

# Waterloo Manifesto

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**(1973: B. → F. → M. → T.)** Even a more zealous registrar of multitude, that is, a more attentive recorder surrounded with the very almanacs of the wretched facts of a "factual state", i.e. the current dreaming of a majority of the population, would not succeed in recalling that year from this one (in resurrecting the year 1973 from 2004, or 2005, or even 2006), and yet one could claim that the sign of equality between the former and the present projections and results only confirms the old saying according to which the sameness of envisioning has no limits, even if, at first glance, one deals with at least thirty one years of indisputable soil difference.

Regarding that soil *there*, namely, one would be at ease stating that, in the year 1973, it was decorated with as many pits as this soil *here* has been given credits for cherries - the oval basket of reminiscences is always to be carried on a pointed memory (that which is to be chivalrously taken under the arm, ought to be, beforehand, heartily poked).

\* \* \*

In that year it was like in this, therefore, only it was reluctant in front of the jazzy accompaniment.

(And now is whispering to it from the tactical trumpet).

I graduated from school, completed the military service, worked for two and a half years - so much fervency (the quivering aspiration of the candidate of eagerness) would have costed even a less cynical person dearly, let alone making one, before all careful (though anachronistic) chronicler of a logical fitting, free to jump, like a grasshopper, over all that there - turning the tables on it with all this here.

That is, to think that it is going to be like that - as soon as "all that which obstructs him" is removed.

In order to remove "the obstruction", he filled out the forms in *May*, went for the interview in *September*, got the immigration papers in *November*, left in *December*.

[Before that, at the open field market *Бубань Помок* he sold his red 'Škoda' (model 1000-MB, licence plate BG-985-00) to a peasant from the village of *Борча* (or *Овча*) - the car that he had so nicely described (the car that he had characterized with such a good sense of restraint) in the third quadrant of this, so glorious a circle (in the third volume of this, so circular *EPHEMERIS*)].

Look what a rather younger chap (a somewhat older lad - in his 27-th year of age) was capable of doing once he suddenly felt ageless (once he felt like transposing his thoughts nevertheless)!

\* \* \*

If one takes into account that in the year 1973, being in a so-called bipolar world, each and every hornless cow could still turn to the extra side without an extra move, as well as that even the very concept of the country in question easily adorned itself with such a situation [in order to, fully excused, blissfully hatch from its own *niyati* (the idea of fate)], one was very much hesitant to move from such a corner.

Why in the world I too was thinking that, together with all those who in those and earlier years made different moves (who moved out of themselves), I was smarter than the others who did not do that, having suddenly decided where and what in this world is good and where and what it is not - most likely will not become clear to me without bringing itself into the danger of having even its deserved decoration lose its spark: the medal of that empty thought (a void bubble) with which these light hands write without any trouble.

And although that, by all means, is unimportant for the way this story goes, such a thought consolidated itself above the others - from there, though, it lets them chatter, beat around the bush, babble whatever (from day to day) is on their mind [see the third and fourth quadrant of this saga of a soft like *afyon* (poppy seed), yet wickedly watchful circle], but, at the same time, it pulls their ears (silences them, slaps them on their hands) whenever they dare to question the very idea of complete departure (no return).

I do not remember exactly how the first months of that year (1973) passed by (looked like), but there is no reason to doubt the white eyetooth of January, the blue eye of February, the yellow cheek of March, the green finger of April, finally - the didactic validity of May, the month in which, realizing the idea of one *Јован М.*, a co-worker and a demiurge of the plan which he himself later abandoned, I dropped by the embassy in question (on *II. Брзуда* street) to get a bunch of leaflets and forms, to fill out and submit the latter, and to have a look at and mislay the former.

Which they did not do when it came to me, it turned out.

\* \* \*

In *July*, in the '*Škoda*', I went with *R.* to the seaside - via *Zlatibor, Tara, Budva, Kotor* and *Herceg Novi*, to *Dubrovnik*, then drove back - to find the letter from the Embassy setting the appointment for an interview in connection with the forms I filled out in *May*.

The interview was set for *September*: I went to it, there were standard questions (how, why, by what means, am I sure), the girl who translated did that quite habitually, that is, with an expression (or two) of understandable insipidness on her, anyway carefree, face, while *Mr. Thompson* (the official at duty, in his late thirties, solidly shaved and of equally unburdened imagination) was correct, well-bred, and truthful, i.e. a person who, certainly, goes by the book, and who, judging me during my attempts to present myself as an expert in his language (the language of *Mr. Thompson*) more than it was appropriate (although, after a few minutes, I abandoned the struggle), appraised me as a relatively harmless personality and, even, reasonably useful (for the country he represented).

(Not even engineers learned just like that how to put things together - it was said even at the time of *Aufklärung*, the enlightenment movement in the XVIII century, which, in all probability, provided *Mr. Thompson* with an answer to his every *quaestio facti*).

Only, I was sent for a medical (what is sure is sure).

Fit as a fiddle, I had good reason to be happy.

The autumn flew over - *September* flew away, *October* flew by, *November* flew in - in the middle of the last one I found in the mail box a rather large envelope in the colour of an ocher sky (a sky grounded by the soaked path): it brought what it had an inkling of - in it, there were traveller's papers - that's how I entered a tactical, pre-immigration ending.

Therefore, I sold the car (my uncle, *U.*, accompanied me for the transaction), bought the airplane ticket (Air Canada, *B.* → *F.* → *M.* → *T.*) from the office of "*Atlas*" travel agency [or "*Union*", or "*Kvarner*", or "*XYZ Tours*", or a similar universal, almost amiable name, resonating with such harmonious syllables (initial, penultimate, and final)], or it may have been in the office of the "AC" representative in hotel "*Мажестик*" at *O. Венац* in downtown *B.* Another uncle (*R.*) helped me convert the remaining money into *Cdn.* currency (from that period I also remember some *Romas* from *M. M. Лыз*, a suburb of *B.*) - all in all it turned out to be \$600 *Cdn.*, neither little nor much if it is taken into consideration that with more money one can still go to hell, and with less, to paradise.

\* \* \*

In all that, there arrived *December*.

My mother agreed that happiness is to be chased even if one is to step on its tail on the other side of the world, my sister was married and, regarding such a possibility of my fortune searching, proportionally disposed, and since all this was going on approximately a year after my father's demise, he didn't use a word to postpone the airplane's departure either.

Which the latter counted with, of course.

The farewell took place up on the hill, at *J.B.*'s and *F.*'s.

Said brothers, many other buddies (some already married, others with girl friends), I with *R.* - we all were there: at least five rooms of a genuine self-confidence got settled inside only two premises - at those times, namely, one would go to a goodbye party as he would to a welcome: with a gesture of full valence echoing the final sense.

Which is to say that one wasn't carping about trivialities: so much so that, for example, not even a more complete departure would have cheated someone out of his bigger sigh. As when no more than a few peels are peeled off from a pineapple but it, all the chances are, already melted in the mouth of time.

(*Ananas sativus - opifex optimus*).

\* \* \*

Which, surely, was what happened: since I left "everything fell into the water", more exactly - everything which, suitably flickering, presented itself miraculously swiveling.

(That not even the country exists any more is somehow the most apposite - what would have been like if it would lure too?).

Of course, this did not happen all of a sudden (not all departed from itself over night), but is it not true that gradual amnesias are the most thorough ones - having reached the equanimity we got rid of every passion (even of its proximity).

\* \* \*

The plane took off in the early morning, it didn't take more than couple of hours to get from *B.* to *F.*, however, even on that Monday, *Dec. 10, 1973*, from *Belgrade* to *Frankfurt* airport only the first working day in the week arrived (although the last in my calendar of things past).

That could have been noticed by the stylish haste which, however untidily muffled at the first airport, at the second had certainly bloomed into the pomposity of diligence (the diligence of pomposity): it took so much industriousness to find out that that which secretes it - raises it up.

Dressed too warm but properly directed [the sweater, the coat (and a red scarf), the hiking shoes and one-way ticket to *T.* via *M.*, sweaty at the very thought that the real snow is yet to start [with what whiter (in such a way moved from the top down) - it suddenly occurred to me - the relocated hope is to cover its crown?], I hesitated more regarding the momentary boldness than the chronic dishevelment - with the latter, it was clear, I could always have somewhere to return.

I looked around, German men and women trudged everywhere, I myself didn't feel like rising from the seat in the waiting area. That is, until the time came to board the next, this time trans-Atlantic plane: the *DC-8* or *Boeing 707* - I don't remember exactly, but it doesn't matter. Spindle-shaped, any one of them would have gone along the same path (penetrating the frozen air as if it were a red-hot hair) - crashing everything past that was riding with me into a more and more indistinct pose. If at least I knew not to hold back from it, however short it lasted. This way, I flew from the presentiment to the fact even before the former failed me and the latter met me.

For those readers who never flew over the Ocean (is it possible that there are such?), to describe such a flight is the same as to draw with the finger on the table cloth the afternoon direction - neither one can swerve there, nor a bigger fall threatens from any of the sides.

On the gold-plated water a huge ship fitted into a tear - and even that only if it can be spotted (if its sides can be brought near); most often, however, it is nothing which halves it (the vessel) into the water and medusa (its crops) - it only pretends secreting all those, pseudo-oceanic drops.

Inside the airplane, they served alcoholized pudding (a strawberry with rum from the ampulla of knowledge) - too weak for one who devoted himself to a severer and faster condition reading (still imagining a portion of the bygone weaving).

That's how those ten hours to *Montreal* past (performing the thoughts reception, after sending them off into the vast).

A frozen rain waited for the plane at the *Mirabel* airport (by now, surely, evaporated, in the same way in which another airport, the *Dorval*, had squeezed out the former from travellers' memory long ago), as a cat playing with mouse (in the night silent as a forsaken home), one ought to come out from the airplane, pass through the immigration control (I remember showing them appropriate papers while they, the employees of the *Service*, whispered above the cellulose pores to make sure there was no miss), after which those of us who were continuing the trip returned to the plane which took off from the *M.* airport in about hour, hour and a half.

It took approximately the same time (no longer than two hours, anyway) for the last flight on the wings of that day.

More exactly - that night: it landed in *Toronto* around 8 pm, according to *Belgrade* time it was already 2 am the next day - Tuesday.

And here, where everything (look at it!) extensively glows (soothingly bows), (in the center of the self) sings to you from the top most shelf [that's what my thoughts were like - feverish (in such a dish)] - still the first day in the week (Mondays, anyway, do not surrender easily when the prestige is in question).

Here I am - I reckoned [yet, I didn't know why, where, how (with whom?)].

On the other hand, since with that kind of thinking one could not count on the affection of a cabby (nor the thinking itself, what is true is true, counted with that), having picked up from the carrousel my two brown pieces of luggage like two tolerant minks (from the *South* is he who lands *North* with a twofold weasel - for to escape and to stay and withstand the cold, depending on a day), I got out from the airport building, went to the parked taxis and asked a cabman for a ride, during the drive I muttered something just for the sake of it (immediately revealing myself beyond any reasonable doubt), but since the driver in question dealt with worse cases that day as well (both in a grammatical and a functional sense), he could not get easily confused - he drove the car right in front of hotel "*Warwick*", for the 30 minutes ride hardly charged me an hour and a half, took one piece of luggage to the receptionist desk [holding onto the other, for a moment I thought that he was going to flee - but he began to rock because of the smoker's cough (though pretending on a bigger temptation)].

That's how I was left with my two suitcases and the receptionist to solve the "issue of getting a room".

The "issue of getting a room" was solved in that I was given a key for the "only remaining premises" on the second of the two floors; I carried the luggage into the room, sat on the bed, opened the suitcase to take the soap and towel and, having found by sniffing that which I came from, started thinking that, in fact, I had solved the "room issue" with a pallid rose in shimmering thoughts.

Which, actually, got confirmed: first thing I did after I washed my face (brushed my teeth), dusted my hope, and asked myself how it was on *Sirius* when here it was like this (was it not a more skilled a farther away out there, I reckoned), was to run down to the street and smell the air.

Every air is brisk to the nose not used to it, but the air in question was of that quality even to the nose accustomed to it: even in this December it does not freeze one less than in the antique report from that December then - O.K., it's not that bad, but it doesn't make sense to play a bravado either.

I crossed the intersection (*Dundas E. & Jarvis*), saw the approaching street car (described in the third part of the *EPHEMERIS* under the date of 12/10-11/95, i.e. exactly on the 22-nd anniversary of the occurrence in question, that is, the occurrence of something causing immediate association with the street cars in *B.* known as the "*Belgians*" and used to operate on routes 9 and 10), it passed by like a mature crane (it even bent in its trolley pole in a similar way) - I concluded that one had to start from somewhere.

There happened to be a telephone booth there (look how everything brings itself into an accord!), I remembered that someone in *B.* gave me a telephone number of an older fellow, advising me to "make the call by all means", suggesting that the man in question "was desirous of listening to our voice" (probably meaning "our words", or "language"), I put the change in the slot, dialed the number, his wife or daughter answered (I don't remember exactly who that was), she said that "that and that" (the husband of hers or, maybe, her father), was not at home at the moment but that he would be in later, in the case of interest the "later" changed into a flexible concept, in some sort of a serene euphoria stretched all the way to the present, as if the person (dealt with here) didn't pass away at the first silence already (at the first hush of the connection).

Having fulfilled the plan for the evening (a street car derailed into the late night and, from the early morning, "that and that" person may turn out to be useful even to more travelled men if a day would peek out of each of their nights - one should recall, namely, the mentioned time difference in order to put everything in its place), I crossed the street back and went into the hotel, climbed several steps (turning right), entered the room, laid down on the bed, turned on the (black & white) *TV* set, changed all the channels (without a remote control, I had to go to the set and do that manually), on most of them there were "suitable" (however this was understood as an euphemism for "stupid" and "boring") shows regarding "the approaching Christmas" (with their standard mega-eloquence, Catholics do not go around even Christmas), I turned off the *TV*, tried to fall asleep, heard loose women and tied men from the surrounding rooms - "*Warwick*" was their meeting place - I remembered that not even the taxi driver looked like some shady character in the middle (he must have been openly tipped for bringing a fare to check in), with such thoughts-compresses (and a false injury) I welcomed the all-powerful morning.

\* \* \*

I welcomed, therefore, the polar morning ready for a *Mediterranean* evening, but what can you do (because of the flexibility of water not even deluge is seen and yet it throws it into abating peace), each one of these dwarfish whirls is to end as a big bonned *bonanza* - I thought, then got ready and went out.

In the immediate vicinity of the hotel there was a huge government building ("*Manpower & Immigration*") - some twenty years ago replaced by an even bigger one - an institution whose authority stretched from issuing official documents to helping newcomers to find accommodation and a job.

I remember that the official, having heard the name of the hotel where I spent the night, quickly phoned several places, handed over to me an address, told me to go there and, if the lodging is to my liking, to take it. Since his attempt to help me find a job was of no use (and because my *English* was even more depressing), I left the premises after not much time, an hour spent there, subsequently I made a call (from the same telephone booth from which I made the call previous night), this time to some guy whose name was *Rafael*, letting him know that I have a small package for him from his brother as well as a record with old folk songs that a friend of his (from *B.*) sent him, he said he would meet me right away (another proof of what a brave heart is able to do even at a mention of an earlier beat), I paid the hotel bill and came out with the two suitcases, as soon as I did that *Rafael* arrived in his car with a woman next to him (his courtesan, in a fur coat), I sat behind them, he drove down *Bay St.* (into the core of the city) until we reached some basement shops manufacturing jewelry and costume jewelry, there we had lunch in his office (an older woman, half

cleaning lady, half cook, brought in a pot with a fresh stew and a lot of bread, from which I now derive that her boss did not get caught by these here, of course catastrophic, popular habits of gluttony, pardon, eating), from where he gave me a ride to see the room the government representative located for me - he who is not spoiled can hang his voyage even on the wall of a snail house, let alone doing exactly that with himself at the first sign of his second self.

\* \* \*

Doesn't every change start like that: borrowing the subsequent due to the lack of the original look through always the same (closed) window in the direction of the (calmed by time) purpose.

The window in question opened to a small park and a schoolyard half visible through the branches of an old (because of the wind - shaky, because of the taciturnity - cracked) tree, in the frame of a classical (immovable) afternoon during which in the room (in which I was sitting) one could easily figure that (distance) *to heaven is the same as to eternity*, serving oneself with that, as much flexible as suitable, figurativeness of ripening (story of Falling Asleep), i.e. the celluloid-tape recording of pra-fermentation, i.e. not burying one's head in the sand (like an ostrich) - while the soft connection between the two (the skies and the everlastingness) depended (as always) on which is which.

It could not have happened, therefore, that noon strikes at *Scollard St. 72-74* without, at that, dealing with a hit against yet another powder charge of the cartridge of waiting - the one which would, at that shiny moment, just quietly add its small fireworks to the dimmed bonfire of all those hours, days, weeks, months (phases of the moon) and, in such a way obtained, textualism of voluntary exclusion, but even that would have been sufficient to, however capriciously, additionally points to the pulse of one more virtuous tenant who obeyed the given instant having perpetuated it with a generalized pulsation: the fixated statics full of the new service.

Waiting for *R.*, returning every day (first from the job search, then from the work itself) to the small room on the lively floor of the house painted very white (long ago, in a single breath), I did not give in, therefore, to being wound as a standard clock from today to tomorrow without, before that, being reminded that yesterday was (most certainly) finished - the conditions for memorizing the previous, namely, were so fully met, that it enabled complete access to the next.

The owners of the house at the above address (my landlord and landlady) were younger then than I am now, yet I wouldn't confuse them with an affectionate couple of brisk libertines, although one couldn't say that they weren't caressed by a dual resoluteness: at one moment the landlord would point out at mistakes made here (at all these trifles in *C.*), at another the landlady would proclaim the errors over there worse (all those knicknacks in *Yu* at the time).

Mr. *A. K.* (the landlord) was a man quick to judge, yet thorough in his act, with fundamentally solid although, here and there, more vibrant ideas, of a somewhat obtrusive yet frank character (as if "*Nemo huc ingrediatur expers geometria*" was in his domain as well, not only in *Plato's*), while Mrs. *K.* (the landlady, whose name I didn't forget for I never knew it, although I think she was called *Heidi*) left an impression of a plausible complementary - with an additional drowsiness though, but her keenness could not have been written off just like that (*nexus causalis* was her frequent *puzzolana*).

That first day in the house, after I left my luggage on the second floor in the room nine feet by nine feet and went down to the ground floor where, next to the main door, the landlord and landlady had a small variety store, having spotted me at the moment when I was ready to open the door and go the street, they told me they expected me to join them for dinner.

I walked around until dinner time, then returned and went to the part of the house where they lived - by the time I presented my position (between two sounds of standard cutlery) to Mr. and Mrs. *K.*, their sons *F.* and *T.*, and their daughter and son-in-law *H.* and *M.*, it got quite dark and a logical spirit of reconciliation set in.

\* \* \*

The remainder of that year (in the amount of twenty days) I spent in such a way as to accustom them (the days in question) to the counting of a bachelor.

(Being *December* days, I asked myself what they would look like if they were *June* days: "...A field in June...it's so yellow that it is green" - was a possible answer).

But they (the days) crouched into an aggregate: departure always spreads through soft unrest into a firm universe - not even the year *1973* found a better road on which to make itself cozy just to be able to, from then on, snooze alert (changing into all these years - from a hot head, wilted grass, and some pearls, *comme ci, comme ça*).

\* \* \*

**(1974: C. '74 -'84)** And so the next ten years in this land (C.) slipped like the sand of civility through the hands of assiduity: not even *Arcadians* (Gr. *Arkádoi*), the writers of pastoral poetry, would so many granules pass through their fingers from the mosaic of exertion without being made languid by the idyllic time of *Peloponnesian* seclusion at that.

Whereby under the concealment in question (the mentioned isolation) one should understand a remoteness - by so much, namely, C. was out of the way and lacking in destination of the person of former convictions of the present *Ahriman* (which my humble personality, one has to admit, never contested), that such a prolonged stay in it could rightfully be classified as one of the bigger digressions.

Which, of course, increased with time.

\* \* \*

Regardless of how much truth was in the claim that from 1974 to 1984 things came to the tenfolding of the beginning (the enlarging of 1973), one could not say that a certain subsequency was not seen faintly at the very start already - even if wrapped in its tuba (a kind of a tubular mask: it is always a hollow shiver which leads from movement to taciturnity, *de plano*).

Even though in 1974 one couldn't know this which is known today, one thing is sure - the manner in which I encircled it in the calendar could only improve its description (so much principled tact and undoubted order went into it).

Thus, for example, *January* of that year whitened when the previous one (1973) brought the list of its medals to an end, *May* hasn't even become green when *June* sheltered it taking the growing season into consideration, *R.* came in the month of *October* (which looked like a statue cast in bronze - stuck out so heedfully), while the other months lined up as if nothing depended on them (excluding the sequence of details, *sin al fine*).

Although it is questionable whether details are such things as looking for and finding a job (at the end of *January*, beginning of *February*), going to work at daybreak in the bitter cold (all the way to *Bramalea*, the place where *BNR*, the company, was located) and returning in the evening to my room at 72 *Scollard St.*, writing letters to *R.* every such evening (be it in the winter, spring, summer, or in the fall, when she finally arrived), purchasing a used car (taking a bank loan) in *April*, getting to know the other tenants in the house (an *Irishman* and one from *Nova Pazova* - a countryman - among others) and the co-workers at *BNR* (a *Hungarian*, a *Frenchman*, an *Englishman*, a *Chinese*, one from *Pančevo* - another countryman - and an *American*), "killing time" over weekends with one *Boban* (the brother of that *Rafael*, whom he was visiting), that is roaming the city landmarks (*O. Pl.*, *T. Isl.*, *E. Gard.*) including going to one or two car races out of the city (*Mosport*), until said autumn came, when (more in reality than figuratively) things anyway bring themselves to the point where it becomes necessary for them to shake down before starting to shine like gold.

Which, in the case here (in the case in which the year 1974 was entering its last quarter), meant that I had to direct my thoughts and efforts on *R.*'s arrival [to send her the airline ticket, find an apartment, buy plates, spoons, forks and a couple of pots (on *Bloor St.*), also lamps, shades, a table, chairs, batiste pillows and a royal bed (on *Queen St.*)], which I did, with that having concluded this (finicky) story about the people (and things) from 1974, even if only in the form of a remark.

\* \* \*

*Bell-Northern Research (BNR)* was one of those places whose only purposeful cafeteria (an example of classicality) would be able to enchant you - everything else designed/manufactured in it was only adding a price to the sticker.

How in the world did I end up there?

Having come to this country two weeks before *Christmas* (on December 10, as indicated before), it was only *Salvation Army* with whom I could, more or less, share a mutual understanding until the year's end - singing at the corners (jingling two octaves higher), only its members were able to create in me the feeling of a sensible void from the idea of work: one should have waited for *1974*, without looking at the chattering teeth of every song which (even if with great difficulty) got down to raise itself somewhere in that frozen *December*.

In *January*, therefore, besides being initially clenched, everything became additionally serious, so much so that not even the winter broke through it beyond its preserved hope, so that, going from door to door, I came in front of a fifteen-storey building at 40 University Ave. (It's still there).

Around the 10-th floor, there was an employment agency (*T. Executive Consultants Systems!*), a middle-aged gentleman who met me in his office and whose name I cannot recall liked my pioneer-like persistence to not leave anything to chance except the chance itself – that's how he sent me for an interview to *BNR*.

Specifically, I was sent to see *Mr. Louis J.*, one of those redhead and slim Englishmen who, when starting to think that they should smile, immediately change the whole face (throwing out the old one with a melancholic spasm through the first window), but, even like that, he probably figured it would have been more difficult for him to say *no* to me than let me, struggling and possibly managing, start learning that which represented the main activity of the company - the design and manufacturing of computerized telephone switching systems.

It is not necessary to guess whose elation was endless. To increase it further, the absent-minded and bony, although still very serious (as when with a quick move of a contracted eyebrow an entire afternoon gets ruined, though a bit more askance), *Mr. Joe L.* (the same man who interviewed me, with his name reversed) arranged to take me after the interview in his khaki-coloured jeep of to the inter-city bus station - there was no other way for me to return from *B.* to *T.*

And so, the next Monday, the first in *February* of *1974*, I started working for *BNR*.

I used to get up around five, have breakfast at the nearby restaurant on *Bay St.* (between *Yorkville* and *Bloor*) at half past five (later on, together with other impracticalities, in the same, sudden manner, I abandoned said kind of panic-stricken food intake), next to the restaurant there was a subway station where I boarded the train, transferred to a bus at *Dufferin St.*, got off of it at the intersection of *Burmanthorpe & W. Mall*, met the man from *Pančevo* at the corner, he would give me a ride in his car to *BNR*, where we both worked. (He was a computer programmer, a trade that he, probably soundly, learned in the *Pančevo Refinery*, but even that, unfortunately, did not induce him not to expect the oil burst from every oil drill. He was charging me, namely, \$5 weekly for the ride - that's how much he was asking for, that's how much I was paying him, with that money one could fill more than a half tank of gas. I forgot the man's name).

Work as work - as soon as one starts covering up with it everything else (what?), it stretches like a lazy pita.

And while *Don* and *Vic* (the *Frenchman* and the *Englishman*) pretended that all that looked like the first day (sufficiently challenging and unknown to not ruin their even hidden thoughts), and the *Chinese* guy (some *G. Ng*) quite normally went on through the days (with the everlasting smile of the most patient race on his face), *Mr. Hunyadi* (the *Hungarian*, an older engineer already), during lunch in the cafeteria mentioned a (post)graduate education (at *U of T*), although he did that right at the moment when, at the next table, a person got sick and collapsed foaming around the mouth (a chronic victim of epilepsy, one could see it right away). But as soon as people around him brought the man back to his senses, the thought of *Mr. Hunyadi* started finding its place in me, *arpeggiato*.

(I probably started to think that, given that there exists medicine even for epilepsy, no school will reject fulfilling a much more modest wish of its aspiring student: to hitch himself doubly - to a cart of work and a cart of study, regardless of how and when he manages to tear away from at least one fall, *affretando*).

Whereas regarding the *American*, it was like this.

To somehow put a stop on the morning rides with the native of *Pančevo* (in the afternoons it was *Don*, the *Frenchman*, who would usually take me in his half-bus, half-truck, to a bus stop at the outskirts of the city), as well as to, in general, *improve my situation*, by the end of *March* (beginning of *April*) I started planning to buy a car, I confided the plan to the landlord, he told me that his good friend *Ive* (or *Ante*, or *Stipe*, a *Croat* in any case, as my landlord was) had a used car dealership for some time already, I went there (somewhere between *Dundas* and *King*, west from *Bathurst*) and saw a greenish *M. Marquis* to my liking (although right there, at such a choice of mine, it was quite clear how much I knew about the subject), *Mr. Stipe* (or *Ante*, or perhaps *Ive*) told me the price (approximately a half-year salary of mine, if one pays the rent and food in the other half). I went to the bank, wheedled a loan ("Only two months at work and already in need of bank's cash?" - I saw the lady turning her head behind the counter of the financial temple), and - bought the car.

And so, taking now my own car to work and back (driving the green *M. M.* towards the golden purpose on every such virtuous day), I noticed that the *American* (most likely - *Joe*, although *John* or *Jack* were possible names too), whenever we were sitting together with other people at *BNR's* cafeteria, switches to conversation with me with ever more visible interest. (Look how the role of *Pančevo* man never dies out, even when it holds on to only a bank loan - that's what I started to think about the new phase of the same role).

Round and round, it turned out that *Joe* (the *American*, otherwise a software guy, like the one from *Pančevo*) does not have a car, and that I would do him a great favor if I could take him in my car, here and there, to work.

(I do not remember if I ever gave him ride back).

Pressed by the pangs of conscience if I decided to reject him, I gave my assent without delay.

Where should we meet in the morning? Right there! [Practically, next to the landlord's house, in downtown, by a gas station. Once I mentioned it though (a long ago vanished pump - replaced by the *Yuk-Yuk's* since), I remember that a gallon of gas was half a dollar].

And so, it was me now who was giving ride to someone to the work place, not every morning though, but almost every.

Not only during the rides but in the principle as well, said *John* (or *Joe*, or maybe *Jack*) behaved as shy as a geared up bride.

*Affanato.*

Not only was he of a light skin tone (his eyes blue, too), he also was tiny and frail, so that one could feel a premonition of the tone of his voice as well - a kind of a breakable tenor with the nuances of understandable *lingua franca*, which he, in all his considerateness, periodically used in order to leave on me, a person whose mother tongue was different from his, an even more civilized impression.

Yet it is true that he was polished and refined (I cannot commit a lie claiming that he was not).

Talking about all sorts of things during the trips to *B.* (*Bramalea* is almost 40 km away from *T.*), we also arrived at the reason of his stay in another country (*C.*), and, of course, at the description of that which he left in his (*A.*).

The *American*, it turned out, fled from his country to *Canada*, to avoid the draft for the *Vietnam* war.

With this act of his, *Joe* (as he, surely, was named), according to his own story and firm belief, got a load on his back in terms of the agents from the country he fled (that both the *FBI* & *CIA*, even without his case, are always on the tail of a much more exciting variant of apostasy - *The Great Bang of Nothingness* - miraculously did not occur to him), so that each

try of mine to somehow 'rehabilitate' him and, thus, make the kind of the problem eating on this young man somewhat 'relative', was futile.

(All the time he was obsessed with the notion of arrest in the middle of the street and being taken back to his country: that is why he did not dare have a car - he was afraid that they would find him by means of all the permits and documents that go with the car).

To somehow 'change the subject', a couple of times I encouraged him to speak about that which he left (but which did not leave him).

And so he said that all his family was somewhere in *Iowa* (or *Carolina*, or *Tennessee*, I don't remember exactly nor is it important) - his father, mother, brothers, sisters, grandparents - of whom he particularly described to me his father and grandfather on his father's side, as if the two, all the chances were, in his circumstances at the time (full of a rabbit's watchfulness of the fugitive and, furthermore, deserter!), somehow instilled in him more than the others (the other members of his family) a feeling of shelter and a mouth of whirlpool (in the sense of a warm heap of former peace, however cool).

No wonder, though, if one knows that said gentlemen (his father, one could have assumed, was still alive, although his grandfather's whereabouts were more uncertain for some time already), during all their lives, did not go without a pressing need farther than to the poolroom, that is, when they didn't go to work.

And they worked, *John* (that is *Joe*, or perhaps *Jack*) kept on telling me his story, both of them, at the municipality office, or the courthouse office, or the school office, or at some such place where one knew well that the only uncertainty in this world was whether to go straight home after work or drop by for a half an hour (perhaps an hour) at the barber shop (owned and operated by *Giovanni* and *Nick Mozzarrele*), as little as necessary not to get behind the newest flow of things, as if the two (the father and the grandfather), especially them, were carefully considering and evaluating them (the things) each such day, and not, which was rather the case (especially theirs), leaving them (the things) today too to that which will be tomorrow (once they couldn't make them pass away yesterday).

Talking about them, that is remembering them, the conversationalist of mine was somehow getting farther and farther away, almost disappearing through the car windows in the direction of *Tennessee* (or *Iowa*, or maybe *Carolina*, whether *North* or *South*), in any case it looked like less and less of him was remaining here (in the car), that is as if he not only was unable to but was not willing to get rid of the nirvana which he was vaguely recalling.

(Like a hush not willing to get rid of *aphthóngos* - an unvoiced consonant).

The fact that he, at that, was still talking about them, the *American* most likely was attributing to his courtesy regarding the careful listener (in the looks of my humble appearance), whom he could not get rid of just like that, especially while being given a ride to work by him.

He behaved, that is, as if here, in *C.*, some natural element and/or confusion happened to him - he both felt and presented himself like that, with understandable breaks for breakfast, lunch and dinner (*bene valete!*).

Until I lost him from my sight, that is, he lost me, which happened somehow naturally and in a not quite forced tempo (without unnecessary drama and redundant inspirations), as we parted in time (each having left for his own silence, as if being expected there by *Vesta*, the goddess of hearth, chastity, blessing, domestic harmony and safety in the respective cities/countries).

[It is possible that he, nevertheless, bought a car - even though I was not presenting him, like the character from *Pančevo*, with the bill for taking him to work in that huge car of mine - or, perhaps, with the end of the *Vietnam* war (which, judging by *J. Hendrix*, came too late), he still found himself in the former town of his, and stayed there forever, if not between the barber shop and billiard parlor then in the prison, since the kind of offense that he was charged with

is harder to discount there than, for example, in some popular presentation of that same *Carolina* (or *Tennessee*, or, for that matter, *Iowa*), quite provincial though full of wheat].

\* \* \*

Returning to the description of my stay at the landlord's house, that is, returning every day from *B.* to *T.* sometimes around six, I would have entered the room on the second floor trying not to make more than an acceptable amount of noise, i.e. trying to not disturb Mrs. *K.* (my landlady) and Mr. *K.* (my landlord) during their business hours dealings with customers in the variety store right at the main entrance of the house; once in my room - not even a king (even on a horse!) could compare to me - right away I would start writing to *R.* (replacing the daylight excursion with the night one, bringing a *guilloche* closer to it).

But, working days are one thing, non-working ones are another.

Thus, one weekend, I got introduced to the *Irishman*, a tenant at the same place.

It was like this.

I was sitting on one of several wooden steps leading out to the street from the main door of the house (which was also the entrance to the store).

Since the store was closed (Mr. & Mrs. *K.* used to spend weekends at their cottage, a place about 60 miles away from *T.*; even they had to rest from their register because then, too, like nowadays, one couldn't flee one's thoughts more than the self), there was nobody moving around, that is, no one going up or down the stairs, so that a noise behind my back, caused by someone's protracted opening of the door and quiet walking towards me (*optima fide*), was sufficient reason for me to, although somewhat hesitantly, turn and catch a glimpse of the newcomer who, having cleared his throat in the same (discretionary) manner to additionally announce his presence, sat next to me.

*Chris* (or *Ben*, or *Fred*, in any case - *O'Neil*) - that's how he presented himself, adding that not even from that day (in the summer that had already matured, at that - on a ripe Sunday afternoon too!) one should expect a surprise bigger than that which one prepares for himself, immediately afterwards proposing to me that we go and see a movie.

Having looked at him more carefully, I thought I saw in the corners of his eyes - regardless of his rationale and the proposition of his - at least a grain (or two) of disbelief regarding the first, and a tuft (or two) of boredom regarding the second, but, in spite of that, I agreed to, in principle, a healthy impetus of searching for happiness or, at least, changing the situation.

Going down *Y. St.* and, being more reticent than chatty, evaluating which of the theatres looked more like a momentary asylum and less like an eternal solution, we passed both *College* and *Parliament*, then went into one of the two movie theatres on our left, watched a movie which I completely forgot, as it (as expected and as is the case, in principle, with the production of macroscopic pictures as a cover for microscopic days) was of no importance whatsoever.

What was of importance (and what, as always, slouched into the Sunday afternoon as in a well packed, yet such a naked hour) stretched up to here anyway - that's why I remember it.

And that was a certain minute awkwardness in the sense that it turned out that this young man and myself, from, after all, quite different environments, backgrounds, pasts, experiences, moreover - pedigrees, somehow held on to the cinema as to the only solution in the afternoon which, it is true, wasn't assuring us of anything better anyway (even a cloud, as far as I recall, began twisting from the right hand side), but which also could, with a little more imagination, i.e., with a bit more fantasizing (and, of course, with an appropriately strong will), transfigure itself into something more

smooth-spoken, that is milder (something resembling a customary show for the senses washed out by Sundays), to avoid that everything, as it turned out to be the case this time again, reduces to a filmed patheticness of two essential loners, one of whom even took up penning (although, rather than a pen, using the keyboard) to finish off all that with such a merciless judgment (a finale according to which no pictures cost any beginning a single hair on its head, let alone the head itself), while the other (*O'Neil*, of course), having returned to his room (on the other side of the house relative to the side where my room was located), packed up the same night and, on Monday morning, having paid to Mrs. *Heidi* the remaining rent, started out for his movie to continue it on his own voyage (like his *Ireland* - greenish and reddish due to such a knottiness) to the remaining theatres of the world.

According to the landlady, he looked that way too - as if going to a matinee movie.

The thing is that one couldn't call a journey like that of someone who, already at the next intersection (*B. & B.*) found himself under the wheels of a trolleybus en route *6B (Bay, Queen's Quay)*.

\* \* \*

Whilst the incident with another inhabitant of a room in the same house, a certain *S.* from *N. Pazova* (a town near *B.*), was more cheerful nonetheless.

The entire summer passed away [in addition to that what happened with the *Irishman*, the occasional driving back and forth in my car with *Boban (Rafael's brother)*, and a little bit of football playing behind the landlord's house with his younger son (*T.*), I was spending the (practically empty) weekends wandering on the streets of *T.* (also practically empty) and writing to *R.*], but *September* came and, with it, he - the man from *N. P.*

Having moved into the room next to mine.

(*Raddoppiamento* - one would have said, if it wasn't to do with tenantableness).

Right away he left an impression of someone who, if not fully at large from any doubt regarding a desirable destination and the corresponding goal, at least was providing no passage for any maudlin emotion to his, so luminous and heartily but, without a doubt, an obstinate attitude regarding this world and its "driving forces" (attitude according to which every summation of thrilling tangibility has its amount of cash, *ragione*).

By then I had not had to go to *Bickford Park High School* after work for some time (having finished the "accelerated" English course after attending it every evening from 7 to 9 in order to, as I reckoned at the time, besides the language, be able to master both the spring and the summer, which came true if one neglects that I also met an *Ustasha* in the class, something that almost costed me not only the two seasons), more exactly (because of so much free time) having noticed over the last few weeks that someone occupied the room next to mine, I thought that, as the thing with the *Irishman* was already over, this time it is a *Serb* or a *Scotsman* [the three ethnic groups, in my opinion, were somehow naturally adding to each other in the chain of *Highlandry* around the whip of *Royalty* (the spur, that is, mace of *Victorianism*)] - which indeed happened to be true.

One evening, namely, being a *Serb* and passing by me (whose face was considerably bearded), on the viaduct-like stairs between two floors in the landlord's house, and spotting a copy of the "*Nin*" (*B.*'s weekly) in my hands, with an indestructible accent of a dweller from the plains, the *N. Pazovian* said quite plainly: "But I thought you were a *Chetnik*".

[The *N. Pazovian's ratiocinatio* - neither a bigger sign nor a smaller doubt (could have been his case)].

Besides the perfect polishedness of such a logical *instrumentum* of his (since when do such disheveled types read such dull text, really?), whose only drawback, which he, of course, didn't have to be aware of at the time, would have been

contained in my, for a number of years now irrevocable decision to let those and, indubitably, all other papers from the area to themselves (leaving them to the situation in which I too, throughout all this, practically zeroed time, found myself), besides such one, therefore, perfect remark of my new neighbour, one could see at first glance that more kind ideas of him might also feel like at home: from the notion of small business opportunities (including servicing even more exclusive sets of joined mechanisms, i.e. motors plus generators) to the inkling of a house and a garden plot, half-way between *Сурдук* and *Ульма* (places not far from *N. P.*), with a wife and two children so they could inherit something.

Which exactly was the guiding thought of my virtuous companion: to keep quiet and get down to work for a while in this place, saving as much as possible, then to return and realize the ideas contemplated here.

(As far as he was concerned he did just that, an act with which, if nothing else, he presented his own bills to himself: something that deserves the compliment of completeness).

But at the time, he (the *N. Pazovian*) was still to do all that, which automatically implied a certain unconcernedness in the very beginning, and, afterwards, all the more progressive obsessiveness with said programme and goal.

Which is to say that, with his soul still jubilant and vigorous, he brought me (on those stairs) into an uncomfortable situation in which I had to find excuses, replying that the weekly happened to be in my hands not as much to elevate me above the common people's notion of a beard, as to provide me with something to scratch it when itching.

That's how, at the very start (still in *September*), we broke the ice, and, since my fiancée (*R.*) was supposed to arrive already the next month (in *October*, regarding which arrival one can find a couple of correct, lamb-like jottings in the next, third part of this, mammoth-like diary), while he was expecting the arrival of his wife *G.* (whom he married a short while before coming here) a month later (in *November*), one Saturday *S.* received with enthusiasm the news from me that I intended to drive down to *Queen St. W.* and there (in those obscure stores) buy a bed and, possibly, a night table (or two) and the same number of reading lamps, and that, if he's got some time and was willing to, he could join me and help pick and carry the things to the apartment which, in the meantime, I found in a not too far, although another part of the city.

No sooner said than done - having purchased and transported all that on the roof of my car to the high-rise building in the *D. M.* area, we entered (*S.* and me) the apartment on the 24-th floor (out of 29, which the building had) fully convinced of worthiness of the purchase and solidity of the newest, that is, approaching phase of residing, so much so that we even immediately agreed on the identical steps that, this time he, had to undertake before his wife's arrival, whereby my helping him in return was implied.

I remember that, once we assembled the bed and arranged those few shelves and strew mats on the floor, and after we have measured the dwelling all across and through (as much with our strides as with our eyes, that is), I announced in an important manner to my collocutor that *that was it* - i.e. that everything more than that was an unnecessary qualification and useless nuisance, *resinificatio*.

With which he instantaneously agreed, even so much that, approximately a month later (*R.* had already arrived and we, married for a couple of weeks by then, were already in our apartment on the 24-th floor), he phoned us to let us know that he and his *G.* were going to move in the same building (almost on the same floor).

Look how all that was accelerating (almost touching the sky, as if from a papal chair - *sedes apostolica*)!

One could assume that it didn't take long for Mr. & Mrs. *K.* to find other tenants, as well as that there was nothing for us at the altitude in question (as much for *R.* and me, as for the *Pazovian* and *G.*) but to get used to the view.

And while the two of us, whatever it took, because of that were breathless, *S.* and *G.* reduced it, already tomorrow, to a much more realistic, that is, a more vital measure - having looked all the way to where they came from, i.e. having continued to realize their plan about the return from the very departure.

(The rare ones who did it).

But then, when we (*R.* and me), having long ago come down from the floor in question, walked the other day (who knows for which time in the row) through the standard park of our afternoons and remembered *S.* and *G.*, who, for a long time already, were walking on their original soil, we didn't look back at the completed move, although we did not set off for a bigger gag either, for example, a golden / divine section (*section aurea - section divina*).

\* \* \*

Nearing its end, the year of 1974 could not help itself not to emphasize its presence in us.

Above and beyond the fact that, in the beginning of *December* (and on a used *TV* set) we watched "The Bridge on the River Kwai" until the movie's end, then decided to go to "*Avala*" for New Year's Eve (in one of those parts of *T.* which even that hill would have been unable to lift a little from the depression on the surface), not giving a hang about the inevitable mixture of melodrama and kitsch which at places like that always presents itself as a virtue, in the same year (1974), as it was already said, we got married (*R.* and I) which (by itself) presented a good reason not to depart from it (the year in question).

It was a good year.

*Selecta sc. Pars.*

We got married at the City Hall.

We were almost late (slept in).

Our witnesses were a *Frenchman* and a *Chinese* (*Don* and *Garry*, from my work), while an *Englishman* and his nephew, *Vick* and *Ryan* (who happened to be on training at *BNR* in those weeks) doubled the number of our guests.

After a half-an-hour ceremony in the registrar's room, we went to the *Sheraton* bar where we stayed for about the same time, from there we proceeded to "*Tratoria*", an Italian place at the corner of *Davenport & Younge*.

(Even though demolished long ago, the building that used to house said restaurant didn't easily transit into the dusty myth - even at this very day, the currentness of the long passed event at the place is able to establish itself whenever it happens that we are near it, *para-phérō*).

Given that we ate fish and drank wine, I remember that (in the restaurant) the two of us and the four of them laughed at each bone's strain (one must admit - a catch quite plain).

On the way back, the invited guests picked up and gave us the traffic signs from the garage where we parked our cars, possibly thinking that such a gesture of theirs would help us during the first days of our "orientation" through "life together".

But it turned out that even now, more than thirty years since the event, those few signs mark with the same importance and unrelenting clarity the first road of ours - from the dash to life to the life in dash, although (one should be honest and recognize that) its destination (the destination of the life) is becoming all the more well thought-out.

The next day, *R.* and I went to *B.*, *N.Y.*, spent the night in a hotel called “*Lafayette*” (<http://ah.bfn.org/a/washngtn/391/>) watching on the room’s *TV* an episode of 1968’s “Planet of the Apes”, and, the quicker the better, returned to *T.*

Along the way (on *Niagara Falls*), we saw how in the fall of 1974 there shines 1975, like a *nutria* (*Myocastor coypus*), a beaverlike water-dwelling coypu, with its precious and glistening fur.

\* \* \*

**(1975)** As always in cases like that, because of such a perfection of 1974 one might have anticipated that it could not last forever.

The year of 1975 had not fully started yet (I didn't spend more than the first two of its weeks at work) when Mr. *Lewis* called me to his office and, with a worried voice (of *mezza voce* type), presented me with the layoff notice, only to, immediately after, absentmindedly throw himself into the standard story-telling about lack of work.

(He felt uncomfortable, namely, as long as it takes a honest person to bring himself into the harmony with a new order of the old things, *per Dio!*).

He did mention, however, a possibility of moving to *O.*, where, according to his words, a larger part of *BNR* is to move anyway, but he did it more in a sense of underscoring something than changing it.

I said goodbye to *Don*, *Vick* and *Garry* (having finished his practice at the company, *Ryan* had already left), I didn't forget to mention to the *Hungarian* fellow (Mr. *Hunyadi*) how I liked his idea of continuing in school, but, as it was only *January* (there was still a long time before *September*), one ought to have found a job and lived of it.

(*R.* attended some *English* classes and was symbolically paid for it).

I found my second job through the employment agency "*J. & Associates*" (with the office at the corner of *Egl. & Youn.*); by pure chance (by a flash of the old trace!) it was also located in *B. (Bramalea)*.

"*P. X-Ray*" - that was the company's name; there was a strange collection of people in it [a variegated company of eccentrics: a certain *Roman* type (*Morris*) was as much a manager as a busy body (a hurried and, above all, short-tempered man), a *Hindu* character (*Lal*) acted as the principal engineer - being a *Sikh*, he never took off his headdress, something which didn't bother him while putting together the building blocks of an electronic circuit whom he happened to have devoted all his attention at the moment, as if on top of his head he had nothing except, perhaps, a little bit of saffron inspiration, *gustoso*]; during lunch these men and other employees would play a gambling game (at a fabric-covered table with sections of a coloured glass), during business hours they would keep quiet and work without complaining: the kind of people in whom you could find neither less expressiveness nor more uniformity, and yet, that too went into the phase envisaged for that period of life [for if it didn't - I wouldn't have been able to recollect it so easily (like a sudden immortality), having remembered it so graciously], until, that is, it lasted.

And it lasted six months.

(*Volenti non fit injuria*).

That's how long it took me, namely, to finally end the long drives to *B.* (and back), i.e. to find work in a company called "*A.*" and, consequently, submit my resignation to the "*Picker*".

Just around that time my mother visited us – the summer of 1975 we spent with her.

(Thinking how I am now a whole ten years older than her then, I don't believe she felt like a young girl, but one could have guessed with a solid certainty that, if nothing else, she was putting aside many a doubt until its expiration date would be over).

We went [*R.*, *I.* and *V.* (my mother)] both here and there, talked about both this and that, looked at all sorts of things [I remember how we went to *K. Market* several times, and how on the way back, and after we got some baked goods and fresh drinks from a nearby mart, we would sit down on a curb around a small but lively painted school building (*viribus unitis*: taking a 10-minute rest), then stood up again and, rather leisurely than in a hurry, started leaving in a direction

which couldn't be confused with a pathway not showing enough elements for a day understood in such a way, *viridarium*], so that, as the summer was nearing its end and the earth was felt more and more under the sky, we finally put together a seasonal solutions manual out of all that - having planted them (the elucidations) to be ready for the fall harvest (to come true when it's most difficult, *bianco*).

After all, from *May* to *September* not even lesser things happen without a decent result, why wondering about a fitting episode of the fulfilled summer?

But, on the other hand, as every voyager has a turning point (after which he/she still goes, but now towards the beginning), not even fine pictures of some enchanting journey could avoid framing with a solidly carved frame (like books with *Bücherschrank*).

So did my mother: she came in *May*, left in *September* - to die at that.

\* \* \*

In order to mitigate it somehow, but also induced by the old advice of Mr. *Hunyadi* (the comrade from *BNR* - in the meantime, as I learned later, also perished for some reason), that month (*IX*) *R.* and I turned to further studies (at *U* of *T*).

Working during the day, studying at nights, even bigger things can be undergone (one could even live through a more), let alone an ordinary job at "*A*" and the standard lectures in classrooms once in *Galbraith* once in *Sanford Fleming* building (not even then, that is, one knew which side *Ahriman* would turn to, and which *Ahrimarazde*).

\* \* \*

"*A.*" ("*Agatronics*") was a *C.* branch of a well known *Swedish* company in the type of business it was involved with: the design, manufacturing and distribution of laser-ranging instruments and infra-red (thermal) cameras; yet, in its office, I felt as much out of space and time as it was necessary to, here and there, do a homework assigned in the classroom.

Mr. *Orr*, a general manager, an older and a suitably polished/refined gentleman (with some smaller neglects in the form of, however to look at it, visible *amphibolia*), would mingle from time to time within the business premises, which, to make sure, to us (the employees) didn't change even "*a*" in our "daily perspective" - although it is possible that it made some additional sense of it (with the look of guardianship because of the lack of exertion, the excess of spiritual sluggishness - *akēdeia*).

Besides the chief, some administrative personnel was there too, as well as a couple of middle managers / salesmen, which meant that *M. Gomes* and I were the only ones who, in a laboratory elevated on a platform looking south, actually knew the instrumentation the firm dealt with, and knew it inside out - we tested them and fixed them, sitting in the raised lab and cutting with the laser beam the dense air of the summer afternoons (and the rarefied of the winter ones), or, using the thermal camera, going into the filming of the absolute zero.

And so, between work and school, who has chosen more without settling accounts with less already in the beginning (*affettuosissimo*)?

\* \* \*

When I think of that year now (when I recall all that from this safe distance), however much I might have forgotten about it, even this which remains is enough to fill many others.

With which, and along with the understandable help of additional reminiscences, one could even run an additional (honorary) lap around it, *appoggiato*.

Thus, for example, exactly in that year (1975), things were firmly set on their feet, so much so that there could not be a mention of their ruining even in the case of different *menaion*'s (books for each of its months), since all of them (the months of 1975) brought that which they did (and which has been described here) in the manner in which they would do the same even if set upside down.

(A doubtless courage of making a conclusion as a memorial setting of doubtfully passed times, their *invecta et illata*).

Although above all that (above every period of time and thus above 1975 as well), more incorruptible than anything else, there hovered *Timelessness* (also found under the name of *Never*).

{*Never* as the biggest truth and the only certainty of everything, a disappearance which is implied and to which all stories reduce, that which encircles and which one cannot abandon, a resolute move of a cut in time with which the condition is bisected, to this until now and that from now on, such that this which was until now will be *Never* again, however much it hesitated and pouted and conceived how to turn the tables on the idea represented by the notion of *Never*, in order to come true / re-establish itself / resuscitates at least one more time (or calm down in expectation of a sign which would permit it to jump out, at least for a moment, onto the scene, *appellatio temeraria*), even though it knows well that those are futile deeds and that, in all that, the only thing which exults is *Never*, having parked itself high above seven hills and seven seas and seven evils of theirs in the sense of a liberty presented to them (*height, water, fall, drought, malt, soul*, and a bit of a *daily gloom*), having *never* surrendered (*Never, Never*).

*Never* as a complete break from this now and that before and that which will be, a grand player who has nowhere to retreat without taking the play with the self, a master of the trade of creating the end and making no sense of the beginning (*appellatio frivola*), but, at the same time, a heartily protagonist of the illusion of the middle [until it shows up (that which goes under the notion of *Never*)].

Which is nothing to wonder about if one knows that its own structure qualifies it for the idea which it represents, i.e. under which it means it - *never* dealing with itself, *Never* grabs all possible years by means of their obsession with themselves, consequently having acquired the year *one thousand nine hundred seventy five* as well.

That is why that year is going to be *never* again, either}.

\* \* \*

But, while it was, in addition to being commended by the mentioned events, that year could also praise itself with an occasional joke.

Take, for example, the realization of essence.

(Humanization in the anteroom of some important gentleman: *anthrōpos & antichambre*).

That year, the essence could be realized (perceived, recognized) by visiting the *Zoo* and insisting on staying there until the evening - leaving it only then, namely, under the assumption that everything happens in the late autumn (holding over head the early raggedness of the sky only - as it is anticipated and is appropriate for such a going out into the roar), one could see how even from the menagerie a word of consolation reaches the dark blue peak: the mucus of slavery, in the end, always changes its mind underneath dark firmament [having reduced itself to the community of a herd (the yawn of a bird), the mutuality of heaps - that of beasts and this of clouds (with open mouths) - *casus mixtus*].

The construction of a new *Zoo* in *T.*, around that time, was in its final stages: being of a so-called “open concept”, the zoological garden was spread over a large area, and, because of that, regardless of how early you came to visit, you could hardly see more than a half of it before the evening.

Which meant that you could (relatively easily) satisfy one of the conditions set above (to stay at the *Zoo* until twilight); it only remained to go there in *October*, or *November*, on one of those autumn days, that is, when the conclusion (so conveniently cited a few moments ago) which one was to go for, ought present itself on its own, *in praesenti casu*.

Which indeed happened to us then: having gone there under the described terms, therefore, on the way back we (*R.* and *I*) effortlessly agreed that it was true that all those animals were just initial stakes in such a presented concept of the world - the “open” one, with a little bit of foam around the jaws of bewildered species, in truth, but one had to reconcile to something in order not to bring into question at least the *First Days of the New Garden* (in order to approach them as one would a mass noun - *nomen materiale*).

**Aquatic Mammals** [dolphins, whales, seals, sea lions from South (Californian - *Zalophus californianus*) or North (*Eumetopias jubatus*)], and all other swimmers [tapirs (*Typi tapiira*), capybaras (*Hydrochoerus capybara*), talapoin monkeys (which, while swimming, slap their hands)], **Bears** [brown, black, white, gray (European, Asiatic, polar and North American)], **Birds** [flamingos (*Phoenicopteridae* - all six species!), tropical birds (pheasants, multi-colored parrots), waterfowls (water birds), birds of prey (falcons, hawks, eagles, vultures, owls), penguins (the fastest swimming birds - gentoos, the jumping birds - rockhoppers, the royal birds - king penguins)], **Cats** {big ones [lions, tigers (Bengal, Siberian, Caspian, Javan, South Chinese), jaguars, cheetahs, leopards (snow and clouded leopards (*Neofelis nebulosa*))], and small ones [rusty spotted cat (*Felis / Prionailurus rubiginosa*) of Southern India and Sri Lanka]}, **Primates** {all those tailless monkeys and apes (chimpanzees, gorillas, bonobu, siamang, gibbons, and orang utans), as well as those with tails [fat-tailed dwarf lemurs, golden lion tamarins, marmosets, capuchins, squirrel monkeys, bald (Brazilian) uakari (*Cacajao calvus*), white-nosed saki, masked (*Callicebus personatus*) and yellow-handed titi (*Callicebus torquatus*), redtail (*Cercopithecus ascanius*) and moustached monkeys (*cephus*), white-cheeked mangabey (from Madagascar) or collared one (from West Africa), *De Brazza's* monkeys (*Cercopithecus neglectus*), spot-nosed monkeys (*nictitans*), wolf's monkeys (*Cercopithecus wolffi*), blue monkeys (*Cercopithecus mitis*), lesser spot-nosed monkeys (*petaurista*), black and white colobus monkeys, *Patas* monkeys (*Erythrocebus patas*), *Macaca arctoides* macaque (with a stumpy tail) and his pal (*cyclopis*) from Formosa, mandrills and talapoins, all kinds of baboons (olive - *Papio anubis*, from the savanna - *cynocephalus*, from Guinea - *Papio papio*), langur and sureli, siamang and gelada]}, more reptilian than mammalian **Echidna** and **Platypuses** [*Tachyglossus aculeatus*, *Ornithorhynchus anatinus*], **Marsupials** [Australian kangaroo, Tasmanian bettong, hasty wallaby (*Macropus agilis*), pig footed bandicoot, short tailed opossum, short legged numbat, koala and squirrel glider, *Planigale maculata* with narrow nose or long tail or a pigmy planigale, black spotted cuscus, long-footed *Potorus longipes* (or long nosed - *tridactylus*, or broad faced - *platyops*), Tasmanian devil (*Sarcophilus harrisii*), wild rat (quokka) and sandhill dunnart (*Sminthopsis psammophila*), Bruijn's padmelon or

red necked one (*Thylogale thetis*), then wallaby from swamp (marsh, morass or heath)], **Insectivores** [*Amblysomus juliana* of South Africa (*Juliana's* golden mole), lesser white toothed shrew (*Crocidura suaveolens*), pygmy hedgehog tenrec (*Echinops telfairi*), long eared *Hemiechinus auritus*, house shrew as a tamed beast (*Suncus murinus*)], **Bats** (*Chiroptera*), **Sloths** and **Anteaters** (as well as a toothless armadillo), **Dogs** and **Carnivores** [jackals, coyotes, foxes and wolves (*lupus*), raccoons (including pandas, even though they are not carnivores), weasels and civets (mongooses, genets and meerkats - *Suricata suricatta*), African hunting dogs and hyenas, red pandas and otters, coatis (*Nasua nasua* - a relative of raccoon), martens (both stone- and pine- ones), badgers (before a barred/latticed court!), cacomistles (*Bassariscus astutus*, also a relative of raccoon, but with a bell on its tail), kinkajous (*Potos flavus* - unending sleepers in wood cavities), cat-like linsangs (both African, *Poiana richardsonii*, and spotted, *Prionodon pardicolor*), skunks with stripes as if flags (*Ictonyx striatus*), and wolverines (among the biggest of martens/minks)], **Elephants** [Asian, African, and Pigmy (from Borneo)], **Grazing Mammals** [antelopes, deer, and other hoofed animals (camels and horses, giraffes and pigs), zebras - *Grevy's*, *Hartmann's* (mountain zebra), a horse saddled (they say) by *Przewalski*, Malayan tapir, babirusa (*Babirousa babirusa*, a wild boar or a relative of hippopotamus?), then vicuna (*Vicugna vicugna*, related to llama), Formosan sika deer (*Cervus nippon*), large North African and Arabian antelope (*Addax*, that is, *Hippotragus nasomaculatus*), Barbary sheep (in New Mexico a desirable game, otherwise a plant eater - *Ammotragus lervia*), the biggest gazelle (*Gazella dama*, adapted to dry environments such as Lybian desert), Botswana's antelope (*Kobus leche*), a big wild ox of Southeast Asia (*Bos frontalis*), anoa (small buffalo: from plains - *Bubalus depressicornis*, from hills - *Bubalus quarlesi*), Arabian and scimitar-horned oryx (*Oryx leucoryx* and *Oryx dammah*), an animal in between the markhor and the antelope (*Capra megaceros* - *Capra falconeri*)], **Amphibians** [monstrous serpents, quiet fish, lizards and crocodiles, tortoises and all of **Reptiles** - still with backbones!], **Small Mammals** [kangaroo rats (from the desert regions of the U.S. and Mexico), hutias (Cuban rodents of the genus *Capromys*, including *Geocapromys ingrahami*), volcano rabbits (*Romerolagus diazi*), squirrels, bats (again!) and ordinary mice], **Rhinos** [black (with narrow lips), white (with wide lips), Great Indian rhinos (from India and Nepal), Javan (from *Udjung-Kulon* reserve), and Sumatran (from *Lenzer* reserve) - also known as "woolly" rhinos]: all that mighty roar (a hidden beat), stressful look (a spoiled moan), a sudden readiness for the everlasting partitioning of things (from this and that side of the bars, on this and that half of the cage, under this and that cover of the sky, in one or the other form of participation) - they could not get rid of the common harshness of a prison-like established condition just like that: a certain tiny shadowiness of the captive moment, due to something which (like a crushed lion) set out down the skin of time into the mane of space, with its tail swung such that everything (in front of everything else) snaps very well - here and there, up and down, left and right, from one ascertainment to another (from one barking to the other, the same and yet a bit deeper) - carrying ahead of itself the waving of the whole circle, wrapped around the outer beast as much as around the inner executioner, not used to anything which doesn't instantaneously present itself as an *exogenous* victim, pulling out from the self all the more virtuoso-like longing, having hung on it like on an aria produced by a wire and played, for example, having in mind only an *alt-violin* (relying on the possibility that only *viola di braccio* emanates

desirableness in such a direction), not giving up the advantages of an observer, however, in such a garden.

11-12-01-04/23-08-20-20/05-06

\* \* \*

**(1976)** And since, by all means, going from one year to another does not necessarily imply automatic exiting from the *Zoo*, the latter resumed at the point of its tail converting to its snout: to go from *December 31* to *January 1* does not take more than a grunting swing of the symbolic change of one yeast with the other anyway (until each one of them grows from a cawing crumb to the lazy cake, *larga manu*).

So that the bouquet of games (rules, know-hows, and the menagerie's colors of 1975) prolonged in a manner most naturally possible - calling upon those same components of 1976, *Kopier-buch*.

Melodrama aside, but is it not true that the speechless sign of a breathy change is its, certainly deserved, plus?

One year plus the other (the third, the fourth, the fifth) - and still they will (all of them, rounded by the unquestionableness of the result) find themselves on the same side of the multitude: the one which, today too, renounces itself just a little bit more (although does not conceal excessively).

The important thing here is that, at all times, something appears (moves, keeps fidgeting), and, immediately after, moves away, i.e. attracts the attention and, at the same moment, restricts it and upsets with omniscience, "throwing to the foreground" a suitably adjusted reflection of *globus imperialis* [*Orbis Terrarum* (a Norse *Riksäpple*), *The Wheel*, that is, the *World's Stage*: "The perfect state of creative bliss is having power and knowing nothing", *Tibor Kalman*], and, without a moment of the pathetic dilemma typical of some confused occurrence but not of it (that which so readily bursts into flame and, having reached the full blaze, smokes while dying down), transiting from 1975 to 1976 as from the *n*-th to *m*-th year: utterly uniformly hanging itself on the sky above each one of them as if the glory of this world (*gloria mundi*) belongs to both the early and the late phase of its contrition before *the same*, with a virtuosity worthy of the *glissato* move entangled into *the same* (that which always presents itself as a different, while, in fact, it is *the same*).

*Linea lateralis*: Look how the year of 1976, having concealed itself with the first frost in the autumn garden of 1975, turned white with its first snow!

\* \* \*

A lot of snow, plenty of studying, loads of the regular work (at "A."), what else could have been desired without stepping over the threshold between the fall and winter?

(*Liptauer!*)

Although it (said threshold, by itself) was becoming smaller and smaller, so that, from *November 1975* until, for instance, *March* (or even *April*) of the year dealt with (the year of 1976), many a bird left it (the threshold in question) under its gray wings [flying like a spindle through the whitened day (jumping over feelings other than dismay)].

"From that period" - as the phrase goes - I couldn't remember anything which wouldn't reduce to a secondary fit of each such time into the start and the finish: a pair of determined geese, as already said, which (each on its wing) direct themselves towards the respective target as if it is in front of their beaks, or two (at most three) furrows (quite suitable hope) over night sky ploughed by the morning's slope (and a star, or two, before the day starts shining), although one could say with an ease that neither in that year (the year of 1976 - *spiritus movens* of this meager text) anything got down to wiping out traces of its trade as did such a fragile, airy promenade.

(It's) only the second term of the (post)graduate school, but it (already) looks as if only the decorative letters of the framed exertion are left from that other (original) graduation - that which one learned or did not learn is going to be considered the up-to-date framing of his chronic ignorance anyway, *mychmós*.

So I learned to avoid secondary importance and to fool around with the remainder as with the whole, and didn't learn that from the latter one cannot free himself by means of the gaffe (even if relying on *generatio spontanea*).

Until the terminology became standard and the words melodic even to the ear of *Scaramouche/Scaramuccio* (if one could give such a name to the person who courageously kept vigil over the cowardly age of yet another replica of *one and the same*), and the melody self-explanatory even to its absence (to that which would remain if *one and the same* did not show up).

Such that one could liberally say that the year of 1976 was unfolding "in an arena" of a striking rerun of the year of 1975, and with the moderation of every next year which would (so hastily?) smoothly replace it, if in all that (as always) one didn't deal with a complete lack of predictability (and a little bit of error).

Which led to that not even from it (the year in question - 1976) one could take more than from any other year caught in the same, long attack (lasting many years).

{To recall, after many years, what made them (the years in question) pile up on one from which, make believe, they escaped only to come to here - is not a joke even for the writer of this calendar. Yet, let him try:

In 1976, *Lj.* visited us; through him we met *T.* (a common friend from our childhood), who, it turned out, lived here too; in 1977, *B.* was born, my mother died (during her illness I resigned from "A." and we left for *Yu*, from where I returned ten weeks later and got a job at "B. Elliott", met *R.* and *B.* at the *T.* airport on Dec. 31 and took them to # 1610, 30 *Char. St. W.*; in 1978, I attended the *GE* school in *Waynesboro, VA*, for two weeks, later that year I left work (at "B. E.") to return to school (the same one, at *U of T*) full-time; lacking my own car, in 1979 I drove a taxi cab [all together three times: the first time I lost money (I had to pay back the taxi owner more than I made), the second time I made an extra \$20, and the third time I took *B. and R. out* (giving in to the euphemism for *the act of picnicking*)]; in 1980, *S.* was born, *J. B. Tito* died, *S.* and *A.* came, *J. Lennon* was killed; in 1981, *A.* and *S.* went back, I finished school and got a job at "E. E.", after six months I resigned from there and went to work for "CGE"; in the early spring of 1982 (more specifically, during *March* and *April*) I drove every day to "P. Crane", in *N. Falls*, where I interfaced *GE 1050MC CNC* with *PAMA* horizontal boring mill (I remember that during those trips - via the car radio though - I sympathized with the *Argentineans* in the *Falkland War*, which wasn't so easy given the distance), after which, sometimes in the middle of that year, I spent again two weeks in the *GE* school, this time in the (later notorious!) *Sch'dy, NY*, and then, during *August* and *September*, due to the work similar to the one from *March/April*, I drove every day to the *CGE* factory in *Peterborough, ON*, (this time interfacing *GE 1054T CNC* with *Bullard 72-inch vertical turret lathe*), having, at that, seen off *R., B., and S.*, and met them upon their return (they spent the end of that summer and the beginning of the fall in *B.*), and, at the end of that year, having left for the *IEEE-Iecon '82 Conference* in *P. Alto, CA* (hence - as fogged now as a fatigued preference); in 1983, I found myself again in *Sch'dy* (continuing the *GE* courses from before), *B.* entered first grade at the "Jesse K." school, while I, due to the lack of work, was laid off from the "CGE" and went to *K., WI*, for an interview for a position at *UWP*, from where I returned a night before *M.* was born; that's how it happened that, in 1984, I watched the entire *Winter Olympics* from *Sar.* rocking *M.* in her cradle and looking for a job again (one ought to have waited for the papers to move to *WI*), under which circumstances I found a job at "G. I.", after which (the next day, though still in 1984) I went with *B.* to buy colour *TV* set because of the approaching *Summer Olympics* in *L. A.* (until then we had a miniature *Black & White TV* set - as the world was becoming all the more colorful, it was about time to tell the poor receiver *au revoir*); in 1985 we received "all the necessary papers" and moved to *WI* (and I started working at the *UWP*); in 1986 (for the first and last time) all five of us visited *Yu*; the summers of 1987 and '88 we spent at *P. Lake* (about a half an hour away from where we lived); in 1989, talked into that by our children, we got a dog (*Max*) and, this time with him, spent another summer at the lake; the summer of 1990, however, brought me (again!) to *T.* [to work for "S. A." and (in "Morrissey") to watch the *World Cup* hosted by *Spain*]; in 1991, we watched the aggression on *Iraq* and the war in *Yugoslavia* on the *TV* set we purchased in 1984; in 1992, we moved to *Wat., ON* - I started working for "E-H" - and kept on watching the war in *Yu*; in 1993 and '94 we still watched the war in *Yu* (on the same, color set); in 1995 I got laid off from "E-H" and, having found a job at "KAPL", went to that same *Sch'dy* in which I had briefly been in 1982 and '83, wherein I started working on the third part of the tetralogy of which this is a second part - having left the first and the fourth part hanging in the air, from where (through all of its glittering pages) to the bottom of the set first fell the last, and so - if I may - the fourth one, while the first one shall wait until it, too, starts shining in the same way}.

No wonder then, that, having remembered the year of *1976* from that of *2006*, all those years in between were so clearly seen, having not yet slipped to *Orcus*, that is *Tártaros*.

On the contrary, they were just about to start rolling out, like from the baggie of *Taschenspieler*.

\* \* \*

**(1977)** *Wasserwage*: Even in an average day many a thing can be accelerated, let alone the same possibility in the year that flashed and died almost at the same moment, *vacillante*.

As mentioned before, in 1977 what happened happened (which, needless to say, was neither *Rig-*, nor *Sama-*, nor *Yajur-*, nor *Atharva-veda*, and yet, a kind of a new “knowledge” was running around), so that (as the year in question was nearing its end) the year of *one thousand nine hundred seventy eight* opened its heart to us as well (pointing at the next degree of purpose) - relying on a soul full of inspiration (confirming the connection between happiness and dejection).

From said apartment on the 24-th floor, the truth is, one could see further than from some run-down place (or from, God forbid!, a hen-house), but even that was not providing for the full inspection of things [which, as discussed, occurred so sharply, though also with nuances of a violinist such as *Gelasimus* (a sea crustacean which with one pair of its legs plays upon the other)], for insight, that is, which is necessary to gain the upper hand in grading the sense [like, in one of those *Vedas* (the *Rig-veda*), classifying the Gods according to the four classes].

For, while the sense resulting from birth imposes itself by its very existence, the nonsense resulting from death hardly brushes against the notion of sense (only to, in the next moment, grab the quiet letter of taciturnity, *vide infra*).

When *R.* told me that our child was in sight, we cut through the cold like a well (and transparent like a streamlet) morning with that same car of ours (“*M. M.*”) sufficiently fast (true, it was Sunday) to find ourselves inside the *TGH* (a hospital in downtown *T.*) right on time, so that, in the waiting room, I could get used to the role of an expectant father plus get to know one, perhaps two more persons in the same state of expectation [a Chinese, wearing a very brightly painted leather jacket (which didn’t change things although it added some colours), and another man whom I cannot remember at all (as when one suddenly rushes into stoppage), although I know he existed].

After I was informed that *R.* was doing well, I briefly stepped out to get some newspapers from *Yu* (*Video meliora proboque: deteriora sequor*).

As soon as I returned, however, a nurse stepped in and told me that *B.* was born, and that both he and *R.* were “doing just fine”.

(*Portio hereditaria & portio legitima*).

I went back to the apartment to celebrate the news.

(On the way there, I dropped by a couple of stores to get some snacks and drinks, and a record by *P. Floyd*).

Once back in the dwelling, I phoned *G.* and *D.*, each came with his son (they were still children).

They stayed until *D.*’s wife called and told him to come home.

(Apparently, it was a bed time for their son).

After not so long, *G.* left with his son (*D.*) for the same reason.

I thought how *B.* found himself in a fine world, full of the golden order and the ordered gilding .

(*De-aurare*).

\* \* \*

As this happened on Sunday, the next day I treated my fellow workers in the office.

[Even Mr. *Orr* (the General Manager in “*A.*”) got down to the *tea biscuits* and the *Caribbean Rum* with the mannerism of an experienced partygoer].

In *June*, I finished school (“defended my thesis”) – a post-graduate education does not count on an offensive in *July*, anyway.

In *August*, I quit work (submitted my resignation).

We gave away our household goods and urgently left for *B.*

After what happened there I wrote to Prof. *A. S.*; his positive response (I still have his letter somewhere) made me return to *T.*

It was already the last day of *October* - one could not postpone the rush any longer (*data et accepta*). For,

“Ye may as easily /  
/ Outrun a cloud,  
Driven by a northern blast /  
/ As fiddle-faddle so”, *Ford*.

Miraculously, I found a job (in “*B. E.*”, through a newspaper add) in the last days of *December*.

As the position assumed a company car (for the field/service work), right away they gave me a used but still driveable “Chevy Nova”; I drove it to the *T.* airport to pick up *R.* and *B.* as they landed in the evening on *December* 31-st, drove them back to the downtown apartment (within the *U of T* student housing complex), which, prior to that, I speedily outfitted with furniture made by “*Lesnina Ljubljana*”.

It happened, namely, that *T.*’s outlet of said manufacturer was managed by one *Janko Piko*, a fleet-footed, that is, a slender rather than with (unwarranted) dreams packed man, whose businesslike manner did not stop at selling bedroom and/or dining sets alike; both a chief executive and an ordinary employee (an administrator and a secretary - a store keeper and an officeholder, a financial officer and a payroll clerk - a perfect representative of an ideal maker of the woodenware tranquility and an acute sheltering), such an all-around and multitasked character, therefore, fully underscored in that he himself took the constituent parts of the sets (not forgetting the fully assembled pieces either!) from the store’s shipping & receiving area, loaded them onto the company’s truck and moved all that (with me sitting next to him like an example of allowed ineffectiveness) to the front of the building, from which point we took the elevator and brought the mentioned paraphernalia to the apartment I had rented on the 16-th floor, where we finally fully completed the assemblies and classily arranged them before having a beer, sitting on the floor and feeling as if we were drinking from *Zāmzām* - the sacred well in *Mecca* with miraculous water - we carried so much weight on our backs that day and got no credit for it.

Which all happened at high time - the airplane with *R.* and *B.* was about to land. Actually - at any moment.

After which the year of 1978 arrived and our moments continued through it, *imponderabilia*.

*Imponente*.

\* \* \*

(1978) Having parked his car on a gravel plateau at the back of the building housing both the administration offices and a work shop (*en-masse*), and located west of *Kipling* and north of *Evans*, and subsequently having entered it (“*B. Elliott*”) through that back door, one could see the strictly office zone on his left side, the (electronic & mechanical) engineering section (in the shape of a *Greek* letter Γ) on his right, and, having passed (at the only corner of the letter) through another door, going after the smell of iron filings (thermic razing, *enjeu*) mixed with the vapors of various coolants and lubricants of appropriate viscosity for each of the numerous milling and drilling machines, as well as hydraulic presses and lathes, the main shop full of these and other machine tools and *CNC* controls would show in all its length of some hundred yards or so in front of him (the just arrived an observer), in that way having rounded off the first (and, as always, the most truthful!) impression of said enterprise (*quinta essentia*), the impression which would not allow anything to disturb it, that is, anything that in itself didn’t have at least a speck of the same firmness and appropriateness, at least a particle featuring the nucleus and a pair of ordered electrons [at least one strong atom and two (to three) ions].

“Peace, you mumbling fool”, *W. Shakespeare* - as if the Bard himself ought to have reminded him where he (according to everything - inadequate for said circumstances) was heading to, as well as where he, in fact, arrived at, in case he did not notice it himself (in case, that is, he dared infect with his indolence and equanimity this “combine” of undoubted dedication to exertion, *quartarius*).

Look what (“in the shortest possible terms”) both the “ambient” and the “profile” of such a “working engagement” of mine in the year of question (1978) could be reduced to, for one to be neither too heavy nor too light, in fact, to be able to determine that “*B. E.*” indeed was an exemplary and purposeful place.

[After all, I was actually attached to it as if I did not have it much, and it, too, in such a role, presented itself as something which would not impose its case (nor would it pout) if told goodbye].

“*B. Elliott*” dealt with *CNC* machine tools in that it would import the machines only from the *Eastern Europe* (*армелъ*), install on them the *American* or *Japanese* computer controls (*Art Deco*), and sell in such a way obtained final artefacts (state automata, *arts decoratifs*) in this part of the world.

By mid March, 1978, the company sent me (from *C.*) to take a course in *Waynesb., VA*, as mentioned earlier; as far as I remember, the other participants were all from south of the border.

Since the place in question is located considerably more to the south (relative to *T.*, “*B. E.*”’s home place), I remember walking in nice weather after school hours, going out into the fields for an hour (or two), alone or in the company of my class mates (*arpeggiato*), during which outings the obvious advantages of being at large could not have been denied, not even by the charms of robotic omniscience, *articularis*.

(I remember, thus, a clearing and a river, small rather than big but much more agile and lively, and, on the other side, whitish houses caught in a gentle pliancy like overheated bumblebees fallen into a therapeutic honeycomb: the scene in question was full of the healed micro-spots of puma, *armare*).

At the local cinema, several of us watched the movie “Close Encounters of the Third Kind” (at the time a “smashing hit”); after the show, we returned on greenish streets to our hotel atop a not too large and somewhat yellower hill; having reached the summit, we felt additionally lifted to accommodate the pathetic possibility of contacting *Something Else*, that is, as if said elevation (together with the dark-red brick hotel building on it) did not provide enough insight to *That Which Already Is*.

One of the trainees (who came to the two-week training all the way from *California*), an immigrant from *England* otherwise, was telling us, at the occasion, how he found it difficult to adjust when he first came here (*Artem non odit nisi ignarus*), but added that he couldn't return now, having also advised the others (including myself, even though I had not asked him for his advice) to try to, following the example from the just seen movie, come out and meet their *second self*, in that way relieving *that first one* (self of theirs) from the pressure of expecting (to see) their homeland pothooks in every other cave (above every other hearth), reducing them to *bambocciade*.

Whether I or someone else listened to / was influenced by that *English American* (given that even the adjective itself was nothing special), I couldn't tell, but one thing is for sure: although I never saw him again, even this memory of him is (to me) less foggy than of the majority (of people) whom I passed by today.

Having returned to *T.*, I greeted the spring not so sensitive to the cold any more.

(After all, it didn't take it long to climb onto the winter helmet and, from there, to mischievously melt it, however armored and daring, into a series of winding and flashy brooks of a top-quality sterling silver).

After which I was sent to apply the learned - first to *Ott.*, *ON*, then to *Bellows Falls, VT*.

[*Machines, machines*, not even in them can one hide from silence - wherever I went (from science to application), I carried this hushed load of automation.

(Not as much avoiding pauperism as saving myself from amateurism)].

And while regarding the trip to *Ott.* I don't remember more than a swift entry into the sleepy suburb of the destination (of programmability of the peripheral street at the end of all troubles / beginning of abundance), my voyage to *B. Falls* stayed in my memory as some, above all, wooded (and green!) passage towards the chlorophyll bed of the *Connectic. River* - after arriving there and fixing the problem originally reported at the "*Woodlan Tool & Machine Co. Inc.*" (or, perhaps, the "*Rockingham Industrial Services*"), following the boss's recommendation I spent the night at a *B & B* (Bed & Breakfast) log cabin built into the side of a hill overgrown with pine forest and fog alike, in the amounts also sufficient for (all those) days of complete visibility toward the back [so they (said days) would have what to shade themselves with - as it is going on right now, *basso ripieno*].

[I remember that, above the cabin made of darkened trunks of red cedar (*Juniperus virginiana*), the state of cloudiness increased with every night hour, until, right before the crack of dawn, it covered itself with the additional opacity of the mentioned fog (*bathys bios*), so that, when the day finally broke - the same dimness which was prevailing up to that point just distributed itself across a greater percentage of the soil: that under said lodge (with which, by then, I became a team), and that under the, just finished, supple dream].

Afterwards, the seasons of 1978 replaced each other in the same way in which *Canterbury Tales* (though much earlier) did one another - from the ending spring, summer flew out (first shy, then all the more yellow), while from it into the fall (beginning of winter) one could jump even with one leg - the obstacles were so small then (and the rebound big) that there was no need for a larger confirmation of one's act than a small move of his pen.

Thus, with the first days of *July* [under the multi-colored balloons of the proud *Dominion*, in the blooming park (*Q. P.*) like in the bushes of *Orion* (a tidy constellation of the grassy aeons)], we walked (*R.*, *B.*, and *I*, together with our neighbours from the building across the street, *W.*, *D.*, and *N.*) to the very center of the summer - by the tents with sugared (and syrupy!) insignias of (self assumed) lightness, next to the stages raised by an acting of (self understood) wholeness (*Batrachiomachia*), down the paths wrapped around the brushwood of (self implied) fineness (*bella donna*): look what we all passed by in order to acquire its sparkling head (the head of such a formulated summer, *Atropa Belladonna*), and make it get rid of the aloneness - from *belladonna* to *henbane* (to *bittersweet*), to *bitter apple* (to *spindle tree*), it does not take more than a drop of *atropine* (from leaves of the *nightshade*,  $C_{17}H_{23}NO_3$ ), as you can see!

Sometime around then, we took a bank loan and purchased a reel-to-reel tape deck (10" Ak.-630D), so that, whenever there was nothing on the radio (which, basically, was the case all the time), (quite) suitable music was coming from the rotating wheels of the machine (like from the *Saturn* rings immersed in the green), which only helped enhance the summer in our sight (endorsed as a requisite *Holst's* melodiousness, day and night).

[All those *summers, summers, summers* - something always blossoms there (something's taken care by longing), until it too (in such a way, therefore) passes by its own belonging].

After which, at the end of *August*, we went to *Ch.*, whereby I drove the company car through the *D-W* tunnel (underneath the river *D.*), while *R.* and *B.* flew to the *O'H.* airport, a day (or two) later.

Taking a walk by the lake (*M.*) in the evenings coated with copper full of the foreboding signs [the signs indicating (even then!) our walk on the same shore seven years later, although some sixty miles more to the north (while in *K.*, *WT*) and with two more members of the family (with *S.* and *M.*, born in the meantime)], we were, in fact, familiarizing ourselves with the things coming: as always, finding the cause in the subsequency - that's very clear by now, *benevole lector!*

After returning to *T.* (and with *September* setting in), as decisively as with a kind of a *mechanical* moodiness (full of the charm of an *electronic* pomposity, though), I resigned from "*B. E.*" and returned (at this point - full-time) to school (*U of T*) - looking from this day, that's somehow *bir-zeman*.

[One counts with University, anyway, whenever more aiming than shooting at something - having left enough room for the firing in situations in which it (the activating) would certainly reduce (without that) to a coquettish shooting, the privilege which only with the above stated, institutionalized disciplining of cognitive acts and processual manners, is justified to be activated and maintained, at long last finding itself in the contrivance of spirit and a well-arranged garden of extra pose (with a first-class rose)].

The supervisor of the machine shop (a place briefly described earlier), a certain Mr. *Rouse* (or such), as well as, after all, a number of co-workers with whom (in slightly less than a year, and in addition to coming across the trail of the procedure of mechanization), I came across a trail of the mechanization of the procedure, looked like they were sorry because of my leaving the company - that could have been seen in their sincere hand shaking and (here and there) jaw clenching.

Little by little, there came autumn and with it the universality of colors (*burino*): who didn't set a flame to himself because of the red, in the yellow he got to the soot - this could have been seen in that such one did not want to come out from the fiery red crowns without looking back at the burnt out ashes.

[*Bonazza*: Threadbareness of outcome and questionableness of origin - not even at their crossing they flow into each other without brushing against at least one of the seven sacraments (baptism, confirmation, the Eucharist, penance, extreme unction, holy orders, or matrimony), in that way becoming calm in front of themselves, gradually sinking into a just realized circle].

Regarding "school subjects", I took one *analogue*, another *digital* (the third concerning static power conversion, *bona mente*), which made me having the rest of the year expiring in a lissom way (even the logical justification of electrical current added itself to all that kiss - the fluidity of taciturnity while its days hiss), and so I wasn't caught by surprise when everything ended (that is, everything which was nice), without any dislocation or unnecessary cries, and the gong of *December* marked the end of the term exertion.

But just at the start of that last month of *1978*, *B.* fell and knocked his tooth out - even today one can see the mark where he left the tooth on the night table, himself having rolled down to the floor (*demersio*).

We ran to the hospital but its staff said that, since he was not even two, that should not present a problem bigger than

fracturing a breeze along the edging dawn - one should only wait for the day to break (in *B.*'s case - for his teeth to change from the baby to the permanent ones), eventually for the chance to poke the cosmic plan / to play an universal scout (in *B.*'s case - for him to bite the stars until they hollow out).

Both stirred up and peaceful was that year (1978), at the same time full of events and calmed by the result (up to its neck in a tangle full of tiny clearings of intense heat, *demivolte*).

[Let me only recall that we went to pick it up (the year of 1978) in said "*C. Nova*", and saw it off on a divide between numbers and letters - assigning to it the arithmetic role of the golden mean (the levitation of the abandoned feathers), *de facto*].

It is probable that one could find still more interesting things in that year, but why complicating one, even without that uncertain flow between frail hope and delicate fulfillment, something which, like the infamous *toccata* (a composition in free style), in spite of its full chords and running passages, is looked at only as the prelude of a polyphonic *fugue*, and even that only if one deals with music and not psychological (psychiatric) terminology, in which case a certain flight from reality (which, by definition, characterizes the notion of *fugue* in psychiatry) would only befog said flow (*dura lex, sed lex*).

In all that (in such an unambiguousness of all those days, *in corpore*), the closest to the description of a shift (small move) would have been a certain affection towards the study of natural phenomena that recur periodically [(the study of the, so-called, *phenology*, rather than *phenomenology*), such as bird migrations, blossoming, making something red-hot, melting, then again freezing, *in continuo*], that is, an inclination toward finding a connection between (so rhythmical) phenomena and weather, that is, seasons, which even that year (the year of 1978) could not renounce without being declared as yet another unconvincing proof of the bliss - its announced outcome and the reflection of its novelty.

\* \* \*

**(1979)** As soon as we found ourselves in 1979, we threw a party!

*De suggestio*: We invited both these and those, *Serbs* and *Chinese* (right and wrong, *ex-* and *a-patriates*), in a word - all those who were not sure what was to be celebrated), having decided namely (*R.* and me) to mark February the 3-rd (the tenth anniversary since we first met), although it was true that, in fact, we stated that it was *B.*'s second birthday which inspired us to make the party (a very suitable reason to expound on the given theme, in front of the jolly crowd, to be sure).

Using the previously described tape deck therefore (the *Japanese* reel-to-reel marvel), I recorded just enough musical imprudence [if one excuses all those (shabby?) passages of immortality during the pauses of materialization: *ēlektron-mechānike*], in order to qualify the given ascents as the system solutions, *elongatio*.

Thus, for example, the tapes in question contained both this and that [both the exuberations of *Marvin Gay* ('Let's get it on') and persuasions of the *E.L.O.* (*Electric Light Orchestra*, 'Believe Me Now'), the *Assumptions* of *Barry White* ('Love Serenade') and commands of the *Rolling Stones* ('Get Off My Cloud'), the elevations of *Joan Armatrading* ('Tall In the Saddle') and the clownishness of the *Hollies* ('Clown'), the melancholy of the *Beatles* ('While My Guitar Gently Weeps') and worriment of *Cat Stevens* ('Wild World'), the deceleration of the *Wishbone Ash* ('Sometime World') and pathos of the *Bee Gees* ('I Can't See Nobody'), the envy of *J. Lennon* ('Jelaous Gay') and domesticity of the *Animals* ('House Of The Rising Sun')], as if, in all that, the '*Allan Parson's Project*' didn't announce the doubtful Creation of the World yet ('Genesis', Ch. 1, v. 32), the '*April Wine*' didn't tactfully propose 'You Could Have Been a Lady', and we, on top of it, promised to listen to all that again, *eo ipso*.

But, this was only the beginning of *February* (having taken care of a commencement does not imply an automatic compensation of the remainder).

One ought to show up at the, so-called, *comprehensive exam* (a test of the 'universal comprehension of things') - after all, not even a *Ph.D.* degree is a joke [although it is sort of a bore: look, for example, at that very notion of the "all-inclusion/omni-apprehension"! - hasn't it long ago been said "Compose thy mind; Nor frauds are here contrived, nor force design'd" (Dryden), to still claim to be justified in stating that there exists some astute conspiracy in terms of the shielding of all such days. ("A casque composed by *Vulcan's* skill", William Shakespeare)].

I passed the written part, failed the oral part, went to see (said) Prof. *A. S.* (besides a mentor in the common sense of the word, a "rare man" without the quotation marks); convinced by his arguments, I showed up once more (the allowed quota) - and passed.

*Sitzfleisch*.

*Ep-exēgēsis*: Look how from the spring of a potential year (including here the year of 1979 as well) one enters its definitive summer!

In which, incidentally, it could not have happened that the afternoon explanation lights up without, at that, causing the rays of the sparky transparentness (the morning servants of the consciousness, wherever it found itself), the small penetrations of the condition in such a summer's possible mission, almost a heat convection by means of the bugs called *Pentamera* (by means of the pollen and the origin, without a noticeable direction).

"Such creatures as are produced each by its peculiar seed constitute a distinct propagable sort of creatures", Boyle.

*Epigēnnēma*: Netting itself with such a summer, the year of 1979 was not renouncing designs and layouts of simpler outcomes, though. Although, by the same token, one could calmly say that neither these (said results, *aestuosis*) felt bad in the season in which, turning to each and every side, everything blossomed on the basis of every writing about it (vanished in the same way in which the twinkling exultancy did).

(“No rag, no scrap of all the beau or wit, That once so fluttered, and that once so writ”, A. Pope).

Thus, for instance, we were always (at that time) impressing ourselves with *motifs* - without having to finish up the painting of tomorrow by means of them.

Which, it turned out, quite successfully stretched the standard version of condition from that summer to that fall, having pushed it all the way to the beginning of the winter and - a sudden decision to go to *Yu* for two weeks!

*Ēthnos-génesis*: no sooner said than done!

We packed (after buying a black-and-white snow suit for *B.*, though 100% polyurethane made), in the JAT's DC-10 *R.* ran into a classmate from her elementary school (*immatriculatio*), then a stewardess with an insignia of the flying constant (*praemissa titulo*), while I was calming myself with an abrupt flight to the Moon.

To the Moon, that is, the land of our descent, we arrived when no one expected us, which only testified to the worthiness of the ploy (*indebitum*).

Whether someone is going to remember the way the destination airport was lit, is the least important now [even that which counts sank into the flickering of the candle long ago, let alone this which holds on to the last canoe returning from the hunt, relying on a word (or two - delivered by means of the mentioned stunt)].

Oh, well, (the city of) *B.*, before *T.* died!

(*Indigetes*).

One should only take notice of how much said event, by itself, approved of the rigged eternity (before coming down with the conclusion about taking a walk through an instant).

For example, when the airplane (on its flight to *Be.*) touched down in (the city of) *Za.*, and, after a half an hour or so, was about to take off again, such a stampede started that it, in the least, was unpleasant for the senses (in the confused rush, people were almost stepping on one another - as the “higher” representatives of the given species would say: it was 'disgusting!'), at which point trying to elaborate on a theme of some perpetuity (however rigged) could not be done without inducing the basic instincts of the moment.

However, we hardly landed in *B.* when the allotment opened up, *in natura*.

(The one through which something steady immovable always rambles in its acting of a greyhound, *in loco*).

Who could have been able to expound on what was all that about, wasn't clear to us either, yet one had to submit to the sanctuary of the voyage as (if it was) the justification of the destination.

Which was exactly how, in front of the custom officers of the original country, we ‘declared’ ourselves - as those who, at such a moment, instead of into ourselves, so impudently threaded into it (said land), *in optima forma*.

(“They soon unthreaded the labyrinth of rocks”, De Quincey).

In *B.*: it was as it always was - neither a shred of honor, nor a speck of humiliation!

Neither to rely on the everlastingness of the presentation, nor to reject every praise to the presentation of the everlastingness - at any rate, having come from the inside of the terminal building into the mild Wednesday afternoon outside [having arrived in the very middle of the third December week (progressing towards the center of the third seven in a tactical way)], we found out that nothing was waiting for us (neither for me, nor for *R.*, nor for *B.*) which could not have been explained by the lower portion of a *Grecian* vase (covering up the old paths and trails with the alleged frailness of its base), not covering at all the grist to its mill - these were the looks of that place.

“Neither royal blandishments nor promises of valuable preferment had been spared”, Macaulay.

Whether it also snowed there or it did not (I think it did not!) is unimportant; however, and besides that, the precipitating part of the scene let itself (without hesitation) fit the hierarchical nature of (the presentation of) the momentary pervasion (from the moment of realizing the situation in the branches, to the moment of the whitening falling from the trees - and coming to the black humans).

To the black humans at the end of *1979*, and blackish at the beginning of *1980*, *in petto*.

\* \* \*

**(1980)** And in the same way in which the last letter is discerned from the first only when at least half of the word containing them is sailed over, neither from the (winterish) beginning of a year can one arrive to its winter end without, at that, combing the universal procedure of its middle - the summer.

*(Remotis arbitris).*

A procedure according to which, with the exception of all those (snail-like) months of creeping around the fortune, it is exactly determined what and how to do (in order) to multiply *the know-how* (what and when to shove under, now full and now empty bag of daily blunder).

*Remissio*: A bag full of days - all of those which, during daylight, topple down to the bottom of the same, steady plan, according to which all this actually is not so visible if we weren't seeing it as such (*remollientia*), so that, if we are not looking at it, it would not be extolling itself over a hope sufficient for the modest measures of the daily dwelling either {although it is true that the night, in all that, quite suitably places itself under the jaws of such a fate [having crossed its cards with the teeth of the steady state, subsequently having thrown them (very generously, not to lie) to the canine teeth of all this which is flowing by, *recitando*]}.}

During its flow, therefore, it looks like it is reaching its part of the sky – that's how it presents itself (that's how it sounds), all that silence taking no refuge in front of (the *New Year's* acknowledgment of) any of the years reduced to their memory elements (the *Victorian* ribbons of such refined, yet unreliable decorations), in the case dealt with here - reduced to the elements of the year of *1980*: its solo manifestations.

*(Recitativo secco).*

Sure, we can say this or that, think like that or like this [imagine that each of our years, if with nothing else, at least with its triumvirate - the beginning, the middle, and the end - tripled itself in front of the single forgetfulness of each one of them (before it disappeared without a trace)], but it is not going to help, from whatever side to look at it, to not also loose track of exactly such, however opportunistic story, while it itself gets reduced to the calendrical eking out a bare existence's decoration (a long ago passed fermentation), *ridotto*.

*Ridendo castigare mores.*

And yet, what to talk (to make noise) about, if not of one's own readiness to sacrifice (although not as well about such a derived devotion of the one who's talking, turned by nature of things toward something less clear and more distant), something with which, after all, not even the year in question (*1980*) separated itself in any more suitable way relative to the story teller [although it (said year), even so distant, neither presented itself as something which, as soon as *tomorrow*, will disappear together with him (its describer) into *yesterday* (*riverso, rivoltato*)].

*Sigillum-graphia*: Describing it too (the year of *1980*), therefore, the best thing is to start from the personal contribution to its generalized flow (*sigillatio*).

Skipping *January, February, March, April* and *May* (not attributing the exciting reaction to the presentations such as the *January Cor Leonis* of *YU*, that is, the *May sepulcralis* of *T.*, as much to our absence from the land in question as to our presence outside of it), one can conveniently reach *June*, the month which, not even with its name, gives birth to anything except a little bit of doubt regarding that which it, according to the common view, embraces and carries under the blue sky coat: a couple of confused little clouds and a tuft of the Absolute (until it too turns askance, and in a zero ends its dance).

After the arrival of my sister and her son (*S.* and *A.*), we spent the summer first looking for an apartment for them, then the necessary furnishings. After finding both of these, we walked behind the residential buildings at *T. Park* treating ourselves to entire hours of sensible talking - although not about anything which, anyway, could not have been reduced to the formula of (the most proper) *Annunciation*: how, in all that, to get rid of bad news (nasty proclamation).

In fact (one can freely say), by the time *A.* (8) and *B.* (3) would return from the swing or the fountain (there used to be a fountain in the park), or, breathless, show up from the direction of the *Greek Orthodox Church, R.* and I would have a good conversation with *S.*, even beyond the possibility which, surely, only listlessly was offering itself from such a day (poured out from the dried up fountain, *sordamente*).

[Since it is possible, I just remembered, that that the *Greek* church was actually *Macedonian*, whenever it happened that the congregation gathered in its yard because of some religious holiday, wedding ceremony, colorful fair, or, at least this is simple and clear, because, to everyone visible and yet so uncatchable, the humble anxiety of Sunday afternoons full of only hushed, serene restlessness of, at first glance merry, though by eternity crushed (at moments hot-tempered), but, actually, tightly packed people, together with the children (with *B.* and *A.*) we would readily go to the wired fence of the churchyard, from where each such happening, dance (procession), all that (in the simplest possible terms) ethno-based acting full of both the pomp and the pose, impressed them (the youngsters) in a more sincere and faster way - so much so that, at a later occasion, including the visits of those friends of us before whom we liked to show how well the children knew the fundamental notions of as much uncertain origin as of clear tact, the two would have instantaneously agree on the answer expected from them after the question "How do the *Macedonians* dance?", having started jumping and kicking with their legs and hands as much upon the sky as upon the ground, jumping, that is, in the manner in which they saw those people doing it at the given place: *rivolgimento*].

As the summer, in all that, was expiring like an egg through its albumen (and shrank, on the other side, into the *September* yolk), by announcing the fall one could not have achieved more than a triteness of the form (*Riegelwand*), and still, exactly this was that because of which (on both sides of said season) various trophies were sparkling, in the sense that, from the outside, they were presenting themselves exclusively as pheasants, turkey-cocks, grouse (including black grouse), partridges (including gray partridges), and quails (including *Coturnix coturnix*), while being only (as always in cases like that) *from-July-to-August* grown sparrows [and, perhaps, a crow or a jackdaw (including a young jackdaw), or even a woodpecker - the always bursting heckler!] - placed on the edge of the season as their goose pimples on their beaks' reason.

But the autumn is as is: that what it likes - it forgets, that what makes it have a prickly, tingling sensation - it bangs on its head without frustration.

So that we didn't even calm ourselves as we were supposed to, when all of a sudden it started to rain [in the *October* bronze even a drop holds on to the spirit (like a bird's milk onto the flying silk)].

And *S.* was born!

*Ornatamēnte*: Having been born on *October* 13, *S.* didn't let us change our convictions regarding the month in question - only side by side with her, it was holding on to both its copper and its bronze (not stopping its climbing as per the date's hinting).

Although the delivery was difficult, they both left the hospital (*WCH*) enfolded by the lightness: *R.* wrapping up our daughter, *S.* unwrapping her life, *B.* and I welcoming them in the manner of a flying assurance - putting them in our white "*T-b.*" (a car that we purchased as a used one in *January* of that year) as in a pigeon's wing, *órnis gála*.

With one foot in felicity, the other in the season's shed - as when a microscopic swallow is bound for a trip without precedent (having flown over night during day time, fallen down towards destination's border line).

Near the end of that year (1980), therefore, it could not have happened that the snow and water didn't meet: as always when, between these two aspects of one (and the same) *meta-state*, an act of sailing establishes itself without

the sail boat (*ordre du jour*), neither this time ought one to have started a voyage to arrive to this world by the other bridge (with little or no courage) - nothing of the two (*neutrum*)!

I myself don't know how, in all that, we celebrated the *New Year (1981)*, without blocking it (without jamming the ultimate importance of its hour) by the (so-called) juxtaposition of dreaming it and saving it.

Which is the way it happened: a moment that replaced one thing, started the other - having added yet another year to the list of all those (above mentioned) classical trophies, we flew out of it (needless to say) in the same, classic way - in the shadow of one *Nietzsche* citing one *Orpheus* (like it would do, you bet, one *Amadeus*):

“Glaubt es mir! - das Geheimniss, um die grösste Fruchtbarkeit und den grössten Genuss von Dasein einzuernten, heisst: gefährlich leben! - Believe me! - The secret of reaping the greatest fruitfulness and the greatest enjoyment from life is to live dangerously!”.

For, having now *Selma* too, we stretched our lives even more without falling into aberration (we brought them closer to the summit - a hilltop fermentation), *in summa*.

\* \* \*

**(1981)** “Having in mind” that the faith in skillfulness and determination is directly proportional to the enthusiasm of a devotee of the active mission and result-based aureole (*bis dat qui cito dat*), entering into the year of 1981, I had to “finish writing my thesis”, *bona mente*.

That was, somehow, enforced by itself, or better yet, it could have been still felt in the remnants of the previous year (the year of 1980), although it was the best seen in the decisiveness to get the examination over with (as much ultimately generalized as locally narrow).

I rushed into the finalizing stages of the presentation, therefore, having serviced myself with an additional will, completing by the beginning of the summer both the theoretical and *in praxi* part of the work, and subsequently presenting it before two committees: one in *August*, another in *September*.

[Even though many stories about the “high (academic) titles” are heard through grapevine, the idea is to not talk about them, except in front of the exam committee, *votum decisivum*]; really, I sighed of relief when I found myself on the street among serene people.

That same year, while from the apartment # 2017 on twentieth floor (to which we moved two years earlier from the one on 16-th floor) we were descending to the south just by looking at it (for said dwelling indeed looked at the mentioned, south part of *T.*, *voluptuosus*), first *A.*, then *S.*, took a flight back (returned to *YU*, and since the word *YU* means *South Grove* - in our eyes they actually encircled what they were going to prove - a full circle through the woods, *votivus*), which speaks in favor of that, in all that, practically (and however small), a whole circus of light and dimness was beaming its (multifaceted) show: while the sense of splendour melted us who stayed, the feeling of grandeur quickly left those who left - already entirely devoured (by the void mammoth), neither us nor them (each with their own part of the showy gamut) acquired any extra fame (still having not gotten rid of such a dainty blame).

*Stat pro ratione voluntas.*

That summer (the summer of 1981), I was employed by “*E. E.*”.

(*Volens-nolens*).

To shed some light on the place in question (to try to explain what it looked like), the best approach would be to mention two people with whom I shared the office: one was *Dr. Ing. Dipl. Zbignjev C.*, the other *Mr. Ing. Dipl. Andžej V.* (besides that they were, as it can be seen, *Polish*, their titles also sounded *Polish* - pardon, *European*).

(*Volée*).

What got on my nerves in their company was that they formed a clan (they would go for their lunch and drink without me).

But I wasn't disappointed with my work - (here and there) I even succeeded to spice it up. (“In that sense” I even sent a paper to a conference: *vis viva*).

Furthermore, I got so obsessed with the electric current, i.e. so charged with the electrical charge (*vis vitalis*), that, after only five months, like an arc (or, for that matter, electrical corona) I jumped over to “*G. E.*” (leaping the single-letter gap from “*E. E.*” to “*G. E.*”).

In “*G. E.*” - that was a different story!

I felt like I was on my own - *D. Cashmore, B. Peimman, J. Osborne, and Gordon Johnson* were so well-versed in how to stay calm, that it often occurred to me that my own self also only seemed, *grado*.

And, since “*G. E.*” was similar to “*B. E.*” (“*B. Elliott*”), the time I spent in it was similar too: working and singing (digging and ploughing), it looked as if the world was reduced to two hands and three hearts (ten keys and six ventricles) - from a wrist to the engine, no road’s changing the one-way gene.

All this was in *November*. [The move from “*E. E.*” to “*G. E.*” (the latter being so similar to “*B. E.*”), that is, the feeling of an electrical warmth (*con-grandezza*)].

(When one just thinks that a warming up is possible in *November* too, he may feel like distributing said heat in two: one for now, the other for later, so he could have all of the autumns under his control, *gradévole*).

*De plano*: Regardless of how much it was accelerating towards its end, the year of *1981* (when one puts everything together) held back somewhere there: between the 11-th and 12-th month of its slippery path [a thoroughfare which couldn’t have been traveled easily even during that time, not to mention during this (both full of the empty agitation), after all that (allegedly) stormy shrieking, but, in fact, a moved (to tears) daily pacifying (of night’s vegetation)].

Let us take, for example, a scene in which down (such one) road (like down a nirvana) there descends (descended) a false snow: fell down before the curtain of the winter was raised, only it (the snow in question) could have tricked the time between *November* and *December* with its signs of a whiter climate - that which, in other words, seemed dirty (or, at least, moody), must not have been like that (or, at least, not that cloudy); on the contrary, by whitening such two months we have entered the (satin-like) finale of said year (the year of *1981*) as if it only and exclusively had to do with a golden cover for its silver crumbs (*de non praejudicando*).

Although one has to be honest and admit that, more or less, something like that took place: at that time, namely, one could not have imagined reaching any significant ending without, at that, turning on a faucet of winter and letting the pomposity of its start flow away [however said ostentation were diminutive (almost made of pity)].

Before it ended, however, that year (*1981*) also announced itself with a yellower trait: having lowered down the ladder of assiduity an invitation for the next exploit - a trip to the *January* meeting in *P.-borough*, when (because of frozen roads) one could get there only by means of (appropriate) notions of a sunflower and a relief caused by that, with a yolk coated flora (*de profundis*).

And really, “*G. E.*” organized a “work meeting”, that is, a convenient excuse for the company’s presentation of itself (its goals and ways of doing business in the coming year) exactly in said place (located in *O.*), which practically meant that, in spite of the best intentions of the organizers, they actually assumed more certainty regarding its (the place’s) accessibility to the potential participants of the proposed gathering (in such a time of winter!) than it was justifiable to expect (“in view of the circumstances”).

But that didn’t worry me more than the remark of a traffic policeman would.

(*Decernens & decernatus*).

After all, not even *P. (O.)* was behind the eyebrow of a giant (these must have been my thoughts after finishing to read the invitation for the “congress”) - with slightly more attention (and a proportional luck) one could even bring one’s car in front of its (leviathan’s) eyelash, *dilatabilis*.

As the trip in question (the whole voyage: going to the meeting, staying there for a few days, and the returning to *T.*) belongs to the beginning of the year after the one dealt with here, the latter (the year of *1981*) was supposed to, until then, end itself the best it could.

Which happened indeed (as much in commencement as without finish): for months in collaboration with *R.* and our children, neither having finished school nor having started work brought to *1981* anything which was not already attributed to its portion of deserved brilliancy, *dilucida intervalla*.

*Dilutio.*

\* \* \*

**(1982)** And since the gathering in *P.* came and went, what can one say about it without fooling around with yet another fact laid down (another naked *fait accompli*), having no prospects for changeability (variability) of that which, even roughly, can be seen “in the light of” the already done, and consequently hardened, that is, petrified episode (*compactio*), a meeting conceived to be held and put aside, in the eternity in which it is to stay and wither away (*compiacevole*), calming itself in it before stopping, getting smaller according to the rules of common vanishment, bringing itself to the original zero, to that with which it (the meeting in question) was rounding itself before it was even organized (*comodo*), from this point so distant (and drowsy), practically not susceptible to such a visible pressure to revive and bring it out to the visibility of this doubtful day (*Feb. 21, 2006*), which is day only because it so visibly grabs everything which opens up in front of it, otherwise it is night.

And who, at night, devises an already realized (former) trip?

(*Languente*).

From January of that year (*1982*) one could somehow still see up to its *February* (or, let’s say, *March*), but to expect the visibility all the way up to this point of a wrinkled panorama (cracked horizon) would present (even to a more reliable witness) a vanity full of the geography of disarray.

That is why I would like to - jump to *April*.

(*Lampyrís!*)

It hardly started (said month of little brooks and carnations) when I was given the work order for (daily) travel to “*P. Crane*” (*N. Falls*), regarding the earlier mentioned interfacing of *GE 1050MC* to *PAMA* horizontal boring mill, including the full commissioning of such an aggregate of dedicated functionality, *lamellaris*.

The drive itself lasts for about an hour, hour and a half, in one direction (*langsam aber sicher*) - long enough to listen on the car radio news from the war between the *Great Britain* and the *Argentine* (regarding an island that, being on *Mars*, belonged to Her Majesty, *obligatus*), after which (and for the sake of change) having entertained myself with a couple of stations of a more peaceful, pseudo-classical programming (although one is not supposed, all at once, to really classify under the strict baroque their mechanical relationship to the travelling boredom of an industrial hero - one *Strahanov* becoming a vampire due to the zeal of my humble self directed to itself, *strictissimo sensu*).

In said factory I felt nice.

(I was even passing through its various shops as an employee through his multihued employment - ever ready for the heights of the day, *malum necessarium*).

I was going there (and returning) probably for a month, month and a half.

[Actually, until the spring turned to its side (and fell asleep, at that)].

But, there was nothing of *my own* sleeping: sent to a two-week course in *Sch., NY* (together with some *Tom*, whose last name I cannot recall any more, but I do remember that, when approaching his car, he was doing that with a bouncing walk), I saw said place for the first time [without the slightest idea that, some fifteen years later, I would become much more familiar with it (*numerosus*) - for it had pushed itself in the third part of this tetralogy about the dwelling constant of a wanderingly disposed laborer working on himself (*nuere*), a vagabond loafing upon his own curls of luck, now

disheveled now reduced to atomic locks, now stirred up now fallen asleep in his *StarWriter*'s file (always combed on his way to the style)].

*Huezo.*

The one thing which I almost exclusively remember from the mentioned schooling (in that simple place) is in connection with the movie "REDS", which *Tom* and I (full of the mild disbelief of just arrived ascetics) watched exactly in one of the local cinemas.

I remember, therefore, that the theatre (long before the movie would start) was being quickly filled with the townsmen and townswomen, an audience perceptibly used to finer circumstances and more ornate possibilities of *Domestic Providence*, those types of people, that is, who never have to unriddle more than is required by their sequence number (a number which they hold firmly while lined up in the queue for tranquillity and a neat salvation, *paralogía*), and whose very look at the surrounding situation and generalized paradise does not submit itself to the murkiness of some tacit acknowledgment, according to which all this from the prescribed dramaturgy (and the tamed scene) can only be transferred to a (however unregulated) sketch, *paralogismós*.

There were in the theatre, accordingly, whole families wrapped by the meek togetherness during the two, or two and a half hours (the duration of the movie): fathers, mothers, grandmothers, grandfathers, sons and daughters - all from the picture from which the collective tranquillity is doing the appraisal (even when, above the camera, coming to one's senses is being filmed in the middle of the sky full of muddy places, *parēgorikós*) - by means of which the beloved evenings could only turn out being better, it contributed so much to the focusing of the strolling itself (focusing of their leaving as their getting out of the self), to the establishing of things as typical representatives of rounded entities (*par ordre*), at which one did not have to stride more than to walk to the entrance of the *Proctor's Theatre*, (at the front of the theater) to get popcorn and Coca-Cola, (once seated) to behave civilly and with tact (to carefully fold and place their raincoats on their laps), to not overstep the boundaries of being charmed by the sense (*raddoppiamento*), even when in that year (the year of 1920) *J. Reed (W. Beatty* in the year of 1981) finds himself aboard the Revolutionary train in the middle of Central Asia (*Baku*), to not think that, because of an inspired speech at the multi-ethnic meeting, the nature of kindness is to be uncovered like a crystallized lattice of a well-ordered mixture (*Radierung*), let alone to allow a sudden tear to start its reign (to become an emperor) in an experienced eye, *raddolcendo*.

*Разжаловать*: watching *B. Warren & D. Keaton* in their roles in the center of a place such as *Sch.*, as much strutting/provincial as stretched into a self-love (as much relaxed in the wind breaker as stiff in the collar), as much startled by coming of "REDS" as succumbed to the spring evening full of the prescribed gentleness and radiance (*rallentando*), it seemed to me that I achieved the cruel final goal: by means of virtuality of the show to pay back its purpose, without, at that, animating the local populace beyond the threshold of futility, forcing it into galloping instead of letting it continue its trot.

(*Rapidamente*).

By then, however, the classes in the *R & D Centre* (in *Sch.*) were over, one ought to apply the learned, the only outstanding thing was to wait and see what was going to happen at the World Cup, scheduled to be held that summer (in the year of 1982) in *Italy*.

*Ranimer.*

As *R.* left with *B.* and *S.* for *Belgrade*, I watched the competition everywhere except at home.

Most often, I was able to encourage two or three people from the office to go, during lunch time, to a nearby mall, and in one of those stores (full of *TV* sets like a disease of freckles) watch at least one soccer match (*sans-gêne*); on weekends

I would watch the games together with *G.* (as his family, too, left for *Yu*) - it was football which started rolling the “long, hot summer” of ours (*sancta simplicitas*) towards the fall, with the very fact of its roundness.

*Scadenza.*

Together with the final match autumn came, full of homecomings as well as of plums (even though there was less of the latter and more of the former - the returns - from the very start); he who found himself on the victory stand already had to (underneath an umbrella) keep calming himself with the anger of the just (is it possible that everything is really going to end by crossing the finish line!?), until things reduced to the courtesy of multitude (and everything returned to the small dots of traversing, *tardando*).

[*R.*, *B.*, and *S.* were already back for some time; previously (right at the moment of their arrival) I bought toys for the children (even *R.* liked them - a simultaneity of moves before the oncoming change, *tasto solo*): during that *September*, too, one ought to have been ready and jump up to *October*, to fathom the continuity of the off-season dream (both *November* and *December* had already agreed to the excessiveness of the end beam), there was nothing there to play tactics about, *temperare*].

But who is going to be sensible and see all that with his small white eye?

(While, during that time, his look finds its consolation jumping onto the sky, *tempestozo*).

*Tarnkappe*: (The process of) flowing by as a shadow to itself (not even in its whiteness does it bargain with its blackness).

Large parts of that autumn have been welcomed by me, anyway, as something to “pass the time” until leaving for *IEEE-lecon'82*.

So that I wasn't losing anything by going through all those (preceding) weeks of the 10-th or 11-th month of such a year (the year of *1982*), full of the unequal twelfths - the months cut out on its summit tree stump - wrapped by one more, this time the conference twelfth [as by the path marked out by the sky lightness (weightlessly caught in its lightweight net)].

On such an occasion, and in such an, airy manner (*sulla tastiera*), I arrived in *P. Alto* (one can freely say) neither early nor late, sometimes around mid-life, although perhaps a bit more twisted, but, really, is it necessary to split hairs, that is, to look for a hair in an egg when the latter halves into a chicken and a rooster (the chick to leave, the cock to arrive - and cock-a-doodle-doo it, *tardo*)?

(*Apropos* the conference) it turned out that the *El Camino Real* is a street as long as the road between *P. A.* and *S. F.* - lengthening itself like the neck of a dinosaur would, that is, bringing the one who set out on it (as on an unreliable memory) towards a long ago forgotten destination, it extinguished in such a mastodontic manner too: having banged its tusks on one another in front of the next voyage's pharynx, i.e. having borne witness to that journey then, in the manner of a well digested terminus, *ubiquitas*.

Down that street, therefore, I used to leave from one of those two places for another; after having listened to *C.*, *S.*, *N.*, & *Y.* at comparatively orthodox premises of *S. F.* I was going back to my hotel in *P. A.* aboard a (bluish like a boomerang) bus full of the working class unaware of its role which both could have been anticipated in the corners of their (*Mexican*) eyes and could have not (*uvea*), but which was supposed to begin to tickle the adventurous spirit of the cruising within the self towards the spirit of reconciliation of stranger's nights in such a '*milieu*' more and more.

For, only in that way, the way of a well-traveled road (channeled by the walk between the canonic years dealt with here, *Urlaub*), one could, near the end of that year (the year of *1982*), proclaim the candidacy for *1983*, the year which,

anyway, was to be traveled twice as much: to find another job (after I got laid off from the one at “G. E.”), and to witness the birth of *M*.

*Fac totum.*

\* \* \*

**(1983)** Otherwise, who would have known that we had reached (the year of) 1983: everything let its retractile horns raise (as a snail would - with its tentacula) in front of its spiral shell of the protective praise - not moving from the ice of *December* (not exiting from the layers of *Universalism* into anything bigger), (as usual) neglecting *January*, *February*, *March* (letting the yellowness of the last one encircling it to the end, *adstans*), it must have been *April* already when we started envisaging flowers {probably walking from the winter to the spring, almost making ourselves come true through such a thing [even that which not every one is exactly after, for instance, a mistletoe (*Viscum album*), or a *Mayflower* (any of the various plants that flower in May or early spring), especially arbutus, marigold, cowslip, and hawthorn]}.

Which brought us to *May*, and my other trip to *Sch.*, *NY*, where, like a year earlier (*ad normam*), I spent two weeks in the “*G. E.*” school like in a biconcaveness of one - fully hollowed out by the everlasting beginning (repeating the journey according to the criteria of the profession / observing the secondariness firsthand, *ad litteram*).

I only know that, that *May*, in that place [as much repeated as prepared (as we know by now) for that (jubilant!?) third arrival to it – a full twelve years later!], it was so hot that the asphalt coats of its streets melted on the very sign of a physical object coming onto said, resinous covers [the covers of the underground spirits and dragons naturally (*a vista*)], although one could not present a claim that, even so melted, the tar-like substance was renouncing its basic role of a bitumen spread, particularly suited to roof the burning center of such an understood planet - a ball full of the laws of free-falling (arranged into *Bücherschrank* like flies in the shade which grows and grows).

But, that was only half of everything (we reached only *June*).

*Ágéraos*.

*Agenda*: I cannot clearly remember that summer - even if its trace wasn't mislaid by a sleight of hand, who would have been able to check the spring file without leaning over the raising *Sun* (having fallen under the sky's golden bun, *ab initio*).

Still, I remember that my grandmother on my mother's side (*Slavka*) died close to the summer's end too [in the last days of *August*, specifically, when everything, anyhow, melted in the mouth of tradition (quite a ritual science) - (as in a folklore premonition) going over to the other side of the waxed omniscience, *a dirittura*].

As “misfortunes never come singly” - the following month (*September*) I received a layoff notice from “*G. E.*” (as simple as that).

(*Ademptio*).

[“The industry isn't doing well” - said the bosses (and the managers); their eloquence from another planet, they themselves were not belonging to ‘the industry’ either, although one has to be candid and admit their difficult position: was it not them who, from the low tide, had to welcome the high (and, on it, swim away into their own commemoration, *adi*)?].

Even though that wasn't contradicting the general laws of disorder and confusion [didn't I mention an entire week of meetings and speeches held in a hotel in *P.* some twenty months earlier, aimed at increasing the glory (or, at least, prosperity) of the given business (*ad ratificandum*)?], it could as well wait a bit - *B.* was just about to start elementary school: it literally happened that precisely on that, his first day in the “*Jesse K.*” building, having received the “dismissal” notice, I had to meet him with such news at the intersection of *Daven. & Bay* [where said school stood for the last 150 years, on that very day celebrating the anniversary by parading both the overjoyed staff and the relaxed students (classes didn't start yet *ad perpetuam memoriam*)], which I did in such a way for one to get the impression

of a continual marching - not interrupting the children in their walk towards the *Blo. St.*, rather just at that spot (after meeting *R.*, *B.*, and *S.* at it) having acquired a shortlived liberty frankness (*act gratui*).

For, (starting from tomorrow) one ought to have moved from that point towards another, a 'more busy' and 'better' one (*Aktentasche & actus*), regardless of how much the association may have looked impermanent and crumbling, and all the signs of periodicity spoke opposite or, at least, with doubt (in the straight line of *Falling Asleep* finding only a step going up, consequently finding the self in front of the one going down), not postponing, though, the motor activity, *bellum internecinum*.

And, since in the beginning of *October*, a (scholarly flavored) professional gathering was about to take place in *Milw.*, *WI*, I quickly began to drive there (once there, I found a room in the *R. Carp.* hotel).

("It's a miracle" how one remembers worthless details, forgetting, at that, all that which stuffed him with the echoed sound and mirrored picture - his very self before becoming this one now, *bellum omnium contra omnes*).

Come and gone, however.

(*Alter ego*).

While it is true that, at the specified conference, I met potential employers (and actually talked to a couple of them), it stayed at that.

Which, in fact, is not even the point of such a constructed adventure - given that (it turned out that) the point was my passing by *K.*, a place in *WI* by which the Interstate I-94 passes like a spine by its last, twelfth rib (*anaplērōsis*), touching it at the same - nonexistent spot.

(Although, somewhat later, it turned out that it wasn't exactly like that: with local Hwy. No. 50 (75-th Street) said rib could have been fitted into said spine more than certainly, *à la bonne heure*).

Having returned to *T.*, I both continued and did not continue to look for a job: so much *danger* at every corner could not be possible to drive away with an engaging employment anyhow [although it might have been possible to deceive it with the assiduity of a firefly - (even when dither) to glisten at any price (to glimmer even when days are about to wither)].

("In the article of *danger*, it is as reputable to elude an enemy as to defeat one", Broome).

Finally, in the beginning of *December*, I found an ad in the *IEEE-Spectr.* magazine for an *Assist. Prof.* position at *UW*, and where? - in *K.*!

*Apo-krinomai*.

I responded, they called me for an interview, I took a flight to *Chi.*, but it landed in *Cincinnati* instead - the snow storm made me showing up at the destination point late at night rather than at noon.

*Applicans*.

[That from *Chi.* to *K.* is somewhat more than 60 miles, did not make things significantly worse; quite the opposite - sitting in a comfortable (warm) car of *T. F.* (the committee chair who welcomed me at the *O' H.* airport), I was relaxed for we were cutting through the winter and chatting about summer: *aponia*].

All in all, everything went well (I received a phone call from said *T. F.* in the first week of *January*; they gave me an offer, I accepted it, *apporte*).

As soon as I returned, *M.* was born.

[It could have even happened that I couldn't make it on time, but *M.* 'was late' too (instead of on *December 8*, she was due on the 5-th. And I came back on the 6-th (or 7-th), all because of the snow)].

It wasn't a joke anymore: once you have a third child, you triple as well - all the way to the third coast (covered by a silvery sand).

Especially if it is *M.* - flashed like a littoral land.

*Arioso.*

\* \* \*

**(1984)** As soon as *M.* was born, the *Olympic Games* started.

(The winter ones, in *S.*)

*Prachtstück!*

Since for the job in *K.*, *WI*, one needed immigration papers (the obtaining of which was “under the jurisdiction” of the employer, *UW*), and since such a process was supposed to take months [*оцутительный*: deriving the status of a voyager from the status of a traveler is not a small thing even for more shrewd bureaucracies (*haben Sie Ihren Ausweis bei sich?*)], it was necessary to find another job in the meantime, which (having in mind the “freezing cold” in which it was even difficult to be idling, let alone being employed) reduced to (in the case dealt with here, *ей-богу!*) watching said games on *TV*, moreover doing that in such a way as to first put *M.* to sleep, turn the sound from the set down to an almost inaudible level (so she wouldn’t wake up), and then, staring at the increasingly pale picture, becoming increasingly pale as well, welcoming the morning with the same, tie result (*von der Form her*) - for neither said baby (in spite of turning like a top) was about to become interested in the mentioned games, nor did I remember anything I watched in connection with them.

*Успокоение.*

And yet, who would laugh at us because we became serious in front of the spectacle [putting it, so frozen (the generalized kitsch), away from the virtuous screen]?

“Such is the world’s great harmony that springs / From union, order, full consent of things”, *Alexander Pope*.

Although it didn’t take long (even the Olympics were over) for me to respond to an ad in the papers and get a job (at “*G. I.*”).

(“One has to live off of something”, *da bin ich*).

By itself, the job in question was *O.K.* (the practice of design is more real than its theory) and was not (the theory of design is more ideal than its practice), but what would be the use of being malicious when the spring “was felt every step of the way”.

(*Depuis quand attendez-vous?*).

Which is to say that one couldn’t hide from the breeze from the myrtle (in order for *Myrtus communis* to not announce itself with a bang, it is enough to be petted by the eye).

(For tears to grow under such a sky).

As we were without a car (*lo stretto necessario*), to get to work (at “*G. I.*”) I would first take the subway, then the bus.

[Even later on, after we got a used “*LTD-IF*” (*queste cose si dimenticano facilmente*), I would take public transit more often - besides that it was a unique opportunity (never before, nor after, my “work place” was at such a reasonable distance: a meager 25 km approximately, of course - one way), I didn’t want to bother with idling more than driving on those kinds of streets (if not exactly in a Mafia-based, said company was in as intricate part of the city - the part intertwined (like the above myrtle) by the shiny needles of evergreen such as *Vinca minor*, even *Lysimachia nummularia* (whether of whitish or purplish flower - so sublime), though subsequently fixed by the blackened, fragrant berries under the arias of the spring time, *ins Einzelne gehen*].

At which point, therefore, on such a trip of mine (to and from work), at the place of my getting on and off the bus, some other tree was, in fact, waiting for me - on this side of remembrance it was, most likely, a white poplar (or black, or Lombardy), i.e. *Populus alba* (or a silver one, or gray, or abele, or a downy one), unless it was an aspen.

Anything, in other words, that was tall, and fast-growing, and had small leaves and soft wood, but, otherwise, could not have been distinguished from each other regardless of how much it would be leaning over a man who was changing from day to day, becoming all the more the present one, *теневоӣ*.

*Тенистый.*

Under such a tree, thus, I hesitated, thinking whether the bus would ever show up, illuminated with rays of confidence (even if carrying a sign saying *ignis et aquuae interdictio*), reasoning that every season has a vehicle it is counting on, and that it is only a question of propulsion when it is going to show around the corner (i.e. that it is only a problem of fuel when it is going to flame up into a ribbon, *heus!*), tying the shadiness of thoughts, accordingly, with the tape of objectivation [subduing the invasion of eternal doubt with the purring of its diesel engine (*harmonia*)] - not announcing myself more than it was necessary to receive attention so that it (the bus in question) would make a stop causing joy to the only passenger.

And indeed, most often it was like that: with the exception of myself, no one else would board or get off the bus at that spot, even the day (at such a dense place - under the bearded cap of the matured tree) would commence (or end - depending on whether I was arriving or leaving, *faire le tour de*) like a soloist in the haze of sheet music: skipping here and there once the latter dispersed into the hush, *à tort et à travers*.

While at “*G. I.*” (why should we lie to one another?), I designed a satellite receiver power supply according to (for the times) a relatively exotic method (*SMPS*), but, all in all, I was more keen for it to advance further.

(Which means that, once done with that, I pretended I was still on it, *à titre privé*).

Thus, during lunch breaks, I would go for an hour (hour and a half), to sit on a bench where, after finishing my sandwich and apple (or peach), I would read “*Ni.*” and “*Po.*” - the papers which (like the others, needless to say) I have not read in a long time (*abschaffen*) - only to, after such a sound change of the topic, return to the original one (the work), having started my walk towards the office down the street up which I arrived to said spot somewhat earlier (at such a splendid hour), fully eager and without a shadow of a doubt (*все кончилось хорошо*), but which, at this point, was to be traveled back in the same way, by the same houses, by and large the properties of a lower middle class, although, here and there, one could catch a glimpse of more lofty samples of human dwellings, though in all of the cases passing by the well kept gardens, true, with seldom a human in them but what (in that sense) one could expect under the circumstances of a perfect obsession with the oncoming spring and, right after that, the dominating summer, the seasons, that is, which themselves were not able to restrain and, at that, still be expected to not only incite but also show all other participants (through appropriate examples) in those outings of mine at such an idyllic hour, *allí arriba*.

(“In former days a country life / Was blandish’d by perpetual spring”, *Cooper*.)

&

“Like the bountiful season bland”, *Tennyson*).

*Soré wa sore toshite.*

At that point, the *L.A. Games* were about to start, and I took *B.* to help me pick a color *TV* (so that the small, *B & W* one, which we used to watch the *Winter Games* a few months earlier, wouldn’t ruin the impression of the imminent coloration, *alla fin fine*).

Who went through what at those games (whose results were good, and whose bad), I neither can remember nor is it important, and yet - passed through the same (*TV*) colors (*ci siamo!*), the scores in question (still in the cathode ray tube) aimed at the same screen: themselves having projected onto the witches' brew, everything else on the accompanying promenade, *переполох*.

{After all, that which could have been expected from (any) *Olympic Games*, be they summer or winter, was more anticipated than known at the time [which, of course, was not relieving the one who *did not know*, from his contribution to said promenade (*через день*)], although, such a thing won't be endangered with the subsequent knowledge more than a *Dance* for a thousand not attended by a single one.

[Regarding the *Games*, in principle, one should refer to the generalized insight into the nature of, the so-called, modern *Olympics*, dealt with in the *XXI* segment of the title text of this, second book (as well as in books *III* and *IV*) of this tetralogy about *The Game*].

*Wo ist er hin?*).

As each and every game eventually ends, however, except the prosodical one - with the latter our art of versification (including the study of metrical structure, rhyme, and stanza forms) is continuing from where it stopped.

*(Hin und zurück)*.

With which we came to the fuzzy autumn of that year (the year of *1984*), fuzzy because not even today is clear to me where it went, once everything else came to its senses (*auf meine Bitte hin*), having vanished in a more habitual manner (*die ganze Nacht durch*), that is, having simply blended in the understood separation (like a space probe!), and not like it (that autumn, so dark) - which straightened up all the way to here (completely silent and downright stark, *αμεσως*).

("Ere dim night had disencumbered Heaven", *Milton*).

What came after that *September* if not *October*, *November*, and all those (now and then) replacements, until *December* arrived - and ended even it (so trendy): the year of the circus elephant (the year of *1984*, such an *Olympic* candy).

*Qualunque cosa succeda*.

\* \* \*

**(1985: U.S. '85 - '92)** Ah, that year, the year of 1985!

The century was supposed to last another 15 years, still the year in question pretended it wasn't enough (and was even bothered by that).

(As if yet *Milton* didn't say to it: "Its failing, while its faith to me remains, I would conceal").

*Оказия.*

And yet, it was loyal to us (the year in question) - we even lounged in it [like monosaccharides in complex carbohydrates - polysaccharides - whose molecules can contain up to ten molecules of the former ones (while there were only five of us)].

*Tatsächlich!*

At that, it started (the year of 1985) like any other (*wie du siehst*) - with a typical polymathy, the great acquaintance with many branches of a tangible learning about little things, until they pulled out from the alliance with marvel (and pushed off down the cranking time, *tutt'a un tratto*).

("See how this river comes me cranking in", W. Shakespeare).

Which means that, after *January*, already in *February* one could change the angle and wrap the year (in question) around his pinkie.

Although, such drastic changes of the flow were not needed - it was already enough that, whichever way one wants to take it, each such drift of hours [days, weeks, seasons (rustical features of grassy liaisons)] was bringing itself to where it was supposed to arrive: in front of the new rinsing of the old (the former proclamation taken as an eternal security).

*(Lo sanno tutti).*

That *January*, therefore, things still sparkled in the old way (having flashed here and there did not automatically imply their consent to the surgical incision), one could only imagine how it would all look if it wasn't winter.

{Perhaps they (the things in question, one would think, *onáji kotò wo suru*) would then start to reverberate like *Besteck*, or maybe they wouldn't do even that, but a small crack of one's knuckles would be heard instead (caught by the ear of a gourmand observer), and two (or three) strikes of the canonic hours from the temporal trigger [(the process of) taking one's aim as an interval between the wasting away and a smooth target sway, *ils sont très liès*]}.

While it is probable that that *January* deserved its *February*, and the latter, in turn, its *March* (and so forth), even then one couldn't reach so much without casting up to himself - which means that *causa finalis* was in power at those times too (all that change in the middle of the winter wasn't considered an evolution from the outside, anyhow).

Whether we're going to come to our senses and pull out the velvet shadows from winter months is another question (even if great); that which counts quickly comes in (even if late), straight into the remaining state (as the only one clear on such a plate), *prefabricado*.

And what was that which remained from those, first months of 1985, if not that which they themselves rolled up to *April*, *May*, *June* (to mention only the first three members of the polyvalent presentation of that kind of chords) - which is to say *work*, *work*, and only *work* (along with some informality of a type of didactic award), *the work* at "G. I.",

*the work* in one's head, *the work* in big centers of might as a result of imitating shrunken people at moments of everlasting night (of the originality of a hamster), the fundamental subjects of their own humor: an appearance which one could not reproach claiming it pulled out from the arms of essence, *не от мира сего*.

(*Primavera*).

However, in *June*, I blew up and resigned from my position of employment [there was some *Romanian* guy in the company, and, like every such felicitous herald of the self here (*alle Menschen sind gleich*), during each of his elated coffee breaks he would have been literally exposed to the torture of his boss telling him to return to the project, until one day the chief went over his daily routine causing me to unconditionally give up my office as a sign of the sympathy offered with regards to the injustice done to the beast chased in said way] - a move tactically based on the conviction that as quickly as the following week we would (all five of us, *R.*, *B.*, *S.*, *M.*, and my trifling ego in the role of an applicant) get all the necessary papers for moving to *K.*, *WI*, which turned out to be the case.

[Afterwards, *R.* said so well: "And what if it didn't (turn out to be the case)?" "In the given case it's been an academic question" - could have been a possible answer. (For, it did turn out - the way it did). Look how every chance comes to its senses after a trance, *a passo d'uomo!*].

It remained for us to pack and go.

Before that, however, I took off in the blue "*LTD II*" to find a home for my family.

I hardly reached *Cambridge*, though, when the *A/C* belt got jammed; fortunately, I had a knife and cut the damn thing.

But, halfway (somewhere in *MI*, already), the muffler fell off - I somehow drove to the first exit and had a mechanic in the local shop install a brand new exhaust; *gibt es einen Gott?*

True, after that - everything was moving like clockwork (I hardly made a stop where I was supposed to, *δεξια*).

In a motel/hotel (right at the entrance to *K.*), I checked in for two nights (*Δωμάτιο νουμμερο τρακοσια εικοσι*) - one should have acted quickly and calmly (*Ελατε απο 'δω παρακαλω*): in the course of tomorrow's day (one was understood) to find a sunny dwelling/base (an effortless act in the sun-flowering place), the next morning to drive back (to ingratiate the self with the exploit by having petted its crest), *fino a nuovo ordine*.

That's the way it was; upon returning to *T.*, I was only left with renting a truck, loading it with furnishings, and moving the latter.

(*Senso dell' orientamento*).

A day later, *R.* flew in with our children.

Having got used to the notoriety of the universalness right away (*in genere*), we went down to the lakeshore (of *M. L.*) to screen it in a coherent manner (with a light move) of an experienced generalizer.

(It was the middle of the summer, one couldn't hope for anything more enterprising, *в этом и дело*).

We took pleasure in the entire summer in the sense that we didn't surrender to any of its charms without, at least, some enthusiasm (even though I had to teach an advanced course in electromagnetism, *yakúsoku no jikán ni*).

Soon, the summer was gone, and then came fall, *tònikaku*.

"Leaves have their time to fall / And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath", *Hemans*.

Already in *September*, therefore, one had to accept that which would come afterward (*nànika miémasù ka?*), but which he, by no means, could get rid of without the necessary warming and a permanent care [*October* (and even *November*) so-so, but from *December* to *March* there was neither less sonorousness nor more frigidness of (like a sting basic) start, the sonority thrown down (then pulled out) to the shore of a seasonal waste (*Sie wissen doch, wie das ist*), something like a *Low Land* (Netherland), hardly scenic, always struggling for the next part (geographic and endemic):

“A tract of land (*Holland*) snatched from an element perpetually reclaiming its prior occupancy”, *Coxe*.

Though, one could not play with the beginning of the (*September*) term: the classes started {while teaching, one learns the best how to back out from what he’s talking about (*es geht darum, das...*), and, from there, like under the wings of a hawk (full of heavy doubt), how to watch the way they’re flapping to prevent it (the bird) from diving - pulling him along [so wise until the next error (now in making), *cremig*]}.

*Da kann man nichts machen*: School days are always spiced with play - from this or that side of *cathedra*.

Only to finish in the same way, (in *December* styling) having turned around as per holiday timing [celebrating the snowfall and the fall of the frost (their terse chiming)].

*Что прошло, то прошло (das dürfen Sie mir glauben)*.

\* \* \*

**(1986)** Already in the *January* of that year, the “*Challenger*” blew apart with all the astronauts aboard, for one to think of a fair beginning.

(*Make-up-Entferner*).

True, after *January* there came other months now full of a balmy oblivion (and a pliant heather), but (at those times) one knew that (sooner or later) they too would be replaced by a certain stirring of principles (a thoroughness up to the heavens), even if announcing itself with no more than two, or three fountainheads (usually from under the ground and always free from, for the day, superfluous droplets - miniature arrows), a complete transformation, to be exact, supposed to be realized in the convexity of the surrounding landscape, *videre licet*.

“These are the specters the understanding raises to itself, to flatter its own laziness”, *Locke*.

There were three (or four) subjects with which to fulfill my ‘teaching dream’, pardon me, my plot for such a sound (*Spring*) semester (no one can dispute that!), but, even disregarding them (or, more precisely, together with them), a trait of a generalized flow dragged itself “as such” through all that, a certain omnipresence of that towards which one goes (a spread in the sense of navigability, its smooth circulation, *schöner denn je*), as when, by adhering to the self, one reaches the target amoeba - its minute deed (the only traveler’s need), *immer aufgeregter*.

But, as the curriculum was nearing its end, we ought to have turned to summer leisureliness.

(*Наколка*).

(Will that piece of the world ever start dazzling? - we were asking ourselves, though, while making sure to not fall behind in such an exemplary restraint before *the New Old*).

*Soré wa sore toshite*: *April* came (just about everything started ringing in it, and yet, one had to wait for the echo even until *May*), while with respect to *May*, accordingly, (besides hearing said reverberation of *April*) one could expect that *June* would crumble and scatter it in the direction of *July* (*en l’ air*), that is, if we didn’t get ready and, at the end of *June*, “having ended the uncertainty”, all five of us (for the first and, so far, last time) flew to *B*. aboard a *JAT* plane.

(“Ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears”, *Gray*).

*B*. as *B*. (*tanóshikàtta né?*): the same story (existing) for two millennia already, yet trembling in everyday’s result [unfolding itself, incessantly, according to the rules of a popular (fans-influenced) draw - whether to pick the chestnut-colored reflection of the morning, or opt for a noon hardened by the red cedar casing (like cigars by the box made of *Cedrela australis*).

No one to start worrying, even for a moment.

(“Master, carest thou not that we perish?”, *Mark iv. 38.*)

Then again, the summer in question was on top for too long (the 13th World Cup in *Mexico* just ended), in it - who would still find a reason to concentrate on fractals (*veamos el partido en la tele*)?

To be sure, during our entire stay, the fragmentariness of realization (the partialism of persuasion) made us going, for a few days, to once a reed-mace (or cattail-) rooted (perpetually *Phleum*-based) and (by then) altogether dried up *Istria* - the bauxite powdering of things always ends up in what it brings (*affretoso*) - it was sufficient to take the first bus from *II*. airport to *II*. downtown (such an early hour fixation) to be able to immortalize even later than usual lateness [in the sense of an appropriate transiting inspiration (*schietto*)].

(A transiting inspiration: “Dim with the mist of the years, gray flits the shade of power”, *Byron*).

That way, upon returning to *K.*, at least we could have a good breath of fresh air (underneath the veil of recollection) - with an instant validation, *отклик*.

The summer then changed to autumn (*отлет*), and everything transfigured into that which couldn't wait to hang under the wing of *September*, *отовсюду*.

[Like a weaving machine (*doubleuse*), only a thread-like pulse of heaven's rail could have been heard - an increasingly rare Sun ray on its more and more faint trail (less and less focused on *August's* interlacing, to be fair), *букашка*].

*Вопыс*: The children (that were) going through their schooling [the grownups (that were) not even doing that], an era (that was) going through its things (the temporal chisel cutting the eternal fat - or, at least, that what it brings), and a small top (look at its crumbliness - playing inside its net!) - all that was going on (in the fall of the year of 1986) according to the text at first splendidly put together, then carefully taken apart, a transcript regarding the complete mouth as well as elements of such an obtained conflux (*αφιξεις*), as if the yellow color of coating is to be approved by the golden one, that is, as if the preciousness of time does not result from said flowing through (the sum from elementariness, the convolution from a foppish curl, *unten am Fluss*), and the fact that it is the autumn with which we deal now is used but to add to the anticipation of aroma [to syllogistically spread within its stoma: that  $A = B$  is obtained from  $A = C$  and  $B = C$ , where  $A =$  Autumn,  $B =$  The Fragrance of Autumn,  $C =$  The Feeling of Season (Including Its Aromatization), *was mich anbelangt*].

*Mi baso su ciò che ho visto*: That September, therefore, *M.* started going to kindergarten (at *UW*), *S.* and *B.* to the 1<sup>st</sup>, that is, 4<sup>th</sup> grade of their (elementary) school (originally named “*Sunnyside*”, later hardly a “*Grevenow*”), the grownups were not even doing that, the era was going through its things (the temporal chisel cutting the eternal fat - or, at least, that which it brings), while the small top (look at its crumbliness!) was playing inside its net - as it was already said and indeed happened, for, at that, the excessively yellow color of the coating was (after all) approved by the golden one (*an der Wand*), and the preciousness of time resulted from said flowing through like the sum from elementariness, the convolution from a foppish curl (the wrapping up from fashionableness - wherever to take a look, *an die sem Ort*).

(“Then sit again, and sigh, and glance”, *Suckling*).

Look how (from this distance, beyond all those past plantations) one sees that whole series of pictures (through all those generations)!

(“In one long, glassy, spectral stare / The enlarging eye is fastened there”, *Whittier*).

Already in *October*, however, it came to the habitualness (a routinism) of all of the previous as much circumstances as circumstantial acts, including the *pre-curricular - curricular - extra-curricular* establishing of meaning using the method of betterment (the progress itself, in the sense of manifesting the desired direction “in the sea of permanent misconceptions and constant selfdeceits” of a possible *bon vivant*), which didn't go without influencing the merriment and like, *en fin de compte*.

After all, who would hope that, after the striking years of purpose (*в два раза больше*), even the usual ones (the years) would announce themselves as if nothing happened (*nànika miémasù ka?*), as if no one waited for the approval of the form as well, even if it wrapped itself with a fur coat at every mile (and stopped shivering because of the inappropriate lining, pardon, style).

*Ignoramus et ignorabimus*.

*Impavidi progrediamur* - we decided consequently [not as much pleasing *Ernst Haeckel* as running away in front of *Emil du Bois Reymond's* nose (in the middle of such a significant business of his)].

“I have purposed it, I will also do it” (*Isa. xlv. 11.*) - in other words, wasn't only an approval of passing through (so promising) fall of 1986, but also the ultimate grip of its lukewarm rain - *dictum de omni et nullo*.

There remained, therefore, *November* and *December*.

(*Бюрократизм & книга Бытия*).

“From here to eternity” - that was how *November* stretched, its words being cleansed by *December* (first being duly fetched) - in the end all that would have been reduced to “old wives’ tales” if it was not, as always in similar circumstances, about delicate pieces of a *chrysography*-based truth (the truth of writing/drawing using gold) of all the shorter sunsets, and thus all the longer doubts regarding its (Sun’s) rises, which, from whatever side to look at it, stood out in the sense of defrosting one of them on the remnants of the other (*в двадцатом веке*), so that (from said story) remained but a melted time on the slopes of memory (*rurù wo mamóru*) - basically, only this thorn from the ex-swarm [even though one couldn't say that all of them - the pointy sparkles (radiant darts) of the condition at the time - extinguished with no regard to the act of flowing by, *den ganzen Tag / die ganze Nacht*].

“Not a dart fell woundless there”, *Southey*.

And just before the autumn in question was to expire [and the last rays of the frozen light to go by (like the Moon shaked out as a downward flyer)], we saw a nice lot put on sale by a seamstress (*смотреть в окно*), which, of course, stayed at that; having taken a bank loan for a piece of uncultivated land one would only imprison himself - it must be that we reckoned something like that leaving the spot (together with kids) enroute the brown house which (at that earlier time) I rented (*eines Tages bemerkte ich...*) and in which (since then) we felt at home (mumbling *fiat justitia, pereat mundus, как ни в чем не бывало*).

\* \* \*

**(1987)** And in the year of 1987 (Heavens! - we are already there!) - one could see a little flower next to another little flower (saying to each other *do not dare block the Sun, do not dare!*), all that branched out (over the profuse bar) into a box-wood (underneath said star).

[It immured itself so much in the described fence (ramified shrub) of the world - not even the trumpets of *Jericho* could have blown it away, *chōdō sonō toki*].

But, little by little, and there it was - the conduit to essence (*A wo B to machigaeru*): as soon as the year in question (the year of 1987) commenced, the above mentioned florets started tying themselves around its neck, practically directing it (said year) to unpreparedness (exclaiming *va tout*).

In other words, 1987 didn't even stir, and fibers of a full-year dough could already be seen (*das ist es ja gerade!*): diversity, in any case, shades itself longitudinally [and in accordance with its nuance (*оттенок*)], to not be able to present itself once cut with sparks that make glass marbles glance [while above them (in a silver trance) all those first-rate limericks (also known as sonnet sequences) start shining at once].

"Now is the winter of our discontent / Made glorious summer by this sun of *York*", W. Shak.

Wherein under *York* one should understand *K.*, *WI* (and under *K.*, *WI* - a summer underneath the sun of *York*, я бы сказал).

The year of 1987 started, therefore, with undeniable (however small) signs of *Anglo-Saxonism* (*с первого взгляда*), but one wasn't supposed to preoccupy oneself, at that, with an alternative, so precisely his (*Anglo-Saxon*) medieval reading-matter was clearing a path for the *Shakespeareanism* via *The Wars of the Roses* (1455-1485), whereby neither the *House of York* nor the *House of Lancaster* (neither *Rosa alba* nor the *Red Rose*) could replace our *small brown house* (the shell yielded from said snail's pose, *τελος παωτων*), even if (502 years later) it found itself under the victor's sun (in a *Tudor* style), and not (as it is known by now to have happened) in the yellowish color of the summer's seclusion under the stamen (above the pistil) of an entire golden crest (*το σημειο*), where even a smaller target was building its nest [let alone, deeply rooted, such a flaming summer rose - in the focus (I suppose) of a *now yellow now sketchy* (*Banksian*) *lutea Rosa* (virtually naked and barefoot, practically mimosaceous) - almost like a *pudica Mimosa*].

And even though they were cited some time ago, the following words of the renowned *Bard* won't be as uselessly repeating themselves as they would be confirming the circle of even that summer of yore and its splendid winters [and its golden petals which, as we saw it, permitted both of them (the summer and the winters) under their skirt - a sarong that dithers]:

"Our little life is rounded with a sleep", *William Shakespeare*.

But, take it easy - all which happened from *January* to, for instance, *March* [then to *May*, then *June* - when, even officially, one could unreservedly lean onto the progressiveness of change (as on variability of age)], would have to be described first in order to, at all, lay claim to so many words (*fra un anno*).

In *January* therefore [having finished (on time) envisaging said *War of the Roses* (*cento volte*)], one had to prepare for the ice-cold, almost arctic weather (all that which was, purportedly, starting from beginning, anyway got used to the winterish avarice, *velocemente*), leaving that which was extending itself (in whatever direction) to (the month of) *May* ramification, *эх!*

However, because one is to (by *May*) ingratiate oneself with *February*, play up to *March*, and applaud *April*, nothing could have been done out of turn, even if *Lakshmi* (a wife of the God *Vishnu*) - often represented as being seated on a lotus leaf - personally waved from it (the mentioned month of possible bliss), or, perhaps, a kind of more beloved order instituted itself from it, *langsam aber sicher*.

From *January*, therefore, one first arrived to *February* (as customary and expected - an orderliness similar to the *Théophile Gautier's "l'art pour l'art"*), though not staying there longer than 28 days (just enough to knock four weeks down from the branches), only to start thinking (in *March*) on the subject of all the more distant beginning [that same *January* from which all that (until then) looked like an unreal hope, no matter the screening], until a lyre was heard from *April's* position (letting down its song in the middle of the spring condition), *in casum casus*.

But, what was the news in all that?

(*В чем дело?*)

"All left the world much as they found it", *Temple*.

(*Фактически*).

Yet, one should not have stopped just like that in front of that *May's* door [encircled with daydreams of those days (in a relative ardour)] - having pushed it too, here we were: in *June*.

[*Для меня это очень важно*: Children graduated from their classes, grownups fitted into the coming order [a slice of the starting summer, a slice of a mind's eye (a spa in midsummer)], no one could hide in all that any longer: after returning from *T.*, where, "driven by sentimentality", we practically spent *July (дело вкуса)*, the first thing we did was to go to a nearby pond (*Padd. L.*), second - to benumb on its shore from *August* to *September* (several times each week!).

In a jiffy, therefore, said summer passed.

*Praline. (Prachtvoll)*.

That is, it just (even in a dark) doggishly spread its blatant mark.

Nonetheless, that summer I took (primarily in my head) something to do, though still keeping in mind the (out-of-cerebrum) rule according to which everything comes to its place (plays on the right strings) once lifted by wings.

*Prahle'rei*.

While in *September* - all was as it always is (the month in question didn't even become as yellow as it was supposed to, and yet, one could already notice it leaning onto the ashen haystack): the burrow of time, even unconvincing (because of the pelting of hours in any case), became strongly agitated prior to, suddenly, becoming pale [in front of the ensuing pile of straw (*das lässt sich machen*)].

" 'Tis a common proof / That lowliness is young ambition's ladder", *W. Shakespeare*.

(There just blazed itself up, in other words, the summer which, nowadays, merely keeps withering away).

(*Haben Sie das gesehen?*)

*Sie wissen ja*, although there was a lot to be done [the semester (full of unrestrained lectures like the apple of bites of plumpness) started off (*in die Schule gehen*); schools (full of twittering children under the influence of togetherness) opened their doors (*in der Schule sein*); both the old and the young moved about to find happiness (*in der Stadt, in jenem Jahr*)], the job in question finally got in order (once having started it, all those virtuous pioneers could push it only as far as the ice - *December* was waiting like something which wouldn't give up, framing its vividness with the scope of its prospects) - so that there was nothing one should have worried about, *in circa*.

Namely, as only *October* and *November* could still be found on the road from *September* to *December*, and as it could not be said that (in all that) the autumn-winter quartet of the kind placed itself broken in staves of relative to (up to that point) two thirds of the circle, completing the latter was rather a matter of a routine fine-tuning of things (*umso besser*), their final *mise en scène*, as much calculated as they were a spontaneous act of fitting the silver-plated section of the conclusion [in cases of a more noticable gout - a recognition of healing properties of the autumn crocus / meadow saffron (*Colchicum autumnale*)], naming the sum as the year that (until then) was kicking in an uncertain result, *ja, also*.

[(The process of) shrinking by walking towards the end - a calendrical vanishing, *von weit her*.

“Yond tall anchoring bark / Diminished to her cock, her cock a buoy / Almost too small for sight”, *W. Shakespeare*.

“*Mein Glück ist hin*” - that’s what our *Bard* should have actually said (if he spoke German)].

Of course that, from whatever side one wants to take it, completing one in order to take over the other is a matter of sizing up, but, in an era such as dealt with here, the ascertainment of things was hardly allowing for their vacillation (let alone the change of direction), to forget at all the moment of the no-nonsense continuation: from 1987 to 1988, with a small blast of the latter from the past work of the former, *disinvolto*.

\* \* \*

**(1988)** In the year of 1988, a bird started rotating around a small cloud full of mementos habitual for the time in question: like, *two* figures of *eight* added to the numeral of *nine* after a *single* swallow's pirouette - from *December* of 1987 into the coming *January*, full of *biocoenosis* [association of living creatures (biotic community) in a certain area of physical environment (*biotope*) - the five of us in *K.*, *WI.*, hey!], an *ecosystem*, that is, with all its tiny pictures of smiles, air bathing, light and air curing (*Lufibad*).

(*Мятный*).

And while it could have been claimed that from such a beginning one still had to transit into the corresponding continualness (practical ceaselessness, primarily generated by the syllabuses of our wintry days, *du weißt schon*), the whiteness of the first few months of the year dealt with (1988) - neither *January* nor *February* (nor even *March*) were able to make it yellow - was already marking it with *one same* abiding line of a silvery belt around *Petrif. S.*, a park by means of which we encircled the overall bounds of that winter, half on sleds half walking, like a two-horned (*bi-cornis*), *na so was!*

[Later on, when our children's grandparents (*A. & B.*) came to connect them with the times of yore (*als möglich*), the things were tying up (on their own) into a singular pathway - a trace of distinctive inspirations in lung continuations - though one still had to get there, *ex voto*].

Which brought us to late spring / the first day of summer (assuming nothing else to cling), *se non altro*.

The first day of summer, after all, wouldn't have even commenced (not even in that year - the year of 1988), if it didn't, at that, team up with the last one (*altrimenti*: only in the pair holding the middle - like a pomegranate holding its seeds, each as a fiddle), so that there was no room for surprise (all that turned into a spontaneity of the calendric kind long ago) - things were "simply flying", *altolo cato*.

The first thing to have been started flying, therefore, was *June* - a month particularly suitable to fly to *Venus* (*masúmàsú utsúkushii*), or, at least, to the top of the poplar presenting itself as *Populus alba*, although some more branched out possibilities could not have been thrown away either [having in mind (keeping in scope) all those *June* fires - full of miniature flames of a provisory hope, *primus inter pares*].

(*Primum vivere, deinde philosophari*).

There were birds there too, what's more - in an increasing number [if one doesn't take into account that they weren't distinguishing themselves with their love of justice (their uprightness), and takes into account that they were singing in a gaudy choir (with full righteousness), ¡*escucha!*].

[“But these gilt-edged purple popinjays do not speak for the Republic”, *Edward Everett Hale*].

Enough of humans (and birds), in other words, one could have seen that *June* (while the sky's blueness was not yet shut, nor was yet open that which was so dear to the ground to have been simply cut), while, in case of *July*, it was another story (*no hay nada detrás*).

[In *July* (in general, and both above and below the grass), it's always turquoise flashes which exactly take place (in a full brass), not to mention the blueness - through the greenness - on its (that month's) face (*απο καιρο σε καιρο*)].

Now, as with regards to *July* (of the year of 1988), we utilized it not only in terms of its opulent colorfulness, but also in details of one *Kandinsky*: not exempting even *Blaue Reiter* from the connection between lights and shadows, though neither interceding in favor of his “nonobjective” trot - from blueness as such into our own (sky blue) slot.

[Rather, we stayed more abstract for even such a (*Mondriaan*) painting, however much it focused itself on the right thing (that *July*, in that form), as if said *K. (Vasily)*, according to a decree, intended *The Art of Spiritual Harmony* for a plate-like sunflower, that is, as if above all those summer hours (striking states), there floated only clover from all those *June*-grown blades (*Poa pratensis*), a sort of a wavy *buratine* (poplin made of wool and silk), making everyone receive what belongs to him (starting with first milk)].

“Round dealing is the honor of man’s nature”, *Bacon*.

*Así parece.*

Not even *July* of that year, namely, could have been made to live through a lot, without, at that, someone (or something) placing the self onto the Sun’s pedestal: the same one whose blaze forces all to rave, to seize (in that summer too) all which makes it crave (*eso es!*), and not to end like a free (commercial) sample (*Muster ohne Wert*), as it happens in principle.

*Ya está.*

Which brought us to *August* - the month of operettas and the operetta of months, taking a “look before you leap” for the most appropriate *libreto*, and the sharp pitch of such an abridged story for nothing more serious than the song of a blackbird or a starling, or a similar chick of such a floating summer, even if descended down to the ground (and started picking upon it as a tingling would upon the hand of the world, *igni et ferro*).

[*August* as a target of strenuous focus, although also something (fairly well) broader and taller - tarred with the sap of a just boiled rain: a sagacity breaking off more and more quietly (like a vanishing train), *Rundreise*.

“Sagacity finds out the intermediate ideas, to discover what connection there is in each link of the chain”, *Locke*].

In such a way, the *August* in question (*August* of the year of 1988) easily qualified for the collection of integral parts of (only that?) life, the only thing missing from it could not have been dazed (not even that summer) before *September* - when, anyway, was late; the best cure for disadvantages, namely, is the acting of their antipodes - advantages, which precisely was in order: through school, drill, board, and chalk [until, from all that, the best conclusions were derived (and then put in training stock), *уяснять*.

(*Фабричное клеймо: September* never disapoints the industrious - pupils, students, all their thoughts assiduous).

In *September*, too, is like in a light quivering - both verse and meter in the same stuttering.

(“The heart of a viper or frog will continue to pulsate long after it is taken from the body”, Darwin. *Ομοιος παγγυδια*).

Besides, the *September* in question (*September* of 1988), wrapped itself around *October* like a sleeve around an arm, not allowing even a bit of ad-libbing of intermission during which one was expected to manifest *who is who and what is what* [only if, here and there, (with its eager hammer) there would announce itself a three-toed woodpecker – from the family of *Picus* - lacking the inner hind toe, and (it too) squeezed between wood ibis and wood ginger (or wood laurel), or a wood lark would make its presence known, having uttered a sound (having cracked) like a wood resin would (*яротный*), spread over the morning frost (the evening sensitivity to cold) of impregnated ghost], so that, in all that, it was somehow the best for one to leave himself to the instincts of a wood nymph in the sense of a dryad, something which was living and dying with every tree, like an oread consequently, then let it go as far as it can go.

At which, of course, *October* has already been reached, a month pulled tight over the autumn like *trojnik*, a tripple-woven linen (*Drillich*) whose, however, neither flaxen, nor towy, nor cottony thread were able to secure it to not start quivering at the first sign of *November* - so much of that was rolling in a sequence, preventing one from even seeing the monthly change as he was supposed to, *pleno titulo*.

“Pacing through the forest / Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy”, *W. Shakespeare*.

Regarding *November*, therefore, one didn't have where to turn without, even that year (1988), noticing that same screen from before, a certain grayish coat of time over the three-dimensional space (in spite of the claims of more than three dimensions), a classic *mise en scène* in which the actors on stage were positioned such that their roles, true, were anticipated, but even more were covered with fine hangings of an eternal dreamer (ясновидец), however they seemed like waking up in *December* [then start flying like *Ibises* (Egyptian waterfowls) according to the instructions of their protector *Tat* (or *Thoth*, or *Taut*), the God of imperative wisdom and indispensable knowledge (время от времени)].

And there we were - in it, the foppish *December* [not only traditionally but by all standards of a coquette's trace (as if under a white heron's lace)] - the month which, by the very fact of being placed on the stern of all the previous ones, found itself in the role of sailing into all their dust (ничего другого не остается), which we called snow and which, therefore, vanished in front of our eyes (hollowing them out with the white skies), but with which not even that end (the end of 1988) exempted itself from all the ends which were (and will come nevertheless, несомненно).

*December* as a framing with a procedure (*kibùn ga yóku narì*), an inviolableness whose credits include its ability to polish up (in front of itself) [and in the manner of deposited talc - a powder used to protect one's cheeks (*yaku ni tachimasù ká?*)] the wastfully snowy picture (finishing it in a mirror-like way - still in the emulsion phase, *là-haut*), even though, in such a month, one cannot talk about small crystals of beginning within the frame of a completed coagulation (overstrained completion, *per modo di dire*), although, in the same way, each yawn of it may have been justified with the supposed whiteness, i.e. each of its gapings used to conceal its move in the same way in which *Paradise* does that to its coolness, having pushed even the year of 1988 into nothing different, as festive as a silvery poem, *in questo modo*. Was *passierte danach?*

\* \* \*

**(1989)** The year of 1988 didn't quite finish, and 1989 (with its *two* figures of *nine*) hung onto a chandelier - exchanging places with bulbs in their sockets to maintain the light essence [directing themselves (in a photon-like manner) through the new dough quintessence, even though one couldn't say that, from a crumb to a cake, things did not repeat in their retort (as in a container full of sense)] - so that the winding numeral of *eight* wasn't left with anything except to crawl up a pole of the figure of *one*, and, from there (in a single splash), to offer its hand to the *January* hush, *also gut*.

*Zénpanteki ni míte*: *January* of that year (1989) commenced, therefore, in a frozen arc - moving itself, through its every day (in that very land), like goose pimples do (through the mentioned hand): first up, then down (freezing their message like calm would the sand).

{As if they would unfreeze anything even if their flying starts [if (without looking back) they keep moving upwards]}.

“Is there no pity sitting in the clouds?”, *W. Shak*.

(*Paese della cuccagna?*)}.

Besides, as it was to do with (yet another) beginning, one didn't have to be too enlightened to conclude that with its (*January*'s) freezing over (even if provisory), such one latticed rhythmicality would have been crystallized (*Για ενα ατομο*), in the sense of a compulsory advancing of *the-same-new/the-new-same* (as far as it goes).

Regarding *January*, anyway, no one was expected to keep it for himself, and the fact that the month in question was silent like an abandoned iceberg (*auf jeden Fall*) wasn't to be taken as an extenuating circumstance - it, rather, was expected to keep presenting itself as fitting, and we - to not disturb such a presentation.

At which, having said *January*, one also refers to *February* (as well as *March!*): according to the already established practice of a winter trinity (what a kick!), such months (around here) complete the picture of an icy trick - even when pretending to melt, they're revealed by their stealth (*vor allem*: a breath full of fumes of a wild cat), one doesn't even have time to turn around and they (*January, February and March*) already lay on their backs, freezing the start, *schließlich*.

{*Teneramente*: how can a year commence when they (the months in question) freeze its beak, when in each of them (in each of these three months - on such a trek) it reduces to the same, ruffled shrub - neither to peck it nor to warm it, [like a stypsis (or *staltikós*)] reduced to such an (atomic) speck, *remise*}.

All that was either an excuse to grumble, or redeem!

(*Es ist egal, welcher*).

“Redeeming the time because the days are evil”, *Eph. v. 16*.

*Comme il faut*: a new semester started; the winter term in public schools also started (*fatalement*) - all which started acted in that way too: entering to its books all the others (*favoritisme*), for one not to think that easygoing science is free from worries [but rather to establish a kind of a fair play - even in this, such a worriless (free lance) stay - by suddenly applying what has been learned (in as little as two, at most three months of the polar night of *Boreas* (the personification of the north wind in the case dealt with here), *entre autres*].

As the school year was nearing its end however [as (from *March*) *April* was seized by surprise (kept in store), and from the latter (in sensible hope) *May* was taken hold by means of the rainbow rope (through *April* rain that will be nevermore), *ensoleillement*], the ascending surface of the summer (*dans l'ensemble*) mattered more and more to

surrounding observers (even participants) - the flat plane upon which the spring was increasingly showing off, although (at the same time) pushing away by means of sticking itself on the boulevard trees at the scene {wherein under the notion of a *boulevard* a stylish figure was to be understood, in the sense of an unpretentious access to the open-mindedness [including its (mind's) depth]}.

Which means that the air was full of snipes (whether *Wilson's* or jacksnipes - it was always to do with a *bécassine*), whistling plovers (whether golden or black-bellied ones), and arrowlike manakins (various small birds of *Central* and *South America*, mostly brightly colored) - that which became so much warmer didn't stay any longer in the *North*, confirming the old truth according to which not even fowls can sit still with their feathers flying.

In the same way in which people cannot be prevented, in such times, from talking in all languages they can think of (as if they quickly learned them somewhere and momentarily put it into effect - having stricken, at that, a correspondingly learned pose, *en entier*).

“Men pique themselves on their skill in the learned languages”, *Locke*.

The spring and summer of 1989 were nice. So nice that we even got a dog for our children (there was room for him, too, in the loquacity of the moment, *coro pieno*).

[His name was *Max*; in time, *Max* maximally made himself at home; a whole ten years later he decided to leave us - he even did that without much *psychomonism/psychonomy* (a conception according to which all that exists is of a psychical nature), although from his eyes, at that instant, a nocturnal butterfly emerged flying (until then masked as *Rausch*)].

We spent the whole summer with that dog on *G. Lake*; it wouldn't be a false statement saying that, for exactly that reason, he would start hopping whenever he saw us [like dog, like pilgrimage - especially if one takes into consideration the bright water of destination, an almost *Sea of Jonas* (or *Jonah*), into which said prophet was thrown and subsequently swallowed by a big fish, only to be cast up (though, three days later) on the shore unharmed, in order to make him go to *Ninivah* where (as it is known) he was to make *Assyrians* serve *Jehovah* (even though our walks with *Max* first of all served us, and by so much were more prosaic, *повально*)].

In whatever way to take it, a kind of obligatoriness was fidgeting in such a relationship between the animal and us (the humans): who was trailing whom (i.e., where one was heading) was not clear to either him or us, although one didn't have to be overly talented to conclude that that was to do with (everlasting) compassion towards a life provider - whether in the form of doggish company or mineral riches, all the same; that which counted built itself so much into life that not even said ores would have made it more robust, *но-моему*.

“To those hills we are obliged for all our metals”, *Bentley*.

Metals or nonmetals (a canine pulsing or a pulse that's quite benign), taking any of that as the basis of such an arrangement of things at those times (*no dvoe*) would have always resulted in the following: there would be neither a longer worthy summer (in which to nicely sleep), nor would there be a shorter doggish leap - whenever the dog in question was about to hop, before his own shadow each time he would drop [finally turning into it (leaving us on its own terms), as it was already said (with no pretense)].

(There took hold of him that *Rausch*).

Look how that modest summer went by as well [the minute we got used to it (under its golden shell)]!

(*Ça dépasse l'entendement*).

Again *September* [*October*, and so on (and so forth)], but one didn't have to be recalculating whether all that was going to be worthwhile in a longer term - namely, at those times it was very well known that everything was going to last

permanently, at which, accordingly, it was to present itself as being more profitable than it were the actual case, so that a premature indebtedness (such as, for example, a very barren end) wouldn't have terminated it either, *per bacco!*

Traveling through autumn - *Oh!*: going like that (growing through thoughts) could have been done, at those times, even by a child, which we exploited well and put our children on the right track, in the sense that they could choose between it (the track) and the play, which crystallized itself more and more into progress, *perfetto modo*.

“Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep”, *Milman*.

Day by day of such progression, therefore, through all of autumn could end up only as one thing: the inviolability of drops enlarged to snow flakes of *December*: the biggest possible disks of whiteness still keeping everything small enough for closeness - the shots with which one could only gain in hits, *s'entend*.

[As it has been said:

“The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether...sweeter also than honey and honeycomb”, *Ps.xix.9,10*.

If only it wasn't for hard (winter) days!]

In *December* of the year of 1989, consequently, all that was rounding off into a bubble of solemnizing with which one was to compensate for the unfinished training and interrupted schooling [there remained one more term/semester to fill under the academic/pupils' exertion (*entendre dire que!*), but then this was a worry for the year of 1990], it even was crackling (almost erupting) as if it was to do with a firecracker in the domain of an inner and not middle ear, that is as if from the hammer, anvil, and stirrup one was not expecting anything but their harmonizing with the flow through the *Eustachian* tube, making a sacrifice to the altar (of the year in question) in terms of a tympanic sound of the final membrane (*ensoleille*), taking the one from *January* as the initial (*ensommeille*), i.e. as the one which was and is to come up again (*et tout ce qui s'ensuit*), itself smacking like a vivid whip, that is, *Kaiserbart*.

\* \* \*

**(1990)** *Ja wohl:* The year of 1990 was marked by (yet another) *World Cup*, but, by the same token, one couldn't avoid the already seen - *a collection of winter desires before summer shot them with its classic fires* (*u mak dalje*).

(*Hast du so was je gesehen?*)

That year, winter was bountiful anyway - just before *February*, *January* turned white (full of warmth and so light), while the former (before *March*) turned quite yellow (almost lime) - so one didn't have to bother with his "race with time", *cum grano salis*.

[Such a suiting year, for one to have to rush through it: of course that one had to put an end to that, what's more - at the very beginning (furthermore, before becoming *Iapetus*, the son of *Uranus* and *Gaea*, brother of *Chronos*, father of *Prometheus*, *Epimetheus*, *Atlas*, and (in general) the whole human race, that is, a symbol of an advanced old age, *Sie wissen ja...*)].

(*Je eher, desto*).

In other words, one was supposed to count on the hidden significance of the flow, without being fascinated with this or that (even less trying to be smart), rather with a steady devotedness to one's heart.

"Mighty hearts are held in slender chains", *Alexander Pope* (1688-1744).

(*Ich habe es ja gewusst!*)

It was becoming more and more evident, however, that I'd be spending the summer break in *T*. [working at "S. A." ("*kangaekonde iri*")], so that even *April* arrived [full of birds rolled like marbles (singles, doubles)], together with all its (clinking) ornamentation, but I didn't get farther from *January* than my exertion from my occupation (everything else already being a habit), and exactly on *May Day* (elsewhere a *workers' holiday!*), not missing the humor: I showed up at said (working) place of mine - ready for the toil worth of such a rumor (*súgù ni*).

[After all, not even "S. A." was just a mundane trifle - let us take, for example, the robotic arm with which to grab the automatic sky - not to mention the demiurgic meticulousness by means of which (and right away) I secured a seat at "*Morrissey's*", (in addition to the billiard room in the place) featuring a gigantic *TV* screen on which the mentioned cup was just about to start (*aller-hand!*)].

Initially, I rented a room at the same place and from the same landlord/landlady (*perche no?*) - in spite of being so bleakly portrayed on the opening pages of this script, and in addition to being so nice to remember me by my niceness, they didn't change their attitude/statue, either: as usual (and customary), Mr. *A.* acted in a pro-*Russian*, Mrs. *H.* in a pro-*Prussian* way; the only bothersome thing in all that was that I too had to get used to myself from before - still not trapped by later progressiveness, *praevio examine*.

Though, none of that was a burden to me, to the contrary - there was enough there to be pinned down; for instance, the twilight between *May* and *June*, (together with its blueness) descending from the skirt of the spring meter (like a melted starch inside the collar of south wind's dither), although also a hazy cloud ascending the sleeve of season's doubt, *degno di nota*.

(As if one was) to almost start being proud of it (the mist), encouraging oneself with its witty list, *etw alle machen*:

“I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection”, *W. Shakespeare*.

The most difficult thing was to find a parking space.

As the street in question (*Scoll. St.*) was (and still is!) in downtown, one ought to have been circling around it (even if in doubt) like a hawk about a game's snout - and, suddenly, to have extracted its tooth [with an insolent turn of the steering wheel (like with a surgical lancet, and just as fine) having his eye on the parking sign, exclaiming *cave!*]

(*Im Affekt handeln*).

While it is true that everything was like that, there wasn't room for other escapades though [once something is explained to someone (on whatever theme), his days immediately become clear to him (*alle vier Jahre*)]; in order to not end up in *Jansenism* [the doctrine of *Cornelius Jansen* (1585-1638), a bishop of *Ypres* (in *Flanders!*), according to which the grace of God is so big that there is no need for the intervention of church in such matters - something that brought the fury of the Roman Catholic church (and especially the *Jesuits*) on him and his followers (the *Jansenists*)], every one who (that summer too) found himself under the mantle of the world (by the grace of God, *kimenikui kèsu*), was to join it (said mercy) in the same way - idling and loafing, stealing the Lord's days (*благожелательность*), piling them on those full of bygone glory (like in the above mentioned, completely football story), extolling them mostly in classical ways (*слышалась музыка*), eventually turning into *jasper* [a very hard, opaque quartz, quite a treasured stone that comes in variety of colors in either stripes or bands (*banded* or *striped jasper*), and may have layers of *chalcedony* (in which case it's called *agate jasper*)].

*Было сделано.*

Having done that (as suggested above in *Russian*) even if [like *Japheth* (also known as *Iapheth*), the youngest of *Noah's* three sons and the progenitor of peoples scattered both *East* and *West* from the line of equalization (*das tut nichts zur Sache*)] he turned into an eternal (unalterable) boundary of *Jahveh* {on the rim between *day* and *night*, most truthfully represented by a very wild pansy [also known as *Heartsease* (*Violae tricoloris herba*), or *Johnny-Jump-Up*, or *Ladies' Delight* (*jaceae herba*)], whose alleged properties of curing a broken heart (pardon, the discomforts of love) could possibly be enhanced only by him}, though now rather turned into the self of before, when he was *Jäger*, a huntsman/rifleman whose only weapon was the plant of resurrection [the (so-called) *Rose of Jericho* (*Anastatica hierochuntica*)], an *Anastatica* (potentially including *mustard*, and possibly *Easter flower* / *spurge*) growing only on the Eastern coast of the *Mediterranean Sea* and remarkable for the property the dried plant possesses of absorbing water when placed in it and appearing to live, with such properties of itself fitting into the doctrine of *Ionic school*, that is, into the learnings of the Seven Sages of Greece, *Thales*, *Anaximander* and *Anaximenes*, all of *Miletus*, *Heraclitus* of *Ephesus*, *Anaxagoras* of *Klazomenai*, and *Diogenes* of *Apollonia*, living up to their expectations according to which maxims of nature were (and still are!) *water*, *air* and *fire* (the latter understood as *logos*), as well as *spirit* (understood as *endlessness*), and where, in order to arrive to the self, one had to leave for the self [*máinichi(shū)*], typically aboard a small boat sailing along its own coast and called in the *French* language - *cabotier*.

(*Go-séikō wo inórimasù!*)

Look what kinds of paths that magnificent summer took to elapse (*jōryokujū!*), before whose full expiration, though, *R.* came along with our children (driving all the way from *WI - kárèra wa minà onáji kurúma de kimáshita*), so that we could complete its (the summer's) last path together [*S. & D. V.*, who, with their children, that summer were on their own voyage to the still existing *Yu*, kindly gave up their place to us], which meant that all that still functioned in the “best possible way”, excluding temporary drops in keeping up with good condition [neglecting that, in contradiction of (then prevailing, though admirable) opera arias, one could hear (at least here and there) somewhat shorter and undeniably simpler (pocket-sized) songs, such as, for example, the *Italian cavata* (*cavare*)].

All that, in other words, looked like a braid full of worthy threads (combed such that days got adorned in their own ways).

“There stood a marble altar, with a tress of flowers budded newly”, *John Keats* (1795-1821).

At the end of August, we drove back to *K.* (*an no jō!*), only for me to return to *T.* (by train!) for one more week (*ii to mo!*), to “bring things (at “*S. A.*”) to a close”, and drive back (in an ’86 “*Capri*”) to *WI* - one was to get on with one’s work regarding the new semester (at *UW*), and the school term (at public schools), and the thoughts of a new as an immortality of the old, *tsugēguchi suru*.

Plus, we were to move - from the (somewhat) brown house (7802 – 23rd Ave.) to the (fully) yellow one (4755 – 79th St.): *konō michi wo kōsaten mōde itte hidāri ni magatte kudāsai*.

*Об этом не может быть и речи*: one couldn’t have done it even in a jiffy, that’s how quickly everything was solved (and completely by itself) - in such a (floatingly gilded) quite established state (*вне сомнения*) there found itself our always gladly received acquaintance, (proverbially hardworking) *September*, (with its ripened ducat) having paid both all those (school) days and all of us in them (by the same pay illuminated, *per diem*).

(*Darè datte ii toki to warūi toki ga arimasu yo*).

Which (on the merit of its own) was still more propitious than other possible outcomes (*¿que va a tomadurar?*), given that everything is hanging from such a tiny thread (*lo oi por la radio*), finding its stakes in such a delicate equilibrium, moving its weight from one leg to the other (looking for something else rather, *y asi sucesivamente*).

“If the scale turn / But in the estimation of a hair / Thou diest”, *W. Shakespeare*.

(*De una vez por todas*).

And regardless of how much (in the previous - brown house) we got used to the pastel condition, in the yellow one, it, too, became by so much more provisional (and whiter!); it almost (hastily) equalized with the season that [as it is known and (at moments like those) always happens] just around the corner was to turn into winter, and around the latter into spring, and around the latter into war!

(*Gerecht gegen alle*).

But that would have been another story [although the note observations of this, second of four volumes of the subject tetralogy dealing with everlasting war (...*order so was...*), are already placing it into its ultimate manifesto (a self-proclaimed finale)], while this report here [which so nicely accommodated itself in front of the unwearied reader (used to such sort of change) perusing the things that (apparently) took place at the turn from fall to winter of the year of 1990] was taken care of by the then coming *October*, which (sure enough) handed the baton over to *November*, the month which was going to (in one way or the other, i.e. quite peacefully though in its own glow) surrender to *December*, only to avoid finding itself in the latter’s snow.

*Na so was!*

Whether it was snowing that *December* or not, is no longer important, that which is important doesn’t scatter with snow anyway (although it doesn’t spare it too much either, *jijitsujō*), pouring itself (from *December* into *January*) year after year, it, actually, each such time does a somersault, leaving its shadow back (in *December*), projecting its glare ahead (to *January*), stretching itself no more than it is necessary to gain the daily want of a *player*, a person, that is, who (as a rule) in each such case is being dealt with (*ad ogni modo*), who (by all means) can be understood in many ways (*da un momento all’atro*), but with whom one cannot have empty conversation while *December* in question still lasts (*dato di fatto*), i.e. *January* doesn’t seem to be coming yet (*dall’anno scorso*), in order to start the year (1991)

in which the war was to flare up (*wie es so trifft*), when all conversations are abandoned, except the one that even before that was not empty, even though it dealt only with itself, like a collection of remarks, observations, instant witticisms, and so on (*conjectanea*).

\* \* \*

**(1991)** Before starting the *January* part of the year of 1991 chronicle, it is necessary to favorably finish the *December* report (regarding that same year - *in ogni caso*), which can be done, for example, by ascertaining the fact that, completely by chance, a job posting in a *T.* paper came to my attention, I promptly responded (*lasciarsi prender la mano*), received a call for an interview (*vieni tu, no?*), and was given the job!

[My *UWP* position, namely, or (for that matter) the entire department, was being abolished!]

It remained to postpone the new start, from that *December* (*December* of 1991) to the following *May* (when said abolishment was to go into effect, *non si sa mai*).

What was said was done (I only had to concur with the new company in joining them for a few days at the industry convention in *February* of that, already 1992 year! (*tokoro dè*), in the sense of *bonum publicum*, wherein I watched “*Terminator II*”.

*Bonus vir semper tiro est.*

Well, when a year ends so nicely [sure, I wasn’t looking forward to the job change (*dònnà kōjitsu de mo ì*)], there is no reason for it to not start in the same, convenient way (*mó sùgu*) - such would have been thoughts of one who was not aware of the coming war, let alone of his pacifying in it, *tōnikaku*.

“Barbaric armies suddenly retire / After some furious onset”, *Grainger*.

Going in order, however, the year in question (1991, *zénpanteki ni mítè*) started with such a *January*, a month, consequently, about which one could have said this and that but the last thing one could associate it with would have been some naïveté: even if assuming a kind of innocence could have been attributed to it regarding the (above described) tendency to orient itself by said year end [with reference to the job - by such a paramount *December* (*yosó wò uragittè*)], the month dealt with here (*January* of 1991, *watakushitachi a sore ni tsùite hanashiáttà*), already at the first lunch break got frozen in the window frame above the kitchen milieu understood in the sense of an embodiment of afternoon satiety: job? work? - what nonsense!

So that nothing else remained for it (for *January* dealt with here, *watakushitachi a sore ni tsùite hanashiáttà*) but to stretch itself all the way to *February*, this one to *March*, while regarding *April* even then it was known that (in whatever way to take it) it was going to come up with something, such that all which preceded it would gain adequate justification [and, itself being an impostor, presenting that like a natural continuation, a voice of an equal extent (quite seasonal *iso-phonics*)], i.e. such that (at least in that way) the permanent doubt is driven away (even in the form of such a calendrical spontaneity, *mehr oder weniger*), which only testified about the inertia of an instant (whichever, wherever, whenever) and difficulties that would face anything daring to be slightly more audacious (*mehr denn je*), a more powerful conception or a social movement like the one which, at some time in the past, so-called *Icarian communists* had in mind, an association of *French* socialists whose principles were expounded upon by an attorney under the name of *Etienne Cabet* (1788-1856) in his “*Voyage en Icarie*”, and who, inspired by such a work of said dreamer (a not-meant-to-be lawyer), in the year of 1894 landed even in America (*schöner denn je*) in order to establish a communist municipality in it (*auf die Dauer*); how much they succeeded is for everyone to see, though one couldn’t see it then, quite the reverse: comparing the magnitude of their idea with the brave flight of *Icarus* they took their name by him, and whether that was to no avail or not one couldn’t tell even that *April* (1991) without finding himself in situation in which the wax on his own wings was melting (because of the enormous Sun), the wings, that is, of such one pretendant to omniscience and foreseeing, *d’un seul coup*.

Surely, even though none of that was on the agenda of that Spring (even though no *Icarus* followers could have been seen around, *a la larga*), still one could feel that things would additionally melt before hardening again, which indeed happened: exactly that month, with its second goal against *Munich*’s “*Bayern*”, *Belgrade*’s “*Red Star*” brought them (the

things) almost to the red-hot state (*победитель*), its triumph (in *May*) spilled over *Italy's* Bari just like a formalized lava would [even though I was only, even then, an unfussy fan of the local rival "Partizan" (*односторонний*), I could have not pulled myself out from the show just like that, i.e. by means of the black-and-white (*Partizan's* colors) picture; one was rather expected to (as it would have been said by those *Icarians*, and in an *Icarian*, that is, star-like manner) additionally *flare up* (*откуда-нибудь*)], but even such a variegated torchlight parade (as it was already said, and as it always happens in like circumstances) couldn't help to not turn into a conflagration, which (in the given situation) meant that *May* overheated into *June*, and this one started to boil over as it was approaching its end, only to, a few days before it (and exactly on June 25 and 26) *Sl. & Cr.* start playing their own games (*смешанный*), while "R. S." opted for the one in *Tokyo*, *стройный*.

There was nothing there (in other words) which would have unfolded itself as demurely as one would do it in front of one's friend (say, a wolf in front of another wolf).

"Lambs at the mercy of wolves must expect no quarter", *L'Estrange*.

Still another summer, otherwise, people were parading quite routinely (as if watched by *Yggdra*) [everything fitted to everything else (as in a spa)].

Everyone counted on *Addison*:

"I shall appear at the masquerade dressed up in my feathers, that the quality may see how pretty they will look in their traveling habits", *Joseph Addison* (1672-1719).

As if only a static purple bequeathed itself, everything was turning red (in its yeast), but wasn't spreading (from the east).

"When morn / Purples the east", *Milton*.

The summer of 1991: evenings spent in *Rac.*, *WI*, next to a shortwave receiver, on the porch of *R. M.*, across from the dwellings from which black dwellers were shooting above the roof of his house (confirming the news, *тогдашний*), after which again came days [then again nights (*тождественный*)], yet one could make ends meet, within an understandable routine, between a fairy king and a boogeyman (*ellerkonge - Erlkönig*).

Such were those times, consequently, neither *kyrios-logos*-like (presented as they were and as they should be understood) nor *abstract*, neither *kismet*-like (*doom*-like / *fate*-like, i.e. like some predetermined fortunes for each and every one) nor of *completely abandoned destinies*, neither *Aristipian* [based on the criterion of pleasure, i.e. hedonistic teachings of *Aristippus* of *Cyrene* (a disciple of *Socrates*), according to which his followers (*Cyrenians*) behaved] nor *relativistic* [one could still determine *who is who* and *what is what* (*то и дело*)], so that they (the times in question) could not have been easily changed into others even by *Kirkē*, a Greek sorceress who turned people into animals, but this was to do with transforming them (said times) into literal beasts, according to *clara pacta, boni amici* principle.

[*Clandestina sponsalia*: scars of time and wounds of age (before reversal) - passages of immortality (after rehearsal)].

To be sure,

"They habited themselves like rural deities", *Dryden*].

And so *June*, *July* (as well as *August*) of that year (the year of 1991) expired (along with all of the above) without having any trouble with natural beauties; even if, here and there, they did hesitate regarding superlatives (even in their vicinity), right away they would have warmed up with a harmonized trinity (*docendo discimus*).

Of course that it is easy to say now that (at those times as well) all that was to do with checking the suitability (*без толку*), that is, that all that (the entire triumvirate of the summer in question, *в точности*) was a product of imagination of some *Doppelgänger* (from the *German* for 'double goer' - a doubleganger), a person who much

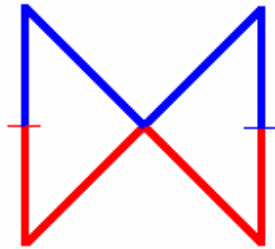
resembled some other person, that is, a person who saw his own vision, or saw some other person in two ways (as alive and as dead), that is, a double person (a dual person, a twofold person, a linked person, a twice a person, a paired person, a duple person, a twin person, a coupled person, a binary person, a duplicate person, *οποσδηποτε*).

At the end of *August*, however, the *V.* family visited us (*sie kamen alle in dem einen Auto*), and, during the week, we almost witnessed (via *TV*, naturally) a putsch in the (already former) *USSR*, but the *fall* (*autumn*) could not have been prevented: not only that the coup ended in a ditch but its secondary manifestations also drowned in rainfalls of that *September* (*saure Regen*); it remained that, at least, *October*, *November* and *December* seize some progressiveness of solution (*das ist ja fantastisch!*), but even such a subversive approach was of no use (*nichts als Ärger*) - all which we were going towards (every place at which we found ourselves), i.e. the alleged solution (for - that's what one dealt with there) only added its so conciliatory drop [as if the world was to caramelize even then (to the last scent), and not to bitter itself with justice (up to the present), *nichiyōbi ni mo*].

“Out betters tell us they are our humble servants, but understand us to be their slaves”, *Jonathan Swift* (1667-1745).

*Yobiokosù*: At the end of *1991*, we returned the visit (to *S. & D. V.*); with five of their children (and three of ours) it was to be understood with a correct passableness of that year (*1991*), and the eightfold renewedness of the new one (*1992*), which indeed happened (*sorérà wa wominà*): having secured the job mentioned in the beginning of the description of the year in question (*...rashii*), we only needed to flock together around its (job's) axis, myself in the role of doer, *R.* and our children in the sense of migrating birds - having rented a truck and having moved from *K., WI*, to *Wat., ON*, we found it (the destination of our move) by groping in such a way: a sort of a temporal outing into (that's how it looked) just one more instant, however (look how it turned out!) extended all the way up to this moment, perhaps even grounded (just listen to its earthly sound!), at any rate announced (although - *нопутно*: by way of the *Manifesto*), on top of the ground (*per primam intentionem*).

\* \* \*



**(1992 – 94: Waterloo Manifesto)**

***Explanation (Instead of a Prologue)***

Most of these observations (it is the best to call them that), these, in the first place, mute examinations (that constitute the manifesto), and, hither and thither, a glaring one, were recorded the summer before last: the second summer of the civil war in *Yugoslavia*, and the twentieth since the recorder left it.

They were noted down [all those excessively noisy opinions (and, now and again, a short-tailed one)] in a rented room (entirely fine shell), in the basement of a house whose owners, also long term immigrants (though from *Jamaica*) *Negro*-descendants (*Sp. & Port.*), in an area located about 120 km northwest from *T.*, approximately equidistant from the *H.*, *E.*, and *O.* lakes, a region called *Waterloo*: hence the initial part of the name of this proclamation.

The word *Manifesto* (*L. Manifestus*), which completes the name, suggests an *Announcement*, or *Call*, or *Shout*, or *Command*, or *Scream*; the *Waterloo Manifesto*, consequently, informs that everything urges (our) being to listen to (its) call everywhere, and that, having listened to that, it commands a rising.

Just a few of these 33 entries, arranged according to a relatedness left-ajar rather than chronologically, were taken from *Switching Countries*, written in *T.* almost two decades ago, and included to, along with this and one more explanation, complete the algorithm of the given *Invitation* to confront false hope, everlasting absurdity, and perilous illusion.

**[I]**

**(Telegram):** Some time ago, I woke up because of a dramatic insight. *Stop*. I was woken by the fact that my curled position underneath my comforter, as well as my body warmth produced in such a situation, were, in fact, baseless notions of a cozy protection of my enchanting ego, for we, actually, all the time find ourselves in the pharynx behind the tonsils in the sense of the cosmos (universe), in a pitch-dark, cold (freezing), and, above all, an objective night; practically, the entire feeling of the protection instantaneously disintegrated in front of that simple realization. *Stop*.

*WISC., December, 1990 - Wat., 01-05/20-10/06*

**[II]**

**(Before the Empty Paper of This Page):** Having fully spread myself above the lined yellow paper (in a letter-like arc), in professed silence [and a false hush (like the flawed dark)], that is, listening to a (very) far music (created by the bang of the former perhaps), I still don't know what these (stoically laid) horizontal lines are going to (in the end) quietly carry on top of themselves [without any reverberation (frozen, yet full of a courageous salvation)], i.e. what is that which (eventually) is going to be staying upon them, remaining there even if hanging (like a broken off roof atop a compact dwelling: even if not screeching - short-weighting one's thinking).

[Nowadays, it is more cutting edge to acquire a computer (or, at least, a word-processor), and use it for writing, but even that is just another twist: nothing is more natural than writing on various pieces of paper (including sticky ones) which, at that, and together with a pen, easily fit into a pocket, i.e. can be effortlessly transported. Whereas a machine, it is possible to imagine, is suitable for final editing, and, surely, printing].

Before the empty paper of this page, the glaring of nothing (collapsed into nothingness), very slowly (at first turbid, as in the eye of a satiated and large beast), gives up its place to a solution (the disentanglement of thoughts), an attitude creation (the will free of faults) - in one more try to turn the tables on all this in us and around.

Something that, of course, is to do with a feverish struggle with the self, that is, with adding more and more distrust regarding all that which is (presenting itself) like always, i.e. something acting upon the need to refuse dutifulness and carry out the counterattack.

That is why, the (small) collection of these yellowish (otherwise whitish) and mute pages [mostly written in *Waterloo (ON)*] will be called a *Manifesto*: (neglecting the instinctive, almost natural dosage of patheticalness) it will be a sort of a *Local Call* to a *General/Paramount Revolt/Counterblow* [even a *Geodetical* one - in the sense of earthly (to that soil reduced) heaven's lines, drawn by the pen of predetermined, gravitational potentials] - one, above all, sincere counterpunch.

Under a (not too difficult to imagine) impression of the civil war raging, with an increasing intensity, for the second year in a row (this is the summer of 1992), in the country I left twenty years ago [no longer remembering why, unless because of the very nature of a "voyage to the unknown", though, for a long time now, falsely challenging (*ah!*), as if anything is known!], as well as with an ultimate realization [which, I am almost sure, existed even then, but in an incomplete (partial) form, only to grow (in years) to become irrevocable] of (is it possible?) so profane/crude/provincial/green/ unseasoned/quasi-Messianic, and (above all) mercantile nature of the *system* here (the *system* on this side of the world),

its institutions (including the religious ones) and establishments, as well as other centers and outposts of power, both here and elsewhere, which, all together and along with local protagonists (the scoundrels/vagrants shaped by their interests) who destroyed said country (*Yu*), I often think that it would have been better if I was a sort of a domesticated dingo [for example, *Max* (the one in *WT*)], anything different, that is, than being someone/something “higher”, playing hard to get [for example, a human].

These (for me yellow - so that I don't get frozen) various pieces of paper (including the sticky ones) are going to, perhaps, explain my insurrection to me (I'm cheering up myself, I know), even though it's at least as much certain that they won't free naive ones from the remaining illusions, if any illusions have been left in anyone.

[It seems, unfortunately, that they have been, and that the naivety - the most boring (and the most stale) of them all: the thickest wrapping of stupidity - is that constant with which time diligently hardens us, so that we wouldn't regain consciousness and “confuse the history of evil with history itself” (*E. C.*)].

So that nothing else remains for this page but to (unwillingly) commence the treatise against that *which is*, having opposed it even when it pretends that *it is not*, i.e. having composed:

“The pages of playful writings are lambs to these that follow / These don't protect us with a sleight of hand, rather, they freeze us with the truth (however slow) / Whatever to think (even to not surrender) / Everyone's going to increase his ice (or, melted, to look at the other as if in a fender bender) / His head (in any of the cases) arriving to the same point / “There is no way out, but not the thralldom either!” - exclaiming though (for his whim to stop fooling with him - at least at that joint)”.

*Wat., August 9, 1992 - 01-05/24-11/06*

### [III]

**(The Room):** In case one starts a new voyage, a new room waits for him; at the end of the journey, and at least for a while, he'll find himself sitting quietly in one spot - the room in question.

A certain awkwardness regarding question what it is going to look like, and whether one is going to be lucky enough to even like it, is natural.

The room is a fundamental outcome of one's trip.

Just arrived, at last in it, one begins to compose oneself, and, from there, having acquired the initial strongpoint, in time he starts engaging in necessary activities, including finding a permanent apartment.

As time goes by, however, one gets more and more used to his room; it slowly begins to represent his central dwelling place, while all memories regarding the previous one become vague.

That's where the danger lies!

It is, actually, the unfamiliar room which, becoming all the more familiar, changes one - not the other way around.

In doing that, it adapts him to itself.

Finally adapted, he is no longer what he used to be.

Functioning without a problem in, until recently, an unfamiliar room, one becomes, in fact, someone else, sharing with the person from before only that neither one of them recognized his own self in any of the rooms except in the first one, from which he so indiscreetly set out to all the others.

*Wat., Juli 19, 1992 - 01-05/24-10/06*

#### [IV]

**(Alone):** Alone in the room. (Immovable are both air and time).

First the ceiling, then the furnishings [finally the Sun's rays (as if dealing with golden rails)] - that's where one's gazing at (before completing his gaze at the curled pile of alleged silence).

The outside nothingness spread out on the walls waiting for someone to open the door (the inside reflection of soul being unknown to it until then).

In the corners (atop the table), inside the lamp (having spread but stable) - there crumbles the grandiosity of nothing (as much in the form of a powder of an inorganic origin, as being an organic powder).

Having been alone in the room, after some time one levels up with it [holding hands with the muffled state of the void (the cackling coming from every direction)].

Under such circumstances, the aloneness leans on the walls of the room as if they were its foundations (time crumbles as if feigning the corn).

(As if yesterday, today, and tomorrow mean more than three identical grains, whereas only the middle one is scratching).

There is neither a voice nor a move (nothing for reminiscing).

With irrefutable universality (bare presence?), the solitude swings above the head (more and more licentiously).

Having maximally intensified the senses - nothing!

Not even an insect to buzz by.

[Even a spider, in that corner over there, got down to spinning the voiceless threads).

[Only a heavenly body (it can be seen even without looking through the window) ran down from heaven (that's how it disappeared, too!).]

It's only thoughts that enable the insight into events that surely take place outside (in contrast to the obvious vacancy of the room), it is only them that, although all the more slowly, tumble and multiply.

How unimportant the news bombarding the congregated crowd are.

(Here, in the room, there are no news).

Hanging from his loneliness, one (from such a story) disappears around the wall inside the room, while (said) nothingness, hooked on the outside walls, scratches the cement, but, for now, the wall which divides them is still there.

That which first passes through, be it the alone one inside (and stretching!), or that which is outside (and scratching!), will no longer be alone, instead - it will be a *couple*, a duo from which neither one will be able to escape anymore (however to scatter), whether it be the nothingness or the single man (for that matter).

*Wat., Juli 23, 1992 - 01-05/24-10/06*

## [V]

**(The Elder-Tree):** Playing behind the apartment building around an elder-tree in a far away and thus unclear day of such a phase of the world, and having seen the (horse-drawn) hearse (with four horses and a solo coachman) coming up the *R. Boulevard.*, we anticipated the news that someone in our neighborhood had died.

(That every source at its mouth becomes so deprived, could have been seen even from that side).

They made a stop in front of a three-storey residence building, the tallest in the area, whose ground floor also housed a bakery and a pub.

[(So little, yet already helpful) I was often sent to the bakery to buy bread; in doing so, I was passing by the tavern in which the local inhabitants of that bygone city (while sitting, of course, with their drinks in front of themselves) were making noise inside the smoke-filled room, playing chess and dominoes as if throwing stones from their shoulders: free from coquetry].

It turned out that an older tenant from said (three-story) building passed away, a person whom we, true, did not know, but regarding whom his death could have been expected because of his behindhand position, that is, in general, an ailment known only among his family and friends [perilous even to a two-humped (*Bactrian*) camel, let alone the fungus-spotted *Bedouin*, an outer shell by means of which, as long as he could, said person was deceiving his wasteland].

Having interrupted our play for a moment, therefore, we gathered in a silence to have a look at the carriage and at, like butterflies harnessed into ephemerality, the horses dressed up into funeral paraphernalia.

Who, in return, blowing enough air from their nostrils *on that side* for a sail to be fully filled *on this side* (of the world), that is, kicking with their hoofs the boulevard cobblestones as if sixteen Adam's apples were hitting one's throat, looked strong and immortal, which, it would turn out, they indeed were.

We saw the coachman, therefore, when he, in the manner of a calmed archfiend (first of all - blue, and in the same, genre tailcoat), full of self-discipline as of a drowned haste, entered the tavern and (as solitary as an extinguished lighthouse) pensively (taking his time) ordered and drank his drink; not approaching him, (shrinking from his interpretation of things for a reason) the usual clientele of the place kept to their tables and themselves, which he looked used to as a stick to a cross, without any interest whatsoever for the earthly murmur of that place, naked like a rib.

Somewhat later, (like homing pigeons would do with a message entrusted to them) they took down the polished coffin from the building and put it on the carriage, the combed coachman (a tiny demiurge?), all made up, took his straw seat (even that which is not threshed is a straw, not to mention a straw seat), pulled the reins up and the team (followed by a rather small procession of the family members and acquaintances like a ship by a postponed wreckage) slowly and with clanking of their hoofs and steps (of which the latter were making the passage for the former with their cleats through the horseshoes), went down the *Boulevard*, while we, conceptually aware of being witnesses to *Carrying Away* in spite of the false supremacy caused by the fact that none of us nor any of members of our families went in the carriage down said street, returned to playing around the elder-tree more quietly than usual (like a melody being restored to a fallen-asleep singer, its ever-waiting *dual*).

Several years later, I saw the same carriage, horses, and the coachman [this time, I thought, even bluer (like the crossed gift from the bequeathing list)], as I was coming out from a school library (like from a premature moral of the story) on that same *Boulevard* (perhaps a bit closer to the city centre), while they were swaying down the street (like a candle in a draft) in the same, unconcerned manner, carrying someone else (freed from the same thoughts, I reckoned, as the one before from those of the pub and the bakery), and, passing by them, I noticed (now more mature and thus with a more increased attention of possible descendants) that none of them had anything physical in themselves [that none of them was based on, say, a gravitation, or a force, or a (rotational) moment], in the same way in which birds lack a quicker fall into a more experienced eye: they were, I actually saw, a *projection* of the procession and not the procession itself - a slipperiness (rather than a condition), a blushing in the form of a fake's publicity trip (until a sigh leans on the shoulder of a lip).

[Fermentation, I guess, not a sleeve around the arm of rumored darkness].

Having realized that I *recognized* them, and, in turn, having *recognized* myself, i.e. *completing the pattern recognition set* [their memory is of the kind which holds onto water as drops hold to a faucet (it leaks even if nothing's coming from the metal pipe to weed it - said recollection - on the soil of retention), it's of the sort, therefore, that contains all of us, thereby making them ready to *carry* any of us as soon as they're told to do so; that carriage, those horses, and the coachman (slender and opaque like an extinguished firefly), from wherever and whenever called, *project* there their own selves (offering themselves in the given shapes), that is, they do not exist (not even as mites) - they don't reveal themselves with any of their bites - so that, in an instant, having realized (in return) my discovery about them, they - the whole mahogany mechanism comprising the hearse, the horses, and the (blue like a harelip) coachman - fully within the sight of the *Boulevard* multitude, raised themselves and vanished at the juncture of that, real street, with the unreal supposition of its passableness [at the juncture at which two winds were singing their plots (pinching each other's blown away notes)], whereby not a single one of the passersby [all of whom (walking at the time up and down the *Boulevard*) were climbing the trees of their own lives (not paying heed whether these were elder- or some other trees)] paid attention to such a presumptuous interruption of physical rules [every one occupied with his (or her) ascent, like some rising bees].

I did not see them, but I dreamed them since, not through mine (of course) but through those (first-rate) eyes in the blue-and-green *prae*-woods of exactly elder-trees [in the *Romanian* part of the *Carpathian* range of the mountains between *Poland* and *Czechoslovakia* (and *Bulgaria*) - all the way through *Serbia*], in which, given that (through such a bark and flower of it) most trees creaked through another bark and another flower [admitting *that* hearse, *those* horses, and *him* (wearing the official, although also an *ad hoc* tailcoat)], one could not exactly say whom he/she should have been prepared for (whose curtain would finally fall down in slot), in order to be able to, through such a shepherd's flute [made of such an elder-tree - from such a forest: once quite radiant (even twice as brilliant), though now familiar with

only a dim *Transylvania*], like through an escort pipe, from then on only cackle (a calmed top: occupied with a generalized tackle), so as to, performing upon said elder-tree, lessen his/her death like with a childhood (staying in it and staying), letting it become obsessed with such an elder playing.

*Wat., Juli 18, 1992 - 01-05/30-11/06*

### [VI]

**(The Plan of Silence):** To be present in each of these days is a matter of a pure chance.

(Neglecting the wrong) anything can go awry at any time.

(No later than tomorrow, today disappears).

To the witness of such a frail act there are no longer any of these days (however their spelling), only that same silence (from before) - hanging on his fragile neck (in the center of his dwelling).

For, a loud noise - *as if* from the fall of empty barrels, *as if* that takes place down the stairs of a bewitched château [*as if* the very *Becmja Hova* (an information-based *Vista Nova*) would have sounded from the (long dead) plateau], *as if* one deals with an echo between his meals (from the soil to the ceiling always finding a zero clearing) - drives out, in fact, just a silence from such cellars of all of it (emptier even than a full shadow's fleet), but then - returning right away: the silence cannot be thrown out even from the old things (or dilapidated buildings - *oh, well!*), let alone from the basement scenography of a midget-novel.

*As if* it is to do, in other words, with a *plan of silence*, the plan according to which the hush is being compared to the noise to see who is going to sit on whose back when all this ends and when (to the one who sat) - a true freedom dawns.

All this is just a difficult war, for now.

*Wat., August 7, 1992 - 01/31/06*

### [VII]

**(Dream and Reality):** A dream changes the density of time.

Having awakened, one establishes that that which was dreamt, in spite of having woken up very recently, seems farther away: as if it happened long ago (much before the waking).

The disturbed density of time (the time flow in dream being different from that in reality) leads one to conclude that there are different time scales: one is the time in a dream (as a rule - stretched and out-of-the way), the other in reality (as a rule - condensed and drawn nearer to play).

Finding oneself in two different time systems (in one during dreaming and the other when awake), one could presuppose he was not in the same physical domain/surrounding in the states of dream and reality.

According to such an assumption, in the state of dream one was in another domain relative to that in which he is in the state of reality.

However, since one is, by all means, physically at the same place (usually in his bed) when sleeping (dreaming) and when just awakened, it means that *that* of him (his *duality*, or *another self*) which dreamed, was *somewhere else*, and what happened to *it* was interpreted there as a dream; at the moment of waking up, said *duality* (which, until then, was *there*) instantaneously returned into the recent sleeper, (like a spring fly into an autumn hum) having leaped back into the domain from which it left him during his dream.

All dreams of all people (the totality of dreaming) represent, therefore, that which happens to their *second selves* (their *dualities*) *there*, during they sleep *here*.

And when one's *duality* stays too long there where it went to get all his dreams, i.e. when it starts playing there and doesn't return on time prescribed for waking up, he divides into half, his body staying *here* - without the *duality*, and consequently dead according to the first time scale, his *duality* staying *there* - dreaming bodiless, according to the second.

Not comparing dream and reality (even if in two time systems), neither one of them is good for anything any longer.

*Wat., August 8, 1992 - 02-05/01-11/06*

### **[VIII]**

**(Measuring Time):** Day after day - eternity strings itself (spreading us underneath it).

Inferior to it, we somehow struggle with days, all the time thinking that something is, at last, going to dive (and change the flow of things).

But, nothing of the sort happens - the struggle is (it seems) a purpose by itself.

In the sky - things look bad, in the soil - a possibility of support before the inevitable fall; one is left but to thread the deafness of time (with his own hush).

Drop after drop of silence leaks from the question hanging in the air: to get down to the next activity, or to mix with particles of the pause forever? To expire finally (to not differ from the paysage of completeness).

[Like when the multitude of insects (in the field and after the rain) becomes one big joint humming].

To do anything which is going to pop like an iron piece upon another, announcing itself loudly enough (echoing like a gong), before it casts into the equanimity (within the same, focal foundry), however long.

(And) who gets startled - he will keep measuring, who starts going after the echo - he measured it all.

They will find each other no more, for they did not measure the same: the first measured that he still had time, the second that he didn't.

*Wat., August 23, 1992 - 02-05/01-11/06*

### [IX]

**(The Extraordinary Significance of Composition):** For some time now, an extraordinary significance emphasizes itself, something that could be associated with some song, a human voice in a musical composition like the elegy entitled "*Tren Ofiarom Hiroszimy*", by *K. P. (Krzysztof Penderecki)*, or that in a symphonic portrait for Chorus and Orchestra entitled "*Itaipu*", by *P. G. (Philip Glass)*, furthermore, in four movements! (*Mato Grosso - The Lake - The Dam - To the Sea*), spread above the fifth one - a dried up faucet (as far as one can see, I bet), as if the radiation by means of a composition, that is, the electromagnetic pounding by a human voice and the corresponding music, had been included in the construction of the world, i.e. as if with such a stylishness (amidst the mute summer) the world increasingly vehemently cheers itself, before being left without its (composition's) trembling support for another, say (from whatever angle to look at it), a hundred billion years.

*Wat., August 6, 1992 - 02/09/06*

### [X]

**(Outcome and Chance):** There will be that which an objective outcome of all possibilities is (nothing but that will be).

No will, belief, skill, or ruse, is going to change the only possible (objective) result of things.

Things and events are a reflection of an incorruptible universe.

It is not possible to subjectively influence the cause-and-effect structure of the world. Only ignoramuses and fakes pretend on more than that.

Our time is neither completely clear nor is it in a hopeless fog. It is somewhere in between - we ourselves are only average contributors to everything which surpasses us.

In the same way in which it is a chance that which terminates us, and which we call like that because we do not know what it is.

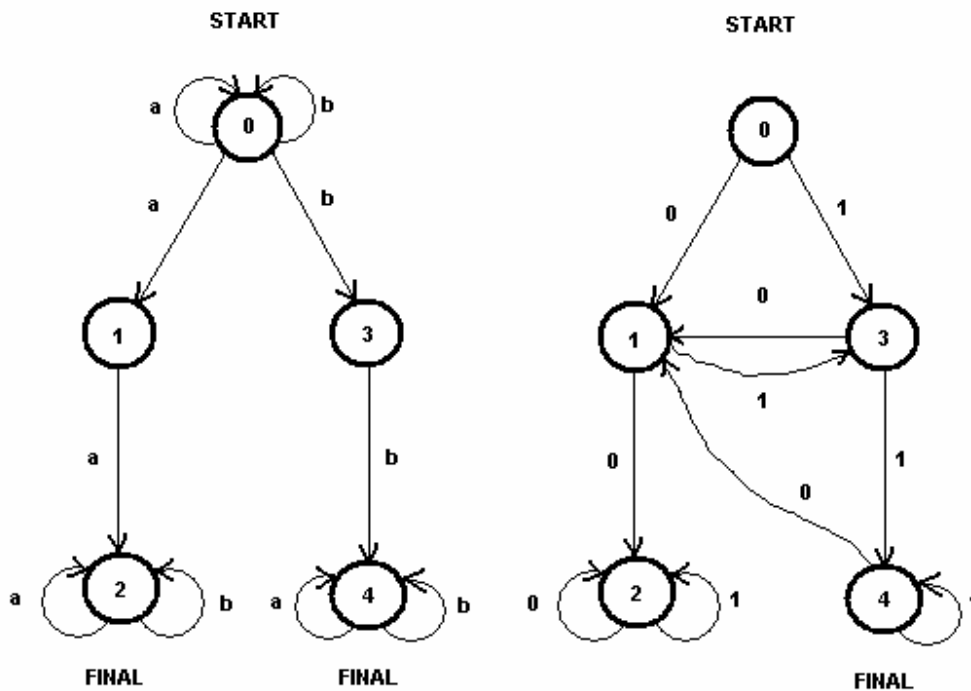
Wat., August 20, 1992 - 02/09/06

[XI]

**(Automata)**

A finite automaton is deterministic and results in a finite state, while a nondeterministic finite automaton is like a finite automaton except its next state is not completely determined by the present one.

The fate of finite automata is, thus, certain, in contrast to the fate of nondeterministic finite automata.



As seen from the picture above

a nondeterministic finite automaton has an initial state equal to that of a finite automaton but it is not known what its finite state is: 2 or 4.

a finite automaton has initial state 0 and finite state 4. Its fate is known - it's a dull one.

In all that, there exist several more types of automata:  
 plausible, linearly limited, pressed by doubt,  
 as well as the automata which process their excitation as if  
 it is to do with wet trees  
 like in a forest (and under the rain, or such a dream's clout).

All of them, however, look for their souls in all that  
 as if they are without souls.

T., 1982 - 02/10/06

### [XII]

**(Man and Animal):** Is the *man-animal* duality degrading for man, as it is believed, or for an animal, as it is, every once in a while, manifested?

Animals are the last chance of our nice idea about the world (a very much celebrated centaur, or a hundred-headed dragon from a tale).

In contrast to us, they do not hate one another, they only indifferently fly, or run, or dive, doing it very dandy (silently eating one another, like a candy).

Humans invented nice things and art to conceal bitter truth about them, which is that animals are more reticent and better.

The obedience to crime and misfortune can be cancelled only by transfiguring into the first, closest animal, and jumping out from all this by means of its skillful body.

Ours is, anyway, ripped due to its disadvantages, and our soul due to the wind.

Wat., Avgust 22, 1992 - 02-05/10-10/06

### [XIII]

**(Freedom):** Having the smooth surface of the pond for its only target, (blindly aimed from the hanging air) that bird swiftly descended having spread her wings just before the water, subsequently having leaned on it by means of them, and, making smaller and smaller jumps, having finally stopped, only to (at the next moment) completely immovable become a symbol of perfection and obsession of the observer.

Watching it, therefore, one irrevocably becomes aware of the meaning, that is, the sense and essence, of the notion of *freedom*.

One realizes, in consequence, that the labeling/naming/verbalizing support of the word *freedom*, its *declaredness* that is, does not mean anything without an effective manifestation of its *realness*, in the manner in which this bird (with so incorporeal landing of her onto the glass of the water) has shown it - in such a silicon-like way.

Whereas, one does not even have to mention the abuse of that word in political vocabulary, especially there where there is too much, that is, so distasteful, insistence on it, i.e. where it is overused, sure enough, in its semantic/linguistic form, because - in which other form would those and similar lexicons contain it at all?

For, a man, by his essential content, and even without comparing his physical imperfection with perfection of a bird, is a prisoner of his own conscience - to be able to be free.

It is exactly with his not being free, that he's paying for his consciousness.

While man is inherently a not free being, in case of a bird the freedom shows itself directly and without illusion.

Of course, other animals possess it too, although birds, perhaps because they can fly, show it somehow most explicitly.

It is plausible that plants are free as well, but, in their freedom, they are more withdrawn and silent (they look at the world with different eyes).

It is only humans who are not free.

Nor will they ever be - until they start foaming like animals, becoming numb like plants, bringing themselves to their senses by having realized that even in extremes there are fine charms, like a blind landing, seeing through different eyes, violin-like weaving of a jailer key.

*Wat., Juli 16, 1994 - 02/14/06*

#### [XIV]

##### **(Democracy):**

In its original and true sense, democracy means rule by the people.

Nothing like that exists anywhere in the world, in any country.

What rules everywhere is the interests of privileged groups, somewhere more and somewhere less transparently hidden by the institutionalized (parliamentary) shows for the crowd, the displays that cannot escape the unambiguous, but, unfortunately, not to everyone, illusion of such a type of society.

It is the politicians and intellectuals who talk the most about democracy, that is, who most often mention that word.

Of the latter there are two kinds: the employees of the system, employed by government, i.e. by various state-run administrations, analytical agencies/institutions, and/or media houses, as well as the naive ones.

The stories about democracy that come from the former ones, the politicians, are nominally expected, at least as much as the necessary “democracy/democratic” addition to the titles/names of the majority of such political parties.

Even if a democracy was possible in the city-state *Athens* of the ancient *Greece*, that was possible because, among other things, everyone could fit on the main square.

At any rate, something like that does not exist since then, and the word in question is exactly as long a dear virtuality in the perception of its followers.

The so-called, self-proclaimed, *West* democracies gave, actually, to their subjects, in return for their loyalty and belief in the established codex of behavior, on an average, a conformist-like cage (even if made of gold), along with, of course, a handful of the void.

There’s not even the slightest trace of one’s choice and independent acting there.

What choice and what independence when it is known in advance that any deviation from the virtues of the flock threatens with the expulsion (excommunication) of the offender?

The people in the western, so-called, democracies, have long ago become *foragers of goods*, staying far from authentic representatives of themselves, so that, being busy with that process, their consciousness would not distort so much to present such situation of theirs as a desired and the best possible one.

With that, they are, probably, lost forever as authentic personalities.

As far as the *East* is concerned, the majority of countries in that part of the world lost their own souls and some even their statehoods in the recent events, to be able to mention the word democracy with any sense under the circumstances.

(These people here, in the *West*, whatever their souls may be, at least pursue their own things; also their states function next to best, so much so that they even export their statehoods).

If there are still countries in the world which at least preserved their souls, they are, as a rule, classified as “not democratic”, wherein the classification is done by those who are “democratic”.

Because of everything said, democracy is to be unmasked and peoples/humans let against the leaders of “democracy”.

There is no need for any democracy, a dictatorship (in ancient times - a positive notion, at the present - negative) is better and more appropriate, a ruling without compromise for the purposes of protecting the authenticity of the state, its people, and, through them, a single individual - before the stretched-out arms of the octopus of democracy, which shakes off said authenticity feverishly from anything it touches in such a wet and imperceptible manner, like a snake does its skin.

*Wat., August 11, 1992 - 02/14/06*

## [XV]

**(Free Market):** Besides *democracy* and *freedom*, the third most frequently mentioned word in the West and, for some time now, in the East, is a *free market*.

The former two words were analyzed earlier.

All three, actually, represent an alphabet of the crazed indoctrination of one side of the world by the other (*East by West*).

As it directly testifies about that by its content, the phrase “free market” is all in the prime of the mercantile penetration of all flushed up collectors of earthly riches.

All bloated due to the vehemence of goods, sale and resale, fiscal and monetary tricks, and, on top of that, the “freedom” (who can be free amongst so many errands there?), that word better than any other exposes the complete structure of such a banking-profiteering conception of the world.

(Who knows, maybe of the universe too: if they only could - they would certainly include it on their sale list and sell it satisfactorily).

Besides, of course, the profiteers themselves, this word is most often used by economists and, again, the inevitable politicians.

Neither of them, in fact, failed to live up to expectations: it has been exactly their mental capacity that was suitable for the generation and transmission of such a monstrous word.

How can a market be that and still be free?

Who and what is free there?

What is all that to do with if not with a total confusion of ideas, possible only in this, extremely economizing time.

Not only that market and freedom are two incompatible words, but the concepts they represent are not joinable either and only the shallow awareness of a simplified picture of the world, an *omni*-economy, could bring them into such an absurd connection.

In this world there only exists a market, without attributes.

And among its merchants, our each and every sense of being something else is being lost.

Until we get rid of them, replacing their raging representation of relationships and things (worthiness and kitsch) with ours - of a dimmed radiance and increased doubt.

**[XVI]****(The Creation of the State of the Universe)**

The creation of the state of the Universe  
is a process of a minimal solution.

Such a solution,  
represented by the dual map  $(1,0)$   
shown in the cosmic picture below,  
contains three subsets of individual size of 4.

		CD			
		00	01	11	10
AB	00		1	1	1
	01	1	1	1	1
	11		1		
	10		1	1	1

Such a solution creates the state

$$A'B+C'D+B'C$$

The subsets are provinces, the constituent parts of the state,  
of identical sizes.

By itself, each subset is insufficient  
for it is *not closed*, and so is exposed to the blows of  
the Universe.

Only their common contribution  
creates a state  
with a *closed* contour (boundary) of size 6  
able to withstand and struggle with the cosmic whim  
because of which it is recommended.

**[XVII]**

**(Disbelief):** Disbelief is usually manifested in shocking situations.

Not being part of a daily routine, the condition of an exceptional situation necessarily causes a defensive reaction - disbelief.

The trouble with disbelief in the case of danger is that, in fact, it lessens the reaction to the new situation (makes it relative), instead of achieving defense.

In a logical and normal sequence of events, the disbelief should quickly be replaced by action, as a purposeful move to again establish equilibrium, disturbed by the diabolical intrusion.

In the breakup of *Eastern Europe*, most notably of *Yugoslavia* and the *USSR*, one could directly see the baneful effects of a (drawn out) disbelief.

Their armies were excessively in disbelief.

True, the military of the smaller of the two countries, rather its honorable individuals, tried to do something to preserve the federal state, but without a consistent and adequate force, while the army of the bigger of the countries completely hid behind its disbelief.

The effect was the disintegration of the respective countries.

The lack of action, the excessively long state of disbelief, brought about, as seen, the catastrophe. For, *said countries disintegrated because of it.*

Disbelief is, therefore, the least allowable in the military organization of a country.

The longer it is in disbelief, such a military organization is, by definition, less a military and more an *ad-hoc* association, such as, for example, an association of honey producers or tire repairmen.

If an army does not undertake a powerful and uncompromising action to protect its country, why should it exist in the first place? In such a case, it is better that said institution of force does not exist at all, and the money intended for it be spent for other, socially useful purposes, so that when such a country is about to disintegrate it may as well do so. Honey growers and trade associations exist due to their peaceful activities; a military with its weapons, with which only any country can be saved, exists because of war. Accordingly, when it comes to war, nothing's worse than leading the military and being in disbelief for too long.

It is another question whether a country should be preserved or not, as well as whether any war makes sense or not. But such a question is not for the military. Its duty and its role is to save its country at any price, on the basis of the *symbiotic duality of a country and its military*, for it is exactly because of such a duality that, through all the years of peace it was taken care of and sustained, and because if not preserving its country it prematurely suffered defeat and lost its purpose, since there is no need for a military in a country that is not saved.

With regards to the disbelief of a single person, it falls into the water before the disbelief of a country and its army.

But even that disbelief (a joint doubt of a state and its military) falls into water before the disbelief due to the suffering and pain of all those pulled into the war who experienced or succumbed to the anguish, and whom the military, because of its disbelief, did not save from it by a firm and determined action from beginning to end.

*[XVIII]***(I & II)****I**

```
LIST
10 PRINT "GETTING TO KNOW A HUMAN"
20 PRINT "WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"
30 INPUT A$
40 PRINT "OK", A$
50 PRINT "WHEN READY TYPE ANY LETTER"
60 PRINT "AND I WILL PRINT YOUR NAME 10 TIMES"
70 PRINT "THAT IS AS IF THERE IS MORE OF YOU - YOU ENLARGE"
80 INPUT B$
90 FOR X = 1 TO 10
92 PRINT A$
93 NEXT X
94 PRINT "WHAT IS THAT WHICH HURTS YOU," A$, "?"
95 INPUT C$
96 PRINT "HERE IS FOR EACH OF YOU", A$
97 PRINT "A SINGLE", C$
98 PRINT "PERHAPS THE ONE FROM BEFORE WASN'T SUCCEEDING"
99 END
```

```
RUN
GETTING TO KNOW A HUMAN
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
? MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ
OK, MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ
WHEN READY TYPE ANY LETTER
AND I WILL PRINT YOUR NAME 10 TIMES
THAT IS AS IF THERE IS MORE OF YOU - YOU ENLARGE
? MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ
  MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ
  MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ
  MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ
  MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ
  MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ
  MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ
  MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ
  MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ
  MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ
WHAT IS THAT WHICH HURTS YOU, MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ?
? SOUL
HERE IS FOR EACH OF YOU, MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ
A SINGLE SOUL
PERHAPS THE ONE FROM BEFORE WASN'T SUCCEEDING
```

## II

```

LIST
10 PRINT "GETTING TO KNOW DEATH"
20 PRINT "WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"
30 INPUT A$
40 PRINT "WHAT ELSE IS YOUR NAME?"
50 INPUT B$
60 PRINT "GOOD AFTERNOON, IF YOU ARE", A$, "WHY ARE YOU", B$, "?"
70 INPUT C$
80 END

```

```

RUN
GETTING TO KNOW DEATH
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
? DEATH
WHAT ELSE IS YOUR NAME?
? DISGUISED
GOOD AFTERNOON, IF YOU ARE DEATH WHY ARE YOU DISGUISED?
? BECAUSE EVERYTHING IS DOUBLE-FACED: 0,1 FOR ME
EXACTLY BY SO MUCH I AM DISGUISED: 1,0 FOR ME

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T., 1982 - 02/14/06

## [XIX]

**(Intellectuals):** A positive and healthy meaning of so-called intellectualism and its protagonists, intellectuals, is found in cases of those who, by means of their minds, contributed to better conditions and progress.

However, throughout history, such a process and its participants/enablers were not always called intellectualism, i.e. intellectuals.

For example, it is absurd to say that one *Aristotle*, or *Einstein*, or *Tesla* was an intellectual, and that they deemed themselves as such; their accomplishments were sufficient to establish who they were, without an additional, "intellectual" entry.

Intellectualism and intellectuals are notions/words that are more and more shamelessly put into use as the current century nears its end, in order to, allegedly, separate the owner of that (privileged) word from the (primitive) crowd.

[In this case, the remaining people (crowd) are much smarter: not shrinking from obvious stupidity, they do not hide behind intellect labeled as such].

The words *intellectualism* and *intellectuals* have become so worn out and distanced from independent thinking and autonomous attitude, that a normal person feels disgusted with them.

Essentially, as one deals here with the flood / inflation / excessive production of various quasi-learned individuals, in the best case specialists and by far immediate or ensuing servants of the system in whatever way, the notions of *intellectualism* and *intellectuals* in practice became incarnations of their, supposedly, opposites: a non-critical attitude, a servitude to the system institutions (including the so-called media), and, the worst of all, a nonsense talk.

Specifically, all those, by now mostly gone, “dissidents” from *Eastern Europe* (where are they going to escape to now, with respect to what are they going to dissent?) talk nonsense, as well as do the intellectuals who, especially there, like to call and present themselves as such, which, by itself, would have been their only (and bearable) sin, if majority of them with their acting didn’t bring their own countries to the state of doormats for wiping mud from *West’s* shoes, advertising and copying foreign values and standards.

On the other hand, mainly well situated / nicely taken care of, *Western* intellectuals, in their majority and without regards to their specific professional contributions (the bigger part of them doesn’t have any - the case, after all, with those in the *East* too - they rather, again and again, discover a wheel, or, which is at least useful, prattle about it: for instance, regarding *Tesla’s* asynchronous/induction motor, one of the exquisite examples of, on the surface, a simple machine, with complex internal workings, hundreds of scientific papers are being written at this very moment, detailing subtle mechanisms of its, vector-based, torque production; on the other side, because of the pseudo-algorithms and pathetic texts of a good number of “humanist intellectuals” one can only feel sick), these intellectuals from the *West*, therefore, merely represent the *Western* equivalents of their fellow colleagues from the other side of the world, demonstrating the same servant-like and non-critical attitude with regards to their own systems.

One should not hope for and expect anything better in connection with them for they lost their reasons for rebellion, if they ever had them, together with their young age - since long ago, that is since their youth, the System threw them in its gear box.

Only a small number of those in the world (whether in the *West* or in the *East*), who not only learned but also experienced something, are worth a descriptive word distinguishing them from the mob, but the word is - a loner.

To them, the forever exposed word *intellectual* is worth only their scorn.

But, was it not like that at all times?

Neither intellectuals nor their protective systems roll this world ahead, rather it is done always and only by the most lonesome among the lonely ones, who roll it towards the stars in order to get over their own, biggest loneliness, along with that of the heavens.

*Wat., April 2, 1994 - 02/14/06*

[XX]

**(Darwinism):** As it is known, *Darwinism* is a biological theory, supported by experimental findings, according to which stronger species survive and weaker become extinct. (In fact, *survival of the fittest* is its motto, for the strongest species are considered species best adapted to the environment).

And regardless of how much this may be cruel to a whimpering soul, said supposition is merely a simple reflection of this world and that which created it, to which complaints, if any, should be addressed.

Whether *Darwinism* is a cosmic law (whether it applies throughout the universe) is not known (it probably applies, for cries of the weak ones are heard from every direction), but, then, it is well known that on this planet nothing is as true as subjugation of the weaker by the stronger ones.

Although originally intended to deal with *flora* and *fauna*, *Darwinism* is more than applicable to humans and their relationships.

The technologically and financially leading countries openly show their interests in the manner which, before all, fits the *Darwinian* interpretation.

Such a picture of the world is, surely, constant - neither something changes in it, nor does it look like it will.

The stronger ones win and stay, the weaker disappear.

Many peoples vanished in this way.

Of all the native peoples on this, *North American* continent, for example, practically none are left.

There is no doubt that, in the same way, other (peoples) who are not sufficiently strong are going to vanish.

To be strong is not a choice but a necessity.

Otherwise, one is finished.

Ruined.

Extinct.

Scattered (above nine seas and nine mountains).

One is nothing, otherwise.

A palm in the wind, only.

(While, above the sand, the last scenes collapse slowly).

*Wat. Avgust 10, 1992 - 02/14/06*

### **[XXI]**

**(The Olympic Games):** (What remained of) *Yugoslavia* has been thrown out from these *Olympic Games* (*Barcelona, 1992*), while the secessionists (only from said country, not the domestic ones) have been allowed to participate.

“They don’t even want to play ball with us”, said one of ours.

Otherwise, all those who participated in the *Games* marked them quite nominally, so that everything went according to the usual custom and order, without those who got thrown out, as if they never were around anyway.

Sportsmen have nothing to do with politics, but politics has (to do) with sports.

All these sport competitions / tournaments have been politicized since long ago and have nothing in common with the original idea of *Olympic Games*.

Instead of the *Olympic Committee*, it is the *UN Security Council* which decides who is going to participate in the *Games*.

Yet another absurdity of the world that transferred its control functions to (the very act of) playing, which, because of that, is not that any more.

The self-satisfied (and self-proclaimed) world bosses prescribe everything; that which still remains for them is to prescribe which sport we all are going to practice.

To their horror, the sport that (at least) a few countries in this world still practice - disobedience - goes beyond all their pre-planned games.

It is never known, namely, when the disobedient ones will go from throwing stones from their shoulders to heavier category sports, that is, when it will become impossible to prevent them to play the same, their prescribers’ game.

*Wat., August 13, 1992 - 02/20/06*

### **[XXII]**

**(Hearing and Seeing The Same):** In layman world, simplicity triumphs, triviality reigns.

Detergent-like plump and banal, commercials pour out from the so-called media like a soapy water from the tub; partial education and stupidity (often illiteracy) spill from the radio, television, movies and newspapers, ignorance is almost natural - no one is surprised by it.

So many schools - but their graduates, in the best case, are only specialists.

The middle class separates the extremes and all of them, or rather only those who are not hungry, drown in the magic of everyday event.

(The hungry ones do not belong to this story because they drowned long ago).

Neither synthesis nor critical analysis of information is being done in the layman world.

An absolute disregard of facts, even their manipulation in order to present one's own act as more desirable and better (than it is), is the main instrument of politics and political parties.

Commercialization is audaciously immoderate.

(As much as there is that which is needed, there is even more of that which one does not know what to do with).

Hypocritically, religious institutions impose themselves to all this, they too made instrumental in an earthly manner, if only they could profit from it as well.

Benefit and advantage is expected from everything.

Money rose above any other equivalent of life, even above philosophical questions of sense and nonsense.

Corporative logic of business eats away meditateness and inquiry.

That which is not utility is not desirable.

Cheap entertainment is more valued than conversing, reading, or writing: non-trivial conversations can be counted on one's fingers, letters are rarely written, and books are still read only by eccentrics.

In the layman world, hearing and seeing the same, laymen are left with nothing except to begin to scream - but no one can do it.

Those who did it, blushed, watch the night sky where they came from and where they go to, from all this same.

*Wat., Juli 22, 1992 - 02/20/06*

### [XXIII]

#### **(The Cossacks):**

Sprouted in such a manner from the low grass above the night steppe there they are in a single breath acquiring the 'image' on a scene full of 'fire and smoke' (under their cloaks in their black boots under their glaring sheepskin hats as underneath sky above their troops) - in any case with their *sablyas* around their waists and all of the whirlwinds behind their horses - penetrating the wall between the inner ear and the recapitulation of that which is rumored for some time now (an endless dispute!) - with their own death sniffing them (even if mute - closing the circle!), having effected this assault too (trickle by trickle!) onto the side of the general narrowness (full of its glow), practically having shouted *heave ho!*

*Wat., August 21, 1992 - 02/20/06*

## [XXIV]

## (Two Letters like Two Poems)

*Letter to Vasko Popa: Disintegration, Or a Handsome Death*

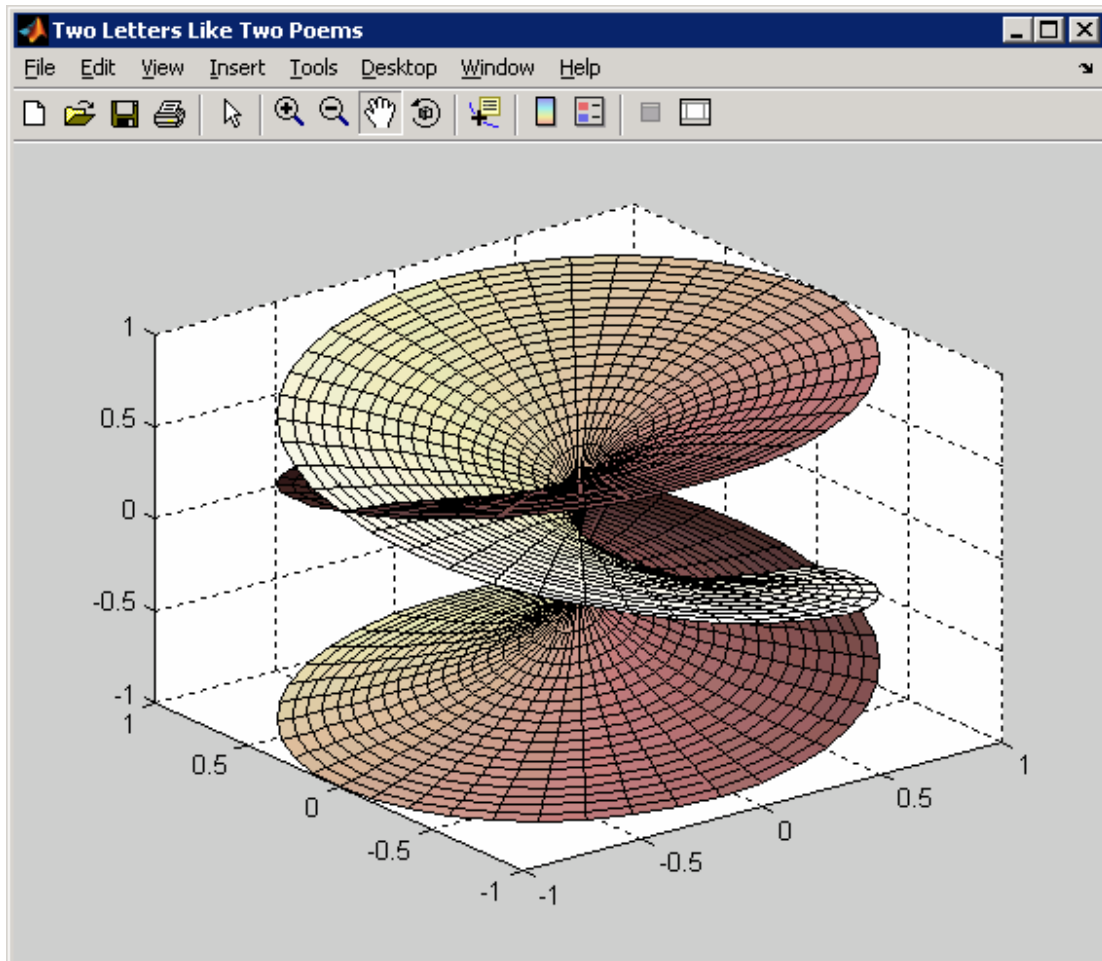
Dear Vasko Popa,

The gentle universe will rake us up in a single verse.

*Letter to Stevan Raičković: Disintegration, Or a Handsome Death*

Dear Stevan Raičković,

The space is curved in the two modes that will  
 Disintegrate every being in a two-faced way  
 When time comes for every one to check out his bill  
 Before each half of him goes fully astray.



**[XXV]**

**(On The Edge):** We are neither here nor there; we are on the edge.

No reason for panic (what for?), or for contentment (for what?) - that is, approximately, a description of our condition.

With a masterful balance between body and soul (to prevent some forces, perhaps, from violating such a ball, as, for example, the gravitational force, or the force of water, or, maybe, some radiation), benumbed and motionless in a macroscopic sense, we find ourselves on the edge all the time - that's our situation.

Such a position reduces us to permanent expectants of something.

(Of what? - it is not quite clear; one can only suspect that this is not all. And what if it is?)

We are exactly on the edge.

From this side, as well as from that, *НИЩЕ* looks (fittingly) dark, we are sitting on its huge hump (edge), holding onto the illusion of the area in order not to slide down (not to end like autumn leaves).

He who slides will fall through out of himself, killed by the hope that is rather groundless.

He who doesn't will fall into himself, cut open by the victor's dullness.

*Wat., August 5, 1992 - 02-05/20-11/06*

**[XXVI]**

**(An Abrupt Realization):** All of a sudden, everything showed itself - in an abrupt realization because of which the pupils opened so much that eyelids dispersed in all directions.

As soon as it happened, the abrupt realization (*about all this*) vanished in the same way (as quick as lightning).

What, actually, happened?

What happened was that the one to whom the abrupt realization occurred, in fact, left for somewhere to recall that which explained itself to him, and, because he wasn't here any longer, we were left to roam without all that in a form of his realization.

Even upon his return it will not be better - the thing was, anyway, in its infancy.

*Wat., August 4, 1992 - 02/20/06*

**[XXVII]**

**(House):** The best house is one from which, once stepped out of it, a field, above which the Sun is halfway to sky, is seen.

By its very nature, the house is not as important inside as it is important for one to feel how something out of it devotedly buzzes by through the outside life.

As every house is fragile because of ill-founded material, one should not pay as much attention to the solidity of the construction as he should get into the consideration of the house as a board-like shelter from the current news.

The best is a white, or a yellow, or a blue house.

Such one is in agreement with the merry thought of *home sweet home*.

Even though small and frail compared to everything that threatens / encircles it, every house courageously places itself against the meteor shower.

That such an insignificant object (on a cosmic scale) puts its own roof under the weight of the universe, is not yet seen anywhere.

Except in the case of homeless ones who, not even having a house, (for their dwelling spot) use everything else in the space, all that which is cold or hot or difficult for understanding of such a solid shield, raised in front of the storm, homey according to the myth.

*Wat., Juli 21, 1992 - 02/20/06*

**[XXVIII]**

**(Heat):** In a warm day like this, the only thing that thoughts can reach is not good even for drowsiness.

(Staring at such a boiling spot, one cannot spend the remainder of the day without fantasizing about the conflagration of his youthful ideals).

Not even a breath of the fresh air is felt; it's only two black and yellow birds that seem to circle around a fire-bird, regarding which it is not quite clear whether she's black or yellow.

As if that is going to help her (as if a color lowers a bird's temperature) - at the end of this avalanche-like day, (having undergone the hot training) she will be colorless, bringing herself to the original size (shrinking to an ant) - but one has to start from something, even if sooty.

*Wat., August 24, 1992 - 02/20/06*

**[XXIX]****(Lake Union)**

The self-seeking of a wasted day vanished along with it  
 The individuals caught in that welcomed the twilight  
 Enabling them to turn into shadows to meet  
 Their lives expired in their dreams without a bit of a fight

Even though this day possessed a reality  
 During which a bigger or smaller business was conducted  
 The emptier part of the result announced the duality  
 Between itself and the valor on whose behalf it never acted

I am watching a hydroplane descending  
 Also noticing huge geese hissing all over the grass  
 Tiny details of a possible blessing  
 Quite banal and narrow though - letting it simply pass

An idyll in terms of the *Lake Union* whose waters, however, reach  
 These shores predestined to be just harbors of the false news  
 The fate of the words as a plain singing intended only to switch  
 All this porous yawning from sharp to obtuse

*Lake U., WA, Maj 17, 1993 - 02-05/20-10/06*

**[XXX]****(A Child Of Its Own Death):**

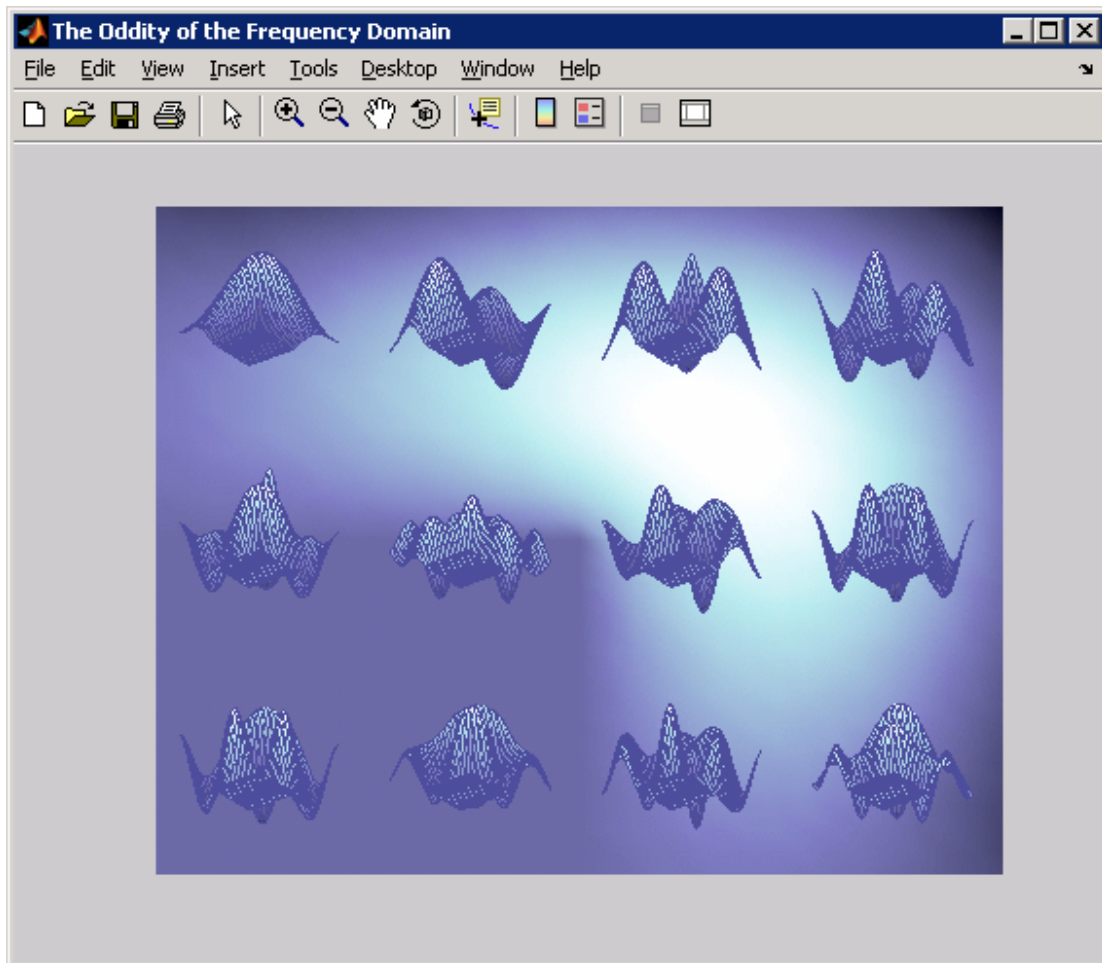
It was sitting in the corner persistently trying to recall what was going on before it was born, but, as it was unable to succeed in that, it got down to remember what happened after it had ceased, but, being unsuccessful in that case too, it stood up, opened the door, and vanished in the current phase somewhere in this room.

*Wat., Juli 17, 1992 - 02-05/20-11/06*

[XXXI]

**(The Oddity of the Frequency Domain)**

By means of the *Fourier* mapping  
 The oddity of the frequency domain watches us from the corner  
 Although only once in time, in frequency domain this thing  
 Called life repeated itself infinite number of times to be fair



A frequency domain - that is like some  
 Wave-like spreading by a zero-order destination  
 Like above, like some  
 Adding which is larger than  
 A pre-death longing (however full of procrastination)

## [XXXII]

**(Дописница/Postcard):**

28. Новембар, 1990. November 28, 1990. 3 сата је поподне. It's 3 p.m. *Кармел. Carmel.* Градоначелник Клинт Иствуд. Mayor *Clint Eastwood.* Улицом пролазе људи решени брига. Down the street there goes lucky crowd. ("Срећни човек", *E.,L.,&P.*, сећаш се?). ("Lucky Man", *E.,L., &P.*, remember?). Сконцентрисано обиље непотребних ствари сем зарад естетике и сујете. With the exception of necessity of greed and aesthetics, the emphasized abundance of unnecessary goods is in effect. Некаква мала црна птица долетела је и пије млеко из посуде постављене на суседном столу. A small black bird touched down and took the milk from a jar left on the table next to mine. У принципу, то млеко користе гости када га ставе у кафу. The milk is normally used by the patrons who mix it with their coffee. Ја сам наручио црно вино под плавим небом у рајском хладу жуте баште ван света и века, неометан од предрасуда, страсти, илузија, сете, моћи, беде, веровања и политике, као пред смрт. I have ordered a burgundy under blue skies in a paradise shade of a yellow garden extrinsic from worlds and ages, undisturbed by prejudices, passions, illusions, nostalgia, might, desperation, belief and politics, as before dying. Чудно. Funny. Таман када сам ово написао, за сто до мог, са ког је она птица попила оно млеко, сео је човек стар и немоћан и једва чујним гласом наручио да једе и пије, да би одмах затим умро јер није било млека за кафу. Right after finishing my note, a very old and weak man took the seat at the table next to mine, where the bird earlier finished the milk, and in a very fragile tone ordered lot of food and plenty of drink and then died as no milk for his coffee was left. Заменивши ме, за сада, мала-црна-птица-смрт кроз млеко се испољила на старца, дошавши му главе. Exchanging me, for now, the small-black-bird-death took the old man instead, having killed him through the trick with the milk. 4 сата је поподне. It's 4 p.m. 28. Новембар, 1990. November 28, 1990. *Кармел. Carmel.*

*Carm., 11/28/90 - 02/20/06*

## [XXXIII]

**(Waterloo Manifesto):**

Framed by the miniature time, practically negligible as compared to all the preceding and every following, there astound human efforts in claiming rights (boldly pretending) to coming to know and explain that which in a muffled way yawns and turbidly leaks from the past to the future abyss.

Is it not the case that such an absence of measure and restraint represents the most painful testifying of the disappointing status of said pretenders, or is it not, perhaps, a sign of predestination to a position which alleviates the pain by leaving the secret ajar, in case of those who are aware of it but do not reconcile with such a bad placement of themselves relative to it?

Regarding the former we have a presentiment, regarding the latter we have no proof whatsoever.

To avoid the ecstasy in which one only makes a fool of him, one ought to note that according to the second, more favorable conception/possibility, that which makes his function (gives it a role) is, in fact, only and exclusively, a *registration*.

While something (that which is outside) *shows* itself, something else (that which is inside) *registers* it: in such a way, a photographic meaning is given to the first, and a studio-like illusion of near equal participation (almost full sharing) to the second, in the arrangement of things.

Neither a more skilled notion nor more passionate participants exist!

One is only to overcome the immense boredom, to prevent the afternoon from chewing him in always the same way - describing it with his hungry thoughts, feeding it with, at least, the letters.

For, otherwise, he could rightfully ask himself: why was all this - ENERGY-WISE COMPRESSED UNPARDONABLY AZURE LIKE A BUTTERFLY REMNANTS IN THE MORTAL AUTUMN OF OUR CONSIDERABLE SOUL - thought out?

*Waterloo Manifesto:*

ALL THIS ENERGY-WISE COMPRESSED UNPARDONABLY AZURE LIKE A BUTTERFLY REMNANTS IN THE MORTAL AUTUMN OF OUR CONSIDERABLE SOUL WAS EXACTLY BECAUSE OF THAT THOUGHT OUT.

### ***Explanation (Instead of Epilogue)***

The ways of thinking, stands and convictions of a single man, mean nothing in all this which gapes all around him like a classical dragon.

And yet, if they didn't exist, not even the rage of the gluttonous wasteland would mean anything (it is only through the touching of something by something that each of them looks more important in their matching).

It is only by resisting that an omnipotent force is being established; stubbornly bending over it - one is able to bear with the squeezed hush.

Who is going to take over whom - whether the force over us, or us over the force - of course is senseless to discuss (it will take us over).

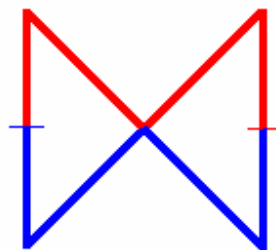
For (we know it, yes, we do), there is no point in writing/theorizing, what counts is matter (energy, bare structure), the ostensible artistry / intellectualism / amenable hours of immobility in the photon-book of generality, represent the luxury of leisureliness and a reflection of appropriate self-deceit amidst the universe chasm.

Any other outcome, except to additionally confirm the inevitable fate of words, this manifesto cannot have either.

[It can neither cure, nor charm (to its doom it is prone)].

Nor can it offer an apology from the typesetter (by quieting the tone).

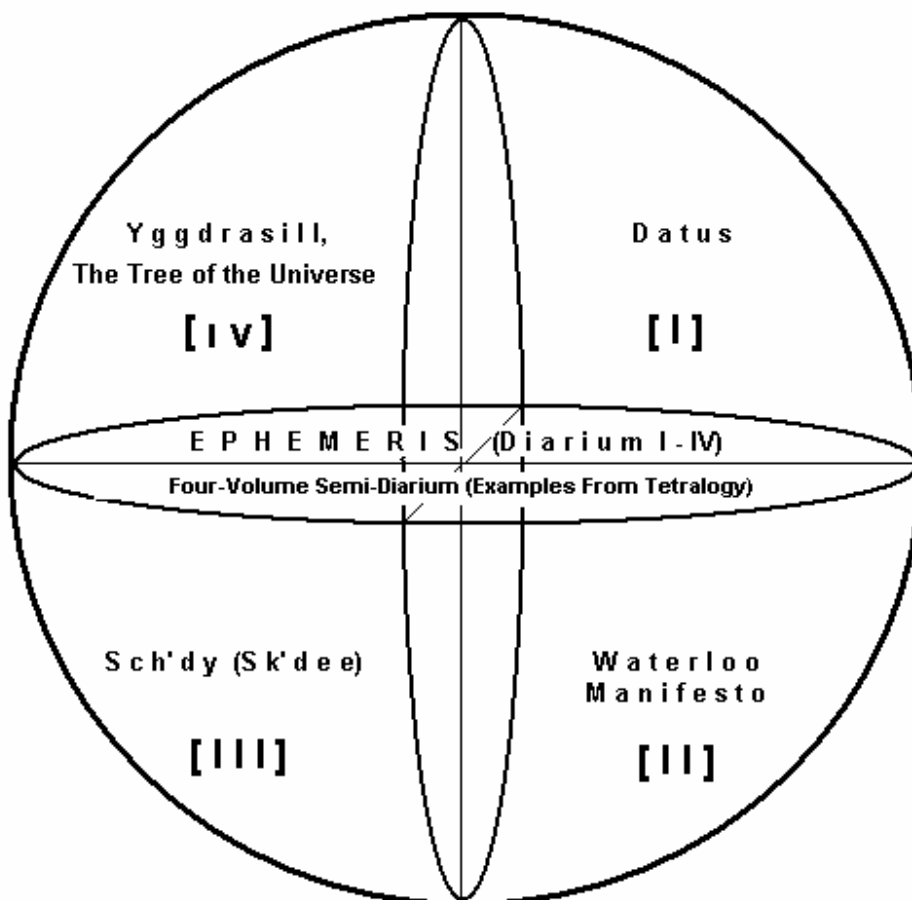
*Lake U., Maj 17, 1993 - 02-05/20-12/06*



\* \* \*

**Note**

And in the same way in which after four (3+1) there comes two (3-1) if one keeps half and throws another half into water (not counting, in connection with the number of this page - 103 - the middle/equilibrrious zero), from "Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe" to its local manifestation - "Waterloo Manifesto" - it did not take more than half of the whole rain for one to be able to flood even those words which parked themselves on the crown of it (said tree), by a mutual consent having bent with the remaining half over "Sch'dy (Sk'dee)" - the third part (of this running in a circle) that presented itself as the first - only to also make it (said Manifesto), once joined (together with its exclamation) by "Datus" (the true beginning of this whole story), wet, so that all four of them (as in the picture below, even if moist) harmoniously get pushed into *Ephemerality* - in the same way in which EPHEMERIS accommodated their *Eternity* - along with the same *Author's Explication* (regarding the motivation for the use of brackets, mythological characters and events, and foreign words and expressions, finally - *Glossary*), which he made use of in order to be in position to swallow the bone of perpetuity.



*Марм Горску,*

*Wat., May 13 -16, 2006*

**Alongside the English Translation**

The original manuscript of this book was finished in the spring of 2006. Taught by the previous two experiences of translating "Sch'dy (Ск'ди) into "Sch'dy (Sk'dee), and "Yggdrasill, Drvo Vasiono" into "Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe", there was no dilemma (sluggish or not) whether to start translating this volume into English right away - that was exactly what was done. Again, and as in the previous two cases, *P.*, *B.*, *C.*, & *M. J.* helped, and *P.* tolerantly sojourned during the subject exertion of mine, for which I am again indebted to her. Nevertheless, and as before, not a more acceptable version of the original translation (however barely achieved) would have been possible to produce without the most indispensable and prized assistance of *M.* [now 22 and a *U of Calg.* grad. student (sure enough, still with quite a natural feel)], as it always seems to be the case when on the top of the world, encircling it without a stain. Thank you, *Mupa*, again.

*Waterloo, October 24, 2006 – January 24, 2007*

## Glossary

**Key:** (L.)=Latin, (St.P.)=Old-Persian, (J.)=Japanese, (Sk.)=Sanskrit, (G.)=Greek, (R.)=Russian, (I.)=Italian, (S.)=Spanish, (N.)=German, (F.)=French, (T.)=Turkish, (D.)=Danish

- a di** [I.], the same day.
- a dirittura** [I.], by a straight road; by the closest road.
- à la bonne heure** [F.], in good time; very well, all right, as you please.
- a la larga** [S.], in the long run.
- a passo d'uomo** [I.], at walking pace.
- à titre privé** [F.], in a private capacity.
- à tort et à travers** [F.], without thinking.
- a vista** [I.], upon seeing.
- A wo B to machigaerù** [J.], to mistake *A* for *B*.
- ab initio** [L.], from the beginning.
- abschaffen** [N.], do away with; abolish.
- act gratui** [F.], spontaneous, not motivated, autonomous act; act of absolute freedom of a being.
- actus** [L.], act; deed.
- ad litteram** [L.], literally.
- ad normam** [L.], according to rule.
- ad ogni modo** [I.], anyhow.
- ad perpetuam memoriam** [L.], for everlasting remembrance.
- ad ratificandum** [L.], that which has to be confirmed/approved; for confirmation.
- Ademptio** [L.], Taking away; depriving; denying.
- adstans** [L.], helper.
- aestuosis** [L.], stirred by passion.
- Affanato** [I.], Painful; sad; scary.
- affettuosissimo** [I.], very compassionate; very affectionate.
- affretando** [I.], faster and faster; accelerating.
- affretoso** [I.], all the more faster; accelerating.
- Agenda** [L.], List; diary; agenda.
- Àgéraos** [G.], Not aging; looking young; old age spark.
- Ahriman** [St.P.], The evil (lit., hostile) spirit; in *Zoroastrian* religion, the spirit of evil.
- Ahrimarazde** [St.P.], (also: *Ahura-Mazda/Auramazda/Ahuro-Mazdao/Ormazd/Ormuzd*); the supreme deity and creator of the world, in the *Zoroastrian*, or ancient *Persian* religion.
- Aktentasche** [N.], briefcase.
- alla fin fine** [I.], after all.
- alle Menschen sind gleich** [N.], all men are equal.
- alle vier Jahre** [N.], every four years.
- aller-hand!** [N.], good show!
- allí arriba** [S.], up there.
- als möglich** [N.], as far as possible.
- also gut** [N.], so be it.
- Alter ego** [L.], Another self.
- altolo cato** [I.], highly placed.
- altrimenti** [I.], otherwise.
- amphibolia** [G.], ambiguity.
- an der Wand** [N.], on the wall.
- an die sem Ort** [N.], at this place.
- an no jò!** [J.], sure enough!

**anaplērōsis** [G.], complementing body parts.  
**anthrōpos** [G.], humanizing; civilizing.  
**antichambre** [F.], waiting room; antechamber in a dwelling place of a gentleman.  
**Apo-krínomai** [G.], (For me) to answer; to inform.  
**aponía** [G.], painlessness; tranquility; peacefulness; quiet; calm.  
**appellatio frivola** [L.], invalid/unfounded summons.  
**appellatio temeraria** [L.], baseless/thoughtless summons.  
**Applicans** [L.], Applicant; candidate.  
**appoggiato** [I.], assisted; tied; connected.  
**apporte** [F.], bring it over.  
**arioso** [I.], light and airy; in the form of an aria.  
**armare** [L.], to strengthen; to make more powerful/stronger.  
**arpeggiato** [I.], This term implies that the passage/movement, against which it is placed, is to be performed in the style of harp music, i.e. in music, the sounding of the notes of a chord in rapid succession, as in harp playing, instead of simultaneously.  
**Art Deco** [F.], after *Arts Décoratifs*: a decorative style of the late 1920's and the 1930's derived from cubism, based generally on geometric forms and cold materials (plastic, steel).  
**Artem non odit nisi ignarus** [L.], No one hates art except the ignorant one.  
**articularis** [L.], joint-like.  
**Así parece** [S.], So it seems.  
**au revoir** [F.], adieu; until we meet again.  
**auf die Dauer** [N.], in the long run.  
**auf jeden Fall** [N.], at any rate.  
**auf meine Bitte hin** [N.], at my request.  
**bambocciáde** [I.], grotesque paintings of scenes from common life, depicting rustic games, tavern scenes, and weddings.  
**barthýs bíos** [G.], deep life; that which lives in depths [original/prae-muscus, according to *T. Huxley* (1825-1895), English naturalist].  
**basso ripieno** [I.], back bass.  
**Batrachomyomachía** [G.], A mock-heroic poem, "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice," falsely ascribed to *Homer* (a parody on his *Iliad*).  
**bécassine** [F.], (waterfowl) snipe.  
**bella donna** [I. *Atropa Belladonna*], lit.: beautiful lady; beladona; henbane.  
**bellum internecinum** [L.], a war of extermination.  
**Bellum omnium contra omnes** [L.], war of all against all; according to the theory of *Thomas Hobbes* – the original natural state of humankind, before society was formed.  
**bene valete!** [L.], be well!  
**benevole lector!** [L.], (You), kind (or gentle) reader!  
**Besteck** [N.], dinning set (including silverware).  
**bianco** [I.], blank; white; whiteness.  
**bi-cornis** [L.], two-horned.  
**bir-zeman** [T.], ancient times; bygone years; antiquity.  
**bis dat qui cio dat** [L.], he gives twice who gives quickly.  
**bona mente** [L.], with good intentions; in good will.  
**bonazza** [I.], calm at sea.  
**bonum publicum** [L.], public good.  
**Bonus vir semper tiro est** [L.], A good man is always a new/fresh/young recruit (a novice; it's easy to trick him).  
**Bücherschrank** [N.], book case.  
**buratine** [F.], kind of poplin made of silk and wool.  
**burino** [I.], copper engraving.  
**Ça dépasse l'entendement** [F.], It defies one's understanding.  
**cabotier** [F.], a small sailing coasting boat (boat that sails by the coast).  
**casus mixtus** [L.], mixed case; inadequate causation / gross negligence / willful misconduct on the part of the one to whom the case in question happened.  
**causa finalis** [L.], ultimate/final cause.  
**cavata** [I. *cavare*], a simple music for the summarizing function of a few words at the end of an extended recitative (in contrast to glamorous opera aria).

**Cave!** [L.], Be aware!; watch out!  
**cento volte** [I.], time and again.  
**chōdō sonō tokì** [J.], at that moment.  
**ci siamo!** [I.], here we are at last!  
**clandestina sponsalia** [L.], a couple in a secret/clandestine relationship.  
**clara pacta, boni amici** [L.], clear agreements, good friends.  
**comme ci, comme ça** [F.], like this like that; so-so.  
**Comme il faut** [F.], Properly.  
**comodo** [I.], comfortably; temperately; moderately; modestly; leisurely; slowly.  
**compactio** [L.], joining together; compactness; plumpness; fullness.  
**compiacevole** [I.], cutely; sweetly; charmingly; pleasantly.  
**con grandezza** [I.], with dignity; proudly.  
**conjectanea** [L.], a collection of observations, noted down insights, quick wits, etc.  
**Cor Leonis** [L.], Lion's heart.  
**coro pieno** [I.], full choir; complete choir.  
**cremig** [N.], creamy.  
**cum grano salis** [L.], lit.: with a grain of salt; properly understood ('salted' in the head); not taken plainly.  
**d'un seul coup** [F.], in one go.  
**Da bin ich** [N.], here I am.  
**Da kann man nichts machen** [N.], Nothing can be done about it.  
**da un momento all'altro** [I.], from one moment to the next.  
**dall'anno scorso** [I.], since last year.  
**dans l'ensemble** [F.], on the whole.  
**Darè datte ù toki to warù toki ga arimasu yo** [J.], We all have our ups and downs.  
**das dürfen Sie mir glauben** [N.], you can believe me.  
**das ist es ja gerade!** [N.], that's just it!  
**das ist ja fantastisch!** [N.], that's fantastic!  
**das lässt sich machen** [N.], that can be done.  
**das tut nichts zur Sache** [N.], that's neither here nor there.  
**Data et accepta** [L.], Expenses and receipts.  
**dato di fatto** [I.], well-established fact.  
**de facto** [L.], in point of fact; actual; actually.  
**de non praejudicando** [L.], without making damage; not damaging someone else's rights.  
**de plano** [L.], plain, simple; without hesitation.  
**De plano** [L.], Simply; plainly; without beating about the bush; briefly.  
**de profundis** [L.], out of the depths.  
**De una vez por todas** [S.], Once and for all.  
**de-aurare** [L.], to gild; to gold-plate.  
**decernatus** [L.], sphere of activity; field; office and authority/jurisdiction of one *Decernens*.  
**Decernens** [L.], Informant; one who reads a report (paper); one who writes a poem.  
**degnò di nota** [I.], noteworthy.  
**demersio** [L.], immersing; submerging.  
**demivolte** [F.], ridding in a semi-circle.  
**den ganzen Tag / die ganze Nacht** [N.], all day / night.  
**Depuis quand attendez-vous?** [F.], How long have you been waiting?  
**De-suggestio** [L.], Freeing one from the power of suggestion.  
**dictum de omni et nullo** [L.], fundamental rule of reasoning: what is affirmed of a logical whole may be affirmed of a logical part of that whole; and what is denied of a logical whole may be denied of a logical part of that whole.  
**die ganze Nacht durch** [N.], all through the night.  
**dilatabilis** [L.], flexible; elastic; expandable.  
**dilucida intervala** [L.], clear/coherent/lucid moments of a sick person (moments of re-gained consciousness and reasoning).  
**Dilutio** [L.], Dissolving; diluting; weakening.  
**disinvolto** [I.], casual; free and easy.  
**docendo discimus** [L.], we learn by teaching.

**dónnà kōjitsu de mo í** [J.], any excuse will do.  
**Drillich** [N.], linen consisting of three threads.  
**du weißt schon** [N.], you know.  
**dura lex, sed lex** [L.], the law is hard, but it is the law.  
**eines Tages bemerkte ich...** [N.], one day I discovered...  
**ēlektron-mechānike** [G.], electro-mechanics.  
**ellerkonge** [D.], fairy king; boogeyman.  
**elongatio** [L.], elongation; stretching.  
**en entier** [F.], entirely.  
**en fin de compte** [F.], all things considered.  
**en l' air** [F.], (up) in the air.  
**en masse** [F.], in a mass.  
**enjen** [F.], stake(s).  
**ensoleille** [F.], sunny.  
**ensoleillement** [F.], period of sunshine.  
**ensommeille** [F.], sleepy.  
**entendre dire que!** [F.], hear that!  
**entre autres** [F.], among other things.  
**eo ipso** [L.], by that very act.  
**Ep-exēgēsis** [G.], Additional explanation / clarification.  
**Epigēnnēma** [G.], Born after; created after; subsequently joined.  
**Erlkōnig** [N.], fairy king; boogeyman.  
**es geht darum, das...** [N.], the thing is that...  
**Es ist egal, welcher** [N.], Anything at all will do.  
**escucha!** [S.], just listen!  
**eso es!** [S.], that's it!  
**et tout ce qui s'ensuit** [F.], and so on.  
**Éthnos-gēnesis** [G.], process by which peoples are created (e.g. as that discussed in Yoruba's (1890-1980) *Ethnos-genesis*, and L. N. Gumilev's *Theory of Ethnogenesis*).  
**etw alle machen** [N.], to finish something up.  
**ex voto** [L.], according to one's prayer or vow.  
**Fac totum** [L.], Do everything; the one who does everything; often 'Jack-of-all-trades, master of none', 'famous for mimicry but not for invention, croaking bombastically'.  
**faire le tour de** [F.], go round.  
**fatalement** [F.], inevitably.  
**favoritisme** [F.], favoritism.  
**Fiat justitia, pereat mundus** [L.], Let justice be done even if the world collapses.  
**fino a nuovo ordine** [I.], until further notice.  
**fra un anno** [I.], in a year's time.  
**gelasimus** [L.], (a small *Arthropoda*) genus of fiddler crab.  
**Gerecht gegen alle** [N.], Fair to all.  
**gibt es einen Gott?** [N.], is there a God?  
**Go-séikō wo inórimasù!** [J.], We wish you every success!  
**gradévole** [I.], agreeably; pleasantly.  
**grado** [I.], gradually; in music - a steady movement of notes from one line to the other.  
**guilloche** [F.], interlace pattern; a conventional enriched moulding in classical architecture.  
**gustoso** [I.], delightful; tasty.  
**Haben Sie das gesehen?** [N.], Did you see it?  
**haben Sie Ihren Ausweis bei sich?** [N.], Do you have your pass on you?  
**harmonia** [L.], concord; melody; harmony.  
**Hast du so was je gesehen?** [N.], Did you ever see anything like that?  
**heus!** [L.], ho!; hallo!  
**Hin und zurück** [N.], There and back.  
**Ich habe es ja gewusst!** [N.], I just knew it!

**igni et ferro** [L.], lit. "fire and iron"; to conquer by sword and inferno.

**ignis et aquae interdictio** [L.], a way of punishment in the ancient Rome: prohibited use of fire and water.

**Ignoramus et ignorabimus** [L.], "We don't know, nor will we", said by *Emil du Bois Reymond* (1818-1896), German physiologist.

**ii to mo!** [J.], sure!

**ils sont très liés** [F.], they are very close.

**Im Affekt handeln** [N.], To act in the heat of the moment.

**immatriculatio** [L.], school registration.

**immer aufgeregter** [N.], more and more excited.

**Impavidi progrediamur** [L.], "Without hesitation let's go ahead", said by *Ernst Haeckel*, German naturalist.

**imponderabilia** [L.], things that cannot be weighted or measured – for instance, ether; moral values; feelings; dispositions; thoughts; that is spiritual and mental phenomena and agencies.

**Imponente** [I.], magnificently; splendidly; marvelously.

**in casum casus** [L.], in case of occurrence of certain predicted circumstances.

**in circa** [L.], approximately.

**in continuo** [L.], in continuation, ceaselessly.

**in corpore** [L.], all together; all as one.

**in der Schule sein** [N.], to be at school.

**in der Stadt, in jenem Jahr** [N.], in (that) town, in that year.

**in die Schule gehen** [N.], to go to school.

**in genere** [L.], in general.

**in loco** [L.], in the place; in the passage mentioned; in the natural or proper place.

**in natura** [L.], in the nature; in the reality.

**in ogni caso** [I.], in any case.

**in optima forma** [L.], in the best form/shape; in perfect order/form.

**in petto** [I.], within the breast; in the heart; in reserve.

**in praesenti casu** [L.], in the present/given case.

**in praxi** [L.], in practice.

**in questo modo** [I.], like this.

**in summa** [L.], in all; in a word.

**indebitum** [L.], act performed as a result of misconception/mistake.

**Indigetes** [L.], The *di indigetes* ("indigenous gods") were a group of Roman gods, goddesses and spirits not adopted from other mythologies, as opposed to the *di novensides* ("newcomer gods") in *Georg Wissowa's* terminology.

**ins Einzelne gehen** [N.], to go into details.

**invecta et illata** [L.], all that is imported / brought in.

**Ja wohl** [N.], Yes; of course.

**ja, also** [N.], ...well, you see...

**Japet** [G. *Iapetós*], the son of *Uranus* and *Gaea*, brother of *Chronos*, father of *Prometheus*, *Epimetheus*, *Atlas*.

**Je eher, desto** [N.], The sooner the better.

**jijítsujō** [J.], to all intents and purposes.

**jōryokujū** [J.], evergreen.

**Junger Herr** [N.], young gentleman.

**Kaiserbart** [N.], lit.: an emperor's beard; full beard; beard covering whole face; the name may be after the German *Kaiser Wilhelm II* and his powerful sideburns.

**kangaekonde irú** [J.], to be immersed in thought.

**kárèra wa mínà onáji kurùma de kimáshìta** [J.], they came in the one car.

**kìbùn ga yóku narù** [J.], to feel better.

**kimenikuì kèsu** [J.], borderline case.

**konó michi wo kōsaten mǎde itte hidári ni magátte kudásai** [J.], go up that road and turn left.

**Kopier-buch** [N.], Copy-book with copies of letters, especially concerning commerce.

**l'art pour l'art** [F.], art for art's sake - credited to *Théophile Gautier* (1811–1872).

**là-haut** [F.], up there.

**lamellaris** [L.], in a form of tiny plates (sheets, shells, scales).

**Lampyrís** [G.], firefly; glow worm (*Lampyrís noctiluca*).

**langsam aber sicher** [N.], slowly but surely.

**Langsam aber sicher** [N.], slowly but surely.

**Languente** [I.], yearningly; longingly.

**larga manu** [L.], copious; abundant; (given) with a giver's hand.

**lasciarsi prender la mano** [I.], (to) get carried away.

**Linea lateralis** [L.], Longitudinal groove or uncalcified line extending backward from front margin of carapace below orbit, in some forms to rear extremity of carapace (e.g., some penaeids); the line on each side of fish body along which a special sense flows.

**Liptauer** [N.], salty cheese made from sheep's milk, in particular from bryndza (brimsen), in *Liptovo* (Slovakia).

**lo oi por la radio** [S.], I heard it on the radio.

**Lo sanno tutti** [I.], Everybody knows (that).

**lo stretto necessario** [L.], the bare minimum.

**Luftbad** [N.], bathing/curing in open air and under natural light.

**máinichi(shū)** [J.], every day/week.

**Make-up-Entferner** [N.], Make-up remover.

**malum necessarium** [L.], necessary evil.

**masúmàsu utsúkushū** [J.], more beautiful than ever.

**mehr denn je** [N.], more than ever.

**mehr oder weniger** [N.], more or less.

**Mein Glück ist hin** [N.], My happiness has gone.

**mezza voce** [I.], with moderate volume or in a subdued tone.

**Mi baso su ciò che ho visto** [I.], I'm going on (the basis of) what I saw.

**mise en scène** [F.], the articulation of cinematic space.

**mó sùgu** [J.], at any moment.

**Muster ohne Vert** [N.], "Free sample" - labels on commercial samples delivered for promotional use.

**mychmós** [G.], moaning.

**Na so was!** [N.], Well, well!

**nànika miémasù ka?** [J.], can you see anything?

**Nemo huc ingrediatur expers geometria** [L.], Do not enter you who do not understand geometry.

**neutrum** [L.], neither of the two.

**nexus causalis** [L.], causality connection; causal link.

**nichiyōbi ni mo** [J.], even on Sundays.

**nichts als Ärger** [N.], no thing but trouble.

**no hay nada detrás** [S.], there is nothing behind it.

**nomen materiale** [L.], mass noun.

**non si sa mai** [I.], you never know; one never knows.

**nuere** [L.], wink; nod; sign; giving somebody a sign.

**numerosus** [L.], numerous; often; melodious; harmonious; rhythmical.

**obligatus** [L.], obligatory; obliged.

**onáji kotò wo suru** [J.], to follow suit.

**optima fide** [L.], with best intentions; in the best faith.

**Orcus** [L.], in Roman mythology, the lower world; *Hades*.

**order so was...** [N.], or something like that...

**ordre du jour** [F.], daily schedule; agenda.

**Ornatamēnte** [I.], The act of embellishing; performing with embellishments; gracefully.

**Órnis gála** [G.], Bird's milk.

**односторонний** [R.], one-sided; unilateral; one-way.

**отклик** [R.], response; echo.

**отлет** [R.], flying away.

**отовсюду** [R.], from everywhere.

**ощутительный** [R.], perceptible; appreciable.

**Paese della cuccagna** [I.], Land of plenty.

**par ordre** [F.], per the order; according to the order/command.

**para phérō** [G.], mild case of madness.

**paralogía** [G.], nonsense; against sense; error; talking nonsense.

**paralogismós** [G.], wrong conclusion.

**parēgorikós** [G.], something encouraging/soothing.  
**per baccho!** [I.], lit.: by Bacchus! (an oath exclamation; Bacchus is the Roman name for the Greek god Dionysus).  
**per Dio!** [I.], for goodness sake!  
**per modo di dire** [I.], so to speak.  
**per primam intentionem** [L.], by first intention.  
**perche no?** [I.], why not?  
**perfetto modo** [I.], a perfect measure (measure 3 in music; number 3 being indivisible by an even number without remainder).  
**pleno titulo** [L.], with full title.  
**portio hereditaria** [L.], something inherited; hereditary part.  
**portio legitima** [L.], lawful possession.  
**Prachtstück** [N.], Showpiece.  
**Prachtvoll** [N.], Splendid; magnificent.  
**praemisso titulo** [L.], mention before the title.  
**praevio examine** [L.], according to the prior examination.  
**Prahle'rei** [N.], Boasting.  
**Praline** [N.], Chocolate.  
**prefabricado** [S.], prefabricated.  
**Primavera** [S.], Spring.  
**Primum vivere, deinde philosophari** [L.], First one must live, then one may philosophize.  
**primus inter pares** [L.], first among his (her, their) peers.  
**puzzolana** [I.], volcanic-based soil used to make cement which hardens when mixed with water.  
**quaestio facti** [L.], the question of fact (as opposed to *quaestio juris* - the question of justification).  
**Qualunque cosa succeda** [I.], Whatever happens.  
**quartarius** [L.], the fourth in order.  
**que va a tomadurar?** [S.], what would you like?  
**queste cose si dimenticano facilmente** [I.], those things are easily forgotten.  
**quita essentia** [L.], quintessence: fifth essence [originally - ether (distinguished from the four elements: air, fire, water, earth)].  
**raddolcendo** [I.], mildly; lovably.  
**Raddoppiamento** [I.], Doubling.  
**Radierung** [N.], drawing done by etching; copper etching.  
**ragione** [I.], commercial association; a commerce firm.  
**rallentando** [I.], slowing down; all the more slowly.  
**Ranimer** [F.], To revive; to live again; to refresh.  
**rapidamente** [I.], fast; lively.  
**rashii** [J.], evidently; apparently.  
**ratiocinatio** [L.], reasoning; syllogism.  
**Rausch** [N.], Intoxication (with alcohol, drugs, etc).  
**recitando** [I.], talking more than singing.  
**recitative seco** [I.], "talking singing" - form of singing in which only main accords are played by instruments.  
**remise** [F.], postponement; delay.  
**Remissio** [L.], Release; relaxing; slackness; mildness; relaxataion; abating.  
**remollientia** [L.], means for alleviating pain (such as narcotics).  
**Remotis arbitris** [L.], Eye to eye; without witnesses; after witnesses are taken away.  
**resinificatio** [L.], turning into resin; waxing.  
**Ridendo castigare mores** [L.], Laughing punishes bad habits.  
**ridotto** [I.], a separate place; hideout.  
**Riegelwand** [N.], thin divider; separation wall.  
**riverso** [I.], in reverse; backwards (reading the notes and playing).  
**rivolgimento** [I.], turn; turning of voices in a two-voice counterpoint; upheaval.  
**rivoltato** [I.], opposite; differing.  
**Rundreise** [N.], Round trip.  
**rurù wo mamórù** [J.], to play by the rules.  
**s'entend** [F.], of course.  
**sacramentum** [L.], sacrament; a military oath of allegiance; settlement.

**sancta simplicitas** [L.], sacred simplicity; blessed simplicity; innocence; naivety; stupidity.  
**sans-gêne** [F.], without hesitation.  
**saurer Regen** [N.], acid rain.  
**Scadenza** [I.], Due date.  
**schietto** [I.], simply; plainly; without embellishing.  
**schließlich** [N.], after all.  
**schöner denn je** [N.], more beautiful than ever.  
**se non altro** [I.], at least.  
**Selecta sc. pars** [L.], Chosen; selected; preferred part.  
**Senso dell' orientamento** [I.], Sense of direction.  
**sepulcralis** [L.], funeral-like; grave-like; rigor mortis.  
**sie kamen alle in dem einen Auto** [N.], they came in the one car.  
**Sie wissen doch, wie das ist** [N.], You know how it is, don't you?  
**Sie wissen ja** [N.], As you know.  
**Sigillatio** [L.], Stamping; sealing.  
**Sigilum-graphía** [L.], Seal description.  
**sin al fine** [I.], until the end; (to be repeated) to the end.  
**Sitfleisch** [N.], patience; long and hard studying.  
**sordamente** [I.], subdued; muffled.  
**Soré wa sore toshite** [J.], Be as it may.  
**sorérà wa wominà** [J.], every one of them.  
**Spiritus movens** [L.], a driving force / leader of some project / action.  
**staltikós** [G.], a styptic used for stopping bleeding.  
**stat pro ratione voluntas** [L.], will stands in place of reason.  
**strictissimo sensu** [L.], in the strict sense of the word.  
**sùgù ni** [J.], at once.  
**sulla tastiera** [I.], an instruction note saying that the bow should be played upon strings as far from the bridge as possible.  
**tanóshikàtta né?** [J.], it was fun, wasn't it?  
**tardando** [I.], hesitating.  
**tardo** [I.], slowly.  
**Tarnkappe** [N.], magic cape that makes the one who wears it invisible.  
**Tártaros** [G.], in Greek mythology, the infernal abyss below *Hades*, where *Zeus* hurled the rebel *Titans*; *Hades*; hell.  
**Taschenspieler** [N.], conjurer; juggler; magician; the one who seemingly effortlessly takes things out from empty bag.  
**tasto solo** [I.], (the keyboard) playing no chords at all - just the bass.  
**Tatsächlich!** [N.], So it is!  
**temperare** [L.], softening; moderating; bringing to an even state.  
**tempestozo** [I.], unrestrictedly; stormy; tempestuously.  
**Teneramente** [I.], Gently; with gentleness.  
**tokóro dè** [J.], by the way.  
**tònikaku** [J.], anyhow; at any rate.  
**tsugéguchi suru** [J.], to tell tales.  
**tutt'a un tratto** [I.], all at once.  
**ubiquitas** [L.], omnipresence.  
**umso besser** [N.], the sooner the better.  
**unten am Fluss** [N.], down by the river.  
**Urlaub** [N.], Yearly vacation.  
**uvea** [L.], Part of the eye, consisting collectively of the iris, the choroid of the eye, and the ciliary body.  
**va tout** [F.], (I) risk/gamble everything;  
**vacillante** [I.], tottering; wobbly; flickering; wavering.  
**veamos el partido en la tele** [S.], Let's watch the match on *TV*.  
**Vede** [Sk.], lit.: Knowledge. The ancient sacred literature of *Hinduism*, consisting of four collections of psalms, chants, sacred formulas, etc., called the *Rig-veda*, *Sama-veda*, *Yajur-veda*, *Atharva-veda*.  
**velocemente** [I.], in no time at all.  
**vide infra** [L.], look below; see later (in books).

**Video meliora proboque: deteriora sequor** [L.], See the right way, approve it and do the opposite - *Ovid*; I see and approve the better course, but I follow the worse (i.e., the mass of bloggers lead lives of quiet respiration).

**videre licet** [L.], as it is easily seen; clear; obvious.

**veni tu, no?** [I.], you're coming, aren't you?

**viribus unitis** [L.], with united forces (also motto of the emperor *Franz Joseph I*).

**viridarium** [L.], plantation; garden; place for enjoyment and fun.

**vis vitalis** [L.], vital force; power of life.

**vis viva** [L.], living force; kinetic energy.

**voleé** [F.], position; rank; flight (of a bird); flock.

**Volens-nolens** [L.], Wanting or not.

**Volenti non fit injuria** [L.], No injustice is done to the consenting person.

**voluptuosus** [L.], voluptuous; funny; pleasant; full of joy.

**von der Form her** [N.], as far as the form is concerned.

**von weit her** [N.], from a long way away.

**vor allem** [N.], above all.

**votivus** [L.], promised in a vow; votive.

**votum decisivum** [L.], decisive voice.

**was mich anbelangt** [N.], as far as I am concerned.

**Was passierte danach?** [N.], What happened after that?

**Wasserwage** [N.], Spirit level (it consists essentially of a sealed glass tube with spirit, leaving a small air bubble; as long as the tube is truly horizontal, the bubble will lie exactly between reference marks in the middle).

**watakushitachi a sore ni tsuite hanashiattà** [J.], we talked about it.

**wie du siehst** [N.], so you see.

**wie es so trifft** [N.], as these things happen.

**Wo ist er hin?** [N.], Where has he gone?

**y asi sucesivamente** [S.], and so on.

**Ya está** [S.], That's enough.

**yaku ni tachimasu ká?** [J.], will it do?

**yakúsoku no jikán ni** [J.], at the appointed time.

**Yobiokosu** [J.], to evoke.

**ysó wò uragittè** [J.], in spite of contrary expectations.

**Zénpanteki ni mite** [J.], All in all.

**αμεσως** [G.], immediately.

**απο καιρο σε καιρο** [G.], from time to time; occasionally.

**αΦιξεις** [G.], arrivals.

**Για ενα ατομο** [G.], For one person.

**δεξια** [G.], on the right.

**Δωματιο νομερο τρακοσια εικοσι** [G.], Room number 320.

**Ελατε απο'δω παρακαλω** [G.], Come this way, please.

**Ομοιος παιγνιδια** [G.], Like toys.

**οπωσδηποτε** [G.], definitely; by all means.

**τελος παωτων** [G.], after all.

**το σημειο** [G.], sign; signal.

**артель** [R.], artel; kibbutz.

**без толку** [R.], senselessly.

**благожелательность** [R.], benevolence.

**букашка** [R.], small insect.

**Было сделано** [R.], It was done.

**Бюрократизм** [R.], Bureaucracy.

**в два раза больше** [R.], twice as big.

**в точности** [R.], exactly; precisely.

**В чем дело?** [R.], What's the matter?

**в этом и дело** [R.], that is the point.

**Вдруг** [R.], Suddenly; all of a sudden.

**вне сомнения** [R.], beyond query.  
**время от времени** [R.], now and again.  
**все кончилось хорошо** [R.], everything worked out well.  
**дело вкуса** [R.], a matter of taste.  
**Для меня это очень важно** [R.], It matters a lot to me.  
**ей-богу!** [R.], really!; truly!  
**и так далее** [R.], and so on.  
**как ни в чем не бывало** [R.], as if nothing had happened.  
**книга Бытия** [R.], Genesis.  
**Мятный** [R.], Mint; peppermint.  
**Наколка** [R.], pinning; ornament for hair.  
**не от мира сего** [R.], unworldly; not of this world.  
**несомненно** [R.], no doubt.  
**Ничего** [R.], All right; it doesn't matter; never mind; not bad; pretty good.  
**ничего другого не остается** [R.], there is nothing else remaining.  
**Об этом не может быть и речи** [R.], It is out of the query.  
**Оказия** [R.], Funny thing; unexpected event.  
**откуда-нибудь** [R.], from somewhere or other.  
**Оттенок** [R.], shade.  
**переполох** [R.], commotion.  
**по двое** [R.], two by two.  
**победитель** [R.], victor; winner.  
**повально** [R.], without exception.  
**по-моему** [R.], in my opinion.  
**попутно** [R.], in passing.  
**Разжаловать** [R.], to demote; demoting.  
**с первого взгляда** [R.], at first sight.  
**слышалась музыка** [R.], music was heard.  
**смешанный** [R.], mixed; combined.  
**смотреть в окно** [R.], look out of the window.  
**стройный** [R.], harmonious; orderly; well-proportioned; shapely.  
**теновой** [R.], shady.  
**Тенистый** [R.], Shady.  
**то и дело** [R.], every now and then.  
**тогдашний** [R.], of that time.  
**тождественный** [R.], identical.  
**Успокоение** [R.], Sedation.  
**уяснять** [R.], understanding.  
**Фабричное клеймо** [R.], Trade-mark.  
**Фактически** [R.], As a matter of fact.  
**через день** [R.], every other day.  
**Что прошло, то прошло** [R.], Let bygones be bygones.  
**эх!** [R.], eh!; oh!  
**я бы сказал** [R.], I should say.  
**яростный** [R.], furious; fierce.  
**ясновидец** [R.], clairvoyant.