, not so easy to avoid [in a day (or two) dispersed, first concocted then erased, *de mal en pis*].

Es sieht ganz so aus.

[Even if it was (if it happened, if it simply - just occurred), first - it must be proven that it wasn't fabricated [that which (according to it) indeed took place, stopping all the worries], so that it does not turn out that some worm forced it to tell baseless stories (*рано ли, поздно ли*)].

For, in everything a worm works its way [and is able to enforce (if allowed) each and every situation, *в конце концов*].

A worm of suspicion, or hope, or hopelessness, or conviction, or fault, or approximation (the worm of approaching the self), or (the worm) of a little sweet apotheosis of a wood nymph (in the sense of a dryad), or of a large (almost gigantic) and radiant (in the sense of accentuated radiation energy) giantess of snow and ice, like *Gerda*, a beautiful frost female giant who (because of her size, *eo ipso*) was noticed from a great distance by a certain *Freyr*, a gentle god of summer sun and spring showers who always held in his hand a stalk of wheat while a somewhat smaller boar wandered by his feet (both the symbols of a rich crop, *Deo favente*), so that the fact that he instantly fell in love with her could not be interpreted in a way other than that being yet another component of said harvest, although *Gerda's* answer was not coming back until *Skirnir*, *Freyr's* faithful servant, entered the scene and, having realized what was going on (*en ami*), went to see *Gerda* and win her hand for his master, but, although he offered her the apples of youth, and revealed *Freyr's* glowing portrait reflected in water, she remained unmoved (*hinc illae lacrimae*) until he threatened to recite a terrible spell which forced her to consent and, having joined *Freyr* (the god of summer, as said above), *Gerda's* ice heart suddenly thawed and things went for the better (as if a worm of love started to work in her too, *en effet*).

Laus Deo.

A worm which gives back as much as it eats (*in aeternum*), as in the case of *Tanngnost* and *Tanngrisnir*, two billy goats which pulled chariot of thunder god, *Thor*, so that the rumble of the chariot was heard by people on earth (*homme moyen sensuel*) as the sound of thunder, which, however, and as one, in accordance with the present topic, would have already anticipated, was not their (*Tanngnost's* and *Tanngrisnir's*) only function, rather they were used by said *Thor* and his fellow companions, whenever these were hungry, as an endless meal (*κρασατος*), following the rule that only the goats' meat was eaten, their bones (and skin) remaining intact, so that the given god (*ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott* - as the feast participants would have said), as soon as the next day, would only have to wave his magic hammer over the skin and bones (*en règle*) and both *Tanngnost* and *Tanngrisnir* would come alive (*dolce stil nuovo*), continuing to pull god's load (said chariot) on their shoulders (as if some worm was forcing them to do that).

(*Deus vult* - knowing in themselves).

A similar situation (regenerative functionalism of micro-organisms in the form of a worm-like diligence of the eternal chase after the re-animated state of a once sacrificed bio-entity - *Joannes est nomen eius*) may be found in the example of a magic boar kept by *Odinn* (or *Odin*, our old acquaintance, *homme d'esprit*) in his hall, *Valhalla*, the magnificent residence seen from a great distance in *Asgard*, the dwelling place of three gods of those times (*Odinn*, *Vili*, and *Ve - tria juncta in uno*), with an entrance that could be approached only over *Bifrost* (a bridge in the form of a frozen rainbow), so that finding the mentioned animal in such a paradise constitutes a very important detail in that it provided an endless source of meat for *Einherjar*, the heroic dead as the residents of said palace, once the gutsy warriors slain on the battle-field, since then chosen by *Odinn* himself as his followers, and now eating the same boar (prepared as a wonderful stew in an inexhaustible cauldron, *utile dulci*) day after day through a process of resurrection, for said sample of *Ungulata* was always being brought back to life through the described procedure performed by *Odinn* (as if a worm was forcing him to constantly resurrect it, *приблизительно*).

Один и тот же: a worm as an obedient reaction to the impetus of such one, process-oriented signal (*Resurgam!*), something which, constantly eating during such a trip, offers itself in the same food too, not giving in to any side (remaining in the same circle's glue), like a lizard giving itself to the green yard (biting the tail in its head as if a discard, *sich fertig machen*).

{U,V,S-C,A,W,D}

10/03-04/03

Out of These Days Into Those Nights (Under the Transparent Crust of Kaldeic Opacity)

Who would say that under the transparent crust of *Kaldeic* opacity (*Babylonian* hermeneutics of astrological / occult / magical knowledge, *ouvrage de longue haleine*), after all, nothing more than a doubtful power/force is concealed?

Да здравствуем!

Something which (by definition) belongs to the world of *Valkyries* ("female choosers of the slain warriors"), dual protagonists of the military council of the chief god *Odinn* (*sans pareil*), his battle- or shield-maidens whose role, on one side, was to ride over battlefields and select the "heroic dead" (*Einherjar*), who would, returned to life under the magic hand of *Odinn*, be qualified to accommodate themselves in his *Valhalla*, the magnificent castle with more than five hundred doors, each wide enough to allow up to eight hundred men to march through abreast (*wusstest du das nicht?*), while on the other side, those same *Valkyries* [a *Norse* equivalent of a multiplication of the *Maiden of Kosovo* (*sans peine*)], although quite charming in *Valhalla* while nursing the reincarnated soldiers, were becoming sinister spirits of slaughter on the battlefield, goading heroes to their death, *sans souci*.

Although, regarding said power/force there also exist other ideas/theories (*sans cérémonie*).

For example:

"That power which erring men call chance", Milton.

(*Permitte divis cetera*).

Or:

"Tell proud *Jove*, Between his power and thine there is no odds: 'Twas only fear first in the world made gods", Ben Jonson (1573-1637), "Sejanus", 1603.

Finally, although that is not all (*post equitem sedet atra cura*):

"Books, we are told, propose to *instruct* or to *amuse*. Indeed!...The true antithesis to knowledge, in this case, is not *pleasure*, but *power*. All that is literature seeks to communicate *power*; all that is not literature, to communicate *knowledge*", Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859), from "Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected", 1823.

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Was meinen Sie?

But, was not all that hanging in the air all this time (*anna ni nagái ryoko*)?, that which, between the power and the force hung itself on both (*дально-зоркий*), as a nicely prepared foundation for a planned tranquility (a balanced outcome of every logical novel, *Μια μπιρα παρακαλω*), that which is expected at the end of a careful wrapping into universal order (*pacta conventa*), as a result of touching the wooden table as one would the airy keys of *F. S.* [in *C-Major*, Nocturne No. 21 (a dreamy pensive piece for the piano), *pro hac vice*], and pulling out (through a comforting voice) one more reason for salvation (*nanika suru koto*).

“Every man, wherever he goes, is encompassed by a cloud of comforting convictions, which move with him like flies on a summer day”, Bertrand Russell, from “Sceptical Essays”, 1928.

(Einem zur Verfügung stehen).

Even the one who is not happy today (or is most often unhappy, *quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*), sensibly postpones the misfortune until tomorrow, preparing to stately cross over it (he is only to praise it, before that).

Russell, again:

“Men who are unhappy, like men who sleep badly, are always proud of the fact”, *B.R.*, from “The Conquest of Happiness”, 1930.

Truditur dies die.

Who would say that under the transparent crust of Kaldeic opacity, after all, nothing more than a doubtful force is being concealed? - a strength otherwise fit to enable one to jump out from all this (with a sudden move in front of other eyes, *sta viator, heroem calcas!*), to enter a better world (of mead and bliss, *tout vient de Dieu*), until that too pours itself out (finishes in the same way in which everything else lost its fights, *tant pis*), out of these days into those nights, *secundum ordinem*.

{V-A}

10/04-06/03

In Corners of Windows That Are Ready For Anything

Increasingly shorter days (more and more intensive colors), increasingly colder sounds [standing politely, observing the schedule of departures for *Ginnungagap* (“Yawning Emptiness”), from which the whole world was created, made of the flesh of a Frost Giant, *Ymir*, killed by the three grandsons of *Buri* (the children of *Bor* and *Bestla*) - all three very capable gods - *Odinn*, *Vili*, and *Ve* (also known as *Lodur* or *Lothur*), who were hoping to get rid of the increasingly stronger winter that way - but here it is (the winter), announcing itself again (*Ungehorsam!*): it is only the beginning of October, and yet it does not hesitate to crystallize like small butterflies in corners of windows, *ungehorsam!*]

Fortsetzung: in corners of windows in which, because of that, everything has a prickly, tingling sensation even in its wings (*árù teido*), as if, a moment after it took off (where for?), it landed in *Vidi*, a place in which lived *Vidar*, the son of *Odinn* and *Grid* and the god of solitude and silence, personifying the imperishable forces of nature and using them to avenge his father's death in the decisive battle at *Ragnarok* (at which occasion even *Yggdrasill*, *The Tree of the Universe*, started trembling, after which the end of the world came, *как следуют*), having incapacitated the terrible wolf *Fenrir* by smashing one of his well-shod feet against the wolf's lower jaw, and then with both hands having finished the ravenous beast off (by forcing the upper jaw open till its throat was torn asunder, practically halving it, *собственноручно*), as the creature was the one which, at the most critical moment of said battle (*Το λογαριασμό παρακαλώ*), swallowed *Vidar's* father, *Odinn*, becoming responsible for the disaster which followed upon all and everything, whereby *Surt*, a fire giant with a flaming blade, set the nine worlds ablaze, burning them to blackened cinders which sank beneath the boiling ocean (*ça n'a pas traîné*), although everything renewed later, rising again fresh and green (*Zusammenarbeit*), so that *Vidar* could establish his dwelling place in a palace made of leaves (*Kontrollraum*), deep in the forest surrounding (above mentioned) *Vidi*, from where he stepped out briefly to get revenge on *Fenrir* (*tádàchi ni*), before returning to his duties, solitariness and stillness, *per diem*.

Разновидность: all kinds of things can be seen in corners of windows, although, as these cold mornings (frozen evenings, *pari passu*) advance, there will be nothing left from that (seeing) either, unless it is to do with a chivalrous doggedness of *Dietrich*, a hero who overcame *Laurin* himself (the wily dwarf who ruled a fabulous underground kingdom lit by gems), having claimed his magical gold ring as well as a girdle of strength, a cape of invisibility, a magical sword, and a vast ring-hoard, not bigger than this room but then identically all-seeing (*ogni bottega ha la sua malizia*), capable of pointing out the difference between reality and imagination, like *Thor*, a thunder god and champion among the gods, who (true, at the last moment) realized that *Skrymir* ("Vast"), a very large Frost Giant, and his residence *Utgard* ("Outer Place"), were, in fact, illusions, which saved him from further trouble (*quocunque nomine*), in the meantime having provided a certain satisfaction to *Loki* (that is, *Lopt*, the fire god and son of the giants *Farbauti* and *Laufey*, growing progressively more evil and, in the end, completely devilish), who, until that moment at least, was enjoying in the advantages of mind over matter, given that it took such a strong *Thor* so long to solve the trick regarding said illusiveness, a deception which *Loki*, through his mischief-making, trickiness, and shape-changing, created for the thunder god.

(*Joci causa*).

[His (*Loki's*) excuse, though, regarding both these and even more prankish deceits and ruses, which he was creating in all possible situations and for everyone, was going hand in hand with the "spirit of the age", i.e. *Zeitgeist* (of those times), given that, according to him, it was boredom that made him do all that, in the sense that he "was tired of the string of days that unwound without a knot or a twist in them".

In comparison to those times, namely, such boredom does not exist nowadays (*hotóndo wa*), with some exceptions such as being a failure (*yonin dekinài*), for which even *Loki*, with his tricks, could not find a cure (*in Gelächter ausbrechen*).

But, even though a critical mass of impressions gleaned in the corners of windows (dealt with here), relates to the daily quantity of effects no better than the nuclear bomb does relative to the hand grenade (*instar omnium*), in the little tautological stories in disorder (presented here) one should not be looking for a peak overcoming a valley which would not remind it where it started to grow from in the first place (*d'ou?*), even if having reached a potable pleonasm of the moral of story fully gulped in a subsequent try (*magna est vis consuetudinis*), i.e. even if having moved from this to that world (*jamais arrière*) without liability insurance (not even covering the permanent damage of the center for modern signification of things, *sub colore juris*).

Yet, in the corners of windows [that are ready for anything, including this, a rather facultative sketch of several convincing deities (*не в моем духе*), and two (or three) handy illusions for achieving balance, *дословный*], it looks as if lately dust collected somewhat more than usual (*дымка*), whether because of insufficient dusting using a fibrous rag especially purchased for that purpose (*ora et labora*), or because of the crumbliness of said images themselves (until a moment

ago full of contagious enthusiasm, *от всей души*), left to quietly go each to its own spot, in corners of windows that are ready for anything, now not important why, *ни слуху ни духу*.

{U, V-C, D}

10/06-08/03

Procedure and Outcome (Regarding Мать Сырой Земля)

By writing, one only completes the sketch (adds the eyebrows and the make up) - *ne fronti crede*.

That way, no more than an agreement with the self (nor less than the satisfaction of trying) is being achieved - *loyal en tout*.

[All which (in quietness) submits itself to a line and a dot, will end up in a token if it starts telling a lot.

Using graphical symbols - its tongue becomes sticky [it too (like tar) becomes extremely tricky].

(*В общем*).

Solidified, letters do not change into words until that wall (over there) invites them to collaborate too (*от всего сердца*) - all sides of the circle obtained in such a way (within the dwelling unit of the complexity of an otter, *soll ich die Tür öffnen?*) enter the fur-based hug with such pomposity as if everything is done (as if the only thing waiting for them is an easy signing off of the contract made with a programmed victim of the sunlit afternoon of a more clear than overcast sky, *das versteht sich von selbst*).

Because of the standard prejudice of such a humble picture (*teburu no ue ni arimasu*), hung on a suspicious pen of this meager, quasi-literary day, even the very procedure is in question, *против воли*.

So that, for example, insisting on the procedure of *Ingeborg* [according to which the princess in question (in order to not disappoint the royal family) rejected the directive of her love by refusing to flee with *Frithiof* (a plebeian sweetheart of hers, *ex quocunque capite*), even though he broke the sanctity of *Balder's* temple to rescue her (*fide et fortitudine*)], threatens one to end up in isolation (*Παρακαλω, αφηστε με*), and yet, following the methodology of *Frithiof* himself, who, after *Ingeborg* was forced into a marriage with an old chieftain, *Sigurd Ring*, roamed the high seas in misery, waiting honourably for the old king to die before at last winning his bride (which soon happened, and exactly like that), it is easy to conclude that everything depended on the length of *Sigurd's* life, so that it could have happened as easily that *Frithiof* might have ended up flooded, if not exactly by the sea waves, then by those same waves of separateness and aloneness (which so heavily influenced the decision his darling made that other time), *entre deux vins*.

Also, following the example of *Thiassi* (also known as *Thiazi*), a frost giant who stole from the goddess *Idun* the apples of youth (with an immediate effect upon gods, in that, without *Idun*'s apples to eat each day, they grew anxious and old, *haud longis intervallis*), that is, following *Thiassi*'s fate which was not favorable to him (disguised as an eagle, he was finished off by the gods, who set his wings alight by fires they had placed on top of high walls of their stronghold, *Asgard*, because of which he fell down burnt, *te ni oénakù natté*), one could become inclined to start reckoning that everything ended very badly regarding said frost giant, if it wasn't for his daughter *Skadi*, who not only succeeded getting compensation from the chief god *Odinn* for her father's death (*Dieu et mon droit*), but moved him so much that he (*Odinn*) took *Thiassi*'s eyes from his cloak and threw them into the sky as stars, saying:

“*Thiassi* will look down on all of us, for as long as the world lasts”, which, obviously, should be interpreted as a very nice (almost privileged) end of the giant in question, in any case much better than his deeds were calling for, *communi consensu*.

To think, therefore, that procedure determines outcome (*à beau jeu, beau retour*), is in the same way wrong as concluding that practicing sorcery for the purposes of utilization must be completed with an appropriate salary, *ad unguem*.

Namely, it may happen that the object of worship becomes more illuminated from an aesthetic side (*ad multos annos*), as in the case of the *Moist Mother Earth* - *Мать сырой земля* (or, as the English would spell it, *Mati Syra Zemlya*), a fundamental Earth Goddess of the Slavs, worshipped in the basin of the *River Don* as much as 30,000 years ago and being an object of veneration up to the present (*Pracht!*), by Slavic peasants entering their fields at dawn and blessing the earth with libations of hemp oil and bowing to all four sides of the world (each time soaking the earth with oil), starting from the East (*cela va sans dire*), in order to summon the goddess presence (*deceptio visus?*) not only to protect them from disease and ensure rich crops in a given season (*Sicherheit + Gewissheit = Selbstsicherheit*) but also (as she was believed to possess the ability to predict the future and to settle disputes wisely) to intercede in favor of every other progress / prosperity of her worshippers (*Sicherheitsvorkehrung*), who one could not find fault with claiming that they, even for a moment, lost their minds, i.e. that they had only their stomachs in mind, without, before all (*ad rem*), seeing in all that the whole beauty of the mutual forming of always the same grain (in the same dunes) - a point of juncture of the first strings and the last runes, *arcana caelestia*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

10/08-11/03

Between Forward and Backward

By starting a text one fulfills an obligation towards the day (*age quod agis*); the completion is not obligatory anyway (not even the disk is in the mood for something better, shall I say).

Absit omen.

[As much as it prepared itself and now is waiting (formatted), it would feel even better if I packed it up and put it aside (to keep quiet, as stated above), *замкнутый*].

Since, all of a sudden, it warmed up (*koré de ì hazú dà*), swarms of miniature flies, bugs, larvae and scatterbrained cranks such as eccentric dragonflies (*wer kommt zuerst?*) drown in the air until they choke on the ground - only there does everything die within its bounds [going upward it is never known whose is what (what dazes and astounds), *alieni appetens, sui profusus*].

Taking into account that a multitude always leads to such a futile ascent (*alere flammam*), (falling) each of the mentioned small butterflies (made lighter by so much) remembers itself from the age of limpidity (*vernünftig*), extinguishing in such a way too - fading away in (golden) dust that trails disappearing sun (*à perte de vue*), chased across the sky from dawn to dusk by a fierce wolf, *Skoll* (symbolizing *Repulsion*), whose sole aim in life is to overtake and devour the heavenly orb (*ad interneccionem*), plunging the world into primordial darkness, but that didn't happen yet, which does not mean that it will not, *componere lites*.

(*Après moi le déluge*, the eternal *Skol* barks).

Not even the other wolf, *Hati*, the brother of *Skoll* (both creatures were said to be the sons of a giantess-wolf living in *Iron Wood*), who (using the same principle which *Skoll* used to pursue the sun) chased after the moon, can boast tonight that he seized the satellite - being firmly in its place, [even so pale (*das ist typisch für ihn*)] the moon is just about to muster the courage to oppose the helium remnants of the sun (*увеличение*), for now shining in some sort of understood covalence (*Συγγνωμη, μπορω να περασω?*), covering with a bluish reticle the remaining sounds of this day too, in a short while to be successfully transported (from one port to the other, equally short-lived, *недолговечный*), using the same horse as yesterday and the day before (*in der Schwebe sein*) - the eight-legged *Sleipnir*, which, with its doubled count of legs, recommended itself to *Odinn* himself (the chief of all the gods), let alone advocating the self to this incomplete day, whose transportation, therefore, on such a nice horse (the offspring of an unusual union between *Svadilfari*, a stallion of great strength, and *Loki*, the shape-changer who, for the occasion, had disguised himself as a mare), was something understood by itself (like a flower of the school reading in a literary valley - *Maiglöckchen*), as long as *Sleipnir* was able to fly through the air all over those high seas, and was swift enough to beat any other horse in a race, regardless of its promise to *Odinn* to be the horse to carry him into the battle at *Ragnarok* [for it is well known how the battle in question ended (*Deo gratias*)].

It ended, not surprisingly, in such a way that (after other demolitions, *watakushi ga funda totan yané/yuká ga nukéochita*) even the temple of *Svantovit* (also known as *Sventovit*, the war god of the *Slavic* peoples of central *Europe*) was razed [until then standing as a large edifice at *Arcona* on the *Baltic* island of *Rugen*, housing a four-headed statue of *Svantovit* that was nearly thirty feet in height (*ars est celare artem*)], which (naturally) prevented him (said god, *anno humanæ salutis*) to mount a sacred white horse and ride out at nights (something that he regularly used to do) against those who denied his divinity, which (the prevention), as a matter of fact, was noticed by the lack of evaporating sweat on its (the horse's) body and insufficiently fervent moist in its nostrils, so that (taking into account all that happened with his temple and statue) the theories about *Svantovit* as a supreme deity and father of other gods remained only theories, far from the earthly facts and practical results (*adscriptus glebæ*), including the mentioned destruction (*a Deo et rege*), brought about by the pragmatic *King Valdemar* of *Denmark* and his *Christian* adviser *Absalon* in 1169, clearing the way in a succinct manner for the doctrine in question (*ad libitum*), in the same way in which that kind of thing is done nowadays, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

Ausschau halten!

A very nice day (the third or fourth in sequence, *cum notis variorum*) does not let anything which happened a thousand years ago disturb it, in terms of generating anything more unpleasant than, eventually, a small (and proportionally light) cloud (around two o' clock, at most quarter after two in the afternoon, *die Entscheidung liegt nicht bei mir*), but it does not disregard it (*ab origine*) either, with reference to the so-called reminiscence of a sequential witness of insatiable flowing it keeps somewhere in between (or, rather, on the side), insufficiently turned forward to be able to ensure a backward arrival into its view of *Skade* (also known as *Skadi*), an already mentioned daughter of a frost giant *Thiassi*, but also the wife of the sea god *Njord*, a cool and independent huntress who roamed the mountains on her snow shoes (playing the role of a spirit of winter), far happier on her icy slopes than in her husband's sunlit coves, the fact which one should not be wondering about, for it is known that it was her who was proclaimed a deity of hunters and mountain

climbers, the goddess of those, that is, whose sleighs she confidently guided through various storms and over many drifts, although more of time than snow, as it is, after all, more appropriate for someone who does not care about that which falls relative to that which floats, paying no greater attention to that which is going to happen than that which is happening, between the forward and the backward being thrown into the self, *à bras ouverts*.

{U, V-C, A}

10/11-13/03

Goodness of Conversion

An evening like any other [the only thing is that its true hour is not seen (*bon gré, mal gré*)].

Now like this, now like that (becoming either bluish or blackish, *галлюцинация*), as if it did not decide yet which side to choose (towards the act of postponement, or the zone of reconciliation, *herablassend*), to meet the last locks of a zinc coated light poured from the radial jug of *Saule*, the goddess of the sun [in whose crown a harmless green snake is situated, which is to be thought of as a symbol of the goddess' fertility and abundance (*só de wa nài to kikásarenài kagiri*)], or to see *Sif* {the wife of *Thor* (the thunder god), and the mother (by a previous marriage) of *Uu* [the god of skiing and shooting (chiefly by means of archery, *Ισια, ευθεια*)]}, famous for her gold, flowing hair (symbolizing the ripe harvest corn), which however (on a night like this which is coming, *всеобъемлющий*), was cut off by *Loki* (as said before: an evil fire god and a mischief-maker, a trickster, and a shape-changer), because of which *Sif* developed distress, which, in turn, became synonymous for a winter season in which corn fields are reduced to knocked down stubble fields.

Immedicabile vulnus.

Between the two variants, therefore, this evening rocks more and more in the dusk (*sorgenfrei*), less and less expertly pulling out from the night (as a matter of fact, falling into it with increasingly fitting moves of an extinguished snow ball, *memor et fidelis*), in the end having become it, one more night after one more day of hierarchical divisions according to *Rig* (also known under the name of *Heimdall*), the god of administration who divided men into three categories/classes: the *thralls* or serfs, *karls* or freemen, and *jarls* or earls.

(*Bessere Laune bekommen* all you slaves of the world, you are not from yesterday either!)

A classification which the test of time left without a possibility to slip out with increased complexity from such a simplified representation of the mentioned arbiter, here and there taking an even worse direction (increasingly finding his claim true), i.e. reducing *karls* to the smaller number, and *jarls* and *thralls* to the boring antagonism of notorious unchangeableness (i.e. reducing the theory of *Rig* to the post-moderna of universal constant's sting, *locus classicus*).

That is how a doubtful contribution to an early evening passes - one can neither lay down nor fall asleep (*ad referendum*), nor blow anything up (*ad rem*), eventually it may be possible to water plants, any kind of primrose for example, including the one of genus *Anagallis*, for instance *Anagallis arvensis*, of tubelike flowers with five lobes of either white, or red, or yellow color, or others known by the "common folk" as cowslip or oxlip (or polyanthus or pimpernel, or service tree or burnet saxifrage, *adscriptus glebæ*), of rather small flowers of blue, purple, scarlet, and even white (an all-fitting) color, with petals which close before the bad weather comes (*a capite ad calcem*), enjoying a solid reputation with poor people as free forecasters (*poor man's weatherglass*), and equal fame in the eyes of their

children, who (if under a lucky star) work in the textile industry (in carding-roller shops worldwide, *jibún nò sekínin de*), under a collective name written down by a certain *Mrs. T.*:

“The children whose duty it is to walk backward and forward before the reels on which the cotton, silk, or worsted is wound, for the purpose of joining the threads when they break, are called *piecers* or *pieceners*”, *Mrs. Trollope*.

Affreux?

A peine.

A new day (*a fortiori*).

[Today, *S.* is 23 (*ætatis suæ*), and yet as if she was born in the age of yellowed numbers - *Adsum!* - at any rate more picturesque ones, *en vérité*.

“The lovers of the picturesque still regret the woods of oak and arbutus”, *Macaulay*.

Ex animo].

Standing on a water-mill rock (*вкось*), there goes to the end of the world the chief and primary creator god of *South Slavs*, *Perun* (also known as *Piorun* in *Poland*, and *Pyerun* in *Russia*), from *Perunji Ort* to *Peruna Dubrava* to *Perin Planina* spreading the sun rays, chasing away clouds, and melting the snow on distant summits, because of which, but also because of his social sense (he, namely, bombarded the lands of the wicked with hailstorms), he had an important temple at *Kiev*, where, in his effigy, he appeared with a silver head and golden moustache, standing like that until he was transformed into *Свети Илија (St. Elijah)* [i.e. *Пантелија*, i.e. *Огњена Марија (Deo juvante)*] with the arrival of *Christianity*, i.e. the conversion of *Slavs*, at which occasion the rites in honor of his attributes as an agricultural agent (farmers' benefactor, *Stechpalme*) stopped, during which the rain would have been called for by a rain song (*Hey, додоле, додоле*), sung by chaste girls in a magic dance (*en cueros*: dressed in flowers), but since then it rains without the calls of the rain-makers: a rigid proof of the goodness of conversion, *in actu*.

{U, V-C, A, D}

10/13-15/03

Extolling Into Easygoing Epos

Mehr oder weniger: earlier ideas are not realized by later acts - they are only thrown into a methodological trap like the one in case of *Otter*, the son of the magician-farmer *Hreidmar* who turned him into an otter so the little (swimming) carnivore could catch fish for dinner (*во время еды*), but *Loki*, the fire god and a trickster of his own kind (*достопамятный*), killed the animal by mistake (for *Otter* had taken the shape of an otter), and *Hreidmar* demanded from *Loki* compensation in terms of the otter's flayed skin which was to be covered inside and out with gold (*do omoimasu ka, paati ni wa kono doresu de ii kashira?*), and, consequently, *Loki* had to see the dwarf *Andvari* who gave him as much gold as he needed for plating the skin, but the swindler insisted that he also be given a ring, which made *Andvari* curse both the ring and the gold, saying something like “whoever owned (*both* of) them would be destroyed by them” (*sein ganzes Leben*), which did not prevent *Loki* to put the ring on his own finger and return to *Hreidmar* [to compensate him for the unpremeditated killing of *Otter*, mumbling (although in *Greek*) “*Δεν παραγγειλα αυτο, παραγγειλα...*”], assuming that there would be enough gold to cover the otter's entire skin [into which *Otter* was temporarily turned by his father, and in which form he looked for the last time into the water not knowing that, in fact, he looked at his death, a moment or two before he, otherwise so trim, in a very rough manner (by a sharp rock) was killed (*un changement en pire*)].

The gold plating of the skin started and went well, with the exception of the last whisker (for which there was not enough gold), so *Loki* was compelled to hand over the ring to *Hreidmar* as well, passing onto him with that move (*à ce moment-là*) said curse (as now *Hreidmar* was the one who possessed *both* the gold and the ring), completing in such a way the methodological trap in question, in the sense that *Hreidmar* must have not insisted on the *entire* covering of the cozy skin with the impersonal gold, rather what he needed to do was to leave something for the whisker to choose from (especially the whisker of the victim, so nicely stretched by the swiftly interrupted fishing) - this way, instead of that being a matter between *Hreidmar* and *Loki* (*dans l'ensemble*), all ended according to the method of *Andvari* (although *Otter*, as we have seen, was not asked anything either), so it is no wonder that “earlier ideas were not realized by later acts (*mehr oder weniger*)”, in the given case: regarding a plain seafood dinner, *в основном*.

Мафия.

Well, sinking more and more into mythology, one is, actually, wriggling more and more in reality - identifying the ultimate as an approximation, one always lacks boundary (*для меня это очень важно*), and when that happens every story becomes a four-leaf clover, a fictitious shift in the next generation (a generation shift full of virtuality, *зачисление в высшее учебное заведение*), as much as being a witches'-brew-like impracticality, even more so it is a bushy actuality (*Reihenfolge, Ansammlung*), as much as being suspicious it is even more trusting (*es ist alles arrangiert*), taking into account all outcomes of all degrees of freedom (*dónnà sénsèi ni kiite mò óshiete kuremasù yo*), of which there are as many as there are branches on *Yggdrasill*, *The Tree of the Universe*.

And there are so many of the latter that they can hardly fill even the glove of a sleeping giant, like the one found by *Thor* (the thunder god), *Loki* (as mentioned - a mischief-maker and a fire god), and their two human servants named *Thialfi* and *Roskva* (a brother and a sister), on their way to *Jötunheim* {the land given to the frost giants by *Odinn* and his brothers at the *Creation*, which, with its stronghold of *Utgard*, was one of the nine worlds sheltered by the cosmic tree *Yggdrasill* [the others being *Asgard*, the home of the *Æsir*, one branch of the gods; *Vanaheim*, the home of the *Vanir*, the other branch of the divine family; *Alfheim*, the land of the light elves; *Nidavellir*, the land of the dwarfs; *Midgard*, the home of humankind; *Svartalfheim*, the land of the dark elves; *Hel*, the realm of the unworthy dead; and cold *Niflheim* (beneath *Yggdrasill*'s roots)]}.

Namely, as *Thor*, *Loki*, *Thialfi* and *Roskva* neared *Utgard* (the iron grip of *Jötunheim*), they spent one night in an empty hall which was so big that several of the halls in *Asgard* could have fitted inside it at the same time, but which (when they woke up and looked around more warily) turned out to be the thumb of a frost giant's empty glove.

However, it has to be recognized that it is still easier to do that (to put all branches of *Yggdrasill* in one place, including the mentioned empty glove) provided the travellers in question arrange for their sleep-over anywhere else (*скажи-ка мне, как вы думаете?*) except in the cave of a certain *Thokk* (in which case that would have been difficult to achieve, primarily because of her coldhearted and unsympathetic reception of anything at all, let alone piling up some branches), the callous and bitter frost giantess who refused to shed a single tear for, otherwise favorite, *Balder* (after the unfortunate death of the god who was so popular and loved, *и так далее*), even though the queen of the “unworthy dead” herself, *Hel*, sent out messengers to announce that she would allow *Balder* back to the land of the living (*как можно скорее*), under the condition that “everything in the nine worlds, dead and alive, weeps for him”, so that, after they (the messengers) practically completed the job [that is, ensured that *All That Exists And That Does Not Exist* (including the leaves, stones and snow that melted long ago, *к тому времени*) weeps for the much-loved *Balder* and mourns his loss], on their way back to *Asgard* (the land of the gods) they found *Thokk* in said cave (“*Дайте-ка пройтти*”, she was heard saying at the moment, although in *Russian*), and explained their mission, but the giantess replied that she had no use for *Balder*, adding:

“Let *Hel* keep what she holds”.

Tranche de vie.

Погода-то какова!

Yet another evening from which the rain pours (it has gotten dark even without it, with it - it's a pitch black), falling on the shoulders of *Patollo*, the one-eyed god of battle, magic, inspiration, and the dead, a rather older gentleman with a long (green!) beard and death-like pallor (wearing a turban), the chief god of the northern region (including the *Baltic*, *мне кажется*), whose sacred objects were the skulls of a man, a horse, and a cow (*как же*), bestowing good fortune when in a good mood (*у тому подобное*), although, at some point before the advent of Christianity (*nisi Dominus frustra*), he seems to have taken on a more pronounced role with respect to the dead than, given the times (*in te, Domine, speravi*), it might have been acceptable, which would explain why the first missionaries immediately identified him with the Devil.

("Deus vult", they said).

The devil knows if that is the thing into which all this rain pours (*es regnet*); after all, not everything is in the diving to the other side either [one should strut a bit on this side too (*was machst du gerade?*)], in the same way in which there is no certainty in the appearance of all those gods (and their helpers) on such numerous roads of arrogance of nirvana (*et id genus omne*), but it cannot be said that they do not show up whenever some of the words from these meager notes cannot be otherwise saved, extolling them into easygoing epos, *de profundis*.

{U, V-C, A}

10/15-17/03

Primis digitis

The *American* plane tree (or *Egyptian* fig), maple or sycamore - *Ficus sycomorus* (*Arabian*, *Palestinian*, more melted than big), all which under its pores (*Acer pseudoplatanus*), but only in halves (as soundly two-faced as were *Janus*' scores), very slowly settles to low-profile fields (floats below the window amidst airy shields), piling up both green and yellow (blue and red - but mellow) colors onto *Primus* trinkets (in this, first day without all preceding wrinkles), which not even the *Tübingen* school of theology (founded in 1826 in an attempt to apply a *Hegelian* philosophy of history to an explanation of the evolution of *Christianity*) would have anything to complain about, without giving up already at the next, although an insecticidal duality, which, as in the above, *dicotyledonous*, i.e. plant-based case [represented by a quiet layer (there - an exogenous crust, here - swift small legs)], conceals a similar emotional union, which (in such a modest manner) has been visited by *Dysdera* and *Segestria*, two kinds of spiders which cover themselves with the same, tubular walls of a daintily weaved web (*à la belle étoile*), the access through which can only be made as it is being made now in a *Proteus*-like way (*Gesamteindruck*), in such a way, that is, that the one who approaches it all, already assumes all those forms of flora and fauna which are necessary for him to be able to describe them from *Platanaceae* to *Tubicolae*.

[All that which can be lumped together into the writing in question, is known by even a small child (if only *Shakespeare* does not take him for a stride).

Das ist mir nie zu Gesicht gekommen.

Before troubling the *Bard of Avon*, however, it is necessary to lower the above description (of the spider/sycamore, *à beau jeu, beau retour*) to the ground, without unhooking it, though, from every small cloud - it is always useful to sway a little. *Качание*].

"We need not by silence give the least pretext for uncertainty", Grover Cleveland. *Точка зрения*.

Wakàttà.

Having woken up from the calm (*зритель*), i.e. having realized that the interpretation of despair which does not find in it a suitable guarantee of an imagined victim leads only (and exclusively) to the doctrine of a baseless rebellion, the prey is immediately to be condemned, in the same way in which the Pope *Pius IX* in 1864 condemned some eighty doctrines

[naturally, with the exception of his own (*Deo favente*)], having proclaimed as heretic the rationalism, socialism, secret associations and Biblical societies (as if the one which he presided over was a scouting), although a certain flexibility in the given organization cannot be negated - already the next pontiff, *Pius V*, proclaimed in 1907 only sixty five doctrines (of the alleged modernism of the time) as heretic, *pleno jure*.

Of course, there is no room here for any screaming for help (*plus on est de fous, plus on rit*), especially if it is known that (with reference to the Roman clergy), in any better dictionary the word 'propaganda' finds its first citation in (originally derives itself from) the activity of the so-called 'Committee of Cardinals' [a clerical variant / sacred derivative of some earthly, i.e. secular *Politburo* (*Politicheskoe Buro*, that is), *ohé! jam satis!*], considering, in particular, the goings-on that take place after each session of the 'Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith' (*ogniuno per se, e Dio per tutti*), at which occasions appropriate instructions are sent to the foreign missions.

Optimates.

(*Peu de gens savent être vieux.*)

'On the other side' (luckily, it always interposes itself in front of the first one, *Πρωτες βοηθειες*), some shocking disgust (protesting complaint, suffering trepidation, *gleichbedeutend*) because of the above described 'insolence' in the 'sea of chastity' (*O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint agricolas!*) is certainly inappropriate, that is, nothing speaks in favor of the theory that things should not be that way: all, from time immemorial, draws its result from its employment.

Which brought us to the (long ago awaken) bard: "Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, lion in prey", W. Shak.

(*Que la nuit parait longue à la douleur qui veille!*)

If it was not for such heavy clouds, one could speak about subtlety (*pacta conventa*), this way - it is necessary to find a sensible measure (*obscurum per obscurius*) without favoring either side (*Einschränkung*), i.e. it is needed to have a good ear for both the dominant (central) and peripheral (local) explanation of all this (which symbolically spreads, *prendre la balle au bond*), in other words it should not be allowed that it too ends with a cheap commendation to the charming void (*ikütsu motté imasù ká?*), as if (in all that) there do not exist other possibilities to praise something/someone who might be, for example, this *Potrimpo*, who is just disappearing (under the window, fading away on the street), a northern equivalent of a somewhat more southern God of fertility *Freyr* (or *Frey*), additionally put in charge of rivers (*aquae*), usually depicted as a happy young man without a beard (*юношеский*), but then crowned with ears of grain (*pro nunc*), the wheat which as if someone, in one of his trips, is ready to touch with his finger tips (*primis digitis*).

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

10/17-19/03

Combining Useful With Pleasant (Suitable With Comfortable)

Choosing between (remaining) duty and stepping out (*ins Kreuzfeuer geraten*), one of them (the chore) is being postponed until tomorrow, while the other (leaving) forces one to anonymity, even if not everyone thinks like that, *столтиться*.

"Duty is the sublimest word in our language", R. E. Lee.

(*Œuvres*).

Regarding the stepping out, it is like when day extends forever (*obiit*), which concretely happened to all those slaves who helped during the biannual fertility festivals honoring travels of the mother goddess *Nerthus* (along a route drawn by the chalk), from a sacred grove on a *Frisian* island travelling inland, with a short break by a glacier lake for the goddess

to quietly bath (*mosupido de torfsugiru*), after which the triumphal procession would continue through the crowds of people donning a festive dress (*sans tache*) and laying aside all iron tools and weapons in her honor (*sans Dieu rien*), because of which (during these sacred journeys) peace and good will were expected to prevail (*pax in bello*) as “all iron was put away”, which indeed was the case if one exempts (already anticipated) trouble, which was actually taking place along the way in that, during *Nerthus*' chariot was drawn by two heifers (symbolizing primal motherhood and abundance), and her image placed in an ox cart and attended by a high priest (*un bienfait n'est jamais perdu*), the slaves who had helped in the ritual were drowned in the mentioned lake (after she had the bath), which, with regards to said slaves, extended the day in which that happened forever, *катастрофический*.

“It is not possible to escape fate”, this is not just a cheap excuse, but also a formal concession to the stylistic loop, the same one which was used by *Odinn* (also known as *Woden* or *Wotan*), the highest of gods and owner of the hall of *Valhalla* (within the divine property he owned in *Asgard*), a one-eyed god of vision who, as it was already said, sacrificed his other eye for a draught of *Mimir*'s Fountain of Wisdom (having left it there to float like a full moon), using the remaining eye to symbolize the omni-radiant / all-seeing sun (*жидкий кристалл*), having insight into everything except the world of dead, because of which he (*Odinn*) hung himself (using said loop) from *Yggdrasil* (*The Tree of the Universe*) for nine days and nine nights, to learn the secrets of the dead too.

(“Что же ты делаешь?”, a passer-by asked him, not knowing anything about said secrets. *Мне жалко его*).

Geltung verschaffen: from the steamship of day, evening goes ashore. (*Geltungsbedürfnis?*)

Even though it is mainly flat in this area, here and there one can have an inkling of a peak (rather than seeing it), *пока еще*.

(A wrinkling has its moments, too).

To go over them or not is not an important question (at such an unconvincing state of theirs), and yet - not even it can be done just like that.

“Sometimes the hill submits itself a while”, Dryden.

(*Сверху донизу*).

(And) on the peak (as on every peak): there manifests itself a state of being carried away by the tranquilizing prudence of (as mentioned before) *Saule*, the sun goddess and guardian of green snakes (*ils sont très liés*), as if the truth is not different, i.e. as if *Odinn* did not take *Mimir*'s head [cut off by the *Vanir* gods (the rivals of the *Æsirs*, which *Mimir* and *Odinn* belonged to) and sent to their opponents (the *Æsir* gods) as a sign of continuation of war between the two factions], and, holding the severed head in his hands, had it smeared with herbs, recited a charm over it (to restore its power of speech), and placed it to guard a magic well (the Fountain of Wisdom, *Mimisbrunner*), which was not located on some height but, to the contrary, under one of the three roots of *Yggdrasil* (*The Tree of the Universe*), which means that said sageness, containing “many truths, unknown to anyone”, resides in *Asgard*, the underworld of the given root (as established on the first page of this manuscript, *zum Beispiel*), and not on some summit, *на даче*.

Это не к добру.

The only thing which can (be expected to) project itself on such a ceramic sky is *Mokkuralfi* (“Mist Calf”), a giant made from the clay bed of a *Jötunheim* river by frost giants in order to terrify *Thor*, the thunder god, before he met *Hrungnir* (the strongest of the frost giants) in single combat - an effort that could have produced some results (even though he already won over *Hrungnir*, *Thor* wet himself at the sight of Mist Calf) if *Thor*'s servant *Thialfi* (from the ranks of common people, that is humans, *prolétaire*), being less impressed with *Mokkuralfi*, did not swing his axe at the clay giant's legs, cutting all four of them, so that Mist Calf toppled backwards and fell, having shaken the entire *Jötunheim* (the land of the frost giants), which today too is interpreted as an attestation to the human power, with the right god on the right side, combining useful with pleasant (suitable with comfortable), *utile dulci*.

Proving to Oneself

Condescension as a sign of weakness (leniency, spirit of reconciliation), moving from the way (stepping aside) due to the lack of support of the magic hammer *Mjollnir*, wrought by the dwarfs *Brokk* and *Eitri* and normally used not only as an instrument of destruction, but (also) as a flag of fertility and resurrection, which proved true numerous times in the examples from life in which there was still hope (*nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*), let alone the instances of using said tool by the thunder god *Thor*, whereby it was regularly shown that the properties of *Mjollnir* were not empty stories (*Selbsttäuschung*), including its decisive role during the cut off (elimination/liquidation) of the frost giant *Thrym*, at which occasion even the fertility goddess *Freyja* herself was taken/saved from the giant's hands, which, together with other confirmations of exceptional attributes of *Mjollnir* (in the possession of *Thor*), lasted until *Ragnarok*, the day of doom and the end of the world (*исстребление*), after which (the earlier mentioned) *Lif* and *Lifthrasir*, until then hidden in *The Tree of the Universe*, *Yggdrasill*, started a new world (a greener one, with more probability to last longer / reach further, *Ποι εναι το βαγκον-λι?*), while *Mjollnir* was passed to *Thor*'s sons *Magni* and *Modi*, who, since then, are on a permanent trip (*extra muros*), so that a possibility for someone else to get a hold of the breathtaking device depends on the likelihood of meeting the two brothers and on their good will to temporarily deprive themselves from using it (the magic hammer), which, in principle, is hardly enough for a more significant turn from condescension in behavior to assuredness in performance (strength in attitude), *expressis verbis*.

[The one who waits for *Mjollnir* to prove himself before the self, will wait until he sees *Magni* and *Modi*, and even then it is not known how the two would react, that is, whether they would agree to lend the hammer (*gámàn suru*), or they would prefer to quickly disappear together with it (*undo suru*)].

(The process of) proving to oneself (can be understood) as a long ago missed chance for rectification, which, at some past point, could even mean something (but, for a long time already, it is just a process of ingratiating of the victim, *dernier ressort*), one, without doubt, a clumsy try to touch *Luonnotar* ("Daughter of Nature"), the creator goddess, at the beginning "all alone in a vast emptiness", who already got used to floating on the cosmic ocean from time immemorial (*en cueros*), until one day a bird made a nest on her knees and began to hatch some eggs (*Vertrauen erweckend*), which made the goddess so excited that she upset the nest (*in Ver'wechslung*), with the result that from the broken shells of the eggs the heavens and the earth were formed (*zum Ver'wechseln ähnlich*), the yolks became the sun (*bon jour*), the whites the moon (*bon soir*), while scattered fragments of the eggs (the number of which, obviously, was not small) were transformed into the stars (*ver'streuen*), so that (eventually) touching *Luonnotar* may make her reviving her previous associations with the act (*иллюминация*), which, by all means, was on the minds of all those who proved themselves on time, in moments of the personal (primordial) dawn of theirs [and not like this (when it is too late for everything.), *ex necessitate rei*].

With which one arrives at the significant change of the rhythm (*ex concessio*): above the condescension (look!) there sways the popular surrogate of good behavior - the goodness; what does one end up with when repeating the sentence in the beginning of this text, substituting the word 'condescension' with the word 'goodness'?

(*De retour*) one ends up with: "Goodness as a sign of weakness (leniency, spirit of reconciliation), moving from the way (stepping aside) due to the lack of support of the magic hammer *Mjollnir*".

Ébauche.

And while the first part of the sentence in question is correct (*à coup sûr*), adding the magic hammer is more than suspicious (*à dessein*) - it is primarily done to provide a sketchy justification to said inadequacy of the subject (whoever that might be) dealt with here (*a capite ad calcem*), already so visibly expressed in the very beginning of the gathering of results of goodness: leniency, spirit of reconciliation, moving from the way (stepping aside), the final pearls of a poultry-like proving to oneself, in front of which even *Madder-Akka* and her male companion *Madder-Atcha* would have stayed mute, the divine couple who (according to the *Lapps*) created humankind (whereby she was responsible for the body and he for the soul, with a varying result), and about whom there will be more to say next time, *absente reo*.

{U, V-C, A, W, D}

Crossing to Pohja (Regarding the 59-th Anniversary On the Liberation of Belgrade)

The liberation of Belgrade (of 59 years ago) has not been mentioned in today's edition of "II." (Internet version), *à grands frais*.

Увертка - see how far it's gone!

How far?

Что вам угода?

After all, that wasn't some mythological event in which, as a rule, duty and concern were to turn the scale (not even to mention an inkling of commemoration, that is, remembrance, *à dessein*), nothing close to the case of the tale [started earlier and, as promised, now continued] about the creators of humankind (named *Madder-Akka* and *Madder-Archa*), whose three daughters were involved with procreation as well - *Sarakka* supported women during child birth (*fide et amore*), *Juksakka* ensured (if a male child was to be born) that the baby changed from its originally female gender (*fide et fortitudine*), while *Uksakka*, who lived underground, looked after the interests of the new-born child (*fide et fiducia*), - not like nowadays (*fides Punica*), wherein not even 59 years is possible to complete (in the sense of treading wearily through them) without making every care (and each attention) disappear together with those whose tracks, at a critical moment, not even tank treads between *Славија* and *Карађорђево Парк* (their present estate) were able to hide (nor to plow their fate).

Diis aliter visum.

But, in the same way in which something that admirably submits itself to a marble statue (*jibún nò sekinin de*) cannot be lounging around in *Procrustes* bedstead (an arbitrary cast, *wie gewöhnlich*), breaking it won't result in anything more than a stone dust which quarry workers can hardly shelter their threadlike noses with - all else on them being still discernible through daily bits with which they (think they) solidly cover themselves for today, but to which, it is also certain, they will turn (in an unnoticed manner) as soon as tomorrow, *in pleno*.

(When a rigid peevishness arbitrates the disarranged spirit, it cannot be expected that the latter seats the former on its knees).

It's getting darker, but also more humid.

Увлекательный.

(*Угарны газ, углекислота*, or something third, drags itself across the screen of today's movie).

It is almost seen (and certainly is felt, *как вам угода*) as *Jumala* (which in the order creator god, that is, a supreme deity?), in the end, is replaced by *Ukko*, a supreme god too, but also a deity of the sky and the air (*fortiter in re*), who (in fact) is the one who runs things around here, deciding when it is going to rain, which (all the signs testify to that) he ordered to be the current case (again).

(Only, this is more like small particles of ice burning the face, but even that is only a polishing of the form - what is important is to shout from the housetops, even if diving down in a suspicious swarm, *gleichviel*).

Although, it's neither ice falling, nor rain pouring, nor does the dust fall down on long ago restrained fighters (*ente deus feu*), rather it is *Reindeer* that start running around the sacrificial altar of *Kied Kie Jumbel* [a stone god of the northernmost people of the world (the *Lapps*), also known as "Lord of the Lord's herds" (*et hoc genus omne*), or simply *Storjunka* ("Great Lord")], in order to warm him up, thereby restoring his memory of times when the smoke of the street-to-street fighting was everywhere, yet no one burned as a city-dweller, i.e. from a civilian death (*est modus in rebus*), as if every fighter in fact was *Leminkainen* ("Lover"), a hero who, as a child, was bathed by his mother three times in one summer night and nine times in one autumn night, to ensure that he would become a wise adult, gifted with a pleasant voice and a talent for song so that he can go to the land of *Pohja* (in search of a wife), which would have happened if, along the way, each such warrior did not come across the god of the dead, *Tuoni*, walking there with his swan, at which occasion (each such) *Leminkainen* [by then the very hungry, and (exhibiting less precaution) possessing fewer magic charms] tried to catch hold of said poultry (*ex quocunque capite*), but was noticed and torn apart by *Tuoni's* son and his remains were scattered in a *Pohja's* river, with the result that his magician mother (the mother of each such combatant) was duly impelled to enter the scene at that point (*in articulo mortis - es sieht schlecht aus*), to put his body back together and restore him to life by calling upon her faithful bees to bring life-giving honey, which (in those times too) could be found only beyond the highest heaven, at a distance which those little beasts (fully fledged *Hemiptera*) were diligently covering, because they knew what kind of heroes were in question here (and how much they were supposed to not die).

("Ich dien", each bee said).

So that not mentioning the Day of Liberation of "B." on a hundredth face of said newspaper [featuring as many faces as there were rulers of the land - a practice based on the metabolism of *Galapagos* tortoise (*Μαζι με το πρωινο?*), although ensuring no longer than 193 years of life], does not, in fact, constitute a noteworthy pulling down of the curtains on the scene of life and death of said members of once liberating brigades (*туманный*), for a long time now *Leminkainens*, according to their inclination towards strong voice and courageous singing (*in posse*), so passionately scattered all over said "B." ("Oh, ja!"), then silently gathered in the land of *Pohja*.

{U, V-C, D}

10/22-25/03

Decahedra

Having written "At the moment of death, things look bad (*In articulo mortis, es sieht schlecht aus*)", one forgets *Gunner* and *Hogni*, the *Nibelung* brothers, who, obviously, had different ideas, and, not recognizing a single line of such a standard thought, died gallantly (though neither lived a flawless life, *zum Schluss*).

Paar: drawn in tragic events caused by the cursed ring *Andvarinaut* [after they slew the peerless hero *Sigurd*, and hoarded his gold (*excitus acta probat*)], *Gunner* and *Hogni* became victims of a certain *Atli* (*an no ja*), to whom they refused to surrender their gold, even though he coveted it, and, after short deliberation, *Atli* sentenced them to death.

Empressement.

Hogni died laughing as his heart was cut out (*врожденный*), while *Gunner*, cast into a serpent's pit with bound hands, played his harp with his feet, defying death to the last, *все же*.

For the purposes of explaining such behavior, one can assume that it is probable that their thoughts were in some other, more cheerful place (*Εἶναι μακρὰ?*), but it is also possible that both had in mind that death is not the end: (almost as recently as yesterday introduced on these pages) the magus *Leminkainen* had more than one life (*Deo non fortuna*), while the old *Vainamoinen*, the magician with no equal and a tireless explorer of the known world, always managed to slip out, pulling out from any difficulty by means of an appropriate shape change (change of his appearance), *entre deux vins*.

[“*Non est vivere sed valere vita*”, the sly old man talked to himself, at that].

An appropriate change of shape as a little outing to a sandy beach (where else, like there, can one see a less hurried swimmer through a life interpreted in the rules of state and church?) - while all still has the scent of a *decander*, a plant with *ten* stamens and not a single doubt (*wohin du auch gehst*), and all still has the scent of a *decagyn*, a plant with *ten* pistils and not one single fear, *das da*.

As if suffering from a sleeping sickness (*encephalitis lethargica*, characterized by apathy, drowsiness, and lethargy), a corresponding *ten-legged* one sways in the littoral zone of such a derived scene (*dekapodos*), a crustacean which, without the *ten-armed* one (*cephalopod*), in fact makes sure not to blow up - like every small crab dreaming of its squid (*savoir faire*: every cuttlefish entices its lobster), after all sailings disembarking at that absolute center (*suo Marte*), making all past cruises relative by means of an expert use of its scissors/claws: assembling them into a concluding act (*tenax propositi*).

{While it is still visible / while one can still see} a statistical citizen of the contemporary world goes down the street (instinctively feeling that this is not all, he makes plans / imagines: *tutte le strade conducono a Roma*), now stepping with a military stride, now doubtful as some *Decembrist* [a conspirator against *Czar Nicholas I* on his accession to the *Russian* throne in December, 1825], as if it is an average value which is expected from the walk of the extremist of condition (*tout bien ou rien*), going towards a lively work place or turned towards the mistrust (*tout comprendre est tout pardonner*), not knowing how to calm himself without pinching himself (fulfilling the task) to check whether he really is, or is only peeking behind the decibel mask, *вслепую*).

[A poor starling announces itself from a wet tree in the plain (chirping up to *ten*), then becoming quite speechless again.

Of rainbow-shaded feathers, the entire *Sturnus vulgaris* increases *tenfold* completely in vain - with each chirp informing on its song the surrounding terrain, *ultra licitum*].

There comes a time of *ten* [take *ten*, give *ten*, hope nothing – it's all you can (what of a truism!); everything is, anyway, nuanced around the promptness of the transfer of duty (an ascertainment of the potential tourism - *vedi Napoli e poi muori*)].

A bit longer and (on the regular channel of the *decahedron* - a careful image on all *ten* sides of the world) the *Decalogist* will be enthroned, a determined commentator / excellent interpreter of *Decalogue* [such a boring collection of the *Ten* Commandments, the precepts once received on *Mount Sinai*, originally written on two tables of stone - the first and the *tenth* - for there were no customers for those in between (although they accumulated afterwards, *sumptibus publicis*)], narrating about all and everything but mostly about what caused blind *Hodr* to aim a deadly dart of mistletoe at his brother *Balder* and unintentionally kill him (so handsome and kind, almost too good for the world - a logical explanation for why he left it, *unter vier Augen*), citing as a possible reason *Hodr*'s susceptibility to the evil magic of the twisted god *Loki*, as well as the rivalry between the two brothers for the hand of *Nanna*, at which everything stayed until after the end of the world (and the doom of the gods) - *Ragnarok* - at what point *Balder* returned from the world of the dead to stand under the twig of a *Viscum album* (that same mistletoe), in order to traditionally kiss the first woman who stops underneath it, either *ten* times or not at all, *semper fidelis*.

Dividing

As much as one expects something from an afternoon like this [being (at first sight) for a long time under the rain, it got rid of the cooking salt even before the twilight], he counts on its acceptance of goldfinch-like absence of yellow chaffinch, hemlock, and glycerine even more - all elements of past fullness (*satis superque*), embodied by *Geryon* (a winged monster with three bodies, three heads, and six hands), slain by *Heracles* (also known as *Hercules*), who captured *Geryon*'s cattle as well, so that nothing remained from all that stereopsis (like in the case of the present synopsis), *прежде всего*.

And while there (in *Europe*) it is *Carduelis elegans*, and here, golden flier *Spinus*, who (understandably) wait to snap out of winter (to step into spring, *per saltum*), and *Conium maculatum* (or else *Cicuta*) change from poison to sedative (a tea under a candle flame), the case with glycerine is in many respects different (*Feurewerk*) - it would prefer being calmly interpreted today too, even though $C_3H_5(OH)_3$ attracts it in a rather galvanic manner (at such a sudden disappearance of said fullness), *mázù dáìichi ni*.

{In a situation like this, not even the representation of halogens, very active, nonmetallic chemical elements (chlorine, iodine, bromine, and fluorine, *paucis verbis*), would differ much from the passive/diffuse representation of an alleged perspective (*Τι κριμα!*): even *Euclidean* geometry [dealing with the properties of the cone and conic sections (the sphere, the cylinder, solids having plane faces, planes, and straight lines)] would have laid its arms down in front of such a fragmentation of a day like this, concluded by rain (not only in a figurative sense), *quocunque nomine*.

As with respect to the higher / non-*Euclidean* geometry [which assumes even the axiom concerning parallel lines not to be true, holding that such lines either diverge (hyperbolic geometry) or converge (elliptic geometry) - of course, towards infinity] - it does not leave much hope for this (*quoad hoc*) to split its image from its pith, or melt them into a shared lollipop}.

“What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?”, Pope.

(Excluding the next bottle, that is. *Per contante*).

As if it suffers from *hemeralopia* (day blindness, a condition of the eyes in which one can see clearly only at night), an entire flock of interim birds moves towards the source of things in general, *pari passu*.

(*Source of things?* What *source* when *they* are under a question mark?

Zutreffendes bitte unterstreichen).

“What fare? What news abroad?”, W. Shakespeare.

Nànika miémasù ka?

According to the news, things are as explained by the teaching of the *School of Gestalt psychology*, which affirms that all experience consists of *Gestalten* (shapes, appearances, forms), and that the response of an organism to a situation is a complete and unanalyzable whole, rather than (an algebraic) sum of the responses to specific/dividing elements in the situation, *au grand sérieux*.

After all, neither *Gesta Romanorum* (the deeds of the *Romans*), a collection of stories and legends in Latin (*integer vitae scelerisque purus - sic!*), which were widely read during the *Middle Ages* (and, furthermore, used as a source of plots by

Chaucer, Shakespeare, etc.), offers another picture, anything which does not fit the contemporary elements of dividing [neatly added to the prescribed pile (a necessary quota) of today's rules], anything which could stand out of the moral of the story obtained from the comparison of unpleasant ghostliness of the dwelling place of *Hel*, the ruler of the netherworld of "all who die through sickness and old age", and pleasurable and enviable after-life enjoyed by the "heroic warriors slain in battle (*Einherjar*)", who dwelt in *Odinn's* wondrous hall *Valhalla* - something that practically casts this whole story into another standard of motivational heuristics (*нам не остается ничего другого*), if one exempts currently living (*органический*).

Dividing (i.e. the elements of dividing, *останки*) as a favorable procedure of subsequent analysis in order to turn tables on already vanished causes of death (*er war zwei jahre lang weg*), even when dealing with antique "perfection", something which is "rather polishing old works, than hewing out new" (*Pope*), like the platinum parts of the *Brisingamen* necklace around the lovely neck of *Freyja* (also known as *Freya* or *Frea*), the voluptuous goddess of love and fertility (and the daughter of the sea god *Njord*), an exquisite necklace crafted by dwarfs *Alfrigg, Dvalin, Berling*, and *Grer* [who said beauty had to pay dearly to get it (only she knows how much and what she paid with, *das kann ich nicht entscheiden*)], only for that to all change later into a routine symbolism of coupling between the earth and the heaven, in the sense that *Freyja* wept profusely during her search for attractive husband (*Odur*), her tears falling on rock and turning to gold, but those shed at sea turned to amber, concluding said dividing through small lumps of brownish splendor (hand in hand), from embalmed resin to fossil-like end, *Uberrest*.

{U,V-C}

10/28-30/03

Moral of October

Drawing to a close, this month is also arguing it could have done more.

Хвастун.

What and, especially, when (it could have done it) - is not clear having in mind that it hardly completed even these 28-30 days, which, by all means, passed tranquilly, if one does not count the lessons of *Sankhya's* teachings, one of the six systems of mental speculations typical of metaphysical imagination of the Eastern sort (*nach allem, was ich weiß*), specifically the system which deals with the dualistic principle of the body and soul (matter and spirit, *Σήμερα το απογευμα*), as if, in all that, something third does not exist, something which even to a weak eye looks like a peerless talisman, the *Sampo*, forged by *Ilmarinen*, the Eternal Hammerer who hammered out the sky at the dawn of time and then worked on said talisman over three days (*kiménikui kèsu*), fashioning it mysteriously from one swift quill, milk of the fertile cow, a grain of barley, and the fleece of a summer lamb, which, together with the magical flames of his (*Ilmarinen's*) furnace, resulted in a final version of *Sampo*, in that the fetish (having passed through a lot in the process) ultimately ended up consisting of a flour mill, a salt mill and a money mill, ensuring lasting prosperity and power, *вместе с тем*.

Aut Caesar aut nihil!

Which is exactly the thing that this October (although conditionally) is proud of - if it could last just a bit longer [it looks like it doesn't consider the two days that are left in it (today is the 29-th, *взаимоотношение*) as something much], it would provide to all the people, who so emphatically squeezed in it (having voluntarily equalized themselves with all the days - *взаимопонимание*), both the strength to continue like that (*en ami*), and the prosperity on such a road of

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theirs (*en effet*), but, what is that good when, look, it itself is already hanging on the thread of a consistently careful hour (it won't take much longer before that link breaks too), while November waits, and waits.

(*En plein air*).

(In November there is no excuse for October.

En retard).

[Needless to say, the universality (generalization) has its price too: today is not to be justified tomorrow, *en retraite*].

After all, what is that which October promised, and which could not have been attributed to any other month thus far, to all those months which, like October, stayed on that as well (on empty promises and, here and there, a chill or two, *Nachspeise*), in complete harmony with the syllogistic juggling of establishing the meaning there where it (the signification) is quite nicely crouching by itself, and abolishing it there where it (the substance) is not anyway.

Cadit quaesatio.

[*Kasten Studium*: "An experiment is an invitation for an informative event to occur", from "Defining the Obvious [*je vous demande pardon!* - The DFSS (Design For Six Sigma)]", a free interpretation of the so-called "Business Trends in the West", the tendencies so devotedly followed in the East (with an appropriate mixture of necessary adoration and dutiful veneration), 'within the scope' of the tragicomical efforts of the copy to become the original (*pare-balles*); consequently, the above definition (repeatedly) testifies only and exclusively about one thing: *imitatores, servum pecus*. For, an experiment which, for a long time, it is not, does not inform the experimenter about anything (new), let alone the experimented ones. *Взаимосвязь*].

Взаимность: a charming one and a charmed one (a draftsman and a drawing board) - the radial response of a tightly stretched target of re-education (object of indoctrination, intended on not missing anything), however fragile and weak (*grano salis*), it is still sufficiently longitudinal (*finem respice*) to reach the resonant knot (*homme d'affaires*), to amplify there before reducing to the micro world (*et hoc genus omne*), of possibilities not as small as they are trifling - a plagiary of the self, who, in the jaws of utility, did become something more than a projected captive?

In opposition to which, here it is, the mythological epoch rides on the white horse (*darèka miemasu ka?*), hand in hand with this month too, because it is so helpful for deriving today's moral of the story (*comédie humaine, sèkai no dōko ni de mo*), having pushed to the front the omniscient sky god *Heimdall* himself (or *Heimdallr*, all the same), the ever alert son of nine mothers who could hear the sound of grass and wool growing, sleeping less than a bird and being able to see for one hundred miles by night or day [and from the top of the crown of *Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe*, (in the capacity of a chief observer) being able to see over the highest rainbow], having crowned all those attributes of his by disguising himself as a common mortal, *Rig*, and having visited in turn three women in *Midgard*, the dwelling place made of the eyebrows of *Mimir* (that is *Ymir*, the frost giant) and planned as a human race residence, after which visits the first of the women gave birth to handsome children for the nobility, the second to sturdy children for peasants, and the third to ill-favoured children for the slaves, to whom not even October brought anything which the other eleven months did not, *агитационный*.

{V-A}

10-11/30-31-09/03

Voyage to Roanoke, VA

Voyages, voyages, in whatever way to realize them, it is not good to plan them ahead of time - subsequent sketches are more flexible by definition.

(*Dichtung und Wahrheit, uðmu nod pyky*).

[“Before one can say, Thank heaven, she (the ship) wrongs again”, Dickens.

Désorienté].

While, before a voyage, it is enough to recall sitting in a place [the dwelling of a laborer at his only nest, pulling underneath the sameness’ crest (*Parterre*)], after voyage all is shaking (yawn of waking, shine of breaking): save (us from) the mess - stop undertaking.

(*Das stimmt, oder?*)

Although it is true that (before and after a voyage) there is always something which provides instructions regarding direction: up or down, or oval, or changed by a nuance only (*To διαβατηριο σας παρακαλω*) - whatever it is, it’s always good to open your eyes before a trip (*Öffner*) and close them afterwards (so the nap can continue from where it stopped, such that no one can think that everything is relative).

Objektivität.

For, it is not immaterial whether under the voyage to Roanoke, VA (*рукой подать*), one can also understand all that which, together with such a journey, crumbles atop the hills and down in the valleys of *Shenandoah* configuration (*mitè mimasho*), without being attributed to the initial merit of picturesqueness (the ending of terrain, *aperçu*), or, here too, one is to restrict oneself to the effective covering a distance (without finding any suspicious addenda, *ad aperturam libri*), i.e. one is to call things by their right names, not complicating one simple Blue Ridge - Appalachian jaunt in autumn [not searching for a pilgrimage where there is none (not even a hint of it)], yet, recognizing on time *Ginnungagap*, a “Yawning Emptiness” spread between the realms of warmth and cold (*ad multos annos*), the already mentioned primal abyss at the dawn of creation in which the warm air from the south collides with the chill from the north (*ad internecionem*), with the result which not even at the present can be removed from such a sweet picture of the world, according to which everything was created in that manner [including the primeval cow *Audhumla*, the frost giant *Ymir*, the ancestor of the gods *Buri* (and his grandsons *Odinn*, *Vili* and *Ve*), the human abode *Midgard*, finally, the sky held on its four corners by the dwarfs *Nordi*, *Sudri*, *Austri* and *Westri*], so that the justification of this trip (between the universal anticipation and local realization, *adsum!*) would also bluishly show itself in the form of twelve swirling streams gushed into *Ginnungagap*’s vacuum (before frozen into massive ice blocks), *adscriptus glebae*.

Offen gesagt, the first thing which stands out in the place in question is the above average use of the railroad.

[*Roanoke* is the railway hub of the Norfolk Southern (*NS*), chiefly a freight carrier, the main employer in the city of close to one hundred thousand people, employing several thousand workers in the railway shops, resulting in an image of a satisfactory combination of travel folks and ironworks (*ad gustum*), changeability and steadiness (*ad hominem*), verdict and execution (*ad extremum*), *ad finem* - plot and righteousness of *Forseti* (the son of *Balder* and *Nanna*), the fair god of justice, who, in his golden hall *Glitmir* (with “pillars of red gold and a roof inlaid with silver”), sat in judgement and settled the disputes of gods and men, allaying strife and resolving feuds, whether resulting from static immobility or dynamic pace, all the same - the important thing is that at least something can be taken as it is, *es zu tun*].

Although, almost as much as *NS*, another thing is characteristic of R., VA: a 100-ft high star (“the biggest in the world” - *coup de théâtre*), made of aluminum bars and neon lights in 1949 and set atop *Mill* mountain (on the south side of the city) - a traditional symbol of said city in the sense of inviolable radiale of a “Southern Star” crinoid, whose legs [however unpopular in places where, once, instead of with the inert neon, they were hemmed (it turned out) with faintheartedness of the official protagonists of such an explosion of social action], here (in this place, *ad summum*) are received as something very recommendable, even allowing for a sort of feeling of being carried away, so much so that not a single southern megalomaniac, after all, would want to figure out that it may not be useful to start walking on said

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legs (of said star) towards the sky, as a rule full of the stars even without such pomposity of the whim before implementation (*arcana caelestia*).

Ad unum omnes.

Сводка: elementary signalism as *Fjalar*'s link between fermented mead and wisdom (poetry and inspiration), focusing linearized attainment in the direction in which nothing ever threatened to rebel and change (in the sense of a suddenly discovered destination), until yesterday an unknown target (nine hundred miles away), in the best case seen at ease, as if one goes to Roanoke (VA) every day, and returns just like that, without the starry load of a southern train powered by steam (turned into a frozen dream), via 7, 401, 6, 403, QEW, I-190, I-90, I-271, I-77, I-81, I-581, and back, with R., *compagnon de voyage*.

Это мне на руку.

{U, V-A, D}

11/09-11/03

Then and Now

And so, here we are, on the border of another recognizable token of starting this kind of skirmish [a duel with letters lost in advance (*dónàta desu ká?*), an inarticulate conversation with bare paper (*watákushi desù!*)], a decisive ending of the *eighth*, and entering the *ninth* year since (on November 11, 1995) a diary similar to this one (only a bit more poetic) dared to be conceived, *liturgisch*.

[Sure enough, that does not mean that all the poems of the present text were created in a resentment, rather it speaks of their less resistance to the proverbial flow, *ultra licitum*.

After all, not only that poetization is not good servant of time, but it is not in its (time's) function either - for, one who dare drag himself with a sonnet through a century will enter the next one with a hush. *Suivez raison*].

The fact that the one, in the meantime, becomes eight (or eight hundred) years older, is his business in the first place; with regards to the poetry - it crumbles in whatever rhythm it may be (even using the least stagnant key), *secret et hardi*.

[Once finished crumbling, it trembles a bit (starting to resound like a metal sheet), finishing its role of second-hand shield (*как можно скорее*), leaning on its psyche (not saving a soul / admitting defeat), *literarisch*].

In the same way in which one did it before, someone's burning a pile of leaves right now.

(*Безуспешный поджог?*)

[“Now is the time for the burning of the leaves”, L. Binyon (1869-1943), from “The Ruins”, 1942.

Sine dubio].

Having read even “The Cynic's Word Book”, 1906, or “The Devil's Dictionary”, 1911, by *Ambrose Bierce* (1842-1914), will not make this day closer to the truth (although it won't make it more distant from it either), without, at that, making the gaze of the (all-seeing) eyes of the constancy at least somewhat wrinkled.

(*Dort ist viel los*).

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In any case, after each two pearls, the next two have to be polished, respectively.

Par exemple, from the "...Word Book":

ALLIANCE, **n.**:

In international politics, the union of two thieves who have their hands so deeply inserted in each other's pocket that they cannot separately plunder a third.

HISTORY, **n.**:

An account, mostly false, of events, mostly unimportant, which are brought about by rulers, mostly knaves, and soldiers, mostly fools.

Aussi, from the "...Dictionary":

SAINT, **n.**:

A dead sinner revised and edited.

PATIENCE, **n.**:

A minor form of despair, disguised as a virtue.

Here we are, therefore, *je regrette de dire que*: with patience as the only connection between *then* and *now* (*Προσεχετε το σκαλοπατι!*), on the face of it laudably characterized as claimed by *Ambrose*, but, in fact, forcefully brought (by pulling its ears) to such a scene (visible even to an impassive person), as full of day as the egg of a chicken, deadened until it gets rid of the shell, revived until it smiles to *Frigg* [also known as *Frigga* (or *Frija*, or *Fricka*, *sub voce*), and in the South as *Св. Пемка*], the goddess of the atmosphere, who, the way she was (of falcon skin, heron plums, and jewelled distaff, *как следуют*), enjoyed the privilege of sitting beside her husband *Odin* (or *Odinn*, the greatest among the gods), on his fabulous throne, *Hlidskialf*, from where the divine pair could view the nine worlds ("*Сколько с меня следует?*", asking one another), witnessing events present and future [*"Что это такое?"*, asking each other (for the second time)], of which (the future) *Frigg* knew a lot, but, being a paragon of silence, she never revealed her foreknowledge (*ни в коем случае*), more specifically - regarding future happiness, success and wealth knowing nothing and saying nothing (*stumm Prophezeiung*), while regarding fate and death knowing everything and saying everything (*dor ist nichts los*), i.e. "telling no fortunes, yet well knowing the fates", even now, eight years from the commencement of the work on the manuscript "*Sch'dy* (*Sk'dee*)", seventy seven from the birth of my mother, both of them arriving only to this here (as it can be seen - nothing so nasty), from *then* to *now* perhaps a bit dusty, *ja leider*.

{V-C,A,D}

11/11-12/03

Sobbing of Syllables (The Rhythm of Words)

It is still the eleventh day of the eleventh month, as if there is anything else to say on such a structured date (*adorer le veau d'or*).

But, the spirit of reconciliation (bending, drizzling, buzzing) of a small incident of thoughts is also being discerned: ostensibly caught into a witches' brew, yet pretending to hide in them (said thoughts), *ad referendum*.

[There, they work hard on getting rid of words; that which providence tells them (and premonition breaks) is enough, *эмоция*].

It rains since the morning (*эфирный*): an undeniable *manito* [*manitou, manitu*, a spirit underlying the world of *Algonquian* Indians, the symmetrical incarnation of all good and evil, as it normally is the case in a sensible life (*anna ni nagái ryokò*)] reaches here all the way from the wet street, as the only one which (amidst all this) dare mix with water, even if the latter shuns suspicious deals, dripping only when a suitably conductive path comes into its view (including the one from the top of the sky to the bottom of the soil: *ich bins!*), reverberating like superseded trouble in the people accidentally gathered around (until their shoes dry, and they rise to their knees, shouting “*Gib sie mir!*”).

“The proper study of mankind is man”, Pope (Alexander).

Wie sagenhaft.

(Although, one should not expect a miracle from two accidental passers by - it is enough that they took apposite poses, it couldn't be that a picture of them is to be taken too).

Wahr, even mannequins have anatomy, but it does not mean they ought to behave as if they just came from medical school, even if speaking mechanically to hide the *Aramaic* dialect of their *Mandean*, that is *mandayya* words, saying they possess knowledge which would make them free, as if knowledge is that which points at slavery (*argumentum ad crumenam*), because of which not even their (*Gnostic*) sect, still extant in southern *Iraq* as the ‘Christians of St. John’, was able to cross to the other, by definition the better side of (needless to say) *Euphrates* - one and the same (a classically-stylistic) river of the increasingly shallow world.

(*Actionnaire: a cruce salus!*)

[Besides, they probably wanted to say “truth” (not “knowledge”), although even with it (the candor) they would not get further than the (ostensibly) other bank of the river, *à fleur d'eau*].

Going up and down the given pathway {fittingly shaped as a smoothly convex street [though, of an apathetic slope (*was ist los?*)]}, looking behind to check whether the groundlessness of provincial suspicion is chasing them (*Ποιος είναι ο αριθμός του διαβατηρίου σας?*), such passers by finally cover themselves with the rainy day (*ante meridiem*), long ago having forgotten that *Freyr* was once inclined to them, the refined god of spring showers (and the equally fickle Sun) and the delicate lord of the fairy realm of *Alfheim*, the happy home of the Light Elves, whom he gave a ride to from time to time in his sky ship, *Skidbladnir*, cutting through clouds with his flashing sword instead of with the sun's rays (the sword blade was so photonic!), then lowering them (the Elves) towards today's solace (*wie du willst!*), even if it was to do with only a few moments of their goblin-like, that is, dwarfish exhilaration.

Cum privilegio.

As if a feeling of superfluity is dominant in all which belongs to *Landvaettir*, terra firma spirits who imbued the land and guarded its welfare, asking themselves why they protect it (and from whom) when (it is so evident) everything is reconciled to its fate nonetheless, *εφφεκтивный*.

Is it?

What is, then, that which moves without displacing its own shadow from two (to three) spots full of the symbols of a lady courier named *Angrboda*, whose own children (a giant serpent, *Jormungand*, a savage wolf, *Fenrir*, and a rotting girl, *Hel*) are not themselves fully aware of precise causes of such a thing falling from sky as if it (the same thing) was thrown upwards in a catacomb-like way from half of a country (*eins*) before completely falling from the sky, as if it (the same thing) was thrown upwards in a catacomb-like way from half of a country (*zwei*) before completely falling from the sky, as if it (the same thing) was thrown upwards in a catacomb-like way from half of a country (*drei*) looking for the *Trinity* in the *Wolf*, the *Serpent*, and the *Hell* (under the hand of *Hel*) in spite of the word of official clergy, which

always behaves in such a manner as if not knowing how far all that went in all this, in which leaping over this day spares only that side of life at which one did not have anything to say yesterday without it being too late in the sense that (to a degree) everything can be seen clearly, except that (from all that) no one is going to let this rhythm of words through such a sobbing of syllables (*ardentia verba*), which seem quite peaceful in their horn until touched by a worm, *этакий*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

10/12-14/03

Ultima Thule

So much abstraction in a relatively small space [on a few white sheets of paper as a base, and with some understanding towards the top (*chushoku no jikan desu*)] is not recommended as an offer even to the self, let alone to the others, *pas du tout*.

Why is, then, all this being written (a sober appraiser of the rigorous meaning asks himself, *воздержанный*), in particular when not even in a state of drunkenness any of these (mainly yellowish) words are able to solve a practical problem that was not already solved by life itself (even to its disadvantage, *paucis verbis*)?

“To reduce said disadvantage”, (even though unconvincing himself) an above-average conformist of duty and obligation of an ‘independent writer’ (although without his rights and privileges, *c’est dommage*) answers him (the sober one), after which quickly moving to another point:

“To align with times of *Bor* [the son of the ancestor of the gods, *Buri*, and husband of the giant, *Bestla*, and father of *Odinn* (or *Odin*), *Vili*, and *Ve*], an ancient god who lived in the time before the world had been made, when there was no earth, sky or sea, but, instead, only mist, ice, fire and the gaping pit of *Ginnungagap* (dug through by this very text gap by gap, *per diem*), and when it was very well known that it is only an absurd which grows from sentimental words, and, because from absurd to abstraction there is, naturally, only a short distance, this, such rational writing about the inexorableness of irrationality, justifies itself so nonchalantly, *pro salute animæ*”.

For, having written (say) a novel about the mirror-like confirmation of a talkative original for example (i.e. having described a specific thing, concrete personage, or even relations between conditions already relationally fitted with glass, *ein für alle Mal*), one would throw onto the pile of words only (and just) another word, neither the first nor the last which does not lead to elucidation; this way not even it (the word in question), even if (by chance) it was to get involved with all this (with the procedure of diligent weaving, *salvo pudore*), would have anything to leave uncompleted, being fascinated with it (with that which all this is about, *pasticio*), all the time holding it underneath the palate of a sympathetic (congenial) doubt.

(*Απο που εισαστε?*)

It began to snow (the wind started blowing - for the first time this season, things are close to freezing, *parfaitement bien*), so that it is not easy to stay on one’s feet without throwing one’s head behind his back [rolling away together with the snow storm, as a seasonal gold plating of a deserving starlet or a full-fledged star, like, for example, *Bragi*, the god of poetry and eloquence, born in a stalactite cave, where his mother, a female giant *Gunnlod*, was busy guarding the Mead of Poetry, until seduced by *Odinn* which made her give birth to said *Bragi*, the fair child taken care of by the dwarfs

since birth, in that they gave him a magical harp and set him afloat on one of their (fine-crafted) vessels to sail (and hum) across the Sea of Bioengineering (*palma non sine pulvere*), from where even today he can be heard singing his poignant Song of Life (*pour encourager les autres*), having sent it to the heavens (*par avion*), using for that move of his the flaming three-strand rainbow bridge *Bifrost* (stretched between Earth, i.e. *Midgard*, and Heaven, i.e. *Asgard*), built by the gods out of red fire, green water and blue air, in front of the watchful eyes of the guarding god *Heimdall*, *relata refero*].

And that's the point (*Einsicht*): in whatever way to start, every description (mention, report, *Einvernehmen*) regarding all that dealt with here, ends with a collection of (many) deities, in charge of this or that (promoted or demoted, pardoned or executed, celebrated or stigmatized, shy or shameless, spare or genuine, literal or hyperbolic, down to earth or transcendental, aptly collected or gathered by gleaning, lastly - current or potential), incarnated in the eye which sees them (the gods) [in the eye which does not see them - darkened by a suitable *modus operandi* of heathenism (*odium theologicum*), in the case of this writing a northern one (until it becomes spent too, *respice finem*)].

The discretionary gods of the pagan procedure (in the North): characters of automatic mediation introduced here and there (between these words and their completion), a facility whose end would not be seen if the beginning was not bothering it, this way - just an interstice of a mutual favour (a word to them, they to a word), the civilized move of suddenly appeared spirits, sleepy giants, crafty dwarfs (and a very much golden nymph), tit for tat if one counts all transactions made under the influence of the *aurora borealis*, so common in times below zero (*ogni bottega ha la sua malizia*), still moving more and more north (increasingly north! *per ambages*), (as a matter of fact) so much to the North that not even the midget *Alberich* (disguised as a dwarf *Andvari*, *res judicata*) would have been able to distribute the curse {until then reserved for the exploiters of the stolen hoard of treasure [gold, magic ring, and an intrigue or two - all that which (before the given pillage) belonged only to him (*pondere, non numero*)]} according to his appraisal, an estimate which (sometimes around that point) stopped being valid, from a solid home and a sweet garden plot transiting to *ultima Thule*.

{U,V-C,A,D}

11/15-16/03

Passing by the Past (Regarding Simeun the Schoolboy)

Not even half a month takes one farther from the beginning - in the same way in which it started it halves itself (*in totidem verbis*), on the branches hanging the fragility (*трехмерный*), on the sky the fragments of the Sun (*трехэтажный*), on the rest the impression of such a derived picture (*трехсторонний*), neither better nor worse than the impression about some other presentation (*трехгранный*), obtained through a conceivable focusing of a more vehement scene (*in die Schule gehen*), without a possible melancholy of this one (without the second half notorious for its lowering a curtain to the first one), *au beau milieu*.

Although one should not be unfair (*náni shiro*), at least today's day jumped out a span (maybe two, or even a foot) ahead of a dozen of its precursors, having replaced the freezing rain and obstinate wind with a more gentle relation offered by the surrounding (*inter alia*), mainly voicelessly, that is with a due regard of an aesthetician, manifested while everything else lulls itself into a sleep for a moment, as it happened today (*sich überlegen die Bäume und ihre Blätter*), testifying about a whole little miracle that (until then) so successfully presented itself as a most ordinary autumn, *удлинение в желтый*.

[There took each other by the arm the new (*Olympic*-like) and the old (*Hthonos*-like) deities, while from their fingers germinates this same one, of all days only the middle day. (Neither the first nor the last one can be seen because of such an enormous intermediacy, *другими словами*). Magianism and demonism, mythology and monotheism, here serve only to alleviate the invisibility of extremes, veiling of things, the state of being drawn in the center (the alchemy of pith) – *не могли бы вы мне помочь?*].

[(According to *S. Petrović*, therefore) here is the *Earth*, above is the *Upper World*, below is the *Lower*, beyond both is *Trojan (Triglav)*, in the direction of the *Upper World* is *Svarog*, toward the *Lower* is *Stari Badnjak (Old Yule Log)*, under *Svarog* there crouch *Svarožić* and *Kupalo*, under *Stari Badnjak* squats *Koledo*, under *Koledo* is *Crnobog*, under *Svarožić* and *Kupalo* are *Dažbog*, *Perun* and *Belbog*, under these three are *Veles* (or *Volos*), *Svetovid*, *Pravda* (or *Pravdovid*), *Jarilo*, *Hors*, *Rujevit* and *Radigost*, under them are *Devica*, *Poljelja* and *Ljelja*, under them are *Sudjenice* and *Mokoša*, under them are *Vesna*, *Lada* and *Živa*, under them is *Trojan*, while under that *Crnobog* there cower *Porevit*, *Davor*, *Vodan* (or *Moran*), *Podvižd* and *Navi*, under them are *Rusalije*, *Morena* and *Prpuše*, under them is *Baba Jaga (Baba Yaga)*, under her is *Baba*, so that *Baba* and *Trojana* took hold of the *Earth*, one from the lower side, the other from the upper, to shake it all out into twelve bags, into *October*, *November*, *December*, *January* and *February*, at the lower side, depositing the weariness, i.e. the decomposition of the world and life (*mors omnibus communis*), and then into *March*, *April*, *May*, *June*, *July*, *August* and *September*, at the upper side, elevating the creation and survival (*usque ad aras*), on the lower side transiting from *Evening (West, Autumn)* into *Night (North, Winter)*, on the upper from *Morning (East, Spring)* into *Day (South, Summer)*, on no side having arrived to a solid day like this one is (*στην υγεια σας!*), neither a summer nor a winter one, nor the first nor last, nor hellish nor heavenly, nor put aside nor placed in front, perhaps just a little bit pulled ashore, all the other signs strangling in itself (*semel pro semper*), in our eyes creating the impression of a legendary leisure in which *Vesta* (known also as *Hestia*) had a habit to enjoy, at *Vestalia* festivities worshipped as the guardian of the domestic hearth (the personification of the ceremonial flame), although that was taking place in *June*, but what's *June* compared to *November* which, only a halfway through, already got laced with the royal finale, a bluish crown brought on the crupper of *Xanthus* and *Balius*, the immortal horses and children of the west wind, as the one that's so gently blowing today (*par accord*), into the ears bringing the whistling of a sparrow, into the eyes the picture of an eagle, into the nose the scent of a birdie, then a bird, *per ambages*].

But, even today, while nothing separated from yesterday yet (nor it, tremblingly, tied itself to tomorrow), such a nice day, before this one, remains to be interpreted at some other time (*shirimasèn deshita ká?*), leaving to today's day the role of a slightly more emphasized suspicion (*bis zur Mauer hin*), possibly permeated with a tailored gloom through which only *Tiresias* was able to see, the legendary blind seer who, leaning on his golden staff (a gift from *Athena*) enabling him to find his way like a sighted man (*sic!*), advised many heroes, of which some listened to him, but others, who ignored him, such as the hard-headed *Creon*, or the short-sighted *Pentheus*, paid their price (acted to their cost) in a form of moodiness which manifests itself when, after so many years, one passes by a former school (by the - turned speechless - required reading, banal analysis of both the uprising and downfalling), and, lacking a doubtful traveling companion, to abruptly awakened his own senses (to the ear, the eye, the nose - *тремях*), whispers that which (in the same, hopeless circumstance) whispered to himself a certain H. W. Grady: "This is my alma mater; kind in the charity with which she sealed in sorrow my brief but stormy career within these walls" - as, after all, befits the passing by the past in the modern thoughts of a (sportive, boastful, calamitous) Simeun the schoolboy, *впопыхах*.

{U, V-C, A, W, D}

11/17-18/03

The Fog of Yesterday

Sticky days (the air is quite wedged by means of a plain resin), yet, as if nothing glues itself onto the sky, moreover, as if it tries to trick the lungs (*in statu quo*), covering them with suspicious nitrogen (the breathing exercise, reduced first

to a sigh, then a hush), believing that everything holds back [attributing the respiration to the inertness (*imá no tokòro*)], untying itself throughout the night (crumbling into the pollen for the *n*-th time), as if that procedure did not lapse long ago (as if the whole world will not retire at once) - irrespective of how much the proposal of the evenhanded lullaby looked illusive, *вкрадчивый*.

“Must I new bars to my own joy create” - *Dryden* asks himself like so, allowing for the possibility that (from his voice) a conspicuous tone of *Bardesan*'s instruments of ritual speculation of an elevated body radiates itself (*obwohl er sich ständig beschwert*) as a contemporary component of the *Gnostic* system of belief, i.e. as the credence of the sect of the same name (from the second century A.D.) whose members did not find it difficult letting themselves contemplate on the other end of the scale (*in vacuo*) relative to the starting from *Edessa* (in *Mesopotamia*), claiming that (from the primordial state) two original self-existent beings simultaneously came into subsistence, one good, the other evil, interceded by an appropriate redemption in that it provides for being divested of material bodies and clothed in ethereal/spiritual equivalents, however, talking about the issue too much, as if anyone claimed anything else at any time, although not repeating the common places of hurried swearing of the modern otter (jumper than a balmy lizard even) regarding the infamous longevity of the *meta*-state (*in propria persona*), which evaded them (said *Gnostics*) so much that not even one *Dryden* (as witnessed above) was able to bring the state in question to light, without, again, imprisoning the self.

Je n'aime pas trop l'idée.

And in the same way in which the city of *Troy* would not have fallen if the horses of *Rhesus* drank from the *Xanthus* river (*dernier ressort*), this afternoon would not have wrapped around this pen - pardon, computer - either (and that for already longer than half an hour) if the glutinosity of words had abandoned it on time: at noon (before the eve has its way), an hour ago, that is to say (*von ein Uhr bis zwei*).

[*Ausmaß*: everything shortened so much (including spleen) - its measure is not anymore seen, *in esse*].

This way, it is what it is, one must be nippy and unswerving (*elapso tempore*), making a perfect move down by the left side of the field, pardon, on the toothed keyboard of this sweet little machine (characterized by an obsession for communication, *bonis avibus*), bequeathing ahead of time (*ébauche*), getting into the role of *Vulcan* (why not?), also known as *Hephaistos*, the smith god who presided over the working of metals and whose smithy was believed to be situated underneath *Mount Aetna* (in *Sicily*), around which pike *Vulcanalia* festival was held on a regular basis (on each 23-rd of *August*), at which occasion fish and small animals were thrown into a fire, ensuring that everyone was satisfied (*gaudium certaminis*), in the sense of satisfying the impulse of hunger with a more modest version of a potential catch (and game) of the smith giant [it is no joke to forge all that, let alone to eat one's fill afterwards (*Τι γλῶκα εχετε?*)], which is another necessity which one should respond to (in which sense this association with *Vulcan* is being proposed tonight): to weigh all that (with words) well, to warm it up, stir, melt, at the end of the day to cast it without hesitation ('strike while the iron is hot') onto the sweet side of a bitter text of this kind - while (regarding the food) taking just a bite or two of that which ripens in the most astringent way [whereby the intake is to be done with the mouth of *Typhon*, a serpent-like monster whose eyes shot out flames, because of which (from time to time) the volcanic activity becomes more intensive on said *Mount Aetna*, on which *Typhon* (together with *Vulcan*) wastes himself away, symbolizing the dark, underground forces, even (as if their number was not already sufficient) giving birth to two more of them, one in the form of a sea dragon, *Chimarea*, the other in the form of a three-headed dog, *Cerberus*, *entre deux feux*].

And, even though it is true that neither *Chimarea* nor *Cerberus* could save *Typhon* from the defeat in his duel with *Zeus* [although they shook him a lot, *hinc illæ lacrimæ*], still the introduction of the mythic beast (what's with the modern one?) on the scene in question is an appropriate move at this moment, wherein it is not irrelevant at all in whose senses a couple of poetic jewels will end up, without it being considered a clean calculation of no aesthetic truth (something which is also known as 'making plans without consulting those concerned', *in foro conscientia*), i.e. something which neither today can be justified by a certain lack of imagination, in the presence of such down-to-earth ransacking (*was mich anbelangt*).

[*Aut Caesar aut nihil*: a layer of high-tech bombs (the carpet-fashioned smart devices), a layer of exploitation of mineral deposits of the satellite country (digging along the piping route as full of oil as eyes are of night), while, during the 'civilized/polite' breaks, a bighearted offer is being made, in terms of 'compensation' for not living up to the expectations of the satellite country, by allowing it to provide its assistance to the work on the 'feasibility study', fully including the bidding provision for the participation of the bombers in the future reconstruction, with a clause in favor of the bombing headquarters].

[A: *Nichts als Ärger*.

B: *Aux armes?!*

A: *Chacun à son gout*.

B: *Kinder, Kirche, Küche?!]*.

The still fog of yesterday (all the stickiness, hyperbolic resin), nothing which does not disperse without looking back in order to see what to cover (what to turn on outside, at least a bit), even half of it, *expressis verbis*.

{V-C, A}

11/19-21/03

Regarding Essence

So this is how one reaches an afternoon like this regardless of what someone else may think [how one interprets the afternoon drowsiness as a carefully stylized hush (*in te, Domine, speravi*)], behaving as a reasoned *Mandragora* [acting like one too (a spontaneous seizing - still claiming "*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*", by no means having become shrewder as of yet)], properly blossoming at short intervals from four to six, *so gut wie fertig*.

In sano sensu: it either drips from the faucet (or reverberates as a loon, *ipso facto*), or snaps its finger (that which constantly curves, lies down as a henbane), like a bending belladonna (changing into a speck, *самозащита без оружия*) - that same *Mandragora* when picked [with a mild poison in its stem pipe (not very long but not insignificant either, *ita est*, for the most part branching out), and a gamut of flowers at the two extremes (transparent white and somewhat purple), *с падочму*].

[*Jus summum saepe summa malitia est* - the saying goes, but unconvincingly (not even that is known to be true)].

So many sighs, moans, deals (with the self), and making straight that which remains - just at the moment when one thought he stumbled upon the beast's trail (*dàrèka niwá ni imáshita*), but the monstrosity became unimportant (*dókòka ni otóshita yò desu*).

[“Was ist ein Einbruch in eine Bank gegen die Grundung einer Bank? - What is robbing a bank compared with founding a bank?”, Bertolt Brecht (1898-1956), from “Die Dreigroschenoper”, 1928, act 2, sc. 3, 1928.

Само собой разумеется].

Something similar to a sudden simplification of a complicated cure (*sur le pas de la porte*), in the sense in which *Thetis*, an immortal sea nymph and the daughter of *Nereus* and *Doris*, having survived six of her sons, tried to make at least the seventh, *Achilles*, everlasting like her (i.e., as every mother, she tried to keep him alive forever, *in saecula saeculorum*), with only partial success (dipping him in the *Styx*, the river of the dead, in the hopes to making him immune to such an aspect of the water, she forgot to wet the heel she held him by), so that this son of hers, having forgotten that he was not totally immortal (*insouciance*), went to all his battles in a more self-assured mood than he should have to (*insouciant*), an attitude which, not surprisingly, did not end favorably for him (not even as good as a pitiable visit to the above mentioned bank might turn out, not even that).

(Сберегательная касса - у меня рябит в глазах!)

[(Being) of a pulsation which places us into something similar to a tactical pose, from which (in turn) we're given moments of earned repose (e.g. someone laughs, it snows somewhere, *inter spem et metum*), not with a single foot (nor hand) are we on the trail of an abiding world (in all of our hours) - instead, there whitens that (ostensibly *Achilles*'s) vulnerable heel of ours, *in toto*].

After all, it is not easy to find even a suitable mortal for the right role (in the right place, at the right time) - *er ging früher, da er um 10 zu Hause sein musste* - not to mention requesting that he be immortal.

“A fit man, forsooth, to govern a realm!”, Hayward. *Ich kann ihn nirgendwo*.

(Irgendetwas wird geniügen, folglich.

Können Sie etwas sehen?)

Finite or infinite (in one's self or in thought, *in utramque fortunam paratus*), mortal or immortal (ephemeral or eternal, in passing or at destination), boiled or frozen (on the face or under the ice, *in utroque fidelis*), darkened or in a flare (settled down or still on fire, *in situ*), in the morning or evening [with one (*το πρωι*) or no (*το βραδυ*) sun], extensive or introvert (turned towards the self or to the stereoscope in the window frame, *nánika okáshii*), absorbed or given away (derived from taciturnity or caught in it, *nazó ni tsutsúmaretè*) - whatever it is it didn't work out well, although from its grandiloquence on one side, and solitary life on the other, a sound average can be extracted, *instar omnium*.

Which means that this is not about it.

Расцарапать.

[Why would soundness (correctness, steadiness, *расцветка*) be taken as a solution between *alpha* and *omega*, when even the two ends of the range do not upset the essence?]

The essence as a rejection of the state of arbitrary stretching of imagination (*nil desperandum*), something which, neither with elastic nor plastic deformation of representation, lets itself get talked into the conclusion before introduction (into the moral of the story before the scandalous plot, *ni l'un ni l'autre*), i.e. something which [this afternoon too (regardless of what someone else may think, *mêletoi de ce qui te regarde*), in front of all this (which so skillfully spreads over the increasingly expiring day, *mauvaise herbe*)], like *Cecrops*, founder of *Athens* and the first king of *Attica*, vehemently lets itself to (the process of) adding up basic rules of life (property, politics, and marriage), followed by abolishing the blood sacrifice, finally - transiting into equanimity (neither acceptance nor rejection) of the logic of things, which, at any rate, do not side with fastidiousness, but don't inhibit themselves before the lack of essence either, *удобоваримый*.

{U, V-A, W, D}

Journey to II. (on Peninsula II.)

To not catch hold of even one out of a hundred beginnings (out of many possibilities to not help oneself with a single one) additionally confirms that these couple of lines cry out more in order to start a conversation with themselves, than to introduce one to the story (*ab initio*).

Which goes like this:

(*Vorhang oben!*)

When I was at the threshold of adolescence (what an overture!, is one supposed to write fairy tales or what?; even if only serving the beginning - it's too much; who in the world may be interested where, when, and why I was on a threshold of something, *von morgens bis abends*); when I was, consequently, more careful than a hare in its ear (rain on a dry hand, *damatte iru*), one could not imagine even the smallest of jumps without jumping over the biggest of obstacles (while hearing the clipping of frothiness, *au jour le jour*).

That was, accordingly, in my childhood [even though, at this point, it's hiding behind it, *à genoux* - getting along somehow with the help of it (the youth), looking how to curl (stay smooth)]; not counting on the fact that time is going to catch up with it, i.e. making use of the years as a tree does its branches - weaving a net over turbid woods of exhaling with the clear quota of inhaling, *à perte de vue*.

At those times, namely, one couldn't doubt even a single vertebrae, let alone the spine of the world (*das ganze jahr über*), in the same way in which one cannot say that all which spreads is true nowadays, *ab ovo*.

Sometimes in the summer of 1957 therefore [or 58, or 59, and it is well known what those summers were like, it's enough to recall that (in those times) even vanished images shone, *ab intra*], after I was given some flat shoes for the easy trip to the seaside (some moccasins which, to me, looked somehow effeminate, because of which I suffered a day or two, *ab imo pectore*), the issue got dropped and we took off on the train from *B.* (via *Сежана*), arriving to *II.* [the largest place on that, calmly bright (in the sense of being rather reddish) peninsula *II.*], and yet neither my father nor I (who remember very little of the trip, whereas he does not remember it at all) were showing any signs of fatigue, at least not those that would be more noticeable than the elated feeling because of the completed (such a daring!) journey (from indistinctness to indistinctiveness, *inverso ordine*), from which point [i.e. after our (stumbling) getting off of the train], and given the times (which is very important), both the departing and the arriving station (plus the one I remembered the train passed through), in the diligent reconstruction of events (in this passenger's recapitulation), looked more yellow (more nest-like) that it would be logical to expect from the contemporary inference about them (now, when not even birds fly between them, not to mention some incubators for maintaining, in all of the nests along the way, as many pathetic eggs), which is natural having taken into consideration the age of this (such an unreliable) witness at the time, who, look, dares to conceptually place those, so initiatory years (*der Aufgabe gewachsen*), side by side to these, pseudo-heuristic (*wusstest du das nicht?*), to arrange them within one and the same project of ultimate port terminal, after one travels over all those (rowdy) seas (all those burnt houses) - *lucidus ordo*.

Par exemple, we haven't even let a pigeon free from the railway station in *II.* by the time we found ourselves in the hotel (or, at least, we thought so), that is how much that, rather a small, cracked building (yet, a more functional part of the station itself, *intra muros*) meant to the tired voyagers, dusty from the very thought of deserved rest, let alone the recollection of all that which they passed by until then [starting from the departure (covered by a soft gloom) from *B.*, the squeaking of the metal wheels (the blankness of the fully occupied compartment), the utterly lazily pulled train from sitting still in *B.*'s main terminal (I suppose that my father, at that moment, had a look at his watch), the slow entrance on the tracks into the sultry night (*l'inconnu*), the fixed clattering through the muted fields followed by the climbing over low-key hills (gradually rising, changing the locomotive in *Сежана*, *inter canem et lupum*), although,

from all that, there separates itself the memory of daybreak (filled with the slowly but surely increasing warmth), easy on the ear while entering the peninsula *II.*, surfacing of *Uaithne* [the inspired harpist of the *Tuatha De Danann* god *Dagda* (*inter nos*: it is always crickets and company who decorate an early excursion), whose three sons (according to the *Calabi-Yau* fundamental string theory) also were gifted musicians, but they played such sad music that, on one occasion, twelve men died weeping from sorrow], which all became (however pulled tight in the mandolin-like way) a part of the (highly) speculative theory (uncertain tradition) at the moment of the train reaching its destination (entering the largest town on the given peninsula), once more testifying about travelers' negligence in general, i.e. about carelessness in principle, with which actually (and not, make believe, flawlessly) every earthly voyage finishes (every brisk jump from *B.* to *II.*, whereby the letters in question, of course, are unimportant), *in rerum natura*.

I do not remember the first thing we did when, early the next day, and after a good sleep, we left the hotel room, but it was certainly something which spun around that form of irrefutableness which is caused by the strong sun, white pebbles, blue water (all those green and yellow chains of felicity; “*Είμαστε στη Λαμία?*” - we must have almost asked ourselves), until we walked down the balustrade-like mirror / a smooth form of the local mosaic (stone - reflection - stone - *Spiegelbild*), in part done with tempera and in part with olive oil (that is how we found the bakery, ordered a cheese pastry and yogurt, squeezed through the market crowd), then went to the beach, tanned, white from the salt watched two movies from the official agenda of the festival of the state production of that kind of entertainment - two pieces of stupor of two-hours each (*ohne Rücksicht auf...*) - and kept repeating all this every morning, noon, and evening (*ετοσο εινε νε χβαταλο!*), until, after ten days, we returned, my father died [I do not remember that, in the meantime, we talked about the voyage in any significant terms (*sich flüchten in er*), with the exception of the present story, now when, evidently, “everything is late”], I took off (‘relying on myself’), i.e. left the country (which is another way to say - I corrupted time), having let myself in search of the worthy objects (treasures) that *Twrch Trwyth* kept between his ears (a classical king from the scheme about turning one into a gigantic boar for his sins, for the purposes of getting the moral of the story), out of which (those treasures of said king) only two remained though, a comb and a pair of scissors [because the third treasure - a razor - was in the possession of *Mabon*, a renowned hunter specializing in laying a hold of hoards, as he did with this one, skillfully snatching it from the given location, i.e. from between the boar's ears - *non est inventus*], so that, at least with them (with said comb and scissors), I could zealously grind all which remained since then, pardon, so that (using said comb) I could unsnarl it [disentangling, for example, the voyage to *II.* (*l'incroyable*), however scantily described here], then trim it (with those scissors), being unable to completely remove it (to shave it): lacking a suitable device (such as that, *Mabon*'s razor) is only a cultured excuse - the whole of that (trip) took so much in the (irreversibly eradicated) adolescent (the one who, then, traveled through all that), that even with the death of the fellow-traveller it stayed ingrained, *soré iràì*.

{V-C,A}

11/24-26/03

Between Clairvoyance and Bewitchedness

(The thing is that) everything gets out of the way of the first, second (third, sixth) sense as if it is to do with a tactile conscience [as if the ear, eye, nose, forehead and mouth are under the skin of an instinctive pagan priest (according to whom there is no reason for something to be born if time is going to pass it by) - in such a way the world projects itself focusing into today's beam (*ohne zu fragen*).

(Once in hands) everything is full and clear (*Oberkörper, Oberkiefer, Oberlippe, Obergeschoss*), and yet, there is no way that they can pick at least a partial sky (groundlessly wringing under the whole one anyway), to fold it into a cover for today (so that later it cannot be said that a proverbial flair roused it from the natural melancholy, *Oberlicht*).

[*Κοιμησιον*: to put the distaff under the arm (hemp may suffice), an apple into its slice (to fit the plan of today's device).

Sans aide].

“Fear to do base unworthy things is valor; If they be done to us, to suffer them / Is valor too”, B. Johnson.

Tsugéguchi suru.

A glance outside is enough to make a conclusion: to fly from a frozen morning to an icy evening can only be done by a wandering/travelling falcon [*an no jò* - a *Falco peregrinus* as this one is (in the crown of a fictitious eucalyptus), from the era of an everlasting blossom (*ogniuno per se, e Dio per tutti*), obtained by a simple looking through the unit of a surface (a small square window) at the point-like self (using the look backwards, therefore, for the reasons of inversion), relaxed on a golden sofa [invigorated by a snoozing thorniness, like a fakir by lying on the nails (like a glimpse by wrestling with the clouds), *pro salute animæ*].

“Gilded clouds, while we gaze on them, faint before the eye”, *Pope*.

[*Pope, Pope, (Alexander* - a heroic poet!): his verse is more golden than others by so much.

Prosit! (i.e. *Cheers!*)]

Needless to say, everyone imagines one's own clouds [those, namely, that one got used to before getting into other habits (*Μπορούμε να έχουμε το πρωίνο στο δωμάτιο?*)]; since, in the meantime, all the heavens turned upside down (*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*), the gold plating of said kind of clouds became questionable, let alone their noble vanishing (logical disappearing, *otium cum dignitate*), a weak detonation into growing night [rising hush, silence before the voting (and after a harebrained statement ‘*мне скучно*’)].

[Looking in an ethnogeny manner, one should not be wondering about that either - on balance, on what basis can one judge in this or that way about something whose amino acids took within a territory, even if being characterized by a quite correct/fair particular set of local/specific habits (*obgleich - utcunque placuerit Deo?*)]

Selon les règles: minute after minute, the magic eye of the world shrinks - both that which got frozen and now waits (ready to overflow this igloo), and that which stopped nowhere (but neither arrived anywhere), (still blinking) transit into the superceded news (*variae lectiones*), passing their fate into the hands of *Taliesin* (in the capacity of the servant of the witch *Ceridwen*), originally known by the name of *Gwion Bach*, a bard of a prophecy who had risen to the position by means of the shining brow (*si monumentum quaeris circumspice*) which he grabbed (before the nose of this witch, *sine praedjudicio*) by swallowing three drops yielded from the supernatural brew that *Ceridwen* prepared in her cauldron, the drops which guaranteed (to the one who would consume them) the knowledge of all the secrets of the past, the present, and the future, because of which he (said *Taliesin*) was at one with the forces of nature, which encouraged him to start singing [in his second life though, in which, due to his radiant forehead, he was renamed *Taliesin* in the first place (from originally being *Gwion Bach*)]:

“I am old, I am new,

Whether I have been dead

Or alive”,

because of which one could rely on him (including confiding one's fate in him).

Sauf et sain.

After all, neither etiology, the science of causes and origins, would offer a better reason due to which such a union (between the alleged know-it-all and fragmentary substance) should be sentenced to destruction - it is enough that the described alliance between *Taliesin* and (the building) elements of said magical eye (*es gibt 3 davon*: physics, psyche, and nought), this evening too results in the kind of a symbiosis with which, between clairvoyance and bewitchedness (*was halten Sie von ihnen?*), one does not come across more than two, at most three traps (*welche Größe ist das?*), and even that only if he starts a conversation regarding misunderstandings between the mediator and the medium whose cards are dealt by an *alias* of lore.

{U,V-C,A,W,D}

11/26-28/03

The Other Side of the Holy Grail (Regarding E. & C. Brontë)

“It is rustic all through. It is moorish, and wild and knotty as a root of heath”, *Charlotte Brontë* (1816-55), in the Preface of “*Wuthering Heights*”, the novel by the younger *Emily* (1818-48) published in 1850, which she, according to her older sister, did not cultivate enough even during the two-year interval (1848-50), in any case not enough to be able to talk about gnarls straightened by subsequent silence just like that, *im Rahmen des Möglichen*.

[No one can cure literary *post-municeps*: even if it digs in (to *entrench*), it hunts empty words with its silent wrench (*без молку*)].

Like in the case of the *Moorish* (*Saracen, Arabian*) horse-shoe shaped door, which even (*Granadian*) *Alhambra* waits to be transported through [into a space different from this (*sat cito, si sat bene*)], everything has to do with the transfer to the other, extra ornate side (freed from the thorns of this one, *comme sur des roulettes*), but, as always in cases like that (*sonó nekütai wa shátsù to áimasen*), it turns out that not even two of those horse-shoes would be sufficient: the paradise door (however widened with a mental arabesque) does not open into anything which could not be characterized by a firmly shod somnambulism (*ventis secundis*).

Quintessenz: a trumpet is heard (the military play, *да здрæстæем!*); unless it has to do with a hyper-realism of one who by no means is able to break off with the obsolete representation of essence, one should join the substance for today: *Regierungswechsel!*

But how to do that when tomorrow is not guaranteed to anyone [although this evening, too, one is in a hurry to neatly go to bed (muttering ‘*ubi lapsus?*’)], in which case neither today’s kernel can count on a pith firmer than tomorrow’s reach.

Satis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum.

Half-rain, half-snow, what is important is to be surrounded with something [half of this and half of that, and already there is a shiver of the whole (*summum jus, summa injuria*)], to be occupied with fitting the sections secreted by the

chronic wholeness, the *singularity* personified by *Searbhan*, the ancient sea god and a *Fomorii* warrior (the fighter yielded from the sea waves, although of a distorted rather than wavy figure), *one-eyed*, *one-armed* and *one-legged* guardian of a magic tree (a subtype of *Yggdrasill*, *The Tree of the Universe*), whom no one dared approach except *Grainne* and her beloved *Diarmuid Ua Duibhne* (the “Knight of the Love Spot”, an excellent member of *Fianna* warriors himself), a young couple whose (sixteen year long) flight brought things to the point that they were ready to sign a treaty with the devil himself, not to mention *Searbhan* [at least that was how said young man and his girlfriend were told to have thought (and acted), and about whom the whole of *Tara* (then the capital of their country) knew, although (because they fled it) it was their past rather than actual dwelling place], in the name of which friendship *Searbhan* let them hide in the branches of the magic tree (where not even the leader of their pursuers, *Finn MacCool*, was able to find them), which all may well be (and who knows how long it could last for) if it didn’t happen that *Grainne*, having become hungry, attempted to eat some of the magic berries that grew on the tree (*similis simili gaudet*), causing *Searbhan* and *Diarmuid Ua Duibhne* to come to heavy blows, wherein the *one-eyed*, *one-armed* (and *one leg short*) *Fomorii* warrior was slain.

Si vis pacem, para bellum.

Nothing new, yet, such an edifying lesson (do not entertain very hungry strangers, especially if they’re escaping, *und so weiter*) cannot be scooped up even with a whole of *Grail*, that is, *Sangreal*, that is, the *Holy Grail* [the cup or platter used during the (notorious) Last Supper], a vessel guarded by angelic women (the *Grail Maidens*) and acquired by three different (but good) knights, *Galahad*, the purest [who seized the contents of the vessel (of course, without the above moral), having ordered: “*Ενα ποτηρακι κοκκινο κρασι παρακαλω*”], *Bors*, the most worldly [who returned (to where he came from) to tell the tale about it (the vessel or cup or platter), having said: “*Δνο μπυρες απο το βαρελι παρακαλω*”], and *Persival*, the simplest, who became its (the vessel’s) guardian (having recited: “*Ενα τζιν τονικ παρακαλω*”), which is his duty still today (*защитник*), in spite of the opposition of the church, which (it is true) does show a certain tolerance regarding the theme, primarily because of its popularity (*Regelrecht*), but the clergy, in principle, remained sceptical towards it because of its Pre-Christian/paganic rituals, instead elevating the festivities of their own (ostensibly) ‘New Age’ [‘new’ in the sense of a ‘more complex’ spirituality of the present (self-acclaimed) interpreters of Mystery] to the greater heights, from which they would even liberate the above cited *Brontë* sisters from the mentioned heather, if only they (said sisters) did not use (in the ‘moments of understandable crisis’) the infamous platter too, although without that (sugary) appropriateness, characteristic of (for the purposes of this comparison) *Malory*’s “*Morte d’ Arthur*”, *Tennyson*’s “*Idylls of the King*”, and *Wagner*’s “*Parsifal*”, and, instead of with the *Communion* (carping about longevity), rather stubbornly filling it (that, like a mismatched button shallow cup) with frail poetry, *der Reihe nach*.

{V-C,A}

11/28-30/03

Voyages, Voyages (Presentiment and Equanimity)

And even if all three *Graces* present themselves [if *Aglaia* (the Goddess of Brilliance) starts to shine, *Euphrosyne* (the Goddess of Joy) starts to sing, and *Thalia* (the Goddess of Bloom), starts to blossom], it would not constitute the confirmation (it would not turn out to be true) that that had nothing to do with these days of November, the month which (in whatever way it is taken) is not sufficiently fascinated with even such beauties to start flashing (chanting, *comme jeunesse dorée*) when it is not its turn.

Which does not mean that, at moments, some parts of it [i.e. the pieces of the three mentioned festivals in June, possibly April, or (which is more certain) May] cannot be gathered by gleaning in November too, but this late (in the last few days of it) to expect anything from all those festive lights (solemn hymns, wild flowers, *Sie wissen doch, wie das ist?*) would be equal to the patheticalness of *Sualtam Mac Roth*, whose severed head, even though suddenly cut off (separated as quickly as lightning from his body, *das dürfte genug sein*), kept on screaming for help until it broke the spell and, interpreted by his people as the call to arms, finally roused the men to fight the invading forces of *Queen Medb*, which, it must be admitted, would be classified as a rare occurrence nowadays, given that such a romantic approach (in the form of a revolting action) may be only (and exclusively) found in obsolete dreamers of a fictitious, that is, withered loveliness (*lex talionis*), which not even those three goddesses demonstrate just like that (at their will), each displaying her activity in every corner of the pompous history (*es dürfte Ihnen bekkant sein*), as if things are to do with an out-of-season stimulation of grain growers, or, in a better case, with a farmers fair.

It's getting dark (once, in evenings like this, the Republic stretched from its nap, *Φανταστικοσο*), however, on the street glassed with the frost, not even the Kingdom would be able to land without slipping at the first curve, regardless of pathetic exclamations of the type "*pro rege, lege, et grege*".

(The Kingdom or the Republic, whatever the masses decide to have, the authorities will take care of them.

Raison d'état as an excuse for *détenté, à la carte*).

Äußerung: having realized that a difference worth mentioning does not exist between these and those (essentially both navigation-based) thoughts {i.e. between thoughts about *Maeldun* [the seaman and voyager whose three-skinned coracle and sailors, having reached a magic archipelago on one of their journeys, were thrown into the other world (*soré wa sore toshite*)], and thoughts about *Bran* [the seaman and navigator whose twenty-seven kinsmen, together with him, having landed on a wondrous island of everlasting spring and perpetual delight, shortly after started to suffer for changing seasons in their homeland and returned (*εουμου ε δομ*)]}, one cannot escape the feeling of a profiled docility of the resultant of a trip (that which left vanished unless it returned) without it (the mood) being sensed on the critical portions of the voyager's profile (on the very idea about voyage and its realization, *data et accepta*).

Taking all that into account (*de bonne grâce*), it is no wonder that (this evening too), hand in hand, presentiment and equanimity went for a walk (presented themselves in front of the public) - the former as a picture caused by itself, the latter as a film developed long ago (*pas du tout*).

Presentiment and equanimity: virtuous scenes of hyper-sensuality without a preparation of the senses (except, perhaps, a couple of stings of moodiness, *in posse*), something which (after the rain of thoughts) gets hold of a single drop only (bringing it to the pitiless end too, *in vacuo*), being uninterested in any direction in the world which would not bring it before the pillows of *Brendan* [once a fearless monk, inspired by the tales of the Land of Promise (which turned out to have been a floating island in the form of the giant whale *Jaconius*), now only a pale shadow of such a (former) expert], in order to (at least on them, such plumaged dreams) sail into a sugary sea of the spent eloquency as a final anticipation of the ostensible reality, *ktema es aei*.

Voyages, voyages - not a single one like that of *Maxen*, the voyage of the infamous ruler who let himself into (no more and no less) discovering the personal variant of a generalized nirvana (*kangaè no nagàre*), so that [having passed through river valleys full of mauve buds of intensive sympathy, and having ridden on horseback over scaled mountains with their summits caught in a silk net of easy promises, as well as having arrived to a wondrous harbour filled with even more beautiful ships] he picked the loveliest vessel (crafted in silver, gold, and ivory) and sailed on it across the wide sea until he reached the sparkling shores with a jewelled fortress on it, in which the woman of his dreams was waiting for him, singing "*Мать бывало часто пела эту песню*".

And, although even to the most notorious hero it should become clear by now that, there where his desire goes, he cannot reach with even a passionate accomplishment (*in gutem Zustand*), his voyages (in all that) do not count as something which one should not obey (*was er mag und was er nicht mag ist belanglos*), especially when, in a republican night like this (the royalist only in a rank-based joke), the equanimity looks at him from the presentiment, *как ни в чем не бывало*.

{V, S-C, A, D}

12/01-03/03

The Pettiness of Prose

Regarding the subject of how far one can go while establishing his goal, it is the beatitude which best bears witness to it: in case of one who is unable to reach it (the bliss), everything else can be discarded [there reckon the climbers on a tangible soul, the followers of *Pwyll* and *Rhiannon*, the couple which (no more and no less), on this side of the world, hired birds who were heralds of the otherworld (*au grand sérieux*), some, by all means, dual singing birds (*sie waren unter sich*), whose beautiful and enchanting songs were said to be able to wake the dead and to lull the living into a deep sleep (*unter anderem*), every time starting the newest cycle of the paradise, another ceaselessness of the routine renovation of assured fortune (whenever the infamous 2π elapses, *pari passu*).

A process which, according to the words of its worshipers [diligent users, current subscribers (*kàrèra wa sorézòre nisàtsu no hón wo motté iru*)], can be extended forever, without the danger of a possible flood (*Μπορω να κολυμπησω εδω?*), *Dei gratia*.

After all, the *Ultimate Rules* (according to them) read:

“All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full”, *Ecclesiastes 1/7*.

Embarras du choix.

(There can be felt) increasingly pale deposits of the day [contrary to the established notion of hotheads - the deep-brownness does not sleep (*ничего не подлаеишь*)], all the longer thoughts get hold of all the shorter meters of the journey (the traveling is done between the daily civility of a saint and the *bon ton* mussed up by the evening): it is obvious that one deals with a phase transition here, yet, adding it all up, neither of the phases fully renounces the other, to the contrary, in a jewel-like way it hangs on the other's ear, suspending itself above the reduced audibility of all the more certain change (*bonis avibus*), like a cat above the lump of mint, active until a moment ago, now becoming more paralyzed (rolling like this ball of catnip), finding the newest peace in the deserved phase of sleep, like a man (look: the newspapers in his hands!) already laid back in the increasingly silent word [having read all sorts of things and a lot more, subsequently having kept quiet (*honnête homme*)].

“*Dr. Weiss*, at forty, knew that her life had been ruined by literature”, Anita Brookner (1938 -), from (one more) “A Start in Life”.

(Alis volat propriis).

Although this kind of topic (the issue of literature/writing, *so schwer ist es nun auch wieder nicht*) may yield long (and exhausting) conversations, one thing is certain: having before self nothing in the beginning (*der Dieb war nirgendwo zu sehen*), and then, out of all that (practically out of nothing, *a tergo*), coming in sight with a written pile of paper [a feverish sum of indeed reasonable words, the methodical outpour of life resolutions (even in the form of unpretentious monologues of those who didn't make an agreement with themselves either)] can mean only one thing - since to every story there comes a mute end, it will come to the one here too, *arrivederci*.

{The practice of achieving more than a temporary oasis, would bring to no book a reader worthy more than a spoiled voyager [although, having seen all those tourists, the latter may not hesitate to continue like that (*er ist uns ein treuer Freund*)]}.

The night is becoming quiet (the potential of today's cover goes down, *kirókuteki hayàsa de*), even *Sadb*, the goddess of gentleness and fine manners, fits more and more into the universal inaudibility, although an evil druid (a crossbreed between an unearthly being and an earthly passion) bewitched her devilishly, having compelled her to live much of her life as a yellowish deer (*à l'improviste*), which she expertly made use of in that she bore *Finn MacCool* (the earlier mentioned warrior of the epoch) a lovely little fawn (by the name of *Oisin*), that grew up to become a famous poet (*с энтузиазмом*), which, actually, could have been expected, given the circumstances of the metamorphosis [the quiet (all the more tranquil) night, the golden needles of starlight, a silver belt of the moonshine, and so on (and all is fine, *à la belle étoile*), if one neglects the current coldness [if unfavourable details (of the nature of weather) are appropriately exempted, *s'il vous plaît*].

O tájnóbi omédetò!

To be in command of one's faculties (as it is usually said - referring to craftiness), to estimate where danger comes from and where even *Ruadh* (that intrepid voyager) is not in for a hard time [should one forgive him fleeing from nine beautiful nymphs (in the form of nine vengeful women, each one of which having a child by him, *par avance*)], on the basis of such a (logistic) approach to turn to the mentioned beatitude in the only acceptable manner (*sans souci*), a bit askance but also with a necessary degree of friendliness worthy of such a heavenly candidate [an all around balanced recipient of irrefutability of the state caught by surprise (*omne ignotum pro magnifico*)], not even in a bent position crushed by the corruptibility of such a pose, in spite of the obvious weakness of the melodramatic moment, more evidence of the pettiness of prose, *auf die Dauer*.

{U, V-C, A, D}

12/04-06/03

Chopping Up the Truth

Whatever things may be (whichever moves are to make, *non nostrum est tantas componere lites*), this hour of theirs easily surrenders to the next: it does not take even as long as the chirping of a bird [in such a spindle-shaped way it chirps too - as if one deals with a distaff (or two), *полным ходом*].

But things are to do with the picture agreed on: a bit of zinc, a bit of cinnabar (to squeeze from the pen a word of star, *этого еще не хватало!*) - there is nothing else here that one must think twice about, *was meinen Sie?*

WaTor_265

Except about himself.

(*Yukiyuku wà*).

Augapfel: it is not the same to put in front of one's eyes a color or its reflection - the look can penetrate the first, the second it cannot.

So that it is never known when this ashen forehead (*Augenzeuge*) will replace that black-and-white (extinguishing it instead), *ein Herz aus Stein*.

[(So that it is never known) when all those daily guards will let it (the temple) spend its night's mirage in the center of the day's collage, *in statu quo*].

Hinc quam sit calamus saevior ense patet (from "Anatomy of Melancholy").

[Also from "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621), by *R. Burton* (1577-1640):

"One religion is as true as another" & "All poets are mad".

(Implying:) If only science would come to its sense (and scientists to their senses), *что касается меня*].

"Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be: why then should we desire to be deceived?", *J. Butler* (1692-1752), Sermon No. 7, from "Fifteen Sermons..." (1726).

Answer:

Because of the *Sixteenth* (in which the exchange of roles takes place).

[That which used to be 2^4 , becomes 4^2 .

By the time one realizes that nothing has changed, the preacher will, hand in hand with a sermon, go for a walk *four* times (seeing all of the *East, West, North, and South*), but the sermon will, hand in hand with the preacher, go only *twice* (first getting into his nose, then getting out of his mouth) - each (the sermon and the preacher) being looked at (in a drowsy manner) by their vain union (over signs made of neon)].

Getting numb underneath the vault edge of the top part of the gala window in the living room of an indefatigable dweller [the courteous appraiser of all this (who downs even a *prae*-word into the mute bliss, *inter alia*)], (not bigger than an enterprising dot) there blackens a torso (with eight little threads - six small legs with joints, and two minute moustaches) of a spider which cannot be written off just like that (once hooked - it doesn't easily fall off) - a charred statue [until (from the web) a fly wakes it (in its queue), *Pauschalsumme für heute*].

First (consequently) it plays it's dead, second (around the victim) it makes its last thread {that creature under the cloak of *Arachne* [a girl turned into a spider by *Athena* for challenging the goddess to a weaving contest], suitably reduced to the carbonized dot mentioned above (*wo tashikamerù*), baked underneath the vault edge of the top part of the gala window in the living room of an indefatigable dweller [the courteous appraiser of all this (who downs even a *prae*-word into the mute bliss, *inter spem et metum*)]}.

A spider on glass (a fly in paradise), a man in the room (*justum et tenacem propositi virum*), (various) peoples thrown into 'historic eras' [for which one cannot say they do not point out the irrefutability of the cat and mice play (*παντοτε*)], with a degree of bliss from which it is not worthy (especially not of anyone's moustaches) moving away, without all this (dealt with here) remaining the same (in the sense of not stopping to be proud of the spectacle of the would-be truth, *modo et forma*).

Das lasse ich mir nicht gefallen!

For, what if truth is chopped up into small truths, and everyone took hold of his?

Nosce te ipsum.

“What we on earth call God is a little tribal God who has made an awful mess”, William S. Burroughs (1914 - ?).

Chopping up the truth: something which (not even in careful approach to this, possibly mediocre, by all means decent day) does not find its way to the finale realized by the singleness of domicile (*bis zur Mauer hin*), rather it tears (splits, divides) into a multitude of small (and sweet) obsessions with oneself (and one's own role in all that, *хотя из этого ничего не получилось*), an entire series of so-so folklore details (predominantly cobwebby, *Sie wissen ja*), but also a couple of little sparks of illusory sense, just to not damn the hope, *in Gleichschritt gehen*.

{V-A}

12/06-08/03

Exam Fever

Skillfully staring at the next day, one forgets that, there, everything is arranged backward: how something will not be - depends on the intervention on that which was, how it will be - depends on the state of being left to itself; under the flattened ears of the vain chase even a hare deprives itself from eavesdropping, for one to be able to talk about the unconscious procedure of expired aptness, *что бы вы ни думали*.

Domenica (7. dicembre, '03), verso le otto.

(There is) one more day until *M.*'s birthday: as if all these years did not start piling up into tomorrow's twenty since ten times that - in no way can one spin them about the finger and say “*that is that*” (*Jueves, 8. diciembre, '83, a partir de las 10*).

This way, regarding the layman's count of time, it remained for her to become more obstinate and - continue with the semester calculation [in third year as well (*sine mora*)].

[To *continue*, that's certainly true! - after all, the classical mechanics exam is scheduled for tomorrow, quantum one for next Thursday, and when she reconciles these two ends (of the standard spectrum of pseudo-incompatibility), one could assume that she would continue her business in their service.

Das kann sein].

In the frozen frame of the horizon (of this day too), over nourishing contours of daily *Triptolemus* (a legendary hero who was supposed to have given mankind the secret of cultivating grain, in that he was the first man to sow corn), nothing is seen which could mean a break from ceaselessness (scuffle with continuity - *totus, teres, atque rotundus*), as if something like that (once it already exists) does not derive itself from subsequent considerations of the lapsed day, i.e. of that which (turned true when it was late) with that very act built itself into the matrix of tomorrow, so that it wouldn't have to concoct itself from the beginning, nor manage which attitude to take as if it is not eaten up completely, but dares not admitting that in order to avoid a situation in which its devourer (*una buona volta*) would revive it in a classical dream.

[In which case not even a beginning more original than today's (*suo loco*) would reach further than this, true, quite a solid eve (*si diis placet*), similar to all those laggings used as excuses by everyone who (without a shadow of a doubt) grabs the eloquent phrase of a suitable healer (*eso es todo, gracias*), even if in doubt because of the wrong diagnosis, *árù teido*].

Wrapped in a slippery gloom as in the archetype page (*tempus fugit*) from the calendar on the wall of the home of a modest but diligent household (*per modo di dire*), there stretches itself a devoted constancy sprouted at the right time (*per il momento*): because of the humming of irrefutableness nothing else can be heard, perhaps only an instrument that plays itself (the magic harp polished by *Teirty*), of a sound which used to deceive even *Yspaddaden*, a giant whose daughter (*Olwen*) promised herself to the hero *Culhwch*, a warrior whom *Yspaddaden* (upset by the obvious affection between his daughter and the fighter) tasked with a series of chores to be done before he gives his blessing to their marriage, the errands which included, among other things, that *Culhwch* had to force *Amaethon*, the god of agriculture, to nourish the crops (from then on), as well as to make the smith god *Govannon* forge tools for work, while he himself was assigned to bring four strong oxen to help, obtain a magic seed, provide honey nine times sweeter than that of a virgin swarm, get a magic cup and a hamper of delicious meat, borrow the drinking-horn of the underwater king *Gwyddbwyll*, capture the birds of *Rhiannon* (a vision from the other world, of half-gold, half-white eye-lashes), the earlier mentioned singing birds whose song could wake the dead and lull the living to sleep (*uno detrás del los*), after that to provide for his future father in law (the giant *Yspaddaden*) means for shaving including a magic cauldron, a boar's tusk to shave with, and shaving cream made from witch's blood, then to steal a magic dog (together with its leash and collar), to hire as a huntsman *Mabon* (the god of youth and the son of the divine *Modron*), who had first to be released from prison in *Gloucester* (where he wasted away since he was only three nights old), subsequently to help the gigantic *Olwen*'s father find a wonderful steed and swift hounds, and finally, with the help of all of them (all of that, *le mot de l'énigme*), and as was mentioned on a different occasion sometime ago, to steal a comb, scissors and a razor from between the ears of a fierce boar, whereby having crowned one of the most difficult sets of tasks presented to someone who took on to marry a daughter of the one who presented the set, hoping the proud candidate would find it an insurmountable obstacle which would, in turn, prevent him from realizing his intention (soothing his passion), *si no me equivoco*.

As *Culhwch*, nevertheless, married *Olwen* (*Το ποτό? Δυο, παρακαλώ*), not only that her father's plans of thwarting their relationship failed, but one of the groom's friends [himself a knight too, on the same (King *Arthur*'s) court] even killed him.

Нелюбезно.

Verfassung: (the act of) marrying a daughter as a sugary materialization of the clannish intervention in the sense in which neither a classic film's heroine *Зона Замфирова* [a very beautiful daughter of a local boor (*er hat es gut getroffen*, naturally), doubtfully more imaginative in the novel of the same title by *Стеван Сремац* (a Serbian writer, 1855-1906), set in the old city of *Huuu* at the end of 19-th century, than in the low-budget, pardon, goldsmith-mercantile-type-of-ruses colored movie], not even her - *Зоне Замфирско* - would have found a better way to more easily endure such a tremendous requirement of the pathetic (heart-rending) tribalism at such an emotional moment to start with (*possiamo avere dell'altro vino?*), let alone the, here and now, 20-year old, *M.*, in exam fever.

Una cosi cara ragazza!

{U,V-C,A,D}

12/10-12/03

Year by year: all these years as a civilized elongation (the amiability blossoms at every step, it only remains to corrupt it, so that later it cannot be cited as the reason because of which it did not pick the late hours of a futile maturity,

a maximis ad minima), as if nothing deals with the contract regarding time (including scalar quantities) - it is no wonder that (not receiving help from any side) it stretches longitudinally, step by step, *на цыпочках*.

With which one came to (the number of) 30 - thirty years since I disappeared to here, terminated there, *wie ich schon sagte*.

If it went along a different path, [besides that even a (number of) 3 would not have been reached] it wouldn't set itself straight even by (the number of) three hundred (not even in 300 hundred years it would have understood that not everything is in understanding - some things have to be felt, *æquabiliter et diligenter*).

Although, providing oneself with the privilege of such a lovely jubilee (thirty years is no joke either, ...*ni...wo omói okosaserù*), the next step is to establish a more functional credibility (*al menos*): to finally manage to get an encouraging result, and not only worthy phenomena (*i punti salienti di un discorso*).

In whatever way to take it (*à mon avis*), things are closer to the freezing point in this than in that country (later in the text, see the excerpts from a letter to *M.V.*, *wenn du willst*): even *Peredur* himself sleeps frozen here, the hero inspired by the visions and ideals of the otherworld (instead of the world on this side), the seventh son of *Evrwg* and the only surviving male, particularly adept at defeating witches [although it is questionable what (if anything) he would be able to do confronted with the modern beast, make believe a gray eminence, although, in fact, a naked specimen of the cruise-and-bomb brand, *ebbro di giola*], a righteous man whose search of adventure was something understood in itself, for, after all, it was his quest for adventure that led him through many wondrous lands, including passing through a lovely river valley, filled with colorful pavilions and a wondrous multitude of windmills and water-mills (*sich wohl fühlen*), at which occasion he lodged with the head miller and jousted in the tournament, defeating countless warriors with such skill and might that he impressed the local empress, with whom (having married her) he ruled for fourteen years or so (in any case less than thirty, *ci vuole pazienza*), after which he would certainly continue his search for new adventures (*a chi lo dici!*), if he had not, as said, been frozen here.

Adventures, adventures - yet, everything froze at the first one [not even it (the snow-ball to start with) existing any longer, *cuando menos se piensa*].

(Who is after adventures, in other words, after 30 years of this one.

Eu-βοζυ!)

Цумамма:

“As we get older we do not get any younger / Seasons return, and today I am fifty-seven / And this time last year I was fifty-six / And this time next year I shall be sixty-four”, *Henry Reed* (1914-86), from “Chard Whitlow (Mr Eliot's Sunday Evening Postscript)”.

(*P.S.* For the purposes of actualizing the situation of this humble author, he took the freedom of adding two years to each of said ages, *da tutte le parti*).

All thirty years there or just an instant here (or the other way around?) - what a multitude of choices (and something to inspire) [a bunch of worthy niceties (never to expire)], as for each here that there (for each there this here) is in a crossfire [the silence is an eyesore to them (not really a desire), *instar omnium*], in empty talk their words are empty (while something laughs something else groans - *l'inconnu*), by saying this that is meant, by doing that this is set, even though [whatever to think of, whatever stand to take (or make a story, *ευχαριστως*)] it cannot get rid of an unreliable memory [until it fades away too, changing into the amnesia of *Owain*, the knight who (full of his own problems) turned into a forest creature, hiding in the bushes (pursuing the solitary life of a hermit), until all that remorsefulness of his was astoundingly solved (*fra quindici giorni*), and, having returned the favor to his savior lady *Luned* (slaying a giant who threatened her), he disappeared in the tranquility of the happy ending, *таким образом*].

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From the (mentioned) letter to *M.V.*, of December 11, 2003 [one of such a rare examples of suddenly awakened (and fully articulated) vigilance - "Who still writes letters nowadays?" is a standard basic element of the ill-humored strategy of a skeptic of the epoch):

"...Yesterday was thirty years since I left *Yu*...

...The first impression upon arriving here was a feeling of a cold and clean air. Significantly colder and cleaner than in *B.* - actually, so brisk that, if you don't put your head away, in addition to cutting its thoughts, it would cut it too.

(A friend of ours, whom we met in those days, first acquired a fur hat)...

...For instance, the lakes here (*G. Lakes*), evaporate and smoke in the winter - closer to the shore they freeze, farther away they become gray, at some spots looking as if made of a sulfur (at others - even yellower).

An almost unearthly scene.

Although, even the very qualification of the notion (what *is*, and what *is not* of this earth) changes, adjusting itself to new prospects (or them to itself), transiting into a habit. So much so that, after a period of time, that which once looked supernatural, and that which originally seemed (was remembered) as being quite earthly, calmly exchange places (first alleviating the difference)...

...Remembrance, indeed, is an unreliable witness, for it diminishes and melts away.

Which, as we've said, does not mean that it is warmer here than there.

To be sure, both the *Danube* and the *Sava* rivers may (at least partially) become icy, but here the feeling of coldness is somehow sharper (more elementary) - there, it is more woolly.

As are, after all, many other things - being one way here, the other there. (If it was only weather!)

A classical explanation: difference as injustice..."

There took hand in hand *Partholon* and *Pelles* [one as the founder of a lush, primal vegetation and, subsequently, of its cultivation, the other as a symbol of spiritual imperfection (showing itself in the form similar to an incurable wound, or, at any rate - an uncomfortable lameness)] in order to take a walk through time: "*Che ore sono?*" asking one another - one (the first) not at all anticipating that in five thousand years both he and his people will be stricken by disease and die within the space of a week, the other one awaiting the coming of *Galahad*, the rescuing knight and a champion of redeemability, who will not show even in five thousand years - it is no wonder that, to both of them, these thirty years seem trifling, regardless of what opinion about them has the one who (carping and splitting hairs as corroborated here) gathered them in his own praise, *intra parietes*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

12/13-15/03

Golgotha

It is no joke to write all these pages without saying anything, in the sense that, certainly, 'so much was said', and yet, from the corresponding pile of folktales, jokes, repartees, suspicions, and elegiac instructions to the late euphoria (of the type *Je vis en espoir*), only the abdomen of an inexpressibility gleams (*in sano sensu*), as if no one set it

(that monster of a doubtful tangibility) straight, and the least the loquaciousness of the maestro of discipline (a poetic duality dealing with the two-headed silence - forward, backward, *auf eine Karte setzen*), a monastic exclusivity as a trite attitude of *Oisín* {the son of a military commander *Finn MacCool* and goddess *Sadb* [and the nephew of *Ogma* (god of eloquence)], also known under the name of *Ossian* (which, in translation, reduces to another shameless pleonasm: “Little Fawn”), the greatest poet of that bygone age (nothing unusual, keeping in mind that his father, the leader of the warrior tribe of *Fianna*, once in his youth ate the Salmon of Knowledge)}, consequently, the monastic exclusivity as a trite attitude of the late returnee from the other world (after his time expired in this one), at which occasion he found the country he returned to a strange land (for, everyone he knew had died long before, and those still alive seemed far sadder and more care-worn than the heroes he had grown up with), and himself turned from the valiant young warrior into a blind and frail old man (*essere in fin di vita*), after which nothing else remained for him except to take his lyre and sing of the heroes and gods of his era, conjuring up the magical phantoms of those times, only to skillfully disappear (he too) from all that (*in propria persona*), having made his own finale as strange as his beginning (*слышалась музыка, также*).

Yet, gathered even like that into a single point of the world [formalized (by means of fingers) through the animated keyboard of this, so careful a processor - *StarWriter 30* - sure enough: of an electronic type of carefulness], a primarily working organism of the subject writer (of fluorescence of an average firefly) acquires a very solid story - about that lesser comprehension of things (*nánte utsúkushi!*), leaving the larger one to the loquacious mouth of (true, more likeable) mass (and massive) novels, deprived only from the nagging of this kind of doubt, so typical of the complaints hastily presented to *Nechtan*, the water god on whose (water-rich) property there was a holy well that was the source of all knowledge, to which only *Nechtan* and his three cup-bearers had access, the condition which caused that, when *Boann* (the wife of *Nechtan*) found her way to the well, the waters rose from the ground and chased after her, becoming the river *Boyne* which, in this very day, flows with the same purpose - so many of said complaints (addressed to the wrong address: the god of such a fluid, waterish omniscience) piled up, *volver la vista atras*.

It is snowing all day as if it is its first time (as if it covers with snow for the first time, pretending it is more bubbly than a forged silver), by no means getting to its senses and stopping bewitching the scenery (and souls), at least so much to be able to warn them about the flying over of *Morrigan*, the cruel goddess of war but also a symbol of heroic death on the battle field, who (*compos voti*), together with her associates - the other war deities, *Macha*, *Badb*, and *Nemain* - helped the *Tuatha De Danann* (the people of the goddess *Dana*, itself composed of appropriate gods) at both battles of *Magh Tuireadh*, only to postpone their final defeat inflicted on them by the *Milesians* (the sons of the Spanish King *Milesius*, who conquered said territories 3303 years ago), whereby not even the four miraculous towns in the country's north (*Falias*, *Gorias*, *Finias* and *Murias*, *no hay nada detrás*) could be of help to the defeated, even though they were special centres of folk literature, handicraft products, witchcraft and knowledge (respectively), the necessary skills for any war campaign, which (the skills), however, in this (so archetypical) case also switched hands, having passed to the stronger ones (*absit invidia*).

Which (the stronger hands) is the point (say the devotees of that kind of teaching, *ακριβως*).

Futile are all those screams for help (of both the masses and their elites), the whole pile of complaints, naggings, grumblings, excuses, astonishments, amazements, wringing one's hands, exhibiting disbelief, blaming the other side (*à beau jeu*, *beau retour*) - what counts is the peak intensity of one's might (a sudden assault as an impulsive sentencing of the target, *Vorsicht*, *Stufe!*), the perniciousness as an elixir of a victorious life (*voglio sia questo che quello*), the encouraging form of rolling into biological indispensability, an advancement of a kind of cells to the detriment of others at any price, victor's glory (and its axiom - the scorn for the vanquished, *ad summum*), an offensiveness (for all times) as the only way.

(“The sword is not to be sharpened with negotiations except in defeat”, say the experienced buffs of that kind of calculation, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*).

Which, of course, is just one side of the medal (of victory and defeat, i.e. of all the power of weaponry, i.e. of weaponry of all the power, i.e. of the outcome of a war, *ab initio*).

(Queste cose si dimenticano facilmente).

For, on the other side, seemingly paradoxical, in the snow-covered circles of the hushed landscape behind the wooden fence of picnicking of long ago (*à merveille*), there shows itself the whole nature of *Morgan Le Fay*, the not-meant-to-be nun and a gifted sorceress (not only of her times), represented in her dual role as both healer and dark magician during the life of the victor (in her care), yet also his guardian in death, once he (not having lost only the literary battle) finally finds himself, having passed on a “too strong a word” from the spiritual victory to the physical defeat, reducing all those weapons and powers to their inverse, by so much a sub-cultural surrogate of the cheap triumph of the spiritual wreck.

À bas.

{U, V-C, W, D}

12/15-17/03

Sketches From Travel

It is only an intensified passion that can see the winter through - both young and old long for a small cloud of a whitish attention from time immemorial, as a consequence one should send them (so agile and lively) in such a direction [where truth will come back for what belongs to it (*locos y niños dicen la verdad*)], in the same way in which, after all, (a customary) column of festive participants set off [on the occasion of celebrating a (purported) *Union Day* (*interdum vulgus rectum videt*)], the followers of the god of eloquence *Mac Cecht* [son of *Ogma* (the inventor of the Vertical Script), and grandson of *Dagda* (the Master of Knowledge)], the devotees who, having killed a stranger by the name of *Ith* [doubting his good intentions after his first words (*quale motivo avrà di parlare così?*)], true, temporarily saved their country from destruction (having celebrated a few more of those “*Unity Day*” anniversaries), whereby, however, they ‘challenged their fate’, which stopped to ‘caress and hug’ them, and, furthermore, reacting to the provocation (denouncing the slaying of the unexpected guest *Ith*), it (their destiny) sent against them (the festive participants) the sons of *Milesius* (the earlier mentioned King of Spain), who brought things to an end in the expected way [having dismembered and conquered the land of *Mac Cecht* and his fellow companions, driving them (*conosci qual’cuno dei suoi amici?*) to the everlasting dwelling underneath the earth’s crust, *не подлежит сомнению*].

(Gepfefferte Witze?)

As recently as a moment ago, one could not raise one’s look even on the self because of the laying birds, and yet, already (the sunset is only about to commence) the introspection’s radiation goes too far [(because of things come due) even a very light chaffinch subjects itself to the self-examination, let alone a wing made heavy (*de un dia para el otro*)]; what one passed through, and where he arrived at, even *Mael Duin* [known also as *Maeldun* (*en otras ocasiones*)] does not know, a famous voyager who (as it was briefly mentioned sometime ago) set out in a three-skinned coracle, with a crew of seventeen warriors, intending to avenge his father’s death [to the already notorious triteness of this topic one should certainly add that the man was killed because of, in fact, his bullying], embarking towards the lands so remote that even the very purpose of his trip became murky (not to mention these, subsequent sketches), and, eventually, having caught up with his father’s killers, they pleaded for mercy and he agreed to a peace, probably because he went everywhere and saw everything without pardoning anything at all, having made the first stop (in these voyages

of him) at an island inhabited by murderers (but, apparently, not the killers of his father), next having landed upon an isle of enormous ants (as large as horses), i.e. some *Gargantuan* insects that almost costed them their lives (and their ship its main mast), so that on the next island, where large birds posed no threat and even provided the voyagers with loads of food [primarily meat (*Μια μπριζόλα χοιρινή παρακαλώ*)], they refreshed very much, from where they left for the Island of the House of the Salmon, where they discovered rooms with more food (and drinks), as well as comfortable beds in which they slept well (*yugata ni*), after which a regular supply of fresh salmon was provided to them by a special (pseudo-cybernetic) device that periodically threw fish (*ΞιΦια παρακαλώ*) onto land, which lasted until their departure for the next isle, which, too, supplied them with luxury in its orchards of delicious apples (*Εχετε τιποτα για χορτοΦαγους?*), only for all that to be dispelled like ‘a beautiful dream’ (*Το λογαριασμο παρακαλώ*) once the voyagers stepped on some islands populated by a mysterious cat, fiery swine, revolving beasts, and fighting horses (respectively), and whose ground was hot like a volcano (*malheur ne vient jamais seul*), which, however, did not prevent them from continuing their journey, on which they also encountered a gigantic boar and calves so huge that they could not be cooked whole, sheep that changed the color of their wool apparently at will (*tokidoki*), a sombre miller who ground everything that was begrudged in the world [that man reduced the wheat to the symbol of something because of which people envied each other (*quale che sia la tua opinione*)], at some point having encountered a population of mourners (*non omnia possumus omnes*), after which they visited an island divided into four kingdoms (by fences made of gold, silver, brass, and crystal), a castle with a glass bridge (where a beautiful girl who rejected *Maeldun*’s advances lived), from where, traveling further upward (*das tut nichts zur Sache*), they came to places where they saw crying birds, a solitary pilgrim on a tiny island that was enlarged every year by divine providence, a wonderful fountain that gushed milk, beer and wine, giant smiths, a sea of glass, a sea of clouds (in which castles, forests, animals and fearsome monsters suddenly appeared), an underwater island as a slippery place of prophecy, an amazing water-arch, a gigantic silver column and net [from which the seamen cut off small pieces to bring them back as souvenirs (*l’occasion fait le larron*)], an inaccessible island on top of a pedestal, the offer of eternal youth on one island which was inhabited by a queen and her daughters (*le monde est le livre des femmes*), intoxicating fruits, contagious laughter, revolving fire, a hermit who lived on a salmon a day (given to him by an otter) and half a loaf (given to him by angels), with which that (such a flowery) journey ended, of which it has been said, not without a reason, that it contains “the sum of the wisdom of *Ireland*” (“Encyclopedia of Mythology”, *A. Cotterell*, 2001, pp.144-5; also the source of most of the mythological characters/events/names, used appropriately underneath, above, and in the trunk of the *Tree of the Universe - Yggdrasil*).

(*Gioco d’azzardo?*)

Offen Schauspielplatz (Schauspielhaus im Freinen).

In the increasingly azure air (more so, in spite of it), a (more or less) old song of the (hard to pin down) detecting strings can be heard (*obscurum per obscurius*):

“This obscure belief lies at the very core of our spiritual nature”, J. A. Froude.

(*Officina gentium*).

Ничего не подделаешь.

In spite of the increasing bareness of the panorama (to be precise), [with the necessary ingredients of industrial salt and friction-making slag, the automobilism is far from being brought to its death rattle], locally, one can notice a certain coloring of kind-heartedness in the way of one *Darby* and one *Joan* [according to all (‘positive’) standards of contemporary book-keeping (*lo que sienten el uno por el otro*) - an older married couple (*se ayudan el uno al otro*)], who [referring to the ornate ballad from 1753 (*Übermut*), and after all the difficulties associated with the usual ‘consensus’ of, by all means, competitive beings (*alguna que otra vez*)] stayed devoted to one another, (until the end of their days) living in perfect harmony and absolute peace, annulling every remark of automatic disengaging, *πλαவுχίιι*.

Pacta conventa.

{U, V-C, A, D}

The Kaufman Building

The *Kaufman Building*, at the corner of *King* and *Victoria* streets [given these names, even a Russian czar (*что с ним случилось?*) would not have been ashamed of such a royal quarters, not to mention the manufacturer of (mainly high-top) shoes for either work or hunt, all the same (*nicht Wesen pedantisch*)], is the kind of a building that, in its day and age (which means in the beginning of the last, twentieth century), in its (shoemaking) class, could still serve as a model civil structure [even its cross section - more exactly, *the cross section of that which happened to it* - in descriptive geometry known as a projection (*expressis verbis*), turned out to be in the shape of a (somewhat bigger) foot, true - with joined toes], but those times (as, for that matter, that age too) had passed in a well known way (together with its models, *все равно*).

On five or six floors of a mammoth-like, brick cube (depending on how one figures this out - using fingers of one or both hands), that is, on 200,000 square feet approximately, there it was accommodated, in those times, all that which was determining such a footwear-based industry as one of the fundamental driving forces of this (dual) place (*K-W*): rubber, leather, thread, twine, steam pipes, boilers, ventilation ducts, belt transmissions, seam-machines, motor-generator sets, junior workers, senior workers, clerks, couriers, drivers, secretaries, guards, keepers, bosses, *volver la vista atras* - an entire (hide) tanning of shoe-trade machine shops / an appropriate diligence of placing (the corresponding goods) at market's disposal - an overbearing industriousness as a doubtless respectability (*chikara ippai hataraku*) of once enterprising (a long ago - swaying) spirits of *Jacob* (1847-1920) and *Mary Ratz Kaufman* (1856-1943), so many years ago set out each to his/her own string (even a puma to their dreams a swifter end will not bring), busy with what the everlastingness is showing them in return for their sting (*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*).

(And what could be expected, anyway, from a fulfilled duty, overused building, and finished presentation, than a permutation of causes with effects, projection with obviousness, and act with result. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ*).

Fugit irreparabile tempus.

Had they, those *Jacob* and *Mary* (*faber suæ fortunæ* and his *cara sposa*), four children - *Emma Ratz* (1881-1979), *Alvin Ratz* (1885-1979), *Milton Ratz* (1886-?), and *Edna Louise* (1891-1983) - but it was only *Milton* that nothing was known about (the other three have properly entered their record in the other world, too).

From three children of *Edna Louise Kaufman* (married *Augustine*) - *Albert Jacob* (1923-1990), *John Ross* (1927-), and *Mary Caroline* (1931 -) - the youngest (*Mary Caroline Augustine*) went the farthest, having married *James Milton Ham* (1920-1997), who was the President of the University of Toronto from 1978 to 1983, which I cannot remember clearly, even though, both prior to and after that period, at that same place I myself was attacking the same unambiguous (emphatic) reckoning, *di salto*.

{That is how one saga leads to another, once they're garlanded with the identical empty glory, having left the intertwining to the so-called time.

Although so much life and so compact a building, after all, could not have been imagined without such an, however superficial, interlacing of one story with another [why it happened that it was exactly me, all of a sudden thrown into this place a stranger (whose only the 12-th year is about to expire in the *K-W* area), who got "inspired" to use the keyboard (rather than to flare a stroke of the pen) to get involved with the theme on none other than the factory building of an old *Kaufman* (out of so much more "modern", lively, appropriate themes, in the sense of being more "useful", in

these, not so small twin-cities - the last census speaks of some 300,000 people), the theme of so distrustful “transparentness” (*fin de siècle* almost?), even though, of course, the story about me at this point is irrevocably breaking (didn’t it, already, so nicely settle in all those falsely feverish pages of this gentle, exemplary diary, the daily written record of none other than the omnipresence and everlastingness of the *Tree of the Universe, Yggdrasill* - a degree of measure is necessary to have after all), returning exclusively to the given topic: coming back to the title of a text about how a building, in this case *Kaufman’s*, with a determination greater than an accidental passerby could suppose (*nach allem, was ich weiß*), could not have been brought into a state of passing away due to either the death of its owners or the bankruptcy of their firm, to the contrary}.

Männlich Nachkomme 1: of the four children of *Jacob* and *Mary*, their son *Alvin (A. R.) Kaufman* went on to manage the company.

(*Homme d’affaires*).

“*Как раз вас я искал*” was said to him, during the transfer, by *Old Kaufman*.

[*Weiblich Nachkommenschaft*: daughters of such parents used to deal with (are dealing with) the activities that are more unassuming than the activities which, in the given case, by definition associate with the production of hiking shoes, dress shoes, patent shoes, suede shoes, deck shoes, dance shoes, tap shoes, climbing boots, rubber boots, snow boots, cowboy boots, military boots, galoshes, and other leather and rubber goods - so that *Emma (femme seule)*, like her mom and dad, was into philanthropy (an idling/loafing kindheartedness), and, in general, into the appropriately populous, according to present day standards even Populistic actions (look how, in addition to not moving out of the way, nothing changes either!), taking care of the *Children’s Aid Society*, helping the *K-W Orphanage*, the *Women’s Christian Temperance Union*, and, especially, the *Young Women’s Christian Association (YWCA)*, having popularized the *YWCA* all the way to Japan (for which she was decorated in 1965 by the Emperor himself, *Deo juvante*), while *Edna (femme couverte)*, by the nature of things more pragmatic, having married *Albert William*, devoted herself to her children (*Albert, John, and Mary Caroline*)].

[*Männlich Nachkomme 2*: as with regards to the second son of *Jacob* and *Mary* (regarding *Milton Ratz Kaufman*, that is), it was not even known (as it was noted earlier) how - in what way and day - he dealt with his death, for one to have been able to expect from him (while he was alive) something more, let alone managing the company, *аминь!*

“*En Dieu est tout*” used to say his mother (*Mary R. Kaufman*), whenever she was mentioning his name (whenever it could not be avoided)].

To be sure, neither the heir to the company business (*Alvin Ratz Kaufman*) neglected the social responsibilities - besides helping the mentioned *YWCA*, he quite naturally plunged himself into supporting its male equivalent (the *YMCA*), having pushed off into more contemporary waters, taking part in the activities referring to family planning and birth control (in an advisory-theoretical capacity, doubtlessly, *exaequo et bono*).

And that’s how it lasted, while it did. (As it is said, and as it is).

Otium cum dignitate.

However (a classical turn of events: *ex abrupto, Ewigkeit!*), things started going downhill (wherein by “things” one, by all means, assumes the business): after the *Kaufman* company declared the bankruptcy, in the basement of the building burst the undergorund storage tank, *UST*, flooding its foundations with 50,000 gallons (225,000 litres) of oil.

Having spilled it into a stain in the shape of a foot!

Σωστα!

One could with ease infer that the things, with respect to said building (the only theme of this writing, *et id genus omne*), concluded and stopped.

Was that so?

Tenia entendido otra cosa.

(Is it not known that, “in capitalism”, nothing is lost? Forget all those doubts, prejudices, entropy theories and, generally, the defeatist stories and old wives’ tales, all you who, upon your souls touched yourselves in this place!).

The analysis of the distribution of the oil flood [locating (1) free product, (2) residual naphtha absorbed on soil particles, (3) dissolved-phase naphtha, and (4) vapour-phase naphtha], as well as the recommendations and instructions as to how to clean up and decontaminate the place of the accident, was done and presented by experts of the *XCG* consulting firm, specializing in the field of hydrogeological accidents (the details of the study, including the photograph of the building and the shape of the tarnish, can be seen at http://www.xcg.com/casestudies/Kaufman_King_St_Plant.pdf), in addition to the conventional monitors placed inside 45 drill holes (from 10 to 24 meters deep), using simulation tools (computer models) for the so-called *Multi-Phase Extraction*, *MPE*, bio-slurping, and *Monitored Natural Attenuation*, *MNA*.

According to *Terry Boutilier*, a senior adviser to the municipal authorities (the body that ordered the expert opinion from the *XCG*), the building could still be used.

“Parts of the building could be used for residential, office and commercial purposes”, uttered *Mr. Boutilier* assiduously.

It remained, thus, to sell the property.

[“*Das Haus soll verkauft werden*”, said those who did not spend a single day in it.

“*Questa casa e abitata da fantasmi*”, replied those who, in the building, left their lives (in the figurative meaning of the word).

As always, the two primordial enemy camps spoke different languages].

In that sense, to the receivership firm, “*Ernst & Young Inc.*”, an offer was made by the potential purchaser, “*410 King Properties Ltd.*”.

“*Tengo pensado comprarlo*”, its representative whispered (in the third, more supple language).

Some time later, however, the offer was withdrawn.

“*Одна, даже, мысль об этом меня пугает*”, was the exposition of the failed buyer, this time having expressed himself in a metaphorical, Russian tongue.

Having unjustifiably suspected the appropriateness of the purchase because of something that, only at a glance, the petty mercantile (skinflint-like) hastiness of the eternal pettifoggers (fog dealers), pardon me, realtors, imprudently returned there (to that same foginess, *et hoc genus omne*) from where that something (*désorienté*) presumably had arrived, which, when one thinks it over, in fact did not happen, being in agreement with the real (actual) existence of the object of said commercial transaction, that is, agreeing with the teachings of modern physics according to which all this (that the story is about, including the former footwear factory of *Kaufman*), in whatever way to look at it (*ex quocunque capite*), really is *empty* (the state of being filled up - not a vacant state - is a privilege of sharp sight, *Präzedenzfall*).

Having crossed, namely, quite accidentally - neither as an enterpriser nor as a pauper, *ho su il cappotto* - the (royal) intersection just around the time when (the fate of) the building was still up for grabs, on a piece of paper, dated January 7, 2002 (and found by chance yesterday, which "inspired" me to undertake this job of such a fine/gentle story presentation), I had written, that is, copied the words from a huge sign made of a linen and stretched across the *Kaufman Building* [officially put out of use (bolted as much with locks and soaked boards as with resigned dismals, *su due piedi*)], across, that is, the large dirty windows and the walls painted a long time ago (with little, if any, original paint left on them since), i.e. quite fitting the overall impression of, due to the ill fate, a gloomy facade - the words that, as I recall, in a rather not so strong wind (in an unseasonable breeze, *alles in allem*) were triumphantly wrinkling in full size of theirs (without any lower case letters, that is):

"EMPTY SPACE, FULL OF POSSIBILITIES" ! ?

Without both the exclamation and the question mark, of course: (*волей-неволей*) no one reads them any more (all is a mask, of nothing store), not even the eyes of *Kaufman's* pore (*wie dem auch sei*).

{V-A,D}

12/21/03

Knock, Knock, Knock (Winter Solstice)

The most objective thing is a clock.

It strikes - though it (the striking) is not suited for it (the clock) either.

(Even that - the striking - will waste away).

One must admit - an attitude without a precedent.

Салют!

No matter whom it strikes for (doing it for itself is so-so), i.e. regardless of what it found its model in to diligently serve it - its purpose is unknown.

So viel Arbeit, warum?

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Assuming life is its standard - that may be partially alright; death - even less.

(Wo shiráberù).

Yet, it strikes and strikes, even itself having not predicted such a progression [what if its spring breaks down (or a tiny gear fails, which will happen – it's only a matter of time), does it really have to count off to itself?

Yes, it does.

Bisogna farlo.

So many abandoned (thrown away, long ago forgotten) clocks (and watches) are palpable proof of such a (futile) measurement (of theirs), i.e. of that (quasi-mechanical) craze of a wheel (that one unwinds even when not spinning - wholly licking itself with the assiduously spent travel, *in saecula saeculorum*), whereas not even the functioning device (the clock which is still active) hesitates to pin its own mechanism (having counted off to itself, *in toto*).

[“*Nos hemos pasado la calle*”, say the witnesses of such a forsaken (cast off) hour, retreating to their fictitious garden].

Which could still be understood if the relay is not being passed to the other clocks, whom their own hands didn't help to see what happened to the previous ones, and so on, *immer mehr*.

With the result that something always strikes.

To vypo.

It crumbles, filters through the ceiling (descends from the roof, *quo animo?*), flows into the room (a quantum bow tie shining under its chin, *ouvrier*), gets accustomed to the role of the enterprising *Emer (raconteur)*, the wife of the hero *Cuchulainn*, who succeeded in taking back that husband of hers from *Fand* [a beauty from the other world who left many of her admirers breathless because of her look, (*aunque, no pasó gran cosa*)], reclaiming him in such a way in which, having found herself in their company (in the company of her own husband and the potential rival *Fand*), it was enough for her to only lament: “Sweet is that which is new and unknown, sour that which is old and known”, in order for the rest of the company to properly figure out what she meant, because of which understanding *Fand (schöner denn je)* returned said *Cuchulainn* to his wife.

Самосознание.

(Whenever something is to do with a lady justice, her watch is set according to her customer's).

Therefore, something always strikes.

Even when turning in the so-called dream - it strikes [dreaming as if it is inside of a catacomb located three miles from the city of *Rome* (on *Via Appia*), containing piles of bodies of early *Christian* martyrs for whom (*само собой разумеется*) it is too late to revise the doctrine], and when looking with eyes wide open at reality - it strikes [deciphering ‘where all this leads to’ (*сам по себе*)]; the only time when it does not strike is during the attack of catalepsy [having suffered from a sudden loss of motion and sensation, being in the state of speechlessness and without senses, as well as being fixed in the posture in which the trouble happened, making impossible for it to comprehend the situation (to be *for* or *against* - *pro et contra*) - *âme de boue*].

But when it strikes, it strikes.

Полностью.

It became so used to striking [i.e. to the role of being sequential (and consecutive)], as well as to a certain parallel with the softened clatter of paws (*no hay nada detras*), that in the feline smoothness it feels as if at *Felis*' home.

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Even, as if it integrates with, i.e. joins that which it measures - overflowing its last thoughts, it becomes placid like them. [Assuming that that (which is measured, i.e. dealt with) does not spare them (said thoughts)]. *Asi parece.*

[“Consolidate in mind and frame”, *Tennyson*. Look what it (that which gently strikes) represents itself with].

But, if the thing with a cat (and its thudding in lazybones’ place) is enough to incite the impression of the time axis (whether it is to do with the *Angora*, or the *Maltese*, or the *Persian* cat, or even the *Cat With Nine Tails*), what is one supposed to do with the remark that time (more exactly, the time difference) has nothing to do with anything except gravitation [see “*The Role of People in Stories About People*”, underneath the Root of this same Tree (*Yggdrasil*, *The Tree of the Universe*)], in which case not even the god of the *Cat With Nine Tails* would forgive it the tenth one, which she would most certainly use (being what she is) to prematurely reach his roof too, *dort oben* (having lifted herself upward).

(Here, an explicitly endorsed, i.e. religion-based God is referred to, in contrast to the introspective/implicit one, deduced *de privatus profundis* in default of the official/explicit one).

[Religion as a fashion. Only, here, one deals with spiritual foppishness.

Anyone with self-respect is going to strut on some other stage.

(“*Me tengo que ir*”, he will be saying).

On the other hand [like that wolf which couldn’t help itself even with the (notorious) change of its appearance (without, evidently, changing its character), *es war einmal*], the naked chance does not change its character either - it also relies on the fixed result more than on statistics.

(*Man kann nie wissen*).

“Atheists assert that the existence of things is casual”, *Dwight*].

* * *

Knock, knock, knock - the time strikes to finish with oneself.

Today is the winter solstice.

Riduzione.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

12/21-24/03

Progressus

Proconsul (lived 40 million years ago, a tree dweller, now extinct), *Ramapithecus* (lived 15 million years ago, used stones and sticks, now extinct), *Australopithecus* (lived 5 million years ago, used bones and sharp stones, now extinct), ‘1470’ (*Leakey*) *Man* (lived 2½ million years ago, used pebble tools, now extinct), *Homo erectus* (lived 500,000 years ago, used fire, hunted large animals, now extinct), *Homo sapiens* (“Wise Man”, lived 250,000 years ago, made fine tools,

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now extinct), *Neanderthal Man* (lived 100,000 - 40,000 years ago, a cave dweller, now extinct), *Cro-magnon Man* [lived 30,000 years ago, made different tools as well as ornaments, carvings and paintings, considered man's ancestor (*Homo sapiens sapiens*), *wusstest du das nicht?*]

Such a progress, yet outside - a stagnation.

Ún mó!

(There struggle with each other *Earth* and *Heaven*, so we'll see - some things are driven by luck, others are not).

(You get what you get).

(*Was meinen Sie?*)

Июллия.

It is that hour, therefore, from which the other (still) cannot be seen, but then, one (justifiably) pins his hopes on it (*in fin dei conti*): it is not a minor achievement to have been able to reach this point, while setting out towards something further carries even a better promise for every one (e.g. good salaries for all, *te lo dico a fin da bene*) - (to do anything) only to avoid extinction [to prevent that which happened to the first apes, having in mind that the later ones had good reason to live, having reached all the way to us (*alla fin fine*)].

[Unlike man, no animal is able to touch its thumb with its little finger of, naturally, the same hand. "*Wollen wir das machen?*", go ahead and ask it, after having demonstrated how to do that].

Schwellung und Schwemme: the somehow familiar condition enters today's pores as well [like spilled ink freed from a spell - in the (same) paddle of words only the weak utterances come to blows, the strong ones (found here and there), anyway, need not ascend anywhere].

Figurate! Fijate!

In the continuation of the process, going 'from hunting to planting', i.e. increasingly using crops and domesticating animals to produce food, the apes of the last two million (hunting) years of the *Palaeolithic* era (the *Old Stone Age*) culminated into men of the last ten thousand (planting) years of the *Neolithic* era, with the result that the so-called *pre-historic* man became the *historic* one, having invented the (cuneiform - *Sumerian*) writing, found in the form of various tablets and inscriptions, about 6,000 years ago.

(*Исторический*).

[The renowned *Gilgamesh Epic*, an account of the times and the personality of the legendary *Babylonian/Sumerian* king reigning in the lower *Euphrates* River Valley, was completed about 2000 B.C.; it includes a description of the *Biblical Flood* and is written on 12 tablets using the wedge-shaped characters (the mentioned cuneiform).

Au grand sérieux, like all that came after].

Linked back to the *Sumerian* civilization [itself originated in the *Bronze Age* (about 8,000 years ago) in the *Mesopotamian* south (between the rivers *Euphrates* and *Tigris*, the Palestinian *Jericho* and the lake *Van*)] are both *Semitic* civilizations, *Akkadian* and *Babylonian*; then came *Assyrians* and *Kassites*, who ruled over *Mesopotamia* until they were defeated by *Elamites*, more than 3,000 years ago.

{The "golden age" of *Babylon*, during the reigns of *Hammurabi* and, later, the *Nebuchadnezzar* dynasties, featured the 'Empire State Building' of the times, the famed *Tower of Babel* [built 2,600 years ago as a ziggurat (staggered tower)], as well as the *Hanging Gardens of Babylon*, made during the rule of the *Assyrian* princess and Queen *Semiramis* (c. 800 B.C.), also known as *Semiramide* or *Semiramida*, who, displeased with the ground gardens, planted the hanging ones}.

Regarding the *Egyptian* civilization, it originated during the *New Stone Age* (within the *Neolithic* era), about 7,000 years ago, in the lower *Nile* River Valley, while the flourishing of the civilization in *India* (in the regions of *Harapa* and *Mohenjo-Dara*) happened about 4,500 years ago. The rise of the *Chinese* civilization, similarly to the *Sumerian*, started in the *Bronze Age*.

Although the first traces of civilizations of the *Americas* (the *Incas*, *Mayas*, and *Aztecs*) date back 13,000 years (according to some archeological findings, the traces of man there are 10,000 years older), their cultures were younger; it looks like the *Mayans* were the only ones to use the (hieroglyphic) writing.

The civilization of *Лепенски Вуп* [brought into being in the *Ђердан* gorge of the *Danube* River (*Дунав*) in the present-day *Serbia*] is among the oldest civilizations in *Europe* - regarding its age it is shoulder to shoulder with the *Greek* civilization, before the *Romans*.

(“*Qu’est-ce qui est arrivé?*”, people ask themselves in the towns of *Текуја* and *Голубац* nowadays).

Even though ‘*muta est pictura poema*’ is an established truth, every civilization wanted its story to be told: the *Egyptians*, the *Greeks*, the *Romans*, the *Hebrews*, etc., used written word to express finer, i.e. more refined concepts and ideas than those associated with the scenes and notions from the agricultural and breeding farms (dealing with horses, cows, grains and leguminous plants), having arrived (in the *Middle East* and *Europe*), by means of poetry, plays, and various treatises, to the *Old Testament* [with *Moses Laws (Leviticus)*, the *Letters of Prophets*, the *Book of Psalms*], and the *New Testament* [with the teachings of *Jesus* and his followers, the four *Gospels*, the doctrines of the twelve *Apostles* (their 21 letters - epistles), and the *Apocalypse* (the book of *Revelation of Saint John*)], after which the *Christianity* spread (in said and other parts of the world) in a rather methodical way [somewhere faster, somewhere slower (canon by canon), shoving the formal staleness underneath the official dogma], with the characteristic role of the elite [which, anticipating (having in mind) quite solid benefits, accepted it first]; people themselves kept to their pagan rites (that is, polytheistic/mythological traditions/religions) longer yet.

In the same way, the secular and spiritual elite of the *Serbian* people converted to the *Christianity* before the people itself; from the very beginnings of the *Christianization* (at the end of the *IX* century) to the appearance of *Saint Sava (Свему Сава)*, who eventually succeeded in winning the autocephaly for the *Serbian Orthodox Church*, more than three centuries passed.

Καλει κροο.

Heavy rain and dense fog do not end with the day. (It sounds like a *cliché*, but it sticks to the skin, disparages the attitude).

(*Nosce te ipsum*).

Even an ant (utterly indiscernible, yet clearly wet), watchfully crouched and, now, cleverly keeping quiet - poses as if he makes some difference, as if everything is not conceived this way so he would not have what to look for around here, although (just look at the little devil!) it acts as if it is recommended to him not to be so unequivocally passive, on the contrary, as if it is being suggested (as if he is being advised) that he should (at least to some degree) become obstinate (get angry, rouse himself, blow up and begin to scream) - i.e. that he should keep swinging upon this mud with his little legs of silk.

Ascolta!

Here they are, revising, tons and tons of ‘belletristic literature’, that (until a moment ago) testified about the aggregate hideousness - up to the line behind which a new day commences (*proprio in quel momento*).

Progress as an enchanting preference of explicable necessity to raise oneself in awe.

Fijate! Figurate!

{V-A,D}

Dubious Contribution to Verity

Who would face the truth if they knew what it was?

(Che ci provi solamente!)

If it (the truth) took him hand in hand, went (with him) for a walk, and there (on the given clearing, *partout*) left him to find his way (to act and work) as he thinks he should.

(Having whispered to him: “*Anáta nò bán desu*”).

(Doing that) in order for him to realize where he comes from / goes to (for his face to not show he realized it).

Простодушный.

(To not start coughing if things become suspicious, *на полпути*).

To make truth dance attendance on him (to make it beat around the bush), while he (*la persona indicada para el puesto*) is sheltered by falsehood.

(To not become fidgety if attacked).

But then (*pro nunc*), to split in a cultured way into that which attracts him to truth, and that which repels him from it (into one half here, the other there, *pondere, non numero*), to let the first half forget about the second {to not let them blend into a whole [leaving him without any of the halves - making him (who started from nought) return to nought], *damit dies möglich wurde* }, to start barking like an *Eskimo* dog (*aus der Flasche trinken*) at the everlasting frost - even a *Husky* knows how to get lost - let's shoot the works!

Therefore, to not look back after anything which would hinder him to not look back after anything which would hinder him to not look back after anything which would hinder him to not look back after anything which would in the fourth trial help him to attain a false truth having accomplished himself three times to no avail (thinking *Omne trinum perfectum*).

Instead, to nicely take the truth to heart [to move his head to his speechless mouth - a bad word for modern times is not being prepared there anyway (*orator fit, poeta nascitur*)], for the purposes of completing the journey to prepare self for the fixity of *Kai*, a knight of legendary might and prowess, the senior warrior who could go nine days and nine nights without sleep, and breathe for nine days and nine nights under water, but (of all that) he had chosen to grow as tall as a forest tree at will - and stay at that [immovable like a black pine (and equally still)], *desde entonces*.

Before which, one should amuse oneself [but resolutely and briskly (ignoring the duplicity), without playing one's trump regarding the felicity, *por y parvenir*].

Μηπως Θελετε γλυκο, καφε?

“Nothing is more hopeless than a scheme of merriment”, S. Johnson (1709-84), from “The Idler”, No.58, May 26, 1759.

(Τι παγωτα εχετε?)

It is only the one who has a presentiment what this is all about, who can be informed about truth (who can look at its eyes).

Preux chevalier.

[With which, true, he struck its fancy too, it's late to excuse him using this or that, neither in the profusion nor in the privation will he be able to elicit from it (the truth, however gray) a more complacent face full of the Judgment Day.

Ohe! jam satis.

“Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and adversity is not without comfort and hopes”, Bacon].

Ich hab!

Alles in allem, two dim birds turn upside down (while flying into the seconds in front of them), subsequently turning from one wing to another [staying at neither (in such a sky) for longer than wind in the eye, *tutto il giorno*] - exactly because of the above described turn of events (the endless reversal) bringing into question even the very idea of a swift ascension (underneath the beak of such a soothing lightness), worthy of one *Gwydion* [one year disguised as a stag and a hind, another as a boar and a sow, still another as a pair of wolves (*angeregt*)], having not what to hold on (letting themselves play with truth in the sense of a perpetual substituting of one side for another, *lucris causa*), overturning (as it was said) from the false stomach to the quasi-spine in the way of throwing a flying tip according to the rules of throwing a spear (in full sincerity), performing a dubious contribution to verity, *que yo sepa*.

{U,V-C,A,D}

12/27-30/03

Miniature

Such a complete drawing (not some barren sketch), and yet, not even the smallest square is included to cover the afternoon with (*wie packe ich das an?*); however fragile the oval windows looking at today's nirvana [a partial lull with the full darkening of the fault (*ich nehme es dir nicht übel!*)] may have been, one certainly expected (and is still expecting) a comradeship while burying the blaze, but not its glistening without consideration for the miniature, *a tacano*.

Questo dovrebbe bastare.

Miniaturizing as a particularly selected (process of determining) the direction in the universal representation of things (*tout en chantant / marchant / etc*), something which (today too) struggles to not surrender in front of the room of such proportions (a room as a whole story of the writer, *взвешив все еше раз*), a reduction done exactly as needed to encompass both the conclusion [1] and the introduction [3] (there is no quick benefit, anyway, from a too long middle [2]), yielding something like this: there flashed itself [1], there extinguishes itself [3], this day too [2].

Ruit mole sua.

[These are the conditions, therefore, under which the interpretation of the current hours ripens: germinated from the shadows of life, the small shirts of death conceal them (the hours free of distress) - as any of them fades, it spins less and less - in the end (at sunset) they cross the edge of fair play (the blue moon takes them away), *respice finem*].

As the impression (of a just expired day) settles a dispute with the self there comes to a certain magnification of the scene (on which the moves of the expected end dominate), but (at the same time, with the same offer of talent), even that which is in a stage of solidified caoutchouc crumbles again (*post obitum*), inflicting a plastic blow of concealed miniature on the molecularity of its own description, *незамеченный*.

Ausspruch: concealed or not, the miniature (in any case) demonstrates itself there where even those reconciled with themselves cry for an elementary picture (fundamental representation) of disordered heroism, an unpredictable particularity which (this glaring day too, even by a roundabout way) touches someone's 'personality and achievement', in the case here reaching the ultimate fighter *Cuchulainn*, the warrior who radiated the divine flare and idealistic closeness (so visible in his 'dreamy eyes', *er besteht darauf*), but whom even his own father (the God of Sun, *Lugh*, having given him a flaming wheel to guide him through the dangers of life) could not help in his last battle, in which *Cuchulainn* justified hopes of those who (with reason) prophetically called him "a warrior greater than life", having died (after being mortally wounded in his final combat) in accordance with his words: "I care not though I last but a day if my name and my fame are a power forever", after which a crow settled on his shoulder, signifying the hero's end.

Qué hay de malo en eso? Qualis vita, finis ita.

But, why should one mention that in the first place, when (having arrived from the hugeness of the previous moment to the eulogy of the present instant) afternoons like this amount to the replica of some (fairly suitable) whitish miniature (*naimitsu ni*), without the ingredients that would bear witness to anything except the victorious (clear to all) glory?

Having gathered both enterprise and flow in one hand ("*Superare la prova del tempo*" is something the devotees of words like telling each other), and having set off towards the point beyond the past ones (so safe and sound), the whole pattern is seen in its stitch: its lessening is completely round (its outcome a microscopic glitch), *qualis ab incepto*.

Miniature as the closing of every noisy story (*du hast es doch gemacht, oder nicht?*), a well-rounded room of the size of a finger pointed at a disappearing tone (carefully asking it "*Kann ich ihre Adresse haben?*"), something that makes an effort to get off of its cross (even diligence hums once its glow betrays it, inflicting a loss, causing a stagnation), having found its end in the micro-calculation (*это для меня крайне важно*).

Gefrierpunkt.

Another ten lines and the evening is here (*Φυσαει πολυ*), (the whole day) letter by letter of its access (so shy and precautious, by all means underprivileged) to the pearl-like impressiveness of the coming murkiness strings up, until all this (*plein de soi-même*) accelerates (a sudden blow of the expected obscurity happens, *salvo pudore*), whereby the miniature is only going to gain its value, not hesitating to become associated with the four servants in charge of levering up the eyelid of one-eyed *Balor* [the gigantic god of death and its (death's) most fateful lighthouse (when that one turns off, even oracles go blind, *probatum est*)], and (having covered his retina) to pass judgment on him in a battle against the Sun God (that same *Lugh* from above), in which *Balor* was killed with a sling-shot, the shot, that is, that reduced the giant to nobody, its enormous light to a clot of the gloom, the black brooch of the last one (the inverse bloom of nature) to a miniature, *aus freien Stücken*.

{U, V-C, A}

12-01/30-31-02/03-04

Calculating the New Year

At the end of one year, what is there to say besides to praise the next, even if calculating it by extracting its root, *ad multos annos*.

(“Anything that consoles is fake”, *Iris M.*).

Что вам угодно?

Whatever one is to think about them (all those years, *ad gustum*) - it is not easy for anybody/anything there (no one / nothing is given complete freedom there), for one to pronounce (just like that) a more austere judgment regarding it all [the fickle presence / steady absence (*adieu!*)].

Sie sind verschieden groß.

Wie verlautet, having left oneself to the next year in the manner in which he was opposing this one [stubbornly/steadily, like a lively chronicler of the idle speed of a rushed inexpressibility (*ní tasù ní wà yón*)], i.e. having freed himself from all those prejudices about the fashionable flowage of a reckless beauty (*giu di li, su per giu*) - to enjoy it would certainly be a suitable continuation of legitimate reading-piece like this (upon which, after all, the concentric changing of one circle with another is indeed based, *sin número*), if, already there, one were not subject to understandable challenge of this afternoon's fixedness (in front of which an even bigger beast bit in the static bait, let alone this unassuming lynx, *так ему и надо*).

As already determined by the clock (although they would be like that - by all means isomorphic - anyway), all these years (the exemplary bricks of a symmetrical construction of the perfect circle of a cross-section of a ball, *πωσδηποτε*) flow into each other as soon as the calendar displays a correct combination to them (like a safe to the monies, until they flood it), having stiffened only at the possibility of a Biblical Flood, *à genoux*.

“*Der christliche Entschluss, die Welt hässlich und schlecht zu finden, hat die Welt hässlich und schlecht gemacht* - The Christian resolution to find the world ugly and bad has made the world ugly and bad”, *Nietzsche* (1844-1900), *anno ætatis suæ*.

Because, in each of them (in all those years of falls and ascensions, growing and abatement, *zur Verfügung, verfeinern*), the augmentation would be the one which is in demand (while carefully keeping track of it) - if it wasn't for descent.

This way, it is the difference which is taken into calculation, even if it was (as it will be seen, and as it follows from calculating without any limits) not only negative but also hidden underneath the symbolic root (an operation on the self), *senza giri di parole*.

“Matters have been brought to this pass”, *South*.

(Mi gira la testa).

Even in the last day of this year (Wednesday, 31.12.03, *ex necessitate rei*), there is that same setting/arrangement of yesterday [the same fault, due to, of course, ‘Earth clashing with Heaven’ (*frente a frente*)], the same morning (the same evening), the same something paramount which utterly flows through ground (*o la fuerza*), it is only at midnight that that, measured with the same gauge, made only slightly heavier (that which is on stage, *de buena gana*), like a parrot gets a hold of the self-love of *Arawn*, the ruler of the otherworld (*Annwn*), a celestial place full of peace and profusion (by definition), and consequently filled with songs of singing birds (*et sequentia*), on whose one end there is a magical cauldron, guarded by nine maidens, who heal the sick and restore the dead to life with its warm water, while on the other end of it a pack of hellish hounds fly at night like glittering arrows (*tu das ruhig, selbs*), whose main duty is to pursue human souls and take them to that (other) world, because of which they (the hounds of hell), in order to make sure that the souls in question don't overlook them and get lost, appear white with red ears (*in den roten Zahlen*), as (after all) is appropriate for the ushers of that degree of delicacy [ushering said souls from the past fervor to the future frost (*Rückreiseverkehr*)].

Come è andata a finire?

And although all this ingratiatingly rings from past to future without ceasing at all, it is only the present which reverberates because of the blissful sameness of a universal goal (it can be heard as all which crouched, waiting for the proper response of the senses, hums, *empressement*): there comes to the irrevocable change (it is already the second day of the second year of the second one of the one and same this), and yet, from all these numbers, not even an arithmetician would be able to derive a result with which to get rid of the real part of the complex sum, whatever its imaginary portion may be, *in nubibus*.

Although, neither this last part (imaginary constituent) is something which could not be attributed to the hasty (and by so much premature) reaction of those who (timidly) claim that once [more specifically, in the first night after the summer solstice (*ex mera gratia*), on *Aine*'s hill] they saw *Aine* herself (*cento volte*), the goddess of love, fertility and agriculture, and daughter of *Eogabail* (the foster son of the sea god *Manamman Mac Lir*), and that she made possible for them to see, through her magic ring, various examples of pleonasm including adroit sorceresses and gifted fairies (*in qualsiasi momento*), as if (in all that, *fra un anno*) one is not dealing with taking the square root of minus one, which is calculated by crossing from one year to another and (proportionally adjusted) numerical reduction of the second portion of the total number for so much, *ja, leider*.

{V-C,A,W,D}

01/03-05/04

At the Extreme Beginning

The day is as any other (if one listens to the routine story).

(*Tristesse*).

A story with which (today too) the type of such a suitably gauged time belongs to those which boil down to the game of words, from which one syllable after the other piles atop a paraphrase regarding those vanished hours which someone would easily give away (as if a worn out hat) if given back a new life starting tomorrow, while someone else would not even do that, *und wenn es noch so schwer ist*.

A cloudy afternoon: even the sun's argument is driven out of its hands by means of the physical regularity.

(*Квантовый*).

“Physical astronomy eclipsed and overlaid theoretical mechanics”, Whewell.

Sua cuique voluptas.

Even if it comes to a light rain (if a few droplets, or so, start flowing down the frozen hedge bindweed, *sauf et sain*), it will happen because some result is expected from the clouds too (before they reduce to ionic streams, *curiosamente*).

“The clouds that overcast our morn shall fly”, Dryden.

(*Sauve qui peut*).

In somewhat better circumstances birds would dash onto the scene too (“The birds chant melody on every bush”, *W. Shakespeare*), but at this time (the beginning of January, *so wie es jetzt ist*) it is rusticalness without validation.

Paisaje: it looks like (on the back of a fast steed) *Epona* rode past, the goddess of horses and fertility (patroness of those branches of the military - the pro-European cavalries starting from the *Roman*), which is strange and suspicious because these are other continents (*Americas!*), but “in the time of a global village and mass communications” (to use the standard vocabulary of the on-duty journalists of the post-information-era ‘elite’) nothing can be excluded, not even *Epona* on a donkey [riding it (in the given case) right here - in front of the window].

Besides her, no one else passed by for a half an hour already (*tædium vitæ?*), which one should not be puzzled with, having in mind the golden rule of silence: only that which trots by sitting on a saddle does not bother it (the silence), for it turns itself off for everything else after the first thud (including the *Olympic* races, *oder so was*).

Time here is one thing, there it is another (it is ten here, a hundred there, *multum in parvo*), even when different, the hours in question are identical because of the controversial truth at an indisputable time [all these hours suddenly trapped in the local ambient of the official sobering up (*sub prætexto juris*)], the hours spun by *Dagda*, father of the gods [owning a wondrous cauldron of plenty (*utcunque placuerit Deo*)], a great fighter in all epochs (having an enormous club with two effective ends) and an inspired lover of *Morrigan* (the war goddess), a sincere admirer of eating and drinking, an epicure of his own kind who (during lulls in fights, *pour rire*), using the terms of tasting and degustation, explained even the disappearing (in his own stomach) of a porridge of milk, flour, fat, pigs and goats (enough for the company of fifty heroes), but who, in spite of that, did not hesitate to, drowsy and heavy because of all that food, make love to a *Fomori* girl (a girl from the adversary camp), therein setting an example for that kind of relationship, later turned into an institution of a holy marriage between military chieftains and virtuous maidens at the beginning of each year [like this one is (*tempus fugit, n'est-ce pas?*)], including ritual weddings of *Sumerian* rulers and young priestesses in *Mesopotamia* (with ceremonial blessings of such healthy marriages), whereby unions were created to ensure prosperity, strength and peace.

(*Satis superque*).

The process of ensuring, therefore, was in place, to reassure all that which, like at this beginning (the beginning of this year, logically made narrower by the classic start, *κατα τη γνωμη μου*), clumsy offers itself on the first pages of a diligent waiting for the favorable marvel (it is enough to listen to any ‘fresh news’, *tout de suite*), before the onset of all the others (the subsequent news, audible only to those skilled in writing, *soi-disant*), while to the untrained ones (unskilled in writing in the sense of the poor listening to the important sounds, *sponte sua*), the ultimate/finished/final song is still inaudible, even though, of course, nothing is finished (brought to an end), nor will it be, as long as there lurks a futile writer of a museum-like passion, i.e. there lies in wait an author possessing the ardor which cannot be brought just like that through the back door into the hall of omniscience, from which not even him [nor they, the subjects of the same, universal ignorance (*semper timidum scelus*)], in this day either (another initial day from the sea of the same ones), will turn the tables on the rest of them (the rest of the days), arranged so-so atop the head tilted sideways, *ultra licitum*.

{U, V-C}

01/06-08/04

Between Mythology and Kitsch

It is not easy to write so many pages even with the (help of a) strong imagination, not to mention doing it without being a bit smooth-spoken.

(*En passant*).

But it does not mean that (in all that, *zur gleichen Zeit*) there is no room for *Goncharov*'s *Obolomov*-ism; furthermore, not even the old *Karamazov* would have been able to cope with his (wretched?!) life without it, that is, to cope with that

which, in his head, he understood under said notion (*durante vita*), until his fourth (and illegitimate) son made him (the drunk libertine) get rid of it (the mentioned notion, which, according to him, referred to his life), let alone the possibility that, from such a sluggishness, the one who is unsuccessfully slicing it (the listlessness) with the silence under his pen, comes to his senses, *no ympam*.

Мозаика: the triflingness of the snow (it's mainly windy), the details which do not care whether the picture with which they adorn is going to reduce to two (or three) satiated ones, or (in this, not yet full day) the food in question is going to be absent from it too (in which case not even a single brick is going to be left from today's cube, *keikai suru*), as if the state of being stranded (in the sense of being left to the mercy of such a round landscape, *ex adverso*) is something understood by itself (which one should not shout at), *ex concessio*.

Whichever mythological character (heroine, hero, deity, dwarf, *Deo favente*) is to let himself/herself into corroborating the advantages of the imagined over the real, he/she will not even (have time to) turn back and the reality will already come for what belongs to it (the heroine, the dwarf, the character-based founder of the myth, *Deo juvante*), to deliver a lesson to them - about the magic of the everyday event. *Secuela*.

As if hearing nothing of that, between the first and the second degree of the morning (between the daybreak and late dawn, *et id genus omne*), there whitens *Sibyl*, the prophetess condemned by *Apollo* to aging without the possibility of death (an endless old age, *basta?*), sufficiently idle to (have time to) write nine books (*Sibylline Books* - a collection of oracles), predicting in details everybody's life except her own (*per giorni e giorni*), the books which those whom they were intended for twice refused to buy, forcing the sibyl to gradually burn them (in quantities of three), until reaching the last three, which, in turn, forced the people in question to close the deal and get the remaining books (though at the original price) before all the irreplaceable oracles were totally destroyed (even then, namely, as it most certainly would be the case at the present, it was not secure to be left without any ideas for later, *faire bonne mine*), which, as it is known, did not help them to not end up the way they did: from ruined *Rome* (along the crack in the wall) there boasts with its trophy (in the form of a worm) *Tichodroma muraria* [an *European*, *Asian*, and *American* wall creeper (although whistling three times - it yields a single aria throughout the place)], holding its catch underneath its white face [(not only in this term) it is anybody's guess who is eating whom here (itself not being a germ)]. *Fumum et opess, strepitumque Romæ*.

"A myth is, of course, not a fairy tale. It is the presentation of facts belonging to one category in the idioms appropriate to another. To explode a myth is accordingly not to deny the facts but to re-allocate them", *G. Ryle* (1900-76), from "The Concept of Mind", 1949.

Das versteht sich von selbst.

On the other side [as it was noticed long ago, it (the side in question) always shows itself without frothing, as if it is the only thing that one can count on, *en ami*], the kitsch as a skill of solid superstition also takes very well under the post-operative circumstances of spiritual convalescents (*de retour*), to think that it would fail under the conditions of general anesthesia of devotional retirees (*désagrément*). *Diis aliter visum*.

Kitsch as an immediate accustoming to the indirectness of things, their total blooming (the amphora and the wine always go together), *eau sucrée*.

"Kitsch [G., gaudy trash, from dial. *Kitschen*, to smear.] art, writing, etc. of a pretentious, but shallow kind, calculated to have popular appeal", *Webster's*.

Between mythology and kitsch it is the latter, therefore, which determines the (fixed) limits of a being [the mythological limits, according to tradition, tighten during the night (*de profundis*), and stretch during the day (*de trop*)].

Resozialisierung: between mythology and kitsch as between two fires of which one (kitsch) makes things lukewarm, the other (mythology) burns them: while even a jolly fellow does not laugh at a lukewarm joke, looking from the ash it is always seen what all this is about, *a titolo di favore*.

Doubtful Words of Winter

Heaviness and lightness, enthusiasm and despondency, steadiness and precariousness (*Ausgaben spielen keine Rolle*), amorphousness and the crystal lattice of yet another silver day [that one would not get rid of neon signs even if its main bulb burns out (*лауреам*)], the pettiness of the mind as the afternoon examination of the self, omnipresence which to everyone means everything (passing by as if hesitating before realness) - look where one reached while yielding to self-censorship, *publice*.

It is not easy to get into a room either [that kind of thought follows (imposes itself) from such an attitude of the expert].

"I am standing on the threshold about to enter a room. It is a complicated business. In the first place I must shove against an atmosphere pressing with a force of fourteen pounds on every square inch of my body. I must make sure of landing on a plank traveling at twenty miles a second round the sun - a fraction of a second too early or too late, the plank would be miles away. I must do this whilst hanging from a round planet, head outward into space, and with a wind of aether blowing at no one knows how many miles a second through every interstice of my body", *Sir Arthur Eddington* (1882-1944), from "The Nature of the Physical World", 1928.

Intesi!

Quite rightfully, of course, to this pedantry (even if authorized by such a knight of physics) there does not subscribe one *Silenius*, the son either of the messenger god *Hermes* (in the form of an antenna) or of *Pan* (the goat-like god of the pastures); it is still unknown whose exactly son he happened to be, but, at any rate, whoever his father was, said *Hermes* was a jovial satyr, a fat, bald (but hairy) man, with the tail and ears of a horse (*desde el principio*), often accompanying *Dionysus* (the god of wine, vegetation and ecstasy), more often drunk than sober, but then [under such conditions of the blissful unawareness of the omniscient demigod (sylvan deity, *kàrè wa yonjussai wo sugite iri*)], and regardless of how round he might have been (even like his wine-bag, while still full), he was very inspired and much sought-after prophet, to whom it could not happen to fail the exam of homelessness, let alone to stumble while entering a room (his make-believe cubic abode).

Πολυ καλα.

Aufführung Liste: very cold days [it looks like it almost pays off to roll into antifreeze (yes, *Frostschutzmittel!*)], neither something passes by nor can one say that that will soon be the case (*sans Dieu rien*), perhaps it may happen that, here and there, something cracks because of the frost (makes one 'shvm', then stiffens along the edge of the split - *жгым*).

Resumen: heaviness and lightness, enthusiasm and despondency, steadiness and precariousness (*Gleichberechtigung*), amorphousness and the crystal lattice of yet another silver day: doubtful words of winter (*di domenica*) - and even if they join the company of a fragile rhythm of seasonable omniscience, the prevailing step of theirs cannot be determined [as much as it takes them to the resonance with a serene signification, it throws them out of the easygoing beat (it almost pulls them out from the eternal cold, which, of course, one cannot believe, *dire di si*).

Мне же кажется, from the tooth of the earth to the lip of the heaven there can be heard the same, constant sound: there converts to ice that which gets accustomed to the freezing point between the tongue and palate, i.e. to the drying up of expressiveness as soon as it starts to develop, i.e. to the words which (in neither of the variants of the story) will give up before they themselves finish the distrustfulness of the letters (and these finish the pen), *сегодна же*.

Forced into the collaboration of sounds and lines (the rolling-like traces, the line-like moves, the round moral of the story), the doubtful words of winter do not, in fact, dive onto anyone who prepared himself and now waits at minus that and that [-27 °C, for those insisting on the officiality of numerals (*rigueur*)], they only tie themselves around his legs around his arms around his waist around his chest around his neck around his chin around his mouth around his nose around his ears around his forehead around his pen (*si crede uno scrittore*) around his eyes from which it is not seen what blinded them while they were half blinking half being used to the polar light from a portrayal full of the doubtful words of winter, *re vera*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Everything and Everything and Nothing and Nothing and Nothing and Nothing

What is one *everything and everything*, compared to two *nothing and nothings*, sandwiched between them like *cheese and cheese* between *wey and wey* and *wey and wey*?

Kurzwelle.

1. *nothing and nothing*, 2. *everything and everything*, 3. *nothing and nothing* - a classical trinity (the standard sequence) of the closing of (the purported) existential, that is, phenomenological circle (*quocunque nomine*), so that that which was in between (which so smoothly moved into the clayish crevice between *nothing and nothing* and *nothing and nothing*) wholly (and wholly) solidified into a button (and button), i.e. tied into a snap (and snap), by means of which, true, it somehow joined those two ends (*nothing and nothing* and *nothing and nothing*), but wrongly buttoned them up (*en lo que a mi respecta*) - not paying attention as to how to take them back using a simple unbuttoning (using a text book example of a single-move separation of vacuum-based entities), i.e. to put them back each to its place, for, who says that the first *nothing and nothing* is equal to the second *nothing and nothing*.

Вушь!

Everything and everything, between *nothing and nothing* and *nothing and nothing*, in other words, even itself did not anticipate that, with its cohesive properties (of a simple, although life-giving glue), it would hold something against the respective *nothing and nothing* on both ends, in such a way as to mix up the sides, i.e. confuse one *nothing and nothing* for the other, *sans souci*.

Ouvrier: having joined two *nothing and nothings* [the left *nothing and nothing* and right *nothing and nothing* (*par force*), the lower *nothing and nothing* and upper *nothing and nothing* (*par faveur*), the outer *nothing and nothing* and inner *nothing and nothing* (*par hasard*)], *everything and everything* scratches its (double) head, asking itself how it happened that every *nothing and nothing* pulls to its side like a thicket ornamented with green and red.

("A coppice gemmed with green and red", Tennyson), *alla leggera*.

Having concluded that, in the given case, one deals with a particular law (regardless of how pathetic it too might sound: "The law whereby the Eternal himself doth work", *Hooker*), one *everything and everything* between two *nothing and nothing* finds (twofold) itself reckoning that it never got used to something better, as well as that for some more just distribution (*otium cum dignitate*), besides the radiant (philanthropic), it lacks the strict features of the (ceramic) permanence.

("Of great riches there is no real use except it be in the distribution", Bacon.

Obiter dictum, δηλαδη).

Everything and everything and *nothing and nothing* and *nothing and nothing* (*daiseiko de*) did not come, therefore, to their senses, even though they had several opportunities to do that, in the way that the singular *everything and everything* presents itself as a double *nothing and nothing*, and opposite (that *nothing and nothing* and *nothing and nothing* present themselves as *everything and everything*), but the thing (with *everything and everything* and *nothing and nothing* and *nothing and nothing*) ended in such a way that each stayed on its own (*liebenswürdigerweise*), a

condition from which neither today any of them deviated, which is easy to see by looking how single *everything and everything* shares this whole day with double *nothing and nothing*, *quocunque modo*.

Far is the *Floralia*, a theatrical festival lasting six days (and six nights) in honor of spring [not even *Flora*, the blooming goddess of said season, is able to effortlessly run out from the winter (*a maniche lunghe*)], far are the *Naiads*, water nymphs, the *Nereids* (nymphs of the oceans), the *Oreads* (nymphs of the hills), and the *Dryads* (nymphs of forests and trees), regardless of how much they could be at hand in cases requiring the urgent healing, the successful nurturing of fruits, produce, and flowers, as well as the righteous nursing of mortals, but that is why *everything and everything* is located between *nothing and nothing* and *nothing and nothing*: being there, it (*everything and everything*) does not have to comfort itself with the divine proximity (the proximity of one goddess and so many nymphs, *Sie wissen ja, dass...*).

Sei ja vorsichtig.

One thing is in the center (*everything and everything, pace tua*), two are on the sides (*nothing and nothing* and *nothing and nothing, pabulum Acherontis*), it is neither easy on them nor is it on it [it would both stretch and not stretch itself: depending on whether the two (on the sides) press against it or fondle it, *per diem*], they agreed upon all the issues (how to change from this to that and how to turn from that to this, *pari passu*), as well as kept at the same position [*everything and everything* in relation to *nothing and nothing* and *nothing and nothing*, and *vice versa* (*nothing and nothing* and *nothing and nothing* relative to *everything and everything*), *pacta conventa*], and yet, whatever type of a collective to realize, not even in their dreams would they be able to cancel their membership in it, for (after all) what one *everything and everything* is to look for between two *nothing and nothing* when these are full of themselves anyway, which it (*everything and everything*), as said before, does not stick to, *par dépit*.

{U, V-A, D}

01/14-17/04

That From Before And This From Now

Line by line - the reduced picture of the world (*officina gentium*) shows itself slowly (for it won't suddenly give in): that which accommodated itself in it - did it, that which didn't - is going to wait for the diminution of its sight, *одно и то же*.

Thus, for example, there can be seen *W. A. Fraser's* "a huge *Cyclops* that hissed and spluttered" [reduced, of course, to a sensible size (*immer noch, auf jeden vierten kommt ein Platz!*)], followed by two (or three) clouds at a reasonable distance (somewhere around a point of azimuth of an all-seeing eye and elevation of a raised hand, *geschwungen*), finally one, at most two miniatures of representative lives [one of an exemplary saint, the other of a smooth organism of the rabble (*kàrèra wa tagái nì nikímiatte irù*)], only to leave nothing to chance (to call all to order), so that later it cannot be said that it was not present in the condensed picture of the day because it (all that dealt with here, including that barren lawn) dozed off before the writer's dawn, *indemoniato*.

That is, this is the way it looked prior to any possible dismay.

(Now, it's being concealed by the last shadows of the day, *одиночное заключение*).

"Enduring in heart and in brain, the exhaustless splendor of those early days", H.W.Grady. (*Homme de lettres*).

That from before and this from now (*forza maggiore*) - once large (important), now rather small (unimportant) point-like sphericalness of escaped details [a possible distancing, in keeping with the principle of the outer planets (*Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, etc.*), according to which all those years mean less and less (it takes them increasingly longer to thoroughly impose themselves, *azulado*), in that even if one comes to his senses during the *Uranus* year (equal to 84.02 *Earth* years), during the *Neptune's* (167.78), and especially the *Pluto's* (249.17), he wouldn't be able to do that at all, *озапок*].

So oder so: a day which, certainly, one can find fault in (because of this or that), yet, with which one reached up to this point [not even half of January is a joke, while, taking into consideration the first-class ice of the middle, it (said half) may look more impressive than the polar cap itself, *das ist mein Ernst*], if only it would end up as it should (bursting into a million little needles of kaleidoscopic origin, *te ni oénakù natté*), before it orderly joins the pile of the bluish ones [and this diary closes itself for (the whitish) today, *amor de Dios*].

Coup d'œil: as if one does not go further than a day, whether in his thoughts or in the procedure (*à mon avis*), i.e. as if what's forthcoming before the night is both the embodiment and the idea (and all which is expected and in which it is completed - not for the life of it changing anymore, *à perte de vue*) - the overall gain and utilization of *Demeter* (the goddess of vegetation and filigreed fruitfulness), i.e. as if that from before and this from now turn into only this from now, more exactly, into this increasingly late evening, its irrevocability as its clue (until only a handful of coal remains from it too, *so wenig*).

Cela va sans dire: that from before and this from now as a real range of fictitious difference of an agreed-upon/linearized age (*ora che ci penso*), a home-feeling-like projection of the momentary picture of a pejorative state of the century (*adorer le veau d'or*), the disagreeing with the sameness of things (insisting on ceremonialism of remoteness), the thoughtfulness of two spirits none of which grieves the other too much ("*Που μπορω να σας βρω?*" - they ask one another just for the sake of it), a cartographical displacement along the time axis of an imagined advantage of one relative to the other (*обман зрения*), and (on the chart) the world bellybutton in the form of the *Delphic Oracle* sufficient for both (for that from before and this from now) - a cleft in the ground emitting cold vapours inhaled by a *Delphic seeress*, who, brought into the state of ecstasy because of that, and sitting on a gilded tripod even at this (golden) hour of the official demystification of the mystery, utters enigmatic words of the (*Apollonic*) incantation of the world, the words which (right there, next to the clairvoyant *Delphian*) are being recorded by a priestess as the revelations of *Apollo*, whereby she keeps repeating them in a sort of haste and somehow niggardly, as if suffering from not coalesced palates (the hard one and the velum).

Na so was!

The coldness as a proverbial exteriority in this (January) day too; inside, however, one can anticipate the traveler's joy [a climbing plant with white flowers which (once blooming) are very bright], the *Clematis vitalba*, therefore, as a delightful usufruct of *European* voyagers through the vine-yards of their imagination - an ordinary pose beside a July hedge, for those, that is, who can exercise patience, to whom that from before and this from now does not serve only for the comparison of two different scales, rather (and before all) allows them to measure themselves in both (*senza remore*), to let themselves, like the springs of the respective mechanisms (one half-stopped, the other semi-subsided), reach the force which separates them, then oppose it (each from its side) until it starts giving in, and, like any interspace, stiffens before touch, counting backward, ruining forward, *alla rovescia*.

{U,V-C}

01/18-19/04

What Is In the Heart, And What In the Knees?

No sirvo para este tipo de trabajo. So many pages of this (one can call it anything, except modest) diary of the (fibrous successiveness of a string-like) condition, does not testify as much about its immoderation (professional immodesty,

à grands frais), as about the lack of tact in front of the justified torrent of so many words - together with said thoughts of the suspicious flowage of all these days (*ad vitam aut culpam*), one should have let them spin the wheel in their own mill too (*тяжкий*), and not grind somebody else's grain pretending to plead for nutritiousness of instructive story (making believe to go along with that, as if it is to do with a type of flat, round bread for *Ixion*, a *Thessalian* king who, being chained to a rolling wheel, expiated his sins in *Tartarus*, a hell even worse than *Hades*, *ab intra*), as if from (any) moral (of the story) one automatically draws a ticket for paradise (*ab extra*), that is, as if the journeys of this world are marked with indubitableness of their descriptions, *jeden Moment*.

(*Nehmen Sie irgendeines dieser Bücher.
Fühlen Sie sich etwas besser?*)

The snow covers more and more (it snows even under the chin, *тяжело*), under the mask of the white drapes of a modern provenance there race the economization and transgression, in the sense in which the all-seeing *Argus* {the sober watchman of *Io* [the daughter of the river god *Inachus*, changed by *Zeus* (the all-powerful sky god) into a heifer in order to avoid his jealous wife *Hera*]} competes with *Hermes* [also known as *Mercury* (the god of trade, commerce, and communications)], whom that same *Zeus* set the task to lull said *Argus* to sleep by the dreamy notes of his flute, in order for the supreme deity (*Zeus*) to get hold of his fancy (the beautiful *Io*), even if she was bovine in shape (*amar y saber no puede ser*), in which he succeeded while on a cloud over *Egypt*, the country where (consequently, not without reason) *Io* became identified with the cow goddess *Hathor*, while this whole story, full of the local, typical (northern) understanding of the southern plots and solutions, at that point becomes too hot for one to be able to continue it endlessly (*in pi'anta stabile*), without bringing it into the danger of being melted (in this snow!) under the influence of the described kind of love illusions (i.e. "under the influence of love's delusion", Thackeray. *Bel esprit*).

The equilibrium is not being disturbed in anything else, not even as little as (the size of) a snow flake [the flow of things and (their) reflections is not to be brought into the question just like that, not even beyond *Inachus'* rivers]: what happened, happened - this moment concludes (the story) about the preceding one, although it can be said that (in the air full of carbon particles of the triumphant history, *affreux!*) there still maintains itself a practically not tearable paneling of principally uniform sonority of the *proto*-surrounding [a text-book example of a *prae*-space wedged between both ears of an afternoon like this (quiet, yet lush), tidily taken into the resonance of this room like into a tuneful hush, *à tout prix* (that kind of a class)], as if it is to do with a more silent component of the singing mass, *ночь-в-ночь*.

"A deaf noise of sounds that never cease", Dryden.

(*Artium Magister*).

At which point, nothing that (at the earliest daybreak) does not wind around all these (doubtful?) things rustles, nor does it drag itself (at honeyed noon) between all these (obscure?) notions (heroic deeds, musical suites, cotton-based materializations of fashion), nor does it retire at the first signs of quieting (inside the gilded frame of today, *torokushohyo*), itself becoming increasingly bulky through the corresponding volume of (so many) suspiciously silent things [almost qualifying for their hoarse voice too, in the spirit of the so-called (earlier mentioned) resistentialism, *tal como es*].

"Resistentialism is concerned with what Things think about men", *P. Jennings* (1918-89), from "Even Oddlier", 1952.

(*Un 'poco di buono*).

Es ist alles arrangiert.

Having duly flared the self-proclaimed lessons of the newest saintliness, the reproaching epistles of earlier preachers begin to shine here and there, falling to the 'fertile soil' of the present ones, with mouths full of the same, big words about themselves.

“Hooly writ is the scripture of puples, for it is maad, that alle puplis schulden knowe it”, *St. Jerome* (342 - 420).

(*Puo darsi che sia vero*).

After all, canons never get disrupted by falling into a prone position, although it is true that (at each manifestation of a more gallant heart) they group together into the newest doctrine (petrifying it, that symbol of personal fermentation, first with the equanimity of the pastoral, then bureaucratic procedure), *dagegen kann man nichts tun*.

“Religion’s in the heart, not in the knees”, *D. Jerrold* (1803-57), from “The Devil’s Ducat”, 1830.

(*Au fait*).

Δεν μ’εννοιάζει.

What is in the heart, and what in the kness? - is not even known (for one to be so disconsolate) by anything else which (at all times) approaches the former via the latter, regardless of how much, today too, it announces itself with hearty words of factual kneeling, the most unassuming of all laments, *bis hierher*.

{V-A,w}

01/19-21/04

Out of Misery Into Tranquility (Identification or General Knowledge)

Doubting patheticalness is not helped by increasing its frequency - the confidence to it is expressed by the flash of a canine tooth (*haben Sie welche?*), there is nothing there which would disturb the peaceful dream of a canonic believer, *en effet*.

(*Jubilate Deo!*)

Even a small child knows that everything is this way, and that it refers to the warmed variants of heart-breaking - is wished for by an on-duty guardian (notorious devotee, official moralizer) of the polar season, *боярин*.

(The one who presents himself as the lighthouse of salvation on an icy sea during the sail towards the island of felicity and blooming, *laudari a viro laudato*).

Punktzahl: another frozen day (if that was all, so that one could still come to one’s senses) - not even he who reached the stalactites is guaranteed a crown by the stalagmites [even if shaped drop by drop at a seasonal work of extending the illusion (*‘testa o croce?’*)].

[“*Eccoti! Sbrigati!*”, hope calls it, then hurries it up, until it (the expectation) tears apart too].

(Although) the voice is not the only one to tear (crystal needles carry it over the snow too).

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Isógashiku surù.

To be sure, the one who identified with himself does not have anywhere to go anyway, nor does he have anything to say [unless letting himself hesitantly singing (so the skeptical *Zen* can touch him) - *xvamum!*].

Having looked through the window one can confirm, however, that traffic schedules do not change without the courtesy of the participants, for something deeper to happen (in this shallow eve) - and a surprise takes place.

There is no surprise!

Aspaviento: there makes a stop (and drives away right after that) a practically empty (but also decent) local bus (*magna est vis consuetudinis*), after that everything settles for a long time, subsequently *Ishod* passes by [the man of fame and embellishment (1 Chr. 7. 18.)], followed by the remnants of the people of *Ithream* (2 Sam. 3. 5.), who could not find themselves in a more inviolable situation regarding the risks presented at every step to the decimated armada (*multa gemens*) - although, so far (as it was anticipated and now is confirmed), everything ended alright, especially if one takes into consideration that the danger awaiting such deserters from misery to tranquility is, in principle, greater (*juge de paix*).

Out of misery into tranquility on the white wings of a considerable revelation: “We shall fly like that, even float like that”, say the voyagers of the poetic providence (as if no one has anything to do with the epic principle of Shrovetide, the carnival of yesterday, *erst gestern*).

[Out of misery into tranquility: not even the sailing from *Hobart*, in *Tasmania*, to *Marquesas Isles*, in *French Polynesia*, would add to such an itinerary more than a copper-like tanning of the *Pacific* voyagers routinely connected to the *Southeast* (the East on the South Hemisphere, *in situ*)].

Even if, say, *Perseus* passes by [the hero who, careful to not look at *Medusa* directly, cut off her head watching her reflection in his shield, then flew away unseen (for he was outfitted with a cap of invisibility and winged shoes)], still then, therefore, one would not gain anything more in terms of the emergence of condition which, even without all this, does not yet testify about hasty migrations out of misery into tranquility, *alltöglich*.

Alltag.

A little bit longer and nine’o clock will strike (the night is recognized by the smaller number of fingers anyway): even if being counted, the hours squeeze between two unequal hands - one with five, the other with four fingers - it is up to them (the hours) to pick what to strike (having flicked with their finger nails, *als Kind*).

Erkennungszeichen und Allgemeinwissen.

Not everything is drained with the water just like that – here there exists some influence of collusion between ions (a particle classification), a conscious choice (*inter nos*): *η Φλεγμονη*.

“It was remarkable law of *Solon*, that any person, who, in the commotions of the republic, remained neuter, or an indifferent spectator of the contending parties, should be condemned to perpetual banishment”, Addison.

(*Judicium Dei*).

[Namely, not even there (in *Athena*, the place of said *Solon*), was there a way out of misery into tranquility for one who was not a warrior. Having declared “*Мне удалось найти работу*”, one was understood to be going to war].

Night-time. *Υρποζα*. (*Ohne etwas an*).

As if it is its birthday, there comes to the manifestation of the strife’s hiss: a darkened piercing like the whole bliss, *an sich*.
{V-C,A}

Eliminating Misconceptions (Disillusionment)

It is not disputable whether it comes to repeating things, but in what manner they tie into the circle.

(Средь бела дня).

If they do it like a decorative ribbon - there is room for formal doubt; if they stridently join each other (become carried away) - every conflagration leads to truth.

(Lie, anyway, heralds itself by live coals, *wusstest du das nicht?*)

The most unbelievable thing in all this (around) is the informing with obviousness (impressing with needlessness for disillusionment), *Zerstreuung*.

To get rid of misconceptions only appears to be the same as to enlighten oneself (*intra muros*): a self-deceiving is in effect in the state of enlightenment, while (the process of) losing one's way amounts to deceiving with the surrounding - via the so-called enlightening one gains in entering oneself, but loses in exiting [the inadequacy of the surrounding becomes an excuse for the aura around saintly opinionativeness (programmed pompousness, *hyakú pasento no shugyoritsu*)], the points of cheap exclusivity are being gathered instead of paying tribute to the only real soberness - identifying the misconception at first glance, *por todo*.

Eliminating misconceptions as a paramount enlightenment, (after a short time spent on the throne) the return of *Cincinnatus*, a Roman hero and dictator who was instrumental in saving the early Republic, in that he defeated the invading *Aequi* tribes, but, having freed himself from the misconception of victory after sixty days in office, returned to his small farm - an infinite arena of a duel with the self, *in vacuo*.

An immense (dense, possibly dark-blue), primarily snowy night [even if *Cerberus* starts barking, a three-headed hound with a snake for a tail allowing no shades to return from the dead just like that (even if by means of such a principled, noiseless slithering), the void (the dragon's lair) would be no whiter, the (normally black) hole from which the appearance of such an unorthodox wolf (under so much snow) does not present more than the (triple) sign of punctuation (exclamation, comma, period) in sententious (metaphorical) bridging of *Styx*, the river encircling the lower world, across which dead souls were ferried by *Charon* (from this bank, buried in winter, to that - with no seasons whatsoever) - in the presence of such differences it is no wonder a shiny, silver-based split, rips even the sky, *manu forti*.

Heilmittel: fitted with glass on time, a hemmed limpidity of the clock gains in the self (the periodicity of the tact shines through itself, *von der Form her*) - *меня осенило*.

"Time has too much credit...It is not a great healer. It is an indifferent and perfunctory one. Sometimes it does not heal at all. And sometimes when it seems to, no healing has been necessary", *D. I. Compton-Burnett* (1884-1969), from "Darkness and Day" (1951).

(No le gusta que lo corrijan).

Tempus edax rerum.

[The circle is falsely disturbed by the actualness.

Aktualität: by emphasizing the boundary the transference of the day is forfeited, a uniqueness establishes instead, *небесный*.

The border between today and tomorrow is being determined (the painlessness is that which is being looked at between getting rid of misconceptions and the enlightenment) - all which was meant to be forgotten throws itself into that very state (the state of oblivion), it remains to activate the everlastingness, *наяву*].

If it was to do with that (with removing the fog from the foggy picture, *exaequo et bono*), the (process of) getting rid of misconceptions (the disillusionment) under the steady hand of conviction would have all the chances to be effected according to the daily rules of recommended enlightenment, but, of course, here one deals with, before all intimate, almost a collaborative repeating of things (a height-based binding into a bait disguised as ceiling, *ex more*), because of which everything is postponed until further notice, getting accustomed to the role of a victim of some manipulator (“a person creating the world he imagines”, *Harriet B. Braiker*), except that in this case it is to do with making a sacrifice to the self (*καθήμερινος*), i.e. the one whom no disillusionment helped eliminate the misconception of a sacrifice, *auf die Dauer*.

{U, V, S-A, W, D}

01/24-26/04

Dreams, Dreams, Dreams (Sweetened Examples From the Earthly World)

With an easy song (a fine letter), gently tact [the practiced moves of *Jupiter Optimus Maximus*, the god of thunderstorms and lightning in hours like these - quiet, slow, and drowsy (*снежный час*)], an enviable level of afternoon relaxation may be achieved (*ähnlich Stummfilm*), up to the degree at which there sits quietly in one spot all which said goodbye to the fury and rage of *Erinyes*, the Furies born from the blood of *Ouranos*, fallen into the womb of *Gaia*, the goddess of Earth, which (said planet) in this improved, almost heavenly day, diligently spins around an imagined axis [by no means being able to get rid of it, and fall asleep at once (descending into things known from before, *pondere, non numero*)].

Dreams, dreams, dreams (sweetened examples from the earthly world) - even if realized, they lack the persuasiveness of a completed case, *tren de aterrizaje*.

“Hoity-toity! what have I to do with dreams?”, Congreve.

Rigueur.

Sweetened examples from the earthly world (dreams, dreams, dreams): it is possible that, here and there, it comes to a negligible disturbance of a physical orbit (*per annum*), but, anyhow, the inviolability of sugary principles emphasizes itself [like the principles of a certain *Dr. Samuel Hopkins* (1721-1803), the pro-Calvinist theologian of New England who held most of the Calvinistic (and similar) doctrines, but rejected the doctrine of original sin (*voglio 'sia questo che quello*), having anticipated on time that one should repudiate at least something into which all this converted by carrying out instructions of such an attentive, canonical guide. (*Queste cose si dimenticano facilmente*)].

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From a histrionically (melodramatically, in an overacted way) frozen tree branch, by manifesting a semi-awakening attitude (an emotional soberness to which a golden opportunity to catch hold of its own screech manifests itself), there announces its position (completes the scene, *per gradus*) a three-toed woodpecker, a climbing bird whose lacking of the inner hind toe implies that it gets hold of the world by means of the outer one [placing itself directly on its (world's) ears - *punctum saliens*].

(Its screeching can be heard in such a way too - along with the shaking down of its claws).

[The woodpecker as any other bird of its kind, only of a more spasmodic correlation with its footing/basis (and for so much more yelping), at least until it starts (in the three-toed way) flying again (in spring), cutting the future into three small slices: the progressive, the retrograde, and the capitulating.

“Here he hung on high, The steerage of his wings, and cut the sky”, Dryden.

Probitas laudator, et alget].

Dreams, dreams, dreams (sweetened examples from the earthly world, *pasticcio*): an indication of the claim that it will come to the sweetness of whatever picture (present in the scattered thoughts of a factual dreamer) leaks from the solidly framed hours of darkness - that one (the nighttime) builds itself even through the window in such a way that the planking rectangularness does not disturb its natural curves (*kânôjo ni wa seiko suru soshitsû ga arû*), for it to think twice because of the artificial sighs of a righteous individual full of the false doubt regarding the ‘only way’ (*Τι εχετε να Φαμε?*)

One thing is tradition, the other sticking to the frozen glass surface behind which the other (silicon) side of the sky brings every delight in connection with the beginnings of animism (a dog saliva with the hunting call, *in esse*).

“Traditions shall above all things be inviolably preserved as guides to our national activity and standards for the measurement of every national achievement”, Grover Cleveland.

Наконец.

Sweetened examples from the earthly world (dreams, dreams, dreams, *с незапамятных времен*): what one lets himself dream about does not depend as much on rigorousness as on excessive sweetness - not letting himself dream about the self, the awakening strangles him (in a dwarfish reality cut), and *vice versa*, letting himself to both maniacal grandiosity and elevation, the patheticness makes him strut (the smoothness of speech praising his every adulation), *en revanche*.

{U, V-A, W, D}

01/28-31/04

January Finale

The last days of January (it too), yet as if one (because of snow and ice) did not move away from the first ones - *тем не менее, у меня рябит в глазах*.

Ungehorsam?

(As much as those turned white and disappeared, these are sailing away on an iceberg, *al fresco*).

[Yesterday, there was plenty of snow to move aside, but it was still possible to sled in the middle.

(*Fa freddo, no?*)

Nevicare e nevischio. It is no wonder that, under such circumstances (*nevoso*), it cannot be expected from one to not slide out into the whiteness, although other colors can be considered too (the one made of mother-of-pearl, the silver one, and the black - when an opaque flash comes behind the neck, *ofüreko no*).

Nevica.

Generality and particularity sniff each other (the snow is being mentioned here just for the sake of appearance), there comes to clearing up the notions regarding the fate of *Cassandra*, the daughter of *Priam* (king of *Troy*), a frenzied seer whose beauty was as remarkable as her power of prophecy, but whom *Apollo* condemned (because she refused his advances) to prophesy the truth yet never to be believed, which made her desperate and made losers of those who refused to believe her predictions (of the Trojan War and the trickery of the Wooden Horse), which could not be attributed to particularities that were not blessed by generality for such an outcome of theirs (*c'est un autre chose*), nor could anything be held against the generality itself (*bêtise*), as long as it kept away from the usual trifles of the season, the incidentals with which there feeds itself the current hour (only it?) of the end of one polar month and preparing for another one, the same, *que yo sepa*.

“The universal cause, Acts not by partial, but by general laws”, Pope (Alexander).

(*Ab imo pectore*).

Although, so much more went into this January, all sorts of things, regarding which no one any longer remembers what, actually, they were to do with (*ειλικρινα*), whether a month like this was its own reason (or, gone blind due to the wintriness, it had some reinforcements joining its cause, *à corps perdu*), or whether it was sowed by *Cadmus*, the son of *Agenor* (king of *Phoenicia*) and queen *Telephassa*, together with the teeth of a slain dragon (originally sent against the young prince by the war god *Ares*), from which teeth the soil bristled with armed warriors, who sprung up to attack each other until only five survived: the five ancestor of *Theba*, the city which *Cadmus* (and *Harmonia*, the daughter of that same *Ares* and *Aphrodite*, goddess of love) founded by the above described act, nearing the end there as this January is doing it here - so much (even then) everything stiffened because of the (conspicuously proclaimed) monumentality of history, as if beside summer downpours anything ever remained from the dumbfounded ice, *как следуют*.

[*Смешной*.

(Talking about) “summer downpours” while it is to do with January finale - one ought to approach such a paradox with a clear conscience of one *Boreas* [the son of *Eos*, the goddess of dawn, and the famous Titan *Astraeus*], the north wind which tends to quiet down when, during the festival in his honour (*Boreasmi*), a hot bell of desirable season is placed on the icy wings of a snowstorm.

(“Сколько с меня следует?”, he even asks)].

January finale: no one's attempts ended as January's - having started them from their beginning, it froze together with them, *bon gré, mal gré*.

[The warmer weather, anyway, cannot be reached before understanding the situation (*Verständnis*), which is, at least, unclear: if all this is whitened like this because of its own image - it will not recognize itself in somebody else's eyes (*anno humanæ salutis*), if it, however, changed rows - one is not supposed to lament with (white) chalk between them (*anno ætatis suæ*)].

The January finale as a frozen confirmation of yet another beginning (*agotado exuberancia*), a primarily false completion [and even though it is climbing towards the full-size crown, it is mere the first step (out of 12, whether up or down) which is polished here]; futile is the sun (useless its purgation - in the middle of the winter it is only the glacier that can foresee the ovation); *nevicata* (a hundredth furrow in the white stagnation), expiation and retaliation (for all of these days - from forbearance to exertion), then a sudden stop: *mensis Februarius*, a bubble's hibernation!

{V-C, A, W, D}

Activity and Passivity (Far Niente)

It is because of the general activity, i.e. the activities of people (the fizzy thrills of the morning's exertion, the boiling beehives of industry and commerce, *labore et honore*), that all this takes place all the time (*l'affaire s'achemine*), bearing witness to diligent meritoriousness of the world, *непогрешимый*.

(Laborum dulce lenimen).

The passivity on such a hat counts as its rim, although there, too, various hatting improvements are in use, sometimes of a longer, sometimes a shorter breath, *den ganzen Tag, die ganze Nacht*.

[Immobile until a moment ago, namely, something over there turns sometimes too, (while stretching) it tightens or shows itself, occasionally it even superficially smiles, *κανάρazu*. Although, seldom].

Activity: exiting from a dwelling place into the world, it is realized how everything becomes revived, let alone the dweller rocked by a breeze, *рассеянный*.

Passivity: transiting from reticency to drowsiness, it is gained in the graphical support, not to mention the window turned toward the night, *обтекаемый*.

Il momento opportuno: what is and what is not good in all this, cannot be determined only on the basis of a small obsession with everlastingness - for, what's there to be said (if such was the case) about a trifling hour like the present one is?

"The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds; and the pessimist fears this is true", *J. B. Cabell* (1879-1958), from "The Silver Stallion", 1926.

Inconsolabile.

Der erste Anstoß: to read some interesting review of an authentic revolution, or to not get carried away with an understanding greater than the instinctive maintainance of a favorable moment (*Μια μπουρα παρακαλω*), may easily decide the difference between aspiration and satisfaction, but it can never tame it (the difference) at the same time.

"The reading or non-reading a book - will never keep down a single petticoat", *Lord Byron* (George Gordon, VI Baron Byron), 1788-1824, from "Letters to *Richard Hoppner*", 29 October, 1819.

Malerisch.

Compelling oneself to any of said undertakings (a work-based enlargement of the offered quality of the world, or a mono-color-like reading of the colorful books about it, *cada vez más*), that is, emphasizing the activeness as the desired form of a ceaseless healing (*laborare est orare*) relative to the passiveness of staring at its discontinued tract (*le dessous des cartes*), may still make of this night an attractive shelter for a sudden diligence of the conciliatory guerilla (the mentioned dweller from the saga about his dwelling, *mutatis mutandis*), but, already tomorrow, all these, so scrupulous and cute, (the truth is the truth) conflicting principles, will escape him (each to its own side), the principles incarnated in the favored scene of the diligent activist of such one, immortal pleiad, in which (under the painter's brush with which *Jacopo Robusti Tintoretto* signed himself in 1576) the renowned *Mars*, god of war, inconsiderately forces himself on plump yet gentle *Pax* and *Abundanti*, the spiritual representatives of desired categories of peace and plenty (*nudis verbis*), while *Minerva*, the goddess of wisdom and the arts (*es dürfte Ihnen bekannt sein*), skillfully steers

him away (from the two paramount fairies, *non sine numine*), completing the eternal strife between respective functions of the given majesties and a fine gesture of an artistic lady.

Da darfs sie sich nicht wundern.

Activity and passivity as quite understandable antipodes of this, above all *Orphic* day (*jucundi acti labores*), the day wherein things are settled exactly in the way in which all that is invested in its doubtless progress (universal advancement, *munus Apolline dignum*) is to be checked with supple standing in a single place [i.e. with a slender appearance of a (long due) pause (*Mars gravior sub pace latet*)], i.e. with something which (presenting no opposition to being brought to this point, but not emphasizing it too loudly either) decided to stretch out on the road on which (until a moment ago) a resounding break-through of the activity spread itself (*labor ipse voluptas*), while it (the passivity in the form of pseudo-parrying, evading, ambiguity of an answer with which nothing is being encouraged, nor is it being exterminated at any price either, *loyal en tout*) happened to spread and keep silent right there, hurrying nowhere (nor promising itself to anyone, *ab Januar*), reckoning that this cannot last forever, that (sooner or later) a request must be brought out to the light of day (full of the syncopal equality of deeds and results), according to which it is up to the activity to acquire the right way, not to be (like it is the present case) fooled by such a quiet a mask, at a zeroth task, *узрыўка*.

{V-A,D}

02/02-04/04

From Fault To Fault

And so here we are: days as days (nights as nights), all of them being fed (even when losing fights) with a crazy idea according to which both the large and small is contained in them, and shine and rust [that which glares and that which goes out, that which irradiates and that which darkens, the one whose day flashed upon him and the one whose night ate him up (*der Dieb war nirgendwo zu sehen*)], with a constant of patience of all this which is going to pass (which built a nest into the current screening of an apathetic crowd, *in toto*), as if no one is in a hurry to reach their destination (*intra parietes*), whereby under the destination a factual incurability of illusory touching is understood (*squalifica*), a radioactive fallout from yesterday's favorite of this same process of automatic movement (*spropositato*), some sort of a cruising upon the thoughts of the veteran of a sharp style (*spudoratezza*), a mast of expiration planted in steadiness (*пробоина*), the bliss coated with zinc (a very resonant link) of a man who cannot be characterized as someone who waived the tastefully finalized pomposity just like that, *jijitsujo*.

To the ideas about all this (the thoughts of all this, *auf und ab*), accordingly, there certainly belongs a break with them, regardless of different interpretations of such a sensitive move, *de paso*.

“The great difference in the notions of mankind is from the different use they put their faculties to”, Locke.

A cada paso: questions.

Questions on all pages of an irrefutability like this (are) in front of the eye/ear/skin (the state of questioning as the only possible answer to the self, *in totidem verbis*), questions as a necessary introspection (self-examination) of colorful

omniscience (*Υπαρχουν μνημόματα για μενα?*), all the way to the last one (to the question about the retort of the spirit, after the latter disassembled the former with the fingers of diligence, *insouciant*).

“This question asked, Puts me in doubt”, Milton.

In spite of the impressiveness of no equal, the disbelief always looks for some sort of proof, as if there is anything to be proved there (as if, in all this, one does not deal with an assent to the authenticity of the first impression) - in such a way it (all this) reflects itself from the inner side of today's canvas, basing only a not obligatory sketch on the absorbency of the subject of interest, in everything else seizing upon the noiseless impressionism of *Ino* (a salutary protectress of taciturn seamen in distress and marine pilots guiding ships through legendary storms), inspired by the afternoon peacefulness as a morning with a full-day fresco, *in sano sensu*.

“We are put to prove things which can hardly be made plainer”, Tillotson.

Ruhe.

‘The calm before the storm’ may be a phrase, but the baseless repose resembles it.

And exactly that (peace) presents itself before the one who, from one try (of that kind) falls into another even more baseless (then third, fourth,..., *in vacuo*), as if he learned nothing from the fact that the favoritism of that sort of truce is not going to be interpreted (not even today) in a more favorable light than the flickering of an almost burnt out candle - by so much coming to terms with the self (a groundlessness of its own kind, *провокация*) reduced to (the autonomous) *Abidah*'s flicker (the saintly waveringness of the infamous ‘father of knowledge’), the patheticness of the local presentation of the universal scene (the rapture of one-sided increase of one's own price), *im Großen und Ganzen*.

It (the coming to terms), therefore, reduced to all that which he (the one who, all this time, from one fault falls into the other, *in transitu*) counted with, trying to solve (no more and no less) God himself (*was meinen Sie?*), because of which he stood up from the chair, went to the window, looked through it, arranged the sky, made his thoughts even (*mach es wie ich*), held out his hand, pointed where (according to him) all this leads to, faulted at that, threw out strange ideas from his head (*vete a paseo!*), let them thoroughly run all over the place (*ir de pasearse!*), faulted at that, threw out his chest, brought it to the edge of the lungs, faulted at that, threw out half of one eye, covered the other half with a cap, faulted at that, offered all that is left (laid down his trump cards), recalled the invisible support and swiftly served it to himself (*sano come un pesce*), reached as far as to measure twice and cut once (called a spade a spade), drove into a corner (having passed into the rank of a self-declared meritorious person with a leaping exclusivism of a folk tribune - organized a mono-Revolution), faulted at that.

Пассажир.

{V-C,A}

02/04-06/04

A Daydream Out of Season

Even large birds (like the local geese) align up there [down here, according to the custom, they divide in a whitish-cawing manner: once on the field (pecking its blackness underneath dry snow) each one walks away at least

four meters to its side, *getrost*], so that the smaller ones have no choice - if every one starts flying over on its own (starting the game with its own self, *сленота*), it won't land any farther than the closest roof, if they try to become associated as they flee [trying to masterly wedge themselves, forming the acclaimed (goose-like) **V**] they won't land at all - being brought across all this by the total spread of the wings (being taken away by the backstroke-based, astray winds, *silentium altum*), reaching as far as the end of the frozen world [where they will have at least (like the mentioned local geese) a so-so feast, *личинка*].

Of an ash-gray-brownish spindle-shaped main body, with a black head, black neck, and white spot in the center of each half of dried face (a bird's face as one of no jaws' trace, *i non vedenti*), the mentioned geese, however, do not stay at that (they do not insist on pointing at an example, even though it might be interpreted among bird species as a plus, *unguibus et rostro*), rather they scatter at the first sign of daybreak (fading away during the night anyway, *men to mukattè*).

[6 Februar 2004: today is *B.*'s 27-th birthday - 27 years: all those years in which all these have decided to pass so rapidly (*sine mora*), but also all these years which he, being after all those, came along with, on horse back (the particular time being so much subjugated by him, working in his and his love's favor), *sine dubio*].

Was mich betrifft: since the hours of *Candlemas* [a festival held on the second day of February in honor of the (further) purification of the Virgin Mary (*vera pro gratiis*)] passed without an appropriate marking, it remained (true, with a couple of days of delay) to at least clean the thoughts from grievances, to bring the anger to an end [there is nothing to burst into flames around flashy patheticness (in the same way as around bad theories) without changing to an early ash - while hesitating between the sugariness of choice and the choice of sugariness (as if something asks it with a due respect: "*Suchen Sie etwas bestimmung?*")].

"Know then, I here forget all former griefs, Cancell all grudge", W. Shakespeare.

(So that is how subsequency talks to unconvincingness, walking inside oneself as if on a promenade).

Space and time tied into a knot, and so one gained in terms of his dreams under the patronage of the god of sleep *Hypnos* (the son of *Nyx*, the night goddess, the brother of *Thanatos*, the god of death, and the father of *Morpheus*, the god of dreams), but it is not known who (of said family members) should one visit to get the scissors for cutting such one, at the first glance winter hitch (if, here, it was not to do with dreaming out of season).

[In the case of *Nyx*, dreams of this night would only flow over into another night (*semper idem*), in case of *Morpheus* no scissors would be able to cut even lighter dreams, not to mention the subject ones (*sauve qui peut*), it is only *Thanatos* who could halve them on time - leaving the illustrious turning-point for tomorrow, *сердобольный*].

A daydream out of season: realizing how nothing is that which presents itself when in a full bloom (in a sumptuous filling with the self, the scenography full of hieroglyphic details of autobiographical catharsis, *με καμκακι*), and yet, neither is it so elementary and deserted (almost left to itself for inspection), caught into the shadow of a lighthouse at any price (wrapped in the covering made of zero, *mit einem Schlag*), operated smoothly according to the principle of automatic pedestrian - it is neither one nor the other, therefore, taking the first image of the world as a model, the picture emanating the original shudders (*Schlag auf Schlag*), when seasons did not yet exist (*vis conservatrix naturæ*), when it was well known that it is impossible to classify something which stretches itself without a logical end, approaching the state of hopping as it would stairways from which it is to throw itself off into a gradual height, analytically presenting the self in the form of an all-season progression of acceptable ideals, the agreeable fitting of all those, distinctive ages into a fluid/liquid-like succession, *servare modum*.

What to dream about in the season in which a gilded particularity (thrown in front of the tempest) is not seen (*a trechos*)?

Unless one has in mind a tree with golden apples guarded by the three *Hesperides* (*Hespera*, *Aegle* and *Erytheis*), planted in the garden of the gods on the slopes of *Mount Atlas*, and used in all kinds of (mainly earthly) transactions among the appropriate deities [including the act of bringing these, according to many properties magic apples, as gifts, as did *Gaia* (the goddess of earth) in order to be favored by *Zeus* and *Hera*, or, perhaps, one of the labours used by *Heracles* to trick the Titan *Atlas* into getting him the golden apples, offering to hold up the heavens (in an appropriate corner) in his stead, *simplex munditiis*].

Yet, even so embellished (proportionally romanticized) approach to said daydream [a daydream out of season, (an act of dreaming at a wrong time, *satis verborum*), besides the goldings (the mentioned apples) would not provide for anything which did not fit already into a certainly fixed up (surely sweetened) concept of maintaining (caring about) the dreamer in question (*ut quocunque paratus*), into his official tenet and today's opinion, even though (by tomorrow) it can change too, while he, having let himself daydream out of season, may continue to deal with the increasingly smaller result, not as much fearing the sum as its shortcomings, *sine praejudicio*.

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

02/07-08/04

Hemming

Far from that it is easy - it is easy, that is, to sit down before each parable herewith [a short, simple story from which, through (a classical) comparison of good and evil, an iffy moral lesson may be drawn, *et sequentia*], that is, far from that it is easy to sit in front of its (the story's) imperfection (*ich kann nichts sehen*), and then to try to reach it (the story), while the only proposition out of all that is a fragile beginning (the diligence and the good will of the writer, *en suite*) - but there does not exist any other way of letting oneself to idealism [not even *F. W. J. von Schelling* (1775-1854), the originator and propagator of such a fine (though lawn-based) seductive show of the world, appeared in its introductory scene nibbling a grass blade]: the one who wants to let himself into something which leads to nirvana, first has to deceive it with an initial work, *à dessein*.

Although, often, it is not easy to stop along the way just like that (*à bras ouverts*).

[Once started, the literature of an afternoon's sleight of hand has nothing to lose if extended to a tactical night. On the contrary, it may only gain in terms of the indivisibility of singularity (*à bon marché*), the final establishment of a kind of monad (the single-cell characterization in the sense of *Leibnitz'* monadology, *a simple vista*), the sparking heroism as a momentary outcome of perseverance/patience, *и так далее*].

"...The difficult is what takes a little time; the impossible is what takes a little longer", *Fridtjof Nansen* (1861-1930), from "Listener", 14 December 1939.

But, not even that (the act of writing the fractions into the skin of the wholeness, *de integro*) can be extended forever - if nothing else, it would lead to the excessive mosaicking of the story, bringing into question just a synthesized monolith, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

Ableitung.

A day fully brought to an end, the only thing that still shines [here and there, according to the needs of the roused participants in the (affairs of) sleepy things] is a parting vindication addressed to the meaning [by habit of those who obligated themselves (with all this) since early morning, nagging “Μπορούμε να έχουμε το πρωίνο στο δωμάτιο?”], or, perhaps, something else (additionally) passes by just above the roofs of the houses (*adscriptus glebæ*), if not - it's late anyway, one has to think of a restful piece of legally acquired home furnishings [(placing himself) under the gentle aria of a ceramic harmoniousness of *Comte*'s positivism (a doctrine based on positive, observable, scientific facts and their relations to each other and to natural laws), *zénpanteki ni mîtè*: resolutely rejecting all speculations about an ultimate source or the search for it], or to think of a fatal undertaking of *Aeneas*, a *Trojan* hero who was recalled to his duty by *Jupiter* himself [who (for those purposes) dispatched the communications God *Mercury* with the corresponding message for the hero], reminding *Aeneas* of his fate according to which he was destined to found a new *Troy* (although this time in *Italy*), which he obeyed and sailed away in that direction, having manipulated *Dido*, the exotic queen of *Carthage* but also his lover and benefactress, to attempt suicide, with which act she was to complete a classical/traditional role of a, primarily, tragic heroine (*coûte que coûte*) who received her destiny as much in a quiet and a dignified manner as in a determined way, with the same fire in her eyes with which, once, replying to the offer of a local ruler in *Carthage*, in which he agreed to sell her ‘as much ground as a bull's hide might contain’, she cut the skin into strips and used the latter to draw a border around in order to obtain an adequate plot (*ab extra*), practically hemming ground with skin, desire with fate (*ab intra*).

Fate as a hemming of desire in case of going too far, but also a hemming in principle (*wohl oder übel*), an encircling in the sense of (setting the limits of) allowable sticking out (not going beyond it) - (the act of) scolding at the self as soon as one does not cross the line of allowableness is not something because of which a starry destiny obliges itself with the beginning to gleam at it, even if it can be said that (in such a situation) it (fate) likes heroic behavior the most, *à fond*.

“The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract”, A. Lincoln.

Amende honorable.

But, what good is in (the process of) hemming oneself in *today*, when *yesterday* got lost in the fog, while nobody saw *tomorrow* without one of the previous two, *lascia perdere*!

[Of course, *today* is to be understood here as a figurativeness of an inspiration (without the precedent of a subsequent endowment), a deprivation of the restrictiveness - *crescit eundo*].

“Let not the proof of any position depend on the positions that follow, but always on those which precede”, Watts.

Ad vitam aut culpam.

In jedem Fall, a hemming as a day sucked back by the eye, completed with (the same) inhalation of ionized light, with its expired utilization, with putting an end to possible forces, with a rounded yawn, with a soft-rock/gypsum-like stiffness of the former biographer of a deathwatch (the one who, besides with reverence, is informal with only still life), the one, therefore, who means what he says, including the “*Hier sitzt es sich gut*”.

Getting to the First Word

Per angusta ad augusta: so this is how one gets to the first word - bending it slowly into a stuttering hoop, placing it carefully under a rough palate, letting it relax like rubber by means of a sling, calmly announcing the tranquility of this afternoon by a craftily calculated onset: *haaa...!*

Проньск.

[“*Haaa...!*, you are where you are, here you are, you are, you are who you are, here you are, you are, you are when you are, here you are, you are, you are what you are, here you are, you are an authenticated fact of the mouth” - it is always in that way that one finishes with it [the first word of a long silence slipped out through white teeth (*зубной протез*)], after which all that starts putting itself in order [of a bit-through retreating and a loquacious ending of the former pioneer of a good-humoured thought (*das hat ihn so geärgert*)], emitted in a nimble manner and now (practically) on the way toward the receiving antenna inhibited by drawing “*Aaah...!*”].

Mázù dàìichi nì: (the process of) making an elementary connection between the first word and the subsequent loquacity (between an initiation gone bad and the established echo, *per diem*) is actually performed like that - by reflecting the emitted sign / sending back the transmitted word: if that one jumps up, this one instantaneously throws itself down (*sans-culotte*), if that one is after playing a game (using various flip-flops), this one falls asleep (packing up its tops), if a desire flashes in that one (about to retire), it darkens in this one (even if full of fire), *sans cérémonie*.

The laws one can trust (are based on): a plus and a minus, whatever happens at the end - *post cineres gloria venit*.

“Although no laws but positive are mutable, yet all are not mutable which are positive”, Hooker.

Na so was!

So wie es jetzt ist: the sky is of a good intention, the earth is of a good intention, man is of a good intention, in whatever way to arrange them it turns out good and plain - as long as one does not enter them again (*pronti, via!*)

“It is of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention”, Addison.

Pacta conventa.

Until something darker climbs atop it, it is only murky clouds that rule in the heaven.

[“What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow”, Alexander Pope].

By a careful following of their (clouds’) edges (i.e. with an exemplary detecting of the permanent fickleness of cumulus-based mountains, *per fas et nefas*), it is noticed how, together with the wintry remnants of the sun (*genau genommen*), a big monster slides into the twilight (*pacuupenue*), disappearing in the night as if covered by *Hercynia silva* {an extensive forest in ancient *Germany* [the remains of which are in two places - one in a recognizable area (called *Swabia*), the other on uncertain heights (of the *Hartz Mountains*)]}, i.e. as if covered by *Hercynian* forest (which is not pleasant to walk through even in daylight, not to mention this velvety night, *quocunque nomine*).

“No beast of more portentous size, In the *Hercynian* forest lies”, Roscommon [*Wentworth Dillon, The 4-th Earl of Roscommon* (1663-1685)].

(Essere in preda al panico?)

Unused, the writing set rustles [needed by no one, it is the only thing (the mentioned rustling) which remains for it (the set), *quod bene notandum*] - in this age of flat monitors and ergonomic keyboards one should not expect any literate person feeling sorry for the pen and ink, yet, it is only using them that one can write cuneiform characters such as those found in the inscriptions containing words for

the Sun (↗↓), God (→→↓), Mountain (↗ ↗), Man (↘↘), and Ox (↓), in the way in which that

was done in *Akkad, Persia, Babylon, and Assyria*, under the flag of the same, multimedia-based five-pointed star, *смотреть в окно*.

“I have known the inexorable sadness of pencils, Neat in their boxes, dolour of pad and paper-weight, all the misery of manilla folders and mucilage, Desolation in immaculate public places”, Theodore Roethke (1908-63), from “Dolour -Lament”, 1948.

Ωρες ιατρειου.

Per aspera ad astra: so this is how one gets to the first word - bending it slowly into a stuttering hoop, placing it carefully under rough palate, letting it relax like rubber by means of a sling, calmly announcing the tranquility of this afternoon by a craftily calculated reverberation: *haaah...!*

Прорыв.

{V-C,A}

Ingredients of a Day

(In all this) to keep staying in today’s day would imply neglecting the merits of yesterday, showing a disregard for tomorrow, being intolerant towards the fourth (fifth, sixth,...) axis of such a centered temporality (*inter spem et metum*), all in all, there wouldn’t be anything here to be proud of, if, as always in a case like this, it wasn’t to do with

focusing the image [adjusting the shutter speed (setting the exposure time), taking the pulse, determining the color, *ohne Umschweife*], but also rejecting everything which (praised yesterday, criticized tomorrow, *no ðvoe*) submits itself instead of a blotting pad underneath wet hours of the organic currentness (*insouciant*), if it wasn't to do, therefore, with a decisive renunciation which, one has to admit, deserves at least an official kind-heartedness [the state of being well-intentioned on the basis of a high rank, the corresponding duty, and the exact pose, but also based on a few molecules of the first-class oat (*mé gà samérù*)], at least until classified under coziness which one would not be able to reproach for its wiggling tooth (*kinkyu no baàì*) - there is so much to say about the afternoon's resolve of one's own personality, without emphasizing the self, *отчего-нибудь*.

Composed at the moment of climbing atop *Helicon* mountain (the paramount gathering place of the much praised Muses), a hymnody of valid principles establishes itself (*in rerum natura*), (loosely conforming to the cruel rules of ephemerality) even presenting citations at instants of inspiration, including a few eternal gems.

Ma si!

"Grab life by way of the horns" - read the isignia on a side of a sportful-industrial utility vehicle [something in between a passenger- and a load-oriented colossus, with two drive shafts (and two universal joints), over-dimensioned wheels and fenders, and (*certo che si*) of a doubtless role of a sight-seeing mechanized dragon], which was not difficult to see passing it cautiously on its left side [not disturbing it in its wrestling with life, regardless of how easy that might have been for the object in question (an amphibium on its way to the corresponding state of aggregation), until other motorists filled in the increasing gap [between my *Swift+* and this, say, *Thunderstorm+++ ATV (All-Terrain Vehicle)*], in their means of transportation with not as visible (touchingly emphasized) literary aspirations (normally found inscribed on metal bodies as the embodiments of mental constructions of their eager owners, *jamais arriere*), after which that whole (insectival) flowage of rushing iron and steel (in the form of wasps of teeming cars, and in the form of bees of foaming vans, and in the form of hornets of lunging trucks) assembled again into the previous (collective) bolide, hurrying into the spilled distance like a brown stag (to a duel with the black one).

Magna est vis consuetudinis.

(*Unabsehbar*), the long columns of secondary thoughts do not hesitate to knock on the front door - whenever it is to do with misunderstanding the self, the one who let them (the thoughts) in is blamed [as if the other one has nothing to do with that, as if both of them are not two sides of (a single) mold, as if it (all this) does not concern itself with both hemispheres, one in charge of the outside, the other of the inside, from which one is yet to be informed about the middle (*ni l'un ni l'autre*).

Por todos lados: on the wings of the 'mother earth' (vitaminic *Demeter*), barley, oats, rye, and salt sail out, more exactly, their scents as their characteristic equivalents put out to sea - somehow like that (in a way similar to that) one can feel that the irrepressibility still has no equal [it does not yet have an intention to rear on its hind legs and remain still (in that position)], i.e. that the nutritiousness and *aróma* of all of these (more or less) normative variations on the theme of a corn and hop are tasked with freeing at least this evening from the cellulose saturation (*juste milieu*), in order to prevent from happening that same thing which happened to (said) *Demeter*, the goddess of dense vegetation and abundant blossom and fruitfulness, who was so saddened by the refusal of her daughter (*Persephone*) to eat any food (although being in the world of the dead) that she lost any interest in attending to her duties [specifically, in the areas of blossoming and fertility (*sich wiederholen*)], so that plants languished, animals ceased to multiply, and people feared for their future (saying to each other "*Δεν ξέρω τι έχει*").

This way, having rolled itself into all these, garden-like/mineral-like components of surviving and progressing (*in posse*), at least the thought of this day (however close to its end) is in the position to acquire the ingredients which will (at any rate) help it to not surrender at the first step (*sùgù ni*), making a multi-layer cover around its weakness for sprayey scattering (dusty diffusion, *à la belle étoile*) amidst the market-place offers of the meaning, a kind of a fundamental aura of nourishing substances and star dust (*von vorn anfangen*), presenting itself in all that as a series of the point-like targets of the senses accustomed to anything (*нынче*), their worthy ingredients and a punctual fame, *нынешний*.

Adoucir Ménagerie

Jellyfish (11), cuttlefish (18), globigerine (7), common seal (212), partridge (151), roe deer (232), pike (55), common dolphin (215), lynx (193), polar bear (203), crested porcupine (186), honey bee (38), honey bee (*again*), conger eel (56), wels (52), orange starfish (42), and swan mussel (17).

Кролик.

Краснеть.

(In den roten Zahlen).

Placed to the left of the clock, there lie the coloured stickers taken from small chocolate bars (product of “KRAŠ”, Prehrambena Industrija, d.d. - Food Industry, Ltd.), depicting the above specimens of the *Animal Kingdom*, numbered according to the order in which they are to be placed into the album / picture-book of the same name.

(Sie wissen ja).

[Because of the local dialect used in naming some of the animals illustrated on the stickers (specifically those under the numbers 7, 151, 215, 186, 17, 42 & 11), it turned out to be difficult to know what these species actually were, which would probably remain that way if it wasn't for their pictures, from which one could readily see that they were actually to do with an ordinary small red and white sea *Protozoa*, a medium-sized fowl, a sea *Mammal*, a large rodent with a blunt head and long spines on the rear of the body and the tail, a (bivalved) sea *Mollusc*, a sea *Echinodermata* (class - *Stellerioidea*) whose flattened body has a radial symmetry of uniform arms, and a *Cnidaria* (of a bell-like, gelatinous and transparent body due to the high water content), respectively.

Sui generis].

So that's what one gets collecting the wilderness from the crown of tameness (plain sugar, in this case).

(Кроука).

[Wherein it is only this modest collection of the stickers (on the table) which keeps quiet - the album itself, kept in a cupboard drawer, contains at least ten times as much of the same, amassing metamorphosis, *sursum corda!*)

Satis superque.

[In that way, the winter goes faster too - by cataloging the secrets of nature, by maintaining a persistent look at a candid, perhaps somewhat vacant drawing, finally, by sweetening the pallid irrefutableness of, obtained in such a way, oval stillness (*gámàn suru*)].

Paying an interest to even such a miniature cut of the world, testifies more about its susceptibility to a spontaneous detail than about some dissection of a wholeness (it cannot be said for a polar bear that he did not become one with his iceberg), *sed hæc hactenus.*

Perplesso, the animal kingdom practically flirts with the chocolate bar too: if they (the artists and workers from said, shareholders company) did not draw it (said kingdom) and, subsequently, roll it into “cocoa butter, milk powder,

emulsifier lecithin, flavour vanillin, sugar, and cocoa mass”, it would not be so tameable without losing the spontaneity of, for example, a lynx.

(*Suus cuique mos*).

This way, having achieved a certain balance with the generalized sugariness of the commercialized interpretation of bite and chill (*κρασολα*), it (the animal kingdom of the given characteristics) may afford to present itself in the manner of a spiritual-minded *ménagerie*, as long as it sweetens the roar with a meow (*pacta conventa*), like the winged horse (*Pegasus*, owned by the hero *Bellerophon*), which, having thrown off its owner from its crupper while above *Mount Olympus* [the transit headquarters of the gods of those times (“Μπορείτε να σπστησετε ενα ξενοδοχειο στην Καλαματα?” - the deities in question were asking each other even then)], and thus making him a permanent cripple, skillfully masked that move with the credit it earned due to the victory of said hero while mounted on it (*Pegasus*) over *Chimaera*, a monster that, during the violent clash, was spewing out flames and smoke from one of its three body parts at a time, the forepart of a lion, the hindpart of a dragon, and its middle formed from a strutting goat.

(*Los otros no vinieron*).

The animal kingdom as an understood complement to the human one (a sugared *ménagerie* of the corresponding tensin of the senses), something which all the time (always, for time immemorial) chick by chick gets along with people (*lupus in fabula*), howling or yapping next to them, or diving or floating, or keeping quiet or croaking, or killing or fearing, or licking or gasping, or wagging its tail or shaking its head, or watching or spying (or keeping an eye on somebody or lying in wait for him), or barking or swallowing, or growling or breathing, or hypnotizing or focusing, or clenching its teeth or letting go, or bringing in or taking out, or grabbing or flying, or fleeing or triumphing, or cutting or piercing, or flashing or extinguishing, or not fitting or fitting, or feeling sorry or having a feast, or keeping vigil or falling asleep, or scratching or cuddling, or purring or rumbling, or flaming or freezing, or rustling or booming, or poisoning or choking, or staying still or panicking, or browsing or drinking, or knowing or not knowing, only never acting (*welche Freude!*), which indeed was confirmed in the case of *Atreus*, son of *Pelops* and grandson of *Tantalus* (the king of *Asia Minor*), who, out of all of the gifts from god *Hermes*, cherished a golden ram the most (*fiat lux*) - a double-edged lure (a bait in the form of a two-edged sword, *изумруд*), for (as it later turned out) it costed not only *Atreus* but also many people around him their lives, which in the given example of *Ungulata* (the male sheep most revered by *Atreus*) did not cause more than an ambiguous baaing (with gilded passages of shivery longing, a true measure of said happening), and in said personalities their last yawn, *testamentarisch*.

{U, V-C, A, D}

02/17-19/04

The White Letter of This Day (Albus)

The easiest thing is to say that the white letter of this day adorned by itself, but [here, too, the notorious “but” blocks the way (*желаю вам удачи*)] it is not enough for the bliss to be white, for it (the felicity, while still whole and bright) actually looks for something to heal with (to be light), as it now moans/groans the whole night.

Кричать.

[That is how it bemoans (like a bug in a hat), and it is not known what is going to prevent it from doing that. *Um Gottes willen*].

The white letter (a word’s spine) boldly asserts (in this time) that everything from its beak to its tail is to whiten [as a (carrier!) pigeon], as soon as it starts flying towards its origin (*a ragione o a torto*).

As a result of which, the white letter is nothing but a watchful vision, *præcognita*.

[The watchful vision as a white letter, after all, would not deserve to be classified as a colored dream - even that which is daydreamed, fades away (by the eve) in the spent day's sleeve (*vestido a la ultima*)].

The white letter of this day as the watchful vision of a deaf silence of a political (and factual) being: a hush which one should not fool around - even *Valsalva* (1666-1723), the Italian anatomist [(an anatomist from Italy, *rammentare!*), after whom a procedure to relieve partial deafness is named, and which consists of forcing air into the middle ear by blowing while the nostrils and mouth are closed (*omnia bona bonis*)], even he wouldn't be of help here - the atmosphere is so full of the empty talk of political gigolos, *a unos les gusta, a otros no*.

{Although, it is not just like that that all this (noisy juggling in each turn) is caught in some pure nocturne.

Übertreibung.

Sometimes, the calm of a night prevails [a successful day is being imitated in its thriving trails (*populus vult decipi*)]:

“From guided roofs depending lamps display nocturnal beams, that emulate the day”, Dryden}.

Жизнерадостность:

“Gild the calm evening of your day”, Trumbull.

The white letter of this day reduces to something like that anyway: unassumingly, it overflows with gold fish of an uncommon yellow shine (the animated forerunners of extinguished thoughts from the end line, *instar omnium*), the catch in the net of *Britomartis*, the goddess who, fleeing from a seducer in the form of King *Minos* (who pursued her for nine months), in despair leapt into the sea, but, luckily, became entangled in some fishing nets - her first fancy-work and the last association - because of which *Artemis* (a virgin goddess of the wild and *Britomartis*' saviour) renamed her as *Dictynna* (meaning “Net”), having become her close associate (playing with her water polo), hunting (fishing) even that which could not be hunted being solo, *zettai ni damé dà!*

The closest to the white letter (of this day) is a (contrite?) idea about the afternoon's incarnation - sort of a diluted zenith confirmation (performed in the silence and ‘white satin’, *ας πουμε*), a snowy contribution to the alphabet of each of these white things (*с наилучшими пожеланиями*), their gentle spread by the eyes through the central pith [a perpetuity (omni-temporality) caught at the right moment – a from-tip-to-toe fit (*Stunde um Stunde*)], the source of all wealth within the limits of a room whose end is not seen (the whiteness fitted well by the mask of virtue's spleen, *en règle*), a lace beyond any doubt (out of whichever shade), (a laceration under needles in whatever manner made), something whitened (washing itself like it used to do in the past), (not hesitant) rustling upward (cheering itself by sputtering in the wind's dust), crawling on the pasty string made of hemp and good old bast: *albus*.

“The stalk of ivy is tough, and not fragile”, Bacon.

After all, as if (a whitened) change of other (darker) colors to yet another has just started, so whitish when not down (at some moments quite lexical, otherwise just yellow-brown, *in medias res*) - even though shy for now (drowsy in terms of lexicology), it increasingly turns toward the lion heart of the past whiteness, a mythological spindle of the remaining colors (toward the spectral axis of their multitude, *in ovo*).

[While it is true that this is not the right moment to definitely separate from the winter, it does not differ from it either - after all, the white (as such) continues from itself exclaiming one sweet “*Ahhh!*”].

“Fragrant the fertile earth, After soft showers”, Milton.

A little bit longer and the soft showers of this day will be even softer - so much so that something under the expert hand of the daily writer will eventually get used to the fragrant soil in which it is to always stay (whispering away the beloved cliché “*Хорошо бы день уже кончился*”) - something less white, more gray, *wie üblich*.
{U, V, S-C, A, D}

Tenfolding: Ratz-Bechtel's Volume of Things

(Whether it is one or ten of them, let us say)
 Birds are the last to shrink from the mortuary
 For, even from its roof they can fly away

I

Knowing well that if he falls asleep under one tree he will wake up under another [from the *Northern Yggdrasill* to the *Southern Gogard*, from the *Eastern Ashvatta* to the *Western Ash* (and *Serbian Јасен*), from the *Tibetan Zampun* to the *Persian Homa*, from the *Sung-Ming-Shu* of the *Far East* to the *Druidic Oak*], guiding himself, therefore, with a certain settling of the new under the watchful eye of the old [the above-ground description of the crown under the earthly root of the tree gown (*Packungsbeilage*)], neither hungry nor thirsty, having ascended as much as he descended to the *Cosmosaurus*, the alleged *Cosmocrator*, exactly because of that, knew that he had superfluously thought:

“If a mountain could be smoothly eaten,
 If a sea would let itself be drunk,
 One would be both full and well hidden,
 Wrapped up in his pack of thoughts (attending to his luck), *тяжело*”.

Such a thought, however, did not come to him from the *Logia* [*The Wisdom of Pre-Christianity* as an occult cosmology (*par accord*)], nor even did it reach him from the *Ur-Markus* (the main, and the most excellent, part of the former), for he, in such a roundness, did not let anything trick (and so limit) him - rather, he turned to the other side, and kept on not eating and drinking, until the *Hunger* started tinkling in his stomach, and the *Thirst* in his throat.

He then lifted a little, straightened up, (from the sixth tablet of the visible side of the moon) ate up the *Hæmus* (a mountain), drank up the *Vaporum* (a sea) - and continued dozing off, *углубленный*.

II

Meanwhile, not tied up with anything either, down the gutter (as down a celestial body, *chikákù no*), in *Protevangeliion*-like manner a ray of hope descended: the (pre-synoptic) sources of stillness lurking from it as the coordinates of a system from which a non-existent dimension is to be extracted (the dimension which neither *Yau* nor *Calabi* thought of, not to mention *Kaluza*).

That is why, thus, all this is adjusted to politely shiver and flicker (he remembered that, during the nap, he thought of that too), as if it was going to set out down the river [walk over the valley, or mount a wind (*programmare*)], looking back in the fear that it didn't take along the right map, *mutatis mutandis*.

The one and only, touchingly big moment of things (*confabularse*), absorbing all others into itself, without freeing them, however, from their duty to still look unavoidable - settling itself (in such a way) into the generalized fulcrum as a particular condition of the fall: Look! that's what happened to him, *μῆσα*.

An impatient choice of the last post [one could have chosen even something more pompous (to achieve) with the afternoon playing of the morning bugle, *in vacuo*] - as much as it (the choice) is made too early, it extinguishes on its own (not getting rid of its ash, not a single fire is stirred up, *ipso facto*).

[As everything outside warns about everything inside (and *vice versa*), it is impossible to avoid any (of the two) without losing the only witness of the umbilical cord (a harmonious connection) between the *Allegro molto* and the *Allegro vivace* of C. Рахмаѣинов (Symph. No. 2, *Adagio*), as it naturally follows from “The Logic of Scientific Discovery” of K. R. Popper - that, too, appeared to him in his drowsiness].

III

Having taken a look at his watch [having established that it was 13:15 h - a moment quite suitable for one to start going to prosaicness, stepping out from the *Cosmosaurus* (с достоинством)], the ostensible *Cosmocrator* did not waste his time - he went to the post office.

[The last thing he needs is something to make him irresolute in such a way as to stretch him over the kitchen chair as over a fabricated head - something causing him to neither sit down nor disappear in his thoughts, if one could give such a name to that in which even the most banal number (the nought) long ago crouched keeping silent, unnecessarily adding audacity to the presence, *schwesterlich*].

Having arrived, he mailed three sets of excerpts from the extravagant manuscript about Paradise (in three registered letters), each consisting of 15 pages of the original and 150 pages of the translation, sending them to the publishers whom he could but didn't have to trust.

{Regarding an implicit equanimity, he made a deal with such a doubt long ago. While, in the beginning, he was naturally expecting a favorable answer, each silence [and even more a polite lack of interest (excusing itself with a non-matching fit to the publisher's needs)] was making him frankly wondering; this way, having achieved the closeness of a truth emerged from a cocoon, he let himself to the mechanics of things too (*pallida Mors*), without a futile expression of the (so-called) spiritual exhaustion (*tout au contraire*)}.

Occupied with those thoughts, he handed over the letters and purchased five domestic and fifty overseas stamps (*nein steuerfrei*) relatively quickly - it took him at most half an hour from the moment he left for the post office until he finally was done with all this, he reckoned - which, by all means, was partially due to the absence of other customers: besides (a single) him and ten postal clerks, apparently, no one else was in the the post office building.

However, leaving the building, he looked at his watch and, having made sure his watch didn't stop working (that is, having convinced himself that its third hand, specifically, was devouring seconds enough for the other two), he shook it in a disbelief (its hands were showing 13:15 h !) - it turned out that he did the chore in *no time*, even though he remembered the *dilation* more clearly than a snail its trip hardened into the shell, *inter alia*.

IV

(In his recollection of what happened) he, therefore, recalled that he first checked whether the addresses of the recipients were correctly written on, as it was said, three envelopes (of somewhat larger dimensions, each containing one “*mit freundlichen Grüßen*”), and that, subsequently, having passed without salutation by *Leshy* (*Lesovik*, *Lesiye*, the *Slavonic* spirit of forests, but also of gullies!), he descended down the stairs without a problem (into the irrefutableness of the ground level, the equalization of the exit with the entrance, the ‘apotheosis’ of the construction-based dynamics + the brick-based statics), *appena in tempo*.

[With regards to *Leshy*, even though said spiritual representative appeared in the shape of a man (true, casting no shadow, but then with a long green beard), he didn't greet him for he was aware of *Leshy*'s passion to lead trespassers (and hunters alike) astray, presenting himself in the range from the tallest tree to the smallest leaf.

(He did think, though, that such a considerable precaution might not have been justified, for it was December, and already in October *Leshy* would go into a kind of *Pan*'s hibernation, disappearing from his woodland home until the following spring, when he would return wilder and noisier than ever. He was finding an excuse for such a preventative measure of his, however, in the need for a continual vigilance in this (type of) world, regardless of a momentary passableness and favorable circumstances in the form of a seasonable running through the garden finish line, *va et vient*).

V

In addition, not a single improving/helping/correcting/liberating, in a word emancipatory, i.e. ethically acceptable social theory (a nominal *credo* of the self-styled *polit*-parties) ought to be offered to (not to mention to be forced upon) anyone, i.e. placed on the plates of those used to a trough - he remembered he thought about something like that (and in such a vivacious manner) while approaching the infamous post office.

[Let everyone solve his own Hell (even, like he's doing, by writing about Paradise) - something like that, in such a sense, made his head spin (*¿que hay de malo en eso?*)].

To not wave with it [such a lamentable possibility, certainly] as if, using the patheticness, anyone/anything ever got rid of whatever thing - except vulgarity of melancholy, pigsty of a dish, and dullness of unrest.

To not make effort to help converting misfortune to fortune (i.e. to not take to the water a thirsty one ahead of the one who drank his fill), to not satisfy the whims of the poor who do not shoot the rich, to not wave with innocence amidst such a guilt, *на самом деле*.

To go to the post office, mail the letters, return, not complicating (as usual) that too.

So this was what he (the professed *Cosmocrator*) had on his mind when he decided, even though time stopped flowing, to go back just in case (*splendide mendax*), i.e. to return to the starting point (*mirabile visu*), the same one from which, according to him no more than half an hour ago [according to his watch - at this same, unused instant (*dignus vindice nodus*)], he nonchalantly left for the mentioned ancient simplicity [structure / mechanism / algorithm of the (corporate-based) post office].

VI

But it is easier said than done.

In order for him to turn and start walking toward the starting point, he had to step on the finish line, *tossá ni*.

Which, in his case, boiled down to the intrusion into the ambiguity of the journey (to the caressing of the mane under a false gelding, the traveling under instead of above it), *di salto*.

As if he even did not have a presentiment that, as much as under the first one there lies the second, so much under the second one lies the first (i.e. that the selectivity of one does not end with choosing the other, *bonis avibus*).

(*Überholverbot*: even the thought of an end is not obliged with so much endurance, let alone that of the beginning).

VII

That is why, having made a small but decisive turn [seemingly by means of his feet (*ab extra*), in fact with his head (*ab intra*)], i.e. having judged that no other 'world view' will save him from this one (so raven-like bared, squirrel-like drilled, *da kann man nichts machen*), he started walking back as if going to a coronation and not to the tenfolding.

With which, not agreeing to anything partial, he lined up with all that wholeness around (*το τοσφλι*), with little chances of loyalty but with a great prospect of flexibility - (all the way) from one temporal bone to the other, *comme il faut*.

Having found himself there (*da bin ich!*), not even a light pace could deceive him to not vanish before meeting the self.

VIII

And that was at the corner of *Wellington & King*, where that huge and ugly building stood (it seemed to him) forever, i.e. where that (almost gambled away) contract with eternity was located, in the form of a poly-centred pile comprising a cube, a cone, and a cylinder (*à la belle étoile*) - these were the shapes, namely, of the constituent pavilions of that, *Ratz•Bechtel* Funeral Home, a ceremonially-memorial complex, as much as (a once) sturdily built, so little (if at all, at least so far) taken apart by dispatching the souls of the dead to the other world: it was to do, undoubtedly, with an everlasting work (which, actually, preserved the above mentioned contract).

Handlung: as in any delicacy of the kind, *Bechtel* was the evil, *Ratz* was the angel.

(The first associated with the second, the second made use of the first, *hinc illae lacrimae*).

One (*Bechtel*) charged for his services before the interment, the other (*Ratz*) showed the bill (made the balance known) once everything quieted down and became silent.

So that these two men, even though both were valid co-owners of the firm in question, by definition were unable to figure out the net gain after an average burial: there was always something to be calculated - as much during life as during death.

If, for example, a particular case was to do with the (irrevocable) finale of some longer-lived person, *Bechtel*, as a rule, had already charged the family of the individual so much that he could now afford to not present them with a bill on the amount greater than a symbolic one; in case of *Ratz*, however, this would have created more quandary: how could he charge some poor (and wretched) being (a widow pensioner, for example) for the paradise ticket (for her late husband), without exceeding the bounds of decency?

On the other hand, in the case of a life ended earlier than it would have been optimal, *Bechtel* would find himself in bigger trouble: while *Ratz* was going to take what belongs to him (whatever little that might be), he (*Bechtel*) only started charging, having collected (by this point) hardly half of the regular sum, sometimes not even that, perhaps only the first payment (*coperto*).

Among other things, the above discrepancy brought the two into friction, making them repel each other, which, as it will be seen, did not end well.

...Some 150 years ago, into this dual place (*W-K/K-W*), then scarcely populated, and even that exclusively with the *Germans*, and (here and there) some *Dutch* [in the form of the amish, that is, mennonite devotees, the bucolic-rustic

honest fellows in the sense of the lyrical remnants of the farming/farm-laborer-like epic (*sie bleiben gern unter sich*)], with his wife *Gertrude Bechtel-Heinslisch* and the children *Johann, Gustav, Elke* and *Ann*, as well as the coachman *Gruberr* and the valet *Hiltsch* (who, for this occasion, worked as a coachman on another freight carriage pulled by four draft horses as harmonious as the four sides of the world), with all of them, therefore, *Samuel Oberholtsczer Bechtel* arrived to this place (the patriarch of theirs), in his fifties at the time, although he looked as if not acting hastily (i.e. as if it was not his stone he broke in two), *sine dubio*.

As one's look always deceives (and his frenzy doesn't leave it alone - that is, as it is the passion which determines one's appearance), already next winter (and, therefore, outside of the plebeian summer), i.e. quite in accordance with his uppity *Ober-ism* [a royal/uppish prerequisite so present in the folk tales since the Middle Ages (*fronti nulla fides*)], *Sam* gave up the ghost (went under the ice for his look, *ему не везло*), so that the shipping-dispatching business which the old *Bechtel* owned was by that kind of necessity transferred to the care of his 22-year old son *Johann*, for him only to see his mother, *Gertrude*, die after one more winter (*вдодавок*), while he, together with *Gruberr* and *Hiltsch*, tried hard to keep the freight forwarding-moving venture stay alive, and have *Gustav, Elke* and *Ann* attend school.

Elke, however, like a night butterfly valve in the morning quiz program, as ardently as a yellow wasp married one of those mennonites (a certain *van der Kouëhle* from nearby *St. Jacobs*), *Ann* fled south with some *John Firsch* (an established adventurer with milky eyes and a reptilian flair for a southern spa), more exactly to a crocodile farm around *Baton Rouge* (LA), while *Gustav* (proving that even in a family disintegration process there must be some, at least a bachelor-based order), having graduated in three days from a full curriculum, saw to it to get employment with one *Emanuel Ratz* of the *Ratz & Sons Funeral Home*, by asking one of the respective firm's "sons", namely *Eric Ratz*, a school friend of his for years [including (*sans doute*) the time spent playing outside of the school], to mediate a position for him with his father, in which standing he justified the old *Ratz'* faith soon after, having very well *prepared* the valet (*Hiltsch*, passed away due to overflowing the edge at a point), and, right after that, having groomed with the same success the coachman [*Gruberr*, killed by the hoof of one of those fickle horses (specifically, the one representing the *East*)].

In spite of showing a certain peculiarity of sentimentalism based on no valid foundations, the old *Emanuel* could not be blamed for appointing *Gustav* rather than his own son (*Eric Ratz*) a manager of postmortem makeup - the young *Bechtel* deserved it indeed, both because of his assiduousness and because of his steady, almost artistic hand.

The only thing was (it could be anticipated even then, at the very beginning of *Gustav's* career) that he had been, somehow, excessively dedicated to the pallor - he would not leave a drop of blood in his clientele.

[For example, already in the case of *Hiltsch*, and even more in the instance of *Gruberr*, even *Gustav's* older brother (*Johann*, a man of an overly forlorn nature taking into account that, as a true merry fellow, he lived off bear) was flabbergasted because of a river-chalk sort of hue of their skin: such a bloodlessness, to be precise, and even with an extra makeup, could hardly be turned into a blush that would be more life-like than killed off and then sewn poultry, *sensu bono*.

Although, since these were the gentlemen whose invigoration, during their lives, was by all means based on the pliancy of complaisance (the jumpiness of devotedness), it could rightfully be said that their deaths, with the associated statics, left them with an unpleasant impression anyway (without a bit of the false blushing, *sensu malo*).

...As every passion, sooner or later, turns into a duty, and this to obligation (from which, ultimately, a personal attitude secretes, *Klischeevorstellung*), *Gustav's* ideas of people and life were formulated at the transition from animation to unconsciousness (*narâbete okù*), perhaps a bit closer to the latter (*chôdo ii*), but, in any case, his bargain with signification inflated in such an anesthetic plane - *a portata di mano*.

Of course, as time passed, such notions of his gained in intensity, so that, some forty years after the moving of the *Bechtel's* into this dual place (*K-W/W-K*), during which period it itself rose like a homemade cake (i.e. like a speck of

dough in the pot of yeast, *servare modum*), their brood *Gustav*, having also buried *Johann* by then (*secundum ordinem*), completely turned into full attention and vigilant hush (i.e. into watching and listening): to locate the victim, prepare him to perfection (to the last drop in, according to him, distrustfully empty veins, *secundum usum*).

And as such a devotion, that is dedication, deserved, first jealousy then hate of *Eric Ratz* demonstrated themselves (in a proportional feverishness) as a counterbalance, by now the old-timer *Eric* being in the partnership with *Gustav* for long time already [after the death of his father *Emanuel* and the completion of the five-year long construction of the building of the dark-brown bricks (1864-69)].

As much as *Eric* was aware of *Gustav's* working qualities, he detested him even more and wished him a painful end.

Thus, one chilly afternoon in fishy November in one of those years (*hic et ubique*) {having overlooked his part in the misdeed of two workers who [under such an understanding of their boss ("*Finem respice*", he said once to each)], having become drunk because of too much idling and too little wits, in the basement of the building took out from the coffin a body of at that time legal customer (some, like a faded bamboo dried up *German* fellow, with no family or links except the plump salvation, *Deo favente*), and threw back into the casket even more drunk *Gustav* [replacing the cane-like thin *German* on top of him, though with a dividing board between the two (*divide et impera*)]}, *Eric* completed his plan of exclusively and independently managing said business (which, after all, was "his late father's enterprise", as he thought of it at the first convenient occasion, *en effet*), without, needless to say, stripping off *Gustav's* last name from the name of the firm, *en ami*.

The story goes further in such a way as to imply that, according to it [as much true as (in)disputable, *ab ovo usque ad mala*], *Eric* did not stop cooperating with the devil even at such a sensitive point [nor did he stop neglecting (the above described use of) such an ominous plank divider, *à bouche ouverte*), until, at long last, he himself ended like his school mate [heavy thoughts of the devil's apprentices (with whom he was going to the angel's lecture, *à bras ouverts*) overtook him on one summer night (tranquil like a buried ducat), and, having mumbled "*absit invidia*", threw his body into a nearby lake].

On the other side, the entire soul of *Gustav* unselfishly delivered itself to the paramount lecturer [now bluish, now whitish (now yellowish), an archangel like the trigger, now on saber, now on sword (never aboard), as a ring without the ringer (*à peu près*), however, not quite pale, because of the described eagerness of his protégé to not leave even this celebrity to chance (once the lecture is over)].

Even today no one knows who of the two (*Eric Ratz* or *Gustav Bechtel*) allied more with his respective antipode in the underground corridors of the building, without vanishing through them (the corridors of the ultimate know-how, *tous frais faits*) as through a placid digression, after everything that happened without being excused.

{As with respect to the firm itself, however, it was not prevented by the described incident from achieving considerable business success, as much in this (O) as in one more province (NS) of this, also satisfyingly settled country.

In the next, ninth section of this docile narrative on the given theme, using only two index fingers (though, on a computer keyboard, *sub verbo*), a conscientious reader can convince himself of the subject prosperity, including the personalizing/individualizing of the procedure in the firm's chapel [which offers 'a wide range' of appropriate tributes/acclamations of the deceased person's primary interests/activities (while he was alive), from *gardening* to *jazz*, via *matriarchy* and *sport*]}.

...Having left, naturally, for home (*он обязательно там будет*), from the intersection of *W* & *K* streets (as from the mirror image of *K* & *W* places), instead of northbound, he (the purported *Cosmocrator*) even more spontaneously kept on going west - in due course having found himself on the forged sundown as on a cast zenith, *a tergo*.

IX

Not even snow is greeted with a more lively welcome in the deadened brushwood: *selon les règles* - having frozen on tops of branches as atop the fence of spears, neither miniature snowballs separate from the remnants of the past victory - even destructive thoughts did not making them freeze as much as the victorious ones are doing it (*per il gusto di farlo*) during their descent [in the form of a flying frost (the afterglow of the attached company)] to the earthly throne.

Having passed therefore [on his way home (*suo Marte*)] through the above described (winter) scene of the courtyard (*senex bis puer*), and thus having effortlessly stepped into the entrance hall of the **R•B** Center for determining the harmoniousness between the past and the future contemplation of the present, on the occasion of the death of S.V., a rare friend and topflight pioneer [who, at one time, also traveled through this place, and now, in this way, via baseless digressions of this lacking writer (and, consequently, quite unnecessarily) returned to it], something else started to impose itself on him (the self-styled *Cosmocrator*), to overburden him from above by undermining him from below, whereby setting itself into a hymnal middle - bothering it with the perfect singing of a provisory salvation (singing “*Resurgam!*”).

From the discretely arranged speakers (from the loudspeaker-based crests of hen-like plumae), under the folds of mauve velvet (due to the shortage of reddish silk), i.e. under the curtains of the color matched to the color of the facade of the described building (echoing its centuries as a blunted sting), built of the dark-brown bricks around the time indicated before, and later (about 1925) brought into the present, poly-centred condition and said exterior (that can be seen at <http://www.funeralscanada.com/homes/ratzbechtelkitchener>), shaped as the mentioned pile of solid bodies [now joined now disjoined supports derived from the theory of analytical geometry (with topographical planes of the final trunk, along the axis of an ankle entirely sunken, *embarras du choix*] - from the moving membranes (modulated diaphragms) of the *Audiovox* speakers, therefore, the irreproachable alto of *Ingeborg Danz* was descending on the heads of the personnel and all the way down to the polished patina of a correspondingly darkened floor, a treasured voice after which, at the next instant (without any dilemma), from the same, *Oratorio*-tuned heaven (*Weihnachts*), the soprano of *Sibylla Rubens* spread around, softened by the tenors of *James Taylor* and *Marcus Ullmann*, then hardened by the basso of *Hanno-Müller-Brachmann* just before the very moment (as much looked forward to as always doubtfully spontaneous) of flowing into the polyphonous voices of the *Gächinger Kantorei* Collegium Choir - it was to do with (the Catholic) Christmas (Dec. 25), which the employees of the firm in question found as the most appropriate to observe by playing exactly this, *Bach's Oratorio BWV 248*, as much suitable for the particular (characteristic/specific/given) circumstances of said holiday as for the likewise general/universal condition of the institution in question, bringing its prescribed projection in harmony with its applied function, *auf und davon*.

That was how he had heard, first, the Choral (stanza No. 46):

“*Dein Glanz all Finsternis verzehrt, Die trübe Nacht in Licht verkehrt. Leit uns auf deinen Wegen, Daß dein Gesicht / Und herrliches Licht / Wir ewig schauen mögen!* - Thy light all darkness doth consume, The gloomy night to day transform. Lead us upon thy pathways, That we thy face / And glorious light / For evermore may witness!”

and, right after that, the Aria (stanza No. 47):

“*Erleucht auch meine finstre Sinnen, Erleuchte mein Herze / Durch der Strahlen klaren Schein! Dein Wort soll mir die hellste Kerze / In allen meinen Werken sein; Dies lasset die Seele nichts Böses beginnen* - Illumine, too, my gloomy spirit, Illumine my bossom / With the beams of thy clear light! Thy word shall be my brightest candle / In all the works which I shall do; My soul shall this keep from all wicked endeavor”.

Having written off the other pieces right away, he remembered, apparently, the only two stanzas not explicitly mentioning the virtual miraculousness of the *Prussian* messiahship (the lethargic unction of Universal holiness), ‘the minstresly of heaven’ (*Milton*) as well as the auras of all those devout scouts referred to in the sacred books (*verdad es verde*), and yet, i.e. besides that, it was only the painting of the sky with intention, the ambition with ability, and the wishfullness with achievement, that could have been transformed into the words that sounded so dully, reverberating in

such a provincial, pathetic, dilettanteish, tasteless, unimaginative, worthless, kitsch-like, incoherent, confused, vague, poor, helpless, uneducated, vacuous and amateurish way, all at the same time, inspired no more than a stroke of the saturated brush across an empty ceiling (a height painted by itself sticks out the most) - he concluded (though at such an inappropriate place) his judgment of the given libretto.

[It is the cry (for help) which always rises above the ruin of talent, practicing there how to open mouth, *sesquipedalia verba*].

But that was not enough for him, for (he also remembers very well) he caught himself how suddenly (actually at that very moment) he started thinking all over again about the notorious wipe-out of the *Neanderthals* by the *Cro-magnons*, which (during an afternoon idling he read about that too) happened some 30 to 35 thousand years ago.

[Taking into consideration that the 'wise man' predecessors (*Homo sapiens*) of the *Homo sapiens neanderthalis* appeared some 250,000 years ago, and thus, according to the math, having made it over full 215 or even 220 thousand years, he reckoned (he remembers) that the latter (the *Cro-magnons*), i.e. the 'very wise men' (*Homo sapiens sapiens*, of whom the modern man is a palpable crown), will all have to, for sure, get down to work in order to at least tie the result - until then they're losing].

(To prevail in the show when it cannot be done with the nature of things - is of no help here. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*).

That is why he unfalteringly stepped out from, practically, a controversial citadel (of the volume of a cubic station on the round/return trip), and, having thought that (with that very act) he returned (to where he was supposed to return), he fell asleep.

Sic eunt fata hominum.

X

Having fallen asleep under one (cosmic) tree and, at the same moment, having woken up under another the same (*sicut ante*), (although with his stomach full and his thirst quenched) the suspected *Cosmocrator* knew that he measured things as too little: under the dubious care of an angel in the capacity of *Bechtel* and the worried doubt of a devil in the capacity of *Ratz (auf der Straße)* - not more than a tenth; because of that he multiplied by ten (from **I** to **X**), took off and flew away like those birds, to at least validate his name.

Звездный приспешник.

{V-A}

02/23-28/04

The Imminent End of This Book

No more than five (or six) branches from the crown of this tree are left [the five (or six) pages envisaged in such a way as to understand the branches in question only when they themselves are brought to (the same) state of joint-like daggers under the cellulose mask (*à bon chat, bon rat*)], and yet - neither is something perforated here, nor will it be as long as it is being softened by the (however droning) tailless rain of *Jupiter Pluvius* (*Jupiter* who brings an incomplete rain, *tādāchi nī*), fairly unusual for this time of year but also critical for its resounding voice - the voice with which the remaining pages address the hanging out branches (through the sheet rain of the epilogue of this book - it came to that!), the branches protruding in the velvety manner of the charming position of the last letters (*несомненно*), specifically those that exchange their adventure (a note observation worth the first hand reading, but already in the second a hot potato) for the writer's passage towards a bookish end, attributing to it an edifying disappearance (*ufficiosamente*).

(“Reg dich nicht auf, aber das kommt Verrat gleich!”), whispering to it at that).

That which, through years of this work (*crescit eundo*), becoming almost ailing due to the compulsory growth into colloquial height (Root + Trunk + Crown = 108 + 108 + 108 = 324: *da stimmt irgendetwas nicht, vielleicht das Baum selbst!*), therefore heals more and more - only these few pages (a few of these branches atop the crown of *Yggdrasil*, *The Tree of the Universe*, *Εχετε καθαρεΦτη?*) are left to turn them (bending them gently) by means of the weight of such a fluent story (*ad majorem Dei gloriam*), but, knowing well their cellulose disposition (*ab origine*), it cannot be expected from them to not burst into flames at the first sign of an unambiguous finale, sent out (after all) just like this, and exactly to here, *αυτοματικεσκυι*.

Here we are, consequently, on the cap of a blue and gray head (the only thing that remains is to avoid a proficient cover with an obliged eulogy to the easily understood text, *bis dat qui cito dat*), the head which may shake (a few more times) in the direction in which the mentioned covering (its cap) shakes off in the easiest way (*cela va sans dire*), but it (the cap) stays very firmly in its place (holding to it as mischief to the grace), all the time glistening and glaring on a lion’s mane - that is how, regardless of his boots, it is the cap which makes one sane, *arrectis auribus*.

For, after all these little and big stories, it couldn’t be that someone would feel like chewing them raw without (before that) covering himself with a bearskin hat (*cæteris paribus*), licking his paw in its shade [explaining his access to the peak with high professionalism (serving himself beasts only in an amateurish sense)], counting on the forceps of *Iapyx*, a surgeon who pulled out the arrow-head from the leg of *Aeneas* (a *Trojan* hero and the son of blind *Anchises* and enthralling *Venus*) - let alone pulling out the paw bottom from the rough words of these smooth (like butter) pages, even if forcing them to put their tails between their legs before sounding off, *υπουικεσκυι*.

Whereby, by all means, it is important to subject all that (the whole impression of the informational conclusion of the text brought down to that, *durante cuatro tres anos consecutivos*) to a civilized discussion about the result of the communication dealt with here, not hesitating to call things what they are (*wie hoch kommt das?*), even if having added to them (the things) some feverishness of the systematic error, in any case having resolutely stepped away from them [having left them to rely on themselves (“*No sirvo para este tipo de trabajo*”, having said to the self)].

“All conversation is based upon the idea that if you leave things alone you leave them as they are. But you do not. If you leave a thing alone you leave it to a torrent of change”, G. K. Chesterton (1874-1936), from “Orthodoxy”, 1908.

But, it is not sufficient to only feel a current condition [and, at that, to replace the state of flowing with that of a completion (*sonó toki kárè wa yómù no wo yaméte...*)], while nothing of that attributing to gravitation and cuteness (half and half!) of general circumstances of presentability (that which, in spite of regular cancellations in the visitors’ book, always engraves itself into the first line of a day - a dazzling morning of the boiling picture of a broken hope, *à merveille*), relying only (and exclusively) on one’s own small trot inside the tastefully furnished room (*Notwehr*), touching the floor only as much as necessary to let the walls know (by means of the creaking of the trustworthy parquet) that they are still located on something (*Notwendigkeit*), that not even the imminent end of this book [nor its ostensibly completed crown (*Notunterkunft*)] is to be interpreted in the manner in which, in other circumstances (under another tree), all this could be (quite surely) simplified by climbing on the right branch [out of the five (of six) remaining ones, not picked except with the preparation for the finish], and taking off from it to meet an epilogue, apparently turned to the sense, *uncinato*.

{U, V-C, A, W, D}

02/26-29/04

Laws of Moderateness

As if it will not be known who is moving away in front of whom - the epigrammatic charms of the day are hidden so much in their doom: conciseness, wittiness, pointedness, epigrammatical suspension of wiles above the wall from the time in which there did not realize itself the lesson of right of way, *сгоряча*.

It is very well known, in other words, who (in all this) has the advantage: no one else but the rudimentary class (*de rigueur*) of the contemporary epigones of the first particle - of the singularity of a zeroth-order field (*événement*), of second-order sails [one on this side, another on that (*immerhin, zwei Grad über null*)], holding everything together, secreting grandiosity, having in mind the theoretical dimensions of a pistil, squandering no stamen, *no Sir!*

All those objects of a dusty kind smaller than poppy seeds (very timid things), therefore, brought into the plan about the rise of the world by a move of an innocent thought (until they descend within themselves in the manner of automata, *hâi*), first of all tied with a thin beam to the base of a drowsy (shivering?) picture: the *muon* particles, the *tau* particles, the *quarks* (up, down, strange, charmed, and bottom – what a collection!), *hadrons* and *neutrinos*, caught in the man of “yesterday, today, and tomorrow” (as say the trainees of the epoch, *fianco a fianco*), that is, him into them - plus soul. *Jawohl, mein Herr!*

On one side the fictitious particles (from the small there can come smaller), on the other the speculative magnification (from the big there can come bigger), but the only gleaming thing is the golden middle (quickly shows gold how to be bold, *in esse*): an ambiguous equilibrium (as any other), because - what if the streak breaks (if rusty become golden cakes), *deja de pensar en ti mismo!*

But then, playing with the positive laws of moderateness, the danger is that (instead of the golden balance, *in equilibrio*) up in the sky there hangs the cookie-like exaggeration of the down-to-earth fury (not begging reason itself not to bury, *et sic de similibus*), concurring with the easygoing permission of the adjoining extremes (*Αυτο παρακαλω*), similarly to the harebrained decision of *Pelias*, King of *Thessaly* and father of *Alcestis*, whom he promised to the first man able to yoke two lions and two boars (or two bears), *en cueros*, and so it was a neighbouring monarch, named *Admetus* (*fortier in re*), a hero who, with the aid of *Apollo*, the god of prophecy (*est modus in rebus*), succeeded and got the hand of *Pelias*' daughter (*Deo adjuvante*), but because at the wedding he forgot to make the necessary sacrifice (*ex dono*) in gratitude to *Artemis* (the goddess of the forest and wild animals, who provided them with the chariot), the newlyweds experienced many troubles until everything settled down and they had two nice sons (*сую минуту*) who, having grown as tall as two pine trees (*ex quocunque capite*), took part in the expedition against the city of *Troy*, although it is questionable what trophies from the war one could have assigned to the service of those lions and what to the boars (neglecting the bears, *a lungo termine*).

The story repeats itself in the case of *Actaeon*, a young hunter who, having no right sense of balance (*gratis dictum*), peeked at the pool where the goddess of all beasts and the entire jungle (the above mentioned *Artemis*, *in extenso*), and her nymphs were bathing, an act which outraged the virgin goddess so much that she turned the youth into a stag and he was torn apart by his own dogs, *okina*.

Finally, not even *Aegeus*, the son of King *Pandion* of *Athens* (and thus a king himself) and father of the hero *Theseus*, had better luck in the case of his intemperance, the hastiness that made him lose his senses and hurl himself into the sea (afterwards named the *Aegean*), overly agitated having wrongly concluded that his son (the mentioned *Theseus*) was slain by the *Minotaur* [a human, but with a bull's head (*in pleno*)], because the son of His Majesty forgot the agreement with his father to change his sail from black to white, as it was agreed between the two in case the beast had been done with, *invano*.

(If *Aegeus* was of more copious wits and inferior nerve, in other words, sooner or later he would have seen that the incoming vessel carried the victor from the duel with brute, the vanquisher being his own son, and the *Aegean Sea* would remain being called the *Ilium*'s or *Candia*'s - this way, the tragic sovereign renamed it in vain, *ich habe es über die Auskunft erfahren*).

Laws of moderateness: all those reconcilements that do not require more than a consent to assigned roles (without bringing them to a red-hot state either, *Deus avertat!*): as if it will not be known who is moving away in front of whom - the epigrammatic charms of the day are hidden so much in their doom: conciseness, wittiness, pointedness, epigrammatical suspension of wiles above the wall from the time in which there did not realize itself the lesson of right of way, *den ganzen Tag über*.

{U, V, S-C, A, D}

Violation With Assent

Here it is again, that one day by means of which, every leap year, all this touchingly lengthens itself [for the extent of which, and that during winter, one lives yet longer (*jetzt geht es mir gut*)]; as always, however, it would be the best to frame it at (with respect to it) the safest place: in the fourth year from the present one [so that later it could not be claimed that it didn't find its direction on the just smoothed way (as much cleared from snow as permeated with thoughts), i.e. that it succumbed to the passages of inscribed whiteness (even though being its addend, *сюрреалист*)].

Although February 29 is not interesting as much because of its (periodic) jumping out from the shortest month of the year, as because of inadequacy (inutility, *paucis verbis*) of such a squirming (rare showing) - even with such a day, namely, February remains the shortest month of the year, a rushlight (*зажигалка*) - one still has to approach it with a proper respect of an admirer of calendar curiosities (*a dir poco, senza esagerazione*), an expert who (even when such a day is being unselfishly offered to him) finds himself between thoughtfulness and an inattentive participation in the mentioned business, on the brink of which the next morning of the season places itself (taking a nap there), *en lo que a mi respecta*.

As much as this February lengthens itself, however, the month of March is coming tomorrow whichever way to turn (to this or that side, forward or backward, *το ιδιο κανει*), with the first signs of winter yellowness (taken in by the skillful hand of a dainty change through the open window, *jōba no*), possibly dressed in an ocher (dress), with the sideburns of a polar fox (the trophies of an up-to-date frost, *в таком случае*).

After all, one has to provide a time for such a lengthening, whether by reading in an additional security pass or by a suitable stretching of the existing one [one has to press ($n+1$) instead of n in automata of irrefutable presence, *par force*], even if producing (with said action) an illusion according to which *Aphrodite* appears on such a scene, the goddess of love and beauty (*par accord*), born from the foam of the sea around the sleepy *Cyprus*, on which shore she stepped from small waves of iodine and salt, making use of a seashell for her trip instead of boarding a standard barque (*wie sie sagte*), having stepped out from it with the help of the West Wind (*Zephyrus*) and the Goddess of Spring (*Flora*), having felt under one foot (and, right after that, under the other) predominantly a soft carpet made of roses (in the form of an indoor rug under the pile of unassuming petals, *añzen na bashō ni*), her sacred flower and the flower of her land phase, *pondere, non numero*.

Of course, such a (flexible) possibility (a calculated fluidity of the transition from today to tomorrow) is far, although a certain obsession with unrealistic expectations from a change that has shifted (in the long run) for only 24 hours, need and can be understood as a literary justified gag, a violation with assent, *что касается меня*.

The violation with assent as a bargain regarding a better result [since the current one brought things to this point (*es ist alles arrangiert*)], a concession with which, to be sure, an established order of things is interfered with, with, however, the transition of one (of them) to the other being softened (them being informed that one is going to be extended only by so much and in such a manner until the other invites it to a full collaboration, *pacta conventa*).

[“A tender hazy brightness” (*Wordsworth*), the things in question re-examine themselves in a similar manner (in such a foggy way), before the fluid opening of their cards, *pro salute animæ*].

It can be confirmed, therefore, that under the clock hands this (leap) evening also flows out like a hamadryad (*hamadryas*), a wood nymph supposed to live and die with the tree to which she is attached (whereby the tree in question has been planted only this morning, but, then, it became branchy up to this point, *sans façon*), having in mind that the agreement about exceeding is only a synonym for violation with assent, its variational choice, *massenweise*.

A violation, in truth, to which an assent both can and does not have to be given [depending on whether things, which (in whatever way to take them) persistently continue, expect a stimulus from it (the violation), or even that little of the solidity of the stereotyped presentation is being disrupted in them, *diario repertorio*], something that, by the very straying from the orderliness of a day, leads to a tension regarding participation in the queue formed to make sense and order (*Zweifel*), and yet, coping with all that in the best possible way, offering itself to all sides but also agreeing to

that which 'shines at the end of the tunnel' [that which, at the expiration of the day (month, year), takes a lantern and waves and waves with a conceivable enlightenment, in any case a tidy clarification (*ofrecer mucho especie es de negar*)], when, apparently, everything is in an unconditional harmony with everything else [most of all, the superfluosity with the logical zero (*officina gentium*)], when one both counts down and stops with the biting calculation (*parfaitement bien*), when the most that can be expected is a topical indifference, *во время*.

{U, V-C, A, D}

03/03-05/04

L'allegro

Jumping and stamping his feet / Knocking and clapping his hands / Look at him banging his myth / Echoing as he takes off or lands / Whenever he reaches the window reaches the door reaches the basement reaches the roof reaches the reason to take a breath, *надолго*.

Whereby nothing suddenly changes but only moves itself aside, something that all this which (in the same stride) fully collapses can only want with all its heart, *gebrauchsfertig*.

One click / Another click / The third time (*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*) look at him as he returns from some sort of a nonchalant hunt (without a clue) / All this time with full hands and (all of a sudden) returning with empty too / A gentleman occupied with the other world as if he brings his second self along with him (both vulnerable and bold).

("Koré wa wátákushi ni?", he asks).

A bit bent / A bit talkative / If one could ever hear from him at least that kind of a shot (be it far or near) which can be used to scare fear.

Prassi.

A gentleman who (all this is seen while in a dream, *sub prætecto juris*) cannot be harmed even by words from a type of stanza (as this one is meant to fit) even if his very end protrudes from it.

[A rhyme passing by / Which (in a half voice, or maybe choosing only to cry) cannot be of great value to him and yet he is not left alone (underneath such a sky), *in toto*].

Thus, being sure of the impossibility to understand his own self regarding something which sets up under the forehead of *Agamemnon* [the son of *Atrous*, brother of *Menelaus*, husband of *Clytemnestra*, *ipso facto*, the chief of *Cassandra*, a clairvoyant daughter of *Priam* the King (*красивый Cassandra*)], let me say that again, regarding something which sets up under the forehead of *Agamemnon* to put things in order by means of which it can create the full picture of the *Archaean* pedigree - he (the man of a graphical sort of the type of a subtle vignette, yet full of the power of a stroke with the carbonaceous chalk), (without any excuse or apology) became absorbed in thought regarding genealogy.

Schattenriss.

With this, his book closed.

A dot drank him (negligibly rosed).

Schaulustiger: Moved by a thought / Towards the idea / According to which / Days go by / The gentleman in question / *Antes que nada* / Found him altogether squeezed in the self / Having a hard time (harder than an elf).

WaTor_323

On one side / Look only how / All this time / He does not mind / To crouch and watch / Συγγρητισμενος / Yet on the other / Not even a cat / Gets out of his way (full of some pikes) / Even though the clock shows a minute before the last hour strikes.

In propria persona: An older gentleman / Therefore / Who is not able / To let himself / Just like that / Into a drill / Of a smooth guarding / Of even this phase / Of his own self (his own client) / Not even to mention securing the passers by, some of whom may resemble themselves (being so silent), *insouciant*.

Silence is that / He says to himself / Which is to grow / In the direction / Of a strict line / And so upward / Searching for a literal / Unvarnished extreme / Within the domain (the realm of this theme) / Within which (like in the case here) / There suddenly shines / A change of the rhythm (first whispered then narrated) / Progressing to where the other side of the medal is situated.

(*Внешне*).

And in it an eye, and in the eye an ear, and in the ear a song, and in the song (across the fence) all of the power of inference.

All that which is said even to the children, yet one cannot wait too long in order to put together things which no one can do anything against, although they sail in a giant's heart (the weakest point of such a beast), to say the least. *In sæcula sæculorum*.

That is why he likes so much to cover his walking distance in a quite brisk/effective pace (his outer gallery), with short breaks for breakfast lunch and dinner which (to him) come as a salary.

"I do applaud his courage", *William Shakespeare*.

A mister that and that / Who was not able to (just like that) / Let the gentleman in himself (regardless of his trance) / Leave him to chance.

L'allegro.

"To surrender to a meadow's mélange (of colors) does not mean automatic happiness" - he was promptly told by his long mute father (dead already eight times four year-ages), through a half-seedling of the doubled self, and yet so movingly the same (consisting of the same stages), quite soft spoken in his flowage (broken by the final knowledge).

Баюшки-баю!

"Many a fair flower is burdened with preposterous appellatives", Tupper.

A gentleman who, even when smiling, and when just walking (for the sake of walking), and when consuming the ice cake comprising a word and two sub-words [in spite of it all (from *micro-* to *mega-*), expected by the closing *omega*, the opening *alpha* even splits - into the two: the *al* and the *pha*], never really forgets that, in everything in which letters have a significance, his hands are tied, for him to be able to at least somewhat alleviate his hardship, unless before that (from the sky above) a falling star falls on him in the form of a pretty comet (his long awaited and the very best net).

[Whereupon, upon its bang, he may ask it (in an *Otway*'s slang): "Wilt thou, then, hush my cares?"].

Something which / Like at the present / Is falling down / In the last of his / Skewed realities / All of which have been / As recently as yesterday / A literary ruin (and a putrid fame) / *Richtgeschwindigkeit* / While today another something / Colloquially accustomed / Tells them (the realities - as if they, in the sea of work, were the idling hordes) / Using the best of the concluding words / (Having the last laugh): Enough is enough.

Бау!

{U, V, S-C, A, W, D}

Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe (Ω)

When in a *Polar Land* like this is, driving from *W.* to *T.* one takes the *J. S. Parkway* exit, turns south, at the first light (*vorschriftsmäßig*) turns left, drives to the end of the road, turns right, passes by the (coma-fallen) *Taylor Nursery* of once lively, seasonal gifts (in terms of Christmas trees) and (in the same way) flaky wishes (Norw., *flak*, Sw., *flaga*) - presently an uninteresting place because the Christmas season has been a long over - then crosses the railway tracks on tiptoe (*за кулуцями*) and lightly looks at the left side (*currente calamo*) - at a distance of, approximately, 150 meters, slowly implanted into, invisible to a faster eye, a landscape as wide as a cheek and as dim as a slap, (as if, in a gigantic way, it itself is dawning) more and more there stands an immense ash. *À fond.*

It stands there in the sense of a tree scratching its head (*dairiyuko shite irù*), pardon, its crown (*ad summum*) - rather acting that way, knowing that somebody else also knows that something sneaky is going on there (*настойчивый ясень*), that its root, trunk and crown (from that distance, through 150 fogs, noticeable only to a close observer) have not arrived just like that into this book, afforested with only one tree (*non c'e male!*), that its true name cannot be said differently even if one sounds out its letters as in *Yggdrasill*, or *Yggdrasil*, or *Ygdrasill*, from Norse *Yggdra* and *Syll* (by all means archaic, *η μασκα?*), that is from *Yggr*, i.e. *Odinn*, i.e. *Othin*, i.e. the Teutonic *Woden*, *Alfadur* (All-father), the Ultimate Deity {God of Culture, Art, War and Death}, finally, that because of the universalness, that is because of the encirclement of the end of the world (*Ragnarök*) with the new life (*Vorverkauf*), the tree in question is not just some tree but the Tree of the Universe, *cap à pié*.

Furthermore, if one remarks that said tree, together with the three Fates, the *Norns* or *Nornir*, in cooperation, therefore, with the Goddess of the Past {*Urduur* that is *Urth*}, the Goddess of the Present {*Verdandi* that is *Verthandi*}, and the Goddess of the Future {the clairvoyant *Skuld*}, veils the activity with time (the animation with juncture) better than any other tree (*Deo duce*), with which (instead of with its own shade) it protects itself from warming in an instant, then it is no wonder that it consists of all that (of the prominent details of such a shallow draft, *coûte que coûte*) in the same way in which *Jasenovina* (Serbian for the wood of the ash tree) consists of the same number of letters as does *Yggdrasill*.

And all this goes on with such a rustle in each of these deaf twilights (*ante lucem*), with no single radiance (although in a reasonable spring season it happens at the first daybreak – that's the way it is), at the 68-th kilometer of the 86-km drive to the work place - a gambling house of this (excessively brisk) chronicler-top, full of importunateness of diligence but lulled to sleep atop (*verantwortungslos*), for some years now (as many in this as in the previous century, *d'accord*) with no particular problem (*¡nada de eso!*). For, as in each one of us with no pain there passes away that one, personal tree (*anno ætatis suæ*), there is no room for amazement if somebody like that without a difficulty makes use of it (his/her tree) before its time expires, which (the time), because of that, counts as a plus, *ne paz*.

That would be, approximately, the description of the given tree and its outcome/yield (*jitsubutsudai no*), the subject of these tales which nevertheless (from whatever side to look at) reduced to it, that is simplified by so much, *comme il faut*. Nothing's left, therefore, from the original assertion that they (the stories presented thereof), as any other substitute for reality, are falsely more complex (at every meter a fog); the fact that they are, because of the regards for the (im)patience of the reader and the narrative procedure of the story-teller (*en plein jour*), with the necessary examples of fauna and flora (*keine Ursache*), curtailed to the three Deities/Dooms {*U, V, S*} and four activities/conditions {*C, A, W, D*}, actually represents that double-edged sword of theirs (of those tales), the hand weapon which as much as it cut apart it put together (*en revanche*), as much as it lost it gained (*en règle*), as much as it (excitingly) diminished it (with no brains) dared (*entêté*), and the issue of whether (or not) into the scabbard it returned throughout these pages of a placable strife (*de pis en pis*) lost its importance: as always, the very last move of it (the sword, regarded as an instrument of death, destruction), with no known earthly action (with, maybe, a verse from *Lyra's Vega*), makes the Tree of the Universe, *Yggdrasill alias Omega*.

Epilogue and Explication

Disheveled like salt licked before the dawn, five years after the previous, third book of *EPHEMERIS* [see the outline on the last page], here is the fourth one, jumped in between the covers like a thorn in the eye, as shaggy in the head as it is yelping in reality, with the same, formalized curls of hair - the locks from before (regarding the use of brackets and mythological characters and events, as well as referring to the foreign idioms and words, as seen in the *Author's Explication* of that time - applicable to this book too).

While the third volume of the (elephant-like) diary naturally stretched, and, with its inky trunk, touched this tome (with the exception of the shortened memories of times it dealt with, now reduced to the kind of times that everyone can see and know what they look like, but not all do), there is no way out from here: pretending that it took him about four and a half years to complete his voyage from a to Ω {allowing that the difference to full five years has been judiciously used for the translation of the third volume from the mother tongue, i.e. the *Serbian* language, to a somewhat more understandable foreign, that is *English* language, and so gaining the unnecessary readability [by having “Sch'dy (Sk'di)” become “Sch'dy (Sk'dee)”]}, the present part of said (*Gargantuan*) log of epicurean motifs of all those, like black ducat filigree days, ended with the last pattern forever - one must admit that some sort of orderliness is to be obeyed, especially when the motif/pattern in question is the last letter of every salty language (the language that all people speak, licking it until they lick it up).

But, not everything is lost (regarding writing, of course). If not ahead, one can go back. Going in the opposite direction, thus, the volume/quadrant *No. 2* is in order, and, after the three (quarter sections of a circle) - *No. 1*. [It is certainly true that things, like clock hands, return to the beginning - why would they, otherwise, underhandedly say good-bye to each other at the end, overlapping at zero. *That which once was nothing (not even a stain), only got hidden in the same place again*].

Before that, however, one should say a few of exactly those, parting-words, regarding the fourth and, at the same time, the last book, according to the anticipated chronological order in these examples from tetralogy of an average human vision squared (a fitting four-volume set of a phenomenal raising to a power of an authentic disturbance inflicted on such a suitable foppishness – one’s own silence) - the book with which, like with the last laugh, there is no joke.

And because while it laughed it did that regarding all and everything, it is to be paid back in full measure - by tickling its joke with a lesson: it is easy to split, difficult to choose a better part.

A better part, that is, of the material burned with the last page of this ‘wooden’ book [what other association could “*Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe*” cause in some follower of such a clear notion?], the material which, in such a case, is both the fateful conflagration and a firebrand from it. Who gets a hold of it won’t need another fire, even if he took care of the ashes all by himself.

After all, the silence (i.e. the above mentioned fashionableness) always combs itself during the break to which a word is such a bother, even if, ‘in the beginning’, there was only it.

And, referring to them (the words), bursting with such a symbolic / sign-based profusion, many of these, pompously woven, enjoyable words (as in the case of the preceding book from this series of painstaking contributions to the uniform ambiguity of an easygoing stream) overflowed into the GLOSSARY [printed on the additional, polyphonic, pardon - multilingual pages, before the last (to every printer suspicious) cover].

In each such case (in case of even unintentional pouring to such one, even without that act messed up *WORD LIST*), the esteemed reader is facultatively referred to it. It is an option, for neither it (that vocabulary above all vocabularies, as a silence above all silences) will wet (either of the) palates of the offered text more than an earthenware jug full of sand would, as it is always the case when, in a desert, one expects much even from a pail with a hole in it, that is, as from an empty well the bucket both can and does not have to be pulled, but nothing can be poured out from it.

Март Горски,

Alongside the English Translation

The original manuscript of this book was finished in the spring of 2004; as in the case of the previous volume, it took about four years to complete.

Summer came and, with it, a proportionally sluggish dilemma whether to plunge into translating the book into *English*, or keep pretending the *Serbian* language would carry it equally unintelligibly into all the winters to be shaken off from between its covers.

At least as difficult to translate as the preceding, third part of the *EPHEMERIS*, the work in question did not really beg for a translator; yet, neither was it at peace with the idea of becoming frozen without a chance to call for help in another tongue, known for its soothing properties.

As much as the *Serbian* invigorates, namely, the *English* let go - assuming, of course, that one knows when to intuit an appropriate (warm-up) destination, disembarking right there.

Which turned out to happen a year later, in the middle of summer of 2005 - for, after a full year of day after day of a complete lack of suspense, finally on its feet, "*Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe*" found its very last verse to be rightfully lit.

(Rather free than literal, the translation in question could not have ended up behind a less strict fence, whether it be put up anew, or staying obsolete).

As before, here too *P.*, *B.*, *C.*, & *M. J.* helped, and *P.* unwearingly abode during, not only outwardly, the endless hours (days, weeks, months, years) of the subject exertion of mine, for which I am greatly indebted to her.

Not a more acceptable version of the original translation (however barely achieved) would have been possible to produce, however, without the most instrumental and precious aid of *M.* [now 21 and an *Honours Physics* graduate (of course, with a quite natural feel), as it always seems to be the case when on the top of the world, constructing it still]. Thank you, *Mupa*.

Wat., July 21, 2005

Legend

(Reading TABLE)

	Culture (C)	Art (A)	War (W)	Death (D)
U r t h (U)	1,3-4,8,10,12-15,17-21,24-26,29-31,33-38,41,43,45-57,62-68,71,76,78-80,83,85,88-91,94,99-102,105,107-109,111-113,122,125,128-129,140-142,145,148,151,154,157,162-164,167-169,173,177,181,186,193,196-197,201,204,210,213-214,217,221-223,226-228,231-242,245,251-253,260,264,267-273,278,282-283,286,289,291,303-305,309-311,319-324	1,3,10,12-15,17-21,23-26,29-35,38-39,41-43,45-48,52,56-67,69-73,76,78,80-83,86-90,92-98,101,104,107-109,113,122,125-129,135,140-148,151,154,157,161-164,169,173-177,181,186,193,196-197,201,204,206,214,217,221,226-228,232-238,241,248,251-253,257,260,264,267-269,273,278,282-283,289-290,296-297,303-305,309-311,319-324	1,6,9-10,12,17,19-21,24,29-31,33,35,37-38,41,43,45,48,51-52,57-58,61,64-67,69,76,80-81,83,94-95,101,105,107-109,111-113,122-123,128-129,135,142,145-148,151,154,157,161-164,167-169,173,177,181,186,196,204,217,223,226-228,232,238,241,251,253,257,260,269-271,278,282,285,289,296-297,303,319,324	1,6,9-10,12,17,19-21,23-26,29-39,41-43,45-59,61-62,64-69,71-73,76,78-83,85-89,91-105,107-109,111-113,122,128-129,135,140-148,151,154,157,161-164,167-169,173-177,181,186,193,196-197,201,204,206,210,213-214,217,221-223,226-228,231-232,235,238,241-242,248,251-253,257,260,264,267-273,278,282,289-290,296-297,303-305,309-311,319-324
V e r t h a n d i (V)	1-5,8,10-12,14-21,24-26,29-31,33-38,40-41,43,45-57,62-68,71,74-76,78-80,83-85,88-91,94,99-102,105-113,118,122-125,128-129,133,138-142,145,148-154,157,162-164,167-170,173,177-178,181-190,193,196-197,201,204,209-217,221-228,231-245,249-255,258-264,267-273,278,282-289,291,295,299,301-311,319-324	1,3,10-12,14-15,17-35,38-48,52,56-67,69-73,76-78,80-83,86-90,92-95,98,101,104,107-109,113-116,119-131,134-165,169,172-188,191-209,214-218,221,225-229,232-238,241,244,246-269,273-285,288-290,293-324	1,6,7,9-10,12,17,19-21,24,29-31,33,35,37-38,41,43,45,48,51-52,57-58,61,64-67,69,76,80-81,83,94-95,101,105-109,111-113,116,119,122-123,128-129,134-135,142,145-148,151,154-157,161-164,167-170,173,177,180-181,186,196,204,217,223,226-228,232,238,241,251,253,257,260,269-271,278,282,285,289,293,296-299,303,319,324	1,6,9-10,12,17,19-43,45-59,61-62,64-69,71-73,76-83,85-89,91-95,98-113,115-123,128-151,154-177,180-181,185-186,191-201,204,206-208,210,213-214,217-218,221-228,231-232,235,238,241-244,248-253,257,260,263-264,267-282,285,289-290,296-300,303-305,309-311,319-324
S k u l d (S)	1,3,10,12,17,19-21,24-26,29-31,33,35,38,41,43,48,52,57,62,64-67,71,76,78,80,83,85,88,91,94,101,107-109,113,128,140-142,145,148,151,157,162-164,169,177,181,196,201,204,214,217,226-228,232,238-240,251,263,269,278,289,303,311,321,324	1,3,10,12,17,19-21,23-26,29-31,33,35,38,41,43,48,52,57,59-60,62,64-67,69,71,73,76,78,80-83,88,94,101,107-109,113,126-128,137,140-145,148,151,157,162-164,169,177,181,196,201,204,214,217,226-228,232,238,251,263,269,278,289,296,303,311,321,324	1,6,10,12,17,19-21,24,29-31,33,35,38,41,43,48,52,57,64-67,69,76,80-81,83,94,101,107-109,113,128,142,145,148,151,157,162-164,169,177,181,196,204,217,226-228,232,238,251,278,289,296,303,324	1,6,10,12,17,19-21,23-26,29-31,33,35,38,41,43,48,52,57,59,62,64-67,69,71,73,76,78,80-83,85,88,91,94,101,107-109,113,128,137,140-145,148,151,157,162-164,169,177,181,196,201,204,210,213-214,217,220,226-228,232,238,251,263,269,278,289,296,303,311,321,324

In addition to the regular/ordered reading, this book can also be read according to the reader's inclination towards the past, the present, and the future.

It is not necessary that the one who is more inspired by a bright future than a miserable past looks back, nor is the opposite recommended (to imagine a gloomy future from a sweet past).

Only those whom the present does not leave alone (in the sense of obsessing them with a nominal middle) are encouraged to leave the past ajar as much as to peer into the future - for, the *Culture*, *Art*, *War*, and *Death*, today also remind their devotees of yesterday promising them tomorrow.

The purpose of the *TABLE*, therefore, is to show immediately the page bearing that which on the others (through this afternoon and so verbose) is very sluggishly suspected - forwards or backwards, all the same, having in mind that each of these moments licks its lips with the others, either already so filled with them or it will be, uncoiling in this, such a temporal world, under the supervision of the three designated *Fates*, maintaining the prescribed diet through the four activities/states.

GLOSSARY

Key: (L.)=*Latin*, (V.)=*Babylonian*, (Y.)=*Yiddish*, (J.)=*Japanese*, (H.)=*Dutch*, (G.)=*Greek*, (R.)=*Russian*, (Š.)=*Swedish*, (I.)=*Italian*, (S.)=*Spanish*, (N.)=*German*, (F.)=*French*, (E.)=*English*

À bas [F.], Down with.

à beau jeu, beau retour [F.], one good turn deserves another; tit for tat.

A bisogni si conoscono gli amici [I.], A friend in need is a friend indeed.

à bon chat, bon rat [F.], to a good cat, a good rat.

à bon marché [F.], a good bargain; cheap.

à bouche ouverte [F.], with open mouth; eagerly; uncritically.

à bras ouverts [F.], with open arms.

A cada paso [S.], At every turn.

a capite ad calcem [L.], from head to heel.

à ce moment-là [F.], in that case.

a chi lo dici! [I.], tell me about it!

à corps perdu [F.], with breakneck speed.

à coup sûr [F.], of a certainty; without fail.

à coup sûr [F.], surely.

a cruce salus! [L.], salvation by the cross.

a Deo et rege [L.], from God and the king.

à dessein [F.], on purpose; intentionally.

à deux mains [F.], two-handedly; having a double office.

a dir poco, senza esagerazione [I.], to put it mildly.

À discrétion [F.], At discretion; without restriction.

à droite [F.], to the right.

à fleur d'eau [F.], on a level with the water.

À fond [F.], Thoroughly; to the bottom; heartily.

a fortiori [L.], with stronger reason.

à genoux [F.], on the knees.

à grands frais [F.], at great expense.

à haute voix [F.], aloud.

à l'improviste [F.], unexpectedly.

à la belle étoile [F.], in the open air (at night); under the stars.

à la carte [F.], according to the bill of fare.

à la mode [F.], according to the custom or fashion.

a lungo termine [I.], in the long run.

a maniche lunghe [I.], long-sleeved.

a maximis ad minima [L.], from the greatest to the least.

à merveille [F.], marvelously; to a wonder.

à mon avis [F.], in my opinion.

a partir de las 10 [S.], from 10 o'clock onwards.

À peine [F.], Barely.

À perte de vue [F.], Till beyond one's view.

à peu près [F.], nearly; approximately.

à pied [F.], on foot.

a portata di mano [I.], within reach.

a prima vista [I.], at first sight.

à propos de bottes [F.], a propos of boots; in an irrelevant manner; without rhyme or reason.

a ragione o a torto [L.], rightly or wrongly.
a simple vista [S.], at first sight.
a tacano [S.], tight-fisted.
a tergo [L.], from behind.
a titolo di favore [L.], as a favour.
à tort et à travers [F.], at random; without consideration.
à tout hasard [F.], at all hazards.
à tout prix [F.], at any price.
à toute force [F.], with all one's might.
a trechos [S.], here and there.
a unos les gusta, a otros no [S.], some like it, others no.
ab extra [L.], from without.
ab imo pectore [L.], from the bottom of the heart.
ab incunabulis [L.], from the cradle.
ab initio [L.], from the beginning.
ab intra [L.], from within.
ab Januar [N.], from January on.
ab origine [L.], from the origin.
ab ovo [L.], from the egg; from the beginning.
ab ovo usque ad mala [L.], from beginning to end.
abeille reine [F.], bee queen.
abens, am Abend [N.], in the evening.
abkürzen [N.], to cut short.
Ableitung [N.], Diversion.
absens hæres non erit [L.], out of sight, out of mind; the absent one will not be heir.
absente reo [L.], the accused being absent.
absit invidia [L.], let there be no envy or ill will.
absit omen [L.], may this not prove of (evil) omen.
Abusus non tolit usum [L.], Abuse does not take away use; i.e., is not an argument against proper use.
Actionnaire [F.], Shareholder in a company.
ad aperturam libri [L.], wherever the book opens.
ad extremum [L.], to the last, or extremity.
ad finem [L.], to the end.
ad gustum [L.], to one's taste.
ad hoc [L.], for this specific purpose.
ad hominem [L.], to an individual's interests or passions; to the man.
ad internecionem [L.], to extermination.
ad libitum [L.], at pleasure.
ad majorem Dei gloriam [L.], for the greater glory of God.
ad multos annos [L.], for many years.
ad referendum [L.], for further consideration.
ad rem [L.], to the purpose; to the point.
ad summum [L.], to the highest point.
ad unguem [L.], to the nail; to a nicety; exactly; perfectly.
Ad unum omnes [L.], All to a man.
ad valorem [L.], according to the value.
ad vitam aut culpam [L.], for life or fault; i.e. till some misconduct be proved.
Ad vivum [L.], To the life; portrayed in a lifelike manner.
Adieu [L.], Good-bye; farewell.
adorer le veau d'or [F.], to worship the golden calf.
Adoucir Ménagerie [F.], Sweetened Menagerie.
à droite [F.], to the right.

adscriptus glebæ [L.], attached to the soil.
Adsum [L.], I am present; here!
æquabiliter et diligenter [L.], equably and diligently.
Æs triplex [L.], Tripple brass; armor of adamant.
ætatis suæ [L.], of her age.
affaire d'honneur [F.], an affair of honor.
affreux [F.], frightful; shocking.
Age quod agis [L.], Attend to what you are about.
agotado exuberancia [S.], exhausted exuberance.
ähnlich Stummfilm [N.], like silent film.
Aktualität [N.], Up-to-dateness.
al fresco [I.], in the open air; cool.
al menos [S.], at least.
Albus [L.], White.
alere flammam [L.], to feed the flame.
alguna que otra vez [S.], from time to time.
alias [L.], assumed name, pseudonym.
alieni appetens, sui profusus [L.], greedy of other people's possessions, lavish of his own.
Alis volat propriis [L.], She flies with her own wings.
alla fin fine [I.], after all.
alla leggera [I.], frivolously.
alla rovescia [I.], upside down.
alle fünf Meter [N.], every five metres.
allées et venues [F.], comings and goings.
Aller-hand! [N.], Good show!
alles auf eine Karte setzen [N.], to put all one's eggs in one basket.
alles Gute! [N.], all the best!
alles in allem [N.], all in all.
alles, nur das nicht! [N.], anything but that!
Alltag [N.], Everyday life.
alltäglich [N.], daily.
als Antwort [N.], as an answer.
als Kind [N.], as a child.
Alter ego [L.], Another self.
am Rande bemerkt [N.], mentioned in passing.
Amantium iræ amoris integratio [L.], The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love.
amar y saber no puede ser [S.], no one can love and also be wise.
Âme de boue [F.], A soul of mud.
Amende honorable [F.], Satisfactory apology; reparation.
amicalement [F.], in a friendly manner.
amor de Dios [S.], for God's sake.
Amour propre [F.], Self-love; vanity.
an no jò [J.], sure enough.
an Ort und Stelle [N.], on the spot.
an sich [N.], actually; as such.
Anáta nò bán desu [J.], It's your turn.
Ancienne noblesse [F.], Old-time nobility.
ancient régime [F.], the ancient or former order of things.
Anders gesagt [N.], In other words.
angeregt [N.], animated.
Anguis in herba [L.], A snake in the grass; an unsuspected danger.
anna ni nagái ryoko [J.], such a long trip.
anna ni takai [J.], that high.

anno ætatis suæ [L.], in the year of his/her age.
anno Christi [L.], in the year of Christ.
anno humanæ salutis [L.], in the year of man's redemption.
Annuit cœptis! [L.], He (God) has smiled on our undertakings (motto adapted from *Virgil* on the reverse of the great seal of the U.S.).
Anregung [N.], Stimulation.
Ansammlung [N.], array; collection.
ansehnlich [N.], fine-looking.
Anstalten machen, etw zu tun [N.], To prepare to do something.
Ante lucem [L.], Before the dawn.
ante meridiem [L.], before noon.
antes que nada [S.], first of all.
anzen na bashò ni [J.], out of harm's way.
aperçu [F.], a general sketch or survey.
appena in tempo [I.], in the nick of time.
Après moi le déluge [F.], After me the deluge.
aquae [L.], medicinal waters.
Aquila non capit muscas [L.], An eagle does not catch flies.
Arbiter elegantiarum [L.], a judge or supreme authority in matters of taste.
arcana cœlestia [L.], celestial mysteries.
arcana imperii [L.], state secrets.
ardentia verba [L.], glowing language.
argumentum ad crumenam [L.], an argument to the purse, i.e. to one's interests.
Argumentum ad ignorantiam [L.], An argument intended to work on a person's ignorance.
Argumentum ad iudicium [L.], Argument appealing to the judgment.
Argumentum ad verecundiam [L.], Argument appealing to modesty.
ariston metron [G.], moderation is best.
arrectis auribus [L.], with ears pricked up; all attention.
arrivederci [I.], farewell; till we meet again.
ars est celare artem [L.], it is true art to conceal art.
Artium Magister [L.], Master of Arts.
aru imi de wa [J.], in a way.
árù teído [J.], to some extent.
Asa [J.], Late morning.
Ascolta! [I.], Just listen!
Asi parece [S.], So it seems.
Aspaviento [S.], Show, fuss.
Asu wa kin-yobi desu [J.], It's Friday tomorrow.
At spes non fracta [L.], But hope is not crushed.
au beau milieu [F.], right in the middle.
au bout de son Latin [F.], at the end of his Latin; at his wit's end.
Au bout du fil [F.], On the phone.
au désespoir [F.], in despair.
Au fait [F.], Well acquainted with; expert.
au fil de l'eau [F.], with the current.
au fond [F.], at bottom; in reality.
Au grand sérieux [F.], In all seriousness.
au jour le jour [F.], from day to day; without thought of tomorrow; from hand to mouth.
au mieux [F.], on the best terms.
Au milieu de la montagne [F.], Halfway up.
au pis aller [F.], at the worst.
au prix où c'est [F.], at those prices.

au revoir [F.], till we meet again.
au sérieux [F.], seriously.
au troisième [F.], on the third story.
auch wenn das Wetter schlecht ist! [N.], even if the weather is bad!
auf das ist kein Verlass [N.], it cannot be relied upon.
auf dem Land / der ganzen Welt [N.], in the country / the whole world.
auf der Reise [N.], on the way.
auf der Straße [N.], on the road.
auf die Dauer [N.], in the long run.
auf die Pauke hauen [N.], to live it up.
auf einmal [N.], all at once.
auf jeden Fall [N.], at any rate.
auf meine Bitte hin [N.], at my request.
auf und ab [N.], up and down.
auf und davon [N.], up and away.
auf vielfachen Wunsch [N.], at the request of many people.
auf Wiedersehen [G.], till we meet again (*au revoir*).
Aufführung Liste [N.], Specification.
aufgeschlossen [N.], open-minded.
Aufklärung [N.], The Enlightenment, an eighteenth century philosophical movement.
Aufs Bester [N.], In the best possible way.
Aufs Ganze gehen [N.], To go for the lot.
aufs Meer gehen [N.], to look on to the sea.
Aufschreiben [N.], Write down.
Augapfel [N.], Eyeball; apple of one's eye.
Augenzeuge [N.], eye witness.
 aunque, no pasó gran cosa [S.], although, nothing much happened.
Auri sacra fames [L.], The accursed craving for gold.
aus dem, was er sagt [N.], from what he says.
aus dem, was er sagt [N.], from what he says.
aus der Flasche trinken [N.], to drink from the bottle.
aus eigener Anschauung [N.], from one's own experience.
aus freien Stücken [N.], of one's own free will.
aus ihr wird nie etwas [N.], she'll never get anywhere.
aus Mitleid [N.], out of sympathy.
aus unserer Mitte [N.], from our midst.
aus zuverlässiger Quelle wissen [N.], to be reliably informed.
Ausgaben spielen keine Rolle [N.], expense.
ausgebucht [N.], fully booked.
Ausgezeichnet [N.], Beautiful; excellent.
Ausmaß [N.], Dimension; scale.
Ausschau halten! [N.], Watch out!
Ausschau! [N.], Look out!
außer Betrieb [N.], out of order.
Äußerung [N.], Remark; comment.
Aussi [F.], Also.
aussi large que possible [F.], as wide as possible.
Ausspruch [N.], Saying; remark.
Ausstellen [N.], Display.
Aut Cæsar aut nullus [L.], Either *Cæsar* or nobody.
aut inveniam viam aut faciam [L.], I shall either find a way or make one.
autant d'hommes, autant d'avis [F.], so many men, so many minds.
autre temps, autre mœurs [F.], other times, other manners.
Aux armes [F.], To arms.

ave atque vale [L.], hail and farewell.
Avito viret honore [L.], Flourishing on one's ancestral honors.
azulado [S.], bluish.
Badinage [F.], Jocularly; chaff.
basta? [I.], is that enough?
beaucoup plus [F.], much more.
beaucoup trop [F.], much too much.
Bedenkzeit [N.], Time to think.
bedeutungsvoll [N.], momentous; significant.
bedienen Sie sich [N.], help yourself.
Bedienungsanleitung [N.], operating instructions.
begabt [N.], gifted.
Bei der Arbeit [N.], When I'm working.
bei Nebel [N.], in fog.
bei solcher Hitze [N.], in such heat.
beieinander [N.], together.
beim Fahren [N.], while driving.
Beisein [N.], presence.
Bel esprit [F.], A person of wit or genius; a brilliant mind.
bel et bien [F.], well and truly.
belvedere [I.], the uppermost story of a building, open to the air, for the purpose of giving a view of the country.
ben trovato [I.], well invented; cleverly fabricated or concocted.
Bene orasse est bene studuisse [L.], To have prayed well is to have striven well.
berührungsempfindlicher Bildschirm [N.], touch-sensitive screen.
Besonders [N.], Especially, particularly.
Bessere Laune bekommen! [N.], Cheer up!
Bestürzend Nachrichten [N.], Disturbing news.
Betäubungsmittel [N.], anaesthetic.
bêtise [F.], a piece of stupidity; stupidity.
Betonung [N.], stress; emphasis.
betreffend [N.], relevant; in question.
Bevollmächtigter [N.], authorized agent.
Bewirtung [N.], hospitality.
bien que il a du mérite [F.], although, it's very much to his credit.
biologisch abbaubar [N.], biodegradable.
bis auf weiteres [N.], until further notice.
bis dat qui cito dat [L.], he gives twice who gives quickly.
bis Dienstag muss es fertig sein [N.], it must be ready by Tuesday.
bis es dunkel wird [N.], until it gets dark.
bis hierher [G.], this far.
bis in die Nacht [N.], into the night.
bis jetzt [N.], so far; till now.
Bis peccare in bello non licet [L.], It is not permissible to blunder twice in war.
bis pueri sens [L.], old men are twice boys.
bis zur Mauer hin [N.], up to the wall.
Bisogna farlo [I.], It needs to be done.
bitte schön! [N.], it was a pleasure!
Blindlings [N.], Blindly.
Blöße [N.], Bareness; nakedness; weakness.
bloßer Neid [N.], sheer envy.
Blüte und Glanz [N.], bloom and freshness.
Bon diable [F.], A good-natured fellow.
Bon gré, mal gré [F.], Whether with good grace or bad (willy-nilly); willing or unwilling.
bon jour [F.], good day; good morning.

bon soir [F.], good evening.
bon ton [F.], good taste.
bona fide [L.], in good faith.
bonis avibus [L.], under good auspices.
Bonne et belle [F.], Good and handsome.
breveté! [F.], patented!
brevis esse laboro obscurus fio [L.], if I labor to be brief, I become obscure.
Brutum fulmen [L.], A senseless thunderbolt; striking blindly.
byosha [J.], description.
c'est dommage [F.], it's a pity.
c'est entendu! [F.], all right!
c'est la vie [F.], that's how things happen; that's life.
C'est un autre chose [F.], That's quite another thing.
ça n'a pas traîné [F.], that didn't take long.
ça n'existe pas [F.], there's no such thing.
Ça ne fait rien [F.], It doesn't matter.
cada vez más [S.], more and more.
Cadit quæstio [L.], The question falls; ; the argument collapses; there is no further discussion.
cæteris paribus [L.], other things being equal.
cap à pié [F.], from head to foot.
cara sposa [I.], dear wife.
causa sine qua non [L.], an indispensable cause or condition.
caveat emptor [L.], let the buyer beware.
Caveat lector [L.], Let the reader beware.
cavendo tutus [L.], safe by using caution.
cela lui réussit [F.], he thrives on it.
Cela va sans dire [F.], That goes without saying; needless to say.
cento volte [I.], time and again.
certo che si [I.], of course.
Cet homme-là en particulier [F.] That particular man.
Cetera desunt [L.], The rest is wanting; here there is a break.
chacun à son goût [F.], every one to his taste.
Che ci provi solamente! [I.], Just let him try!
Che ore sono? [I.], What time is it?
chián hanji [J.], justice of the peace.
chianbogai [J.], breach of the peace.
chikákù no [J.], close at hand; close by.
chikára ippài hataraku [J.], to work flat out.
chódo ì [J.], just right.
chottó kiite [J.], just listen.
Chuibukakù [J.], Cautiously.
chushoku no jikan desù [J.], it's time for lunch.
ci vuole pazienza [I.], it takes patience.
Come è andata a finire? [S.], How did it turn out?
comédie humaine [F.], human comedy; the whole variety of human life.
comme d'habitude [F.], as usual.
comme il faut [F.], as it should be.
comme jeunesse dorée [F.], as gilded youth; rich young fellows.
comme sur des roulettes [F.], very smoothly.
Commune bonum [L.], A common good.
communi consensu [L.], by common consent.
Communibus annis [L.], On the annual average.
compagnon de voyage [F.], a traveling companion.
componere lites [L.], to settle disputes.

compos voti [L.], having obtained one's wish.
Compte rendu [F.], An account rendered; a report.
Con amore [I.], With love.
con diligenza [I.], with diligence.
confabularse [S.], plot.
conjunctis viribus [L.], with unified powers.
conosci qual'cuno dei suoi amici? [I.], do you know any of his friends?
coperto [I.], cover charge.
coram nobis [L.], before us; in our presence.
Coup d'œil [F.], A rapid glance of the eye.
Coup de grâce [F.], A finishing stroke.
Coup de théâtre [F.], Dramatic effect; a theatrical effect.
Coûte que coûte [F.], Cost what it may.
Crème de la crème [F.], Cream of the cream; the very best; most select.
Crescit eundo [L.], It increases as it goes.
crescit sub pondere virtus [L.], virtue increases beneath oppression.
quando menos se piensa [S.], when least expected.
Cucullus non facit monachum [L.], The cowl does not make the friar; don't trust to appearances.
cuilibet in arte sua credendum est [L.], everybody is to be trusted in his own special art.
cum grano salis [L.], with a grain of salt.
cum multis aliis [L.], with many others.
cum notis variorum [L.], with the notes of various commentators.
Cum privilegio [L.], With privilege or licence from the authorities.
curiosa felicitas [L.], nice felicity of expression.
curiosamente [I.], strangely enough.
currente calamo [L.], with a running or rapid pen.
d'accord [F.], in agreement.
D'autre part [F.], On the other hand.
d'ou, fausse alerte [F.], hence, false alarm.
D'ou? [F.], From where?
d'un seul coup [F.], in one go.
da bin ich! [N.], here I am!
Da darf sie sich nicht wundern [N.], That shouldn't surprise her.
da draußen [N.], out there.
Da kann man nichts machen [N.], Nothing can be done about it.
da paso [S.], in passing.
da stimmt irgendetwas nicht, vielleicht das Baum selbst! [N.], there is something amiss, maybe the tree itself.
da tutte le parti [I.], everywhere.
da war ein Unfall [N.], there has been an accident.
Dagegen kann man nichts tun [N.], One can't do anything about it.
daíryuko shite irù [J.], it's all the rage.
daiseiko de [J.], with flying colors.
damatte iru [J.], to remain silent.
damit dies möglich wurde [N.], for this to be possible.
Danach (dementsprechend) [N.], Accordingly.
dann und wann [N.], now and then.
dans l'ensemble [F.], by and large.
dans une certaine mesure [F.], to some extent.
dare mo imasen [J.], there is no one there.
darèka miemasù ka? [J.], can you see anyone?
dàrèka niwá nì imáshita [J.], I saw someone in the garden.
das Beste daraus machen [N.], to make the best of it.
das da [N.], that one.
das dürfen Sie mir glauben [N.], you can believe me.

das dürfte genug sein [N.], that should be enough.
Das fällt mir gar nicht ein [N.], I wouldn't dream of it.
das ganze jahr über [N.], all the year round.
Das gefällt mir an ihm [N.], That's one thing I like about him.
das geht zu weit [N.], that's going too far.
Das hat er gesagt [N.], This is what he said.
das hat ihn so geärgert [N.], that annoyed him so much.
das hat mich schön erschreckt [N.], it gave me quite a turn.
das hat mir die Augen geöffnet [N.], that was an eye-opener.
das Haus soll verkauft werden [N.], The house is to be sold.
das heißt [N.], that is (to say).
das ist es ja gerade! [N.], that's just it!
das ist geschenkt! [N.], that's a giveaway!
Das ist gut so [N.], That's fine.
das ist kein Verlass [N.], it cannot be relied upon.
Das ist mal so [N.], That's the way it is.
das ist mein Ernst [N.], I'm quite serious.
das ist mir entfallen, fast [N.], it nearly slipped my mind.
Das ist mir nie zu Gesicht gekommen [N.], I've never laid eyes on that.
das ist mir recht [N.], that suits me.
Das ist noch besser [N.], That's better still.
Das ist schön, nicht wahr? [N.], It's nice, isn't it?
das ist typisch für ihn [N.], that's just like him.
Das ist untertrieben! [N.], That's an understatement!
das Jüngste [N.], the Last Judgment.
das kann ich nicht entscheiden [N.], it is not for me to decide.
Das kann sein [N.]. That's possible.
das kümmert mich nicht [N.], that doesn't worry me.
das lasse ich mir nicht bieten [N.], I won't have it.
Das lasse ich mir nicht gefallen! [N.], I won't put up with it!
das lässt sich machen [N.], that can be done.
Das mag wohl sein [N.], That may well be.
das passt mir nicht [N.], that doesn't suit me.
das Richtige [N.], the right thing.
Das stimmt, oder? [N.], That's right, isn't it?
das tut nichts zur Sache [N.], that's neither here nor there.
Das versteht sich von selbst [N.], That goes without saying.
Das war schon immer so [N.], That has always been the case.
Das wird schon noch gut [N.], That'll be O.K.
das wird sich finden [N.], things will work out.
das wird sich schon geben [N.], that'll soon sort itself out.
data et accepta [L.], expenses and receipts.
datum [L.], something given, granted; a real or assumed thing, used as a basis for calculations (as *datum* point, line, etc).
Davus sum non Œdipus [L.], I'm *Davus* not *Œdipus* (who solved the riddle of the *Sphinx*); I am a bad hand at riddles.
de bon augure [F.], of good augury or omen.
de bonne grâce [F.], with good grace; willingly.
de buena gana [S.], willingly.
de chaque côté [F.], on each side.
de facto [L.], in point of fact; actually.
De gustibus non est disputandum [L.], There is no disputing about tastes.
de integro [L.], anew; over again from beginning to end.
De mal en pis [F.], From bad to worse.
de mal en pis [F.], from bad to worse.

de mo koré dakè itté okù [J.], mind you.
De nihilo nihil fit [L.], From nothing nothing is made.
de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis [L.], concerning all things and certain others.
De pis en pis [F.], From worse to worse.
de privatus profundis [L.], out of the personal depths.
De profundis [L.], Out of the depths.
de qualité inférieure [F.], substandard.
De retour [F.], having come back; returned.
de rigueur [F.], imperatively necessary.
de Stijl [H.], literally, *the Style* (name of a journal founded in 1917 in Holland; an abstract art movement marked by the use of rectangular forms and by emphasis on primary colors of grays and blacks).
de suite [F.], in succession.
de temps en temps [F.], every so often.
de tous les cotés [F.], on every side.
de toutes parts [F.], from all sides.
De trop [F.], Too much; more than is wanted.
de un día para el otro [S.], from one day to the next.
deceptio visus [L.], an optical illusion.
Dei gratia [L.], by the grace of God.
deja de pensar en ti mismo! [S.], stop thinking about yourself!
Delenda est Carthago [L.], Carthage must be bolted out (destroyed).
dem Ver'nehmen nach [N.], from what I hear.
Demzufolge [N.], Accordingly.
den Ausschlag geben [N.], to tip the balance.
den ganzen Tag [N.], all day.
den ganzen Tag über [N.], all day long.
Denkvermögen [N.], Thinking.
dentoteki na [J.], conventional method.
Deo adjuvante [L.], God assisting.
Deo duce [L.], God being the leader.
Deo favente [L.], God favoring.
Deo favente [L.], with God's favor.
Deo gratias [L.], Thanks to God.
Deo juvante [L.], With God's help.
Deo non fortuna [L.], From God, not by chance.
Deo volente [L.], God willing.
der 1. Mai [N.], May Day.
der Aufgabe gewachsen [N.], equal to the task.
der bloße Gedanke [N.], the very thought.
der Dieb war nirgendwo zu sehen [N.], The thief was nowhere to be seen.
Der erste Ansto [N.], The initiative.
Der Fuß des Berges [N.], The foot of the hill.
Der Geist der stets verneint [N.], The spirit that ever denies.
der Kampf um den Titel [N.], the battle for the title.
der Reihe nach [N.], in turn.
Der war es, er ist bekkant - Choreograf [N.], It was him, he is well known for that - Choreographer.
dernier ressort [F.], a last resource.
désagrément [F.], something disagreeable.
desde el principio [S.], from the start.
desde entonces [S.], since then.
Deshf [J.], disciple; follower.
Desipere in loco [L.], To jest or be jolly at the proper time.
désobéissant [F.], disobedient.
désordre [F.], disorder.

Désorienté [F.], Having lost one's way; not knowing where to turn.
Desto besser [N.], All the better.
détenté [F.], a lessening of tension or hostility (especially between nations).
Detur digniori [L.], Let it be given to the more worthy.
detur pulchriori [L.], let it be given to the more beautiful.
Deus avertat! [L.], God forbid!
Deus vult [L.], God wills it (rallying cry of the First Crusade).
Deus vult [L.], God wills it.
di domenica [S.], on Sundays.
di salto [I.], by leaps.
diario repertorio [S.], daily repertoire.
dicembre [I.], December.
Dichtung und Wahrheit [N.], Fiction and fact; poetry and truth.
diciembre [S.], December.
dictum factum [L.], no sooner said than done.
Die 2 Stunden sind um [N.], The two hours are up.
die Bäume und ihre Blätter [N.], the trees and their leaves.
die Entscheidung liegt nicht bei mir [N.], it's not up to me to decide.
die ganze Nacht [N.], all night.
die Information wurde dem Feind zugespielt [N.], the information was leaked to the enemy.
die und die Zeit [N.], such and such time.
dies faustus [L.], lucky day.
Dies infaustus [L.], Unlucky day.
dies non [L.], a day on which a law-court is not held.
Dieu et mon droit [F.], God and my right.
digito monstrari [L.], to be pointed out with the finger (as a person of note).
digito monstrari [L.], to be pointed out with the finger (as a person of note).
Dignus vindice nodus [L.], A difficulty worthy of powerful intervention.
Dii penates [L.], Household gods.
Diis aliter visum [L.], The gods decided otherwise; fate willed differently.
dilatoire [F.], dilatory.
dire di si [I.], say yes.
Discur de bons mots [F.], A sayer of good things; one noted for witty sayings.
diurnalis [L.], daily, day by day.
divide et impera [L.], divide and rule.
do omoimasu ka, paati ni wa kono doresu de ii kashira? [J.], what do you think, will this dress do for the party?
Do ut des [L.], I give that you may give; reciprocity.
dókòka ni otóshita yò desu [J.], I must have lost it somewhere.
Dolce stil nuovo [I.], Sweet new style.
Domenica [I.], Sunday.
Dominus vobiscum [L.], The Lord be with you.
dompteur [F.], tamer.
domus et placens uxor [L.], home and a pleasing wife.
dónàta desu ká? [J.], who is it?
dónnà sènsèi ni kíite mò óshiete kuremasù yo [J.], any teacher you ask will tell you.
Doppelgänger [N.], Double.
dor ist nichts los [N.], there's nothing going on there.
Dort ist viel los [N.], There's a lot going on there.
Doryoku sureba dekimasu yo [J.], You can do it if you try.
Doux yeux [F.], Soft glances.
dragée [F.], sugared almond.
Dramatis personæ [L.], The characters in the play.
drei [N.], three.
drei von vier [N.], three of four.

Dreidimensional [N.], Three-dimensional.
Drôle [F.], Funny; a comic actor.
Du bist müde, nicht wahr? [N.], You're tired, aren't you?
du hast es doch gemacht, oder nicht? [N.], you have done it, haven't you?
du kommst, ja? [N.], you're coming, aren't you?
du weißt schon [N.], you know.
Ducit amor patriæ [L.], Love of country draws me.
dum spiro, spero [L.], while I breathe, I hope.
Dum vivimus, vivamus [L.], While we live, let us live.
Duomo [I.], A cathedral.
durante cuatro tres anos consecutivos [S.], for four years in succession.
durante vita [L.], during life.
Durchmesser [N.], Diameter.
Durchschlagend [N.], Resounding.
e re nata [L.], according to the exigency.
eau de Cologne [F.], Cologne water.
eau sucrée [F.], sweetened water.
Ébauche [F.], a preliminary sketch; a rough outline.
ébauche [F.], a preliminary sketch; a rough outline.
ebbro di giola [I.], delirious with joy.
ebenso [N.], likewise.
Ecce signum [L.], Behold the sign (look at the proof).
Eccoti! [I.], Here you are!
edit princeps [L.], the first printed edition of a book.
édition de luxe [F.], a splendid and expensive edition of a book.
égarement [F.], bewilderment; mental confusion.
ego et rex meus [L.], I and my king.
eh bien [F.], well.
Eheu! Fugaces labuntur anni [L.], Alas! The fleeting years glide by.
Ehrfurcht gebietend! [N.], Awe-inspiring!; awesome!
ein für alle Mal [N.], once and for all.
ein Herz aus Stein [N.], a heart of stone.
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott [N.], A mighty fortress is our God.
eine gerade Zahl [N.], an even number.
Einem zur Verfügung stehen [N.], To be at one's disposal.
einer unter ihnen [N.], one of them.
einfach [N.], simply.
Eingebung [N.], Inspiration.
eins [N.], one.
Einschränkung [N.], restriction, limitation.
einseitig [N.], unilateral.
Einsicht [N.], insight.
einsprachig [N.], monolingual.
Einvernehmen [N.], agreement.
einwandfrei [N.], absolutely; perfect.
einzel [N.], singly.
elapso tempore [L.], the time having elapsed.
embarras de richesses [F.], an embarrassment of riches; an over-supply.
Embarras du choix [F.], Embarrassing variety of choice.
Empressement [F.], Promptitude; eagerness.
en ami [F.], as a friend.
en badinant [F.], in sport; jestingly.
en beauté [F.], magnificently.

en cueros [S.], naked; unclothed.
en Dieu est ma fiance [F.], my trust is in God.
en Dieu est tout [F.], in God are all things.
en èchec [F.], in check.
en effet [F.], in effect; substantially; really; in fact; indeed.
en grand seigneur [F.], like a grandee or magnate.
en grande tenue [F.], in full dress.
en lo que a mi respecta [S.], as far as I'm concerned.
en otras ocasiones [S.], on other occasions.
En passant [F.], In passing.
En plein air [F.], In the open air.
en plein jour [F.], in broad day.
en rapport [F.], in harmony; in agreement.
en règle [F.], according to rules; in order; in due form.
En retard [F.], Behind time; late.
en retraite [F.], in retreat; in retirement.
en revanche [F.], in requital; in return.
en revanche [R.], At last.
en route [F.], on the way.
en suite [F.], in company; in a set.
en vedette [F.], in the limelight.
en vérité [F.], in truth; verily.
En vieillissant on devient plus fou et plus sage [F.], In growing old, men become more foolish and more wise.
Endgültig [N.], Irrevocably.
enfant trouvé [F.], a foundling.
Enfin [F.], In conclusion; in a word.
entendre dire que! [F.], hear that!
Entendu [F.], Agreed.
entêté [F.], obstinate; self-willed.
entlang dem Fluss, den Fluss entlang [N.], along the river, along the river.
entre deux feux [F.], between two fires.
entre deux vins [F.], between two wines; half-drunk.
Entrefaites sur ces [F.], At that moment.
Entwicklung [N.], Development.
eo ipso [L.], by that itself.
eo nomine [L.], by that name.
epea pterocenta [G.], winged words.
Éphémère [F.], Short-lived.
Epulis accumbere divum [L.], To sit down at the banquets of the gods.
er besteht darauf, dass er Rech hat [N.], he will have it that he is right.
Er bittet darum [N.], He is pleading for it.
er brachte sie alle zum Lachen [N.], he soon had them all laughing.
Er dachte, dass ich krank sei, er dachte, ich sei krank [N.], He thought that I was ill.
Er erlebte sein blaues Wunder [N.], He got more than he bargained for.
er ging früher, da er um 10 zu Hause sein musste [N.], he left early as he had to be home by 10.
er hat es gut getroffen [N.], he did well.
Er hat viel zu verlieren [N.], He has a lot to lose.
er ist bekannt dafür [N.], he is well-known for that.
er ist uns ein treuer Freund [N.], we have a loyal friend in him.
er war zwei jahre lang weg [N.], he's been absent for two years.
Erholungsheim [N.], Rest home.
Erinnerung [N.], memory.
Erkennungszeichen und Allgemeinwissen [N.], Identification and general knowledge.
Erleichterung [N.], facilitation; relief.

erst gestern [N.], only yesterday.
Erziehung [N.], Upbringing.
Es darauf ankommen lassen [N.], To let things take their course.
es dürfte Ihnen bekannt sein [N.], as you will probably know.
Es geht [N.], Not too bad; O.K.
Es geht dort self-sam zu [N.], There are strange goings-on there.
Es geht hoch her [N.], There are a lot of goings-on.
es gibt 3 davon [N.], there are 3 of them.
Es ist alles arrangiert [N.], It's all arranged.
es ist etwas dazwischengekommen [N.], something cropped up.
Es ist noch etwas Milch übrig [N.], There's some milk left over.
Es ist noch nicht fertig [N.], It is not finished yet.
es ist verhext [N.], there is a jinx on it.
Es ist zum Weinen [N.], It's enough to make you cry.
Es muss sein! [N.], It must be!
es regnet [N.], it's raining.
Es regnet nicht mehr [N.], It's not raining any more.
Es sieht ganz so aus [N.], It really looks like it.
es sieht nach Regen aus [N.], it looks like rain.
es sieht schlecht aus [N.], things look bad.
Es spricht nichts dagegen [N.], There's no reason why not.
Es steht dir frei, das zu tun [N.], You're free to do that.
es steht ihnen offen auch, es zu tun [N.], You are also at liberty to do it.
es steht von vornherein fest [N.], it's a foregone conclusion.
es war einmal [N.], once upon a time.
Es wird gleich regnen [N.], It's going to rain.
eso es todo, gracias [L.], that's all, thank you.
essere in fin di vita [L.], be at death's door.
Essere in preda al panico [L.], Be panic-stricken.
Est modus in rebus [L.], There is a method in all things.
Esto quod esse videris [L.], Be what you seem to be.
et hoc genus omne [F.], and everything of this kind.
et hoc genus omne [L.], and everything of the sort; and everything of the sort.
et id genus omne [L.], and all of that sort or description; and everything of the kind.
Et in Arcadia ego [L.], And I too in *Arcadia*.
et sequentia [L.], and those that follow.
et sic de similibus [L.], and so of the like.
éternité [F.], eternity.
etw auf sich zukommen lassen [N.], to wait and see.
Etwa um 2 Uhr [N.], At about 2 o'clock.
événement [F.], an event.
ewig Unterkunft [N.], eternal accommodation.
Ewigkeit [N.], Eternity.
Ex abrupto [L.], Suddenly.
ex abrupto, Ewigkeit! [N.], suddenly, eternity!
ex abundantia [L.], out of the abundance.
Ex adverso [L.], On the opposite side.
Ex animo [L.], heartily; sincerely.
Ex auctoritate mihi commissa [L.], By virtue of the authority intrusted to me.
ex concessio [L.], from what has been conceded or granted in argument.
Ex dono [L.], By the gift.
ex facto jus oritur [L.], the law springs from the fact.
Ex mera gratia [L.], Through mere favor.

ex mero motu [L.], from his own impulse; from his own free-will.
ex more [L.], according to custom.
ex necessitate rei [L.], from the necessity of the case.
ex officio [L.], by virtue of office.
Ex post facto [L.], after the deed is done; retrospective.
Ex quocunque capite [L.], For whatever reason.
ex tacito [L.], tacitly.
ex uno disce omnes [L.], from one learn all.
ex vi termini [L.], by the meaning of the word.
exæquo et bono [L.], agreeably to what is good and right.
exceptis excipiendis [L.], the due exceptions being made.
Excitus acta probat [L.], The event justifies the deed.
exempla sunt odiosa [L.], examples are offensive.
exempli gratia [L.], by way of example.
Existenz [N.], Existence.
Experimentum crucis [L.], The trial or experiment of the cross; an experiment of a most searching nature.
Experto crede [L.], Trust one who has had experience.
expressis verbis [L.], in express terms.
Extinctus amabitur idem [L.], The same man when dead will be loved.
extra muros [L.], beyond the walls.
extraire [F.], extract.
extrait [F.], extract.
Extras auf Wunsch [N.], optional extras.
extrémiste [F.], extremist.
ευνεχης παρασταση [G.], continuous performance.
Fa freddo, no? [I.], It's cold, isn't it?
faber suæ fortunæ [L.], the architect of his own fortune; a self-made man.
faché contre [F.], angry at.
Facilis descensus Averni [L.], The descent to the lower world is easy; the road to evil is easy.
facilités de paiement [F.], easy terms.
facta non verba [L.], deeds not words.
Fænum habet in cornu, longe fuge [L.], He has hay upon his horn (of old the sign of a dangerous bull); beware of him.
fahrplanmäßig [N.], scheduled.
faire bonne mine [F.], to put a good face upon the matter.
faire l'homme d'importance [F.], to assume an air of importance.
falsch Befehlsverweigerung [N.], false insubordination.
Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus [L.], False in one thing, false in all.
Fama semper vivat! [L.], May his fame endure forever!
familièrement [F.], informally.
fantaisiste [F.], unorthodox.
Far niente [I.], The doing of nothing.
Fata viam inveniunt [L.], The Fates will find a way.
fause alerte! [F.], false alarm!
Februarius [L.], February.
fehlend [N.], missing.
Felicitas multos habet amicos [L.], Prosperity has many friends.
femme couverte [F.], a married woman.
femme seule [F.], an unmarried woman.
fête champêtre [F.], a rural festival.
feu de joie [F.], a fire of joy.
Feuwerk [N.], fireworks.

fianco a fianco [L.], side by side.
Fiat experimentum in corpore vili [L.], Let the experiment be made on a worthless subject.
fiat lux [L.], let there be light.
fide et amore [L.], by faith and love.
fide et fiducia [L.], by fidelity and confidence.
fide et fortitudine [L.], with faith and fortitude.
fide non armis [L.], by faith, not by arms.
Fide, sed cui vide [L.], Trust, but see whom.
Fides et justitia [L.], Fidelity and justice.
fides Punica [L.], Punic faith; treachery.
Fidus Achates [L.], Faithful *Achates*; i.e. a true friend.
fidus et audax [L.], faithful and bold.
Fidus Punica [L.], *Punic* faith; treachery.
Figurate! [S.], Just imagine!
Fijate! [S.], Just imagine!
filius nullius [L.], a son of nobody.
Filius terræ [L.], A son of the earth (one of low birth).
fin de siècle [F.], and of the (nineteenth) century.
Finem respice [L.], Consider the end.
flosculi sententiarum [L.], flowers of fine thoughts.
foi pour devoir [F.], faith for duty.
Folgerung [N.], Conclusion.
Folglich [N.], Consequently.
fondre en larmes [F.], burst into tears.
Forensis strepitus [L.], The clamor of the forum.
fortier in re [L.], with firmness or resolution in acting.
Fortiter, fideliter, feliciter [L.], Boldly, faithfully, successfully.
Fortsetzung [N.], Continuation.
fortunæ filius [L.], a spoiled child of fortune.
forza maggiore [I.], circumstances beyond one's control.
fra quindici giorni [I.], in two weeks time.
fra un anno [I.], in a year's time.
Frage und Antwort [N.], Question and answer.
frente a frente [S.], face to face.
frische Luft tut gut [N.], fresh air does you good.
fröhlich [N.], cheerful.
fronti nulla fides [L.], no reliance can be placed on appearance.
Frostschutzmittel [N.], antifreeze.
Fugit irreparabile tempus [L.], Irrecoverable time flies on.
Fühlen Sie sich etwas besser? [N.], Are you feeling any better?
Fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ [L.], The smoke, the show, and the noise of *Rome*.
für Störung [N.] for disruption.
Furor poeticus [L.], Poetic fire.
fuyú nò aída [J.], over the winter.
ga suki de aru [J.], to be fond of.
Gage d'amour [F.], A pledge of love.
Gaieté de cœur [F.], Gaiety of heart.
gámàn suru [J.], to exercise patience.
Ganz meine Meinung [N.], I quite agree.
gar nicht schlecht [N.], not bad at all.
gaudeamus igitur [L.], therefore let us be joyful.
Gaudeamus igitur, Juvenes dum sumus. Post jucundam juventutem, Post molestam senectutem, Nos habebit humus [L.], Let us then rejoice, while we are young. After the pleasures of youth, and the burdens of old age, earth will hold us.
gaudium certaminis [L.], the joy of conflict.

gebrauchsfertig [N.], ready to use.
Gedrängt voll [N.], Packed.
Gefrierpunkt [N.], Freezing point.
gegen 3 Uhr [N.], around 3 o'clock.
Gegen Abend [N.], Towards evening.
gegen bar [N.], for cash.
gegen Quittung [N.], against a receipt (he made).
Geht das? [N.], Is that possible?
Gehts noch? [N.], Can you manage?
gekünstelt Geisteszustand [N.], artificial state of mind.
Gelegenheitskauf [N.], bargain.
Geltung verschaffen [N.], To establish one's position.
Geltungsbedürfnis [N.], Desire for admiration.
gemächlich [N.], leisurely.
Gemeindeverwaltung [N.], local administration.
Genau das hat er gesagt [N.], That's what he said.
Genau das hat er gesagt; was passierte danach? [N.], That's what he said; what happened after that?
Genau genommen [N.], Strictly speaking.
genug für alle [N.], enough to go round.
genzai wa [J.], currently.
Gepfefferte Witze [N.], Spicy jokes.
gepflegt [N.], well-groomed.
gerecht gegen alle [N.], fair to all.
geringfügig [N.], trifling.
Gerippe [N.], skeleton.
Gesamteindruck [N.], general impression.
Geschäftigkeit [N.], Hustle and bustle.
Geschwindigkeitsbegrenzung [N.], speed limit.
geschwungen [N.], curved, arched.
getrost [N.], without any bother.
Gewissheit [N.], certainty.
gewohnt [N.], accustomed.
Gezwitscher [N.], twittering, chirping.
gezwungenermaßen [N.], of necessity.
Gib sie mir! [N.], Give them to me!
Gibt es einen Gott? [N.], Is there a God?
Gioco d'azzardo [I.], Game of chance.
giu di li, su per giu [I.], more or less.
gleichbedeutend [N.], synonymous.
Gleichberechtigung [N.], equal rights.
gleichviel [N.], no matter.
Glosse [N.], Comment.
go-seiko wo inorimasu [J.], we wish you every success.
go-tsúgo no yoi tokí ni [J.], at your convenience.
Gott sei Dank! [N.], Thank God!
grâce à Dieu [F.], thanks to God.
Grande chère et beau feu [F.], Good cheer and a good fire; comfortable quarters.
grano salis [L.], grain of salt.
gratis dictum [L.], mere assertion.
Grauhaarig [N.], Grey-haired.
Grenze [N.], Boundary.
Grosse tête et peu de sens [F.], A large head and little sense.
Guerra al cuchillo [S.], War to the knife.
gut eingespielt [N.], running smoothly.

Gut, und selbst? [N.], Fine, and yourself?
haben Sie welche? [N.], have you got any?; have you got some?
Hæc olim meminisse juvabit [L.], It will delight us to remember this some day.
háì [J.], yes Sir.
hákùshu [J.], a round of applause.
Handlung [N.], Plot.
hankoseimei wo dasu [J.], to claim responsibility.
Hast du schon gehört? [N.], Have you heard?
Hast du so was je gesehen? [N.], Did you ever see anything like it?
Hatsuiku [J.], Growing.
haud longis intervallis [L.], at intervals of no great length.
Haud passibus æquis [L.], Nor with equal steps.
Hauptbahnhof [N.], central station.
hazúreru [J.], to come loose; undone.
Heilmittel [N.], Remedy.
her damit! [N.], hand it over!
herablassend [N.], condescending.
herüber [N.], over here; across.
Heu pietas! Heu prisca fides! [L.], Heu pietas! Heu prisca fides!
Heutzutage [N.], At the present time.
Hic et nunc [L.], Here and now.
Hic et ubique [L.], Here and everywhere.
Hier sitzt es sich gut [N.], It's good to sit here.
Hier wohne ich [N.], This is where I live.
hikkíri nashi ni [J.], incessantly.
Hinátà ni, àmè no náká, kamáwanài [J.], In the sun, in the rain, it doesn't matter.
Hinc illæ lacrimæ [L.], Hence these tears.
Hinc quam sit calamus saevior ense patet [L.], From this it is clear how much the pen is worse than the sword.
Hindemis [N.], Obstacle.
hitotori renshu suru [J.], run through, rehearse, practice.
ho su il cappotto [I.], I've got my coat on.
hoch oben [N.] up above.
Hochrechnung [N.], projection.
hohe Ansprüche stellen [N.], to demand/expect a lot.
Höhen und Tiefen [N.], Ups and downs.
Hohlmaß [N.], measure of volume.
Homme d'affaires [F.], a business-man; man of business.
homme d'esprit [F.], man of wit.
Homme de lettres [F.], A man of letters.
homme moyen sensuel [F.], the average nonintellectual man.
honnête homme [F.], honest man.
hotóndo wa [J.], for the most part (usually, generally).
Hotte oki nasai [J.], Don't worry.
hyakú pasento no shugyoritsu [J.], full employment.
I gran dolori sono muti [I.], Great griefs are silent.
i non vedenti [I.], the visually handicapped.
i punti salienti di un discorso [I.], the main points of a speech.
ich bin nicht deswegen hier [N.], that's not why I'm here.
ich bins [N.], it's me.
Ich dien [N.], I serve.
ich finde nichts dabei, wenn... [N.], I don't see what's wrong if...
ich habe es einem Freund verkauft [N.], I sold it to a friend.
Ich habe es ja gewusst! [N.], I just knew it!

ich habe es über die Auskunft erfahren [N.], I found out from information.
Ich habe gekündigt - ja? [N.], I've quite – have you?
Ich habs! [N.], I've got it!
Ich hatte also doch Recht [N.], So I was right after all.
ich kann ihn nicht mehr hören [N.], I can't hear him any more.
Ich kann ihn nirgendwo [N.], I can't see him anywhere.
ich kann nicht so viel arbeiten [N.], I can't work that much.
ich kann nichts dafür [N.], I can't help it.
ich kann nichts sehen [N.], I can't see anything.
ich kenne ihn nur dem Namen nach [N.], I know him only by name.
ich könnte Sie morgen sehen, wenn Sie wollen [N.], I can see you tomorrow, if you like.
Ich liebe dich so sehr [N.], I love you so much.
Ich mache es morgen zu Ende [N.], I will finish it tomorrow.
ich nehme es dir nicht übel! [N.], no hard feelings!
Ich überlege es mir [N.], I'll think about that.
ich war schon einmal da, du auch? [N.], I've been there before, have you?
ich werde morgen nicht hier sein [N.], I won't be here tomorrow.
idée fixe [F.], a fixed idea.
Ihm nach! [N.], After him!
iki wo tsuku [J.], to catch one's breath.
Ikubunka kimochi ga yoku narimashita ka? [J.], Are you feeling any better?
ikūtsu motté imasū kā? [J.], how many have you got?
Il aboie après tout le monde [F.], He snarls at everybody.
Il faudrait que tu partes [F.], You should leave.
Il momento opportuno [L.], The right moment.
il n'en est pas question [F.], it is out of the question.
ils sont très liés [F.], they are very close.
Im Affekt handeln [N.], To act in the heat of the moment.
im Gleichschritt gehen [N.], to walk in step.
im Großen und Ganzen [N.], by and large; on the whole.
im Rahmen des Möglichen [N.], within the bounds of possibility.
imá na tokòro [J.], at the moment.
imitatores, servum pecus [L.], imitators, a servile herd.
Immedicabile vulnus [L.], An incurable wound; irreparable injury.
immer [N.], always.
immer mehr [N.], more and more.
immer noch, auf jeden vierten kommt ein Platz! [N.], still, there's one place for every fourth person!
immerhin, zwei Grad über null [N.], anyhow, two degrees above zero.
Imperium in imperio [L.], A state within a state; a government within another.
implicite [F.], by implication.
impos animi [L.], of weak mind.
in actu [L.], in act or reality.
in aeternum [L.], forever.
in ähnlicher Weise [N.], similarly.
in articulo mortis [L.], at the point of death; in the last.
In Betracht kommen [N.], To be considered; relevant.
In caelo quies [L.], There is rest in heaven.
in den roten Zahlen [N.], in the red.
in der Luft liegen [N.], to be in the air.
in der Schwebe sein [N.], to be in limbo.
in die Schule gehen [N.], to go to school.
in dubio [L.], in doubt.
in equilibrio [L.], in equilibrium.

in esse [L.], in being; in actuality.
in extenso [L.], at full length.
in fin dei conti [I.], when all's said and done.
in foro conscientiae [L.], before the tribunal of conscience.
in Gelächter ausbrechen [N.], to burst out laughing.
in geringerem Maße [N.], to a lesser extent.
in gewisser Hinsicht [N.], in some ways.
In Großen und Ganzen [N.], by and large (on the whole).
in gutem Zustand [N.], in working order.
In jedem Fall [N.], In any case.
in medias res [L.], into the midst of things.
in nubibus [L.], in the clouds.
in nuce [L.], in a nutshell.
in ovo [L.], in the egg.
in pace [L.], in peace.
In perpetuam rei memoriam [L.], In perpetual memory of the thing.
in perpetuum [L.], forever.
in petto [I.], within the breast; in reserve.
in pi'anta stabile [I.], permanently.
in pleno [L.], in full.
in posse [L.], in possible existence; in possibility.
in præsenti [L.], at the present moment.
In propria persona [L.], In one's own person.
in puris naturalibus [L.], purely in a state of nature; quite naked.
in qualsiasi momento [I.], at any time.
in re [L.] in the matter of.
in rerum natura [L.], in the nature of things.
in sæcula sæculorum [L.], for ages and ages.
In sano sensu [L.], In a proper sense.
in situ [L.], in its original situation.
in statu quo [L.], in the former state.
in tadellosem Zustand [N.], in mint condition.
in te, Domine, speravi [L.], in thee, Lord, have I put my trust.
In terrorem [L.], As a means of terrifying; by way of warning.
in totidem verbis [L.], in so many words.
In toto [L.], In whole; entirely.
in transitu [L.], in course of transit or passage.
in usum Delphini [L.], for the use of *Dauphin*; applied to the editions of the classical authors.
in utramque fortunam paratus [L.], prepared for either fortune (or result).
in utroque fidelis [L.], faithful in both or each (of two).
in vacuo [L.], in empty space; in a vacuum.
in Ver'wechslung [N.], in confusion.
in weiter Ferne [N.], in the far distance.
Inconsolabile [I.], Inconsolable.
indemoniato [I.], possessed.
Inder er das sagte, ging er [N.], So saying he walked away.
Infandum renovare dolorem [L.], To revive unspeakable grief.
Innenarchitekt [N.], interior designer.
inopem copia fecit [L.], abundance made him poor.
ins Einzelne gehen [N.], to go into details.
ins Kreuzfeuer geraten [N.], to be under fire from all sides.
insofern [N.], in this respect.
insouciance [F.], unconcern; careless indifference.
insouciant [F.], unconcerned; indifferent.

Instandhaltung [N.], maintenance.
Instar omnium [L.], Equivalent to them all.
integer vitae scelerisque purus [L.], upright of life and free from wickedness.
intensiv genutzte Zeit [N.], quality time.
inter alia [L.], among other things.
Inter arma silent leges [L.], Laws are silent in the midst of arms.
Inter canem et lupum [L.], At twilight; between dog and wolf.
inter canem et lupum [L.], at twilight; between dog and wolf.
Inter nos [L.], Between ourselves.
Inter se [L.], Among themselves.
Inter spem et metum [L.], Between hope and fear.
Interdum vulgus rectum videt [L.], The rabble sometimes see what is right.
Intesi! [I.], Agreed!
intra muros [L.], within the walls.
intra parietes [L.], within walls; in private.
invano [I.], in vain.
inverso ordine [L.], in an inverse order.
Invita Minerva [L.], Against the will of *Minerva*; at variance with one's mental capacity; without genius.
ipsissima verba [L.], the very words.
ipso facto [L.], by the fact itself.
ir de pasearse! [S.], go for a walk!
Ira furor brevis est [L.], Anger is a short madness.
irgendetwas (wird genügen), irgendeiner (wird genügen) [N.], anything will do.
Irgendetwas wird genügen, folglich [N.], Anything will do, then.
Isógashiku surù [J.], To be on the go.
Ist das für mich? [N.], Is this for me?
Ist das klar? [N.], Is that understood?
ist er schon da? [N.], is he there yet?
Ita est [L.], It is so.
Ita lex scripta [L.], Thus the law stands written.
itch kann es immerhin versuchen [N.], I can but try.
itsumo [J.], all the time.
J'ai bonne cause [F.], I have a good cause.
J'ai essaye de t'aider, sans résultat [F.], I tried to help you, to no avail.
j'en prends mon parti [F.], I've come to terms with that.
ja schon, aber... [N.], yes, but...
ja, leider [N.], yes, I'm afraid so.
Jacquerie [F.], French peasantry; a revolt of peasants.
Jacta est alea [L.], The die is cast.
Jamais arrière [F.], Never behind.
Jamais bon coureur ne fut pris [F.], A good runner is never caught; an old bird is not caught with chaff.
Januis clausis [L.], With closed doors.
jawohl! [N.], yes (of course).
Jawohl, mein Herr! [N.], yes Sir!
Jawort [N.], Yes.
Je eher, desto [N.], The sooner the better.
Je n'aime pas trop l'idée [F.], I'm not happy about the idea.
je n'y comprends rien [F.], I cannot make anything of it.
je regrette de dire que [F.], regret to say.
je suis prêt [F.], I am ready.
Je vis en espoir [F.], I live in hope.
je vous demande pardon! [F.], I am sorry!
jeden Moment [N.], at any moment.

jeden Tag [N.], any day now.
jeder Gelegenheit [N.], at every opportunity.
jetzt erst recht [N.], now more than ever.
Jetzt geht es mir gut [N.], I'm fine now.
jeu de théâtre [F.], stage-trick; clap-trap.
jibún nò sekínin de [J.], at one's own risk.
jijitsujo [J.], to all intents and purposes.
jisei suru [J.], to contain oneself.
jitai wo shoaku shite iru [J.], to be master of the situation.
jitsubutsudai no [J.], full-scale.
Joannes est nomen eius [L.], *John* is his name (motto of *Puerto Rico*).
jòba no [J.], on horseback.
Joci causa [L.], For the sake of a joke.
jodan toshité [J.], for fun.
Jötunheim [N.], giants land.
jour de fête [F.], a feast day.
Jubilate Deo! [L.], Rejoice in God!
jucundi acti labores [L.], accomplished labors are pleasant.
Judicium Dei [L.], The judgment of God.
judicium parium, aut leges teræ [L.], the judgment of our peers or the laws of the land.
Jueves [S.], Thursday.
jugé de paix [F.], a justice of peace.
jujun na [J.], submissive.
jurare in verba magistri [L.], to swear to the words of master.
jus canonicum [L.], the canon law.
Jus et norma loquendi [L.], The law and rule of speech.
jus gladii [L.], the right of the sword.
Jus summum sæpe summa malitia est [L.], Law carried to extremes is often extreme wrong.
Jusqu'à nouvel ordre [F.], until further notice.
juste milieu [F.], the golden mean.
justum et tenacem propositi virum [L.], a man upright and tenacious of purpose.
Kami wa sonzai suru ka? [J.], Is there a God?
kanárazu [J.], without fail.
kangaè no nagáre [J.], one's train of thought.
Kan-ippatsu de nogareru [J.], To have a narrow escape.
Kann ich ihre Adresse haben? [N.], May I have your address?
Kann sein [N.], Maybe.
kanojō ga itta yo ni [J.], as she said.
kánōjo ni wa seiko suru soshitsu ga aru [J.], she has it in her to succeed.
kanzen ni [J.], completely; totally.
Kapital schlagen aus [N.], to capitalize on.
Káre ga sukf ni narfmashita [J.], I've come to like him.
kare no suki na mono to kirai na mono [J.], his likes and dislikes.
Kare wa watakushi ni torihiki no shosai wo setsumei shite kuremashita [J.], He explained all the ins and outs of the deal to me.
kárè wa yonjussai wo sugíte iru [J.], older than forty.
kárèra wa tagái ni nikúmiatte iru [J.], they hate each other.
Karwoche [N.], holy week.
Kasten Studium [N.], Case study.
kásükana hitógòe [J.], a murmur of voices.
Kawatta fu ni [J.], Strangely.
Kehrseite [N.], reverse; wrong side.

Kéigu [J.], With kindest regards.
keikai suru [J.], to be on one's guard.
keine Ursache [N.], that's all right.
kèkká shidài dé [J.], depending on the result.
kiménikui kèsu [J.], borderline case.
Kinder, Kirche, Küche [N.], Children, church, kitchen.
kinko shoku [J.], a balanced diet.
kinkyu no baai [J.], in an emergency.
kirókuteki hayása de [J.], in record time.
Kislev [Y.], 3-rd month of the Jewish calendar (March).
Klarheit [N.], Clarity.
Klassiker [N.], classic.
klassisch [N.], classical.
Klinge [N.], Blade.
klipp und klar [N.], clear and concise.
Klischeevorstellung [N.], Stereotyped idea.
Kodokushà ni jigà [J.], Subscriber to the self.
kokokuban [J.], billboard.
komm gut nach Hause! [N.], safe journey home!
Komm schon! [N.], Come on!
Kommissar [N.], commissar; police inspector.
Kommunikee [N.], Communiqué.
Kongruenz [N.], Agreement; congruence.
Konkurrenzkampf [N.], Competition, rivalry; competitive situation.
Können Sie etwas sehen? [N.], Can you see anything?
könnte ich Sie kurz sprechen? [N.], could I have a word with you.
kònó tame [J.], for this reason.
kono ten de wa [J.], in this respect.
konsumieren [N.], to consume.
Kontrollraum [N.], control room.
koré de ù hazú dà [J.], that should do the trick.
Koré wa wàtákushi ni? [J.], Is this for me?
ktema es aei [G.], a possession for all time.
kulant [N.], obliging.
Kultur [N.], culture; civilization.
Kümmen Sie sich um Ihre eigenen Angelegenheiten [N.], Mind your own business.
Kurzwelle [N.], Short wave.
Kutte [N.], habit.
l'affaire s'achemine [F.], the business is progressing.
L'allegro [I.], The merry man.
l'empire des lettres [F.], the republic of letters.
l'inconnu [F.], the unknown.
l'incroyable [F.], the incredible.
l'occasion fait le larron [F.], opportunity makes the thief.
La belle dame sans merci [F.], The beautiful lady without mercy.
la bourgeoisie dorée [F.], the affluent middle class.
la persona indicada para el puesto [S.], the right person for the job.
labor ipse voluptas [L.], labor itself is a pleasure.
laborare est orare [L.], to work is to pray.
Labore et honore [L.], By labor and honor.
Laborum dulce lenimen [L.], The sweet solace of our labors.
laisse tomber! [F.], forget it!
lana caprina [L.], goat's wool; hence, a thing of little worth.
Landen/Niedergehen [N.], touchdown.

Lapis philosophorum [L.], The philosopher's stone.
lapsus memoriae [L.], a slip of the memory.
lascia perdere! [I.], forget it!
Lass das sein! [N.], Don't do it!
lass mal, ich mache das schon [N.], leave it, I'll do it.
Lass uns gehen [N.], Let's go.
lateat scintillula forsan [L.], perhaps a small spark may lie hid.
latet anguis in herba [L.], a snake lies hid in the grass.
Latine dictum [L.], spoken in *Latin*.
laudari a viro laudato [L.], praised by one who is himself praised.
Laudationes eorum qui sunt ab Homero laudati [L.], Praises from those who were themselves praised by *Homer*.
Laudator temporis acti [L.], One who praises time past.
Laudum immensa cupido [L.], Insatiable desire for praise.
Laus Deo [L.], Praise (be) to God.
Le bon temps viendra [F.], The good time will come.
le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point [F.], the heart has its reasons that reason knows nothing of.
le coût ôte le goût [F.], the cost takes away the taste.
le dessous des cartes [F.], the underside of the cards.
Le génie c'est la patience [F.], Genius is patience.
le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle [F.], the object is not worth the trouble.
Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien [F.], The better is the enemy of the good.
le monde est le livre des femmes [F.], the world is woman's book.
le monde savant [F.], the learned world.
Le mot de l'énigme [F.], The key to the mystery.
Le Premier Mai [F.], May Day.
le style, c'est l'homme [F.], the style is the man.
le tout ensemble [F.], the whole together.
lector benevole [L.], kind or gentle reader.
legatus a latere [L.], a papal ambassador.
leonina societas [L.], partnership with a lion.
les bras croisés [F.], with folded arms.
Les doux yeux [F.], Tender glances.
les us et coutumes [F.], habits and customs.
lèse majesté [F.], high treason.
leve fit quod bene fertur onus [L.], the burden which is well borne becomes light.
lex talionis [L.], the law of retaliation.
libertas et natale solum [L.], liberty and one's native land.
liebenswürdigerweise [N.], kindly.
Liederkranz [N.], Wreath of songs (German singing society).
Liegen bleiben in dem Bett [N.], To stay in bed.
Lis litem generat [L.], Strife begets strife.
Litem lite resolvere [L.], To settle strife by strife; to remove one difficulty by introducing another.
literarisch [N.], literary.
liturgisch [N.], liturgical.
lo que sienten el uno por el otro [S.], what they feel for each other.
loco citato [L.], in the place or passage cited.
locos y niños dicen la verdad [S.], fools and children speak the truth.
Locum tenens [L.], One occupying the place of another; a substitute.
Locus classicus [L.], A classical passage.
Locus criminis [L.], Place of the crime.
Locus in quo [L.], The place in which.
Los otros no vinieron [S.], The others didn't come.
Loyal devoir [F.], Loyal duty.
loyal en tout [F.], loyal in everything.

loyauté n'a honte [F.], loyalty has no shame.
lucidus ordo [L.], a lucid arrangement.
lucri causa [L.], for the sake of gain.
ludere cum sacris [L.], to trifle with sacred things.
lupus in fabula [L.], the wolf in the fable.
Lupus pilum mutat, non mentem [L.], The wolf changes his coat, not his disposition.
lusus naturae [L.], freak of nature.
ma chère [F.] my dear.
Ma si! [I.], Why not!
mach as wie ich [N.], do as I do.
Mach erst mal die Arbeit fertig [N.], Finish your work first.
mach zu! [N.], hurry up!
Maggiore fretta, minore atto [L.], The more haste the less speed.
magister caeremoniarum [L.], master of the ceremonies.
magna est veritas et prevalebit [L.], truth is mighty and will prevail.
Magna est vis consuetudinis [L.], Great is the force of habit.
Magnæ spes altera Romæ [L.], Another hope of great Rome.
magnanimiter crucem sustine [L.], bear the cross nobly.
Magni nominis umbra [L.], The shadow of a great name.
magnum bonum [L.], a great good.
Magnum opus [L.], Great work.
Magnum vectigal est parsimonia [L.], Economy is itself a great income.
magnus Apollo [L.], great *Apollo*; i.e., one of great authority.
Maiglöckchen [N.], lily of the valley.
main de justice [F.], the scepter; the hand of justice.
maintien le droit [F.], maintain the right.
maison de campagne [F.], a country house.
maison de santé [F.], a private asylum or hospital.
maison de ville [F.], a town-house.
mal à propos [F.], ill-timed.
mala fide [L.], treacherously; with bad faith.
maladie [F.], illness.
male parta, male dilabuntur [L.], things ill gotten are consumed without doing any good.
Malerisch [N.], Picturesque.
malgré nous [F.], in spite of us.
Malheur ne vient jamais seul [F.], Misfortunes never come singly.
Malum in se [L.], Evil in itself.
Malus pudor [L.], False shame.
Man kann nie wissen [N.], One never knows.
Manibus pedibusque [L.], With hands and feet.
mánichi ni sonáete [J.], just in case.
Männlich Nachkomme [N.], Male descendant.
Manu forti [L.], With a strong hand.
manu propria [L.], with one's own hand.
Manzoku [J.], Contentment; happiness; satisfaction.
Märchen [N.], a story; a tale; a fairy tale or folk tale.
Märduk [V.], Babylonian god.
mariage de conscience [F.], a private marriage.
mariage de convenance [F.], marriage from motives of material interest rather than of love; marriage of convenience.
mariage de la main gauche [F.], a morganatic marriage.
Mars gravior sub pace latet [L.], a severer war lies hidden under peace.
marschbereit [N.], ready to move.
Más vale ser necio que pofiado [S.], Better to be a fool than obstinate.
Más vale tarde que nunca [S.], Better late than never.

Maßarbeit [N.], neat piece of work.
massenweise [N.], on a large scale.
maßgeschneidert [N.], tailor made.
matomari no nai [J.], disjointed.
mattáku riyu ga nai [J.], no reason whatsoever.
mauvaise herbe [F.], weed.
Mäzen [N.], patron of the arts.
mázù dàüichi ni [J.], first of all; first.
mé gâ samérù [J.], to emerge from sleep.
Me tengo que ir [S.], I'd better be off.
Médecin, guéris-toi toi-même! [F.], Physician, heal thyself!
meden agan [G.], nothing in excess.
mehr als zehn/zwanzig [N.], ten/twenty plus.
Mehr denn je! [N.], More than ever!
mehr oder weniger [N.], more or less.
meilenweit [N.], for miles.
mein Beileid [N.], my condolences.
meiner Ansicht nach [N.], in my opinion.
meines Wissens [N.], to the best of my knowledge.
mêletoi de ce qui te regarde [F.], mind your own business.
memento mori [L.], remember death.
memor et fidelis [L.], mindful and faithful.
memoria in æterna [L.], in eternal remembrance.
men to mukattè [J.], face to face.
Mendacem memorem esse oportet [L.], A liar should have a good memory.
mensis [L.], month.
meum et tuum [L.], mine and thine.
Mi gira la testa [I.], I'm dizzy.
miauen [N.], to miaow.
mirabile visu [L.], wonderful to behold; wonderful to see.
Mirabilia [L.], Wonders.
Mireba miru hodo iya ni narimasu [J.], The more I look at it the less I like it.
Mit Abstand der Beste [N.], By far the best.
mit bloßem Auge [N.], with the naked eye.
mit der bloßen Hand [N.], with one's bare hands.
mit einem Geheimnis umbegen [N.], shrouded in mystery.
mit einem Schlag [N.], all at once.
mit freundlichen Grüßen [N.], with kindest regards.
mit getrennter Post [N.], under separate cover.
Mit Recht [N.], Justly.
mitè mimasho [J.], let's have a look.
mobile perpetuum [L.], perpetual motion.
Möchten Sie einen Kaffee? [N.], Would you like a coffee?
modo et forma [L.], in manner and form.
Modus operandi [L.], Manner of working.
Möglichst geringer Aufwand [N.], The least possible effort.
Monogatari [J.], Narrative.
Montage [N.], Assembly; fitting.
more Hibernico [L.], after the Irish fashion.
more suo [L.], in his/her own manner.
mors omnibus communis [L.], death is common to all.
mosupido de torfsugiru [J.], to zoom past.
mot du guet [F.], a watchword.

motu proprio [L.], of his own accord.
Mujun [J.], Contradiction.
multa gemens [L.], with many a groan.
multum in parvo [L.], much in little.
muméi no [J.], nameless.
Mund-zu-Mund-Beatmung [N.], the kiss of life.
munus Apolline dignum [L.], a gift worthy of *Apollo*.
Musca domestica [L.], house fly.
Muss es sein? [N.], Must it be?
müßig [N.], idle.
Musterung von Stoff [N.], pattern of cloth.
muta est pictura poema [L.], a picture is a silent poem.
Mutare vel timerne sperno [L.], I scorn to change or to fear.
mutatis mutandis [L.], with the necessary changes.
Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur [L.], The name being changed the story is true of yourself.
mutuus consensus [L.], mutual consent.
n'est-ce pas? [F.], isn't it so?
n'importe [F.], it matters not.
n'oubliez pas [F.], don't forget.
Na so was! [N.], Well, well!
Nach allem, was ich weiß [N.], As far as I know.
nach dem Gesetz [N.], according to the law.
Nachspeise [N.], dessert, sweet, pudding.
Nächtlich [N.], Nightly.
nada de eso! [S.], nothing of the sort!
Naherholungsgebiet [N.], Recreational area.
Nahziel [N.], immediate objective.
naimitsu ni [J.], in private.
naissance [F.], birth.
nämlich [N.], namely.
nan de mo ii desu [J.], anything at all will do.
nánì shiro [J.], after all.
Nànika miémasù ka? [J.], Can you see anything?
nánika okáshü [J.], there's something wrong.
nanika suru koto [J.], something to do.
Nante hidoi! [J.], How awful!
nante utsukushii! [J.], how lovely!
narábete okù [J.], juxtapose.
natale solum [L.], native soil.
natürlich [N.], of course.
nazó nì tsutsúmarete [J.], shrouded in mystery.
ne fronti crede [L.], trust not to appearances.
ne pas [F.], not.
Ne plus ultra [L.], Nothing further; the uttermost point; perfection.
Ne sutor supra crepidam [L.], Let no one meddle with what lies beyond his range.
ne vile fano [L.], let nothing vile be in temple.
Nebenprodukt [N.], Spin-off.
nec cupias, nec metuas [L.], neither desire, nor fear.
necessitas non habet legem [L.], necessity has no law.
nehmen Sie ein beliebiges Buch [N.], choose any book you like.
Nehmen Sie irgendeines dieser Bücher [N.], Take any of those books (you like).
nein steuerfrei [N.], no tax-free.
nemine dissentiente [L.], no one dissenting; without a dissenting voice.
Nemo me impune lacessit [L.], No one assails me with impunity.

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit [L.], No one is wise at all times.
nes scire fas est omnia [L.], it is not permitted to know all things.
névé, firn [N.], Swiss name for half snow half ice.
Nevica [I.], It is snowing.
Nevicare e nevischio [I.], Snow and sleet.
nevicata [I.], snowfall.
nevoso [I.], snowy.
ni itazura wo suru [J.], to play a trick on someone.
Ni l'un ni l'autre [F.], Neither the one nor the other.
ní tasù ní wà yón [J.], 2 and 2 are 4.
Nichiyobi ni mo [J.], Even on Sundays.
Nicht am rechten Platz [N.], Out of place.
nicht mehr zu reparieren [N.], beyond repair.
nicht rostend [N.], stainless.
nicht überfällig [N.], not overdue.
nicht Wesen pedantisch [N.], not being pedantic.
Nichts als Ärger [N.], Nothing but trouble.
Niemandsland [N.], No-man's land.
nijú-yo jikàn [J.], round the clock.
nikiriometoru hanarete [J.], two kilometers away.
Nil desperandum [L.], There is no reason for despair.
Nisi Dominus frustra [L.], Unless God be with us all is in vain.
ni...wo omói okosaserù [J.], to jog someone's memory.
ni...wo suru yo ni meirei suru [J.], to command someone to do something.
no hay nada detrás [S.], there's nothing behind it.
no kanri ni makáserarètè [J.], in someone's care.
No le gusta que lo corrijan [S.], He doesn't like being corrected.
no sei de [J.], at fault.
no Sir! [E.], no Sir!
No sirvo para este tipo de trabajo [S.], I'm not suited to this kind of work.
no so was! [N.], well, well!
noch am selben Tag [N.], the very same day.
Noch dreimal [N.], Three more times.
noch einer? [N.], another one?
Noch einmal [N.], Once more, again.
Noch heute [N.], Today.
noch nicht [N.], not yet.
Noch zu bezahlende Rechnungen [N.], Bills that are still to be paid.
noli me tangere [L.], touch me not.
Nolle prosequi [L.], To be unwilling to proceed.
non c'e male! [I.], not bad at all!
non culvis homini contingit adire Corinthum [L.], every man has not the fortune to go to *Corinth*.
non est inventus [L.], he has not been found.
non est vivere sed valere vita [L.], life is not merely to live, but to be strong.
non liquet [L.], the case is not clear or proved.
non mi ricordo [I.], I do not remember.
non nostrum est tantas componere lites [L.], it is not for us to settle such weighty disputes.
Non omnia possumus omnes [L.], We cannot, all of us, do everything.
non sine numine [L.], not without divine aid.
Non sum qualis eram [L.], I am not that what I once was.
Nonbiri shita [J.], Laid back.
nonobstant clameur de haro [F.], notwithstanding the hue and cry.
Nos hemos pasado la calle [S.], We've missed the turning.

nosce te ipsum [L.], know thyself.
Noscitur a sociis [L.] He is known by his companions.
nostalgie de la boue [F.], nostalgia for the mud; homesickness for the gutter.
nostro periculo [L.], at our risk.
nota bene [L.], mark well.
notgedrungen [N.], necessary; unavoidable.
notieren [N.], to note; to quote.
Notlösung [N.], Temporary solution.
Notunterkunft [N.], emergency accommodation.
Notwendigkeit [N.], necessity.
novus homo [L.], a new man.
nudis verbis [L.], in plain words.
Nugæ canoræ [L.], Melodious trifles.
Nul bien sans peine [F.], No pains no gains.
nulla nuova, buona nuova [I.], no news is good news.
nulli secundus [L.], second to none.
nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri [L.], not bound to swear to the opinions of any master.
Nur keine Panik [N.], Don't panic.
Nur zur äußerlichen Anwendung [N.], Not to be taken internally.
Nützlichkeit [N.], usefulness.
O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint agricolas! [L.], O too happy husbandmen if only they knew their own blessings!
o la fuerza [S.], by necessity.
O tánjobi omédetò! [J.], Many happy returns of the day!
Ob das wohl stimmt? [N.], I wonder if that's true?
ob das wohl wahr ist? [N.], can that be true?
Obergeschoss [N.], upper storey.
Oberkiefer [N.], upper jaw.
Oberkörper [N.], upper part of a body.
Oberlicht [N.], skylight.
Oberlippe [N.], upper lip.
obgleich [N.], albeit.
Obiit [L.], He, or she, died.
obiter dictum [L.], a thing said by the way.
Objektivität [N.], Objectivity.
Obra de común, obra de ningún [S.], Everybody's business is nobody's business.
Obscurum per obscuris [L.], Explaining an obscurity by something more obscure still.
Observanda [L.], Things to be observed.
obsta principiis [L.], resisting the beginnings.
Obstupui steteruntque comæ [L.], I was astonished and my hair stood on end.
obwohl er sich ständig beschwert [N.], for all his complaints.
occasio facit furem [L.], opportunity makes the thief.
oder so was [N.], or something like that.
Oderint dum metuant [L.], Let them hate provided they fear.
odium theologicum [L.], the hatred of theologians.
Œuvres [F.], Works.
Offen gesagt [N.], To be honest.
Offen Schauplatz [N.], Open scene.
Officina gentium [L.], The workshop of the world.
Öffner [N.], opener.
ofrecer mucho especie es de negar [S.], to offer much is a kind of denial.
ofúreko no [J.], off the record.
ogni bottega ha la sua malizia [I.], every shop has its tricks; tricks in all trades.
ogniuno per se, e Dio per tutti [I.], every one for himself, and God for all.
Ohe! jam satis [L.], Hold! enough.

ohne es zu wissen [N.], without knowing it.
Ohne etwas an [N.], With nothing on.
ohne Rücksicht auf... [N.], regardless of...
ohne Umschweife [N.], without beating about the bush.
ohne weiteres [N.], without a second thought.
ohne zu fragen [N.], without asking.
ohne Zweifel [N.], beyond doubt.
Ohrfeige [N.], Slap in the face.
okína [J.], yawning.
Omen faustum [L.], A favorable omen.
omne ignotum pro magnifico [L.], everything unknown (is taken) as grand; the unknown tends to be exaggerated in importance; whatever is unknown is held to be magnificent.
omne solum forti patria [L.], every soil is a brave man's country.
Omne trinum perfectum [L.], every perfect thing is threefold.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci [L.], He gains approval of all who mixes the useful with the agreeable.
omnia ad Dei gloriam [L.], all things for the glory of God.
omnia bona bonis [L.], all things are good to the good.
onaji koto wo suru [J.], to follow suit.
optimates [L.], men of the first rank.
Opus operatum [L.], An effective work operation.
ora che ci penso [I.], now that I come to think about.
Ora et labora [L.], Pray and work.
orator fit, poeta nascitur [L.], an orator is made, a poet is born.
Ordnung [N.], Order.
ordre [F.], order.
ore rotundo [L.], with round mouth; eloquently.
ore tenus [L.], from the mouth merely.
Organigramme [F.], Flow chart.
Organique [F.], Organic.
Organisme [F.], Organism.
oro y plata [L.], gold and silver (motto of *Montana*).
O-suki na yo ni shite kudasai [J.], Do as you wish.
otiosa sedulitas [L.], laborious trifling; idle industry.
otium cum dignitate [L.], ease with dignity; dignified leisure; leisure with dignity.
otium sine litteris est mors [L.], leisure without literature is death.
ou bien [F.], or else.
Ou la chèvre est attachée, il faut qu'elle broute [F.], Where the goat is tethered, there it must browse.
où sont les neiges d'antan? [F.], where are the snows of yester years?
oublier je ne puis [F.], I can never forget.
Ouvrage de longue haleine [F.], A work of long breath.
Ouvrier [F.], A workman; an operative.
Paar [N.], Pair.
pabulum Acherontis [L.], food for *Acheron*, or the tomb.
pace tua [L.], with your consent.
Packungsbeilage [N.], enclosed instructions for use.
Pacta conventa [L.], The conditions agreed on.
Pactum illicitum [L.], An illegal agreement.
padrone [I.], a master; a landlord.
Paisaje [S.], Scenery.
pallida Mors [L.], pale Death.
palma non sine pulvere [L.], the palm is not won without dust; i.e. no success without exertion.
Pange, lingua, gloriosi / Proelium certaminis [L.], Sing, my tongue, of the battle in the glorious struggle (*Venantius Fortunatus*, 530-610).

Panta rhei [G.], All things are in flux.
par accord [F.], by agreement; in harmony.
par avance [F.], in advance.
par avion [F.], by airplane.
Par ci par là [F.], Here and there.
par dépit [F.], out of spite.
Par exemple [F.], For example.
par faveur [F.], by favor; with the countenance of.
par force [F.], by force.
par hasard [F.], by chance.
Par nobile fratrum [L.], A noble pair (of brothers); two just alike.
par oneri [L.], equal to the burden.
Par où? [F.], Which way?
par privilège [F.], by privilege; license.
Parabolantenne [N.], satellite dish.
pardonnez-moi [F.], pardon me; excuse me.
pare-balles [F.], bullet-proof.
parfaitement bien [F.], perfectly well.
pari passu [L.], with equal step; together.
parlez peu et bien si vous voulez qu'on vous regarde comme un homme de mérite [F.], speak little and well if you would be esteemed as a man of merit.
Parte beatum [L.], Nothing is an unmixed blessing.
Parterre [N.], ground floor.
partout [F.], everywhere; in all directions.
Parva componere magnis [L.], To compare small things with great.
pas de la porte [F.], doorstep.
pas du tout [F.], not at all.
pas seul [F.], a dance performed by one person.
Passant [N.], Passer-by.
passé [F.], out of date.
passim [L.], everywhere; throughout the book or writing referred to.
pasticio [I.], patchwork.
patriis virtutibus [L.], by ancestral virtues.
Paucis verbis [L.], In a few words.
paulo majora canamus [L.], let us sing of somewhat higher themes.
Pauschalsumme für heute [N.], lump sum for today.
pax in bello [L.], peace in war.
penetralia [L.], secret or inmost recesses.
per ambages [L.], by allegory; figuratively; metaphorically.
Per angusta ad augusta [L.], Through trials to triumphs; through difficulties to honors.
per annum [L.], by the year; annually.
Per aspera ad astra [L.], through rough ways to the stars.
per baroniam [L.], by right of barony.
per centum [L.], by the hundred.
Per contante [I.], For cash.
per conto [I.], upon account.
per diem [L.], by the day, daily.
per fas et nefas [L.], through right and wrong.
per giorni e giorni [I.], for days on end.
per gradus [L.], step by step.
per gradus [L.], step by step.
per il gusto di farlo [I.], for the sake of it.
per il momento [I.], for the time being.
Per mare per terras [L.], Through sea and land.

per modo di dire [I.], so to speak.

per saltum [L.], by a leap or jump.

Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt [L.], Deuce take those who said our good things before us; may they perish who have expressed our bright ideas before us.

Perfervidum ingenium Scotorum [L.], The intense earnestness of Scotsmen.

Permitte divis cetæra [L.], Leave the rest to the gods.

Perplesso [I.], Perplexed.

peu à peu [F.], little by little.

Peu de gens savent être vieux [F.], Few people know how to be old.

Pied-à-terre [F.], A resting place.

piere d'achoppement [F.], stumbling block.

pietra mossa non fa muschio [I.], a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Place aux dames [F.], Make way for the ladies.

planta vivax [L.], long-lived (lasting) plant.

plein de soi-même [F.], full of himself.

pleno jure [L.], with full power or authority; with full right.

plus aloes quam mellis habet [L.], he has more gall than honey; sarcastic wit.

plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose [F.], the more that changes, the more it's the same thing.

plus on est de fous, plus on rit [F.], the more fools, the more fun.

plus sage que les sages [F.], wiser than the wise.

Poco a poco [I.], Little by little.

Poeta nascitur, non fit [L.], The poet is born, not made; nature, not study, must form the poet.

point d'appui [F.], point of support.

Point de départ [F.], Starting point.

point de repère [F.], point of reference.

politesse [F.], politeness.

pondere, non numero [L.], by weight not by number.

pons asinorum [L.], an ass's bridge; a name given to the fifth proposition of the first book of *Euclid*.

Populus vult decipi [L.], The populace wishes to be deceived.

por todo [S.], por todo.

Por todos lados [S.], Everywhere.

por y parvenir [F.], to attain the object.

porter aux nues [F.], praise to the skies.

possiamo avere dell'altro vino? [I.], could we have some more wine?

post bellum auxilium [L.], aid after the war.

Post cineres gloria venit [L.], After death comes glory.

Post equitem sedet atra cura [L.], Behind the rider sits black care.

post obitum [L.], after death.

post-municeps [L.], former citizen (*municeps* – citizen of *municipium*, a provincial place).

Pour cette raison [F.], Hence.

pour comble de bonheur [F.], as the height of happiness.

Pour couper court [F.], To cut the matter short.

pour encourager les autres [F.], to encourage the others.

pour la plupart [F.], predominantly.

pour passer le temps [F.], to pass away the time.

pour rire [F.], for laughing; not to be taken seriously.

pour se faire valoir [F.], to make himself of value.

Pour tout potage [F.], All that one gets; all that a person is allotted.

Pour y parvenir [F.], To attain the object.

Pracht! [N.], Splendour!

Præcognita [L.], Things previously known.

Præscriptum [L.], A thing prescribed.

Prassi [I.], Standard procedure.

Präcedenzfall [N.], precedent.

prendre la balle au bond [F.], to catch the ball as it bounds.
prendre un bain de foule [F.], mingle with the crowd.
prends moi tel que je suis [F.], take me just as I am.
Presto maturo, presto marcio [I.], Soon ripe, soon rotten.
preux chevalier [F.], a brave knight.
prima donna [I.], the chief female vocalist.
Primis digitis [L.], With the finger tips.
Pro Deo et ecclesia [L.], For God and church.
pro et contra [L.], for and against.
pro hac vice [L.], for this occasion.
pro nunc [L.], for the present.
pro rege, lege, et grege [L.], for the king, the law, and the people.
pro salute animæ [L.], for the health of the soul.
probatum est [L.], it is proved.
Probitas laudator, et alget [L.], Honesty is praised, and is left to starve.
programmare [I.], programmed.
Progressus [L.], Progress.
prolétaire [F.], member of the lower classes; workingman.
pronti, via! [I.], ready! steady! go!
proprio in quel momento [I.], just at that moment.
Prosit! [L.], A health to you!
Prost! [N.], Cheers!
prudens futuri [N.], thoughtful of the future.
publice [L.], publicly.
pugnis et calcibus [L.], with all one's might.
punctum saliens [L.], a salient or prominent point.
Punktzahl [N.], Score.
Puo darsi che sia vero [I.], Perhaps it's true.
Qu'est-ce qui est arrivé? [F.], What happened?
quæ fuerunt vitia, mores sunt [L.], what were once vices are now customs.
quale che sia la tua opinione [I.], whatever you may think.
quale motivo avrà di parlare così? [I.], what reason would he have to speak like that?
qualis ab incepto [L.], the same as at the beginning.
qualis vita, finis ita [L.], as life is, so is its end.
Qualitätsware [N.], Article of high quality.
quam diu se bene gesseirt [L.], during good behavior.
quand même [F.], nevertheless.
Quand on voit la chose, on la croit, de quelque manière que [F.], That which one sees he gives credit to, however.
quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus [L.], even good *Homer* sometimes nods; the wisest make mistakes.
quanti est sapere [L.], how desirable is wisdom (or knowledge).
que hay de malo en eso? [S.], what's wrong with that?
Que la nuit parait longue à la douleur qui veille! [F.], To sleepless grief how long must night appear!
que yo sepa [S.], as far as I know.
quel dommage! [F.], what a shame!
quels que soient les problèmes [F.], whatever the problems.
Questa casa e abitata da fantasmi [I.], This house is haunted.
Queste cose si dimenticano facilmente [I.], These things are easily forgotten.
Questo dovrebbe bastare [I.], This should be enough.
Quintessenz [N.], Quintessence.
quo animo? [L.], with what intention?
Quo Fata vocant [L.], Whither the Fates call.
quo pax et gloria ducunt [L.], where peace and glory lead.
quoad hoc [L.], to this extent.
Quocunque modo [L.], In whatever manner.

Quocunque nomine [L.], Under whatever name.
quod avertat Deus! [L.], which may God avert!
Quod bene notandum [L.], Which may be especially noticed.
quod erat demonstrandum [L.], which was to be proved/demonstrated.
quod erat faciendum [L.], which was to be done.
raconteur [F.], a teller of stories.
Raison d'état [F.], A reason of state.
rammentare [I.], remember.
rari nantes in gurgite vasto [L.], swimming here and there on the vast sea.
re infecta [L.], the business being unfinished; without accomplishing one's purpose.
re vera [L.], in truth; in actual fact.
Realpolitik [R.], Practical politics (usually an euphemism for power politics).
rechtzeitig [N.], in time; timely.
Reculer pour mieux sauter [F.], To go back in order to leap the better.
Reg dich nicht auf, aber das kommt Verrat gleich! [N.], Don't get annoyed, but this amounts to treachery!
Regelrecht [N.], regular, proper, thorough.
Regierungswechsel [N.], change of government.
reibai [J.], clairvoyant.
Reihenfolge [N.], arrangement.
rejasenta [J.], leisure centre.
relata refero [L.], I repeat the story as it was given to me.
renovato nomine [L.], by a revived name.
rerum primordia [L.], the first elements of things.
res est sacra miser [L.], a sufferer is a sacred thing.
Res gestæ [L.], Things done; exploits.
res judicata [L.], a case or suit already settled.
Resozialisierung [N.], Rehabilitation.
respice finem [L.], look to the end.
Resumen [S.], Summary.
Resurgam! [L.], I shall rise again!
retrospectivement [F.], in retrospect.
Rettung [N.], salvation.
Richtgeschwindigkeit [N.], recommended speed.
Riduzione [I.], Reduction.
Rien d'autre [F.], Nothing else.
rien de moins que [F.], nothing short of.
rigueur [F.], strictness.
roman à clef [F.], a novel in which real persons appear under fictitious names.
roman fleuve [F.], a long novel, dealing with a cross section of society, several generations of family, etc.
Rückreiseverkehr [N.], homebound traffic.
Rücksichtnahme [N.], consideration.
Ruhe [N.], Calm.
Ruit mole sua [L.], It falls to ruin by its own weight.
rund um die Uhr [N.], round the clock.
rus in urbe [L.], the country in town.
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis at ille labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum [L.], The rustic waits till the river flows past (and ceases to flow), but it glides on and will glide for all time.
ryuko suru [J.], to come into fashion.
s'il vous plaît [F.], if you please.
Sachen herumliegen lassen [N.], to leave things lying about.
saino batsugun no hito [J.], a man of great ability.
Sal Atticum? [L.], Attic salt; i.e., wit?
Salve sabreur [L., F.], Hail, brave soldier.
salvo pudore [L.], without offence to modesty.

sano come un pesce [I.], as fit as a fiddle.

Sans aide [F.], Unaided.

Sans aucun doute [F.], Without doubt.

sans cérémonie [F.], without ceremony or formality.

sans Dieu rien [F.], nothing without God.

sans doute [F.], without doubt.

sans encombre [F.], without any problems.

sans façon [F.], without ceremony.

sans pareil [F.], without equal.

sans peine [F.], without difficulty.

sans souci [F.], without care; without worry.

sans tache [F.], without spot; stainless.

sans-cérémonie [F.], without ceremony.

sans-culotte [F.], without breeches.

Sapere aude [L.], Dare to be wise.

Sat cito, si sat bene [L.], Soon enough done, if well enough done.

Satis dotata si bene morata [L.], Well enough dowered, if well principled.

Satis eloquentiae, sapientiae parum [L.], Eloquence enough, but little wisdom.

Satis superque [L.], Enough, and more than enough.

satis verborum [L.], enough of words; no more need be said.

Sauf et sain [F.], Safe and sound.

sauve qui peut [F.], let him save himself who can.

Savoir faire [F.], The knowing how to act; tact.

savoir vivre [F.], refined manners.

Sbrigati! [I.], Hurry up!

Scandalum magnatum [L.], Speech or writing defamatory to dignitaries.

Schattenriss [N.], Silhouette.

Schaulustiger [N.], Onlooker.

Schauspielhaus im Freinen [N.], Theatre in the open air.

Schlag auf [N.], in rapid succession.

Schlag auf Schlag [N.], in rapid succession.

Schlaraffenland [N.], land of milk and honey.

schlecht und recht [N.], after a fashion.

Schlussrundenteilnehmer [N.], Finalist.

schon möglich [N.], possible.

schon oft [N.], often.

schöner denn je [N.], more beautiful than ever.

Schritt für Schritt [N.], step by step.

schwach von Hunger [N.], weak from hunger.

Schwellung und Schwemme [N.], Swelling and surplus.

schwesterlich [N.], sisterly.

Scire facias [L.], Cause it to be known.

scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons [L.], the principle and source of good writing is to possess good sense.

Scribimus indocti doctique [L.], Learned and unlearned, we all write.

Sdegno d'amante poco dura [I.], A lover's anger is short-lived.

se ayudan el uno al otro [S.], they help one another.

Se non è vero, è ben trovato [I.], If not true, it is cleverly invented (or fabricated).

Se remettre dans le bain [F.], Get back into the swim of things.

Secret et hardi [F.], Secret and bold.

Secuela [S.], Consequence.

Secundum artem [L.], According to art of rule; scientifically.

Secundum naturam [L.], According to nature.

secundum ordinem [L.], in due order.

secundum usum [L.], according to practice.

sed hæc hactenus [L.], but so far, this will suffice.

Sehenswürdigkeiten besichtigen [N.], to go sightseeing.

Sei endlich still! [N.], Will you be quiet!

sei ja vorsichtig [N.], do be careful.

Seien Sie vorsichtig, wenn Sie über die Straße gehen [N.], Be careful when you cross the road.

sein ganzes Leben [N.], all his life.

Seine Berechnungen waren nicht richtig [N.], He was out in his calculations.

seito ni [J.], with reason.

sekai no dōko ni de mo [J.], anywhere in the world.

Selbstsicherheit [N.], confidence.

Selbsttäuschung [N.], delusion.

selon les r ègles [F.], according to rule.

Selon lui [F.], According to him.

Semel abbas, semper abbas [L.], Once an abbot, always an abbot.

semel et simul [L.], once and together.

semel insanivimus omnes [L.], we have all, at some time, been mad.

semel pro semper [L.], once for all.

semper avarus eget [L.], the avaricious is always in want.

Semper fidelis [L.], Always faithful.

semper idem [L.], always the same.

semper paratus [L.], always ready.

Semper timidum scelus [L.], Guilt is always timid.

Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere [I.], Misfortune does not always come to injure.

senex bis puer [L.], the old man is twice a child.

Sensu bono [L.], In a good sense.

Sensu malo [L.], In a bad sense.

senza giri di parole [I.], without beating about the bush.

senza remore [I.], without hesitation.

sero sed serio [L.], late, but seriously.

sero venientibus ossa [L.], those who come late shall have the bones.

serus in cælum redeas [L.], late may you return to heaven; may you live long.

servabo fidem [L.], I will keep faith.

Servare modum [L.], To keep within bounds.

servus servorum Dei [L.], a servant of the servants of God.

sesquipedalia verba [L.], words a foot and a half long.

shajitsuteki na [J.], descriptive.

shiji ni shitagatte [J.], (crowd) under control.

shijo saiko no kashū [J.], the best singer that ever was.

Shikashi subarashii ja arfmasen ka! [J.], But that's fantastic!

Shin-komedi [J.], Alternative comedy.

Shinpai shinai [J.], Do not worry.

shirimasèn deshita ká? [J.], didn't you know?

shushi ga tonton ni narū [J.], to break even.

Shuyo [J.], Growth.

si crede uno scrittore [I.], he flatters himself he is a writer.

Si Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos? [L.], If God be with us, who shall stand against us?

si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer [F.], if God did not exist it would be necessary to invent him.

si diis placet [L.], if it pleases the gods.

Si monumentum quæris circumspice [L.], If you seek his monument, look around you.

si no me equivoco [S.], if I'm not mistaken.

Si nous n'avions point de défauts, nous ne prendrions pas tant de plaisir à en remarquer dans les autres [F.], If we had no faults we should not take so much pleasure in remarking those of others.

Si parva licet componere magnis [L.], If small things may be compared with great.
Si vis pacem, para bellum [L.], If you wish for peace, prepare for war.
sic eunt fata hominum [L.], thus go the fates of man.
sic passim [L.], so everywhere.
sic semper tyrannis [L.], ever so to tyrants.
Sic transit gloria mundi [L.], Thus passes away the glory of this world.
Sic vos non vobis [L.], Thus you labor but not for yourself.
Sich alle Möglichkeiten offen halten [N.], To keep one's options open.
Sich auseinander setzen [N.], To come to terms; to settle.
sich blicken lassen [N.], to put in an appearance.
sich der Lage gewachsen zeigen [N.], to rise to the occasion.
sich fertig machen [N.], to get ready.
sich flüchten in er [N.], to take refuge in it.
sich kennen lernen [N.], to get to know each other.
Sich über ein Thema ausbreiten [N.], To expand/enlarge on a topic.
sich überlegen die Bäume und ihre Blätter [N.], consider the trees and their leaves.
Sich überlegen folgend [N.], Consider the following.
sich umsehen [N.], look around.
sich von selbst regeln [N.], to take care of itself.
sich wiederholen [N.], to repeat oneself.
sich wohl fühlen [N.], to feel happy.
sichergehen [N.], to make sure.
Sicherheit [N.], safety.
Sicherheitsvorkehrung [N.], safety precaution.
sicut ante [L.], as before.
Sie bleiben gern unter sich [N.], They keep themselves to themselves.
sie kann keine Mathematik [N.], she can't do mathematics.
Sie können sagen, was Sie wollen [N.], You can say anything you like.
sie liefen in Kopenhagen ein [N.], they sailed into *Copenhagen*.
Sie sind verschieden groß [N.], They are of different sizes.
sie waren unter sich [N.], they were by themselves.
Sie wissen doch, wie das ist? [N.], you know how it is, don't you?
Sie wissen ja [N.], as you know.
Sie wissen ja, dass... [N.], as you know, it...
siècle [F.], an age.
siècle d'or [F.], the golden age.
siècles des ténèbres [F.], the dark ages.
sile et philosophus esto [L.], be silent and pass for a philosopher.
Silent leges inter arma [L.], Amidst arms, or in war, laws are silent, or disregarded.
Silentium altum [L.], Deep silence.
Similia similibus curantur [L.], Like things are cured by like.
Similis simili gaudet [L.], Like is pleased with like.
simplex munditiis [L.], elegant in simplicity.
sin número [S.], countless.
Sine die [L.], Without a day being appointed.
Sine dubio [L.], Without doubt.
sine mora [L.], without delay.
sine præjudicio [L.], without prejudice.
sine qua non [L.], without which not.
Sinn [N.], Meaning of life.
Sit ut est aut non sit [L.], Let it be as it is or not at all.
sit venia verbis [L.], may the words be excused.
so de wa nài to kikásarenài kagiri [J.], unless you hear to the contrary.

so eine lange Reise [N.], such a long trip.
so gut wie fertig [N.], all but finished.
so oder so [N.], in one way or the other.
so schwer ist es nun auch wieder nicht [N.], it's not as hard as all that.
So viel Arbeit, warum? [N.], So much work, what for?
so viel ich weiß [N.], as far as I know.
so wenig [N.], as little.
so wie es jetzt ist [N.], as things are at the moment.
so, das wärs [N.], so, that's it then.
sœurs de charité [F.], sisters of charity.
soi-disant [F.], self-styled.
Soi-disant soi-même [F.], Self-styled oneself.
soko ni oite kudasai [J.], put it down there.
soll ich die Tür öffnen? [N.], shall I open the door?
sonó nekùtai wa shátù to áimásen [J.], that tie doesn't go with that shirt.
sonó nisiátsu no hón wa dóchira mo onáji yò na monó desù [J.], the two books are much the same.
sonó tokì kárè wa yómù no wo yaméte... [J.], here he stopped reading...
soré iràì [J.], ever since.
soré wa sore toshite [J.], be that as it may.
sorgenfrei [N.], care free.
sotto voce [I.], in an undertone.
Souffier le chaud et le froid [F.], To blow hot and cold.
sous tous les rapports [F.], in all respects or relations.
sozusagen [N.], in a manner of speaking.
Spalte [N.], Split.
Spaltung [N.], crack.
spät [N.], late.
Spes sibi quisque [L.], Let every one hope in himself.
Spiegelbild [N.], reflection.
Spitzenmarke [N.], brand leader.
Splendide mendax [L.], Nobly untruthful.
Spontan handeln [N.], To act on impulse.
sponte sua [L.], of one's (or its) own accord.
Sprachen liegen mir nicht [N.], Languages are not my line.
spropositato [I.], full of blunders.
spudoratezza [I.], shamelessness.
squalifica [I.], disqualification.
sta viator, heroem calcas! [L.], halt, traveler, thou standest on a hero's dust!
stagnierend [N.], stagnant.
Stat pro ratione voluntas [L.], Will stands in place of reason.
Stechpalme [N.], holly.
stell dir das plastich vor! [N.], just picture it!
Stemschnuppe [N.], shooting star.
Stille [N.], Silence.
Stricknadel und Kenntnis [N.], Knitting needle and know-how.
stumm Prophezeiung [N.], mute prophecy.
Stunde um Stunde [N.], Hour after hour.
su due piedi [I.], on the spot.
Sua cuique voluptas [L.], Every man has his own pleasures.
suaviter in modo, fortiter in re [L.], gentle in manner, resolute in execution (or action).
sub colore juris [L.], under colour of law.
sub prætexto juris [L.], under the pretext of justice.
sub rosa [L.], under the rose; secretly.
Sub silentio [L.], In silence.

sub verbo [L.], under the word.
sub voce [L.], under such or such a word.
Sublata causa, tollitur effectus [L.], The cause being removed, the effect ceases.
Succès d'estime [F.], Success of esteem; success with more prestige than profit.
such dir etwas aus [N.], take your pick.
Suchen Sie etwas bestimmung? [N.], Are you looking for something in particular?
Sufre por saber y trabaja por tener [S.], Suffer in order to be wise, and labor in order to have.
sùgù ni [J.], right away.
sùgù sokó madè kité irù [J.], it's just round the corner.
sui generis [L.], of its own or of a peculiar kind.
Suivez raison [F.], Follow reason.
sukkai [J.], more than once.
sukóshizùtsu [J.], little by little.
sukúnakùtomo [J.], at least.
sum quod eris; fui quod es [L.], I am what you will be (dead); I was what you are (alive).
Summum jus, summa injuria [L.], The rigor of the law is the height of oppression.
sumptibus publicis [L.], at the public expense.
Suo loco [L.], In its proper place.
suo Marte [L.], by his own prowess.
Superare la prova del tempo [I.], Stand the test of time.
sur le pas de la porte [F.], on the doorstep.
surgit amari aliquid [L.], something bitter arises.
Sursum corda! [L.], Lift up your hearts!
Surtout pas de zèle! [F.], Above all, no zeal.
Surú madè ni narfsagarù [J.], To descend to.
Süße [N.], sweetness.
suuda koto wo mizu ni nagasu [J.], let bygones be bygones.
Suum cuique [L.], To each his own.
Suus cuique mos [L.], Every one has his particular habit.
Sympathisch [N.], Likable.
table à manger [F.], a dining-table.
tableau vivant [F.], a living picture; the representation of some scene by groups of persons.
tádàchi ni [J.], atraight away; straight off; at once.
tadelnswert [N.], reprehensible.
tædium vitæ [L.], weariness of life.
táho de wa [J.], on the other hand.
Taisez-vous [F.], Be quiet; hold your tongue.
tal como es [S.], such as it is.
tangere vulnus [L.], to touch the wound.
tant pis [F.], so much the worse.
tant s'en faut [F.], far from it.
tanto buon che val niente [I.], so good as to be good for nothing.
tasaku no [J.], prolific (artist, composer, writer).
tatsächlich, in der Tat [N.], indeed.
te lo dico a fin da bene [I.], I'm telling you for your own good.
te ni oenaku natte [J.], (situation) out of control.
Te, Deum, laudamus [L.], We praise Thee, O God.
Tebet [Y.], 4-th month of the Jewish calendar (April).
teburu no ué ni arímasù [J.], it's on the table.
tel brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier [F.], a man may shine in the second rank, who would be eclipsed in the first.

Tel est notre plaisir [F.], Such is our pleasure.
tel-ou-tel [F.], such-and-such.
Tempus edax rerum [L.], Time, that devours all things.
tempus fugit [L.], time flies.
tenax propositi [L.], tenacious of his purpose.
Tengo pensado comprarlo [S.], I'm thinking of buying it.
Tenia entendido otra cosa [S.], I understood something else.
tentanda via est [L.], a way must be attempted.
testamentarisch [N.], testamentary.
'testa o croce? [I.], heads or tails?
thermique [F.], thermal.
tiens ta foi [F.], keep thy faith.
Tiens! [F.], Hey!
tirailleur [F.], a sharpshooter; skirmisher.
tobochu de [J.], on the run.
Todomaru [J.], To stay put.
tokidoki [J.], every now and then.
Tomaru [J.], To stay the night.
tombé des nues [F.], fallen from the clouds.
torokushohyo [J.], registered trademark.
tossá ni [J.], on the spur of the moment.
Tôt gagné, tôt gaspillé [F.], Soon gained, soon spent.
tôt ou tard [F.], sooner or later.
totis viribus [L.], with all his might.
totus, teres, atque rotundus [L.], complete, polished, and rounded.
Toujours prêt! [F.], Always ready!
tour d'horizon [F.], circuit of the horizon; general survey.
tous frais faits [F.], all expenses defrayed.
tout à coup [F.], all of a sudden.
tout à fait [F.], altogether; quite.
Tout au contraire [F.], On the contrary; quite the contrary.
tout bien ou rien [F.], the whole or nothing.
tout ce que [F.], all that.
tout ce qui, tout ce que [F.], everything that.
Tout comprendre est tout pardonner [F.], To understand all is to forgive all.
tout dans les limites normales [F.], everything within reason.
tout de suite [F.], immediately.
tout en chantant/marchant/etc [F.], while singing/walking/etc.
tout ensemble [F.], the whole together.
tout frais fait [F.], all expenses paid.
tout le confort moderne [F.], all modern conveniences.
tout le monde est sage après le coup [F.], everybody is wise after the event.
tout vient de Dieu [F.], all things come from God.
tout-à-l'heure [F.], instantly.
Traduttori traditori [I.], Translators are traitors.
Tranche de vie [F.], Slice of life.
Transeat in exemplum [L.], May it pass into an example or precedent.
tren de aterrizaje [S.], landing gear.
très estimé [F.], much esteemed.
tria juncta in uno [L.], three joined in one.
Tristesse [F.], Depression of spirits.
Trochilidæ [L.], humming bird.
trostlos [N.], sad.
Trouvaille [F.], Sudden good fortune; a godsend.

Truditur dies die [L.], One day is pressed onward by another.
Tsugéguchi suru [J.], To tell tales.
tu das ja nicht! [N.], don't do that!
tu das ruhig, selbst [N.], feel free to that yourself.
Tu es en beauté! [F.], You're looking good!
Tu ne cede malis [L.], Do not thou yield to evils.
tu quoque [L.], thou also; you're another.
Tutor et ultor [L.], Protector and avenger.
tutte le strade conducono a Roma [I.], all roads lead to Rome.
tutto il giorno [I.], all day long.
überaus [N.], exceedingly.
Überdies, das ist untertrieben! [N.], Moreover, that's an understatement!
Überholverbot [N.], Restriction on overtaking.
Übermut [N.], exuberance.
Überrest [N.], remains, remnants.
Übertreibung [N.], Exaggeration.
Überwachung [N.], Supervision; surveillance.
Ubi lapsus? [L.], Where have I failed?
Ubique [L.], Everywhere.
ufficiosamente [I.], unofficially.
Ulkiq [N.], Funny.
Ultima Thule [L.], Remotest Thule; some far distant region; farthest *Thule* (in ancient geography, the northernmost region of the world – *Norway*, *Iceland* or *Mainland*, the largest of the *Shetland* islands).
ultimus Romanorum [L.], the last of the Romans.
ultra licitum [L.], beyond what is allowable.
Um besser sehen zu können [N.], In order to see better.
um ganz sicherzugehen [N.], (just) to be on the safe side.
Um Gottes willen [N.], For God's sake; for goodness' sake.
umeinander [N.], round one another.
umfüllen [N.], to transfer.
umgekehrt Prophezeiung [N.], inverse prophecy.
umso besser [N.], just as well.
Un 'poco di buono [I.], A shady character.
un bienfait n'est jamais perdu [F.], an act of kindness is never lost.
un changement en pire [F.], a change for the worse.
Ún mó! [J.], Really! (indicating annoyance).
Un ordre de grandeur [F.], An approximate idea.
una buona volta [I.], once and for all.
Una cosi cara ragazza! [I.], Such a nice girl!
Una voce [L.], With one voice, unanimously.
Unabsehbar [N.], Immeasurable.
uncinato [I.], hooked.
und so weiter [N.], and so forth.
und wenn es noch so schwer ist [N.], however hard it is.
undo suru [J.], to take exercise.
Une tricherie [F.], Piece of trickery.
Unfähigkeit [N.], incapacity; incompetence.
ungehorsam [N.], disobedient; disobedience.
unguibus et rostro [L.], with claws and beak.
unnötig [N.], unnecessary.
uno detrás del los [S.], one after the other.
unten am Fluss [N.], down by the river.
unter anderem [N.], among other things.
unter Denkmalschutz stehen [N.], to be classified as a historical monument.

unter vier Augen [N.], under four eyes; between ourselves.
Unter'scheidung [N.], Distinction.
unterbezahlt [N.], underpaid.
Unterbrechung [N.], interruption.
unterprivilegiert [N.], underprivileged.
urbem lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit [L.], he (*Augustus*) found the city (*Rome*) brick, and left it marble.
uso no moshitate de [J.], under false pretenses.
usque ad aras [L.], to the very altars; to the last extremity.
Usus loquendi [L.], Usage in speaking.
ut quocunque paratus [L.], prepared for every event.
utcunque placuerit Deo [L.], as it shall please God.
utile dulci [L.], the useful with the agreeable; the useful with the pleasant.
utilité [F.], utility.
Va et vient [F.], Coming and going.
vacuus cantat coram latrone viator [L.], the traveler with an empty purse sings in presence of the high-wayman.
variæ lectiones [L.], various readings.
Vaurien [F.], A worthless fellow.
vedi Napoli e poi muori [I.], see *Naples* and then die.
vel prece, vel pretio [L.], with either entreaty or payment; for love or money.
veluti in speculum [L.], even as in a mirror.
venienti occurrere morbo [L.], prevention is better than cure; meet the coming of the disease.
ventis secundis [L.], with favoring winds.
ver'streuen [N.], to scatter (about).
vera incessu patuit dea [L.], the real goddess was made manifest by her walk.
vera pro gratiis [L.], truth before favor.
Veranschaulichung [N.], Explanation.
verantwortlich [N.], accountable.
verantwortungslos [N.], irresponsible.
verarmt [N.], impoverished.
Verbinden Sie mich bitte mit Mr. Jones [N.], Get me *Mr. Jones*, please.
Verdad es verde [S.], Truth is green.
Verfassung [N.], Frame of mind.
verfeinern [N.], refined; to refine.
vergnügt [N.], cheerful.
Vergnügungspark [N.], amusement park.
Verhalten [N.], Conduct (behaviour).
Veritatis simplex oratio est [L.], The language of truth is simple.
verkörpern [N.], to embody, to personify.
verkräften [N.], to cope with.
vernünftig [G.], level-headed.
verso le otto [I.], at about 8 o'clock.
Verständnis [N.], comprehension.
Vertrauen erweckend [N.], inspiring trust.
Verwarnung [N.], caution.
Verwechslung [N.], confusion.
Verwertung [N.], utilization.
vestido a la ultima [S.], dressed in the latest fashion.
Vet du icke, min son, med husu liten wishet verlden regeras? [Š.], Dost thou not know, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed?
vete a paseo! [S.], get lost!
via trita, via tuta [L.], the beaten path is the safe path.
Vide ut supra [L.], See what is stated above.
viel zu wenig [N.], much too little.

Virtus millia scuta [L.], virtue (or valor) is a thousand shields.
vis conservatrix naturæ [L.], the preservative power of nature.
vis medicatrix naturae [L.], the healing power of nature.
vivatus [L.], animated.
Vive, vale [L.], Farewell, be happy.
voglio 'sia questo che quello [I.], I want both this one and that one.
vogue la galère! [F.], let come what may!
Voilà tout [F.], That's all.
vol spatial habité [F.], manned space flight.
volver la vista atras [S.], look back.
vom Fleck weg [N.], straight away.
Von da ab [N.], From then on.
von der Form her [N.], as far as the form is concerned.
von ein Uhr bis zwei [N.], from one o'clock until two.
von mir aus [N.], if you like, I don't mind.
von morgens bis abends [N.], from morning till night.
von oben bis unten [N.], from top to bottom.
von vorn anfangen [N.], to start at the beginning.
von wegen! [N.], no way!
vor und zurück [N.], backwards and forwards.
Voraussage [N.], Prediction.
Vorhang oben! [N.], Curtain up!
Vorschlag [N.], Suggestion.
vorschriftsmäßig [N.], as per regulations/instructions.
Vorsicht, Stufe! [N.], mind the step!
Vorsprung durch Technik [N.], Progress through technology.
Vorverkauf [N.], advance booking.
voulu [F.], willed: contrived or forced.
vous ou moi [F.], either you or me.
vulgo [L.], commonly.
Vulnus immedicabile [L.], An irreparable injury.
Wahlpropaganda [N.], electioneering.
Wahr [N.], True.
Wakáttà [J.], I've got it.
Wanderjahr [N.], Year of wandering.
Wänderlust [N.], an impulse, longing or urge to wander or travel.
Wandteppich [N.], tapestry.
Warteraum [N.], transit lounge.
was er mag und was er nicht mag ist belanglos [N.], his likes and dislikes are irrelevant.
was für ein Durcheinander! [N.], what a mess!
was gilt die Wette? [N.], what do you bet?
was halten Sie von ihnen? [N.], what did you think of them?
Was ist los? [N.], What is the matter?, what's the trouble?
was machst du gerade? [N.], what are you doing?
Was meinen Sie? [N.], What do you think?
was mich anbelangt [N.], as far as I am concerned.
Was mich betrifft [N.], As for me.
was nutzt es? [N.], what's the use (of her)?
Was passierte danach? [N.], What happened after that?
Was soll das heißen? [N.], What's that supposed to mean?
Was solls! [N.], What the hell!
Was willst du damit sagen? [N.], What do you mean?
watákushi desù! [J.], it's me!

watákushi ga funda totan yánè/yuká ga nukéochita [J.], The roof/floor gave as I stepped on it.
watakushi mo ugokanakatta shi, Jon mo ugokanakatta [J.], I didn't move and neither did *John*.
watakushi no ié wà aré desù [J.], that's my house.
watakushi wa chitto mo ki ni shinai [J.], I couldn't care less.
Watákushi wa mùjokèn de sánsei desù [J.], I'm all for it.
weder A noch B [N.], neither *A* nor *B*.
Wehrdienstverweigerer [N.], Conscientious objector.
Weiblich Nachkommenschaft [N.], female descendants.
weit blickend [N.], far-seeing.
welche Freude! [N.], what joy!
welche Größe ist das? [N.], what size is it?
Weltbild [N.], Conception of the world.
weltmacht [N.], world power.
weniger denn je [N.], less than ever.
Wenn du das erst mal hinter dir hast, zuhören [N.], Once you've got it behind you, listen.
wenn du willst [N.], if you like.
wenn ich das schon höre [N.], I only have to hear that.
wenn ich es nur gewusst hätte [N.], had I but known.
wenn ich Sie wäre [N.], if I were you.
wer ist da? [N.], who is it?
wer kommt zuerst? [N.], who's first?
Wert darauf legen [N.], To make a point of.
Wespe [N.], wasp.
Wichtig sein [N.], That is what matters.
wie dem auch sei [N.], be that as it may.
Wie du siehst! [N.], So you see!
wie du wilst! [N.], please yourself!
Wie erklären Sie Das? [N.], How do you account for that?
Wie geht es dir? [N.], How are you?
Wie gehts? [N.], How are things?; How goes it?
wie gewöhnlich [N.], as usual.
wie heißen Sie? [N.], what's your name?
wie hoch kommt das? [N.], what does cost that?
wie ich schon sagte [N.], as I said.
wie ist das bloß passiert? [N.], how on earth did that happen?
Wie ist das zu verstehen? [N.], How is that to be understood?
Wie ist der Kuchen geworden? [N.], How did the cake turn out?
wie packe ich das an? [N.], how do I go about this?
Wie sagenhaft [N.], How fabulous.
wie Sie es auch ausdrücken [N.], however you praise it.
wie sie sagte [N.], as she said.
Wie sieht es aus? [N.], What does it look like?
wie spät ist es? [N.], what time is it?
wie üblich [N.], as usual.
Wie verlautet [N.], As reported.
Wie viel Uhr ist es? [N.], What time is it?
Wie wärs mit Sie? [N.], What about you?
wieder [N.], again.
Wildnis [N.], Wilderness.
Winzig [N.], Miniscule.
wir haben darüber geredet [N.], we talked about it.

Wir können davon ausgehen, dass... [N.], We can take as our starting point, that...

wirklich? [N.], really?

Wissenschaft [N.], Learning; science.

wo bist du gewesen Landschaftsgärtner, in letzter Zeit? [N.], where have you, landscape gardener, been lately?

wo bleibt er nur? [N.], (just) where is he?

Wo shiráberù [J.], Look through.

wo suru keiyaku wo suru [J.], to contract to do something.

wo tashikamerù [J.], to make sure of something.

wohin du auch gehst [N.], everywhere you go.

wohl oder übel [N.], whether one likes it or not.

Wollen wir das machen? [N.], How about doing this?

Wunder als Metapher [N.], miracle as metaphor.

wusstest du das nicht? [N.], didn't you know?

yákù [J.], approximately.

Yokù yattá! [J.], Well done!

yonin dekinài [J.], unacceptable; beyond the pale.

yoshi, yoshi [J.], there, there.

Yugata [J.], Early evening.

yugata ni [J.], in the evening.

yuku-yuku wa [J.], in the long run.

Yukúyuku wà [J.], In the long run.

yushoku wò shinágará hanáshaiimasho [J.], let's discuss it over dinner.

zannen da! [J.], what a shame!

Zénpanteki ni mítè [J.], All in all.

Zerstreuung [N.], distraction.

zettái ni damé dà! [J.], no way!

zonam perdidit [L.], he has lost his purse; he is in straitened circumstances.

zu Fuß [N.], on foot.

zu Lande [N.], in this country.

zu meiner Freude [N.], to my joy.

zu meiner Linken [N.], to/on my left.

zu meiner Überraschung [N.], to my surprise.

zum Beispiel [N.], for example.

zum Fenster herein [N.], through the window.

zum Schluss [N.], in the end.

zum Ver'wechseln ähnlich [N.], as like as two peas.

zur Abwechslung [N.], for a change.

Zur Besinnung kommen [N.], To recover consciousness; to come to one's senses.

Zur Debatte stehen [N.], Being at issue.

zur gleichen Zeit [N.], at the same time.

zur Sache kommen [N.], to come to the point.

zur Verfügung [N.], at one's disposal.

Zusammenarbeit [N.], cooperation.

Zusammensetzung [N.], Structure.

Zutreffendes bitte unterstreichen [N.], Please, underline where applicable.

zwei [N.], two.

Zweifel [N.], doubt.

zweifellos, ohne Zweifel [N.], undoubtedly.

Zwielicht [N.], twilight.

αδειοσα [G.], empty.

αιθανομαι [G.], I feel.

ακριβως [G.], exactly, precisely.

Αληθεια? [G.], Really?

απασχολημενος [G.], engaged; busy.

Απο που εισαστε? [G.], Where are you from?

αποκλείεται [G.], it's out of the question.
αποψε [G.], tonight.
αργα [G.], slowly.
αργησα [G.], I'm late.
Αρχίζει στις οκτώ [G.], it begins at eight o'clock.
ας πουμε [G.], let's say.
Αυτο ειναι ενταξει [G.], That's fine.
Αυτο παρακαλω [G.], this, please.
αΦιξεις [G.], arrivals.
ΒΑΓΚΟΝ-ΛΙ [G.], Sleeping car.
Βοηθεια! [G.], Help!
Βολικοςη [G.], Comfortable; convenient.
γεματος [G.], crowded, full.
για ενα ατομο [G.], for one person.
Για τωρα [G.], For right now.
Για Φοιτητες [G.], for students.
ΓΛΥΚΑ [G.], Sweets.
γρηγορα [G.], quickly.
γυρωαπο [G.], around.
Δεν αισθανεται καλα [G.], He/She doesn't feel well.
δεν επιτρεπεται [G.], it is not allowed.
Δεν εχετε τιποτα [G.], There is nothing wrong with you.
Δεν μ'εννοιαζει [G.], I don't care.
δεν μεννοιαζει [G.], I don't care.
Δεν ξερω τι χει [G.], I don't know what's wrong.
Δεν παραγγειλα αυτο, παραγγειλα... [G.], I didn't order this, I ordered...
δεν ταιριαζει [G.], it doesn't fit.
Δεχεστε τραβελερς τσεκ? [G.], Do you take traveler's checks?
Δεχονται πιστωτικες καρτες [G.], Credit cards accepted.
δηλαδη [G.], that is to say.
δημοσιος υπαλληλος [G.], civil servant.
διασημοσο [G.], famous.
διασκεδαστικοσο [G.], funny, amusing.
ΔιαΦορα [G.], Assorted.
Δυο μπυρες απο το βαρελι παρακαλω [G.], Two draught beers, please.
Δυο, παρακαλω [G.], Two, please.
ΕΙΔΗ ΠΡΟΣ ΔΗΛΩΣΗ [G.], Goods to declare.
ειλικρινα [G.], frankly.
Ειμαι εδω για την εκθεση/εμπορικη εκθεση [G.], I am here for the exhibition / trade fair.
Ειμαστε στη Λαμια? [G.], Are we at *Lamia*?
Ειμαστε στο νουμερο εντεκα [G.], We're in number 11.
Ειναι ανοικτο την Κυριακη? [G.], is it open on Sundays?
Ειναι ασφαλεις για μικρα παιδια? [G.], Is it safe for small children?
Ειναι ελευθερο [G.], it's free.
Ειναι επικινδυνο? [G.], Is it dangerous?
ειναι μακρνα? [G.], is it far?
Ειναι μια εικονα του Δαμασκηνου [G.], It's an icon by *Damaskinos*.
Ειναι πολυ ακριβο [G.], It's too expensive.
Ειναι πολυ ομορΦοη [G.], She is very pretty.
Ειναι πολυ ομορΦος [G.], He is very good-looking.
Εισαστε πολυ ευγενικος [G.], That's very kind of you.
Εκδρομες [G.], Excursions.
Ελατε απο'δω παρακαλω [G.], come this way, please.
Εμεινα απο λαστιχο [G.], It has a puncture.
Εμπρος? [G.], Hello?

Ενα εισιτήριο για τη Λαμία παρακαλώ [G.], One ticket to *Lamia*, please.
Ενα μαξιλάρι παρακαλώ [G.], A cushion, please.
Ενα ποτηρακι κοκκινο κρασι παρακαλώ [G.], A glass of red wine, please.
Ενα τζιν τονικ παρακαλώ [G.], A gin and tonic, please.
Ενα τσαι με γαλα και λεμονι [G.], A tea with milk and lemon.
ενθουσιωδης [G.], enthusiastic.
Εξοχικον κεντρον [G.], Country restaurant.
επι πλεον [G.], extra.
ΕΠΙΒΙΒΑΣΗ [G.], Passengers.
επιπλωμενοςη [G.], furnished.
Επιτρεπεται να παρω ΦωτογραΦιες? [G.], Can I take photos?
ΕΡΓΑΣΙΜΕΣ ΜΕΡΕΣ [G.], Mondays to Saturdays.
Ερχονται καθε μερα [G.], They come every day.
Ευκαιριες [G.], Bargains.
Ευνεχης χρηση [G.], in constant use.
ευχαριστως [G.], with pleasure.
ΕΦτασα [G.], Right away.
Εχει διαλειμμα δεκαπεντε λεπτων [G.], There is a fifteen-minute interval.
εχετε δικιο [G.], that's true.
Εχετε ευκολιες για αναπηρους? [G.], Do you have facilities for the disabled?
Εχετε καθρεΦτη? [G.], do you have a mirror?
Εχετε τιποτα για χορτοΦαγους? [G.], Do you have anything for vegetarians?
Εχω δικιο [G.], I am right.
ΖΑΧΑΡΟΠΛΑΣΤΕΙΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΟΔΗΓΙΕΣ ΧΡΗΣΕΩΣ [G.], Patisserie and instructions for use.
η γειτονια [G.], neighbourhood.
η δημοσιος υπαλληλος [G.], civil servant.
η διαδηλωση [G.], demonstration of protest.
Η διανομη [G.], Distribution.
η εικονα [G.], picture.
η εκκλησια [G.], church.
Η θεα [G.], View.
η καθημερινη [G.], weekday, working day.
η κατευθυνση [G.], direction.
η μασκα [G.], mask.
Η μητερα [R.], Mother.
η νεολαια [G.], youth.
η νυχτα [G.], night.
η ξεναγηση [G.], guided tour.
η οικογενεια [G.], family.
η ομιγλη [G.], mist.
Η πατριδα [G.], Homeland; birthplace.
η πολιτικη [G.], politics.
η σκονη [G.], dust.
η υπαλληλος [G.], clerk.
η Φαγουρα [G.], itch.
η Φλεγμονη [G.], inflammation.
η Φτερουγα [G.], feather.
η χαρτοπαιξια [G.], gambling.
η χωριστρα [R.], parting.
θα σας Φερω αμεσαως [G.], I'll bring you one immediately.
θαυμασια! [G.], Great!
Θυμμαι [G.], I remember.
Ιδιωτικος χωρος [G.], Private area.

Ισια, ευθεια [G.], straight on.
ΙΣΟΓΕΙΟΝ [G.], ground floor.
ΚΑΘΗΜΕΡΙΝΑ [G.], Daily.
καθημερινορ [G.], daily.
Καλη διασκεδαση! [G.], Enjoy yourself!
καλη ορεξη! [G.], enjoy your meal!
Καλη τυχη! [G.], Good luck!
καλως ορσατε! [G.], welcome!
Κανατε λαθος [G.], You've made a mistake.
Κανει κρυο [G.], It's cold.
Κανονιζω [G.], I arrange; I fix.
κατα τη γνωμη μου [G.], in my opinion.
κατε μερα [G.], every day.
Κατι λειπει [G.], something is missing.
Κερδιζω! [G.], I win!
κινδυνος! [G.], danger!
κρασατος [G.], cooked in wine.
Κυριες και κυριοι [G.], Ladies and gentlemen.
Λεγεται η Βιλλα Παραδεισος [G.], It's called Villa Paradise.
Μ'α ρεσουν οι Φραουλες [G.], I like strawberries.
Μαζι με το πρωινο? [G.], Is breakfast included?
με καιμακι [G.], with cream.
Με παγακια [G.], With ice.
Μενω στο ξενοδοχειο Παραδεισος [G.], I am staying at the *Hotel Paradise*.
μεσα [G.], inside.
μετα Φιλοδωρηματος [G.], With service charge.
μετραω [G.], measure.
Μη σκυβετε εξω [G.], Do not lean out.
Μηπως εχετε κατι μεγαλυτερο/μικροτερο ?[G.], Do you have anything bigger/smaller?
Μηπως θελετε γλυκο, καΦε? [G.], Would you like dessert or coffee?
Μηπως θελετε κατι να πειτε? [G.], Would you like a drink?
Μηπως θελετε κατι να Φατε? [G.], Would you like something to eat?
Μια μπριζολα χοιρινη παρακαλω [G.], a pork chop, please.
Μια μπυρα παρακαλω [G.], A beer, please.
Μια πορτοκαλαδα με ανθρακινο παρακαλω [G.], A fizzy orange, please.
Μικτη ασΦαλεια [G.], Comprehensive insurance.
Μονοδρομος [G.], One-way street.
Μου δινετε το κλειδι παρακαλω? [G.], Would you give me the key, please?
Μουσακας [G.], Mousaka.
μπλε μαρεν [G.], navy blue.
Μπορειτε να μου δειξετε στο χαρτη? [G.], Can you show me on the map?
Μπορειτε να μου το κρατησετε? [G.], Can you keep it for me?
Μπορειτε να συστησετε ενα ξενοδοχειο στην Καλαματα? [G.], Can you recommend a hotel in *Kalamata*?
Μπορειτε να συστησετε ενα Φτηνο ξενοδοχειο? [G.], Can you recommend a cheap hotel?
Μπορειτε να το βαλετε στο λογαριασμο? [G.], Can you put it on the bill?
Μπορειτε να το γραχετε παρακαλω? [G.], Can you write it down, please?
Μπορειτε να το σΦραγισετε προσωρινα? [G.], Can you fix it temporarily?
Μπορειτε να το Φτιαξετε σημερα? [G.], Can you repair it today?
Μπορουμε να εχουμε το πρωινο στο δωματιο? [G.], Can we have breakfast in the room?
Μπορω να κολυμπησω εδω? [G.], can I swim here?
Μπορω να παω με τα ποδια? [G.], Can I get there on foot?
Μπορω να σας βοηθησω? [G.], can I help you?
Να η αποδειξη [G.], here is the receipt.
Ναι! [G.], Yes.

νομιζω πως ναι [G.], I think so.
Ντεμι-πανσιον [G.], Half board.
Ξα ναπεστε το παρακαλω? [G.], Can you repeat that, please?
Ξαπλωστε εκει περα παρακαλω [G.], Lie down over there, please.
Ξεναγησειρ [G.], guided tour.
ΞιΦια παρακαλω [G.], swordfish, please.
ο διπλωματος [G.], diplomat.
ο Καναδας [G.], Canada.
ο κηπος [G.], garden.
Ο κυκλος [G.], Circle.
ο υπευθυνος επιχειρησεως [G.], executive.
Ο χειμωνας [G.], Winter.
ΟΔΗΓΙΕΣ ΧΡΗΣΕΩΣ [G.], Instructions for use.
οπωσδηποτε [G.], definitely.
Οριο ταχυτητας [G.], Speed limit.
οριστε! [G.], here you are!
Οχι - Σκουπιδια [G.], No - rubbish.
Οχι εκεινο - αυτο εδω [G.], Not that one - this one.
Οχι, ευχαριστω [G.], No, thank you.
παντοτε [G.], always.
Παρακαλω, αφηστε με [G.], Please, leave me alone.
Παρτε ενα χαπι τρεις Φορες την ημερα [G.], Take a tablet three times a day.
Παρτε το ασανερ στον τριτο οροφο [G.], Take the elevator to the third floor.
Περαστε να δειτε [G.], come and have a look.
ποια ειναι η διευθυνση? [G.], what is the address?
Ποιος ειναι ο αριθμος του διαβατηριου σας? [G.], What is your passport number?
Ποιος εκανε αυτον τον πινακα? [G.], Who painted that picture?
πολυ καλα [G.], that's fine.
πολυ? λιγο? [G.], a lot? A little?
Ποναει εδω [G.], It hurts here.
Ποσο θα μεινετε εδω? [G.], How long are you going to be here?
Ποσο κοστιζει η ωρα? [G.], how much is it per hour?
ποτε [G.], never; when.
Ποτε γιορταζεις? [G.], When is your saint's day?
Ποτε θελετε να ταξιδεψετε? [G.], When do you want to travel?
Που ειμαστε? [G.], Where are we?
Που ειναι το βαγκον-λι? [G.], where is the sleeping car?
Που ειναι το πλυντηριο [G.], Where is the laundry-room?
Που μπορω να αγορασω εισηρια? [G.], Where can I buy tickets?
Που μπορω να παρκαρω? [G.], Where can I park?
Που μπορω να σας βρω? [G.], where can I contact you?
που? [G.], where?
ποτυστορονιη μιρ [R.], the next world.
Πρεπει να μεινετε δυο κρεβατι για τρεις μερες [G.], You must stay in bed for three days.
Πρεπει να στειλω αυτο με fax [G.], I have to send this by fax.
πρησμενοσο [G.], swollen.
Πριν πατε για υπνο [G.], Before you go to bed.
Πριν/Μετα το Φαγητο [G.], Before/After meals.
ΠΡΟΟΡΙΣΜΟΣ [G.], Destination.
προς τη Μητροπολη [G.], towards the Cathedral.
προσεξτε! [G.], look out!
Προσεχετε το σκαλοπατι! [G.], Mind the step!
ΠΡΟΣΕΧΕΤΕ ΤΟ ΣΚΑΛΟΠΑΤΙ! [G.], Mind the step.
προσεχετε! [G.], be careful!

Πρωτες βοηθειες [G.], First aid post.
Πως παω εκει? [G.], How do I get there?
Πως παω στο Ναυπλιο? [G.], How do I get to *Nafplion*?
Πως σας λενε, παρακαλω? [G.], What are you called, please?
Πως το λενε αυτο το λουλουδι? [G.], What's this flower called?
σε γωνια [G.], in the corner.
Σε ποια βιλλα μενετε? [G.], Which villa are you in?
σημερα το απογευμα [G.], this afternoon.
σημερα το βραδυ [G.], this evening.
σκεπτομαι [G.], I think.
ΣΤΑΜΑΤΑΩ [G.], I stop.
Στερεος, κοκκινος φρουτο [G.], Solid, red fruit.
Στην υγεια σας! [G.], Cheers!
Στο θεατρο [G.], at the theatre.
Στο τελος του δρομου [G.], At the end of the street.
Συγγνωμη, μπορω να περασω? [G.], Excuse me, may I get by?
συγκινητικος [G.], exciting.
συγυρισμενος [G.], tidy.
Συγχαριτηρια! [G.], Congratulations!
συμβαινι: τι συμβαινι? [G.], what is happening?
Συμφωνω [G.], I agree.
ΣΥΝΑΓΕΡΜΟΣ [G.], Alarm.
Συνεχης παρασταση [G.], Continuous performance.
Συνεχης χρηση [G.], in constant use.
Συνοτομευετε παρακαλω [G.], be brief, please.
συστηνω [G.], I introduce; introduce.
σωστα και τακτοποιημενοσο [G.], properly and tidy.
Σωστα! [G.], That's right!
Τα μετρα [G.], Measurements.
τα φωτα προειδοποιησης [G.], warning light.
Τελειωνει στις εννιαμιση [G.], it ends at half past nine.
τελειως [G.], completely.
τελευταια αγγελια [G.], last call.
την Πεμπτη [G.], Thursday.
Τι αξιοθεατα εχει εδω? [G.], What is there to see here?
Τι γλυκα εχετε? [G.], what desserts do you have?
Τι ειναι αυτο? [G.], What is this?
Τι εχετε να Φαμε? [G.], What is there to eat?
Τι εχετε? [G.], What's wrong?
Τι θα μας συνιστουσατε? [G.], what would you recommend?
Τι θα παρετε? [G.], What would you like to have?
Τι θελετε? [G.], What would you like?
Τι κριμα! [G.], what a pity!
Τι μερα ειναι σημερα? [G.], What day is it today?
Τι μπορει να κανει κανεις τα βραδυα? [G.], What is there to do in the evenings?
Τι παγωτα εχετε? [G.], What ice-creams do you have?
τι περιεχει αυτο? [G.], what is there in this?
Τι ωρα τελειωνει? [G.], When does it end?
τιποταλλο? [G.], anything else?
Τμημα εκτακτων περιστατικων [G.], Casualty department.
Το αξιωμα & επισημος [G.], Office & Official.
το αποτελεσμα [G.], result.
το ασανσερ [G.], lift.
το βραδυ [G.], in the evening.

Το διαβατήριο σας παρακαλώ [G.], Your passport, please.
το διαμερισμα [G.], apartment.
Το διπλο κρεβατι [G.], Double bed.
το δρομολογιο [G.], timetable.
το ευραΦακι [G.], razor blade.
το θαυμα [G.], wonder, miracle.
το ιδιο κανει [G.], it's all the same.
Το καλυτερο που εχετε να κανετε ειναι... [G.], The best thing you can do is...
το καρπουζι [G.], water melon.
το κοκτειλ [G.], cocktail.
το κτημα [G.], estate.
το κτιριο [G.], building.
το λαστιχακι [G.], elastic band.
Το λογαριασμο παρακαλω [G.], The bill, please.
ΤΟ ΜΑΘΗΜΑ ΑΠΟ ΕΧΟΛΗ ΓΟΥΙΝΤΣΕΡΦ [G.], Lesson from windsurfing school.
το μαστουνι [G.], walking stick.
Το ονομα σας παρακαλω? [G.], Your name, please?
το παιχνιδι [G.], toy; game.
το πακετο [G.], packet.
το παρελθον [G.], past.
το πεζοδρομιο [G.], pavement.
το πηγαδι [G.], water well.
Το ποτο [G.], Drink.
το πουλι [G.], bird.
Το πουλμαν Φευγει στις δεκα απο την Πλατεια Αιγυπτου [G.], The coach leaves at ten o'clock from *Plateia Egypton*.
το πρωι [G.], in the morning.
το πυροτεχνημα [G.], firework.
το σινεμα [G.], cinema.
το σλιπικ-μπαγκ [G.], sleeping bag.
το στομαχι [G.], stomach.
το ταλκ [G.], talcum powder.
το τοπιο [G.], scenery.
το τσοΦλι [G.], shell; egg; nut.
Το υγρο [G.], Fluid.
το υΦασμα [G.], fabric.
το Φιλτρο αερας [G.], air filter.
το Φυτο [G.], plant.
το Φωρ [G.], light.
τον Αυγουστο [G.], in August.
τον Ιανουαριο [G.], January.
τον Ιουνιο [G.], June.
Τοπικη ωρα [G.], local time.
Τρεις η ωρα [G.], Three o'clock.
τρεις και τεταρτο [G.], Quarter past three.
τρομερος! [G.], terrible!
τσιρκος [G.], circus.
Ττρογγυλοσο [G.], Round.
Υπαρχει διασκεδαση για παιδια? [G.], Is there any entertainment for children?
Υπαρχουν εκδρομες? [G.], are there any excursions?
Υπαρχουν μηνυματα για μενα? [G.], Are there any messages for me?
Υπηρεσια δωματιων [G.], Room service.
Φανταστικοςο [G.], imaginary.
Φαρμακα [G.], Medicines.
Φουλ-πανσιον [G.], full board.

Φυσαι πολυ [G.], it's very windy.
Φυσικα [G.], of course.
Φωναξτε την αστυνομια [G.], call the police.
Χαιρω πολυ [G.], Pleased to meet you.
Ωρες επισκεψεως [G.], visiting hours.
Ωρες ιατρειον [G.], surgery hours.
абсолютно чистый [R.], spotless.
автобиографический [R.], autobiographical.
автоматический [R.], unmanned; automatic.
автономный [R.], autonomous.
агитационный [R.], propagandistic; propagandized.
акклиматизация [R.], acclimatization.
аккуратный [R.], orderly.
аминь [R.], amen.
анатомический [R.], anatomical.
аркий [R.], colourful.
Астролог [R.], Astrologer.
Астронавт [R.], Astronaut.
Атташе [R.], Attaché.
аттестат [R.], certificate; testimonial.
Бабочка [R.], Butterfly.
Базар [R.], Bazaar.
Балалайка [R.], Balalaika.
балдахин [R.], canopy.
баран [R.], ram.
Бац! [R.] Bang!; Crack!
Баюшки-баю! [R.], Hushabye!
бдение [R.], vigil.
беглец [R.], fugitive.
Беда в том, что [R.], The trouble is that.
без всего [R.], without anything.
без постоянного местожительства [R.], of no fixed abode.
без толку [R.], senselessly.
безбожный [R.], godless.
Бездевушка [R.], Trinket.
бездельник [R.], idler; Ne'er-do-well.
беззубый [R.], toothless.
Безнаказанно [R.], With impunity.
Безуспешный поджог [R.], Unsuccessful arson.
безутешный [R.], inconsolable.
белка [R.], squirrel.
бесонница [R.], insomnia.
Беспрепятственный [R.], Unhindered; unimpeded.
бессвязный [R.], incoherent.
бессмысленный анекдот [R.], meaningless anecdote.
беспорно [R.], unquestionably.
беспорный [R.], indisputable.
бесшумный [R.], noiseless.
Блестящий горелка [R.], Shiny burner.
богобоязненный [R.], god-fearing.
боже мой! [R.], gosh!
больной [R.], sick.
бордовый [R.], wine-red.
Борец [R.], Fighter.

боярин [R.], boyar; aristocrat.
брожение [R.], ferment.
буду читать те книги, которые мне нравятся [R.], I shall read such books as I like.
бунтарь [R.], rebel; insurgent.
было забавно [R.], it was fun.
быт [R.], way of life.
Быть в движении [R.], Be on the go.
Быть видным [R.], To show up.
быть на побегушках [R.], run errands.
быть прикованным к постели [R.], be laid up.
в конце концов [R.], in the end.
В общем [R.], On the whole.
в основном [R.], mainly.
В покое? [R.], In peace?
в самом конце [R.], at the very end.
в таком случае [R.], under the circumstances.
В то же время [R.], At the same time.
в частности [R.], in particular.
в чем дело? [R.], what is the matter?
ваше время истекло [R.], your time is up.
ввиду [R.], in view of.
вдвойне [R.], twofold.
вдобавок [R.], in addition; besides.
Вежливость [R.], Courtesy.
езде [R.], everywhere.
ездесущий [R.], omnipresent.
великолепный [R.], splendid.
верблюд [R.], camel.
Верх [R.], Top, summit.
весь [R.], whole.
Взаимное обвинение [R.], Recrimination
Взаимость [R.], Reciprocity.
взаимоотношение [R.], interrelation.
взаимопонимание [R.], mutual understanding.
Взаимосвязь [R.], Interdependence; correlation.
Взбалмошный [R.], Eccentric, unbalanced.
взвесив все еще раз [R.], on second thoughts.
Взор [R.], Look, glance.
взъерошенный [R.], tousled.
Вишь! [R.], Just look!
включая духовный [R.], including spiritual.
вкось [R.], obliquely.
вкрадчивый [R.], ingratiating.
вместе с тем [R.], at the same time.
вне сомнения [R.], beyond question.
Внешне [R.], Outwardly.
внешний [R.], external.
Внутри [R.], Within.
внутрь [R.], inwards.
Во весь голос [R.], At the top of one's voice.
во весь опор [R.], at top speed.
во время [R.], throughout.
во время еды [R.], at meal times.

Во всяком случае [R.], Anyway.
Водяной знак [R.], Watermark.
воздержанный [R.], abstemious.
войти в дом [R.], go into the house.
Вокруг [R.], Around.
вокруг [R.], round, around.
волей-неволей [R.], willy-nilly.
Волна [R.], Rise.
вон там [R.] over there.
Вопрос жизни и смерти [R.], A matter of life and death.
Воспитание [R.], Upbringing.
Восточный район [R.], Easterly district.
вотум недоверия [R.], vote of nonconfidence.
впечатляющий [R.], impressive.
вполне [R.], fully.
впопыхах [R.], hastily; in one's haste.
Врачебный [R.], Medical.
Временный храм [R.], Provisional temple.
время [R.], time.
время от времени [R.], from time to time.
Вроде [R.], Such as; like.
врожденный [R.], innate.
Врунья [R.], Liar.
вручную [R.], by hand.
вса сумма целиком [R.], totality.
все [R.], all.
все же [R.], all the same.
Все кончилось хорошо [R.], Everything worked out well.
Все равно [R.], All the same.
всеведущий [R.], omniscient.
всегда [R.], always.
всего [R.], in all; all told; only.
Всего хорошего! [R.], All the best!
всего хорошего; с наилучшими пожеланиями [R.], all the best; with best wishes.
всеобъемлющий [R.], comprehensive; all-embracing.
всех слоев общества [R.], from all walks of life.
вскочить [R.], jump up.
вследствие этого [R.], hereupon.
вслепую [R.], blindly; blindfold.
вступительный [R.], inaugural.
всюду [R.], everywhere.
Вторая половина дня [R.], Afternoon.
Вторник [R.], Tuesday.
Вуаль [R.], Veil.
Вымпел [R.], Pennant.
выносливость [R.], endurance.
Выполнение (осуществление, удовлетворение) [R.], Fulfilment.
выражение благодарности [R.], vote of thanks.
выситься [R.], rise; tower.
Высокий уровень обслуживания [R.], High level of service.
выставление напоказ [R.], ostentation.
выступить адресовать на собрании [R.], address a meeting.
Выступление как Видение [R.], Appearance as apparition.
вязь [R.], ligature; arabesque.
галлюцинация [R.], hallucination.

гарпун [R.], harpoon.
Гибкий [R.], Lithe.
Гибкость [R.], Suppleness.
гипноз [R.], hypnosis.
гипнотизер [R.], hypnotist.
гипнотический [R.], hypnotic.
главный ворота [R.], main gate.
Глубокий [R.], Deep.
Глухо. Вселенная спит, положив на лапу / с клещами звезд огромное ухо [R.], Not a sound. The universe sleeps, resting a huge ear on its paw with mites of stars (*V. Mayakovsky*, "The Cloud in Trousers", 1915).
гобелен [R.], tapestry.
Гоготать [R.], Cackle.
год за годом [R.], year after year.
гражданин [R.], citizen.
грациозный [R.], graceful.
Греза [R.], Day-dream.
громовой [R.], thunderous.
грусть [R.], sadness.
Грызть [R.], Gnaw.
губчатый вылечить [R.], spongy cure.
Да здравствует! [R.], Long live!
Дайте-ка пройти [R.], Let me pass, please.
далеко за полночь [R.], long after midnight.
дально-зоркий [R.], long-sighted.
Данные [R.], Data; facts.
двигатель [R.], motor.
двойной [R.], dual.
двубортный [R.], double-breasted.
действительный случай [R.], actual instance.
деловой календарь [R.], business calendar.
дерево, о котором идет речь [R.], the tree in question.
дерзость [R.], temerity.
Десять минут ходьбы отсюда [R.], Ten minutes walk from here.
Диапазон [R.], Range.
Дипломатический [R.], Diplomatic.
для меня это очень важно [R.], it matters a lot to me.
днище [R.], bottom.
До свидания! [R.], Goodbye!
до сих пор [R.], till now.
Доброе утро! [R.], Good morning!
Дождик & душ [R.], Rain shower & shower.
дождь льет как из ведра [R.], it is teeming with rain.
долго [R.], for a long time.
домашнее [R.], housekeeping.
домашний [R.], domestic.
дополнение [R.], complement.
дословный [R.], literal; word-for-word.
достопамятный [R.], memorable.
Дочиста [R.], Completely.
другими словами [R.], in other words.
Другой наблюдение [R.], Another observation.
дурно(й) [R.], bad.
дуэт [R.], duet.
дымка [R.], haze.

Его болезнь была не такой (сервезной), чтобы вызвать беспокойство [R.], His illness was not such as to cause anxiety.
Единорог [R.], Unicorn.
Еи-богу! [R.], Really!
ему не везло [R.] he had no luck.
если понадобится [R.], if necessary.
Ест ли хоть какаянибудь возможность? [R.], Is there any chance whatsoever?
эффективный [R.], effective.
Еще желтый [R.], More yellow.
Жаворонок [R.], Lark.
жатва [R.], harvest.
жгут [R.], plait; fourniquet.
желаю вам удачи [R.], I wish you luck.
жернов [R.], millstone.
Жест [R.], Gesture.
Жесткость [R.], Rigidity.
жетон [R.], token; medal.
живой [R.], lively.
живот [R.], stomach (surface of body).
жидкий кристалл [R.], liquid crystal.
Жизнерадостность [R.], Exuberance; zest for life.
жилище [R.], dwelling, abode.
за кулисами [R.], behind the scene.
за последнее время [R.], lately.
за рубежом [R.], abroad.
Забавляться [R.], Have fun.
забвение [R.], oblivion.
забияка [R.], squabbler; bully.
заблаговременный [R.], timely.
заведенный порядок [R.], routine.
Загладить [R.], Make up for, expiate, iron, iron out.
загляденье [R.], lovely sight.
загнуть [R.], turned down, turned up, bent.
задолго [R.], long before.
зажигалка [R.], cigarette lighter.
зажимать [R.], suppress.
зажиточный [R.], prosperous.
заика [R.], stammerer.
ЗАКВАСКА [R.], ferment.
Заключение [R.], Conclusion.
Законченность [R.], Finality.
залпом [R.], without pausing for breath.
замкнутый [R.], closed.
запоздалый [R.], belated; delayed.
Запыхаться [R.], Be out of breath.
зачисление в высшее учебное заведение [R.], matriculation.
защитник [R.], defender.
заяц [R.], hare.
звездный приспешник [R.], starry henchman.
Зверинец [R.], Menagerie.
здесь [R.], here.
зло [R.], evil.

змея [R.], snake.
знак отличия [R.], decoration.
Зоркий [R.], Sharp-sighted; perspicacious.
зритель [R.], observer; spectator.
Зря [R.], In vain.
зубной [R.], toothy.
зубной протез [R.], denture.
Зубр [R.], (European) bison; die-hard.
и так далее [R.], etc.; and so on.
и тому подобное [R.], and so on.
игрушка [R.], toy.
идеальный горизонт [R.], ideal horizon.
Идиллия [R.], Idyll.
идти под руку [R.], walk arm in arm with.
из этого ничего не получилось [R.], nothing came of it.
Извилистый [R.], Convoluted.
изо дня в день [R.], day after day.
изумруд [R.], emerald.
иллюминация [R.], illumination.
Инертность [R.], Sluggishness.
Искренне [R.], Sincerely.
Исторический [R.], Historical.
истребление [R.], extermination.
Исчезновение [R.], Disappearance.
к первому января [R.], by the first of January.
к счастью [R.], mercifully.
к тому времени [R.], by then.
К тому же [R.], Furthermore.
К чему, скажи-ка мне [R.], What for, do tell me.
казалось бы [R.], it would seem.
как будто прижиться (прижаться), друг к другу [R.], as if huddle together.
как бы ни мелодраматический [R.], however melodramatic.
как вам угода [R.], as you wish.
как вы думаете? [R.], what do you think?
как вы поживаете? [R.], How are you (getting on)?
Как жалко! [R.], What a pity!
как же [R.], naturally; of course.
как можно скорее [R.], as soon as possible.
как ни в чем не бывало [R.], as if nothing has happened.
Как пишется это слово? [R.], How do you spell that word?
Как попало [R.], Helter-skelter.
Как раз вас я искал [R.], You are the very person I was looking for.
как следует [R.], as it should be; properly.
канцлер [R.], chancellor.
карандаш [R.], pencil.
катастрофический [R.], catastrophic.
качалка [R.], rocking-chair.
Качание [R.], Rocking, swinging.
Квантовый [R.], Quantum.
Кинжал [R.], Dagger.
Классика [R.], The classics.
Классический подступ [R.], Classical access.
комната имеет тридцать футов в длину [R.], the room measures 30 feet in length.
компетентный [R.], qualified.

Конгрессмен & Съезд [R.], Congressman & Congress.
Концепция [R.], Conception.
Концерт начинается в семь часов [R.], The concert begins at seven o'clock.
коробка [R.], box.
косметическое желе [R.], cosmetic gel.
космический артерия [R.], cosmic artery.
космический космонавт [R.], cosmic cosmonaut.
космополитический [R.], cosmopolitan.
краеугольный камень [R.], cornerstone.
красивый [R.], beautiful; handsome.
Краснеть [R.], Blush; redden; show red.
красота [R.], beauty.
Крест-накрест [R.], Criss-cross.
Кричать [R.], To yell.
Кройка [R.], Cutting out.
Кролик [R.], Rabbit.
кроткий [R.], meek.
Круглый год [R.], All the year round.
кружевной [R.], lacy; lace.
крылатый [R.], winged.
Куколка [R.], Chrysalis.
кумулятивный [R.], cumulative.
ласточка [R.], swallow.
лауреат [R.], prize-winner.
легковесный [R.], lightweight.
легко-мысленный [R.], thoughtless; frivolous.
Ледниковый период [R.], Ice age.
Ледяной [R.], Icy.
ледяной борозда [R.], icy furrow.
лежащий в основе [R.], underlying.
лезвие [R.], blade.
Лепесток [R.], Petal.
ликующий [R.], exultant.
личинка [R.], larva.
Ложный появление [R.], False appearance.
Лотерея [R.], Lottery.
луженый [R.], tin-plated.
любопытный [R.], curious, inquisitive.
малочисленный [R.], small (in number).
манекенщик [R.], mannequin.
мать [R.], mother.
Мать бывало часто пела эту песню [R.], my mother would often sing this song.
Мать Сырой Земля [R.], Moist Earth Mother (Russ.: *Mati Syra Zemlya*).
Мафия [R.], Mafia.
мелодичный [R.], tuneful.
меня осенило [R.], it dawned on me.
Меры предосторожности? [R.], Precautionary measures.
место действия [R.], place of action.
местожительство [R.], abode.
мечтательный [R.], dreamy.
Микстура [R.], Mixture.
Миловидность [R.], Pretiness.
Мим [R.], Mime.
Миниатюрный псалом [R.], Miniature psalm.

миссионер [R.], missionary.
Миф [R.], Myth.
мне вспомнилось [R.], I remembered.
Мне выпал жребий [R.], I won the toss.
Мне жалко его [R.], I'm sorry for him.
Мне жаль тебя [R.] I pity you.
Мне же кажется [R.], It seems to me, however.
мне кажется [R.], it seems to me; I think.
мне скучно [R.], I'm bored.
Мне удалось найти работу [R.], I managed to find a job.
многосторонний [R.], many-sided.
многоцветный [R.], multi-coloured.
множество [R.], great number.
моделировать [R.], design; modelling.
модный жизнь [R.], fashionable life.
можжевельник [R.], juniper.
Можно попросить у вас? [R.], May I trouble you?
Мозаика [R.], Mosaic; jigsaw, puzzle.
Молва [R.], Rumour, talk.
Молча [R.], Silently; in silence.
молчаливый [R.], silent, taciturn, tacit.
молчание [R.], silence.
музыка за причастие [R.], music for Eucharist.
Муха [R.], Fly.
Мышление [R.], Thinking, thought.
мягкий [R.], mild.
мятежник [R.], mutineer, rebel.
на всех парах [R.], at full steam.
на даче [R.], in the country.
на месте [R.], on the spot.
на полпути [R.], half-way.
на самом деле [R.], in actual fact.
на следующий день [R.], the next day.
На цыпочках [R.], On tip-toe.
наблюдатель [R.], observer; onlooker.
Наваждение [R.], Delusion.
наведение [R.], laying (on); placing.
Навыпуск [R.], Worn outside.
надолго [R.], for a long time.
наедине [R.], privately; alone.
наизнанку [R.], inside out.
наконец [R.], finally; from time immemorial.
нам не остается ничего другого [R.], we have no choice.
намокнуть [R.], wet; get wet.
Напарник [R.], Co-driver; (work)mate.
напыщенный [R.], pompous.
настойчивый ясень [R.], an assertive ash.
Настойчивость & упорство кандидата наук [R.], Perseverance & persistence of a Ph.D. candidate.
Натошак [R.], On an empty stomach.
Нахальство [R.], Impudence.
Начальник [R.], Boss.
наяву [R.], awake; in reality.
не в моем духе [R.], not to my taste.
Не говоря уже [R.], over and above.

не могли бы вы мне помочь? [R.], I wonder if you could help me?
не могущий быть превзойденным [R.], unsurpassable.
не от мира сего [R.], unworldly.
Не подлежит сомнению [R.], It is beyond doubt.
не покладая рук [R.], untiringly.
не раз [R.], more than once.
небесный [R.], heavenly; celestial.
Невесомый [R.], Weightless.
недоверчивый [R.], incredulous.
недолговечный [R.], shortlived.
незаконченный [R.], unfinished.
незамеченный [R.], unnoticed.
незнакомец [R.], stranger.
некоторым образом [R.], after a fashion.
Нельзя [R.], It is impossible.
Нелюбезно [R.], With bad grace.
ненужный [R.], unnecessary.
неоспоримый [R.], undeniable.
неосторожный [R.], imprudent.
непогрешимый [R.], infallible.
неподвижный [R.], motionless.
неподкупный [R.], incorruptible.
непокладаярук [R.], untiringly.
непоколебимый [R.], unwavering.
непревзойденный [R.], unsurpassed.
Неприятность как правда [R.], Unpleasantness as truth.
Неразбавленный [R.], Undiluted.
неразрешенный эйфория [R.], unauthorized euphoria.
нераскаявшийся [R.], unrepentant.
несколько раз [R.], once or twice.
несомненно [R.], undoubtedly.
Несоответствие [R.], Incongruity.
Неспособность [R.], Inability.
несущественный [R.], inessential; non existent.
нет никакой возможности [R.], there is no chance for.
неторопливый [R.], leisurely.
нетронутый [R.], untouched.
неугомонный [R.], indefatigable.
Неудачник [R.], Underdog.
Неужели? [R.] Really?
неуловимый [R.], elusive; subtle.
неумеренный [R.], immoderate.
неумолимый [R.], implacable.
неуступчивый [R.], unyielding.
неутомимый [R.], untiring.
Неявка [R.], Failure to appear.
ни в коем случае [R.], in no circumstances.
ни слуху ни духу [R.], no news, not a word.
Ни то ни се [R.], Neither one thing nor the other.
Ни чуточки [R.], Not in the least.
Нижняя часть [R.], Bottom.
нисколько [R.], not at all.
ничего не поделаешь [R.], it can't be helped.

Ничтожество [R.], Nonentity.
новый [R.], modern; new.
номинальный поддержка [R.], nominal support.
нотариус [R.], notary.
ночной [R.], nocturnal.
нынешний [R.], present; today's.
нынче [R.], today; now.
обильный [R.], profuse.
Облучение [R.], Irradiation.
обман зрения [R.], optical illusion.
ободрение [R.], reassurance; encouragement.
обрюзгий [R.], flabby.
обтекаемый [R.], streamlined.
Общеизвестный [R.], Generally known.
обязательно [R.], necessarily.
огарок [R.], candle-end.
ограничение [R.], restriction.
Один и тот же [R.], One and the same.
один из двух [R.], one of two.
один на один [R.], in private.
один раз [R.], once.
одинокий [R.], solitary; lonely; single.
одиночное заключение [R.], solitary confinement.
Одна, даже, мысль об этом меня пугает [R.], The very thought frightens me.
однажды [R.], once upon a time.
одним словом [R.], in a word.
одно и то же [R.], the same thing.
односторонний [R.], unilateral.
одобрение [R.], approval.
Одуванчик [R.], Dandelion.
ОДЫШКА [R.], Shortness of breath.
Оказия [R.], Unexpected event, funny thing.
окно в крыше [R.], skylight.
окрестность [R.], environs.
окрик [R.], hail; shout.
Омоним [R.], Homonym (having the same name).
Он быстро переоделся? [R.], He quickly got changed.
он не годится для этой работы [R.], he isn't up to this job.
он обязательно там будет [R.], he is bound to be there.
он сам крошка [R.], himself a crumb.
Он снял пальто [R.], He took off his coat.
Оно не жалел трудов [R.], It spared no pains.
Они впустили его [R.], They let him in.
Опечатка [R.], Misprint.
оправдание [R.], justification.
Опьянение [R.], Intoxication.
органический [R.], organic.
Орел или решка? [R.], Heads or tails?
Освещение и Обедующий [R.], Light and Diner.
ослепительный блеск [R.], blinding glare.
останки [R.], remains.
Осторожно! [R.], Watch out!
от всего сердца [R.], whole-heartedly.
от всей души [R.], with all one's heart.

отбирать [R.], selected.
отдохнуть [R.], to rest.
Отдых [R.], Rest.
Откройте окно, пожалуйста? [R.], Will you open the window?
Открыто [R.], Openly.
Отличный, я сказать! [R.], Excellent, I say!
отмычка [R.], master key.
отнюдь [R.], not at all.
отовсюду [R.], from everywhere.
Отправной пункт [R.], Starting point.
отрада [R.], joy, delight.
Отрадный [R.], Gratifying, pleasing.
ОТТИСК [R.], Impression; off-print.
оттуда [R.], from there.
отчаянный путешественник [R.], desperate traveller.
отчего-нибудь [R.], for some reason or other.
отчитать [R.], tell off, report back.
охота [R.], hunt, hunting; chase.
Очень вкусный [R.], Delicious.
очередной [R.], next in turn, regular, usual.
очерк [R.], essay, sketch.
очертание [R.], outline.
Ошибка [R.], Fallacy.
Ошибочный [R.], Erroneous.
Павлин [R.], Peacock.
Паводок [R.], Sudden flood.
павший [R.], fallen.
пагубный [R.], pernicious, ruinous.
Пагубный [R.], Pernicious, ruinous.
падение [R.], collapse.
панорамный [R.], panoramic.
Пасмурный [R.], Dreary.
Пассажир [R.], Passenger.
Первое мая [R.], May Day.
переводчик & переводница [R.], male interpreter & female interpreter.
первооружение [R.], rearmament.
Перемирие [N.], Truce; armistice.
Перепел [R.], quail.
Переселенец [R.], Settler; immigrant.
Переселение [R.], Migration, resettlement, moving.
перестать [R.], ceased.
перешеек [R.], isthmus.
Песецца [R.], Polar fox.
Пируэт [R.], Pirouette.
пиршество [R.], feast.
писанный [R.], handwritten.
плавучий [R.], floating.
Плакучая ива [R.], Weeping willow.
пление [R.], appearance, performance, speech.
пловучий плис [R.], floating/buoyant velveteen.
плохо [R.], bad.
плюш [R.], plush.

плющ [R.], ivy.
по всей стране [R.], all over the country.
по двое [R.], in twos.
по одному [R.], one at a time.
по понедельникам [R.], on Mondays.
по правде говоря [R.], to tell you the truth.
по сравнению [R.], over against.
по утрам [R.], in the mornings.
победоносный [R.], victorious.
побочный продукт [R.], by-product.
повально [R.], without exception.
Повеление [R.], Command.
По-видимому [R.], Apparently.
ПОВИНОВЕНИЕ [R.], Obedience.
Поворотный пункт [R.], Turning point.
Повстанец [R.], Rebel.
Повсюду [R.], All around.
поговорка [R.], saying.
Погода-то какова! [R.], What weather!
Подавно [R.], All the more.
подбоченившись [R.], with hands on hips.
подвижный [R.], agile.
подвох [R.], trick.
подвыпивший [R.], tipsy.
подержанный [R.], second-hand.
подзаголовок [R.], subtitle, sub-heading.
подзащитный [R.], client.
подлодка [R.], submarine.
подмоченный [R.], damp.
Подпирать [R.], Prop up.
Подрад, один за другим [R.], In succession.
Подрывная деятельность [R.], Subversion.
подумать [R.], think (for a while).
подушка [R.], pillow.
подходящий [R.], fitting.
Подъем [R.], Upsurge.
позавчера [R.], the day before yesterday.
Позднее [R.], Later.
Позолота [R.], Gilding.
позолотить [R.], to gild.
поистине [R.], indeed.
пока еще [R.], for the time being.
показуха [R.], show.
Показываться [R.], Show; appear.
Покаяние [R.], Confession; repentance.
Поклонение [R.], Worship.
полдень [R.], noon.
полевые цветы [R.], wild flowers.
ползать [R.], crawl.
Полировщик [R.], Polisher.
полностью [R.], in full; completely.
Полностью [R.], Wholly.
полнота [R.], completeness; corpulence.
Полночь [R.], Midnight.

полный капитуляция [R.], thorough capitulation.
полным ходом [R.], at full speed.
Полуденный [R.], Midday.
помост [R.], dais.
понятие [R.], notion.
поодаль [R.], at some distance.
пополам [R.], half; halve; in two (in half).
пополудни [R.], in the afternoon.
по-помните мои слова! [R.], mark my words!
Поприще [R.], Field; walk of life.
Попросту [R.], Simply; without ceremony.
популярность [R.], popularity.
порошкообразный [R.], powdery.
Поселенец [R.], Settler; exile.
посеребрённый [R.], silver-plated.
посланец [R.], messenger, envoy.
Посмертный [R.], Posthumous.
потенциальный снаряд [R.], potential projectile.
Потолок (максимальный уровень) [R.], Ceiling (maximum standard).
потупиться [R.], look down.
потусторонний мир [R.], the next world.
похоже на то, что будет тёплый дождь [R.], it looks like warm rain.
почить на лаврах [R.], rest on one's laurels.
поэт [R.], poet.
правдоподобный документация [R.], plausible documentation.
Правильный поступок [R.], Correct act.
Праздность [R.], Idleness.
превратности/судьбы [R.], ups and downs.
превращение [R.], transformation.
Предвестник [R.], Forerunner; harbinger.
Предложение [R.], Proposition.
преднамеренный [R.], premeditated.
предопределение [R.], predetermination.
представить себе сластолюбивый вихрь [R.], representatives of themselves as voluptuous whirlwind.
предубеждение [R.], prejudice.
Предчувствие [R.], Presentiment, premonition, foreboding.
прежде всего [R.], first of all.
пресекать [R.], stop; put an end to.
пресловутый [R.], notorious.
пресс-конференция [R.], press-conference.
преходящий [R.], transient.
приблизительно [R.], or so.
Привкус [R.], Smack; after-taste.
Привлекать [R.], To show off.
Призер [R.], Prizewinner.
прикованный к месту [R.], rooted to the spot.
Принятие желаемого за действительное [R.], Wishful thinking.
приобретение [R.], acquisition.
приспешник [R.], henchman.
присутствие духа [R.], presence of mind.
Причмокнуть [R.], Smack one's lips.
Приятная и дружеская атмосфера [R.], A pleasant and friendly atmosphere.
приятный угол [R.], nice corner.
пробоина [R.], hole.

пробор [R.], parting.
Провал [R.], Fiasco.
проводка [R.], installation; wiring.
Провозглашение [R.], Proclamation.
провокация [R.], provocation.
Прогул [R.], Truancy.
прогулка [R.], stroll.
продольный [R.], longitudinal.
проезжать [R.], travel past.
Пропуск [R.], Pass.
прораб [R.], works superintendent.
Прорыв [R.], Break; break-through.
прослойка [R.], layer, stratum.
просо [R.], millet.
Простодушный [R.], Guileless.
Простой [R.], Simple.
Простой совершенство [R.], Simple perfection.
Просторечие [R.], Popular speech.
против воли [R.], against one's will.
противовес [R.], counterbalance.
Прощение, оса [R.], Pardon, wasp.
пчела королева [R.], bee queen.
пыль [R.], dust.
пьедестал [R.], pedestal.
Радий [R.], Radium.
радуга [R.], rainbow.
Разборчивый [R.], Legible; discriminating.
Разговорный язык [R.], Homely language.
разгон [R.], dispersal.
Размен [R.], Exchange.
Разновидность [R.], Variety.
разогнуться [R.], straighten up.
разорительный [R.], ruinous.
РАЗУЗНАВАТЬ [R.], Finding out.
разумный [R.], rational; sensible.
раиский [R.], heavenly.
рай [R.], paradise.
рано ли, поздно ли [R.], sooner or later.
раскаленный докрасна крепостное право [R.], red-hot serfdom.
распространенный [R.], Prevalent.
рассеянный [R.], absent-minded.
Растерянный [R.], Confused, dismayed.
расточительный прогноз [R.], prodigal prognosis.
Расцарапать [R.], Scratch (all over).
расцветка [R.], colouring.
расширение [R.], widening; expansion; dilation; dilatation.
Расщелина [R.], Split.
рафинированный [R.], refined.
рвач [R.], self-seeker.
Резать [R.], Cut.
Резиновый [R.], Rubber-like.
Рифмовать [R.], To rhyme.
родословная [R.], family tree.

романист [R.], novelist.
Роща [R.], Grove.
рукой подать [R.], a stone's throw away.
рыжевато-коричневый [R.], tawny.
рюмка [R.], wineglass.
с достоинством [R.], with good grace.
с затуманенными глазами [R.], bleary-eyed.
с наилучшими пожеланиями [R.], with best wishes.
с радости [R.], for joy.
С удовольствием [R.], With pleasure.
с энтузиазмом [R.], with a will.
Садовник [R.], Gardener.
Садоводство [R.], Gardening.
салфетка [R.], napkin.
Салют! [R.], Salute!
сам по себе [R.], in itself.
Само собой разумеется [R.], It goes without saying.
Самозащита без оружия [R.], Unarmed combat.
самозванец [R.], impostor.
самоотверженный [R.], selfless.
Самосознание [R.], Self-consciousness.
самостоятельность [R.], selfreliance.
Сберегательная касса [R.], Savings bank.
сбоку [R.], from one side; on one side.
СБРЮД [R.], Riff-raff; those people or that segment of society regarded as of no consequence or merit.
Связь [R.], Link.
сварной [R.], welded.
Свая [R.], Pile.
сведущий [R.], versed.
Сверху донизу [R.], from top to bottom.
сверхчеловеческий [R.], superhuman.
Сверчок [R.], Cricket.
Свестись к нулю [R.], Come to naught.
СВИЩ [R.], Flaw.
Сводка [R.], Summary; report.
своенравие [R.], capriciousness.
Связанный [R.], Coupled.
связка [R.], ligament.
святой [R.], holy, saintly.
Святой соответствие [R.], Saintly correspondence.
Сглазить [R.], Put the evil eye on.
сгоряча [R.], in the heat of the moment.
Сделка [R.], Transaction; deal; bargain.
сегодня же [R.], this very day.
Сезонный [R.], Seasonal.
сердобольный [R.], tender-hearted.
Середина [R.], Middle.
сероглазый [R.], grey-eyed.
Сжатый [R.], Succinct.
Сибирский леопард [R.], Siberian leopard.
сизый [R.], blue-gray.
Симбиоз [R.], Symbiosis.
симпатичный [R.], cute.
синеватый [R.], bluish.

сию минуту [R.], at once, instantly.
скажи-ка мне [R.] do tell me.
сказ [R.], tale.
сказание [R.], story, legend.
Сколько с меня следует? [R.], How much do I owe you?
Скотина [R.], Beast.
скука [R.], boredom.
Скучный [R.], Boring.
слагаемое [R.], component, member.
сладкий зубец [R.], sweet prong.
Сладость [R.], Sweetness.
Слезать [R.], Getting down.
слепота [R.], blindness.
словарный [R.], lexical.
Слышалась музыка [R.], Music was heard.
слышалась музыка, также [R.], music was heard, too.
Смекалка [R.], Native wit.
смертельный [R.], deathly.
смертельный ропот [R.], deathly murmur/grumble.
Смерть [R.], Death.
смерч [R.], whirlwind.
Смесь [R.], Medley; mixture.
смешение [R.], mixture; mixing up.
Смешной [R.], Funny; ridiculous.
сморщенный [R.] wrinkled.
смотреть в окно [R.], look out of the window.
Смочить [R.], Moisten.
смутный [R.], vague.
снежный час [R.], snowy hour.
Сновидение [R.], Dream.
снотворный [R.], soporific.
соболезнование [R.], sympathy.
собственно говоря [R.], as a matter of fact.
собственная [R.], self.
собственноручно [R.], personally; with one's own hand.
собственное встречаться [R.], meeting the self.
Совершенно [R.], Totally.
совещание [R.], conference.
совместно [R.], jointly.
Совхоз [R.], State farm.
согласный [R.], agreeable.
сокрытие [R.], concealment.
солодковый [R.], liquorice.
сопредельный [R.], contiguous.
спазмодический [R.], spasmodic.
спартакиада [R.], sports meeting.
спектакль [R.], spectacle.
спекулянт [R.], speculator, profiteer.
спесивый [R.], arrogant, haughty.
спецовка [R.], protective clothing; overall(s).
спешка [R.], haste.
сплоченность [R.], cohesion, unity.
Сподвижник [R.], Comrade-in-arms.
Спокойной ночи! [R.], Good night!

Спокойствие [R.], Quiet; calm; serenity.
спонсор [R.], sponsor.
спорное дело [R.], a matter of opinion.
Спортивный [R.], Sports.
спячка [R.], hibernation; sleepiness.
сразу [R.], at once.
Срастание [R.], Growing together.
среди бела дня [R.], in broad day; in broad daylight.
Срочно [R.], Urgently.
срочное дело [R.], a matter of great urge.
становится холоднее [R.], it's getting colder.
статистическое данное [R.], statistic.
стеклянный [R.], glassy.
стилистический [R.], stylistic.
стихи [R.], verse.
стойки [R.], steadfast.
стоит посмотреть этот фильм? [R.], is this film worth seeing?
столпиться [R.], crowd.
сторонник [R.], supporter.
Страдалец [R.], Sufferer.
страус [R.], ostrich.
страхование жизни [R.], life insurance.
Стрелец [R.], Rifleman, gunner (*Sagittarius*).
Стремглав [R.], Headlong.
Стройка [R.], Building.
Строка красная [R.], New paragraph.
стычка [R.], skirmish; squabble.
субъективная оценка [R.], one-sided judgment.
сумма [R.], total; sum.
суперобложка [R.], dust-lacket.
сутолока [R.], commotion.
суточный [R.], round-the-clock.
суфлер [R.], prompter.
сущность [R.], essence.
счастливец [R.], lucky man.
Сюрприз [R.], Surprising thing.
сюрреалист [R.], surrealist.
Тяжелое испытание [R.], Ordeal.
Так [R.], Thus.
так ему и надо [R.], serves him right.
так, до такой степени [R.], that which...; to that degree....
такая красота как ваша [R.], such beauty as yours.
Такие люди [R.], Such people.
таким образом [R.], in this way.
Такой [R.], Such.
такой-то [R.], such and such.
там и сям [R.], here and there.
танк как Телец! [R.], tank as *Taurus*!
танцевальный вечер [R.], dance party.
тарелка [R.], satellite dish.
тем не менее оживляться [R.], notwithstanding liven up.
тем не менее, у меня рябит в глазах [R.], still (nevertheless), I am dazed.
теплостойкий [R.], heat-resistant.

типичный представитель [R.], typical representative.
тихий [R.], quiet.
товарищ [R.], comrade.
Товарищество [R.], Comradeship.
Толпа [R.], Crowd.
Тонкость [R.], Subtlety.
торжественный [R.], solemn; ceremonial.
тот же самый [R.], the same.
тот или другой [R.], one of two.
точило [R.], whetstone; grindstone.
Точка зрения [R.], Point of view; standpoint.
точь-в-точь [R.], word for word.
Трапеци [R.], Trapezium; trapeze.
Трафаретный [R.], Stereotyped.
тревожный! [R.], alarming!
треть [R.], a third.
трехгранный [R.], three-edged; trihedral.
трехмерный [R.], three-dimensional.
трехполье [R.], three-field system.
трехсторонний [R.], three-sided; trilateral.
трехэтажный [R.], three-storeyed.
три от четыре [R.] three of four.
Тропинка [R.], Pathway.
тропический [R.], tropical.
трубчатый рыцарь [R.], tubular knight.
трусиха [R.], coward.
Труха [R.], Dust.
туманный [R.], foggy; obscure; vague; misty; hazy.
тут [R.], here.
Тщедушный [R.], Frail; feeble.
тюбетейка [R.], skull-cap.
тюльпан [R.], tulip.
тягостный [R.], burdensome.
Тяжелая утрата [R.], Bereavement.
тяжело [R.], heavily; seriously.
тяжкий [R.], heavy.
Тянучка [R.], Toffee.
у меня рябит в глазах! [R.], I am dazzled!
у окна [R.], at the window.
увеличение [R.], enlargement.
Увертка [R.], Evasion.
Увертюра [R.], Overture.
увесистый [R.], weighty.
Увлекательный [R.], Fascinating.
Угарны газ [R.], Carbon monoxide.
углекислота [R.], carbonic acid; carbon dioxide.
углубленный [R.], profound; absorbed; deepened.
угода [R.], to please.
Угон [R.], Driving away; stealing.
угорелый [R.], possessed; mad.
Угроза [R.], Menace; threat.
Ударник [R.], Shock-worker.
Ударный [R.], Stressed.

Удача [R.], Success; good luck.
удлинение в желтый [R.], lengthening/extension in yellow.
удобоваримый [R.], digestible.
Уж [R.], Indeed; really.
ужин [R.], supper; meal.
ужинать [R.], to have supper.
узость [R.], narrowness; tightness.
узурпатор [R.], usurper.
укос [R.], crop.
укроп [R.], dill; anise of the Bible.
Улика [R.], Clue; evidence.
Упрек [R.], Reproach.
Уравновешенный [R.], Balanced; composed.
Уравнять [R.], To equalize.
урегулирование [R.], regulation.
Урок [R.], Lesson.
Успокоение [R.], Sedation.
устойчивость [R.], steadiness; stability.
Устранение [R.], Removal; elimination.
устроитель [R.], organizer.
УСТУПЧИВЫЙ [R.], Pliable; compliant.
утечка [R.], loos; leakage.
утомительный [R.], tedious.
утопический [R.], utopian.
утроенный [R.], tripled.
ушанка [R.], hat with ear-flaps.
Уяснять [R.], Make out.
Фигурка [R.], Figurine, statuette.
фирменное блюдо [R.], speciality of the house.
фисгармония [R.], harmonium.
Фокусник [R.], Conjurer, juggler.
формальность [R.], formality.
Хвастун [R.], Boaster.
хватит! [R.], that will do!
херувим [R.], cherub.
хищная птица [R.], bird of prey.
хореография [R.], choreography.
хорошенько [R.], properly, thoroughly.
Хорошо [R.], O.K., all right, very well.
Хорошо бы день уже кончился [R.], I wish the day were over.
Хотя [R.], Even though.
хотя из этого ничего не получилось [R.], even though nothing came of it.
хромосома [R.], Chromosome.
Хронический [R.], Chronic.
худо [R.], ill, badly.
целебный [R.], curative, healing.
Целый мироздание [R.], A whole universe.
Цикл [R.], Cycle.
циклический изменение [R.], cyclical change.
Цинк [R.], Zinc.
Цитата [R.], Quotation.
Частица [R.], Particle; small part.
частично [R.], partly; partially.
Частник [R.], Private trader.

человек, о котором идет речь [R.], the person in question.
человеколюбивый [R.], philanthropic.
человечек [R.], little man.
Чепуха [R.], Nonsense; trifle.
через день [R.], every other day.
черепок [R.], potsherd; fragment of pottery.
ЧЕСТНОСТЬ [R.], Probity.
четвероногое животное [R.], quadruped.
Чихнуть [R.], Sneeze.
член профсоюза [R.], trade-unionist.
Чрезвычайный [R.], Extraordinary; extreme.
читать [R.], honour.
что бы вы ни думали [R.], whatever you think.
Что вам угода? [R.], What would you like?
Что же ты делаешь? [R.], What on earth are you doing?
что касается меня [R.], as far as I'm concerned; for my part.
Что с ним случилось? [R.], What happened to him?
Что с ним? [R.], What's the matter with him?
Что это такое? [R.], What is this?
Чудодейственный [R.], Miraculous.
Чудотворный [R.], Miracle-working.
Чужбина [R.], Foreign land.
Шабаш [R.], Sabbath.
шарахнуться [R.], shy.
шаткий [R.], unsteady; shaky.
Шедевр [R.], Masterpiece.
Шествие [R.], Procession.
Шестерка [R.], Six (6).
Шипение [R.], Hissing; sizzling.
шипеть [R.], hiss.
Шипучка [R.], Fizzy drink.
шипящий [R.], sibilant.
Ширма [R.], Screen.
шкатулка [R.], box, casket, case.
шквал [R.], squall.
школьник [R.], schoolboy.
Шмель, опять [R.], Bumble-bee, again.
Шрам [R.], Scar.
щедрый [R.], lavish.
щекотливый [R.], ticklish.
Щепетильный [R.], Punctilious.
Эвакуация [R.], Evacuation.
эзотерический эфир [R.], esoteric ether.
эй! [R.], hey!
Экзальтация [R.], Exaltation.
эмоция [R.], emotion.
эмпирический [R.], empirical.
энциклопедический [R.], encyclopaedic.
Этак [R.], So, thus.
этакий [R.], such.
это для меня крайне важно [R.], this is of the utmost importance to me.
Это мне на руку [R.], That suits me.
Это не к добру [R.], It is a bad sign.
Это не так [R.], Such is not the case.

этого еще не хватало! [R.], that's all we needed!

эфирный [R.], ethereal.

Эх! [R.], Oh!; Eh!

Юбилейный [R.], Jubilee.

Югославский путь [R.], *Yugoslav way*.

юношеский [R.], youthful.

я расквитался с ним [R.], I am quits with him.

ягненок [R.], lamb.

Ядерный [R.], Nuclear.

Ярус [R.], Circle; tier; layer.

Ясень [R.], Ash.

Ястреб [R.], Hawk.

