Datus

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GLOSSARY R1 – R43

* * *

(*Photograph No. 1*: The Last Letter of the First Image)

If somebody would have asked me, this generous beginning (like any *DATUS*), like any actual or supposed thing, taken as a basis of all further calculations and examinations (*vad man kan göra*), as an origin of such a suspicious line (*vart går den här vägen*?), horizontally bent into a circle upon a surface from which one is to measure (or imagine) all given ups and downs [upon that kind of veneer which is normally to be identified with the sea level (*подумать только*!), that is, upon which one is to gauge either altitude or depth (*мир тесен*)], such an initial sting into the life understood as a galloping present, therefore, would had been supposed to happen at the very start, and not, as it turned out and as it is, although more and more reluctantly, being instituted, that at the very end of such a story it (the generous beginning) runs away from the sharpenned tooth to a jaw used to everything (bringing the original weasel in front of the finalized fox, *abbronzato*), only to be able to pretend that [letter by letter, pardon me, bite by bite (*bisbiglio*)] it is letting the story in question (*ohne etwas an*) an introductory word (pulling it out from the forgotten fiestas on the periphery of *Z.* since a long time already, telling it "*Isto é um presente para si*").

And although I cannot say I remember *Z.* more than it remembers me [if you now ask someone there about *Gorski*, he would likely send you for crazy lilies and common sense to *Tresibaba*, a mountain that one should not by any means confuse with some insane lady (*meiner Meinung nach*), nor, in the same sense, with all the epics of such a fitting elevation of the name (*salto in alto*)], the mentioned beginning of the story in question did not happen anywhere but there (*ско́лько лет, ско́лько зим*!) - another proof that jumping out (from nothing to something) is possible for anyone who finds himself there where the oblivion of yesterday does not let him be at peace even today (wrapping up into heavy silk all those things which, at that point, may start to seem familiar to him).

Var är vi?

In addition to the fact that, according to everything desribed so far, it was that place in which I caught sight of the kind of a fine fabric because of which atoms bring themselves into primordial static (*Aqui tem o meu cartao*!), I must also say that I cannot disawov the natural growing out of *DATUS* into *EPHEMERIS* (regardless of one's reckoning that such a flicker may be *sui generis*).

* * *

Under the brownish surface of any bombastic past (to go back in time primarily means a *plēthōrikos*-like countdown of a certain lack of glory), it is possible to see, before other things, a pair of tufts of a tightened flowing of *The Same*.

[*The Same* as the reached beginning at the everlasting end (*Hur reste du hit*?), the flexible eyebrow of an inner giant, the one who in the center of the forehead (upon the nod of the dust ahead) always takes hold of *The Same*, constantly withering away, though with a grace (then leaving the sediment of such a trace), into a restoration of the resulting circle (*bis auf weiteres*), presenting such a repetition of the self as a voyage without keeness (a gentle breeze from the south railways), as if everything is to renew at the moment at which it stopped (*мёртвый сезон*), not moving from the spot from which, it is possible, it would prefer to flutter away into the wax (*как известно*), to still calm itself in a honied way, in order not to have to uncoil into the next coil (*Hals über Kopf*), where the wantonness could have happened to it but not necessarily (*aver i nervi a fior di pelle*), so that the only remaining thing for it is to spread immensely, not increasing in any direction except the inner one (*bianco come la neve*), because of which it finds itself inside and not outside (*sore zembu*), regardless of how much everyone looked for it there, observing how it (that which is *The Same*) acts as if atop *Pegasus*.

Hitori].

Photograph No. 1: Thus, for example, one can easily see in said picture a yellow ray of blue hope laying down tiny grains of cork underneath its (brownish) skirt - in the given emulsion, *Quercus suber* always turns out to be that sort of the sturdy and firm bark, on one side, and the mushroom-like and not grown together, on the other, with which one is to wrap round the pure state of a float: neither to sink nor to raise oneself above a permissible measure (*гармония*), just to keep maintaining significance of the found scene (*гармонировать*), even if in a *glanders-like* or similar, full of softeness manner, having contagiously spread upon its own shadow, perhaps having gained in some sort of a glare (by no means having addicted itself to the roaring stare), having floated away for personal fresco (burried in the temporal sand of *Manon Lescaut*).

Rakt fram.

There, we can see a few late people [late in the sense that they silently set off for the momentary meaning (*till höger*) down the cobbled pavement of eternization of condition (*till vänster*)], perhaps a couple of just awakened women (awakened in the sense that their dreams were interrupted just when they were about to scream, *i slutet på gatan*), a shade of the sky (a call of the earth), the pale signs of a constant struggle between two same ribs [even smoldering, the space in question - a house on the left, a house on the right, a tree in front of homelessness of once those, dot-like people, now this mantle/smoke (*i hörnan*) - makes a deep impression on the photograph observer], all that which (like the camera in question, *i riktning mot*...) takes hold of the photo life - actually slipped (along the edge of *Photograph No. 1*) through *Paradise* gates: to incessant description of the checkmate states.

Kan ni visa på kartan var jag är?

* * *

For, even before all that stout picture of the world (*a dire il vero*) was perceived by camera lenses, nothing could have happened that might prevented it (the picture in question) from starting rotating, in an act that comes as its next (*negli anni a venire*), around generalized locations of said *Play* - to take on itself the entire ritual of the others (to pretend that even white birds of longing are reflected in black eye of the target, *contro vento*), to bound up as before starting to climb the cherry tree (while, from branches, the universe presses with the pits of doubt, *verecondia*), to dismiss everything presenting itself as a likelihood (while establishing the self, quite orderly, in the middle of unrest), to enlarge it only on the horizon, *vin den andra korsningen*.

Take, for example, just this antiquated (in the bottom right corner of *Photograph No. 1*, or in its top left?) outline through which there sails *Heaven-Earth* (*Heaven* up, *Earth* down, as it is expected and beseems the one-time *Краљa Петра Square* (*Er fühlt sich allein*), the retailer shop *Рајковић и Стајковић* (*Sie ähnein sich*), finally the retreated church at the junction of the state and the shop (*они договорились между собои*), dragging between bare branches of even more limping trees of void [two aspens, an accacia, and two times one and a half willow (their left bifurcations joined to the right - what a crunch! - while they themselves shrank like a hunch)], then wrapping around the central pole

(placed such that any doubt about the enthronement of support is scattered already at the beam), perhaps depositing to it a little bit of sandy sublimate (chopped up by the act of a quiet gale) underneath the poor light (its thin neck); the *Heaven-Earth* fitting, that is, can be seen there as it (joined in the hush, its only hand caught by a hand), in the manner of a single ball, encompasses the entire wool of pre-season, post-season, and the ultimate/main aim, something that (across the entire given screen, maybe with some extra spleen) drew out waiting for the autumn, winter, spring and summer time, to lower down on that all its twofold chisel (tool of rhyme) - on one hand perfecting them into an instantaneous scene, on the other framing them so they don't leave for somewhere (as when barking is kept wrapped in a dogish glare), *efter första trafikljusen*.

* * *

Whatever the approach, one thing is certain: neither I, *в конце концов*, remember *Photograph No. 1*, nor does it, *с этой целью*, base its reflection on someone's memory - its tiny (daily) ray (full of the past density of an essential moment) is going to penetrate, anyway, farther and farther (*salvo errori ed omissioni*), carrying the photon grid of that which modulates it (in the given case - an inflexible landscape, rigid just to the point at which the scene it presents does not bend more than it should, still, however, at times starting to sway - *Ich bin's*!) to the end of the world (to that point, that is, in which there squats the next beginning, *immer wieder*), so that someone's forgetfulness regarding some picture (in this case mine in connection with the subject photograph, *das heißt*) does not upset the latter more than wind does the shadow, perhaps having moved it here and there [having taken it off from the beak of void (*immer trauriger*)], just so that its desire gets over its pains (having placed it between those reins), *imstande sein, etwas zu tun*.

The rains with which I too (having bent over it – picture number one, *immer schöner*) have arrived to the granular center of twofold oneness (a dual reflection of photon-like wholeness, *immer wenn ich...*): at one side *Z*. as the first degree of calcareousness, at the other its present day dust - the last letter of alphabet's crust.

Fein!

[C_aCO_3 as the final ossification of that which, even sleepy, sprouted amidst that picture (now deadlier, yet now livelier: what a trade!) - of once main, now slain, olden *Z*.-based promenade].

Girala come ti pare: even if one now walks down that street (that square) therefore, given it does not have anything to do with heaven's remnants of earth's escapade [a journey to the past according to the rules of suspicious stories and negligible remembrance of *Giant Despair*, a formidable giant in *Bunyan*'s "Pilgrim's Progress", who lives in *Doubting Castle*, where he keeps *Christian* and *Hopeful* prisoners until (*они договорились между собой*) they escape by means of the *Key Promise*], he would not be touched by the fulness of those days, let alone the current insignificance of actual things.

And yet, one may claim that on that recording there stayed at least that which had put itself in order (*правда глаза колет*), not taking down a sort of little attention from the focus, from that point, that is, in which everything flew to that which is given [bestowment of the scene, bestowment of the people, and bestowment of the moment (*на уровне глаз*)], from the stepping out perhaps seizing only a shadow (*насколько можно охватить взглядом*), the mist that through all these years sewed itself into the echo (*Und ob*!), into continuation of walking of passers by even though a long ago (right after the moment of taking this picture) they turned off that road of theirs (across said square, from the church chanting to the singing of silence) and went to the side (at a gentle sound of the gong of time machine, *Befehl von oben*), in that way leaving the impression of relaxed negligence of a worker during the break (*biru o mo hitotsu onegai shimasu*), just enough to gain on time - and lose on space (*a che giova prendersela*?), having reduced themselves to a gleam of the former purpose (*vivere alla giornata*), having wrapped into an imovable point (*diritto come un fuso*), even since then placed on finger of *Baal-hanan*, lord of benignity, in order to suit him with such an act of confidence and potentially ensure at least one more hike (from one to the other side of *Picture Number One*) with a single move of him (an introductory click between his thumb and his index finger - as when the first swallow clicks with its new wing), and things become arranged in the same order in which they were at the moment when the camera touched their outside,

leaving the inside to various theories and interpretations, of which this is only one (*это не так просто, как кажется на первый взгляд*), not pulling out the others, under the given circumstances, from the negatives pilled up in *Abarim*, regions beyond any other regions, and thus beyond *Z*.

* * *

At that time (in that year), therefore, the affairs were as they are today (*я ясно выразился*?), the only thing was that one could not pass just like that by the tiny (petite) stories like these which the silence sounds out (what an expertise!), *sich klaren*.

From questionable notes, like those found even in such unquestionable places as 'Google' (*Das kommt davon*!), all of them (the little stories in question) overflew to this story here (*kurz gesag*t), according to which in *Z.* (in that year / at that time) the question was not in what way to be immortalized on *Photograph No. 1*, but by what.

Such that, according to them (the stories in question, *mir nichts, dir nichts*), in that place (at that time), as in all other fairy tales of the kind (*a tempo e luogo*), it actually came to a logical coagulation of discontinuity into continuation (the beginning into an end, the stoppage into a bullet brand), the manifest into a leaflet, according to which from the *Timok Border Area* to the *Endlessness of Timok* (all that water's flowing at this very moment!) the thing in question can be poured during a mild evening (*под покровом темноты*), as this in which, like in all those amiable evenings at that time and before it (*в отдельном пакете*), only a common place of personal news can be somewhat soothed (*n'est-ce pas*?), as if in all of them, in fact, one was to do with the same situation (*конечный результат*), being adjusted, though, to the characteristic properties of personalities and occurencies in question (*испытание на прочность*), to their, almost innumerable, variations and results projected into specific/particular 'life stories' (*die Sternzeichen*), more or less forgotten sagas by Milošević Uroš and Sons (1848-1946: book 28, box 2), Filipović Djordje and Filip - Valakonje (1860-1967: box 6), Genčić Djordje (1904-1927: box 1), Dr. Mihajlović Ilija (1920-1979, box 21), Popović Milan (1886-1961: box 6), Radosavljević Dobrivoje (1915-1984: box 17), Stanojević Marinko (1874-1949: box 1), Colović Nikola (1901-1939: box 3), more or less silent books by Radosavljević Života ("*Z.*: Geographical-Economical Characteristics", 1956, and "Zvezdan: Antropological-Geographical Observations", 1957), Popović Milan ("Historical Overview of Development of Socialist Movement in Zlot", 1956), Šegović Aleksandar ("Material For History of Education in Zaglavak", 1958), Marković Miodrag ("Better Days Are Coming: A Chronicle of Participation of Citizens of Dobrujevac in People's Liberation War of 1941-1945", 1958), Rajković Ljubiša ("Keeping Up With Time - A Chronicle of the Village of Kozelj", 1969), Milan Borković ("East Serbia During War and Revolution of 1941-1945", 1981), Milošević Žarko, Cvetković Mile and Trifunović Miroslava ("Boljevac Grade School During 1841-1981", 1981), a presentation by the group of authors at a conference held in Borsko Jezero on 23 & 24 November, 1982 ("Petar Radovanović - Life, Work, Times", 1983, with sections "Petar Radovanović - His Life and Work" by Vićentije Djordjević, "Pauperization of Peasantry as the Determinant in the Origins of Working Class in Timok Border Area Until World War 1" by Mladen Vukomanović, "Miners of Zlot as Bearers of Socialist Activity" by Strahinja Popović, "Connections Between Petar Radovanović and Worker's Movement of Middle Pomoravlje" by Milisav Obradović, "Participation of Petar Radovanović, a Miner, in the Serbian Chamber of Workers" by Stojan Kesić, "A Contribution to the Study of Influence of Economic Development of Eastern Serbia to the Worker's Movement Between Two World Wars (A Methodological Problem Approach)" by Smiljana Djurović, "Petar Radovanović in the Trade Union Movement of Serbia During the 1918-1929 Period" by Milica Milenković, "Petar Radovanović and His Revolutionary Work as a Member of the Niš Regional Committee of KPJ" by Djordje Stamenković, "Petar Radovanović - A Correspondent of the Workers Press" by Rade Panajotović, "Life and Work of Petar Radovanović from 1929 to 1944" by Tomislav Pajić, "Ideological-Theoretical Achievements of Revolutionary Work of Petar Radovanović", by Milivoje Tatić, "A Note On the Role of Petar Radovanović in Political Organization and Participation of Working Class in Timok Region" by Dobrosav Bjeletić, "Petar Radovanović in the Struggle for Workers Rights and Communist Ideals" by Dara Vučinić, "Moral Values of Revolutionary Contribution of Petar Radovanović to Yugoslav Workers Movement" by Slobodan Bosiljčić, "Petar Radovanović in Our Historiography (1945-1981)" by Zoran Panajotović, along with the minutes on the discussion of conference participants, as well as more or less silent volumes of Dragutin Ilić ("*Z.*'s Uprising", 1909), Vladimir Stojančević ("From the Historical Past of Eastern Serbia (1804-1833)", 1983), Žika Živulović ("The Timok Uprising", 1984), Nikola Račić ("Eastern Serbia in War and Revolution of 1941-1945", 1984),

Mladen Vukomanović and Zoran Panajotović ("Workers Movement in Eastern Serbia Until 1918", 1984), Žarko Milošević i Djordje Stamenković ("School System of Sokobanja County 1834-1984", 1984), Petar Višnjić ("Military Operations for Liberation of Eastern Serbia: June-October 1944", 1985), Stevan Veljković ("Boljevac and Vicinity: From the First Traces to the Second World War", 1986), Žarko Milošević, Jakša Dinić and Miodrag Dimitrijević ("Grammar School and Trade Schools in *Z*. During 1836/37 - 1986/87", 1987), Slobodan Bosiljčić ("Timok Border Area", 1988), Radenić Andrija ("The Radical Party and Timok Uprising: History of Radical Party - The Times of Popular Movements", 1988), a group of authors ("Historical Archive 'Timok Border Area' *Z*. 1948-1988", 1988), Živko Avramovski ("Eastern Serbia in War and Revolution of 1941-1945", 1989), Miloš Milosavljević ("Planinica - Historical Events and Ethnographical Records", 1989), Žarko Milošević ("150 Years of Schools in Boljevac County: 1840-1990", 1990), Sergije Kalčić ("Vražogrnac", 1990), Miladin Milošević ("Serbia and Greece During 1914-1918 - From the History of Diplomatic Relations", 1997), Miladin Milošević and Bora Dimitrijević ("The Echoes of Pašić's Life", 2000), Bora Dimitrijević ("The Census in the Township of *Z*. in 1863", 2000), Nadežda Pedović *et al* ("The Jubilee Decoration of the Historical Archive of 'Timok Border Area' *Z*.: 1948-2003", 2003), Stevan Veljković ("Grljan I - From Prehistory to the Recent Past", 2003), Dušan Stanković ("Grljan II - From the End of War in 1945 to the New Millenium", 2003), Pavle Milošević ("The Duke's Rebels", 2004), Vladimir Stojančević ("From the Past of the Timok Border Area: On the Occasion of 200 Years Since The First Serbian Uprising", 2004), then "The Archive's Legacy" - A Journal on Archives and Historiography, No.1, 2003, No.2, 2004, and works by Vladimir Stojančević ("Historical Past of the Area of Gurgusovac from the End of XVIII Century to the End of the Rule of Miloš Obrenović", 2006), Žarko Milošević ("The Elementary School System of *Z*.: 1830-2003", 2006), finally, more or less dust sealed archive fonds and collections {A. Archive holdings of governmental agencies, institutions, organizations and other establishments [A1. Head Office and Public services (Archive fonds up to 1944: Head offices, Townships, Governorships; Archive fonds since 1944: People's councils, People's County councils, People's City councils, Borough assemblies, People's borough committees, People's local committees, Community of Self-Managing Organizations], [A2. The Judiciary], [A3. - missing], [A4. Educational and Cultural establishments (Middle schools, Trade and Industrial schools, Vocational school, Agricultural veterinary schools, Adult evening classes, Elementary schools, Cultural institutions], [A5. Social and Health-Care facilities], [A6. Economy and Banking - Period of capitalism (Banks and financial institutions, Economic associations, Economic enterprises - industry, mining); Period of socialism (Banks and financial institutions, Economic associations, Economic enterprises - industry, mining, agriculture and forestry, commerce, hotels and restaurants, tourism, transportation, handicrafts, cooperatives, peasants' cooperatives, collective farms)], [A.7 Socio-political organizations (SKS, SSRN and Trade union committees, The WW2/NOR veterans, Disabled veterans association, Socialist youth alliance, Societies and associations - union of women associations, trade associations, humanitarian societies, cultural-educational societies, sport societies], [A.9. Religious institutions and organizations], [A10. Other]}, {B. Family and personal fonds - family archive fonds, personal archive fonds}, {Collections - V1: Personal collections, V2: Record book collection, V3: Minutes collection, V4: Collection of geographic maps, plans and sketches, V5: Collection of billboards and diplomas, V6: Collection of newspapers, journals and chronicles of various places, V7: Collection of stamps and seals, V8: Collection of photographs, V9: Collection of document copies, V10: Collection of memoir materials, V11: Collection of microfilms, V12: Other collections, and V13: *Varia Collection*, including the decree of nominating Hajduk Veljko for Duke of Negotin County in 1811, a letter of prince Mileta Karabašević to prince Miloš (Obrenović) about the arrival of rebels to *Z*. on April 30, 1833, a painting depicting putting on fire and occupying Knjaževac by Turks in 1876, painted by a war time painter from within the Turkish military, a saving account book of Nikola Pašić, a journeyman' license (issued by a guild) from 1907, a certificate from 1886, a portrait of Cvetko Miladinović, a merchant from *Z*., and diploma of Sava A. Genčić, founder of the Timok section of "Knez Mihajlo" raiders, founded in 1890 in *Z*., if only such a list of people, actions and appeasements, on that horse, would reach its Eden asquiescence.

Hai, genzo desu ne.

* * *

Ashita no gogo desu.

A solid afternoon [even *Pooh-Bah*, *The Lord Chancellor of All That* (*Keeper of the Great Seal*), one who believes himself all-important, i.e. *fills several offices at one time*, in more melodic circumstances a leading vocalist in *W. S. Gilbert*'s comic opera "Mikado" (*Behöover man klä sig formellt*?), stiffened, not to mention this deposit of first hours of such a chaste, late day, full of marvelous, though empty plan (*En..., tack*, what a sway!)], it is only a small feather, broken off from the memory of a green woodpecker, that began to swing [or just presented itself like that (*Vem är författaren*?)] - and even this bird [after it raised itself, or just presented iself like that (*Vem är författaren*?)] already petrified in the eye of afternoon's condition [the problem with birds is in that their beaks do not only serve to bite the essence (*Que lindo dia*!), having often closed over a just trapped fly (*Pass auf*!), or a worm (*Sieh mal*!), in the manner of a stylish form (*ein Zaubertrick*)].

To remember this or that {to stroke over *ad-hoc* pieces of this or that scene (*Das dürfte nicht zu schwer sein*), to sort them out through the ritual of a worthy attention [to lure them like beasts and rocks and trees were enticed by *Orpheus* lyre (*Das ist echt toll*!)], then to arrange them into such obtained now biotic now abiotic spiral (*ходить по комнате*)}, to become skilled in catching one and same miniature giant [his gargantuan memorizing of dust (a Cyclops grip of initial thrust, *sore dewa nak, kore des*), as much arbitrary as a compulsory reading selection - the text in which one sinks more than swims (*счастливого пути*!)], to put oneself together even when something else (someone else) offers itself as a result of the sum (*Vad är det som saknas*?), can be done only in the splendor of a favourable moment [in a depth bomb of a well adjusted whirlpool (*Pode-se ir a pé*?)], in a drop used not to disparage the entire flow (though not frothing foam according to a standard foppishness either), with such an act calling consciousness, having driven it to a run (although, at the same time, having hung oneself on its haze - curling the dizziness into a moustache phase), practically whispering to the self [the humanoid insect (the insectoid human) according to all the rules of such a punctual evolution ("Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness", *Matt. v. 6.*))], one, however former, not quite burnt down firefly (glittering until the first shower of darkness, until that point, that is, from which disscernibleness moves out through the eyes of a black cat), changing into the black point of meteoric shower once he (the one under the observation here, a smaller and smaller observer of bigger and bigger things) finally arranged that everything else saw a plenty of its own self according to the rules of *Photograph No. 1*, framed with his sudden decision to perpetuate himself with that frame.

Koko desu.

* * *

DATUS as something which is given, set out, and from nothing taken out (started with an eye to be carried to another), with an eyelid dedicated to the other (then inferred from the *Legend of Allotment* so that people would not deal with annulment), a very small but golden crown of an earlier, that is starting gift (a life thread up to now - when life's measured in that shift), *un vino che si distingue per il suo aroma*.

"*Sit tibi, Christe, datus, quem tu regis, istë ducātus*".

DATUS as something which is, not only in Latin, given, but also in Sanskrit (*DADATI*) it bestows, confers, and offers that same thing, in Old Persian (*DADATUV*) it impels to provide a gift (advises to *give*), in Greek (*DIDOMI*) it distributes and awards, in Old Irish (*DAN*) it hands over and donates, in Old Slavic (*DATI*) it dispenses without a word, as long as the life of one who receives (and the ducat of one who gives) does not start to rattle deadly themes.

Le cose stanno cosi.

Looking at all this as *given*, one cannot escape a feeling that, in fact, in all that there is not so much to do with the assignment of a task as with the predetermination of elucidation (*a cosa e fatte*), including polishing *Photograph No. 1* by an act of subsequent experience (by retouching the emulsion covering of things underneath an old and quiet picture, *e cosi via*), nor can one circumvent the truth according to which no one in this world is left without hope that, if not in *Goshen* (the land of well-being), at least in his thoughts he is going to find tranquility and peace (*per cosi dire*), and yet besides all that [besides such arranged cards (*aqui tem o meu cartao*!)], a certain possibility of sudden (and successful)

stirring of all these (and similar) whirlwinds cannot be completely rejected (*soviel ich weiß*), nor can one neglect their (even provisory) role in cleaning up the remnants of all that which so irrevocably (and pertly) passed by (*falscher Alarm*), rolling down the years like wrinkles down the cheeks (*можно с уверенностью сказать*), finding in it nothing that could be interpreted as an immoderate diminution (*в конечном итоге*), although a certain amiable indifference (in all that) cannot be written off just like that (*Jetzt erst recht*!), in any case not bringing the delicacy of moving away from the beginning into the cleft between universality and localism, rather persevering on a well-balanced version of daily shrewdness of *Triptolemus* and *Trivia*, an ancient patron of agriculture (considered the inventor of the plow) and an invented goddess from literature, ready for any road and any way, as long as they lead to the self (when all the moves are completed without a dismay).

Det var allt, tack.

* * *

Whether *Photograph No. 1* was taken that year, i.e. in *1946*, or somewhat earlier (or later), presently is of the least importance, that which is important has, anyway, separated and (by no means only since then) now squats on the time axis on which the years represent no more than studiously dug out and properly arranged vessels for the current credulity (*это просто необходимость*), a kind of human peculiarity, that is, which is manifested by, before all other, migratory birds (*Es sieht ganz so aus*), all those, with their beaks stuck into heavens (with their rulers drawn into geometrical spiders, *etwas in Gang bringen*), mainly dark and pointed birds and small birds, therefore, to whom the straight line does not enhance the escape nor does it reduce it (the breakout) beyond the point prescribed for such a flight to *Jotbah*, a district of pleasantness and affability (*Kan vi titta runt*?), or at least *Parvaim*, an oriental region featuring waters as yellow as a ducat [underneath the little sterling silver of reminiscence (*Mejarkon*)], at any rate a nicely contemplated site (*Merom*), hardened into a reliable base (*Mekonah*) from which, true, it can step out in opposite direction (start flying backwards) but, at the same time, not necessarily (*hitsuyo nai desu*), depending on what radiates at the beginning and what glimmers at the end (and through what one has to pass in the middle, *senza dubbio*), such that with that move, too, only a half of the thing gets solved, said thing being halved such that one half counts the years ahead, the other (magnified) returns to the first, be it the first year or the first photograph (or another similar bareness of the scene, *una questione di principio*), in order for the complete solution (*хотя, многое еще неясно*) to be found, as always, there where it should be, half way between everything and nothing (*внеядерная зона*), wedged by tusks of something (*zu Fuß*), like the tooth of the present day reduced to the record of a simple prey. *Пока все.*

The record according to which on *Photograph No. 1* one can see both what is and what is not in it (*ziemlich viel*), both what preceded it and what will come after (*mit den Schultern zucken*), both the pigmentation covering it and the grain uncovering it (*zum Fenster herein*), both the shadow at high noon and the light at twilight (*um besser sehen zu können*), both hemming on the surface and diffusion in depths (*zu etwas werden*), both people walking through it and those standing in it (*ohne es zu wissen*), and voyage and stoppage and the crack between them (*yama ni*), and purpose and doubt and obsoleteness of *Dizahab*, a destination abounding in gold, and introducing *Dumah*, a sign of perfect silence.

Som föreslås.

For, how else to bring into harmony an impermeable background of *Picture No. 1* with water lilies of all other pictures that sprang up from it, letting their long white rays (*hanno tutto cio che possono desiderare*) wrap around the fixated trunk originating from the rigorousness of the show (obduracy of radiation) of its (said picture's) one and the same, unchangeable condition (*man·naka no*), the kind of inevitability of representation which even *Mithras* could not easily get rid of, a deity of the ancient *Persians* (the benefactor of mankind and supporter of *Ormuzd*, generally regarded as a personification of the sun), nor could his opponent, *Ahriman*, the evil principle and proponent of darkness and ill, although certain fitting of one into the other might not be denied in all that, as it is usually the case (both when guessing and when the truth is pressing).

Nur keine Panik!

Alles zusammengenommen:

"We could wish that the rigor of their opinions were allayed and mitigated", *Hooker*.

(Referring to the viewpoints which both *Mithras* and *Ahriman*, each from his own corner, are fond of).

Photograph No. 1, therefore, as a softening by itself (*sich zusammennehmen*), the embedment which cannot be brought into question even by the presence of two opposites (*zweierlei Stoff*), as long as their picturesqueness lasts both here and there, both in *Etham* (boundary region of the sea) and *Ramah* (district of high places), both in *Lo-debar* (territory without pasture) and *Josibiah* (area given by God as dwelling), both in *Argob* (a rocky district) and *Abel-shittim* (meadow of acacias), as long as with such a picture an equilibrium principle is maintained, bringing the pleasure to both *Zophar* (a permanent chatterer) and *Halohesh* (the eternal enchanter), and as long as on its surface fitted with glass (on the external surface of *Photograph No. 1*) that which is under presents itself as if above, all the time with its safety released and ready for intrusion into the bell tolling for the expired time, *mayonaka ni*.

Als ob

"The tintinnabulation that so musically wells / From the bells" (*E. A. Poe*, 1809 - 1849)

&

"Beating alternately in measured time / The clockwork tintinnabulum of rime" (*W. Cowper*, 1731 - 1800),

as if such two descriptions of one and the same bell, therefore, result from former reflections by themselves (*Es ist ein Grundmodell*), as much swaying and fragile as (at some moments) jumpy (and resounding), if one can call like that the abrupt penetrations of light information (in the form of immovable buildings, benumbed trees and stunned people, *a scanso di equivoci*), from *Picture No. 1* into retina of the observer (*con l'evolversi della situazione*), who makes himself comfortable and looks at said photograph with neither overwhelming hope nor too much disappointment, keeping it rather in an unaccented focus, between all those layers of time which have rounded into this one, the time not inclined to either generalized approximation or complete exactness of the past caught by the camera lenses (*anno per anno*), yet, in spite of that, sufficiently attached to those ideas of the world which it handles in the manner in which a rehabilitated gambler returns to a good hand (*giorno per giorno*), dealing the cards and using them according to that rule of the game in accordance with which all this is to be only a little rotated (*tako-age*) and the axis of favorableness will come in its sight (*sore wa hankagai ni arimasu*), as a certain straight line from the ground to the sky by means of which [as it happens in principle as well as strikingly presents itself from *Photograph No.* 1 to him, the observer in question (*kare desu*)] all perplexities in connection with the purpose and meaning of such a picture (*Picture No. 1*, *von jetzt, ein berühmtes Gemälde*) slowly but surely disappear in a fictitious blueness of the marked destination (*in der Praxis*), which (as already said) resides above all that (*Alles lief nach Plan*), stretching out and shrinking in the sense of harmoniousness of a vertical flow [in the form of a harmonica representing flowage aimed up (*Da hast du Recht*!)], marking the range which one should strive to reach, yet which by no means should be considered reached, rather letting it be filled by itself (*der Nordpol*), without taking it down, at that, from the suitable height (*der Südpol*), from which violets smirk at *Photograph No. 1*, the ones because of which one was leaving for the harvest of ideals which especially in that year (in those years) excelled in the purple pigments of a vowed purpose (*Полярная звезда*).

"The sweetest smell in the air is the violet", *Bacon*.

Flower as a cover of its sweet image.

Murasaki no.

* * *

Both that which can be seen in *Photograph No. 1* (offering itself already in the first try, *nadare*) and that which cannot (pretending it used the last one beforehand, *mushi-sasare*), both that which exists in it (stepping out like a tennis player towards tennis ball whistle, *netsup·poi*) and that which does not [acting as if even the fiery ball of Sun is of no concern to it (*nej, tack*)], both that which, according to it (the picture in question), is understood that it is [a certain shadowiness of gushing of existence (*soldäck*)] and that which (according to the same rule) finds out that it is not [a refuge as the humble form of encountering (*inget tillträde*)], both that which (in it, the photograph in question) placed itself in front of the tooth of this vigorous pen [in order to, make believe, taunt the story (*inget att deklarera*)] and that which (in front of it - the picture in question) stepped asside [without bringing into danger even the conception of its - said photograph's - excessiveness in a point, not to mention its essence (*ikväll*)], both that which underneath its crust (the emulsion) amasses into immutability of the already happened [having renounced even the last hope to catapult itself into a miracle (*får ej vidröras*)] and that which underneath it (the picture, *mästerstycke*) drizzles in the quietest possible way before that which has not happened yet [reminding of a warm drizzle of all future oblivions (*Klar*!)], both that which in front of its edges [in front of the flattened rectangle of *Photograph No. 1* ("*Wenden verboten*")] forces itself to grab its whole surface [counting on magnification of the photographic plane ("*Zimmer frei*")] and that which (before such a plate, *zur gleichen Zeit*) presents itself as even being very timid [making sure to halve even that state of itself - the poppy seed - to *pixel* and *antipixel*, so that not even that can be seen, that is, making sure to not see anything any more at all (*Wie schade*!)], both that, therefore, which forces all the senses of the observer of the given picture into an increased shamelessness of a winter puma (itself shaking under daily lameness of the seized moment, *etwas malen*) and that which (from it, said picture) benumbs him (the observer) and disarms (comfortably spreading from one to another nil, *etwas zeichnen*), gathered at the expiration of the year in question (the year of *1946*, *mit Bleistift*) and sings to it (almost cooing) the little anthem of a purposeful representation of the time-limit, a time by which all this (what?) described by it (*Photograph No. 1*) in a certain (provocative?) manner is being limited to that which *is* (incessantly inventing reasons due to which it *is not* that which it *is not*, *an etwas teilnehmen*), urging it (the year in question, *dort*) to give up on itself, if only its picture could be erased, *sofort*.

But, its picture is here and one can easily see in it that nothing in that year fell into its focus just like that (*в широком масштабе*), instantaneously having grown red-hot, and then, right after that, smouldering all the way to these days (days known by the increasingly reckless break with original focusing of every new world, *когда все оговорено*), on the contrary, it happened with the help of a convenient move by means of which (always new) *Polyphemus* suddenly got hold of his only eye, the one-eyed giant - that is, *Cyclops* - in *Homer*'s *Odyssey* to whom the seaman in question came in sight at that moment, during that phase of yet another (everlasting) journey, so that no other than *Picture No. 1* fell onto his (giant's) iris concaveness (*это само собой разумеется*), having reflected itself from that into this space (and time) only to, by a pure accident (and speechlessly), be discovered by me as it glistens white (*уменьшенная модель*), by that move presenting all these (which?) data about itself (*tutto insieme*), according to which even a gigantic beginning awaits dwarfish story-teller in order to, as good as possible, fit into the end, more exactly into the process by which the inevitability only somewhat postpones itself, the phenomenon because of which one year is being replaced by the other like a more clear copy by the less clear one (*con tutto cio*) and according to which the coming year, set aslant, already smiles behind the corner (*in un batter d'occhio*), increasingly returning the original year there where the swoon developed a long ago (*senza battere ciglio*), having spread the parameters of its existence backward and those of remembrance forward (*essere dall'altra parte della barricata*), so that later one cannot say that it (the year of the origin) did not return there where its place is, by an inverse manipulation of the computer network by which 'COPY' & 'PASTE' was done without a remainder, bringing the end piece of the information to the first image by the last letter, in place of the year of *1946* introducting the year of *1947* from http://www.arhivz.....org.yu/gal1.htm, *sugu, asoko ni*.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 2*: All That Little Skip)

By replacing one year with another it is true that it is possible to achieve a higher number, but at the same time, no outcome is changed: to turn yet another flowage on its back always required more than to count down to oneself, even if that was presenting itself renewed by the newest calendar. *Siehst du das nicht ein*?

By replacing the year of *1946* with that of *1947*, accordingly, one would not have been able to avoid continuing one thing into the other, wrapping itself, it is possible, with another kind of rind, not differing, however, in the essential fault: favoring the uncertain repose over an alleged growth, shaking one's head in front of even a pale sign of agility.

In that year therefore (in the year of *1947*) one was supposed to become absorbed in thought not only regarding the essential purpose but concerning its whiteness too (*geldigheid*), yet , of course, one couldn't move away from the white chalk of the void (*безделье*), leaving fuller things to their rolling through the (so-called) space and (so-called) time, not doing anything that could be interpreted as a disturbance of such two components of feeling at home, whereby the assumption is that the one who let himself be adapted is the one who (in space) took hold of the point of his dwelling, and (in time) got used to living in it.

Which was exactly the thing with which, lightheartedly and quite mindfully (*marchand en gros*), one could 'characterize' yet another virtuous, second in a row, yearly condition, assuming that from the first (represented by the previous year, the year of *1946*) it so naturally overflew into the comfortable continuation of itself (represented by said year, the year of 19*47*), into particular degree, therefore, of a programmed essence, something that, in whatever way to take it, decisively embodied itself and now here it is, finding the proof for its own spread in the big steps of a growing manifesto about all that (itself, what else?) *Brauch*.

Such that even I in the given year - the year of *1947* - (if I only could) would have likely imagined that the state of the effective swoon (the condition with which, after all, any one-year-old is to identify for sure), by its very standing out from (only apparent?) liveliness and mobility, even certain impudence, of both the scene itself and its protagonists, so observable in *Photograph No. 2*, was to be considered a primary state, because of which, one would need to post in the foreground its (the picture's) blessed ascertainment, the buzzing assiduity tightened by nothing but its own thread of exertion, a silenced measure of untaken passions. *Sore de te o uchimasho*!

"When the passions are silent, the mind enjoys its most perfect composure", *Watts*.

(Even passion is calming down, let alone the day in crown).

The day in crown (grown red-hot, then whitened by a multitude of graphical representations of a child in the sense of a just evolved babe-in-arms), therefore, is also contained in the picture in question (*Photograph No. 2*) as something which all the time shrinks toward a miniature doll, seing in its presentation an epitomy of a sketch of its every day (*klockan tolv på dagen*), reducing mechanical moves of people seen on the winding street of Z. (a place of direct relevance as well to the subject tale of domicilation in the given year) to the journey encircled atop *Tel-melah*, a salt-hill (Ezra 2. 59.), into which every voyage (even as short as a stroll on the sidewalk of the given scene) crystallizes according to the rule in relation to which a growing trail of the people on one side changes on the other into a trail of personalities more or less fused into a single appearance, at the first glance worthy of teachings of *Teufelsdrockh*, the hero of *Carlyle*'s "Sartor Resartus", a learned German professor of things in general which, however, he started replacing with more specific and concrete examples of everything that exists and that (mutually) logically connects to each other (*verpligtung*), until he arrived at a new philosophy - the philosophy of clothes and the clothes themselves, which *Photograph No. 2* confirms by a direct portrayal of the persons in question each dressed in his/her tawny (black, dark - darkened by the material of the epoch) costume of a solid appearance of themselves and their movements, the maneuvers with which they direct themselves either across said street or towards its departing part (*bancarrota*), from the tavern-restaurant epicenter "Његош" disappearing by a two-storey building [and two smaller (closer to the ground) constructions of the rental-usurer sort (*netto gewicht*)] in the direction of brighter possibilities of all those, doubtless lives (the possibilities symbolized by the refreshing facades of three transversal, and at the same time, in the picture in question, the destination-bound buildings of such a given journey), in such a way, and in spite of the mentioned genesis of teachings of *Teufelsdrockh*, incarnating themselves not as much in the immediate details of the walk as in the generalized steps of singleness, something which, that afternoon too, with that itinerary, under the watchful eye of that camera, over both the sky and the ground stretched into *Tahtim-hodshi* (2 Sam. 24. 6.), a nether land newly inhabited with suddenly grown crowd set off for a masterpiece, something similar to the stepping on the ground on which one is to cover distance having a hard time and thus arrive to the doubtless convenience of architecturally acceptable solution (*вызывать аплодисменты аудитории*), having directed himself down the given street (by the given tavern, given hotels and, somewhat more respectable, two-storey building - each storey with a dosage of solid grounding) into the prophecy offered by this paragraph, rather analytic than extorted result of this austere (though unyielding) observer.

The observer, therefore, in front of whom the picture in question and all its late signs of daybreak become absorbed in the afternooon projection of things, in a kind of simbiosis of passers by and their shadows, therefore, with which one arrives to the fixity of an agreed upon community spirit (to the constancy of the presentation picturing *Nothing*), so that not even the *TAM* truck, which (along the sidewalk of the street shown in the picture) draws near the curious eye, is imposed upon his, however roguish nod, rather continuing to throb restfully until (in the end) it hardens exactly by the edge of the road, cut with this very act into this and that side of the flowage of *Athach*, the lodging-place for a routine dwelling but also for a certain revulsion and act, of the kind of duality, thus, with which, by its very nature, one is unable to flee the scene in question, that is, with which it is not possible to get away (not even in a sudden, that is insolent manner) from *Photograph No. 2*, but then (through such a kind of picture) it's easy to establish a passage toward *Ithamar*, the island of palms (Ex. 6. 23.) and a plantation of all those good effects of life wrapped into the ephemerality of a gait, taken out to the summit of the daily arch without any wait, *in data da convenire*.

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day / Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top", *W. Shakespeare*.

* * *

On one side a column of cognate buildings to which the people mean one more wall, on the other the transitory beings whose lives (leased days) flow off by that very act (passing down the street - up its mast - they flow past as powder's dust), a fragility to which one still cannot deny a countenance of the given material [whereby the breakage here is to be interpreted as a continuation of natural biennial: in one year the root, in another the flower, and so on as far as the eye can see (the world placed under the look of evening that neither ascended nor fell down)], an activity that is understood in the sense of going out to a consolidated sidewalk and passing by the people wrapped in the coarse fabric like a hairpin in the summer hair (each directed with such a chiming into his/her stroll like a startled crane), from which follows that residents of that place (in that year) were finding way out to the best of their abilities to be able to find the exit from *Kirjath-sannah*, city of thorns (Josh. 15. 49.), followed by the entrance to *Kirjath-sepher*, city of books (Josh.

15. 15.), where they could sit down and read something witty and nice, advisable for their further journey through life, as masterfully written as:

“Come, you and I must walk a turn together”, *W. Shak*.,

or

“And bow the knee to pomp that loves to varnish guilt”, *Byron*.

Kneeling as a vestibule of error.

* * *

On the way out from the flickering picture to the paper support of words (exactly on the summit of events impressed into *Photograph No. 2*), an old woman (mellifluously vanished in her mourning), with her purse placed such that at least it curdles around her (left) hand, can be seen setting aside to the right {therefore vanishing from all that at last (*desculpe chegar tarde*), inevitably bringing into question the persistence of others in all that [in attending the regularity of sociableness, or, at least, grouping according to the statistical sample of her fellow citizens (*é um prazer encontra-lo finalmente*)]}, behind her (it can also be easily seen) a couple of sturdy discussants in front of the newspaper stand reacting to the news by insisting on their own versions of such a pictured awareness [their dreams, in any case, passing through the door just behind them for their own interpretation, entering the tavern featuring pompous windows and even the more famous name (“Његош”)], while, between them and (a long ago gone) old lady, a peasant woman squares accounts with a townsman regarding a thing whose signification cannot be brought to an end just like that [because of which he, leaning towards her, slowly falls into a hush, she flutters more and more (*dekireba*)], at which the man crossing the street [emphasizing himself in front of the domestic truck (made by the *TAM works*)] does that ensured of the good move even when (on the left side) a passive viewer of all that separates from the crowd, standing without a particular interest in the centre of the universe (*chizu no doko desu ka*?), which other citizens somehow suspect, though without fully understanding his intention that his pose be considered more unimportant even from the smallest particle of the total picture [because of which, actually, he stands on the very corner, on the far left, opposite to the (vanished) old woman with her daily purse, brooding over the axis of cosmic himself regardless of the voice scratching in him another elf (a voice bringing him news which, in the given picture, relegate to the described, plus/minus some from the side, *ad libitum*)] - that would be, approximately, an extracted citation from the novel (its dazzling whole) created by *Photograph No. 2*, if one would have to make up one’s mind how to read, letter by letter, its first (so critical) page, without falling into a rage.

Reading letter by letter as perusing the essence of ether.

Sich auf etwas einrichten.

* * *

The obviousness of *Picture No. 2* is such that one should not look for one’s image on its surface more than it befits the figures in its depths (“*Маша, а Маша*!”), the passers by caught at the moment at which they manage to disappear from the street in question to the side not covered by the camera lens and on which (because of that) it cannot be expected that picturesqueness is not halving itself - one half to see them to a half-way solution, the other to let them give up even that, wrapping up their silhouettes (contours, blackened edges of daily wardrobe) into cylindrical lumps of *Bashan*, the soft and rich soil on which one should stay (Num. 21. 33.), having not moved from it at any price, perhaps only some time having jumped back into the edging of the photograph in question (the frame of *Photograph No. 2*), to assure them once more that in the luminous remnants of the original information there is nothing about themselves which (in the next instant) will not direct them to the same, closed circle of walk, from which, true, in the manner of a propitious tangent, they even can (at times) free themselves (having courageously jumped out from such a rotundity with a move of a rigid jumper), but to which (however to take it) they still silently return, reducing its size in the manner of a

progressive absorption into the self, diminishing it finally to a rounded dot, being in it even when it erupts beyond the sight of *Malchiram*, the unruly king of viable heights (1 Chr. 3. 18.), so much so that they could not be seen even by the one who climbed the *almond-tree*, known under the name of *Luz* (Gen. 28. 19.), from where he saw all the way to *Lysanias*, a desirable area of ending sorrow (Luke 3. 1.), having dived there onto the sense itself (*абсолютная монополиа*).

"Bid me tear the bond / When it is paid according to the tenor", *W. Shakespeare*.

Meaning as justifiableness of doubt.

Аббревиатура.

* * *

To go far by means of one (no matter which one) photograph taken from the immediate proximity (in the given case - *Photograph No. 2*), to climb on its (the distance in question) flying carpet [fittingly woven in the background of its (said distance) so protruding and yet mainly hushed, that is, primarily rounded picture (*анализа эффективности работы*)], and above the roofs of the houses in the picture (and above the heads of the depicted people too) to fly toward the junction of that which is shown and that which is not, (if nothing else) would result in an extended possibility of the final discovery (an invasion of delicacy of voyager's rationalization), because of which such an outcome of the virtuous observer of all that (what?) seen on said photograph [of a biting appraiser of all those (molecular) relations and (atomized) protagonists seized in the frame of the given picture (*si assomigliano molto*)] cannot be rejected beforehand, moreover, one has to pay an appropriate attention to it, as if dealing with a journey to an observation tower like the one, for example, under the name of *Sechu* (Sam. 19. 22.), or at least to *Telassar*, a barren hill inside plentiful *Assyria* (Is. 37. 12.), even if the voyager in question, like *Tennyson* might have done it, blurted out an acknowledgment like "I have been wild and wayward" and everything finished with climbing atop the chimney sticking out the roof on the right side of the building in the front scene (above the firmly elevated ceiling of the already mentioned tavern, quite indecently placed in the given gateway under the name of "Његош"!)

Although, as even *Macaulay* taught, it is also true that because of that (because of giving such a name to such a place) one should not complain too much: "These obstacles his genius had turned into stepping stones".

(A quality beverage, namely, is deserved even by an average poet, let alone the giant of leaked out words. *Vad skrattar du åt*?)

* * *

"The dews of the morning impearl every thorn", *Digby*.

The dawn breaks, in other words, and yet as if even that is not case - as if only that which (in the wary afternoon) makes progress without retreat (across *Picture No. 2*) climbs on the street becoming numb due to the repeating trip, repeating in the sense that all the trevelers - walkers by, passers by, and wrapped in themselves (hushed) wonder-workers - in fact play up to it (the voyage in question) always in the same manner, covering it all through as if it is being covered with increasing doses of getting used to it, having a reliable departure (for the *same*) in it (the journey under consideration), a reliable return (to the *same*), and, because of that, returning (in the *same*, tranquil way) again and again and then chopping it up with small steps of kinematic joy (*Är det långt harifrån*?), thus passing by unpleasantnesses of this or that kind, although every now and then (it is possible) having bumped against some of them, but at no time doubting the need to get to it (the voyage along the street in *Photograph No. 2*) and dedicate themselves to it without evil intentions [though with the expectations of *Sethur*, a devotee of reconditeness (Num. 13. 13.), as well as, from time to

time, with the uncontrolled loquacity of *Immer* (1 Chr. 9. 12.), and even with the perverseness of mouth of *Ikkesh* (2 Sam. 23. 26.)], until a long soothing night arrives down the sky (above the street) of such their condition (incessantly covering with a net), and their steps reduce (along with sounds of coming abreast) to the equilibrium of that kind of marching which, there is a possibility, even *Galahad* could have adorned himself with, one of the legendary knights of *King Arthur*' *Round Table* that is, who, thanks to his pureness and chastity, finally came by *Holy Grail*, that is, generally speaking, by his florid base (a *Spenser*-like garden - its general warden).

("All within with flowers was garnished".

Hur kommer jag dit?)

Walking down the street in *Photograph No. 2* as a multiplying assurance photographed only once - not only that it alone (the walking of such implicit souls) will not repeat anymore, but even the echo of other steps will not help it to end in the way in which that was possible to do that year (the year of *1947*) in that place (the town of *Z.*) - having joined the dance of flowage of salvation (*Det är min tur*), having reached the embrace in which the personalities (the men, the women, and the sharpness of the scene), together with the swaying, are foaming, foaming.

Det var allt, tack.

* * *

Having pondered over all this, one would come to the conclusion that reading the secret signs of a quiet eve leads to one of them: the sign of the smooth fall with which there extinguishes itself even such a hope - a day-dream of getting rid of the thoughts that (all this time) were impelling him to sway amidst such a favourable concordance (the sweet thoughts amassed into a mushy description of the flock, the entire population directed to, for example, *Gimzo*, a place abounding with sycamores, whether they be *American* plane trees (such as buttonwood), or *Egyptian* fig mulberry trees (such as *Ficus sycomorus*), or *Serbian* maple trees (such as *Acer pseudoplatanus*), as if they (said thoughts) do not keep him away from trouble, in the sense of (still) directing him to acquire (in whatever way he can) the foamy spring of easiness, known under the name of *Gilboa* (1 Sam. 28. 4.), and find in it the cure for its thirst (quenching it).

Muito boa viagen!

The thirst with which, after all, all those (satiated) days indeed expired during that year (the year of *1947*), in that place (the place of *Z.*), the days of laborers each of whom became engrossed in his/her part of work aimed at a brave target (devoted to, no more and no less, the collective of *Z.*), that is, the citizens acquainted with each other, having in their subconsciousness a common approach to the body tissue [having left to the body cells to reach that issue (*Nichiyobi wa aite imasu ka*?)], having provided to *Z.* organism just another spasm of its sinew (*totemo yokat·ta desu*!), however small and imperceptible (under those conditions), sufficient even for a meager text, like the letters from the postcard mailed from the place in question to one *Veljko 47* years earlier (on *March 14, 1900*) by his aunt, one S., at which occasion she wrote:

"Dear *Veljko*, we are all in good health and glad that *Kosta* recuperated. His letter we did receive. Long live *Miladin*! Your aunt, *S*."

("*Gutten Tag*! *Hier ist Susan*!")

The postcard, posted at the web address of the cited *Archive of Z.*, shows the panoramic view of *Z.* from an even earlier past (from the year of *1850*), with the arrays of sternly lined up, rather small houses, in a ravine bordered by significant hills, and a meanderically spilled heavy river (like a tear through the eye of light), offering on the left side its healthy greetings ('Greeting from *Z.*'), and the *French* version on the right ('Souvenir de *Z.*'), only for the person who sent

the card (said aunt), exultant with her visit to that place half a century later, to further add (along the edges of the given picture):

“This is *Z.* from *50* years ago. It is now a big and nice place, with a high school, while this near *Z.* is the *Timok* river”.

(*На первом плане у нее учеба*).

With due respect to the aunt for her trouble and her will to undertake the writing, and for her general ability (at those times) to reach with her penmanship (even if with a beginner’s tractability) the dear family member of hers (across the seven mountains and the seven seas), the writing in question is a proof of how far a word without vessel can go (when freedom dawns upon its glow).

“One far-off divine event / To which the whole creation moves”, *Tennyson*.

The postcard from *Z.* - an instant inspected by the eye of time (and in it - a shade of robust letters in its prime).

Vilken vill ni ha?

“Straight cast about to overreach / The unwary conquerer with a fetch”, *Hudibras*.

* * *

"Only ignorant and imprudent people can consider past forever separated from present by a dead and impassable wall. On the contrary, the truth is that all that a man once thought and felt and did is permanently woven into this which we think, feel and do today. To keep taking the light of scientific truth in the events of the past means to keep serving to the present. That is why archive documents are not dead, grey nor useless as they may look some time to the superficial and unaware ones. They are precious witnesses without which many present phenomena would not be completely understandable, without which we would not be able to discern any future", *Ivo Andrić*.

From the *Internet* (at the already mentioned site), encouraged, we read further.

In the section dealing with “*Timočka Krajina* (*Timok Border Area*) - *Z.*” historical archive, under the title “*About the Archive*”, the text reads:

“Fifty five years of an institution dealing with a town culture is a rare and worthy jubilation. If archives are the best and most faithful preservers of history, then the *Z.* Archive is the biggest protector of the history of *Z.*, *Timok Border Area* and *Eastern Serbia*. More than a half of the century since the founding and activity of Archive in *Z.* is enough to summarize what has been covered and to point at the significant results which said institution acheieved over the fifty five years of existence.

Thanks to its geographic location, *Z.* was exposed to historical storms since the ancient times. It experienced many war destructions from which it raised again and again. Many occupiers came to this place, one after the other: the Turks, the Bulgarians, the Germans, the Austrians, and others. Wars left deep scars of devastation on cultural and historical monuments. They were disappearing without a trace, being destroyed in the wars, and even in peaceful times they did not do any better, for they were not fully appreciated, the efforts to preserve them being smallest as well. Many periods of the history of *Z.* have not a single document saved. A long time had to pass before the significance of preserving and protecting the documents could have been understood. History and destiny bring us to the *55*-year jubilee of the modern Archives.

The first law about protecting the archive material in *Serbia* was passed in the year of *1898*, and on the basis of this law the State Archive was founded in *Beograd*, in *1900*. A united archive service was missed to be founded upon the creation of the *Kingdom of Yugoslavia*, after the *WW1*. In addition to the existing archives in *Dubrovnik*, *Zagreb*,

Beograd, and *Sremski Karlovci*, several more were created, dealing with localities in *Novi Sad*, *Skoplje* and *Maribor*. However, all these archives were unable to collect and keep the available archive material, because of which it stayed in various registers, some portion of it being taken care of by some museums and libraries. The valuable archive material was left to the conscieusness and responsibility of workers in the existing institutions, the governmental, political, religious, military and other organizations and services. The fact that today we are marking (only) a century of such an important institution is a result of our history; it represents our awareness of the culture preserved through precious archive treasures as a testimony about ourselves".

Also, and with regards to the scientific and publishing activities of the Archive:

"The Archive offers services and specialized help to numerous researchers in using the archive and library material for the purposes of professional, research and other studies. Since its foundation, the Archive published *25* books, on topics mostly in connection with the history of Eastern Serbia. One of the most significant publishing endeavors was the "History of Revolutionary Workers Movement of Eastern Serbia", published in seven volumes, mainly based on the material from the period of *1880-1945*. One of the characteristics of the Archive was the interest for cultural activities, both in the county and beyond, whereby more than *100* exibitions on various cultural events were organized. On various aniversaries of important historical events, the Archive helped organizing scientific gatherings such as the *Timok Uprising and Its Socio-political Significance for XIX-century Serbia* (*Z*., *1983*), *Nikola Pašić and His Times* (*Beograd-Z*., *1995*), and *Life and Work of Svetozar Marković* (*Beograd-Z*., *1996*), including publishing conference records".

Conference records as efforts crowned by the paramount act of printing ("*Che ti pare del mio libro*?"), if things were to end like that [if they were not to continue to multiply by copying days ("*Que ha na televisao*?")], mediating in an eschatological manner only due to the lack of kitsch information (having devoted themselves to explaining such grandious notions as those dealing with *death*, *judgment*, *immortality* and *divine doctrine*), an unescapeable enthusiasm and yet not to be adorned (as already portended and inevitably turns out to be true) beyond a reasonable limit, a collective at its culmination (hands stretching towards Sun's sublimation), its labor being perpetuated with simple binding of pages, listing of facts (and chimeras too) which one should not joke with - until the first outbreak of doubt (however small its mount).

Doubt as disarrangement of momentary smoothness. *Onderneming*.

* * *

Moment as just finished case of doubt. *Assuradeur*.

(Hence, I try to seize it).

"Equal and unconcerned, I look on all", *Dryden*.

Only, who could remember something that would remind him of his own standstill?

[For example, what are we going to do with the intervals of insensibility which even *Barak* hardly got hold of, a synonym of thunderbolts and lightnings (Judg. 4. 6.), that is, thunderbolts and lightnings of his own senses (*что-н близко к сердцу*), not to mention those who faint away on a daily basis (*хоть головои об стену беися*)].

Even harder days have stopped at the everlasting difference between pretensions and achievements, let alone (already at noon) fitting the daily abyss with glass - the paper they counted on (and besides them - those days/stones - the saints of theocrasy) is insufficient for even a short note (the mentioned records are to be considered, since long time ago, a part of the century that's gone, an expired plot).

Beside the records, however, given that the "Historical Archive 'Timok Border Area'" primarily was (and still is) just that (an Archive), its activities also include *'Sorting Out and Processing of Archive Material'*, about which said Internet site provides the following:

"The basic task of every Archive is to sort out and process the archive material. Those are, at the same time, the most important and complex tasks, especially because most of the material is received as incomplete, unsorted and scattered. Only well organized and processed material is a guarantee for maximum yield data, at the same time providing for easier practical use of documentation. In the *Historical Archive of Z.*, the entire material was first brought into a usable condition, the sorting out and the processing according to archiving principles was done afterwards. The archival material which remains in the Archive becomes public property and is treated as a permanently protected cultural good. All sorted out archive fonds and collections are provided with analytic inventory, including a register of oldest and most valuable fonds.

The purpose of sorting out and processing of archive material is to make it available to anyone for his scientific, cultural-educational and other needs by means of exhibits, lectures, publishing and other forms of use. Most of the Archive workers, five of them, work on sorting out and processing of archive material. One of them has a college education, the other four have high school diplomas as well as they took specialists' courses in the archival field. Of the total of *460* fonds and collections, the Service for sorting out and processing prepared *270* various archival fonds and collections totaling *670*m of material. The Service uses two desk top computers, a scanner and a color printer, which contributes to a more efficient work of theirs".

[More efficient work as a more sublime target of the archived substance (a beneficial activity by itself), a smaller yawn of fulfilling pulled through to the larger one by osmotic means (a crown of the sphere of everything), *un sorriso complicita*].

Which is not all.

(Even though it was founded three years after the year in question here) let us take, as next, 'Archive Library'. (*Jemanden auf eine Idee bringen*).

"The Archive Library was established in the year of *1950* as a specialized library, whose material is available on request. Today, it has a total of *9300* items, mainly in the areas of history and humanities. The Library has a reading room for ten people, who may use the archival material, books and periodicals. A search data base, including a sound-based catalogue and an old and rare books catalogue, is also available. The local fond, one of the richest in the area, has over five hundred books. The library also has a list of books in foreign languages. There are over three hundred periodicals, the most valuable of which is the "Timočanin" newspapers collection, from the *1889-1891* period.

The users may also find over two hundred old and rare books. The usage data indicates that in the *1990-2002* period there was a significant increase of interest for local history and historical events in the *Timok Border Area*. The Archive Library has one employee with a high school education and passed exams in specialized courses in the archival field, with an appropriate professional title".

[Professional title as an applicability of conviction, focusing of an employee of appropriate specialization (his primary tact), an 'applicative-tactile' fact. (*Lass es gut sein*)].

On the page dealing with the library in question, there are copies of the front pages of the following papers/documents: "Тимочанин –Timočanin" (with subtitle "Лист за народне потребе - The Paper for People's Needs"), "Уставь Княжества Сербїє - Constitution of the Princedom of Serbia" (with subtitle "Султанскій хатишерифЬ – Sultan's Edict"), "СВОРНИКЬ Закона и Уредба - The Collected Volume of Laws and Bylaws" (with subtitle "Уредбены Указа - Decree Regulation"), "JABOP - Maple Tree" (with subtitle "Лист за забаву, поуку и књижевност - Paper for Fun, Learning and Literature"), "Ратни одјек - War Echo", "Службени лист Тимочке области – The Official Bulletin

of Timok Area", "Тимочки радикал – The Timok Radical", and "Тимок –Timok".

Gesamte Werke.

* * *

A glittering afternoon [frozeness naked by the Sun does not stay at that - radiating its bareness generously, it rather changes to the sourcing of pomegranate, also known as *En-rimmon* (Neh. 11. 29.)] illuminates the way of the one who, today, set off toward the lofty place [also known under the name of *Gibbethon* (Josh. 19. 44.)], though it does not terminate the voyage of the one who did not (set out), perhaps only shades it with wariness (just enough to make him used to his destination), having leaned over the eyes of both them like a hand over the white dots of eyesight (*ben accetto a tutti*), reviving some of the pictures and crumbling the others into oblivion without shame (*a primo achito*), shining as if in this world both the mounting and the levelling [both the mountain trip and the journey through plains (*sockerdricka*)] shine, as if, that is, none of the voyages starts and ends at the point at which its condition is being rounded (*stanna kvar*), the condition of excitement or condition of repose, all the same, strong like wind [presented under the name of *Vajezatha* (Est. 9. 9.)] or weak like consolation [introduced under the notion of *Tanhumeth* (2 Kin. 25. 23.)], producing in the voyager a kind of feeling with which he flows into such an undestood map, unfinished in one case, finished in the other, rounded with *Felicities* by the very act of repetition, *äntligen*!

"All the cyclic heavens around me spun", *E. B. Browning*.

(*Returbiljett*).

Taking a stroll atop (the hill of) *Z*. that year, the year of *1947*, therefore, could be classified as that kind of enchanting circling whose periodicity counts as the required range (*Pode-se estacionar aqui*?), and with whose help in *Photograph No. 2* [the photograph under the current scrutiny of the subsequent observer of the photographed pith (*быть в центре внимания*)] a number of people (women, children, *снова и снова*) departs upward on the street for an interpretation of purpose (*горячая точка*), the others do the same departing downward, both passing, though, by a few of those who [mischievously? (*бедствующий*?)] stand, to whom, that is, that thing (to do with essence, *сфабрикованный*) has not presented itself as being so significant and important, although by the look of their, however stooped, tight tendances one may have a presentiment that that tickles them for sure and that they will (at the first sign of elucidation) start to fly to meet a whole stream of knowledge, completing the number of those (who are, by now, all) who, on the photographed street, walk or stand or enter its curvature as birds would, with their flock, infiltrate the wind's clock, edging themselves into such unassuming pathways each in his own way, going away, too, in a manner that does not impose obligation to vigilance and escort, yet which, in the end, still has to be taken as that kind of departure with which one arrives to an ever ready region of all kinds of blessings (*tudo uma palarva*), a destination of all these people, that is, to which they devoted themselves with their very persistence on taking the stroll (*amari toku nai ho ga i desu*), on their decision not to stay at home (in the room, the corner of an extinct hope), but rather to stand up and go out to meet small sparks in their eyes, into whose swarms they advance like silver *Chemarims*, beings dressed in black attire, *fatto su misura*.

"But O, for the touch of a vanished hand / And the sound of a voice that is still", *Tennyson*.

Set off for that kind of thing (a touch, a sound, *piastra di registrazione*), the inhabitants of that place (*Z*.), in that year (the year of *1947*), could not even draw away from it (the thing, possibly imperfect), nor could they get attracted by another (possibly better thing), persevering on their way down the street between the edifices on one side (*till vänster*) and the neverland on the other (*till höger*) they were rather resorting to that kind of balancing that people [women, children (*i slutet på gatan*)] always make use of when brought in the position of realized beings, being aware of the physical role of their existence and making an effort to provide to it a so-so (though as decent as possible) appearance on the stage of all those, primarily registered senses (besides the mentioned ones, the sense of touch and hearing, also the sense of sight, smell, and taste), and also an unregistered (sixth) sense, which they handle (as can be seen from *Photograph No. 2*) in such a way as to send it in all directions and receive it only from one - from somewhere inside, that is, where, anyway, something like that could have been expected without bringing into question the principles on which their [of said people, women, and children on the given street (*runt hörnan*)] mobility and mental characteristics

are based, the psycho-physical features, therefore, of the instantly curious persons caught in themselves, the devotees of such a moment, that is, at which their motions merged into a large, common swing of all those steps of theirs into the void, even though they did not see and experience it that way, on the contrary, they patiently sewed up their small excursions into their big expectations according to which every single one of them is going to transfigure (there where he goes to) into a special *Jedidah* (the deserving beloved, 2 Kin. 22. 1.) for whom even *Jobab* (one's own wasteland, Gen. 10. 29.) will not be able to cover up all that little skip.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 3:* Like The Wind Off The Main)

All that little skip (from the year of *1947* to the year of *1948*, that is, from *Picture No. 2* to *Picture No. 3*) could have been both anticipated and not (although *Photograph No. 3* is a classical continuation of *Photograph No. 2*, extraordinary little conflagrations peek from it), but to get an idea into one's head that things have changed over night was possible only for a daily seeker of anticipation, having found it (the mentioned longing) in the yellowish water of *Me-jarkon*'s flash (Josh. 19. 46), having embraced it (possibly) in a rather enthusiastic manner, which should have been all right if it stayed at that, that is, if the *Informbiro* (*Jag vet inte varför*) did not happen in that very year (the year of *1948*), which did change said things over night, but also took away from them a revolutionary rigidity (*приближайшем рассмотрении*).

At which point one cannot reject the fact (supporting the theory of, however to take it, turn of events) that the camera used to take the picture in question (*Picture No. 3*), even though placed at practically the same spot from which the previous photograph (*Photograph No. 2*) was taken, with its eye had caught a very nice lawn too (*namae to jyusho o kaite kudasai*?), featuring bushes of tiny flowers (and some lady bugs), and the mast (atop earth's crust) with the flag (as the heaven's must) which, true, is not visible but can be imagined in such a warm day [escaping from the hollow wind away and away (*туда и сюда*)], rustling while subsiding [taking side with the country's defense (*иди сюда*! – *а, что такое*!)], while the people (in the picture) keep persuading themselves to attribute all that to one *Ziba*, just a planter according to the embelished traditions of *Hebraism* (2 Sam. 9. 2.).

"While lingering rivers in meanders glide", *Blackmore*.

Photograph No. 3: Bringing to the scene not only the sun's reflections of the buildings but also the sputtering of civil self-confidence of the passers by, again the men (women, children) each arrived from his/her reasoning of the world (*affacciarsi alla vita*), induced to do that by the very acting of the nice day at noon, sewn in with an invisible needle of a possible exertion, something, that is, which in front of so suddenly sprung up citizenry shows itself in the sense of appropriateness of all their expectations and wishes, agreeing with their claim that on such a curved street it is possible to establish a straight line to destination, to that point, therefore, in which the fulfilling embodiment of them (said citizens) almost happened, the point, that is, of the final crown of a process with which they would be (in principle) quite satisfied in case they could not reach a more earthly solution (*in diesem Jahr*), something that would guarantee to them a day surmounted in the best possible way, perhaps (here and there) flavored by some trifle in the sense of a beetle (brimstone butterfly, even a naked idea) just buzzed by, in any case a day which they always hoped for and which (look at it!) in front of them already glitters for some time, inviting them into open space, large enough for all of them (wherein they, regardfully, still restrain themselves from starting to fly), even though the very notion of something so invariable (a place as definitiveness of a moment) does not provide permanence larger than a swing of fate understood

as the cutting edge of irrevocable end, which (however bothering) passes through their heads in a very airy manner, not preventing them from further waiting for justice (*bis ins zwanzigste Jahrhundert*), having spotted it (the even-handedness) setting off on the given street (in the direction of a fulfillment, *je eher, desto besser*), pulling them into immature dreams, which, however, to them (the men, women, and children in the given photograph) does not seem as an obstacle to be photographed (together with it, the fair-mindedness crawled out of a lair of stimulus), and to do that in a really foxy way (chirping to the sweetness).

"Obtusion of the senses, internal and external", *Harvey*.

Senses as all of a sudden stirred up (then calmed down) passions.

("*Tem um lindo jardim*!")

* * *

Passions as momentary stirred up (then calmed down) senses.

("*Tem uma linda casa*!")

Photograph No. 3 as a reflection of senses reduced to passions, in the sense in which each of its presentations reduces to the sound of a tuned viola (similarly to violin vibrations, only lower for one fifth), accordingly somewhat more velvety, covered by the membrane of a halted moment, an instant at which the two people on the left side (of the given picture) found themselves in a tranquil marvel, having stopped on the edge between the lawn and the street as between inheritance of the past and voyage to the future (*I casi sono due*), finding direction of cultural fulfilment (*in tal caso*) in metaphysical legacy, with hands behind their backs (or in their pockets) appraising grandiosity of the total condition ("*Be', in tal caso dovremo rimandare la partenza*"), a situation in which all that (what?) crystallized just like that (*per caso*), allowing, though, for a multitude of other versions and possibilities, but at the given moment and place appearing in that and no other manner, without bringing uncertainty before eyes of the people behind them (and those in front), on the contrary, spreading in front of them too in the manner of a well understood life (*Von hier ist es zehn Minuten zu Fuß*), a process in which all of them, true, are to manage to live as much as possible but with which, at least that is certain, they can be satisfied in a sense of being able to plod through it by the simple act of gait ("*Wir sind zehn Kilometer zu Fuß gegangen*!"), some walking in one, some in the other direction of a kind-heartedly concocted world, along a favorably curved way, whether they be (just released from the school) pupils, or (just left for downtown from their barracks) soldiers, or (bicycle-like disposed, after putting their bikes aside, by so much faster than others arrived to the given scene) residents, or the woman wearing a topcoat of unassuming color, set off toward glowing hope shown (in that picture) as something that disappears in the distance which she neglects (even being presented with such one, *No. 1* oportunity), or the man (on the opposite side of the picture under consideration) caught by the camera lens while crossing the street as if there is nothing he should be dealing with [as if, that is, that which has been said by *Addison* ("The ambitious man is subject to uneasiness and dissatisfaction") does not provide even the most diffused concept of him], or the sky above the houses on the right side put together like a roof above all the roofs (that's what happens when a shingle moves), an exposure to the sun (all in all) visible even to the naked eye (effervescence in all directions), a scene which, as the day progresses, becomes all the whiter (whiter!), at its end (at the end of the day in question) having relocated to *Libnah* (stack of whiteness, Num. 33. 20.), by means of which all that, at night, only built itself in the local contrast of daylight, pehaps somewhat solidified by the moonlight, *dort oben*.

"The moon / In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds", *Milton*.

* * *

Со слов свидетелей: even the history of headquarters of the mentioned (*Z.*) Archive starts somewhere around that point, around time represented by *Photograph No. 3* (as can be read from the previously shown site):

"**The Archive Headquarters, 1948-1951:** The first law regarding preservation of historical sites was passed in *1945*, immediately after the *WW2*, when a more serious work on protecting the archive material commences. The Ministry of Education of the People's Republic of Serbia, in addition to the State Archive in Belgrade founded in *1944*, starts founding archive branches in municipal centres in Serbia in April of *1948*.

It took half a century since passing the first archive law to establish the branch in *Z*. First, the *FNRJ* government brings a decree of temporary protection of archives on March *27*, *1948*, placing under state protection the archives of various local societies, associations, legal entities and individuals. The decree brought for the first time a regulation about the way of keeping local archive material, including a country wide ban on destroying it. On the basis of this decree, the Ministry of Education of the PR of Serbia, on April *15*, *1948*, brings an Instruction on founding archive branches in all other municipalities in *Serbia*. This made possible to bring into being the archive branch in Z., which happened on April *15*, *1948*, wherein the branch encompassed nine administrative districts: the town and the district of *Z*., the town and the district of *Bor*, the town and the district of *Knjaževac*, the town of *Negotin* and the district of *Krajina*, the town and the district of *Boljevac*, the town of *Minićevo* and the district of *Timok*, the town of *Jabukovac* and the district of *Brza Palanka*, the town of *Kladovo* and the district of *Ključ*, the town of *Donji Milanovac* and the district of *Poreč*".

(*Archive Branch* - the reducibility of truth; dust added to the load of dust, *скрываться под чужим именем*).

"In May of *1948*, The Department of Education of Municipal People's Committee of *Z*., appoints *Ms. Radmila Bajo* as Director of the Archive branch in *Z*. She accepts the appointment and starts the work in addition to her full time job of a history teacher in a local high school.

The newly formed Archive branch had neither budget nor facilities. Nor was there an office for the Director, to do the basic work. In the beginning, it was not even known under whose auspices the branch was supposed to undertake its activities. *Ms. Bajo*, however, starts working right away. Through the education department of the municipal office of *Z*., she requests the reporting divisions to determine their contact persons for the archival work, thus founding the archive network. The following persons in charge were identified: *Mr. Svetozar Bajić*, a judge - for the archival work in the city of *Z*., *Mr. Nedeljko Todorović*, an administrative worker - for the archival work in *Z*.'s municipality, *Mr. Stojan Mladenović*, a teacher - for the archival work in the town of *Negotin*, *Mr. Milorad Stojanović*, a worker in the administration - for the archival work in the village of *Boljevac*, *Mr. Djorde St. Miljković*, an administration employee - for the archival work in the town of *Knjaževac*, *Ms. Dušanka Kuzmanović*, a clerk - for the archival work in the town of *Bor*, *Ms. Gordana Petrović*, an administrative official - for the archival work in the town of *Kladovo*, and *Mr. Vlajko Djordjević* - for the village of *Donji Milanovac*".

Persons in charge in archive branches as workers to whom selectness is a part of the scope of work (*Parabens*!), leaving periphery to the local transcripts (copies, replicas, *doko demo*), bound as catalogues in a register series, a kind of grouping, therefore, that (as already said) has no other purpose except to be booked in time (*yukokigen wa itsu desu ka*?), the same one in which they (the clerks in question - *operaio*) would be interested even if they were not devoted to the described job, floating in it in such a way to reach themselves too, counting on such a confluence of theirs, knowing that in the main book of occurences there is a room for them only if they respond to the appeal of its smallest volume, the notes written with the words of silence, the same one to which they (every day strumming the addends of pith), at each such occasion, were opening the roads to archival understanding of things, accordingly knowing that it is exactly that (the remaining stillness, *heute früh*) which one is supposed to use to cover all those (during their time) carefully arranged archives, even if they were, at that very moment, announced by nobody but *Naashon*, a symbol of the archival enchanting and an enchanter of the same (archival) notion (Ex. 6. 23), having found himself at the properly registered and approved (forever frozen) list, *im Gesamten*.

"The frigid villainy of studious lewdness", *Rambler*.

Kurz gesagt, to let time to form a judgment means, therefore, an additional dust, used to enlarge the cover of things (with which they wrap up) for one more indistinctness (*ein leerer Blick*), having befogged even that which, until a moment ago, was swaying in a so-so explanation (*ein lockerer Zahn*), swinging in it like the head of a miracle in a listless ocean (*Das lohnt sicht*), distinguishing itself, therefore, with that very act of arising (almost manifestation), while already now, after so many years of reticency, that which remains to be judged practically is not touching senses, having made its shield the ultimate one (resistant even to the sharpest needles of perceiving), having wriggled (it is possible) here and there (*den Durst löschen*), but (at the next instant) having calmed down under those tons of a striking void [having not disrupted the right of the objectivity of condition to stand out (*sich lösen*)], having only ramified into this and that time (this and that place, *narubeku hayaku*), the two branches none of which finds it hard to still hover (on its own) above the progressiveness of the middle, the time (place) which could not have been classified as either this (here) or that (there), but which, because of that, unyieldingly spreads in all those (even if only two) directions, pouring over and thus joining them into one big, collective hush (*koko no kore desu*), while it alone [said time, that is place ("*Pode-me desenhar um mapa*?")] sooths itself with said calm in the manner of a well elucidated morning (noon, evening), having proclaimed such a state of consciousness an archival entirety, having placed it on the shelf of yet another dweller in the sense of an atom.

Even, possibly, rejoicing in something not of this world, in which case repeating indeed enthusiastic words of *Peabody*:

"Looking forward beyond my stay on earth".

* * *

Picture No. 3 as a vigorous proof of the duality of existence, readily emitting both obviousness and narration (radiating both dramaturgy and sedative) of people-actors / actors-people in the sense of doubleness of tranquility and violence in the given passers by, such that those who in it (the photograph in question) increase the pace, and those who (at two, three spots) keep standing on the overheated sidewalk as on a self-assumed proximity, very easily change from the kinetic to a blessed state (*de vinho doce*), now acting as leaving, now as returning to everything that remained (that did not move anywhere all that time) so as to step on its tail, having deeply rested and, with a gentle move of the hand over eyes, having testified that it [that which all that time was exactly there (*sensa costa*)] also participates in the sharpness of presentation of various other prospects, that, furthermore, its part of all that (which expands and contracts and likes to be photographed) is principal and decisive and that, because of that, one needs to be smart enough to not start thinking that with the very act of an urgent move the latter is going to flow into a justified walk ("*Qui è divieto di sosta*!"), that it is of the same (if not higher) importance to bring things into prescribed concord (*stare fermo*), a kind of taciturnity due to which, at the first glance, *Photograph No. 3* cannot exactly sing its own praises, but which [underneath its first membrane (*maskintvätt*)] in exactly that way flabbergasts the presented occurence (*stare zitti*) and its participants (the described citizenry coming out to the street and staying on it), ushering from the given scene to the eye of the imovable (fixed) observer the polishedness of delineated reticency (*isigt väglag*), having started to dance in the pupil of the eye every two, three seconds however [until all those pictures start diving to *Ekron* (Eradication, Josh. 13. 3.)].

And yet, the meritorious movements toward a long coveting joy, however miniature, also exist in *Picture No. 3*, although the moves described here did not not come just like that (from the sky) either, *auf meine Bitte hin*.

"And to have added a little touch of joy and beauty to the land of one's living, this is worth a little effort, to be sure", *A. McNally.*

Thus, for example, that which from the given picture (not only in a photo manner) allures one, is a decisive reducibility of commonness into details (*hin und zurück*), a certain inviolability of specific beings, architecture and grassy area at the promenade retreat into camera lens, around the center mast (or pole) pierced into origin, the point, therefore, from which (in a radial manner) every man (woman, child, *ein wolkenloser Himmel*) is to cover his/her line, setting off in that direction in which things disentangle by the walk itself, or making a stop on the very edge between the street's and the sky's arch (*es geht hoch her*), assuming that their short pause fits into the terrain configuration (half out of this world, half from it, as it was already said and, in principle, appeals to them), until both the movement (of ones who left) and

immobility (of the ones who stayed) change into a sameness of positioning before the omnipresent marvel (*yuk-kuri*), always the same groundwork for its inaudible bang (*wakarimasu ka*?), with which they, true, do not deceive themselves just like that, still counting on it, though, whenever everything else calms down too much (*ā, ima wakarimashta*), without even having found remedy for their own inaudibleness, let alone their roaming across the downtown of *Z.* as across the cobbled pavement of the firmament.

* * *

The dazzling moments of this day as the pra-pictures of the first stay: even when (like today - *March 7*, *2007*) they unselfishly spill themselves – it is only the photogenic property of theirs which unsparingly overflows from the branches spread all the way to here [like some giant crane, my dear! (*Finns det en bruksanvisning*?)], attributing all the other signs of a fluttering embellishment to residing in *Z.*, a place which even then seemed (even to a native boon companion, not to mention a universal two-year old) just made for a sound appanage (*apanagium* - an estate assigned for a life use; secured income) and which one did not have to travel across twice to measure its evenness by the self (*enkelriktad gata*), something that was imposing itself by its very nature as the days (in question) were becoming more and more pale (*in lontananza*), as if the daily illumination on its own is not a result of fadingness somewhere else, that is, as if fading of the days dealt with here is not conditioned by levelling with the flow of universality rather than with itself (equalizing even in the nuance and not only in the basic color with the universal act of the subject flowing), although, figuratively, reducing to its own reflections of the flow (*ciò che mi piace e ciò che non mi piace*), but without disturbing its (said flow of minutes, hours, days) more general transition to the empty page of reticency (*безлюдная технология*), a book (like this one) primarily written by the stillness of fullness (*лиха беда начало*), that is, by the rounding of those expressions and words which do not have to be pronounced after fulfilling the dream of every *Zanoni*, a *Bulwer-Lytton*'s personification of one who is able, besides communicating with spirits, to produce gold and gems, which is, it has to be admitted, the case of the mentioned fulfilling of all those (which?) days in that place (*Z.*) with the vacuum content of these days here (even literally frozen in this cold weather, *hai, genzo desu ne*).

Such a huge distance (between the days in question), and yet everything between them (therefore) simmers!

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view", *Campbell.*

Distance as spanning with momentary phantasm. *Вообще говоря*.

* * *

Phantasm as a separation with agitated distance. *Concentrazione orizzontale / verticale.*

As much as it is real, *Photograph No. 3* is also a kind of phantasm, in that one can see in it only that which went away in every sense of the word (wandered off, each in its own direction), even though the phantasm (the subject picture in the given case, *un nostro comune amico*) induces it to emerge from this side too (to appear from this side of said picture), but it (that which vanished so long ago, *con mio grande stupore*) does not react to that kind of stimulus, on the contrary, it reflects itself from here, leaving the sediment of its sweet small sparking (*насколько мне известно*) at the bottom of the already seen (and done), so that the only way to describe it, at least a bit, from here too (from this side of *Picture No. 3*), is in the procedure which (in such an unassuming way?) this author has also undertaken (with such an industriousness not at all shaken!) - catching it (that which wandered off) while falling into the eternal (constant) shade (*в меру моих способностей*), delivering at least two (or three!) of those, so nicely sweetened, sparks to today's (barren!) malt (that's some trade!), *zur Gewohnheit werden*.

"The juice nectareous and the balmy dew", *Alexander Pope.*

Picture No. 3 as an entertaining of the very early (sunny) gist, a fully clear projection of worthy results (noticeable, what's more, from floor to floor), a construction-human factor at the peak of undertaking (the day powder and the morning powder charge being the teeth of such a tool at large), a cornerstone of *Capernaum*, city of consolation and succour of intention (Matt. 4. 13.), a photo plate of glibness resulting from prosaicism, and its (the plate's) simple flash (the soul's relation to the flesh, *naturligtvis*).

In that sense (in the sense of the soul's relation to the flesh, *förhoppningsvis*), it is worth considering the contribution of a clergyman, by the name of *Milan Rašić*, to the mentioned archiving (true, a year or two after the year in question - *1948*), a director of the Archive branch in *Z.*, who right away "got down to work", and "in spite of all difficulties present at the time", that is, in spite of the "straitened circumstances at their peak", had been quite successful in locating "a couple of offices in the building at *Kajmakčalanska St. No. 2*, with two desks, two cupboards and four chairs, provided by the Regional People's Committee of *Z.*", which, along with "some purchased office supply", helped him to establish the local Archive headquarters in one of the offices, having used the other as a "depot for archival material", setting up in it, among other things, a "prewar archive of the *Tradesman Guild* in *Boljevac*, kept in a very good condition; a prewar archive of the *Deputy's Office* in *Boljevac*, also well preserved; a prewar archive of the former "*Luvr*" bank in *Z.*; an archive of the *Cooperative*, the *Merchant Bank*, the *Credit Union*, as well as the archives of other former institutions and community organizations".

"The *General Statute* regarding the state archives (*Official Register of the FNR*J, *No.12*, dated *February 18, 1950*) regulated that, besides the Archive managers, the authorized workers of the Ministry of Education, i.e. the State Archive, as well as the manager of the respective Archive branch manage the work in the Registry Offices (article *5* of the *General Statute*). In connection with this, on *April 27*, *1950*, the Ministry of Education releases the guidelines for the work in the Registry Offices, which is then re-printed and sent to all the institutions, companies, industrial and public organizations on the teritory of the Archive branch", so that, at the previously stated address, also archived is "a certain deed (a letter written in Turkish language) of the state military commander and protector of *Ada*, issued to one *Simeun Zečić* of the Border Area (*Krajina*), dated the year of *1817*, that is *1232*, in keeping with Mohammedan calendar; another deed (in Turkish as well) of a High Commissioner of *Ada-kala*, issued to a Serbian priest by the name of *Žika*, situated in a monastery across from *Negotin*, dated the year of *1819*, that is *1234*, in line with Mohammedan calendar; a request (in Turkish) of the citizens of *Vakuf* - members of two sacred places - *Meca* and *Medina* - for the approval to erect a church, written in the year of *1819*, that is *1234*, consistent with Mohammedan calendar; a letter by *Ilija Garašanin*, Minister of Interior Affairs, dated *June 12*, *1846*; a proclamation by Aleksandar Karadjordjević, dated *November 12*, *1843*; official papers of the Principality of Serbia, dated *August 3*, *1857*, a passport for foreign travel, issued during the rule of *Mihailo Obrenović III*, dated the year of *1866*; a tradesman guild letter issued to one *Petar Nikolić* from *Z.*, dated the year of *1880*; a letter from *Miloš Obrenović*, a Grand Duke of Serbia, *No. 2223*, dated *June 25*, *1835*, addressed to "Ispravičestvo Okružija Crnorečkog", regarding a welcoming ceremony at the arrival in *Z.*, and a trip from there to *Krivi Vir*, of the Russian General Consul, baron *Rikman*".

"In addition, a close-type library has been founded within the premises of the Archive branch, enriched with many periodicals (*Književni glasnik* - The Literary Herald, *Venac* - The Coronet, *Učitelj* - The Teacher, *Misao* - The Idea, and so on), and with various scientific, law and historical works (featuring both earlier publications and issues after the war). It is of a particular interest to mention the paper "*Timočanin*" (in hard cover), a voice of the Radical Party of Timok Border Area, printed in *1889*, *1890* and *1891*. The Library is visited by numerous users interested in research, for which they use library material. In the year of *1951*, the City Council of *Z.*, having understood the significance of the Archive branch, allocated *183,000.00* dinars to it from the city budget".

Archive branch as a reality document in a deep sleep. *Allt tillsamans*.

* * *

Reality document in a deep sleep as a quintessence of the archive branch. *Die beiden Ereignisse hängen miteinander zusammen*.

Had we taken, for example, the realness of *Picture No. 3* as that upshot of its bright flash by means of which such a presentation of people, things, incentives (and their smooth interconnections) grabbed the silent bang (splashed before the spectator like a warm sand from his hand), the quintessence in question was to be viewed as finalizing of such a photographic plane, its gravity center (center of its granulation) and ultimate raster, a rounded information which it (the given picture) offers and regarding which one cannot try other angles of observation nor offer (subsequent) interpretations, nor can he, consequently, put forward a relativization of all and everything (so much present in all and everything touched/reached by various other buttons/lens of the, so-called, contemporary times, *im Stundentakt*), although said quintessence of such a picture may also be understood as participation and duty of its virtuous reporter (*intressant*? / *trist*?), a person who dislikes leaving it (*Photograph No. 3*) out of the blue to the moods of everlasting variability of a moment (*nani o shimaso ka*?), interpreting it as now this now that [now projecting it to the very center of accomplished life (*chokorēto-bā*), now deposing it to the side road (*at·chi e it·te*!)], adjusting its picturesqueness with ingratiating moves of the cited bard (making it, therefore, now more fluttery and soft, now more moderate and stiff), in a word, painting it as it is not, as if it were *Mithcah*, a picture of the place sweetened by delight (Num. 33. 28), and not a depiction of the dead of night of *Mahazioth*, the source of various visions inclined to grouping (1 Chr. 25. 4.).

"They were assembled in that consecrate place", *Bacon*.

Visions as the prediction worthy places of an 'emanation' (radiation, emissivity, 'presentation') of potential practicabilities of the picture in question, the embelishings from day to day, and mostly over night, with which a 'deserved peace' arrives, spreading over said (dreamy) city square, street and (flowery) park like a paw over depth of a warm darkness (*para esta noite*), making one to also think about other things and not only about the dynamic light, in which, true, the world is both bathing and reflecting when no other alternative is in the view, but with which, at the same time, things may become overwhelmingly perceptible and sharp, caught by such a jet of photon-like whiteness with which every step of every living thing is being detected ubiquitously, without providing minimum chance for the softened interpretation of purpose [i.e., for sighting the reason for crossing from one side of the street (square, park, *auf dem Land*) to the other], furthermore, making use of the molecular structure of the world to take them (the things in question) as much as possible to the spotty pieces (*einer Sache ihren Lauf Lassen*), making the universal (generalized, all-embracing) structure of the material of everything a function of minuscule needle pricks into the local sky, investing themselves into its bluish furrows like the wind breaking underneath a rib, because of which, as it was said and as it happens with them (the things of the kind), one can wiggle out of them only himself disappearing (in a twilight) on the sidewalk of a daily stroll, having fulfilled all his duties and thus having got rid of exposing to Sun's briskness, having ended that day too (the day shown in *Photograph No. 3*) in the best possible way (having simply flown away from its heart, *im Laufe der Woche*).

So that, to be walking like the persons in *Picture No. 3* are doing, only means to be setting off, under the watchful eye of the photographer in the role of a guild observer, for one of several variants of a photograph of destination.

"If he cannot avoid the eye of the observer, he hope to distract it by a multiplicity of the object", *South*.

Object as a voyage masking.

Auf dem Laufenden sein.

* * *

(Voyage as an object unveiling.

Auf dem Laufenden halten).

In connection with the subject reading - voyage as historicalnees of Archive.

Formano una squadra affiatata).

Historicalness of Archive as the list of its employees and managers (since the year of *1948*), from the given address:

"ARCHIVE EMPLOYEES: Cvetković Spasenija, Nanović Danilo, Ćirić Slavka, Brajović Vladimir, Janković Mirjana, Nikolić Božidar, Vučić Jovan, Bušković Dimitrije, Tričković Dragiša, Filipović Stevan, Podunavac Anđelija, Milovanović Miroslava, Panajotović Rade, Velimirović Nadežda, Petković Jakona, Samardžija Jelena, Prvanović-Jelenković Jugoslava, Nikolić Dobrila, Đorđević Darinka, Jovanović Dragiša, Petrović Dragoljub, Ranđelović Veljko, Vukić Dobrila, Tošić Borivoje, Stojanović Vera, Pavković Mihailo, Simonović-Milojković Vera, Begović Vidosava, Jovanović Gavrilo, Dimitrijević Bora, Stojanović Slobodanka, Jovanović Biserka, Živković Dragan, Lukšić Viktorija, Janković Zoran, Jocić Ljubinka, Bobolokić Dimitrije, Bujišić Ljubivoje, Đurđekanović Slađana, Bečejac Jasmina, Pedović Nadežda, Kostadinović Biljana, Šćopulović Mila, Đorđević Borivoje, Nešović Ivanka, Petrović Zoran, Milutinović Milica, Jovanović Lela, Jović Zoran, Golubović Srđan, Stojanović Ljubiša, Mladenović Stanislava, Tomić Suzana, Videnović Tihana, Ćirić Miljan, Banjević Ivana i Januzi Agim; RUKOVODIOCI ARHIVA: (pomenuta) Bajo Radmila, (pomenuti) Rašić Milan, Nanović Danilo, Tasić Predrag, Nikolić Božidar, Tasić Predrag, Panajotović Rade, Jovanović Dragiša, Begović Vidosava, Petrović Svetomir, Dimitrijević Bora i Pedović Nadežda".

Employees and managers as radial shadows of that which *was* and which, because of that, can only be found in a copy of the vanished original. (*Иметь право на пенсию*).

That all of them (the employees of Archive in the sense of its ordainers, *несмолкаемый*) are still only a (dreamy) veil of said ordainment, is clear even to a laical researcher of archival material, and yet, not even an investigative magus finds it easy to get rid of such a monasticism.

Нет чтобы извиниться, сказать правду.

Archive as a memento (reminder) of *Photograph No. 3*, in which, as seen, nothing can any longer be pulled from the curvature of the street (the embrace of essence), forever remaining in its loop (*tasukete*!), finding itself half way between sigh and inspiration (*tasukete kudasai*?), attributing to the day in question the objectivism of a glassy kind (*hai, ī desu*), according to which everything is both curdy solid and scattered through ether like the wind through fingers, and in which (because of said glass) both that which is good to take the picture of (*uno scherzo innocente*) and that which is not (*acciaio inossidabile*) reflect themselves, wherein a fixed display of the street, buildings and people in question (representing that which is good for the picture) is assumed under the picture, but also possible is a display of something more dissolved and larger (more similar to a potential spirit), something that in it (the given picture), like in an airy structure, voicelessly keeps floating (representing that which is not good for the picture), so that the passers by caught by the lens can only soundlessly stop in their tracks (each taking his/her pose), thus letting the others know what all that is about, which is exactly what happened and, just by glancing at the photograph in question, can be be classified into 'scenic frieze', possibly sodden by an admixture of 'uncertain future', *um etwas herum*.

* * *

Uncertain future as *Shakespeareanism* of yesteryears.

"Canst thou murder thy breath in the middle of a word?", *W. Shakespeare*.

The organization of Archive in the sense of its projects/activities, thus (by means of a panting task) could have been reduced to the following centers/services:

"**The Information Center:** Within the Historical Archive in *Z*. there is Information Center; it is staffed with a data collection and processing worker, a depot clerk and the Archive director. The Information Center has information about

the entire archival and library material, as well as other specific and statistical data. The Center has a desk top computer used to process data within the *JAIS* program.

The Archive Outside Protection – External Service: The first list of the archival material for *Timok* and *Negotin* area was put together by the (earlier mentioned) general manager of the Archive branch in *Z*., priest *Milan Rašić*, in *1950*. According to the list, *164* funds were fully or partially preserved, while *136* were destroyed. The external protection service was not a separate organization until *1972*. Its work was done by all of the Archive employees. In *1972*, an administrative worker was appointed in charge of protecting the archival material outside the Archive; at the same time a first registry listing in the areas of *Z*., *Knjaževac*, *Boljevac*, and *Bor*, was released. It can be seen from the listing that the Archive supervised the archival material in *200* registries, with about *6,000* meters of the material. In accordance with the Statute of Cultural Artifacts, the present day Archive has under its supervision *504* registries with *20,000* meters of archival material in the townships of *Z*., *Knjaževac*, and *Boljevac*. It has a staff of two workers, one with a college degree and another with a high school diploma and completed courses in archival work; the external protection service is in charge of locating and collecting the archival material, getting rid of not worthy material in registries, releasing a record of these activities, authorizing a list of the archival material together with their expiring dates, providing help to registries in connection with preservation and keeping the archival material. In line with its modernization, the external protection service uses a desktop PC, within the *JAIS* program.

The Archive Internal Protection - Depot Service: The Archive starts collecting its first documents in *1950*; the activity becomes systematic in *1953*. The archival material was collected in condition in which it had been found and even without recording it, in order to collect as much as possible of it and protect it from being destroyed.

From its foundation, in *1948*, the main problem in the Archive work was a lack of adequate space to store the archival material.

Realizing the need for a space to keep and preserve the precious testimonies of their past, the citizens of *Z*., at their meeting regarding the contributions to these ends, decided to build a new depot building.

With the depot built, in *1993*, the problem of keeping the archival material was solved for a longer period. The depot building was built according to the norms and standards for archives, providing all the necessary means for keeping and preserving the archival material. In *2002*, a freight elevator was also installed. The Archive room area is now *700m*^{2}; it has *460* holdings and collections, with the total length of *2,500* m. The holdings and collections are sorted by sections according to the archival rules prescribed in the Republic of Serbia.

Preserved and registered, the archival material is kept on metal shelves. The entire Archive material is recorded in the inventory; there are also registries of the archive funds and collections, including their dossiers and other information guides. The depot employs a worker with a high school diploma and completed courses in the archive field; he also issues various receipts and certifications, working with the archive users and researchers alike".

* * *

Employment as intensity of life.

Etwas Rechtes.

In it (the life) one can also find more serene things *(sobremesa*), but nothing overcomes the captivation by work and serving one's own activism (looking at things through an official prism, *im Recht sein*), the hankering in front of the jaw of a cosmic void, positioned such to wait at each of its sides forever (*Ich habe das mit meinem Rechner nachgerechnet*), never fully closing but without fully opening either, just making one think that this which is presented as being extensive (overdimensioned) is yet to be like that (*sich von selbst regeln*), having silenced every labour and having made every rapture (with its rapturous result) smaller than a tiny job of an ant (*rein gar nichts*), and yet without him

(without the worker rejoicing in his work), not even so slightly open mouth of said abyss would have stopped at that, having opened exceedingly wide to finally swallow employee's peace too, *in aller Ruhe*.

To work to give right to exertion.

Ein ruhiges Gewissen.

[To work to live! (just mention)].

To work even in Archives, to keep alive even in files!

To work as *to be* (as if *to not be* cannot hide under that tree).

Finally, to work to have the workers (although, after the work) sparkle even the smallest of hopes in their eyes.

Kommen Sie ruhig herein.

"Then they for sudden joy did weep", *W. Shakespeare*.

Work as focusing a picture whose end is working on it.

* * *

Photograph No. 3 as a labor contribution to painting in general.

In it, every one works on something important (retreats or goes forward), assaults or finds a shelter (emulates the fighter or guards himself), courageously crosses the street or hesitates even there where he is (*для общего блага*), becomes careful or insolently frees himself even from it (the carefulness), stares in all directions or lowers his eyes in the mezzanine corner, gets accustomed to a transitory felicity or benumbs at its mouth, refuses to remember himself from before or recalls even the "afternoon of a faun" (*чувствовать себя хорошо*), throws the morning papers into trash or takes hold of the news (*не держите зла*!), obliges himself to watchfulness or lets nirvana take him, falls onto his feet or into a nightmare (*он с трудом выбрался из бассейна*), walks down the street or, in the park, stands on a cultivated field (of his life), unbuttons under the sun or uses a shadow as his waistcoat, draws one's attention to a danger of extremism or reveals himself with a joke, strolls now here now there or does not even cross today's line, wrigles (becomes lively, then calms down again) or, with too much emphasis, perseveres in doom (does not count on the balsam protruding from the myrtle), avoids cooperation with belonging confraternity or prepares to embrace ideological fellow tribesman (*завтра у нас будут гости*), distributing mercy if possible.

"Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise blessing", 1 Pet. iii. 9.

And whether it indeed follows from *Photograph No. 3* (whether it really can be seen in it), or (here too) one deals with the confrontation of 'reality and ideals', remains to be seen, if not in it then in the picture which will come after it (or which was before it), that is, in any picture which shows identical hours and the same people passing by (*o-aidekite ureshīdes*), the same noon and (bathed in it) citizens brought up to get rid of bad mood, if nothing else to not allow to be (again) flabbergasted, or there will be no taking pictures this time either, perhaps there will only be a little bit of a personal effort [having adorned with the photographer passion even the glaring *Leshem*, a gem of every actor of oneself (Josh. 19. 47.)].

Nani o shimashō ka?

Personal effort as diligence of a fugitive (from the mute self to the boasting one), an emblem of continualness from this afternoon into the next (full of vivid but unfeeling Sun), something that (even when its bells toll) by means of work positions itself to restore the course, insisting on inimitableness of exertion (not allowing for respite before dawn), counting on tree trunks instead of the lungs [bringing to the day light even a transparent dream site ("*Memai ga shimasu*")], constructing for its use an eternal dwelling (in *Neverland*, *Peter Pan*'s air travel setting), in the manner of a worker waving with his working permit - declaring itself with decisive fulfilling ("*Kono hōkō desu ka*?"), paying no attention to a possible neglect of the runner from panic to salvation.

"The redundancy and dreariness which have overwhelmed our declarations, have no redeeming quality", *Grover Cleveland*.

Salvation as a proof of sudden overflowing, *un'insegna luminosa*.

* * *

Overflowing as an attestation of a slow salvation, *diventare maggiorenne*.

In *Picture No. 3*, accordingly, a daily salvation and a touching inundation go hand in hand down the sunlit street, that is, the whitened day and the fine citizenry are doing that, attentively walking toward all those other, bulky days of rounded fullness, with typical doubts of promenaders carried away by purpose in the sense of citizens having rid of everyday worries, primarily directed to a greater understanding of universal organization ("*Det är sant*!"), a principled order based on withering away of anything miniscule and unimportant ("*Äntligen*!"), but also attached to outlining the personal fates by means of heavenly chalk and earthly board (that brittle spread, almost a mold), set off in a civilized manner for, all in all, the very center of life terseness, airy like death.

(*Utmärkt*).

On which one was turning the tables (at that time and place, *très aimé*), as it is the case and as such a thought can only be driven away with it (the exemplary study), using the Archive funds of educational and cultural institutions listed as follows:

"**Secondary Schools** (HIGH SCHOOL - *Z*. 1918-1988: 20,0., MEDICAL SCHOOL - *Z*., 1949-1972: book 167, 3,0.), **Industrial and Trade Schools** (GIRLS TRADE SCHOOL - BOLJEVAC 1929-1957: book 23, box 3; 0,30. RS; SI., GIRLS TRADE SCHOOL - Z., 1944-1948: 0,10., GIRLS TRADE SCHOOL - KNJAŽEVAC 1930-1948: book 28; 0,10. SI., GIRLS TECHNICAL SCHOOL - *Z*., 1953-1958: book 43; 0,60 SI., GIRLS TECHNICAL SCHOOL - KNJAŽEVAC 1949-1959: 0,40., INDUSTRIAL-MINING SCHOOL - BOGOVINA 1952-1969: book 20; 0,30. SI., INDUSTRIAL-MINING SCHOOL - TRESIBABA - PODVIS 1943-1961: book 37; 0,90., INDUSTRIAL-MINING SCHOOL - RTANJ 1949-1962: book 10; 0,60. SI. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - BOGOVINA 1948-1962: book 7; 0,30.), **Industrial Schools** (IS - BOLJEVAC 1950-1957: book 7; 0,20., IS - KNJAŽEVAC 1923-1965: book 82, box 13; 3,0., IS - TRESIBABA - PODVIS 1948-1956: book 9; 0,50., IS - RTANJ 1950-1962: book 12, box 1; 0,35.), **Agricultural-Cattle School**s (MIDDLE AGRICULTURAL-CATLE SPECIAL SCHOOL - *Z*., 1928-1952: book 87; 3,40.), **Adult Education Courses** (EDUCATIONAL - HOME ECONOMICS COURSE offered by the KNJAŽEVAC COUNCIL FOR EDUCATION AND CULTURE 1954-1955: 0,30), **Elementary Schools** (ELEMENTARY SCHOOL BAČEVICA 1923-1979: book 80., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL BOLJEVAC 1921-1980: book 377; 7,0., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL BUKOVO-VALAKONJE 1933-1979: book 26., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL VALAKONJE 1919-1979: book 83., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL FOR WINE 1923-1941: 0,10. Material., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL VRBOVAC 1919-1979: book 47., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL GRLIŠTE 1919-1954: book 25, box 10., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL DEBELICA 1920-1951: 1,0., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL DONJE ŽUNIČE 1919-1979: book 9, box 5., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL DOBRO POLJE 1939-1979: book 45., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL DOBRUJEVAC 1919-1979: book 36., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ZAGRADJE 1919-1951: book 83, box 9., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - *Z*., 1878-1950., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ILINO 1919-1966: book 12., ELEMENTARY

SCHOOL JABLANICA 1919-1979: book 60., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL JALOVIK IZVOR 1920-1949: box 2., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL KNJAŽEVAC "KAPLAR" 1955-1965: box 1., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL KRIVI VIR 1919-1979: book 206., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL LUKOVO 1919-1979: book 110, box 2., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL MALI IZVOR 1933-1979: book 69., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL MIROVO 1920-1979: book 52., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL RTANJ 1920-1978: book 121., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL RUJIŠTE 1942-1968: book 69., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL SELAČKA 1919-1948: box 8, ELEMENTARY SCHOOL SUMRAKOVAC 1912-1942: box 5., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TRNAVAC 1918-1948: book 53, box 21., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ŠLJIVAR 1918-1948: box 2., STATE GRAMMAR SCHOOL - BOLJEVAC 1948-1959: box 1., STATE GRAMMAR SCHOOL - GRLIŠTE 1951-1952: box 1., ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLANINICA 1871-1977: book 2, 0,05, ELEMENTARY SCHOOL VRAŽOGRNAC 1934-1942: book 1, 1953-1978: 6,0 m^1, STATE MIXED PUBLIC SCHOOL BOLJEVAC 1943-1954: book 6, 0,20.), **Cultural Institutions** (COUNCIL FOR EDUCATION AND CULTURE OF ADMINISTRATIVE DISTRICT OF *Z.*, 1945-1962: book 3; 0,40., PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY - *Z.*, 1951-1984: 10,0., *Z.* DISTRICT EDUCATION ASSOCIATION, 1960-1990: 20,0., RADIO *Z.*, 1947-1954: 0,10. SI., CENTER FOR HOME ECONOMICS IMPROVEMENT - KNJAŽEVAC, 1959: 0,10. SI., CENTER FOR WORKERS TRADE EDUCATION - *Z.*, 1956-1961: 0,50., WORKERS GENERAL EDUCATION SCHOOL - *Z.*, 1948-1950: book 4., PEOPLE'S THEATRE - *Z.*, 1957-1994: 10,0m^1, LIBRARY OF RECORDS – "*Z.*", 1950-1991: book 58, 2,0m^1)".

"The scholar should specialize; he should be an authority on one particular subject", *George L. Scherger.*

The outlook of the scene and its participants (in *Picture No. 3*) could have been, accordingly, easily based on such a solid and promising list of praiseworthy artifacts of more than a compact pupil-teacher engagement, if it carried in itself at least a speck of the (above mentioned) provisory of elucidation, this way, all that came down the given street with untroubled thoughts of even-tempered explicableness (and a tiny joy based on it) to the urban destination of the world and, going up the street, returned to its edge (the edge of the world), returned, in fact, to all of them (the men, the women and the hurried pupils - all united in the communal curiosity), like a local gait returning to the ants, the pace with which (even when in repose) they move closer to themselves, as a deserted boat at the day's close.

Τοποζ γεννηδεωζ: To move closer to the self through a needle poke (as Sun through a rose) .

* * *

Ημερομηνια γεννηδεωζ: To move away from the self through a flattened vault (almost to depose).

"Here he hung on high / The steerage of his wings, and cut the sky", *Dryden*.

The year of *1948*, presented in *Photograph No. 3* (or in the preceding, or following picture), is characterized therefore (counting also, at that, said *Informbiro Resolution*, *etwas mechanisch tun*) primarily with such one, pro-*Russian*, that is, purplish verticalness (*elargissement* - to a scarlet-like graphicalness), a red rebound to the blue sky filled with rendering of the next fall (*jusqu'a nouvel ordre*), a too strong eagerness of the transitory people who by no means can be reduced to something more steady and better, something that does not lie in wait for the first opportunity for a new disloyalty, yet who, in spite of all that, are not able to make a move even in that direction without, at that, skidding off the only sidewalk by which (as always) one arrives to the self, having avoided all those extra, faster destinations, and that much slower inspirations, and who because of that (like bent words in the grain) forever disappear from the given picture (like the wind off the main).

Ils sont très liés.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 4:* To Weave Into A Bubble)

Like the wind off the main of the year of *1948* to the main of the year of *1949* (like the current off the coating of *Picture No. 3* to the coating of *Picture No. 4*) the sparks of the next phase jumped over the phase which used to be (pretending to be extra sublime, except it did not hide on time!) and landed into the lens of always the same (profound) camera, not as much having stirred up the new as having burned down the old embers (for it did not, as already noticed, hide on time), having mischievously flashed though (as if they were going to pulverize in oxygen).

(*Слабая сторона*).

Picture No. 4 as the last picture of *Z.* [and the first of *B.*, when starting to walk up the *R. Boulevard*, in view of the fact that all those pictures are the same, half amateurish half greenish (in particular - bulevar-like stylish, *familièrement*)], always the same *King's Square* (the printing shop and the book shop are there to plod through all this as if it were fickle), a number of passers by (quite an ageless, constant tickle, *féerie*) and, here and there, an (intoxicated) protrusion (not too large), a monolithic picture which does not hesitate, even in such lazy/dreamy hour (*a lungo andare*), to present itself as being swifter (with its hours neighing quicker), a large staging of something which, all in all, ceaselessly shows now on this now on that side of the world, presenting itself behind the veil of such a mediation as an irrefutableness of both that there and this here (*недалеко от меня*), counting on such a card [the card of dual condition, *διπλοζ* (*jeweils zwei zusammen*)], if only the absolute could be made relative, rejecting singleness as just another estimation, because the punctuality (daily exactness) can be so nicely seen everywhere (including in the multitude jammed with remnants of marvel), and because the atomized people, seen by the lightning eye of camera, are left with nothing but to (even more) cuddle up the general molecularity (*eine Löwin mit ihren Jungen*), relating in a shaded manner even to the facultative graphicalness, let alone the fate.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you", *William Shakespeare.*

Even unspoken, the words of the characters from the scene offered by *Picture No. 4* will say the same thing though - wrapping the uneasiness of their owners into their own anxiety, describing only that which they (the owners in question) find on a daily fervour list too (not describing anything which is not arrived at according to the around-the-clock enforcement), perhaps scattering (here and there) into such informalities as those of the "unprovoked unprincipledness" type, and yet, in principle, compressing around each motoric target (every target to be arrived at by walking, transporting, or contemplating), persevering on its importance (also purpose), almost ingratiating oneself even with its (said target's) melodic hush ("*Nominomo wa ikaga desu ka*?"), reducing even the silence, by means of a methodical

righteousness of voyage, to the straight line from entirety to fulfillment ("*Bīru kudasai*"), not wasting only on repeating the situation of before.

"Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred / That in your outward action shows itself", *W. Shakespeare*.

The outside as an inside turned inside out. *Dimmigt*.

* * *

The inside as an outside turned inside out.

Molnigt.

Photograph No. 4 as the house leaned against the building next to which one can see, first of all, a dotty reflection of reticent figures (strollers / passers by voicelessly reduced to punctualness of all the more quiet attributes), their everlasting search by means of which (they think so, hope so) they are also going to see the light once (hoping that, meanwhile, no other things suddenly end), because of which they look inflexible.

(Inflexibleness as the bone of every presentation, something for congratulation, a full compliment).

"Now streaked and glowing with the morning red", *Prior*).

(Even though one cannot find anything of the sort in *Picture No. 4*) it looks like as if an occasional sweetness (and that before the dark) drops from one of the clouds (gold-plated in the upper, silver part of the photograph), or it can, perhaps, happen that they (the clouds) flash (if their pillows crash) in an instant of going blush, although it cannot be claimed (as already said and, normally, turns out to be the case) that anything of the above is going to happen, even though it is possible that it already happened but hid its tracks a long time ago ("*Mandami due riga ghe appena arrivi*"), having left without an answer the question of whether it indeed illuminated the road to any of said strollers (passers by, fellow townsmen, *campagnard*), or they, even then, although quicker than lightning, even more quietly walked by, moving closer to a rascal, an elf, and still several selves from before.

"Not altogether; better far, I guess / That we do make our entrance several ways", *W. Shakespeare*.

The entrance as an invasion of a thing.

* * *

The invasion of a thing as a heifer.

(A heifer as an initial hegemony).

The day in passing (*Thursday*, *March 29*, *2007*) reminds on earlier days insofar it is going to, as they did, be exposed - first lifting up to get under the sky cap as when stepping on the wind, then (in the early evening) quietly summarizing itself as a swamp turtle would do on a dry land (as if nothing exists in this world which, by tomorrow, is going to be polished), as if, that is, all of them (all those days) have where to flow into, without being, at that, at least somewhat compressed: into the same, constant arrival (ultimate advent), having sqeezed from a snowball into a dot (*de tous les côtés*), from the dot into an ambiguity of signs (*partout*), out of which not even zero can emerge without (it too) being comprehended as a time omission (interpreting seasonal matching of things as just another whim of theirs), only in a pamphlet finding the possibility to attribute to them (the days in question) even such a finalized formality which costed them their lives.

Formality in the sense of a move on the part of Archive by means of which the data regarding economical and banking systems from both capitalism and socialism period was deposited, from which we find that even if the earlier of the two periods was really not so pauperized, quite a few serious entrepreneurs could actually have found themselves fond of the later period. *Varför inte*?

[It is certainly worthy consideration that something like that (by itself) could have happened because of the passing of time (by itself), but even such a deliberation could not dispute the impressiveness of subject results. *Nettement*].

From said Archive, therefore, it can be seen that economical and banking system of *Z.* during said periods consisted of the following:

PERIOD OF CAPITALISM

Banks and Credit Unions:

1. *Z.* CO-OPERATIVE CREDIT UNION, 1885-1947: 3,0.
2. *Z.* TIMOK BANK, 1911-1940: 1,20.
3. MERCHANT BANK “LUVR" - *Z.*, 1921-1943: 3,0.
4. TRADE MERCHANT BANK -*Z.*, 1920-1936: 1,0.
5. GENERAL BANK "RAJKOVIĆ-STAJKOVIĆ" - *Z.*, 1927-1947: 1,0.
6. *Z.* CREDIT UNION, 1938-1946: 1,35.
7. CO-OPERATIVE SAVINGS BANK - *Z.*, 1955-1959: 0,50.
8. BOLJEVAC ECONOMICAL BANK, 1908-1941: 1,0.
9. BOLJEVAC TIMOK BANK, 1919-1941: 0,40.
10. INDUSTRIAL-MERCHANT BANK - BOLJEVAC, 1938-?: 0,20.
11. SAVINGS - KNJAŽEVAC, 1914-1937: 0,20.
12. KNJAŽEVAC CO-OPERATIVE CREDIT UNION, 1923-1950: 1,20.
13. KNJAŽEVAC TRADING-INDUSTRIAL BANK, 1932-1949: 0,10.
14. KNJAŽEVAC COMMERCE BANK, 1941-1944: 0,10.

Economy Associations:

1. CRAFTSMEN ASSOCIATION - BOLJEVAC 1913-1946: book 34, box 5; 1,35. Registered; SI.
2. CRAFTSMEN GUILD - KNJAŽEVAC 1883-1939: 1,0.
3. CRAFTSMEN GUILD - KRALJEVO SELO 1883-1939: 1,0.
4. YOUNG TRADERS - *Z.* 1894-1943: 0,15.

5. INDUSTRY ASSOCIATION - *Z*. 1895-1946: 1,50. Registered; SI.

6. TRADE ASSOCIATION - BOLJEVAC 1919-1940: 0,10. SI.

Industry:

AUTOMATIC WATER MILL "JOVAN LALOVIĆ" - *Z*. 1929-1940: 1,80.

Mining:

"SRPSKI BALKAN" COAL MINE - VRŠKA ČUKA 1919-1939: book 21; 1,0.

PERIOD OF SOCIALISM

Banks and Credit Unions:

1. THE CITY OF *Z*. PEOPLE's CREDIT UNION, 1946-1948: 0,10.

2. BUREAU OF BUSINESS CONTROL OF ECONOMIC ORGANIZATIONS, INSTITUTIONS AND COMPANIES - *Z*. 1955-1958: 0,60. SI.

3. BUREAU FOR BOOKKEEPING SERVICES OF ACCOUNTANTS - *Z*. 1955-1958: 0,30.

Economy Associations:

1. HANDICRAFT CHAMBER OF THE DISTRICT OF *Z*., 1940-1962: 3,0.

2. RESTAURANTS CHAMBER OF THE DISTRICT OF *Z*., 1952-1962: 1,20. SI.

3. TRADE CHAMBER OF THE DISTRICT OF *Z*., 1952-1967: 5,0. SI.

4. AGRICULTURAL & FORESTRY CHAMBER OF THE DISTRICT OF *Z*., 1955-1962: book 5; 0,6. SI.

5. MERCHANTS CHAMBER OF THE DISTRICT OF *Z*., 1955-1965: 3,0. SI.

6. REGIONAL TRADE CHAMBER OF *Z*., 1961-1986: 30,0.

Industrial Companies (General Industry):

1. "MILENKO BRKOVIC-CRNI" LEATHER MANUFACTURING - *Z*., 1939-1952: 1,0.

2. "JEDINSTVO" FURNITURE MANUFACTURING - *Z*., 1945-1986: 4,0.

3. "KRAJINA" CONSTRUCTION COMPANY - *Z*., 1946-1950: 3,0.

4. "RAD" CONSTRUCTION COMPANY - *Z*., 1946-1956: book 11; 0,20.

5. "TIMOK" CONSTRUCTION COMPANY - Z., 1951-1954: 0,10.

6. "SLOGA" CONSTRUCTION COMPANY - Z., 1949-1956: 0,20.

7. "DELI JOVAN" CONSTRUCTION COMPANY - Z., 1962-1972: 2,0.

8. "TIMOK" CONSTRUCTION COMPANY - KNJAŽEVAC, 1947-1952: 0,10.

9. "TIGAR" SHINGLE MANUFACTURING - KNJAŽEVAC 1955-?: 0,10.

10. "DUBRAVA" PUBLIC WORKS & UTILITIES - KNJAŽEVAC 1954-?: 0,20.

11. ELEKTROTIMOK UTILITIES - Z., 1945-1988: 100,0.

12. "INVESTGRADNJA" INVESTING & CIVIL ENGINEERING FIRM - GRLJAN, 1960-1983: 3,0.

13. "7 SEPTEMBAR" BREWING COMPANY - Z., 1927-1998: 42,50.

Industrial Companies (Mining Industry):

1. "VRŠKA ČUKA" COAL MINE - AVRAMICA, 1922-1967: book 61; 5,0. SI.

2. "DUBRAVA" COAL MINE - KNJAŽEVAC, 1948-1957: 1,0.

3. "TRESIBABA" COAL MINE - PODVIS, 1914-1968: 20,0. SI.

4. KNJAŽEVAC COAL MINES - KNJAŽEVAC, 1949-1953: book 19; 3,0. SI.

5. "RTANJ" COAL MINE - BOLJEVAC, 1937-1969: 30,0.

Agriculture and Forestry:

1. AGRICULTURAL & MECHANICAL SHOP - Z., 1946-1951: 1,0. SI.

2. REGIONAL AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION - Z., 1947-1960: 12,0. SI.

3. STATE FRUIT NURSERY - Z., 1945-?: 0,10.

4. STATE FRUIT NURSERY - BOLJEVAC, 1920-1949: 0,50. SI.

5. GRAPEVINE NURSERY - MINIĆEVO, 1952-1959: 0,70.

Commerce:

1. "ISTOK" CITY COMMERCE - Z., 1946-1950: 0,30.

2. "TIMOK" CITY COMMERCE - Z., 1951-1954: 0,10.

3. "MLEKOPRODUKT" COMPANY - Z., 1949-1950: 0,10.

4. "ŽITOPROMET" COMPANY - Z., 1946-1956: 2,00.

5. "PROMET" COMPANY - Z., 1950-1954: 0,50.

6. "POLJOPROMET" COMPANY - *Z*., 1954-1963: 0,50.

7. "STOČAR" COMPANY - *Z*., 1945-1949: 0,30.

8. "RATAR" CITY AGRICULTURAL COMPANY - *Z*., 1945-1955: 3,00.

9. "KRALJEVICA" DEPARTMENT STORE - *Z*., 1952-1954: 0,10.

10. "PROSVETA" BOOKSTORE - *Z*., 1956-1963: 0,10.

11. "ISTOČNA SRBIJA" TRADE & SERVICE COMPANY - *Z*., 1966-1975: 12,00.

12. "MIXOR" TRADE COMPANY - KNJAŽEVAC, 1945-1958: 1,00.

13. "TIMOK" TRADE COMPANY - MINIĆEVO, 1944-1956: 1,50.

Hotels & Restaurants:

1. CITY HOTELS & RESTAURANTS - *Z*., 1948-1951: 0,30.

2. "DELIGRAD" INN - *Z*., 1957-1959: 0,20.

3. HOTEL "PARIZ" - KNJAŽEVAC, 1955-?: 0,20.

4. "KLISURA" RESTAURANT - MINIĆEVO, 1955-1961: 0,60.

Travel & Tourism:

1. "PUTNIK" TRAVEL AGENCY - *Z*., 1951-1963: 1,00.

2. "RTANJ" TOURIST OFFICE AND RESTAURANT - BOLJEVAC, 1958-1973: 3,00.

3. "SALAŠ" TOURIST ASSOCIATION - SALAŠ, 1961-1966: 0,10.

4. GAMZIGRADSKA SPA, 1934-1945: 0,20.

Transportation:

1. RAILWAY TRACTION SECTION - *Z*., 1919-1966: 12,00.

2. ROAD CONSTRUCTION & MAINTENANCE COMPANY - *Z*., 1948-1954: 0,50.

Handicrafts:

1. "TIMOK" HANDICRAFT COOPERATIVE - *Z*., 19871992: 1,00.

2. "MODA" TAILOR'S SHOP COOPERATIVE - BOLJEVAC, 1958-1964: 0,40.

3. PEASANT SHOEMAKERS COOPERATIVE - KNJAŽEVAC, 1945-1955: 0,20.

Cooperatives:

1. BASIC COOPERATIVE UNION - Z., 1957-1963: 0,20.
2. WORKERS AND CIVIL SERVANTS COOPERATIVE - Z., 1939-1951: 1,00.
3. "NOVOGRADNJA" HOUSING COOPERATIVE - Z., 1959-1966: 4,00.
4. WORKERS AND CIVIL SERVANTS COOPERATIVE - KNJAŽEVAC, 1939-1949: 1,00.
5. KNJAŽEVAC GRAPEVINE COOPERATIVE, 1939-1950: 0,90. SI.
6. "NAPREDAK" BEEKEEPING COOPERATIVE - KNJAŽEVAC, 1954-1961: 0,30. SI.
7. "TIMOK" BEEKEEPING COOPERATIVE - Z., 1953-1990: 0,40. SI.
8. MINIĆEVO MEAT AND DAIRY PRODUCTS COOPERATIVE, 1954-1964: 0,10. SI.
9. HOUSING COOPERATIVE - SALAŠ, 1961-1964: 0,40.

Peasants Cooperatives:

1. "DRAGOLJUB ĐORĐEVIĆ-TIMOŠENKO" - BERČINOVAC, 1949-1953: 1,00.
2. DEBELICA, 1949-1952: 1,50.
3. "BUDUĆNOST" - ZAGRADJE, 1949-1955: 0,20.
4. "LJUBA NEŠIĆ " - Z., 1949-1951: 0,50.
5. "VITOMIR RADENKOVIĆ"-JELAŠNICA, 1949-1954: 0,50.
6. KOPRIVNICA, 1949-1952: 0,50.
7. "JOVAN HADŽIĆ" - KRENTA, 1952-1954: 0,20.
8. "TRESIBABA" - OREŠAC, 1949-1959: 0,10.
9. "NAPRED U NOVO DOBA" - PLANINICA, 1948-1953: 1,60.
10. "DJORDJE SIMEONOVIĆ" - PODGORAC, 1946-1952: 1,00.
11. "PARTIZAN" - BOROVAC, 1950-1953: 0,40.
12. "BISA" - ŠTRBAC, 1949-1954: 0,20.

Farmers cooperatives:

1. BOROVAC 1947-1953: 0,50.
2. BRUSNIK 1947-1953: 0,10.
3. VALAKONjE 1945-1955: 0,20.

4. VELIKI IZVOR 1948-1954: 0,20.
5. VELIKI JASENOVAC 1950-1959: 0,10.
6. VITKOVAC 1930-1957: 0,50. SI.
7. VRATARNICA 1948-1950: 0,10.
8. GRADSKOVO 1954-1960: 0,50.
9. GRLjAN 1937-1952: 0,20.
10. DEBELICA 1920-1962: 0,50. SI.
11. DRENOVAC 1936-1961: 0,50.
12. JAKOVAC 1927-1960: 0,60.
13. JALOVIK IZVOR 1932-1948: 0,20.
14. JELAŠNICA 1954-1962: 0,50. SI.
15. KOŽELj 1920-1960: 0,50.
16. KRENTA 1949-1950: 0,20.
17. LEPENA 1939-1958: 1,00.
18. LUBNICA 1939-1960: 0,10.
19. LUKOVO 1937-1942: 0,20.
20. MALI JASENOVAC 1948-1963: 0,50.
21. MARINOVAC 1948-1954: 0,10.
22. MANjINAC 1938-1956: 0,50.
23. MINIĆEVO 1954-1960: 0,50. SI.
24. NIKOLIČEVO 1947-1953: 0,10.
25. OSNIĆ 1947-1953: 0,10.
26. PETRUŠA 1946-1954: 0,50.
27. PLANINICA 1919-1960: 0,40.
28. PRLITA 1951-1954: 0,20.
29. SELAČKA 1921-1960: 1,00. SI.
30. SUMRAKOVAC 1947-1950: 0,10. SI.
31. TRNOVAC 1921-1957: 2,00.
32. ŠIPIKOVO 1950-1959: 0,20.
33. SALAŠ

“Tarry, pause a day or two / Before you hazard”, *W. Shakespeare*.

Firmness of working (is that which is being recommended) instead of lively risking everything (including workers’ swing, bankers’ sting, entrepreneur-boss-like comprehending of proletarian flocking), even according to instructions of the cited Bard, *wie sehr er sich auch bemühte*.

* * *

To work according to instructions - to assimilate all the more apathetic days into all the more conciliatory ages.

Au ja!

“The discandying of this pelleted storm”, *W. Shakespeare*.

“*Zut·to ī desu*”: To keep crossing to a tranquil condition - to keep all the more airy fitting into finer and finer fabric rendition.

“More pellucid streams; an ampler ether”, *Wordsworth*.

Was du auch sagst, ich finde es schön.

Photograph No. 4 as an angle between the printing shop and the library [or a bookstore, or a reading room, anything which a taciturn person rushes to (or silently moves away from), or, at its stern sign, stops coddled next to it (“*Atode mukae ni kite kuremasen ka*?”), or simply (at that corner) strives to let things still plod through a job (“*Я полагаю, она не приѳет*”)], and yet the picture in question also depicts a significant widening above the roofs of the two buildings and another one, leaned against the two, somewhat larger (and deserted), in the sense of a sky ruptured exactly at the point at which things stop at nothing to stick themselves into said crack like the newest cure would (*piu o meno*), not tested yet but, then, oferred at the moment at which it means the most, at the moment, that is, at which everything which on the given stage [a scene covered by the carbon dust (*una volta per tutte*)] shows itself as a particular uniqueness (*all’aperto*), in fact hesitates to go on at least until tomorrow, looking for said cure for it (tomorrow) not only since yesterday, yet not disowning it already next day, eternally returning to it to maintain the eternity of *Picture No. 4* by presenting the carbon material in question.

* * *

A day neither better nor worse than other days - yet it seems to the birds that they are in paradise. *Immediatamente*.

“The birds chant melody on every bush”, *W. Shakespeare.*

And, anyway, what else can a small black dot, almost a bird, do except to multiply by means of a singing beak (to full around with itself).

Birds as multipliers of an unique anthem - they welcome each afternoon with a flock of stanzas to end their desires (even a bird’s tail would like to nod to someone beneath early evening feathers).

Exultation as operation of rounding off the slowness. *In anticipo*.

Slowness (laziness, sluggishness, fixity, relaxation, stiffness, *i lavori più umili*), in *Photograph No. 4* only seemingly predicted by the slow pace of people in front and at the back of the camera destination understood in the sense of a focus of such a ‘view of the world’, and, in fact, fixed by all their (of the given people, even so few) views of the

present, past and future (*per me è uguale*), which one cannot object at all: slowness of their days does not surrender to them since *Genesis* either, they have had faster moments (stronger passions) too, but they were taken ever since by such a sluggish form of condition, a glaze with which, by means of said picture, even a swift wind (forest blowing) covers itself, taking them over, too, into the rigid order (making easier for them to do the remaining work, *essere di buon umore*).

"Order will render the work facile and delightful", *Evelyn*.

In generale: easiness and enchantment as the Archives determination to persevere on the list of socio-political organizations including

SKS (The Communist League of Serbia) Committees:

1. REGIONAL KPS COMMITTEE - *Z*., 1949-1952: 0,20. SI.

2. DISTRICT KPS COMMITTEE - *Z*., 1945-1947: 0,10. SI.

3. ADMINISTRATIVE SKS COMMITTEE - *Z*., 1944-1968: 25,0. SI.

4. MOK-SKS - *Z*., 1968-1990: 50,0. SI.

5. ADMINISTRATIVE SKS COMMITTEE - KNJAŽEVAC, 1947-1951: 1,80. SI.

6. TOWNSHIP SKS COMMITTEE - *Z*., 1945-1975: 50,00. SI.

7. TOWNSHIP SKS COMMITTEE - VALEVAC, 1955-1956: 0,10m. SI.

8. TOWNSHIP SKS COMMITTEE - VINA, 1955-1957: 0,10. SI.

9. TOWNSHIP SKS COMMITTEE - ŽUKOVAC, 1955-1957: 0,10. SI.

10. TOWNSHIP SKS COMMITTEE - PODVIS, 1956-1957: 0,10. SI.

11. TOWNSHIP SKS COMMITTEE - RGOTINA, 1955-1957: 0,10. SI.

12. TOWNSHIP SKS COMMITTEE - SALAŠ, 1947-1970: 2,00.

SSRN (The Socialist Union of Working People):

1. ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL OF SSRN - *Z*., 1945-1990: book 51; 20,00. SI.

2. INTER-TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE OF SSRN - *Z*., 1975-1990.

3. TOWNSHIP COUNCIL OF SSRN - *Z*., 1944-1969: book 10; 24,00. SI.

4. TOWNSHIP COUNCIL OF SSRN - SALAŠ, 1955-1967: 0,60.

5. LOCAL COUNCIL OF PEOPLE"S FRONT - GRLJAN, 1947-1953: 0,10. SI.

Workers Unions:

1. WORKERS UNION ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL - *Z*., 1945-1967: book 20, box 50; 10,00. SI.

2. INTER-TOWNSHIP COUNCIL OF WORKERS UNION - *Z*., 1975-1990: 10,00. SI.

3. TOWNSHIP COUNCIL OF WORKERS UNION - *Z*., 1956-1990: book 5; 27,00. SI.

4. LOCAL COUNCIL OF WORKERS UNION - *Z*., 1945-1950: 0,10. SI.

5. TOWNSHIP COUNCIL OF WORKERS UNION - SALAŠ, 1958-1965: 0,50. Not ordered.

6. TEACHERS UNION BRANCH - *Z*., 1945-1954: 0,10. SI.

7. HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS UNION BRANCH - *Z*., 1948-1949: 0,10. SI.

Veterans Association of People's Liberation War (PLW/NOR):

1. PLW VETERANS ASSOCIATION OF THE TOWNSHIP OF *Z*., 1946-1967: 5,00.

2. INTER-TOWNSHIP PLW VETERAN ASSOCIATION - *Z*., 1978-1984: 5,00. Not ordered.

3. TOWNSHIP COUNCIL OF PLW VETERAN ASSOCIATION - SALAŠ, 1956-1965: 0,20. Not ordered.

4. RESERVE OFFICERS UNION - SALAŠ, 1963-1966: 0,10. Not ordered.

Disabled Veterans Association:

1. DISTRICT COUNCIL OF DISABLED VETERANS - *Z*., 1946-1967: 0,50. Not ordered.

Socialist Youth Association:

1. YOUTH COMMITTEE OF THE DISTRICT OF *Z*., 1946-1990: book 13, box 29; 15,0. SI.

2. YOUTH COMMITTEE OF THE DISTRICT OF BOLJEVAC, 1948-1955: 0,10. SI.

3. YOUTH COMMITTEE OF THE TOWNSHIP OF *Z*., 1947-1990: book 4; 10,50. SI.

4. YOUTH COMMITTEE OF THE TOWNSHIP OF SALAŠ, 1960-1966: 0,30.

5. ACTION CONFERENCE OF THE SOCIALIST YOUTH ASSOCIATION OF THE FACULTY OF LAW - *Z*., 1977-1988: 2,0.

6. ACTION CONFERENCE OF THE SOCIALIST YOUTH ASSOCIATION OF THE FACULTY OF ECONOMICS - *Z*., 1979-1988: 1,0.

Societies and Associations (Union of Women Associations):

1. REGIONAL COUNCIL OF ANTI-FASCIST WOMEN FRONT - *Z*., 1949-1950: 0,20.

2. DISTRICT UNION OF WOMEN SOCIETIES - *Z*., 1957-1958: 0,10.

Societies and Associations (Professional Associations):

1. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY BRANCH - BOLJEVAC, 1885-1900: 0,10. SI.

2. ASSOCIATION OF BEARERS OF THE ALBANIAN MARCH CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE - *Z*., 1921-1940: 0,50.

Societies and Associations (Humane and Aid Societies):

1. FLOOD VICTIMS AID COUNCIL - BOLJEVAC, 1896-1897: box 1; 0,10.

2. CIRCLE OF SERBIAN SISTERS - *Z*., 1927-1944: 0,10. SI.

3. FIRE BRIGADE - BOLJEVAC, 1933-1940: 0,10.SI.

4. DISTRICT COUNCIL OF THE RED CROSS - *Z*., 1954-1967: 5,00. Not ordered.

5. DISTRICT COUNCIL OF THE RED CROSS - BOLJEVAC, 1914-1945: 0,20. Not ordered.

Societies and Associations (Cultural and Educational Associations):

1. COMMEMORATION COUNCIL FOR MARKING THE CENTENIAL OF LIBERATION OF TIMOK BORDER AREA - *Z*., 1932-1933: book 1; 0,10. SI.

2. COMMEMORATION COUNCIL FOR MARKING 150 YEARS OF DEATH OF FREEDOM FIGHTER VELJKO PETROVIĆ, 1963-?: 0,10.

3. CULTURAL-ARTISTIC SOCIETY MILENKO BRKOVIĆ-CRNI - *Z*., 1951-1956: 0,10m.

4. DISTRICT BRANCH OF SERBIAN GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY - *Z*., 1953-1984: book 2; 0,20.

Societies and Associations (Sport Societies):

1. SOKOLSKO (FALCON) COMPANY - *Z*., 1926-1948: 0,40.

2. SOKOLSKO (FALCON) COMPANY - MARINOVAC, 1934-1937: 0,05.

3. SOKOLSKO (FALCON) COMPANY - SELAČKA, 1933-1940: 0,10.

4. "ČIKA FRANJA" RIFLE CLUB - *Z*., 1933-1956: book 17; 0,30. SI.

5. SOFK (YOUTH SOCCER CLUB) - *Z*., 1950-1966: 1,00.

6. SOFK - SALAŠ, 1964-1965: 0,10.

7. FK (SOCCER/FOTTBALL CLUB) TIMOK - *Z*., 1920-1999: 2,00.

“All now was turned to jollity and game”, *Milton*.

Jollity/game as a first-class organized work.

Das dürfen Sie mir glauben.

* * *

Work as the archived sociableness of jollity/game.

(*Bis auf weiters*).

Picture No. 4 as the first part of the year of *1949* on the *King Peter Square* in *Z*., and the second on (the hill of) *Mačkov Kamen* in *B*.

One thing extending from another (even transfiguring into its tail).

(*Ничего подобного не видел*).

And here too, a dwelling completed (in *Z*.), the other (in *B*.) started, as we moved in a fourgon from the first (rented) apartment to the second (also rented, also consisting of a kitchen and a room, only a property of another landlady).

(*Мы получили разрешение у начальства*).

That is how the story goes, and likely true - if for no other reason, then because I remember that the grownups [our uncles, aunts, grandparents too, who had not moved their feet out of *B*. (*ajournement*)] agreed with our parents 'on that topic'; what exactly they were told in connection with the move and what they really thought about it (the railroad-based 'Odyssey' - *asoko ni*) is of no importance now, in the same way in which it is unimportant whether it indeed happened that way or squeezed itself between these lines as a porcupine between its needles, persisting on the truth of others as on its own skin, riding away on that same (freight) train to a station's repose in the midnight glue (burning out the three year old feast that night too).

For, such a period lasted exactly so long (or, possibly, a couple of months longer) - the period, that is, illustrated in *Pictures 1*, *2*, *3*, and *4* in order to gain in graphicalness, although possibly uncatchable by a good heart.

Allt tillsammans.

Picture No. 4, therefore, as the last link (on the chain) of *Z*. and the first of *B*. (*Kan ni upprepa det, tack*?), two transitory towns in the case dealt with here [and in which, as it is known, i.e., as can be seen from the 'structure' of EPHEMERIS, a flower after flower took this writer from those places to the end of the world – a frozen tower (*Kan ni visa på kartan var jag är*?)], and yet a photograph that keeps all its trump cards in the middle too (*efter första trafikljusen*), making them levitate, that is, making them put on airs, in order to avoid to fall aside, 'placing things where they belong' [focusing them while still getting along (*starslaget*)], not liberating those few passers by from *Fata Morgana* of their destination, on the contrary, lighting up their road towards it, presenting itself, in other words, as a *Photograph of Time To Come*.

Time To Come in the sense that it is that to which everything goes, including people from *Picture No. 4*, though in a rather small number [at most *5* or *7* (counting also those who, in its top portion, find themselves underneath a bare tree)], who, because of that, invest all their moves into their purpose, without calculating too much, but also without being too much carried away while dealing with peripherals, rather paying attention to where things are and how to go around them, under heavy sky [with some sterling silver (*romantikst*)] stepping straight ahead (a believer's head!), not moving away too much but not hesitating to instantaneously disappear from all that either [from all that which can and cannot be seen (in the given picture, *Καλως ηλθατε*!)], that is, to vanish in the sea of fairy tales (*Felicidades*!), making sure, though, that they (the tales) have such a moral of the story with which every escape, including theirs, can be justified (*Muito boa viagem*!), even though it is not an escapism but, according to them, just a convenient move to solve "much of that", for example a bewilderment, or melancholy, or prolonging this same day into all others that, only seemingly, add to the necklace of all of them, which (because of that) can be too tight but they, exactly because of that,

find another victim for it [a mighty colossus by itself although, occasionally, a discarded speck too (*mush*i)], while they themselves change into a lighter state (*sukunaku-tomo*), neither sufficiently light for them to start flying, nor heavy enough to sink into the ground, rather a *state in between* that both a worm and a bird can be fond of and by means of which they "have a chance to get rid of the misery", appreciating all other combinations yet persevering on their own, walking, therefore, towards something that surely lures them, or (if not enticing them) moves them over to *Xanadu*, an *Asian* city introduced to the *European* scene by the *Coleridge* poem *Kubla Khan*, which is also enough for them to be able to, with a bit of imagination, seize a more exotic solution, having ineradicably vanished from *Z*., having dropped in at *B*. for a while, all the time traveling toward an airy mind's eye, almost believing it.

* * *

B. as a tail of *Mačkov Kamen* (Cat's Rock), *Mačkov Kamen* as a moustache of *B*.

Steki na!

Having arrived, therefore, from *Z*. to *B*. in said fourgon, we stepped into the kitchen and room on (the hill of) *M. Kamen* as into *Zared* ("*Exuberant Growth*" - Num. 21. 12.), even if the landlady of the bungalow, featuring the premises, had additionally shrunk some of them.

Which she did not (with only a word she crossed over the welcoming note, swearing about 'comfort').

I did grow up a bit there, but not enough to get overworked.

Therefore, we were jumping tirelessly [we, the children of the yard, although possibly - singing even in the dead of the night - of other yards too, including promenading-operatical and sepulchering-acoustical ones (*Murmeln spielen*)], full of choir-like strongpoint, although it is true that we hadn't gotten carried away with ourselves (stiffened more by family bringing up than by external stumbling).

[Having grown up, even a man gets crushed into a chick child, something poultry-like - flown off from the heel of tide.

As, however, arriving from a childhood to a later age (and existing at such a place!) can only be welcomed (however it tightens), a few would like not to try it (the world is a place where the black whitens!).

"One pestilent fine", *Suckling*].

One pestilent fine - which may also be a required impression of oneself in order not to vanish.

("*Lass meine Sachen in Ruhe*!").

* * *

For, to vanish from the life was not a recommended thing to do even on the Cat's Rock (*Mačkov K*.), regardless of how much one would (like to) boast.

Although, not everyone comprehended (even) that.

"The student who has read much in his profession is saved from innumerable blunders", *John Bach McMaster*.

Learning (in the sense of reading) as a sullenness of blunder.

[Blunder as indecency of learning (in the sense of reading).

Zum Beispiel: "*Ich habe eine schreckliche Schrift*"].

Although, none of us children (nor, for that matter, grownups) vanished there (on the hill of *M. Kamen*), even less sank into the ground.

(Such one would not have returned at all).

For, the riches were all over that place (so much wealth, without gold's trace).

"Riches do not consist in having more gold and silver, but in having more in proportion than our neighbors", *Locke*.

But, because our neighbors did not have anything either (*vielleicht ein Schlafanzug*), it was easy for us to fit into the *Locke* scheme, in fact so easy that we could easily start flying, if I didn't catch diphtheria, *per farla breve*.

I caught diphtheria in such a way as to immediately collapse during playing *hide and seek*, after *tag*.

I remember arrival of the ambulance vehicle and funny words in *Serbian* language my mother was uttering in the hospital room (during I was envisioning and she keeping vigil), for example, "*bella, bella, bella*", which (I can see it now!) meant "*my pretty one*", neglecting some irregularity in the sense of not observing a grammatical rule, but that was not for me to judge, *Ich hätte es dir vorher sagen sollen*.

The hospital itself was at the same place at which it is at the present (http://www.med.bg.ac.yu/?sid=217&oj=24), and this time around I surely have enough to say about it, but, hesitating, I only remember a dim hallway, laid transversally with respect to the longitude of days bound only by mornings, nights and spiritual disadvantages of soul, so that the only thing descending under its own name down said hallway (crossing with the subject time) was its infectiousness with itself, only for the days laying one here another there to finally discern which road to take to return to themselves, and which to vanish leaving for *Zoar* (according to Gen. 13. 10. - *Smallness*).

Released from the hospital, we returned to *M. Kamen* (C. Rock) likely in a haste.

Immediately, I started to play (no one waited for the wings at the time, in contrast to the things nowdays).

The omnipotence, actually, comes in sight when a man (or a child, all the same) hangs on its tail as on its moustaches, having compelled it to swing from its royal joint.

("*Du bist dran*", saying to it during the occasion).

Although even with it, of course, one would keep going towards *The Same*, already (and so often) described in these writings [as if every time it was different, and not always (and only) *The Same*]

"What need a man forestall his date of grief / And run to meet what he would most avoid?", *Milton*.

From the hospital straight to the street - that is how taboos of those times were being demolished!

Правда глаза колет.

* * *

From the yard around the mentioned (couple of) premises where, therefore, in that year (the year of *1949*), so well-balanced (without a particular drawback, practically thoroughly), we dwelled so heartily, one would normally go out to

the street through a loose door in the fence less than a meter high, yet illuminated by the peak of everything else, for example: *potential*, *smooth talk*, and *lightness of conviction* (chopping up the traces of leprosy in all that, through the remnants of the hospital incident), so that, once on the given street, one could comprehend the reality as something complacent and nice by itself (the benevolence as a virtuous charity of things, even though, since then, burried by them), making it possible to join playing (with other children) as if joining a straightforward stream (fitting into the expectation of perfection without hesitation, *iniziare a fare qualcosa*).

"How commentators each dark passage shun", *Young*.

From playing on the street I remember a pine rearing into the sky during the least cherished hopes it would be doing that - during a practically uninterrupted (long and hazy) noon of a humble psyche, that is.

Humble in the sense that it was not aspiring to heartlessly spread to the crown of the tree in question; rather looking, in fact, as spiritualness of a little cherub, but that was not possible to hush up forever.

(*È stata dura*).

(Not even the next hour can be lulled by itself to sleep through an intoxication with play, let alone an adolescent pleiad).

(An adolescent) pleiad as an (accelerated) positivism by means of which the "gap between generations" can be bridged, an example of which may be found in presentations of the relevant material of "houses of culture" like *The Historical Archive of B*., due to the lack of its own site borrowed from the presentation at http://www.b.......org.yu/cms/view, from which one can see that the Archive has been

"Founded by a decree of the Executive Committee of People's Council of the City of *B*., in *September*, *1945*. The fundamental Archive activity is the protection of the archival material during its creation, processing and sorting, as well as providing it to the end users and publishing it. The above functions are performed on behalf of all *16* boroughs of the city of *B*.

The office space is *4,450*m^2, of which *2,400*m^2 is allocated to the storage. The latter contains *2,521* units equivalent to *12,283*m of archival material. The material covers the period from the middle of the eighteenth century to the end of the twentieth century and includes the archives of the governmental, judicial, industrial, health and cultural institutions, societies, associations, as well as the personal and family fonds and collections.

So far, the Archive published about *50* publications, including collections of material and studies regarding the city of *B*. (The City of *B*. Historical Archive Guide in two volumes, The City of *Zemun* Historical Archive of the First Serbian Uprising, The Rise of the City of *B*. - in two volumes, The Minutes of the Executive Committee of the People's Liberation Movement of the City of *B*. during *1944-1945*, The City of *B*. Between the Two Wars...).

The Archive is yearly visited by about *5,000* people interested in researching the archive material and obtaining public documents for various administrative purposes (length of service, property papers...). The Historical Archive of the city of *B*. has *57* employees, *2/3* of which are specialists, the rest working on general matters".

Это должно сработать.

* * *

In *B*. as in *Z*. - the same story everywhere (freed from exclamations as much as used to revelations): an ephemerality that finally managed to get to a strategic archive, finding its promised place only in it (like an ant pulsating in the yellow

hive), that is, bequeathing one bit after the other to the dust, fading away the morning into the noon fast (having even rolled the reverberation of letters dust into ephemerality of the reading selection of the past).

"Emptiness and the waste wide / Of that abyss", *Tennyson*.

A reading selection in the sense of writing down the facts and storing such obtained note observations in order to gain in factual life (*Denk gut nach*!), promoting it to an elastic impulse (*vorsichtig*), a prickly reflection which, suddenly thrown out of permanent silence (*es liegt links*), can be found as being freshly received even by a dreamy inventor, the one who did not let it rest on the paper without producing any further results (*nicht gewillt sein, etwas zu tun*), instead - he had brought it (by means of an insolent invasion between the covers of documentation, a liberation from the caged facts) to the attention of curious persons of all colors and convictions (*una folla di curiosi*), leaving to them what to do with it (whether to exult with such a ripped out part of the past wholeness, or to let it expire again).

Cullarersi nel dolce far niente.

But also a reading selection in the sense of a just started tale, story telling whose end is not in view (nor does it lack multicolor motives), a material to read for with it each epopee is to be accounted for, even if it was an exact copy of the previous one (and the one that will come), a stock of memories that would not be renounced even by Mrs. *Poyser* (a heroine of *G. Eliot*'s "*Adam Bede*"), a farmer's wife remarkable for the sharpness of her tongue, that is, her pithy and epigrammatic sayings.

(And all that is so because) the shadows of wickedness are always threatening.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought. As well as want of heart", *Hood*.

In order for a man (even if a child) to get rid (in whatever way) of however small, little devils, on a daily basis, in *B*. too (as in Z.) one was counting on co-operation - with the archived essence (even so dry).

(*Cullarersi in vane speranze*).

Everyone could have liked it at the time, more exactly, everyone who wanted to do so, or at least those with enough liveliness in themselves, like the one noticed by *Swift*:

"I am glad he has so much youth and vigor left, of which he has not been thrifty".

Which was exactly the state by which one could describe the "world of streets of those times" (including the world of the street subjugated to the present scrutinization, *hai, gozaimasu*), whose *mélange* could have been interpreted this and that way (*ja, onegai shimashu*), that is which, in addition to a certain overemphasizing of gesture, could not have been reduced to an actor's charade, on the contrary, such a walking-like composition of not only *Mačkov Kamen* (Cat's Rock) but of the entire (reverberating) *B*., too, was supposed to be classified under the kind of a progression with which every age threads upon - when spills out from a flint-stone (referring to the revolutionary enthusiasm *vis-a-vis* petit bourgeois in a luring yawn), and starts out the *New Age* (becomes accustomed to caustical writing), *Μετα Φιλοδωρηματος*.

"It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind", *Alexander Pope*.

To keep filling up the soul with bliss (as always).

Einatmen.

* * *

(As always) to keep discovering various small steps of a storm trooper into the old age, on the street of childhood.

Ausatmen.

Since, however, the old age is an orderly growing up, to be storming there practically adds nothing.

"The same weakness of mind which indulges absurd expectations, produces petulance in disappointment", *Irving*.

Until we got older, therefore, on the street in question we played the game of finding one another in the yester years.

Only, the Cat's Rock (*Mačkov Kamen*) at the time was the Fox's Ditch (*Lisičji Jarak*): not even *B*. is so callow to prevent its district parts from the change using a fabric radiating the old wisdom - to weave into a bubble and, before the meow, fly off like a fox.

Verschnaufen.

Which is what we did, having moved to *Zvezdara* (Starry Hill) next summer.

Hellblau.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 5:* Long Live Our Labor!)

The move was done with the help of an Army truck. (I even remember admiring it as a little child. It is not a joke to drive such a thing, I thought, observing lorry's turns, often wild).

Das ist mein Ernst.

The pavilion-type residential building at *No. 7* in the *A.* street could only be entered across the boards placed above the sewage and drainage ditches, so much the whole scene abounded in architecture.

It was the end of *August*, or beginning of *September*, although it is possible that all that happened when I [a four year old (*in seguito*)] had started showing interest in some greater numbers of the *New Age* which, especially that year, the year of *1950*, could have been easily broken in two such months if one counted only summer, which indeed was the case and which, in whatever way to take it, puts the whole move of such attributes into the frame of, before all, affectionate and thus warm exertions, at moments very hot (*entrain*), particularly when it became necessary to load (then unload) home furnishings of the uniformed person arrived to peace, *per sempre*.

("Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth", 1 Kings xviii. 27.)

For, we got there as a military family of our father (*A.*), while everything else kept dreaming in civilian Paradise.

{Even in spite of the amassment of desires, that is, just having fused them into a single one [as if people knew in which ambush deadly arrow lies for them (and smiles!)].

(*Они договорились между собой*).

"It is the society of numbers which gives hardihood to iniquity", *Buckminster*}.

Although the pavilion we entered was like the others in the street: looking neither better nor worse, neither larger nor smaller, neither light nor dark (only if it had slightly tilted into a welcome, making sure not to crack).

Having brought all our things in, we immediately stopped fancying the others (those times were different from these - a hornless wasn't showing his teeth to a horned one, that is, the craving to the fulfilling).

Also, having brought all the things in, we had indeed brought in everything (those times were different from these - in which one can hear as *the next* is sobbing: presenting itself as the newest necessity, stuttering its agile words while probing).

"Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?", *W. Shakespeare*.

* * *

That is how things looked that year (the year of *1950*): in the very process of erecting one-storey buildings, both *Construction* and *Reconstruction* started hurrying up, conveniently represented with the help of *Photograph No. 5* (taken from http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1203c08.htm).

[*Construction* and *Reconstruction* as *Logical Renaissance* (at which point *Didactical Humanism* was implied by itself, *selbstverständlich*)].

Photograph No. 5 as a seal of vivacity (enthusiasm/inspiration), the culmination of such a zealous, almost emerald embodiment (of a girl not holding back from the steering wheel of prosperity), an endless ardor (whose pulse spreads all the way to that other, seductive world), together with makadam (stones, gravel over a flower) a road leveled toward the zenith of the summer, the route by means of which (at that) even a distant target is to be aimed at its very center, the exultation of revulsion (a flash of an epopee - what a bliss!), strengthening of the sky instead of eaves, a rapture into which a waste land enters (it too!) in order to warm up (no miss!), pushing toward the chivalrous glare (allowing eyes to stare).

("*Ich drängelete mich durch*").

"The castle of *Macduff* I will surprise", *W. Shakespeare*.

An exemplary interchange of force.

"The usurped power of the pope being destroyed, the crown was restored to its supremacy over spiritual men and causes", *Blackstone*.

Provided that a star instead of the crown was understood here.

Allmählich solltest du das wissen.

* * *

To emerge on the stage of a magnificent scene, to step out to the road of muscular hope (*alles beim Alten lassen*), to swing the wheelbarrow full of *Bulk Cargo* destined for the *New Age* with a sudden move to the left [or right, both sides being on the same, iconoclastic side (*Ολα μαζι*)], to expose oneself to the sights of endeavourers of exactly the same, progressive-based march ("*Απλως χαζευω*"), to place oneself into the straight line of desirable journey of a woman [to help the two men, underneath mantra of a juniper tree, to avoid their glances go astray - to have their thoughts unify without dismay], to keep unloading oneself to the pedestal of collectivism, with bare feet to reach the all famous omnipotence (to stroll like a czar!), to not rely on the croaking from the pond of equivalence (to go afar off, afar!)

(In the manner of *Great Bard*) to exclaim:

"Do not interrupt me in my course!" (*W. Shak.*).

Having not pulled out from the alliance with body, fully contended, one is to start ascending towards his/her spirit ("*Quero isto*"), i.e. starting to soar economically (eventually having rolled down through a rapture), three times saying "Towards Her!" ("Towards Her! Towards Her! Towards Her!"), thinking of *Tirhakah*, Unattainable Distance (2 Kin. 19. 9.).

That is how one arrives to a piquant joint. (*Bem-vindo*!)

There, in such one harbor (next to so many barcaroles, over all those, warmed up poles), the freedom did not dawn with just one sail [did not open like a bashful verse (*juste milieu*)], on the contrary, all that there (both the young and the old, as if it was collected by a hand of cold) quickly got down to a lengthy voyage (*One, two, three*! - listen to their call to homage): having found their sweet silhouette in an elevated destination (having started flying up, whimpering as a brunette in an awkward situation) - strengthening the basic soil all day and all night, shaping it with their zeal (having squeezed it as if it was a working surface - what a deal!)

Essere in vita.

[In a word, behaving like *Hutchinsonians*, the believers in the opinions of *John Hutchinson* of *Yorkshire*, a philosopher and naturalist of the eighteenth century, who rejected *Newton*'s doctrine of gravitation, and maintained that the Old Testament Scriptures embraced a complete system of natural science as well as of theology.

"The evidence of this truth is bright", *Watts*].

That is how this small ray of something nicer can be seen in all that in the first place (in spite of the present, opposite tirade).

"Books will speak plain, when counselors blanch", *Bacon*.

* * *

Picture No. 5 as an archival proof of one, above all, sentimental probity - to get into the world repair assumes the emotion of one *Grieux des Chevalier* [a young man ruined by his love for *Manon* in the novel "Manon Lescaut" by *Abbé Prévost*], or at least a similar dose of calmed fermentation (even an episode of self pity), something that (however to take it) sweetly spreads (even partly) when quieting down tartly [at the sign of an incarnation, it starts soothing its shady formation ("*Non lo sapevate nemmeno voi*!")], not hesitating which way to take towards 'reality of life' (counting on the pulse of constructive curiosity as long as the other pulses are in the same way cheerful - talk about pomposity!?), judging that one can succeed by simply constructing.

Imstande sein, etwas zu tun.

(On the other side of life, this side is always kept aside.

Immer schöner).

Let us take, for instance, only the pavilions that, behind the scene in question [crowded with the heroes of said reorganization (*für immer*), storm troopers from one to the other era of reduced endurance, men/women of great hopes and even greater desires (*bis ins zwanzigste Jahrhundert*)], let us, thus, consider the buildings in question, the edifices that glitter not as much due to such a nice (summer) day (*immer wieder*) as due to a white pebble in it (a joy squeezed next to the just built dwelling) - that is how those quarters in the *A.* street of the city of *B.* looked like if that could be presented so simply (if it was not to do with the *entireness*, and that at *a hundred percent*, each one *benevolent*).

Although, even a speck of *per-mill* is enough for a thing to rise and fill.

Even though, “Like a drunken sailor on a mast / Ready with every nod to tumble down” (*W. Shakespeare*), so that one still ought to be watchful.

That something like that later indeed happened is not to be taken so literally - it would have happened even without the given scene (as soon as a thing becomes agitated, it twists at once - as just stated).

But, then, one was rejoicing while heather was sparkling.

* * *

At the time, namely, it was possible to walk down the *A*. street with simple little steps of an ant, yet leaving an impression of a strolling lion.

Sugu.

All that sprouted from the ground (all that smoked from it), was already covering (at that time) the dug up passage (the *A*. street) by the very fact of ascending (*Subarashī*!) - in order to still have something left for descending, one had to creep through (said) heather, but even that would elevate him by the virtue of doubtless grass (*Triodia decumbens* shows itself as a dainty to every real ant - regardless of its mass), in case of no other option, *per combinazione*.

[After all, a sympathy can always be folded over by another sympathy, as long as both the railroad and railway tracks last (*tornare utile*).

“Hence different passions more or less inflame / As strong or weak, the organs of the frame”, *Alexander Pope*].

Although, all that we can see from *Photograph No. 5* also depends on (our) readiness for leveling of the locality - a certain hearty consent to the imperfection of going into a shell, even though all our wrappings (into the purple of becoming overgrown with grass, the fabric of eagerness, *in casa*) could have also been described as an agreement to self-sacrifice - and yet, our projection of picture into place (place into picture) does not end there (in the kernel of camera, the tongue of light, the palate encompassing only that spot, *ordinare a qualcuno di fare qualcosa*), it rather widens by a classical mime (*una notizia*), in that it carries a good will gesture, which (in this case) could be classified under convenient descriptions of nature, like

“The stalk of ivy is tough, and not fragile”, *Bacon*

&

“Fragrant the fertile earth / After soft showers”, *Milton*

although even then (during the time in question - the year of *1950*) at no moment it slipped one’s mind that, actually, all that was to do with amassing the sparkling pieces of each such day spent in the cooperative of just created street, *da solo*.

In other words,

“Gather up the fragments that remain”, John vi. 12.

&

“That I may know how frail I am”, Ps. xxxix. 4.

were our subconscious promoters [paramount doves - all of them end-to-end flyers (*fare strada*)], which we, overfilled with our movements, were throwing into the same whirlpool - both when it lights up and when it darkens (when it is

clear and when it gets cloudy), and when a white day changes to dusk (practically - having squeezed into an evening's mask), and shadowiness settles.

Cosi va bene.

* * *

A strong sensibility [separated from pathos by (the process of) unloading the lignite from the wheelbarrow of a young woman full of her personal blaze ("*Che aspetto ha*?")] can be seen in the subject picture, therefore, reducing the *Earthly* things to the *Paradise* ones, the *Paradise* to the *Project* ones, having reached the foundation of depositing into *all that*.

(*All that* as *kriegspiel*).

Accordingly, said picture can also be viewed as not only a mere connection between the male portion of nearby observers (laid down under a rather small tree of a darker juniper type) and said heroine, a girl who makes them sigh with the very mention of adoration already (having moved the unruly behavior to the center of earth by means of the unswerving current), having bent in her right hip just to spoil the tranquility of their souls, having made things such that even the one who approaches them with the raised hand (in the uniform of a White Guard!) surrenders to her blush himself blushed, having called in sweat.

Qualcosa del genere.

With which they (persons in question) confirmed a sustainable half of the claim according to which

"Men have marble, women waxen minds" (*W. Shak.*),

having also coated their winding road (make believe made of said marble) with the wax of the outstanding worker woman (free of trouble).

Per fortuna!

[The road by which one can arrive to the ultimate side of the world (*Divertiti*!) encompasses with its noose all those hot (adoring) summers - having wrapped them into the ribbon of landscape (a strip of lights), it itself falls (curves) underneath the shower of those sights].

Photograph No. 5 as a communication peak consequently (*у меня душа горит*): a couple of female protagonists under the watchful eye of the woman-sergeant [although placed a bit aside (*не горит*)] and the men tightened by the superb manhood [although caught at the moment of the formation pause (*гори все синим огнем*!)] can be understood one way or the other but it is the description of the front members of a signal-corps unit (the members of said unit at a crucial front line) which best describes them - between maximum action and relaxed attention there is nothing except a sign-based infatuation (encoded passion), anyway.

Picture No. 5 as a price of reputation.

Schick angezogen.

* * *

Since our move, as it has been said, was realized by means of a military truck, carried away by peace - we moved into the abode in question (it must be said) in an atypical manner.

{We only fell short of letting free from the truck cabin [at the point of our destination (a refuge of the route, target of the

hemmed elation)] a white dove (with an olive branch in its golden beak), and thus, in a machinelike way, falling short of becoming (even if in a jargon) classical "peace keepers"!

(*Die Schuld auf jemanden schieben*)}.

At *No. 7*, *A*. street, we were supposed to feel like at home - hence such warm prongs [this did not come just like that, nor was it dated as just another day (full of quiet gongs)].

An entire greenhouse, under given conditions, would not have replaced, at that spot, the one and only (residential) flower (*schießlich doch*) - without itself overheating at noon at which said blossom (the residential shoot) is hardly to offer its tribute (for example, to bend in its calyx, yet becoming lively in the corona!), setting again as prescribed by the etiquette in the neighborhood (that used to be) made of seven or eight residential pavilions.

(*Etwas aus etwas schließen*).

These buildings, according to everything said so far, were characterized by not jumping out from the prescribed row (the line "accentuated in the urban planning proposal"), continuing in it in the manner of a jointed giant (*schlange stehen*), laid on one shell bone (holding the sky on the other) at the "lower" side of the street, if under the "upper" one understands the side on which, long before that (before the WW2! - *auf lange Sicht*), an assembly of the same, cube-like (but certainly smaller) houses spilled in the manner of intimate barbiturates, and if both of these (leveled with a paramount parallelism) "dwelling solutions" can be classified under the associativity of residing as a phenomenon of a dweller's fitting into the solid cubic meter of each such residence - so that one could not really say that living space was in want.

There even was a room for a small playing field, whose grass blades we ate in each starry evening full of guerilla hunger (conspiringly advancing towards ruining the *Moderna*, remaining loyal to the classical arrangement).

"The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass", *Thomson*.

The burnished nights of a cozy darkness - even when coming to their senses, they do not stop glimmering.

Odlade champinjoner.

In the pavilions people could reside solidly, in the field they could juggle validly, why be picayune?

In other words, what else was one to probe without being green?

The beautiful days of beautiful summer of that year ought to be spared as shelters (so that every one can see and know how people shun the winter in the mix of their lives), and in them (the havens) to persist on red hot righteousness.

With which one was becoming immortal.

("In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death", Prov. xii. 28).

That is - archived!

("*Jag är i en turistgrupp*").

* * *

With our move (from *Z*.) to *B*., our Archive changed too. It became the Archive of the STATE.

From http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a100002a.htm:

“The original initiative to found the Archive of the Yugoslav State, itself founded in *1918*, and passing the law regulating the Archive authority and activity, was provided by the Committee of the State Archive in Beograd (presently - the Archive of Serbia) in *1922*.

Preparations and work on a proposal of the law took place until *1935*, yet the law was not passed and founding of the Archive remained only an idea.

After the *WW2*, in *1950*, a General Law regarding the state archives was passed. With this law, the STATE ARCHIVE OF FNRJ was founded. The Archive changed its name several times since then.”

And where would the end to the shifting archival works be if its *REGULATORY MEANS* (every once in a while) were not changing as well? Making it (the manner of storing data) more bearable (or, at least, more relative) that way.

(“*Vem reser ni med*?”).

From the same address, therefore:

“The immediate application of the federal rules and regulations and the General Law regarding state archives were of a particular significance for systematic gathering of the archive material. The State Archive of FNRJ, with its headquarters in Beograd, worked under the supervision of the Ministry for Science and Culture of the Government of FNRJ, that is, the Council for Science and Culture of the Government of FNRJ, and, during *1953*, as an independent federal body under the name of the STATE ARCHIVE OF FNRJ. The General Law regarding state archives regulated not only the founding of the STATE ARCHIVE OF FNRJ but also of the state archives of the republics and other archives in the country.

The Federal Assembly passed the Law regarding the Archive of Yugoslavia in *1964*. Since then, the name of the Archive is Archive of Yugoslavia. The law directs the Archive to: register, gather, put together, process, maintain, publish according to need, and provide for use the archival material of a particular interest for the federation.

The archival material of a particular interest is: material of federal governmental agencies, federal institutions and federal agencies of socio-political and other organizations of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia; material of federal agencies, organizations founded to work on behalf of the federation; material of federal services; material of socio-political and other organizations, as well as material belonging to private persons whose work is of a general interest for the Yugoslav state. According to the law, the Archive of Yugoslavia had the status of a cultural institution, while the supervision regarding the legal basis of its work was under the authorized governmental agency.

A new law of the Archive of Yugoslavia was passed in *1973* (“incidentally” - the year *M. Г.* left the country); within the frame of statutory matter, the law planned for the Archive to have the status of an institution founded to work on projects of interest for realizing the functions of federal agencies. The legal supervision was under the Federal Ministry for Legal Affairs and General Management. In view of rights and duties of the Archive regarding the archival material, the law outlined for the Archive to: register, gather, put together, process, maintain, publish according to need, and provide for use the archival material created in work of central state agencies and institutions, central bodies of political parties and professional, trade and other organizations and associations of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia; also to find, select, gather, put together, process, maintain, keep, publish and provide users with the archival material created during the work of federal agencies and institutions founded to do work of interest to realizing the functions of the organs of the federation, as well as of the central organs of socio-political and other organizations and associations of citizens at the federal level”.

What happened since *1973* (including what happened in that year) - had been recorded in "W. M" (and so on).

Gaido.

Until then - it was as it had been recorded in the Archives.

(*Gaido-buk·ku*).

To which we return, and that - at once:

In the *A*. street, in the city of *B*., anything could be imagined but not collapsed.

For example, hopefulness could not have been collapsed.

(It could have been imagined, though.

Gaido-tsuki tuā).

If one would say "hope for a better tomorrow", he would risk to sound pathetically, but it was not that (putting pathetic aside) which one (like that) would have said, he would have rather entrenched the grandiosity itself before the penetration of a piercing doubt - so happy he was.

Hoschō.

And although already (in a *Miltonian* way) quoted, it wouldn't be bad to cite such a condition again:

"All now was turned to jollity and game", *Milton*.

That's how the street in question (in the city in question, *de un dia para el*) looked like, without blaming me for an exaggeration (*otra vez*).

For, to have where and when to get carried away while playing (with a smiling face), automatically classified the *A*. street (in the city of *B*.) into factual truth (desirableness into attainability), intention into accomplishment [numbness into pre-fermentation (*en todas partes*)], as long as *Reconstruction and Construction* lasted [as long as, from his window, one could see co-operation (*en cualquier parte*)], even though it is a fact that all that was dug out (and that sewer next to a sewer were those sweets that we children liked).

Sewer next to a sewer - when one is a lucky gambler!

Lo que pasa es que.

* * *

When one is a lucky gambler (when the winds are willing), even at the finish line he's a master starter.

Gar nicht schlecht.

But we were still far from a finish line [we had just moved in (*in Gang bringen*)], and so we did not care about the disorder of our tiny street in the sense of a negligent infrastructure.

I liked the most to play with thoughts.

(How to slip the ball through the opponent's legs, for example, whereby the opponent would be from *K*. street. Next to the *A*. street, that is, this other street, *K*., was swiftly being marked out, so that one didn't have to worry about company, it was enough to accelerate oneself).

“And let me the canakin clink”, *W. Shakespeare*.

Oh, those days, blue lilacs in the sun rays.

Gärung.

We had two armies, one from our, the other from the neighboring street.

Gerecht gegen alle.

(At which, ours was the *A*. street, the neighboring the *K*. street, as it has already been said and as it usually happens).

And all that would have been all right if it was not to do with serious intentions of the gunners - this way, every once in a while, some would return home aided by a cannonball made of mud.

Hence one had to quiet down, but it did not happen.

On the contrary, we kept on playing (in the *A*. street, having often confused it with the *K*. street).

Sostentamento.

* * *

The yellowish days of a dusty *September* - not even in a whiter version they would have had a greater time; after all, since when does one have to wrap in black to attract a benign radiation (to make the heat absorbed in people without bad transformation)?

Direttamente.

This way, all that took it easy (brought itself to its senses) at the first sign of *October* (once *September* did not present itself in a more difficult manner, why would one complicate the situation?), all that was left to be done was to rub the hands - and continue in the old way.

Kontinuität.

To continue in the old way - to dive along the *A*. street.

(*Das tut nichts zur Sache*).

“Imploring all the goods that reign above”, *Alexander Pope*.

So that, taking the *A*. street, it was possible to arrive to the self [if one can say that a four year old was not in something like that already (*das ist es ja gerade*!)], which could have been reflected only in a good way (could have ended up only as a good thing).

That is why all of us (children from the given street) were to chase a light breath of the wind - letting every one fly into his/her own storm (which, then, was to be counted as theirs).

A sigh upon a sigh of time - and its entire yawn gapes already.

(*Geregelt*).

At #7 in the *A*. street, specifically, most of all we were managing the remaining number of smiles: directed up, ahead, into a cracked wideness, and if an atom of a grin would fall from the sky to our life's stream - that would have been enough!

It was known then too, in other words, who the boss was and who the servant: *King Chance* (whom we call like that, for that is all we are skilled in).

"Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness", Isa. xxxii. 1.

King Chance as constancy of righteousness - whenever one starts doubting the latter, He (from his radiant throne) sees to it to shine light on another chance of such one, the chance with which he is to stop acting and bend over happy.

Sōmei na.

* * *

Exactly by filling those days of ours with such a beauty of thoughts, one could and could not dodge a bad hint - namely, (even then) one was able to arrive to Paradise via a doubtful collection of selected passions, and miss it via the doubtless (assortment of the same), *shimái ni wà*.

Since we (children from the *A*. street, as well as those from the *K*. street) were doing everything else except doubting, it was normal to expect that our Paradise Gate would always stay open - it was only needed (every day) to pass quickly through it, and already cosmic flowers would be showing many colors, *zenpanteki ni mītè*.

This indeed was the case, at least when nothing else would show on horizon (for example, a small shadow).

Was it not, after all, already have been said that

"The Lord blesseth the habitation of the just", Prov. iii. 33.

and had we not (all of us from said street) already dwelled in such a construction?

Dwelling as judging the current justifiableness. (*Ist das für mich*?)

For, just a glance at *Photograph No. 5* makes it easy to see what a light ardor abounds in such a glowing scene of our clear days, for even the smallest doubt to find its place in the beauty of all those things forever (without any precedence whatsoever)! *Vor allem*.

Just to have a look at the swing of the cheerful female outstanding worker (to listen in the alert whizzing of her eyelash - a top sparrow), to let her barefoot take hold of the wheelbarrow (to make her exploit rule the roost while her face shines so mellow), to take an attitude of something like that (neither too wide nor overly narrow) - and it is possible to talk about the essence of things.

The essence of things as a pith of construction. *Яйцо*.

The pith of construction as terseness of the heroine (shown bearing the essence of things). *Сущность*.

The essence of things: Long live our labor!

* * *

(*Photograph No. 6:* Doubleness As Exceptionality of Accommodation)

Of course, “time has simply flown by” and the year of *1951* was its (the time in question) next sympathy, it even presented itself (to said time) as an “extra” affection - attributing to it all the advantages of the second half of the twentieth century (not hesitating to dishevel even if living a proper life), drinking bottoms up of all future feasts (without putting on airs about some ‘*faux-pas*’), mainly whooping.

[Without being petty about the fact that portraying still nature by means of human feelings and acts (a year which “presents” itself, that is, “attributes advantages”, “does not hesitate to dishevel”, “drinks bottoms up”, “without putting on airs” at that), without nagging, therefore, about the fact that such a description can in truth be classified as a *depressed deceit / pathetic fallacy*, and that with such an approach to things one has to convince them (said things) about his sincerity so much that they really start doing all that, or (both he and they) start to mind their own business, for some people are lucky, others are not, *das wärs*].

For which one needed a “hundred lives”. (*Sich wiederholen*).

Which our lives (lives of all of us from *A.* street, also *K.* street) certainly were (having taken into account all that could have gone wrong with them, for instance drying out).

For, who is going to get stunned on one side of the medal, when on the other resurrecting again?

(Bringing the chisel closer to all that around him.

“Rather polishing old works, than hewing out new”, *Alexander Pope*).

Photograph No. 6 as one of these pictures of salvation. *Hier sitzt es sich gut*.

Photograph No. 6 as a combination of a tavern and a bank. *Due più due è uguale a quattro.*

In front - a sharpened tree (spiky thirst), behind - all that goes first (three inn tables on the left hand side, a dining table of the bank on the right), a few groups of people and a waiter (the clientele long ago fallen to oblivion, now summoned to prosper!)

The picture in question, in fact, is a replacement for the one which is not at my hand but in which can be seen that it is in my head: its function, therefore, is to present photograph of tavern *Код Цветка (At Cvetko)* [picture of *Цветкова Механа* (*Cvetko's Inn*)], in the year of *1951* a decent meeting place of suburb merry fellows (*essere di buon umore*), since then a bed of cinders and dust, to whose lightness even the *Лувр* (in *Photograph No. 6*) can add!

For, what was heavier there than beer, without sinking into its foam? (*Avere il senso dell'umorismo).*

We'd have been taken to the patio of the *Ц. Механа* twice, at most three times, and since we were children, every such time our parents would order a soft drink for my sister and me (for them, they would order coffee, brandy, and beer).

Everything else was unfolding on its own so there was no need for consuming too much alcohol, while the same could not be said for the claqueur and its derivatives (that is why we drank them taking turns). (*Zucchero a velo*).

In a corner of the patio there was a music band, a touching by the moment fanned from it, that is, a female singer governed from there.

("Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear", *Milton*).

I remembered that as a "tavern mood".

Next to the patio there were street car tracks, a street car *en röute No. 6* (as well as *No. 7*) would pass by to complete circling, without freeing us from the fixation according to which not even clamor is forever (without disturbing the spiritual peace of ours). (*Non la sapevo, quindi ho tirato a indovinare*).

A nice company and a magic bloom.

(Not even a griffin, half eagle, half lion, would have landed on a higher point and roared in a more powerful way from it).

Photograph No. 6 as a possible version of The Great World (*Grand Monde*) - a fashionable company of few and the way of living.

("Gracious in the eyes of God", Jer., *Taylor*).

That things can change too ("They are cruel, and have no mercy", Jer. vi. 23) is not applicable to *Picture No. 6* for it is a merry one.

Picture No. 6 as a toast in honor of the bank handling inn deposits.

Soré de yoi.

* * *

A withered afternoon [not even lightning feels easy - such electricity while it's trying to find how to pull through it in an incorporeal manner (*nàósara*)], lateness in the air (Wednesday, *May 16, 2007*), "the prerogatives" [as the second-raters elite would have said - their heads outside them, their feet inside (*kaúnto wa tsūōrú dèsú*)] of one, however to turn it, generally accepted "characterization" of time shrinking of a single person [his atomization by means of divisibility of echo (*itsumo*)], with their very existence exclude any other occurrence in the world (*monó wo achikochi ni chirakashita mamá ni sùrú*), cancel its whole possibility {if it could, it [the supposed occurrence (*Καθυστερηση*)] would have also strutted around together with the mentioned ones - the afternoon witheredness and atmospheric lateness (*on dirait que*)}, without stopping at that point [once something proclaims itself, it persists until something else shatters it (*mettersi in ginocchio*)], rather adducing it didn't say everything (it still had words that could bail it out before the inevitable silence), because of which, in fact, everything stays the way it is (refuses to give before the other truth),

concealing its breakage with its inertness (for, look, it already replaces itself with another paraffin shrine, another mask, identically fine), so that, in the end, a long promised evening would realize itself, and the year under scrutiny here (the year of *1951*) would wrap around this one (the year of *2007*), suffocating it with joy.

Since, in principle, one always counts on such a shift (*un gioello*), it doesn't hurt to immediately start from it (to continue the story from where it stopped in the middle of the night).

("*Con te faccio i conti piu tardi*!", murmuring at that).

Which brings us to the impression that *Photograph No. 6* makes on layman personalities.

That is, brings us to what they (the persons in question), accordingly, see in such a picture (*Picture No. 6*), without interpreting such a sight of theirs as professionalism (loafers, anyway, find it more easy when a discussion about plodding through life starts developing on their behalf - *conto alla rovescia*).

("The accusers were not to be liable to the charge of delation", *Milman*).

Those would see, therefore, the way in which, on the left hand side of the picture (towards the inn), the cosmos leased on the right hand side (in the bank) is being poured: *Photograph No. 6* as spanning the world from thirst to drink.

(*Non avevo tenuto conto del fuso orario*).

An orderliness at every meter (only if table cloths start swaying, and even that imperceptibly, in an intoxicated, gentle breeze), a brownish space that (true, more towards the center) congeals into a hyperbolic target {a bare tree as an instantaneous phase in the blooming of seconds (minutes, hours, days, months, years) of enraptured lives [of the tavern-bank stunned flock ("*Вы не возражаете если я буду курить*?")] and a branch that tore away before the camera itself (*выдвигать возражение*), having placed into its lens a fracture of said moment in practical terms (*прямо вперед*), through an eternity accustomed to everything}: one, above all, syllogistically based assemblage.

As in such gathering nothing is sacred, any amount of trance is never too large - that can be seen by looking at the casement of a glory: to the inn patrons (as well as to the bank customers) everything is always sufficiently promising to make their dark thoughts eliminated from their heads - having comfortably taken their seats by the tables, or just standing there [having made themselves reassuring in the way in which words become quiet, having not withstood, therefore, that which knows how to start sobbing (*sabishigarù*)], those people at that moment (at the moment at which the camera got activated) first of all found themselves in the field of action of a very fundamental force, a kind of the over-pressure that established itself upon the given soil along with them, local beings as followers of forever ingrained virtues of steadiness, ineradicableness, and inexhaustibleness (almost enthronement), to whom, accordingly, all that dealing with the tavern (and the bank!) can only add weight (to whom, that is, no better salvation is needed), so that some theorizing about possibly better situations (better situations!?), and more playful small clouds of softness (in wrappers of enviable licentiousness!), cannot make it further than that (the theorizing, a futile speculation) – and that's exactly how we obtained the subject entirety, and in spite of everything.

("Though castles topple on their warders heads", *W. Shakespeare*).

Picture No. 6 as a counterpoise of drop.

("*Давайте сделаем это как следует на этот раз*!")

* * *

Picture No. 6 as a stout building *yasumi de*.

In front of it (and inside) an entire range of small miracles happen - and up high: a marvelous calm.

(When will the spirits bring themselves into an accord?)

("*Hīru o naoshite kuremasen ka*?")

That year (the year of *1951*), therefore, disagreement was practically not in a need of an incitement - the things in question dispersed so much each in its own direction that it wasn't necessary to additionally push them: a wasp into the wasp nest, an ant into the ant-hill, *Yama* (simultaneously the King and God of the Underworld and the Appointed Judge and Punisher of the Dead) under his, well, lawn [himself crowned and seated on a buffalo, with a pair of his hands guiding it by the horns, using the other pair to hold a mace and a noose which is used to draw out of the bodies of men the souls which are doomed to appear before his judgment seat, his garments red, his skin a bluish-green (*yokat·ta*!), so that on the outside there remained only incorporeity and, here and there, triviality of essence (*ōkyū-te-ate*), which we children (that year, in that street - *A*. or, possibly, *K*.) especially liked, in the sense that we could play with those remnants as we wished.

Remnants as lessening of measure.

Hijōguchi.

* * *

Measure as oblongness of a sphere: even receding from a full circle - its zero selects it.

(*Yoru ni*).

Photograph No. 6 as entertaining the people sat for a while (or caught in such a pose) amidst the indisputability of appeasement, due to this very thing preoccupied with sweet small rhythms of silence, although (in all that) one can notice the yellowish presence of a potential rain, also the fogginess of the bark wrapped around the central tree (in the picture) in the sense of immortalization of gardening (leaned, opposite branches, against a sort of soil attractiveness, *наконец*), at any rate a neoclassical state of the scene used to try to gain in terms of foundation, which resulted in everything starting to stylishly flutter away [starting to hover and thus staying up (*продолжительный*)], not rising up too much and yet not falling from there either, practically denoting a pause that solidifies the flow (*включая неврологический*), so much so that its source became no longer visible and the mouth stopped wrapping it in the absence of fog (laid down, customarily, on all that as a dust on the oblivion), so that it was not necessary (not even there) to 'split hairs' (*из любопытства*).

[Like *Black Agnes*, that is *Countess of March*, famous for her defense of *Dunbar Castle* against the English in the time of *Edward III*, all human figures in the given figure (*Figure No. 6*, *мне только что пришла в голову мысль*) devoted themselves to their own thoughts about a possible (colloquial) defensive, something that could, in any case, cost them their lives although it would not necessarily have to be like that, depending on what transitoriness each one of them got down to while still young (and vigorous like lightning, *bis es dunkel wird*), while in this way it could hardly achieve significance of a miniaturization, or at most a molecular make-up, so much the afternoon pearls of a heroic lull of said guests grew in between wars].

Figure No. 6 as a tavern-like suppression of an average day (a credit-bank-like plodding through a plan) - while sitting (standing), the people in front of the entrances (into the building conceived to brace them on its own) in fact remember their great ideas that, practically, do not bother them any longer (*wie ist das bloß pasiert*?), that is, which do not leave them alone today only in that sometime they rouse them from their reclination (and proportional humming), from which they (the people in question) would not have moved a single finger without them (the ideas in question), this way all that still keeps them tied to the planet.

Only to, at that, start singing

“Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked”, Ps. lxxi. 4.,

although not even that would have been difficult to imagine if “everything else fitted” and the eternal yearning of *the same* (*Maiglöckchen*) prevailed over the saturation of a greenish-yellowish ‘phoneme’ of the world personified by the described atmosphere in front of the small pavilion shown in said photograph from such a conceived era. (*Quanto dista da qui*?)

Which, of course, besides being such conceived, was thought of as such (*vuoto d’aria*), so that it is not clear who in front of the inn sat without sorrow [who in front of the bank took on oath to borrow (*impaziente di fare qualche cosa*)] in times dealt with here, which, look, with its small fingers touches this time too [the time of a perfect rotation of something established by such configuration of stars in which even a single circling of *Deimos*, a satellite of the planet *Mars* making a revolution in thirty hours and eighteen minutes, offers its small zero to the full encirclement (*itsumo*)], only to, immediately afterwards, get hold of a tiny burrow of the eve.

“A deaf noise of sounds that never cease”, *Dryden*.

Picture No. 6 as touching of the peace filled with sound [underneath the sketches of the people, things and trees rustling in a kind of caprice - a golden lyre glows in bliss!], but also a licentious pushing through by itself (*nán de mo ī desú*), a certain cross section of the opposites which would not be that (antithetical) if they were not seen wrinkling each in its own cocoon. *Haībun.*

Doubleness as *Ithra* (exceptionality, 2. Sam. 17. 25.) of *Ithmah* (still possible accommodation, 1 Chr. 11. 46.), with which (said doubleness) a powder-like basis of the picture in question (*Picture No. 6*) can be reached in this or that way [by either a realistic touch of *Jason* (*Greco-Judean* equivalent of *Joshua*, Acts. 17. 5.), or idealistic of *Jashub* (returnee, Num. 26. 24.)], because of which its golden origin (the origin of the picture in question) is out of question, although it is possible that with such an approach (the approach to things in a flexible, that is, dual way) the idealism is made more pronounced than realism (*Präferenz*), even though one should not worry about that because, being themselves hung around each other’s neck (there is never enough of duality, the least in the bouquet of such singing protagonists as in said picture (*Στην υγεια σας*!), the one who prevailed is going to be taught a lesson by the less prevalent one right after the closing time of the inn.

* * *

Doubleness as exceptionality (tavern, “ambient”, “mood”) of accommodation (bank, “portfolio”, “profitableness"), eventually set in the (aforesaid) “historical context” of *Ithra* and *Ithmah*, at any rate present already in the first impression made by *Photograph No. 6*, perhaps a bit cracked due to the very presence of the same (cracked) tree in its blissful center (*auf meine Bitte hin*), but already with the second look brought to a quite normal situation of natural expansiveness of every initially dubious notion (“*Wir haben da einen Fehler festgestellt*”), including this about cosmic bilaterality (*ein Fahrt ins Blaue*): at one side a favorable relaxation of the condition projected by the self (*sich blicken lassen*), at the other its suspect impassableness (*auf der ersten Blick*), which, by itself, should not be worrying the participants caught by the lens of the camera in question, but neither should it inspire them excessively - if only something small would become illuminated in their brains (that would be good!), so much so that they automatically do not throw away that afternoon too, as something anticipated to extinguish.

That flowage of theirs [the flow of morning into day, day into evening, evening into night (*Weißt du, was ich meine?*)] is to be presented (accordingly) as a never unended dance (play, ruse of everlasting instant), to avoid subsequent opinions that they were never aware of that while seating in front of the tavern (standing in front of the bank), sharpening of the pause into which they were brought (to which they surrounded) not as much by their own decisions as by the possibility of a new world, which they just stepped in and because of that stood petrified, each at his/her spot at which, anyway, nothing became speechless just like that, knowing well about the challenges of a psychic duet with which such a hush is being split to be joined into a twofold one. (Saying, “*Ja, ganz genau*”).

[Monday, *June 4, 2007*: And again - a spring storm in the summer samples of wet sky.

"So foul a sky clears not without a storm", *W. Shakespeare*.

And a saying was going around that it would come to a concordance between things: *cirrus* and *cirrocumulus*, cockatoo (the parrot distinguished by its high crest) and a dragon of virulent sight, this hour with hour of quiet thoughts.

Nothing like that, time and time again!

Not even *Dryden*, under such circumstances, would have spent his days any better! (*Kommt herein*!)

Just take that famous piece of his

"Good nature is the most godlike commendation of a man",

in order for the conclusion to come on its own.

The only missing thing there is for that lyre to start playing. *Die Hauptsache*]

Photograph No. 6 as a compromise between the heaven-sent countenance (*tavern*) and the payment of debt (*bank*).

* * *

Picture No. 6 as a dove-like (humble) disappearance through the twigs' airy (upper) clearance. *Plötzlich*.

[The tree in front of the building in question (building in the sense: one half – an inn, another – a bank) could still have been understood (in its time) a fruitful tree, but in said photograph the mentioned time had either been long gone (*sumimasen, ban·gō o machigaemashita*) or one could not pin it down (*sumimasen, heya o machigaemashita*); taking the general appearance of its branches as an example (*karā-firumu*), one could even say that all that (the entire scene, including the emasculated tree and the twofold building) is a rather barren sight of former blooming, at least that much is possible to see in that picture, and even the seated people (in front of the tavern as in front of a faded away pain), and those who (like monuments dedicated to themselves) still stand (in front of the bank as in front of a guarantee in reverse), by their very presence in it, are the best signatories and witnesses to such a state of affairs (such a soap bubble), without interrupting themselves in their attacks on such ephemerality, during, in fact, pretending to be so quiet, looking at camera lens as if they were *Elonites*, descendants of *Elon* (Num. 26. 26.), an oak incarnation (Gen. 26. 34.), perhaps somewhat more distant and airy but, in any case, sufficiently firm for the picture about constancy of essence, *da soli*.

"Seed time and harvest, heat and hoary frost, Shall hold their", *Milton*].

In the year of *1951*, our living conditions were basically such that it was not needed to retouch them by a tavern (nor soften by a bank), but let bygones be bygones: when your parents take you to have fun it wouldn't be bad to at least drink up an atom of orange (and take a shelter behind paying the bill by moonlight), if nothing else - until one grows up.

Which to us (the children in question), in that year, was enough remote to not feel bad.

(Of course, one has to mature, but not at any price - such saying was spoken even in jargon, let alone in the basic lesson of life: how to drink it all and pay nothing).

There you go: that's how we were amusing ourselves - taking a loan.

Picture No. 6 as its (the vanished photograph's) welcome in the inn of the times gone. *Kan jag få notan, tack.*

* * *

To be seated down in an inn ambient without getting rid of a consignment bank, is an ability that can be attributed only to the company in *Picture No. 6*.

"This thing was not done in a corner" (Acts xxvi. 26.).

Fully aware of the situation (*Jag vill betala*), our protagonists from said photograph, have not, therefore, retreated (vanished, disappeared, gone from the face of Earth), nor were they suppressed behind seven seas and seven mountains, they had rather taken their seats in front of the tavern (or leaned against the bank), no matter what.

"The founders of universities held the theory that...the *business* of *philosophy* was to interpret and co-ordinate these two", Huxley.

Like, for example, the way in which the work on "Organizational Development of Archive..." was done, regarding which we read from http://arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a100002a.htm:

"The Archive Organization... , that is, its internal organizational structure, developed, went on, and modernized in parallel with the development of needs and possibilities for the protection of archival material at the state level. The development was affected by the Archive statutory changes, a broadening of its functions, the increase of the archival material, as well as both modernizing and improving the technology of work on archival issues.

Since its inception during the period of *1950-1959*, characteristics of the Archive organizations were reflecting and fitting its priority tasks primarily to do with locating, evidencing, collecting and sorting out the archival material. That period was also characterized with serious problems in connection with human resources, seen in the insufficient number and knowledge of the Archive employees.

In *1959*, Federal Government passed its first act determining the Archive organizational structure. This was significant not only because it was the first archival action established by the state, but also because it created a particular organizational entity dealing with the archival material information. That was an indicator that, until then, the Archive succeeded in completing a great number of professional tasks with regards to the archival material, which, by then, was put in a condition ensuring its proper use and providing a more detailed information about its funds and collections.

The next organizational act was passed in *1965*, wherein the Archive strengthens its organization. It became significantly more complex than previously, its departments more defined, each with specific professional activities. A special organizational unit was given the task of protecting the archival material outside of the Archive, while another unit has started functioning as a library. Sorting out and processing of the archival material went on in two separate organizational units, as well.

A new organizational structure came into effect in *1973*, after passing the Archive Law, whereby for the first time an entirely separate unit for the protection of the archival material has been established. A basis for the Archive organization is found in tasks, and not periodicalness of its funds. As a part of general services, a special organizational unit in charge of maintenance of the Archive buildings and equipment, as well as administrative tasks and overall security, has been formed."

As in the (previous) case of copying and making available these (and similar) archival information in this text, in order for one to know what happened after the year of *1973*, he/she is directed to the next volume ("W. M.") of this proud circle ("Ephemeris"), even though the archival work done in it is nowhere close to giving such precise signs of the statehood harness (even with a dose of the necessary dryness).

(The act of) archiving as satisfying the reality (ingratiating itself with painstaking of the totality).

"To smart and agonize at every pore", *Alexander Pope*.

There you go: this is what nicely arranged data of factual flowage is able to do.

* * *

Factual flowage in the sense that each and every one from *Picture No. 6* had vanished! (And if they had not - no one knows where they are!)

(*Только бы знать, где они*?).

And although it is possible that they disappeared while keeping quiet (saying to themselves "*Lass mich*!"), there also exists a belief according to which the noise in their case was subdued by a certain small defects of life ("*Es langt mir*"), something that has an (true - audible) "inertial remnant of being", their real continuing, therefore, at that time and place, in which (however to take it) in a long run they could not have been saved [some practically died, the others were saved by theoretical Paradise (*lange dauern*)], so that, to them, their disappearance looked as something understandable by itself, a nice possibility to "evoke their roots", the very tiny zeroes from which (it is not known how) they originated and to which (if not earlier, then at least now) they return, vanishing from the photograph in question like the wind from branch which it will not bend (*im Laufe der Woche*), knowing well that everything has a length compared to which no longer is known, to measure itself with it both when quiet and when screaming to make its days (who said zeroes?) magically longer, having no more where to disperse without reducing to an urn (that is, without turning out to cause laughter).

Laughter as coating of spleen. (*Jemandem leicht fallen*).

Spleen as recognizing targeting. (*Es tut mir Leid*).

"The ghastly wraith of one that I know", *Tennyson*.

(One of those openhearted people with whom one should not have messed regarding death).

(Disappearance: a medusa of pale complexion).

[For both those who're standing and those who're sitting (*essere di buon umore*)].

"I wont to sit and watch the setting sun", *Southey*.

In truth, in that year (the year of *1951*) not everything was destined to disappear as one would (rightfully) speculate happened with the participants (countenances, almost movies extras) of *Picture No. 6*, who disappeared by the very act of the end (physical end, psychical end, the end of incoherently gathered people); one could have, namely, predicted with a good degree of certainty that the Reflection and Echo (of all that) were going to last until today (possibly even until tomorrow), although that, surely, is not property of only that year (only those times), but rather such continuations of a moment were occupying thoughts of even long-necked *Anak* (Num. 13. 22.), insisting on belonging to the eternal people of *Amad* (Josh. 19. 26.), repeating the mistake of lost senses (pouring over into unnecessariness, *avere un buon sapore*).

And yet, some things that remained (*predestination*, *elementariness*, and *engrossment* - *predestination* of this which is now with that which was then, *elementariness* of this which is now by means of that which was then, and *engrossment* of this which is now with that which was then) fitted very well into the tiny needs of the actual day: their unnecessariness forgives their favorableness, only to get along in harmony, *in pratica*.

[To get along in harmony - to reverberate in a choir of like-minded persons, to be talked into the "principle of coherency".

"Under the guidance of sound moral principles", *Morse*.

Only to also subjugate to them (the sound moral principles) the charming perplexities (like demanding contents from daily simulacrums too, *a caso*)].

The year of *1951* as all that (stated so far!) and just another spark (at least of "mood without justification"), a twofold process with which (sitting in the tavern or standing in front of the bank) a "socio-economic moment" of such presented life (only in suburbs?) was to be pointed out "in light" of a well done emancipation [the emancipation from the lethargic humility of a being (more than miserable deposits in the bank) to the serene usability of drinking (a glass full of vinous revelations - what a sinking!)], which could only add to the prestige of the given year (the year of *1951*), while to us children (from *A*. street, also *K*. street) it could make the hill of *Z*. look like *Himalayas*, having lifted us up in the sky (having placed us among the weightless stars in a single try) - hence all that (even since then) never passes by.

¡*Eso es*!

Even though it (the year under consideration here) disappeared without trace (having exposed itself here to be weighted by the pen in this case).

The year of *1951* as all the years of which no longer is known anything, *o sea*.

* * *

In the year of *1951*, accordingly, there came to the continuation of the year of *1950*, and introduction to the year of *1952*, *sea como sea*.

(If this is amusing to someone, he/she does not know what inflexibility is).

I cannot exactly recall why the year of *1951* should have deserved to be picked out in relation to the previous and the following year, but closest to the truth seems to be that thought according to which to enter in the second half of the subject (twentieth) century could have been realized only via it (*de madrugada*), which already means something, for example a step towards death [or, at least, a lull by the hush (*temblar de miedo*)], which would automatically qualify every such outcome as the ultimate one (unquestionably, worth of a paramount praise) and so made possible for the year in question to have an advantage in the race toward the second half of always the same flow of felicity (*de 9 a 12*), the sing along of *Banister* (flying for succor in this case of treaty).

"Flying for succor to his servant *Banister*", *W. Shakespeare*.

Photograph No. 6 as bringing forth a hope (after all of them have failed, or something's stealing them from the bottom to the top).

On one side men seated in front of the inn (patrons sitting each on his throne), on the other "clientele" leaned against the bank (people attached with their backs to monies), between them an emulsion of both the sensory and the permanent [sensory in the sense of permanent, permanent in the sense of sensory, emulsion in the sense of photographic granulation of such a (steady) scene], an abundance (in other words) of living through all the rises and falls of *Rasselas*, a prince of *Abyssinia*, in a moral tale by *Dr. Johnson*, detained in a sweet captivity (some *Happy Valley*), from where, as if under a damnation, he escapes and wanders over the world (¿*como se lega*?), but finding no jollier dale [greater happiness (¿*como es de alto*?)], returns to his old (confined) abode, encircling the classic story of ascending and descending by means of a padlock of an ultimate sinking, *au bord des larmes*.

"A person of a whiffling and unsteady turn of mind cannot keep close to a point of a controversy", *Watts*.

Since then, of course, even that (second) half of said century (*a l'oeil nu*) flew by, and for the years in this (newest) repetition of that from before remained to pile up in the manner in which that had already been done in *Picture No. 6* ("*Yoku nemuremashita ka*?"), having crossed from the whitish setup of a basic ermine to a yellowish one (possibly a brownish, ornamental in the feature), thus having wrapped themselves in a move of *Ishbi-benob* [one who dwells at *Nob* (2 Sam. 21. 16.), meaning *High Place*], presented in *Picture No. 6* as a simple doubling from the tavern (focus) towards the "ratio" (bank), considering such doubleness, as already said, an exceptionality of accommodation.

Entendre dire que!

04-05-02-06-07-08-05/11-30-14-16-19-15-26-07-17-07-18-23-14/07-08-09-10

* * *

(*Photograph No. 7:* Piquancy of Electrifying)

In *Picture No. 7*, it is the silver-plating of *Ansaldi* trolleybus, which turned out the best.

(Made by Ansaldo Tra(n)sporti S.p.A., at VIA NUOVA DELLE BRECCE, 26080147, NAPOLI).

A three-axle one - and still as tall as a twofold crane! *Das kann sein*.

{The two-axle ones, *'Ikarus'* and *'Končar'*, could not help it not to raise themselves when passing it (*im Moment*), which indeed they've been doing, if not with their chassis, then, at least, with their wheel trolleys - letting them freely caress the voltage source - so much the transportation means of that year (the year of *1952*) were competing in humming through the metropolitan heart and tentacles [through *B*.'s center and all corners of its suburbia - said voyage receptacles (*satte Farben*)], including hissing of buses and clattering of street cars (*zufälligerweise*), all of which could have been reduced to *electrification and industrialization*, without alienating from an ordinary person though, on the contrary, such means of transporting were adding to the image of all of us (if only in our own eyes), while sticking our hands out of windows of vehicles of such a conception there could also be achieved an additional (physical) effect of urbanized carelessness ("*Es ist ein herrlicher Tag*!"), even before reaching the destination point (a ridge of simple prowess)}.

("Epitomes are helpful to the memory", *Wotton*).

The year of *1952*, therefore, was to do with wandering across the city as across the world.

As, at the time, I was a six-year old already (though *6*, not *600*, *Wie viele möchten Sie*?), one could talk about more serious topics, such as a set of joined mechanisms.

[Thus, the set of joined mechanisms in *Ansaldi* was an electric motor supplied by *DC* current and controlled by rheostat - so much I also know now (*60*).

There it is: that's the way in which children lure the electrons - dreaming them first, out of the season's thirst for increasingly bigger thrones].

Picture No. 7 as a golden passing through the silver zones. *Selbstverständlich*.

* * *

In the given photograph (*Photograph No. 7*, "*Vieni più in qua*!"), one can also see a fulfillment by the multitude: some people were going up, some down (a woman started running into the arms of happiness!), at the crosswalk (in an ornate distance) a pair of people passed each other genuinely trembling, an automobile (behind the trolleybus) has come to a temporary halt (or fully stopped, having left the man inside speechless), still further - the city as an assemblage of buildings, increasingly hot, places itself across (one ought to cover all that distance, playing a boss!): it is obvious that, here, one deals with a picture of summer to which everything else {the population, the architecture [and a (small) meager thought - whom does all that bravura make faces at? (just a note)]} serves just as the (outside) aura (what a plot!), because of which I am not sure that any of that had anything to do with anything else (*non c'è niente da ridere*), even though that (something else) also positioned itself in front of the camera (having not deceived itself with the outer physicking).

Photograph No. 7 as projecting one thing with the help of another. (*Generi di prima necessita*).

[Traversing onboard transportation means through a soul full of organic myrtle (both when it is cold and when it radiates heat) - *Myrtus communis* of such an epopee].

At the first look, *Picture No. 7* leaves an impression of mutual confidence (it's only a hush from heaven that moans and groans as its evidence!)

("I wonder men dare trust themselves with men", *W. Shakespeare*).

And yet, doesn't one also see in it (the picture in question) how the passers by [having almost brushed against each other ("*Scusa, ero distrata*")] stretch along the way as fast as they could, to the strangers around having kindly nodded their heads in which love blossoms [and if not that, then at least a peer-based brightening up of individual factors of such one, above all collectivized scheme ("*È un gioco molto divertente*")], and doesn't one see, as well, how all that (what?) excites in one another a positive feverishness of destination [even fitting in its (said target's) purpose (*in fondo alla sala*)], not being afraid to reveal itself on the spot [looking at the street/circle/locality of the city in question (the city of *B*., therefore) with the dioptry of a *New Man*], having practically reconciled itself with all with which (until that moment) one could not speak about the days Annunciation, as if it was only a matter of time when they (all) would move to *Jeremai*, dwelling in heights (Ezra 10. 33.), where kindness, anyway, counts as optimum (confidence as standard).

(Knowing well that

"Thyself and thy belongings / Are not thine own", *W. Shakespeare*).

In *Photograph No. 7*, thus, one can see a fundamental honeycomb.

(Twinkling of honey - Sun that heats all the more, a yellow bomb. *Un piatto fondo*).

* * *

As most representative, trolleybuses like the mentioned (*Ikarus*, *Končar* and *Ansaldi*) contributed to the year of *1952* only in the sense of a quiet buzzing of smooth gears (*in fondo*); in every day's throng of an increasingly roused age [the time interval which, whether one liked it or not, was importuning itself by the very act of the hours progression (*in fondo*)], street cars [immediately followed by buses (*essere in garanzia*?)] were those which could have been noticed before all other vehicles on the streets of the city in question (the streets of *B*., therefore), so that *Photograph No. 7*, in a way, is to be understood as a "conditionally trolleybus-like", in any case a "relatively promotional" with respect to that type of public transportation means, as a picture, that is, of a rather lighter sliding condition (*nàósara*), something that (between the trolleys) manages to get conductors of the voyage (*sàra ni iī*), as a first laid (then realized) plan by means of which

one is to have a presentiment of every possible itinerary (*yori mo*), that year (*1952*), in that place (*B.*), in that manner [in the manner of noiseless sliding upon the gravitational field of residential factors, caught by the camera (magnifying) lens as seen in the picture in question (*Picture No. 7*)], without leaving any room for doubt what that all is about.

And, of course, it is about irrefutability of every realized journey, this one too.

["The earth is rushing in its orbit round the sun at the rate of nineteen miles a second. Its surface at the equator is rotating at a velocity of 1,026 miles an hour", *Lewis Swift* (*F. R. A. S*)].

So many movements, therefore, in *Picture No. 7* are actually being added to the (also) swift movements of the passers by and the noiseless movement of the trolleybus [driven, as it is known, by the reticent electricity (*nàdó nàdó*)], although there (in *Photograph No. 7*) one may also see a parked car [or it is moving too, but nobody gives it a credit for that (*kàrèra no kánten kara*)] shining by the very curb of the "soc-realistic" square [the car owner probably left it all of a sudden at that spot, having walked away in the direction of *Raguel*, friend of God (Num. 10. 29.) and friend of every one worthy of him (*Raguel*), and so friend of the owner of said vehicle himself, given that it (the car) was shining all the way up to the sky (*mō sùgu*)], which, all in all, may be summarized as yet another kinetics of the moment (*tònikaku*), but also as a sufficiently progressive (planned, established by a nontrivial procedure) shifting in the direction of an increasing happiness [even not moving, the car in question got down to a reflector mask, carrying all given rays of such a visualized day into the focus of a sweet corporealness (*naósù kotō*)], so that (in all that) there is no reason to wonder regarding a particular Falling Asleep (from the main of the day to the lion of the play, *sekai no doko ni de mo*).

The lion of the play as a (triple-axle) peak of all that arcing (and the main of the day as a street full of men and women understood in the sense of accelerated actualization, although also melancholic/contemplative in the sense of *Lord Jaques* from *Shakespeare*'s play *As You Like It*, an interesting combination of imagination and realization. *När blir det färdigt*).

[That the present standstill would spring from all that ("*Jag har gått vilse*"), was not possible to know at the time, which, of course, testifies about the lack of knowledge of still earlier things (previous risings, including the one whose protagonist was *Noah* himself).

"Noah awoke from his wine", Gen. ix. 24.] .

To keep reading backwards as to come to know ahead.

("*Kan ni upprepa det, tack*?")

* * *

To come to know ahead as to keep recalling homonyms.

("*Lite långsammare, tack*").

(Homonym as doubling of the same). ("*Tack för hjälpen*").

Homonyms in *Picture No. 7*, for example, are two women in the front scene of which one (wearing a pale blouse and a grayish skirt) just started to run ("*Hur kommer jag, till...*?"), and the other (dressed in an old black but with a purse in her hand) just stopped to think it over ("*Var är...*?"), by means of which they steal from each other the name of *Arkite*, a female fugitive with whom one is never certain whether she would deprive him of her presence [having vanished like a spread ash in a pale wind (*till vänster*)] or she would calm down [having entered the marsupial liver as a darkened alcohol (*till höger*)], and yet it cannot be said that they do not get along, because of which it doesn't take much for their souls to meet at a throne (and the one who goes nowhere turns the agile one into stone. *I hörnan*).

Turned into stone or not [stopped by the activation of camera at the point at which their paths crossed (*tōri no mukōgawa*), or mischievously plucked from it (*totsuzen ni*)], the figures of men (and women) which, by a mere look at *Photograph No. 7*, may be considered, if not exactly accomplices of *Melpomene* (the Muse who presided over tragedy, generally represented as a young woman with vine leaves surrounding her head, and holding in her hand a tragic mask), then, at least, deserving inhabitants of *Melpomene*, an asteroid revolving between the orbits of *Jupiter* and *Mars*, that is a heavenly body which (on exactly such a voyage) was discovered an early summer evening (as it usually is the case), more exactly on June 24, 1852, by a certain *Professor Hind*, who had made, therefore, that private act of his a whole hundred years before the creation of the picture under consideration here, which, for us, is quite enough to imagine all of them [all those so lively figures seen in the picture in question (*hai, dōzo*)], to imagine them, therefore, as being *cosmic*, and the trolleybus, automobile, and surrounding buildings – *lexical*.

For, what all those contrivances/objects are if not profane encirclements of those men (women) - dismissed by something poetic! (*Watashi wa sō omoimasu*).

[It is almost as if one is to start singing from the bottom of his heart

"The birds chant melody on every bush" (*W. Shakespeare*),

but is obstructed by *Ariel*, lion of God (Ezra 8. 16.)].

On one side an entire splendor of *Photograph No. 7* (*an den Tag kommen*), on the other all its neglects/darkening [even if in the form of a vanished reason for someone to offer to someone else, in said picture, the hand of deliverance ("*Guten Tag*!")], and yet, across the sky (above the Main Square) an airy bridge cuts through (can't you see?) - a bone of this world sails on it (to meet its plea). (*Sich von selbst regeln*).

Not everything fractured (as it may look).

(Nor did it undress, nor turned upside down as a crook in distress).

It only, perhaps, backed out (caressed). *Уходить в себя*.

* * *

And there it sleeps (it sleeps - protected by grass, in narrow strips).

But then, where would be the end of *Picture No. 7* if it stayed at that?

[Even sleep is finished in duality (as there fight imagination and reality). *Не говоря ни слова*].

That is why the latter (realness) continues where it is the bluest - to be not completely grassy (even at its fullest), is (again) due to the "Archival Material From the Period of Socialist Yugoslavia", according to which (http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1000004.htm#SJ):

"Most numerous and with most of archival material were the funds of federal governmental agencies and organizations of socialist Yugoslavia. The archival material in the funds from this period was not fully preserved either; often it would have been archived before fully classified and ordered. As, after all, in a number of other countries, such a condition of the archival material is a result of indifference of the administration which is in charge of it and is supposed to carefully sort it out and keep in a good order for users, while its historical significance is often being neglected during never ending every day's activities of the Archive.

From this period, the Archive keeps *579* complete or partial funds, equal to *16,800* meters of archival material.

With regards to the funds of the period in question, the priority in terms of sorting out and processing was given by the Archive to those funds whose material was determined by law to be used at the time.

Principles of sorting and processing of funds from said period are different and their use has been made a function of the completeness of archival material, the amount of useless registered material, to be taken out from the list of the material worthy keeping, the Archive office business policies, in particular the manner of archiving, etc.

From an archival point of view, the condition of Archive funds from that period is not satisfactory because a great many of them have not been processed in an archival manner, including their missing inventories, although many of them have been temporarily classified so that users could still make use of them, albeit with more effort and spending more time.

Even though the archival material from the period, despite the voluminous material and large number of funds, is not satisfactory due to insufficient preserving, especially the material up to the year of *1952* (already in the year of *1953*, I started going to school! - a note by the author). For example, the fund of the Government of FNRJ, which was supposed to contain an extensive archival material of political, governmental and executive character of a great historical significance, actually contains a material of less importance. Among other things, missing are the minutes and materials from the meetings of the government. Some other more significant funds are in a similar condition.

The material that has been preserved, within funds from the period, testifies about the socio-economic development and transformation of the country. On the basis of these sources it is possible to recognize the formation of a new Yugoslavia, development of a new constitutional order, reconstruction of the war devastated country, period of planning of industry renewal, development of self-management, and so on".

Listing of data as sprinkling of *Abilene*, a grassy place of *Luke* (Luke 3. 1.) *Величайшей важности*.

Photograph No. 7 as factual bringing out of things (*выставка*), a certain brilliance upon which shadiness can only gain a boundary contour (*в отдельном пакете*), the trees under which people move taken afloat by their cosmic affairs (from which the results of this world follow!), and by which [first the trolleybus, then the car (*привод на задние колеса*)] the vehicles of the times (first the trolleybus, then the car, as just said and always happens in cases in which the electric current passes in front of the oil) get down to transportation, as if *that* pushes them (said means of transportation) even without the engine [*that* green flowage which, even if not seen, can easily be imagined as, from the subject trees, it gets hold of the sidewalk, the road, and (via latter) the vehicles of yesteryears (the *Austin* automobile and the *Ansaldi* trolleybus) and future years (souls of the passengers, the passers by and, in general, the members of a human collective literally vanished into disappeared land - *исчезновение*)], which, all together, ideally designates the flux (*estar siempre cambiando*) underneath which everything, in essence, moves (gains its craving! - *apasionadamente*) as if said flux fondles it with twigs of the trees without faults, using light wind (breeze) for kissing it (all that - *complejo*) "in the context" of a general delight (by means of the sourcing of the city center, interpreting that which always aims at itself with all its might - *abnegacion*), getting down to firth.

Firth as a result of conflux. *Da solo*.

An eternal exultation of a kind of reading material full of cracks (*di per se*), rejoicing with which (along with a sweet chill of ephemeral tissue however still) that always pays its bill (*fare un viaggio*).

"These are thy glorious works. Parent of good", *Milton*. ("*Mi hai spaventato*!")

* * *

Picture No. 7 as accelerated arrival to "stigmatized" nonchalance (transition to branded nirvana) of the city of *B.*, circa *1952*, letting men (*maschile*) and women (*femminile*) at such time (albeit also in general, *lyckligvits*) to decide whether

to hurry up after one or the other challenge of the reconstruction {urbanization, objectification of tidied passages, surface flattening of vertical planes - facades of buildings oriented towards human kind with their own tablets of sand already [the mortar spread over dilapidated bricks (*hur gammal*?)]}, set off (as always) for the same destination, to which, true, one can arrive by neither the trolleybus, nor the car, nor feet of *Jahaziel* even [feet of one whom even God watches over (1 Chr. 16. 6.)], but which one should only go to (*vara intresserad*), and that is a certain (all the more distant) exhibit of a worthy center (*slut på vägarbete*), between small buildings (with a number of small balconies) full of merry fellows of spirit, classic equivalents of hurried citizenry set off in all directions around such one, symbolic point (*ute*), in which everything both stays still and swarms (*väntrum*), both waits for the trolleybus and takes a ride in it (both gets out of the car and approaches it from the right), both makes a conjecture about something out of this earth and suppresses it with an asphalted trick, at no time bringing into question the way which is to take to arrive both there and here (*qui fait double emploi*) and which (by itself) avoids unattainableness making faces at it, with the sweetie teeth of noon satiety stealing up to its (said unattainableness) ribs of disappearance and, having bit them too, changing into some other current (*une autre courant*), which with this one (which moves the trolleybus in question) has in common only that it counts on the piquancy of electrifying.

(*Im Frieden*).

* * *

Besides, therefore, the silveriness of the *Ansaldi* trolleybus, *Picture No. 7* also makes evident the counting on the piquancy of electrifying as that finesse by means of which one is to renew all its (said photograph's) past harmony, and attain the future one.

But, who would think that a noisy lightning is in the quiet current?

Which, in fact, happened, and even if one could claim the existence of some harmony in the past, the one in the future remains to be seen.

("Those who are bent to do wickedly will never want tempters to urge them on", *Tillotson*).

Which is to say that all which happened, happened according to the rules of disharmony [which at the time, the truth is, crouched behind the mentioned harmony, while now, when everything is sufficiently visible anyway (*ein Farbfilm*), waves with the mask of a new harmony as if its old one (its old disguise) falls down (*herunterkommen*), something that, surely, it cannot brag about].

From *Picture No. 7*, accordingly, one cannot escape without falling into a repetition of the situation of *Amory Blanche* {a young lady in *Thackeray*'s novel Pendennis, good-looking, clever, and pretending to sentiment, but shallow, selfish, and a vixen [at one time engaged to *Pendennis*, then leaving him and marrying a guy named *Henry Foker*]}.

The one who escapes the relative orderliness (and/or the positivistic painting of ardor) of *Photograph No. 7*, in other words, is going to get into the picture of a refined coup of *Elasah*, whom God made (Ezra 10. 22.) in *Beth-arbel*, one of His ambushes (Hos. 10. 14.), if only to (at least in that manner) identify with leaving his self from before in order to discover the one of now ("*Bist du in Ordnung*?"), and thus get closer to the more lucrative century ("*Im Sonderangebot*"), even if that does not make him richer than *Belial*, a synonym of one who is worthless (Deut. 13. 13.), and completely separates him from *Col-hozeh*, *every one that seeth* (Neh. 3. 15.), for in him [the one dealt with here (*in der Praxis*), as already said and as that kind of things, in principle, touches every reasonable observer] the impression of *Picture No. 7* had not caused an ordered harmony anyway, and he (the one under consideration here - *viel Glück*!) could be identified with its (said photograph's) colder shades of a possibly absent sky ("*Genügt dir das eine Stück*?"), rather than with the radiance of its whole (boiling) grandiosity of soil (a magnificence by means of which the inevitability of those times was to be contoured, *im Gesamten*), with which he (anyway) would not know what to do [even though, very probably if not for sure, he would have found a way to make it (said grandeur) more relative by emphasizing the hungry mouth of *Cainan* (possessor, Gen. 5. 9.).

[Or, perhaps, *Scott* was right when he (for someone like that) said:

"His heart became appalled as he gazed forward into the waste darkness of"].

Whatever it may be (whatever theory to use to interpret/justify the neglect of the "basic messages" of *Picture No. 7*, and additionally change/distort them into the "current", i.e. new, i.e. modern), one thing is for sure: it is neither possible to erase *that which was* by forgetting it [and, "as such", had been dreamed hundred times by each of the participants ("*Мне, наверное, это приснилось*")], nor is it possible to use some after-the-fact interventions / finishing touches / moves to darken the polishedness of it (*Picture No. 7*) with the *present* firebrand (a burnt experience – the initial doll suddenly aged placed on the stand) of *that which was* [in said past (in the heat of the moment, *приятных сновидений*!)].

To feel trembling of opposition, before surrendering to inevitable, is possible for any one who does not deny silvery consonance at the first sign of dissonance. ("*Ты мне приснился*").

"Come, come, you wasp; you are too angry", *W. Shakespeare.*

Picture No. 7 as *yesterday* from *yesterday-today-tomorrow*.

* * *

Picture No. 7 as a photograph reigned by *Eos*, Greek goddess of the dawn (also called *Aurora*).

Looking at *Picture No. 7* with due attention, one also ascertains its, usually not easily perceivable, grip of the general state of things (*чем больше, тем лучше*), something as much local as universal in the sense of *feeling the road* (*многое еще неясно*), the briskness of steps and rotatory nature of wheels (as much of the trolleybus as of the car, in the back of the scene) primarily aimed at a healthy destination, but also taken out from the clarity of the day into a duel with the dusk which (it is possible) is going to take over in, at most, several hours, as soon as with its ambiguity it also frames its (said photograph's) sky portion (the part that, above the whitish building in the distance, engraved itself into a cleft between the darker structures on the same square), by means of which everything is possible to accept by the very presence of the light (*по нобходимости*), thrown on all by a tubular flowage without sense of measure (*снова и снова*), by means of the excessiveness of its fall into the eyes of the observer reducing him to a player on its side [throwing him also into the queue of strollers who, running, get closer to *Salem*, that is Perfection (Gen. 14. 18.)], not giving up the possibility of *Shaharaim* however (two dawns, 1 Chr. 8. 8.), although even with a single one no one yet resisted such a silveriness as seen on the trolleybus in the photograph in question without, at that, himself being reduced to its dust (*большей частью*), having left thoughtlessly his own *Zared* (exuberant growth / abundant increase, Num. 21. 12.).

That is how, even when kissed by *Zareth-shahar* (the splendor of the morning, Josh. 13. 19.), instead of *today*, *yesterday* pulls over everything.

The year of *1952* as immeasurableness of a circle: so much silver - and yet a graphite rainbow is dripping from it.

"And all our yesterdays have lighted fools / The way to dusty", *W. Shakespeare.*

Pictures and years as covers of each other. *Большую часть дня*.

* * *

Years and pictures as *Orson* and *Valentine*, the heroes of an old romance according to which these twin brothers were born in a forest (having exclaimed "*Siamo arrivati*!"), at which the former was suckled and brought up by a bear, the

latter reared at the king's court, such that *Orson* (for the purposes of this story the incarnation of *past times,* that is, *long years*) grew up into a wild man of the forest (*essere vivente*), but *Valentine* (for this occasion the incarnation of a *propitious solution*, that is, *enchanting picture*) ultimately reclaimed his twin brother from savagery.

(*Essere umano*).

Orson and *Valentine* (synonyms of years and pictures) as Locke's "promoters" of an increasingly closer encounter:

"Edging by degrees their chairs forwards, there were in a little time got up close to one" (*Locke*).

Picture No. 7 as allowableness of salvation (announced with a lustrous escape, but in a soft voice of annihilation).

[Salvation as sedating by the self (waiting only for a genius to be born!)

"Silence and solitude set an edge on the genius", *Dryden*].

A hot day (so many in row), yet the calendar is proclaiming no substitution [all the time it is this Tuesday, 26. Jun, 2007, which flames and burns, only two days before Vidovdan (*St. Vitus' Day*, i.e. *The Seeing Day*), as if Night is never going to replace Day, and as if something else is going to be *Seen*, *toku ni*].

("When one has made a bad bet, it's best to edge off", *Colman*).

In *Picture No. 7* one can also notice a rather large colossus of imagination: while sleeping on his cheek he could not be startled, now when even that has been resolved (being photographed!) no one is more vigilant than him - having grabbed all that in a sensible move [having rounded off the material for *Picture No. 7* by the urban frame (*beranda-tsuki no heya*)], one can see how (inside said trolleybus and the car left behind) he (the giant in question) carries the souls of eternal voyagers of the type of *Jaziz* (wanderer, 1 Chr. 27. 31.), not for the first time moving across *Kirjath-huzoth* (city of streets, Num. 22. 39.), but one has to run across something to get to his own lament, that is *Kinah* (Josh. 15. 22.), not distancing oneself, at that, from the rest of the mankind, that is *Ithream* (2 Sam. 3. 5.), on the contrary, having in his perspective such a Heavenly asylum as the Island of Palms (*Ithamar*, Ex. 6. 23.).

Photograph No. 7 as a translucence of the lamenting ones over the opaque themselves.

* * *

Photograph No. 7 as a beauty of supreme ones above threatening ugliness.

"Every pitiful whipster that walks within a skin has his head filled with the notion that he is, shall be, or by human and divine laws ought to be 'happy'", *Carlyle*.

The Seeing Day (Vidovdan, *28. Jun, 2007*), yet only *that which is* can be seen. (*Yasumi de*).

That which was (and *that which will be*) hid somewhere (and will hide like that, until *this which is* puts them on its lap).

("When the visitant comes again, he is no more a stranger", *South*).

Unless presenting itself with its *second I*, nothing ever happens, anyway.

Having taken its *second I* to present itself, namely, both this one and that one (both this and that side of the medal) can be classified under the impatience of the choice of *Gabriel*, man of God (Dan. 8. 16.), if things were considered according to belonging to completion, and not according to the rule of *Gerizim*, persons living in a desert of the world (Deut. 11. 29.).

At which, persons living in a desert of the world are always those who do not find it necessary to have Bilshan (*Seeker*, Ezra 2. 2.) whispered on one ear of theirs, and Cain (*Possession*, Gen. 5. 9.) on the other, and expecting that that will not start moving them from there. (Even if asking "*Kichō-hin o koko ni azukeraremasu ka*?")

While people who live in an oasis are, by that very fact, and in relation to all that, its possessors - to them the seeking does not bring anything they already don't have, with which, in fact, the citizenry in *Picture No. 7* can be characterized, and, "as such", tranquilized by a walk as that seen in the given photograph which, doubtlessly, takes them to *Zelzah*, shade in the heat (1 Sam. 10. 2.), represented by all the trees on its (picture's) left hand side, and by nirvana on the right.

("But O, for the touch of a vanished hand / And the sound of a voice that is still", *Tennyson*).

It is best to puncture with *Photograph No. 7* the hot air of such a day that it (the photograph) feasts upon. *Jemandem gleichen.*

Picture No. 7 as a stab by *Manasseh*, one who causes to forget (Gen. 41. 51.)

* * *

Picture No. 7 as a photographic personification of health: people caught in a hurry (*wie gewöhnlich*), or those to whom all this repeats itself [as they make a stop, wave (*aus Gewohnheit*), miss the sparkling trolleybus knowing that the next already rolls around the corner (*sich fügen*)], the lonely car as a negligible threat to the ecology of the system of that day ("*Ich bin froh, dass...*"), incarnated in still possible vegetation including strong trees in the given picture immortalized right next to it (the branches, therefore, of gigantic crown of a possible cedar if it was not for the plane tree with its leaves wide for both, plus for a maple, sycamore, and an Egyptian fig, all of which that American plane tree indeed was, without any of that being discovered even using a knife underneath its bark), all in all - a picture full of nice fulfilling of that (even then) cosmic pore, *bei Nebel.*

"Enduring in heart and in brain, the exhaustless splendor of those early days", *Henry W. Grady*.

Accordingly, due to the described scene, *B*. of that year (the year of *1952*) will not be possible to write off just like that.

(If perfection is not its feature, of which more brilliant show could that picture possibly be a nicer creature?

"So fair a pleader any cause may gain", *Dryden*).

Picture No. 7 as an interlacement between what is of light and what of us (what is superhuman and what human) - something always sways behind something else while searching for it.

("What next I bring shall please / Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire", *Milton*).

Picture No. 7 as an interlacement between what is of us and what of light (what is human and what superhuman, *dipinto da un grande artista*) - yielding this brilliant saga, *bianco come la neve.*

A story according to which it is not ours to deny brilliancy if besides the light no other end exists in all our fancy.

To hunt it (and hunt again - the light dealt with here, *da un capo all'altro*), at least by means of the camera, while the booty's hurrying (a good catch hasting) [thus having in mind *Maher-shalal-hash-baz* (Is. 8. 1.)], not forgetting that such a possibility will not repeat itself, that the light rays (so nicely fallen on the object of camera - all those generations of that era!) do not make stop anywhere except in *Maralah* (trembling, Josh. 19. 11.), but they again swiftly rise (coming to themselves for their steady prize, *fra capo e collo*), then go on in a straight line towards *Makkedah*, in such a Place of Shepherds taking on possible herd, doing that in such a way as to (like in *Photograph No. 7*) take it to the square on

which between the latter (an urban object of light, photon-like justification) and them (the miniature dots, primordial states) there is nothing which would confuse in them (both the object and them, the dots of flying) the piquancy of electrifying.

06-07-02-08-09-10-05/12-21-30-03-24-25-26-23-24-03-18-19/07-08-09-10

* * *

(*Photograph No. 8:* Physically Turning In The Spirit)

Picture No. 8: A magic round about (*Tašmajdan*'s merry-go-round: to serve as a fill-in above the ground).

Führungszeugnis.

That year (the year of *1953*) I even started the school: everything was to be thought over (one thing is to read a book, another to turn with carrousel's hook).

And yet, the connection between playing and knowing meant much at those times too [*Pagiel* (God's intervention, Num. 1. 13) in the sense of *Padon* (Redemption, Ezra 2. 44.)].

To learn in order to intervene, to play in order to be saved (still clean).

"Glad evening and glad morn", *Milton*.

In the first grade of the "Ćirilo i Metodije" school (*Mrs. Miroslava Pavlović* was my teacher) I felt sufficiently vivacious to take a seat in the very back of the classroom (a bench in the corner next to the window always turns out to be in the center). The school originally comprised a single building, then two, a new and the old one, something that, already at that time, predicted the splendor of *Giddalti*, the one who, even pushed in the corner, dashingly exclaimed "I have increased" (1 Chr. 25. 4.), although that could also have been implying gushing forth of *Giah*, a man known for that (2 Sam. 2. 24.), which, judging by the results of the progress, seems to have been more probable [and that, even then, could have been anticipated, i.e. was written like that underneath *Hodesh* (New Moon, 1 Chr. 8. 9.).

But, of course, that was meant to be different - with which all that confusion of hoping to play by learning to play can, in fact, be explained.

The year of *1953*, therefore, as *Photograph No. 8*, at which point one should not forget the reading book either (having considered Primer a Bible, *aufs Bester*).

* * *

The year of *1953* as a carousel full of the music of *Christophe Jean*, the hero of *Romain Rolland*'s novel of the same name, a musician who is also concerned with the social order!

So that in it (the given photograph, that is, merry-go-round), personalities typical for the condition which, by means of said picture (*Picture No. 8*), stretches from one end to the other, can actually be seen: enthusiastic people surely mean enthusiastic times (favorable impulse), a social situation primarily understood as the best possible in the middle of the frame carved so that nothing can hide in there - so much all (that) was brought to light (having overflown from emancipation to amusement, *kikén wo okasù*).

A gray afternoon [even if a reflection flashes, at the same moment, across the sky, it fully crashes (*shikáshī subarashīī ja arīmasèn ka*!)], to the temple in the picture (St. Marko's Church - its tower growing) and the building behind (Main Post Office - its back showing), gives, therefore, the orders of *Ur* (Sign of Light, Gen. 11. 28.), in the sense of covering them (the church and the post office) with drifts of lazy bravuras (for the storm on their way to move in the rhythm of moras) - having left in the given photograph only the personalities conveniently imbued with a story like this [the story first awaken then fallen asleep (*мечтательный*)] and, here and there, a spark of an extra inspiration (although one should say - often sleepwalking).

Picture No. 8 as a dance of people hung on the sky with strings stretched at the angle of some 45^0 (*с их точки зрения*), but also a gathering of the surrounding observers mainly propped up by picturesqueness of the scene [two military persons none of which, judging by everything, is being left with less chances for victory by the flow of time (*он все говорил и говорил*)], or, on the other hand, some leaned against the wooden fence [two youths none of which, on their pale foreheads, have inscribed something that would suggest they could not do more (*мы с отцом*)], or some having seated on an implement in the left portion of the photograph in question [some children from whom in that, grape-like pose, even toothed birds could learn something toothless (*и так далее*)], or some just arrived in the given picture [two bon vivants one of whom with his cane clears the way through air full of intriguing state (*постарайтесь прийти*)], or some suddenly silent / abruptly muted [a couple of small (additional) groups of conscientious citizens who do not care about talking as long as the festive mood is welcomed by shouting (*это равносильно отказу*)], all of which can also be understood as a granulation of the subject picture (*Picture No. 8*) for a heart to come to a heart.

Each one of them, in other words, gladdened about the moment.

"Each science and each art his spoil", *Bentley*.

While, above all that, a gigantic (cosmic!) eye was turning around something in the form of (this world's) toy.

(*Общая сумма*).

"A huge Cyclops that hissed and spluttered", *W. A. Fraser*.

Under such conditions, therefore, one was supposed to start school and keep imagining that the world is still turning (even if according to such a bookish principle indeed).

* * *

To keep imagining that the world is turning, actually, was not so hard (see, for example, all conveniences which, exactly because of that, simply radiate from *Picture No. 8.*, *в конечном итоге*), but to start going to school (even if it was "*C. & M.*") assumed a pathway more winding than the floating in the head, *прежде всего*.

It was necessary to cross the *R. Boulevard*, which at those times was not a harmless undertaking either (one was run over by a streetcar once, and every one hurried to have a look), but also going down the ravine towards the "central plateau" [place toward which (as already said and as it, in principle, without hesitation happens), first one, then two buildings were waiting for the pupils like *Xanadu Kubla* for the early riser *Khan*], as well as, along the way, it was

needed to overcome all temptations of *Enan*, personification of every one who shuns from seeing with his own eyes (Num. 1. 15.), which always, as known, pull in their direction, so that one *Žika*, a gipsy and a pupil in the same, first grade, only twice as old, was assigned to take us over all that [and bring to the school (*все книги*!)], something which he was doing successfully, albeit that was his only success (the following year he was expelled from that school too - which the rest of us forgot with an ease, having risen aloft, I must say, toward higher grades!)

But now, I remembered that *Žika* as a highest cherub.

(*Всю свю жизнь*).

And even if he was not exactly that, it is for sure that by now he fittingly became composed in his elation (having incorporeally wrapped himself into the commemoration, *весь день*).

("And in a winding sheet of vine leaf wrapt / So bury me by some sweet garden side", *Omar Khayyam*).

The first grader - even a mention of him is light.

(*Он Вам нравится*?)

* * *

Commemoration as counting of *Jahzerah* [one who brings things back / looks at them again (1 Chr. 9. 12.)].

Mentioning all that (what? *все нормально?*), the starting of the school, for example (and the fun in the center of the mentioned *Luna Park*?), one even involuntarily becomes confused, thinking about negligence in all that (what? *как Вы себя чувствуете*?), such as, for instance, *anguis in herba* (a snake in the grass), *crambe repetita* (an obvious truth), and *dolce far niente* (sweet doing-nothing).

A snake in the grass in the sense of a coming war (*Santo cielo*!), *an obvious truth* in the sense of the incorrigibility of essence (*da cima a fondo*), *sweet doing-nothing* in the sense of a fall into *Libnah* (Whiteness) "when everything else expires, ah!" (Num. 33. 20.).

And yet to them (the school and the carousel, full of a humble vertigo) I return.

"My blessings on that happy place / Among the rigs of barley", *Burns*.

Somehow, one always seem to see cereals (both in the city center and in other situations), whenever hallucinating about "charming past" between studying and playing (whenever sitting down at the school desk at the speed of a top increasingly swaying - *una coppia molto affiatata*).

Who is going to know the whereabouts of the school and the entertainment park now, as even then nothing kept them in their proper place (*in pieno giorno*); it would be even plausible to say that it is more certain now (than it was before) that their traces [the traces of "*Ćirilo & Metodije*" school and Luna Park "Progress" (that is "Advancement", that is "Bright Future", *a poco a poco*)] vanish more in details than in principle, although one should wait for a full discovery.

(*Fra poco*?)

Until then, it makes sense to put together story like this - divested of redundant dreams {better understood as a convenience to reach solid dwelling ("*När anländer vi*?"), something that, however to take it, will position itself not to be strangled by nightmare's swelling [nor to be overthrown from the throne by wind, or rain, or tremor, or a shortage of the foundation stone (*im Augenblick*), of course, but (before all) to not be left, due to a downward slope, without a support (in the form of warm pores, *mehr denn je*)]}.

At which point, having become accustomed to the role of *James John Boanerges*, a loud-voiced dissenting minister in *Ms. Oliphant*'s Salem Chapel, a vigorous exponent of the doctrines of *election* and *reprobation*, projecting his meaning as he should by means of the combination of the names of Standard Apostles (*James* and *John*) and the surname of the Sons of Thunder (*Boanerges*).

("Contumacious persons whom no topics can work upon", *Wilkins*).

And yet, having even elevated passions, is it not the case that one who grabs them will, actually, rob them?

(By traversing to triumphal nirvana, *per male che vada*).

That is why it is better to analyze the thing in question (represented in *Photograph No. 8* - *insonnolito*) by the method of a subsided resurrection. *A buon intenditor poche parole.*

Photograph No. 8, accordingly, as the pulse of a group of people set off for a hearty circle.

"Each his own ancestral totem / Each the symbol of his household", *Longfellow*.

* * *

Photograph No. 8 as "shaking off anxiety by turning to the nicer side of life".

[Albeit, turning to it (the nicer side) along the classic circle, chasing the standard food, *dòko ka nide*.

"The principles of freedom and the topics of government shall always be interesting to mankind", *G. Washington*].

The merry-go-round in *Picture No. 8* (and the people on it) as an obstacle to behavioristic *Uniates*, in the sense of breaking off with imagination of progress as an all-inclusive solution (*dàre ni oshīeto mò sùgu obóeraremasù*), a reduction by means of which the voyage is most easily made in a carrousel base [foundation of an adolescent ascension (*an Land*)], regardless of "how that could be viewed" at the time (and "how it can be viewed" now), that is, regardless of the obvious ingredients of childish things (in the form of possible concessions by easygoing proclamations of purpose), something that at no time intends to descend from the mentioned merry-go-round to a profanity demonstrated in the case of American family by the name of *Norris*, described in *Dickens*' Martin Chuzzlewit, make believe professing to despise distinctions of rank and title, but deeply interested in members of the British aristocracy.

(*Einer Sache ihren Lauf lassen*).

Moreover, falling deeper and deeper, focusing on the primordial confirmation of that kind of exertion, which was the subject of interest of even *Arbuthnot*:

"*Strabo* tells us that the mines at *Carthagena* yielded the *Romans* per diem to the value of twenty-five thousand drachms".

(As always, by finishing a game - another top starts running after its fame, *im Laufe der Woche*).

Picture No. 8 as a redeemer's warning: who gets off from this device (the subject vice), he will be still turning - yet missing the road to Paradise. (*Denk gut nach*!)

The bliss according to which all that (regarding play and work) is solved by obediently cheering it.

"Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs yielded", *Milton*.

But, who drank the sweets hiding (from himself) his deeds?

(*Ein Flüchtigkeitsfehler*).

Which resulted in that only dreamers of a moment, in the sense of fondlings of the spirit, are left to busy themselves with *Picture No. 8*.

Dreamers of a moment (fondlings of the spirit, *sonst noch etwas*?), before anything else, (in all that) occupy themselves with physical principles of the picture in question as with spectral contents of reminiscence (*für etwas sorgen*), to the photographic nuances of the scene (under consideration) providing more than a negligible advantage of the stage under brown Sun [tinting it with the airy threads of a comfortable climax ("*Viel Spaß*!")], potentially approaching the hovering in free space (reducing the gravitational constant to an animated trick), thinking that there always exists a small eternity taking care of the episode herewith too, yet such that one should not take advantage of, to prevent it to spread to the next (eternity), in which case everything would have been joined into a futile sector of fascinating panorama, while it could have been so nicely sparkling all over the place.

("*Haben Sie sonst noch einen Wunsch*?")

Picture No. 8 as afternoon's sociableness of *Hagarenes* (Ps. 83. 6.), inhabitants of *Hagar* (Gen. 16. 3.), symbolic place of ascension [climbing, swarming, once everything else stopped to swarm and only this squad of heroes remained (*sich um jemanden sorgen*)], but also a place in which one could have achieved tranquility of satisfaction personified in *Tirzah* (Num. 26. 33.), because of which it is not easy to regard all that as identical to the obviousness of the void which (from all that) acts as if yawning with undisturbed faith into generalized state, the state of waiting or rotating, all the same, at any rate something which by definition shines only in the corners of the given picture (respectfully borrowed from http://www.skyscrapercity.com/showthread.php?t=406398&page=6), while across the sky (and on the pebbly terrain, *inder Tat*) the numbness of omniscience prevails (*eine optische Täuschung*), an ahead-calculated situation into which this one (depicted in the picture) almost fell too, having proclaimed itself an emperor in the eye of the observer dealt with here (who, of course, is *M. Горски*), as a tiny cloud would do in a paddle (having reduced itself, therefore, in the manner known as *Светогорски*), not leaving room for a doubt in the sense that everything is going to, perhaps, withdraw, persisting on itself as a chick on the hen.

("I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection", *W. Shakespeare*).

Picture No. 8 as a luring of chance. ("*Guten Tag*!")

Whom it smiles to - he will be transported, whom it forsakes - he is finished with (the break of a diligence).

Es taut.

* * *

Photograph No. 8 as 'beating the dead horse' (*nichts taugen*!) in the absence of a more grandiose theme of the epoch [the citizenry understood as a subject of "Lunarization" - the Luna Park pulled out to a small area between the massive tower of the *St. Marko Temple* and the *Federal Post Office* building (as if it was a children bark!) by the simple sum of all steps (*сказать правду*)], a certain tame predisposition towards the obvious indifference of the observers (civilians, pupils, soldiers, high school students before an imminent graduation) and the participants in the given celebration on the body of the carrousel [two agents, a foreman, and someone whose bare feet only, rather small, by such turning arrive inside the frame of the picture (*не прощаясь*), although perhaps a bit heavy - no one yet, so barefoot (and quiet!), escaped the centrifugal force to point out at such himself; the same is with that Gipsy child!]

[That merry-go-round Gipsy child – isn't he some sort of a merry brother of that Žika the Gipsy (his smaller version – equally mild)?

“Fled like a glittering rivulet to the tarn ”, *Tennyson*].

Whatever it may have been, it looks like it was high time for the participants (and observers) in *Photograph No. 8*: for the former (rotated by the rules of Assumption) to soar up beyond standard vigilance, for the latter (occupied with detecting Pejoration) to come to their senses (transfer to Melioration) agreeing also to that Variation [accepting personal participation in the circus show in which they found themselves on their own will (without grumbling and useless muttering!)], in order for both (the former and the latter) to get a good breath of fresh air of *The Same* [*The Flower of the Same Condition*: as it was, as it is, and as it will be - once nothing remains to be hidden after rendition, and all is let to start turning (although not evading death, even after the learning)].

Figure No. 8 as a tiny flame of huge apparition. *Юношеский*.

[And while its shadows keep germinating - its lighting keeps emboldening it (in a jiffy, the soil rises into the sky without terminating it)].

“Those clear truths, that either their own evidence forces us to admit, or common experience makes it impudence to deny”, *Locke*.

* * *

Picture No. 8 as the Archive anti-thesis - let us only take an excerpt from http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1000003.htm and compare it with it (*Photograph No. 8*):

“The activity of the Archives.... and the tasks and assignments through which it is being performed and executed, is prescribed by the official documents and bylaws, that is regulations determining the status and sphere of action of the Archives as well as instructions and statutes establishing and detailing the methodology of performing specific tasks and duties.

Following domestic and foreign experiences, today’s Archives fully integrate contemporary working principles, from realizing the protection of the archival material generated by various institutions - registrars, to taking over, storing and processing the material and providing conditions for its use until modern information systems are built and the material published.

Lists are made containing the names of sources of archival material as well as the condition of the material out of the Archives is determined, in the form of registers, files, dossiers and all sorts of other means providing data about the number, names, addresses, quantity, and condition of the archival material. All the information is entered into data bases and is accessed by means of computers, providing efficient means for operational work on short- and long-term scheduled tasks, providing storage for the material, etc.”

Dullness as an essential inarticulateness (*позавчера*), a reduced task done with cyclopean appetite (*объектив с переменным фокусным расстоянием*), a paramount distinction of *Slawkenbergius*, an imagined author quoted in *Sterne*’s Tristram Shandy, and represented as having a huge nose - yet another truth impossible to run from, although a more cautious debut would have been more fitting for it too.

“The truth hereof I will not rashly impugn, or overboldly affirm”, *Peacham*.

On one hand the *Archives*, on the other *Pictures From the Archives* - who can remember here to have a look ahead?

That is why I thought of fusing all that backwards. (*Вчерашний день*).

“These were my natural impulses for the undertaking”, *Dryden*.

Which, of course, does not mean that I was not fully occupied with how to (from all that) derive a prognosis too - let us take only the presentiment that showed up from the very purpose of letters!

(After all, something is always necessary to write with. Even if out of the blue:

“At once assail / With open mouths, and impudently rail!”, *Sandys*).

Learning the letters in “*Ć. & M.*” accordingly, was good for me in terms of enabling me to ingratiate myself with the future of a hermetic writer. (“*Får jag presentera...*?”)

(Neither something could have been changed there, nor was it even necessary to play up to something more banal than being surrounded with an empty pen, *ετσι κι αλλιως*).

Picture No. 8 as coming face to face with not going too far.

(*Kan ni hjälpa mig*?).

* * *

Have I said we had a subject called *Home Studies*?

(As if studies are not hard work, that is, as if one needs manicured hands to pull the cork).

In the *Home Studies* class, therefore, which in the given school was unfolding such that (during it) we were using the glue and the scissors to weave (in such a way) the life’s reasons (*artesania*), I weaved a *0.5* liter beer bottle with the layers of distinctive colors of a plastic line (red and yellow at the time, at the present as pale as a thorn, on a rose vibrating as a torso with spine), not preventing it to look, at the same time, sufficiently soothed even for the taste of a follower of the setting Sun (not only then a poetic sum, *por un lado*).

The year of *1953* smoked with a smile anyway. (*La paciencia es una virtud*).

(It is no wonder that we, the pupils at those times, had covered it fully with the Ferris wheel, *por otro lado*).

The year of *1953* as the *Home Studies* placed under heavy suspicion - even that which was made disappeared who knows where, without any one needing it, becoming redundant, ripping a seam (crashing in the center, *за кулисами*), exchanging its usability (even if existed) for its solitariness, naturally adding departure of its author from life (or, at least, his leaving for the end of the world) to its own [departure from life or, at least, leaving for the end of the world (*набирать 6 баллов из 10*)], not making an ordinary bottle, weaved with a standard line, larger than needed paraphernalia of the past, having simply gambled away all the points of materialization, (without anywhere else to go) having silenced itself (*matómari no naī*) - that is why all those miniature vases and laces can be seen at all, from the dust (in which they reside) not announcing anything regarding a larger diligence (*shizùka na*), obscurely reminding that all of them {all those small patches, earthenware water jugs, mosaics, and smoothly carved (with a small hand saw) wood pieces [under the pressure of a very dense plywood (*wie du siehst...*) planted into, by all means larger, construction of the world at the time]}, that all of them, therefore, meant more then, that is, had a “higher rating”, but all that is only an “empty past and illusion” at the present, having remained in the students who were making them [all those contrivances and things (*in Zeitlupe*)] with a proper attention, in the same way, namely, in which *Penthesilea* remained a queen of the *Amazons* in *Homeric* and *Virgil*’s commentaries.

Ich hatte also doch Recht.

Students and their works: the latter draw the former along, and once done (once the meaning of the works expires), nothing remains for the students either.

"I saw our party to their trenches driven", *W. Shakespeare.*

Whatever remained of those *Home Studies* of ours, it did not, therefore, spread all the way to here - to this spot to which (look!) not even *Tyler Toby* has access (that hero of a children's story of the same name by *James Otis*, a character who runs away to join a circus and becomes disillusioned with his adventures there), let alone the product of the work of robust pioneers.

That year (the year of *1953*), accordingly, school days just started (in my case), but their results still last - between complete oblivion and early works, that merry-go-round (the carrousel in *Picture No. 8*) has not retired yet, on the contrary, it turns (as a fly in the glue) in the sky blue (blue!) *Attento*!

Picture No. 8 as a lion tail - the whip by which the past is being knocked down (from the grain of those times to the kernel of today's rhymes, *scambiarsi di posto*).

* * *

Practically, *Picture No. 8* can go hand in hand with the pictures shown so far, if one would ask them rather than a daily hope that all that [in connection with all those pictures (*finora*)] is going to be a promenade (bringing itself to the harmony of the first grade), rather than each one (each of those, long time past pictures) going to extremes, in the sense of insisting on some *Happy Island* of theirs {believed by the ancient *Greeks* to be located on the high seas of the *Atlantic Ocean*, as a part of *Elysium* [*Paradise Plains* in the sense of small fields full of the perfect bliss and corresponding happiness (*Θελετε παραθυρο*?)]}, striving to present each of the pictures in question in its own terms, framing it with the light pain of a photo-bug.

The frame that is to be passed through as wind does through gate (*Ανοιξτε παρακαλω*?), so that to one who does that at least such a picture dawns in the morning (through which, therefore, he passed in that manner).

"Where droves, as at a city gate, may pass", *Dryden*.

Crowds of people, both in *Picture No. 8* and in other pictures of the world ("*¿Qué dan en el 'Odeon'*?"), as a condition without which the cosmic net is not to be stretched out for the swarm of this earth to enter it (the net), however heavenly (like ants entering the fresco in a minuet). *Движение вперед*.

Entireness [collectiveness, nice behavior of a multitude inclined to festivals ("*Cerca di venire*!") is that which, according to what has been described, attracts the one who pictures all that (takes its picture with a depth camera, *per quanto no so*) to place in the sight of his (*Röentgen*!) device exactly those (light?) people (*basta cosi*), letting them know in a discretive manner that that which is being photographed is a result of the entire situation development (*od un'ora stabilita*), that in such a procedure one should not be asking (as it cannot be answered) where they were leaving for that afternoon (where they were rushing to or what they were hoping for), and yet letting them know that even that will fall in its place (that its daily throne will become known by their trace) as soon as everything else gets rid of that which slows it down, and sets out on the Ferris wheel for *Machpelah* (Doubling, Gen. 23. 9.).

"Darkness there might well seem twilight here", *Milton*.

Picture No. 8 as transfiguration of that which is not seen into that which is seen. (*Concentrarsi su qualcosa*).

* * *

Picture No. 8 as chopping up the landscape to the point to which it makes sense doing that while maintaining both the rotational and translatory (in a straight line) movements of citizenry ("*E una fortuna che mi sia ricordato della cartina*"), primary joyous people not restricted by anything except their own shadows, which, truth to say, cannot be found anywhere in the given picture (cannot be seen anywhere, each enwrapping its boss), but which in principle can be suspected at a smallest sign of sunshine, pointing with its petite glaring ball at the other side of things too (*andare avanti e indietro*), at that which normally is not seen but in the given circumstances (in the circumstances of an increased illumination therefore) already fully separates into primary body and secondary shadiness due to the, so called, spirit (occupied only, possibly if not quite probably, with its shady trait), so that such an entire picture (like *Picture No. 8*) plays in a bipolar way with the eye (*eine Detektivgeschichte*), entering its focus on one side [leaving it on the other (*der Umweg*)], now focusing on the described scene now putting it aside [during which time hovering over the increasingly larger awkwardness of the day in the sense that even its own hours (the hours of the day in question, *in der Ferne*) are numbered in the same way in which is the circulation in the park (where all that is seen), that it (said day) has nothing to look for any more (unless it becomes fond of night), that (finally) there comes a new day which rather dislikes the circus and in which only the eyes of the black order shine (the eyes of a monolithic understanding of the purpose as something which protects itself at any price)], a picture, therefore, from which the legs of doubleness readily spread at the first sign of simpleness: how to make as many turns on the carrousel as possible (without falling into the heavy dream however visible) and find oneself in *Shimrom*, Watch Post of the World (1 Chr. 7. 1.).

"Fear not, neither be fainthearted" (Isa. viii. 4.).

Picture No. 8 as *Reumah* and *Rezia*, Exalted and Delight that is (Gen. 22. 24., Chr. 7. 39.), in the sense of an additionally expressed joy on the faces of the people happy because of the play anyway (*tagsüber*), this time also inspired with flying over the Ferris wheel base of weekly simplification (*entzückt sein*), something that (at least once a week) spreads from one side of the picture (*Photograph No. 8*) to the other, without making more complex anything which, on its own, also reduces to granulation of foundation (*schließlich*), offering to help it, in fact, in order that even it [which, on its own, disassembles into two, three simple convictions ("*Reicht dir das*?")] comes to its senses and starts viciously attacking the magnification of (only one) surrounding (*ein Notausgang*), from which (it is true) it seems to them that there is no need for something like that [that everything, anyway, contorts from *one* and returns to *one* at every moment of its circus-like hovering (*sich amüsieren*)], but to which they still turn when everything stops (and their feet keep on moving exactly on it, the only surrounding, *stundenlang*), sincerely accepting them by that very act without hesitation (i.e. not swindling them), them who actually came to this place to recommend themselves to the unique easiness ("*Hur mycket kostar det*?"), a category in close connection with the fact that everything will pass (*med vatten*), and so will also this demonstration of half levitation, half embodiment, with which each one of them (each of the photographed visitors of Luna Park named "The Worker" or "The Proletarian" or "The Female Proletarian") by all means aims at Paradise (*i...dagar*), or at least some oasis in its vestibule [some Green Grove (*på morgonen / på kvällen*)], in any case having in mind *Rock of Escapes*, according to 1 Sam. 23. 28. called *Sela-hammahlekoth*, although other variants cannot be automatically excluded either.

Trepidation in the air, in all that, is certainly implied, and in particular that pulse of the vein by which one sets in motion to the self and, just when about to easily arrive, the dough of the night places across as if alive (*på kvällen*), because of which one would be wise to start quivering from the beginning (or position flexibly enough so that it cannot be interpreted as another incident of an individual), in any case, by means of said trembling, stimulating an eternal search for justice.

But, who is going to be able to have a look at the tooth of righteousness?

["Unjust and mistaken in the method of inference", *Glanvill*].

That is why one is to deal with *Picture No. 8* in a rather unofficial way.

Automatisk.

* * *

In actual fact, the unofficial nature of *Picture No. 8* is mainly seen in such interpretation in which it [the subject photograph ("*Kan ni förstora det här*?")] easily melts its swift coat of exultancy in the mouth of time (when it, in one of the classical ways of a propitious morning prayer, becomes greedy at a nod of light without a problem), as if nothing anywhere perseveres on indistinctness or, at least, obscurity of bridging over (*por ãviao*), the leap which (so naively but also innocently) one was to gain on the way towards tranquility ("*Pode-me desenhar um mapa*?"), not letting beatitude go since the first touch of peace (*fare il proprio comodo*), turning together with it on the merry-go-round setup of the destination (*braccio di ferro*), placed such that it can be approached only obliquely from the sky, along that line along which the people turning in the given picture surely arrive where needed, which is, therefore, that kind of condition which is achieved as long as one dreams, hovering more in his head than in said device streams (*карусель*), physically turning in the spirit, with his feet cutting the air crowned with glory - the first grader launched by the antique school story.

06-07-02-10-05/30-09-17-23-26-27-03-11-18-24/07-08-09-10

* * *

(*Photograph No. 9:* Having Secretly Waved In The Calm Landscape)

In *Picture No. 9* as in a watering hole of the sky - quenching one's thirst (with either this or that) still takes place there (whatever else to try). *Коротко говоря*.

In the year of *1954* (the year which the subject picture undoubtedly represents, *строго говоря*) one could not, namely, imagine that the thirst of *Jattir* [The Excelling One (Josh. 15. 48.), which certainly can be attributed to the sky both in the picture and in principle], that the thirst of something like that, therefore, is going to become like a vampire with every new scene [in the given case, with the year of *1954* as a logical joint between the previous, *1953*, and the next year (the year which was still to come)], and yet it should be clear that one needed to get accustomed to something like that (*в глубине души*), which is exactly what brings us to the true content of the photograph in question: the fountain next to the church under the stormy vault of a grayish day at the smooth corner of streets on which nothing saunters that could be understood in the sense of a greater poke if, at the time, one excludes two peaceful human figures, each ceaselessly deserving her unrestrained *Thummim* (Intemperate Truth, Ex. 28. 30.), leaving everything else, at that, to a long praised destiny, even like *Shakespeare* saying:

"I am now full resolved " (*W. Shak.*).

До глубины *души тронут*.

* * *

In *Photograph No. 9*, a woman and a child can be seen next to the *Topčider Church* and *Terazije Fountain* so that the picture, regarding that, is complete. *На зиму глядя*.

[It neither divides into something else, nor does it find a fault with that (something else) in the "full love of justice" (the well of granting), neutralizing already in the sheer graphicalness (*глухая стена*), reaching the outer space only through photographed crowns (at their simple sign in heavens' lawns)].

It is not clearly seen whether the (rather grown up) child is a future woman or man, but it is possible she/he already agreed with the woman (standing beside) about destination in front of which, it seems, they keep vigil [while their thoughts

twine above the picture - yes, above *Picture No. 9*!; why is it improbable that something like that (*Twining of Thoughts*) would elevate at such a place at which the picture holds it for its crest? *Под гнетом*?]

If the figures in question are those of a woman and a boy, they'll certainly agree which way to take. ("*Wir haben viel Vertrauen zueinander*").

If they are, however, the figures of two women (which seems to be the case: one of them already in a later phase of womanhood, another just entering adolescence of a girl), things become somewhat more complex ("*Глупости*! *Никуда не пойдёшь*!"), but one should not complicate them further.

(What Tackeray said is enough:

"That mysterious undefinable freemasonic signal, which passes between women, by which each knows that the other hates her").

Picture No. 9, therefore, as a union of two monuments and two beings (church plus fountain, woman plus child, *по правде говоря*), who do not hesitate to get rid of an alternative universe (*откровенно говоря*) - all those particles of the day which would like to put it away (the day in question), under the illusion of a plan without major faults, including those small parts of ***A**hishahar* (like that of Dawn, 1 Chr. 7. 10.), and those small crumps of ***B**ajith* (like that of Ruinous House, Is. 15. 2.), and those small grains of ***C**helub* (like that of Bird Trap, 1 Chr. 4. 11.), and those cells of ***D**abbasheth* (like that of Hump of Camel, Josh. 19. 11.), and those small sections of ***E**ber* (like that of Region Beyond, Gen. 10. 21.), and those components of ***F**estus* (like that of Miraculous Joyfulness, Acts 24. 27.), and those ingredients of ***G**ahar* (like that of Hiding Place, Ezra 2. 47.), and those kernels of ***H**akkoz* (like that of Thorns Needles, 1. Chr. 24. 10.), and those small fires of ***I**bhar* (like that of Whom God Chooses, 2. Sam. 5. 15.), and small sparkles of ***J**alon* (like that of Passing the Night, 1 Chr. 4. 17.) - as if the masterly smallness by itself is not sufficient to mix two live beings with monumental shelters from their tradition.

Zu sein.

Photograph No. 9 as granulation of life classified under *A*, *B*, *C*, *D*, *E*, *F*, *G*, *H*, *I*, & *J*, in the given case, such to avoid being tricked by a larger than necessary exhaustiveness of structure.

[Structure as composition of a hyper-realistic (real in the first place, almost above real, *ziemlich viel*) reflection of the world - that is (just and only) its reflection (*zu meiner Zeit*), not it itself (it on its own, *zu Fuß*), but one cannot see both *that which is* and *that which represents it* without *that which is* taking *that which represents it* for its *second self* (*zu meiner Freude*), in which case one would not know what is what, while this way, *that which is* is one thing, and *that which represents it* is another (*zum Scherz*), because of which the woman and the child (in the picture in question) are one, while their institutions of confidence (the church and the fountain) are another thing, unless something third gets involved in all that, for example, a loss of faith as a dryness of spring (*ho pensato tra me e me*), or (even better) an increase of thirst as a decrease of choice (*se ce ne fosse bisogno*), so that (as with anything else) one should be careful here too].

Which is exactly the reason for one to note how precisely in it (*Photograph No. 9*, *dappertutto*) there also often appears one, in any case unpredicted detail of (before all) stylish stumbling (followed by, fortunately, a daze due to a joyful victory over evil): look how the clouds, offering themselves (whether one wants it or not) to the interpretation of drama laid on the soil, in a move of a supreme paint brush filled with *Keren-happuch* (a Trophey Horn full of favorable color in the sense of sky bluishness, Job 42. 14.), change into those *Magellanic Clouds* - including healing as a likely possibility too ("*Kan jag boka en tid så snart som möjligt*?"), although near the Southern Cross [inside a dark area in the Milky Way ("*Jag känner mig yr*")], providing a reliable perspective to everything (not persisting so much on the hardship!), staying away from speculations dealing with, for example, collision of two black holes (whereby an energy greater than in all stars in the visible part of the universe is released!, c/o *B. L.*), taking human figures (in *Picture No. 9*, *exponering*) from the woods (*subarashī*), the woods from the architecture (*odorokubeki*), the architecture from the landscape (*sore zembu*), the landscape from the spasm of the day before the camera lens (*zembu de*), which made

possible for us to see all that without moving from the head as a distinctive canvas of *Shaphat* (Art Judge, Num. 13. 5.), painted in white like *Sheshai* (Num. 13. 22.), with possible ingredients of *Shihor*'s blackness (1 Chr. 13. 5.), but it is not likely for one to gain everything without gambling addiction of *Harold Skimpole*, a hero of *Dickens*'s Bleak House, an utterly selfish character, who poses as a man of artistic tastes and a child in money matters, while taking advantage of his friends' good nature, which, one must admit, demands feverishness worthy of secret pulses, equivalent to the haste of *Hushim* (Those Who Are Always In Haste, Gen. 46. 23.).

"Fear to do base unworthy things is valor; If they be done to us, to suffer them is valor too", *B. Jonson*.

("*Я захотел есть, глядя на тебя*").

* * *

Пятидесятые: As the year of *1954* arrived, I was expected to finish the first and enter the second grade - which indeed happened (it doesn't matter how). (*Детские годы*).

But, in the same way, is it really important to be enthralled with progressiveness without explanation when (during that time) appropriateness spreads by itself (without civility of stage fright) and the light lines of spectrum take away the dark ones without a noticable trepidation (the sweetened gravitation!), sensing their pulse as if sensing impunity.

"I went to see them in a moonshiny night", *Addison*.

[Meaning the light lines of spectrum, just mentioned above, since then crouched in our micro-pores (under the sort of a glow).

До глубины души удивлен].

Picture No. 9 as a reproduction of the modality of meaning, figurativeness which cannot be blamed for not dealing with the appearance of something between human figures and buildings [between said duplicate of females (possibly granddaughter and grandmother) and the architectural duality (*T.* fountain and *T.* church)], giving to to the locks stuck into the sky a role of the methodical overwhelming with mystery ("*Того и гляди дождь поидет*"), prescribing to the pole with a multitude of telephone wires (and a few electrical) a place between said granddaughter and church (*кто во что горазд*), referring to rather modest houses behind all that to corroborate such an impression of the whole scene which is always being expected when something able to complete its static explanation is missing [the explanation of a scene upon which nothing goes (nothing moves!), having carved itself into time too late and too early into space, having appeared when already expired (having expired before it appeared, *горои за кого*)], because of which everything in it (in *Figure No. 9*, *в один голос*) indeed exists in the manner of a well controlled pulse, knocking with a finger on its surface as a customer would on a watermelon, all the time hoping to find something smart inside - while, in fact, a big sweet donkey shows there!

But, everybody is running away from the fool in himself!

"Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter / My sober house", *W. Shakespeare*.

So that one should not be surprised because of the perfect modesty with which the subject photograph (*Photograph No. 9*, *во весь голос*) presents itself before the eyes of an incorrigibly curious person ("*Гори все синим огнем*!"), having combined on his (photo sensitive) plate these two reserved folks (the aunt and the school girl, for instance) with those two architectural monuments (the temple and the well, in a stony trance) by placing it (the plate) on their photo-road (*помогать горю*), intercepting the information with which they (the beings and the things, *слава тебе Господи*!) announced themselves at that hour (in the early afternoon), in that year (the year of *1954*), at that place (the *T.* hill in the city of *B.*), impregnating it with the cosmic eye. *Das Herzass.*

"Taking things on the footing of this life only", *Blair*.

Following such one, according to all criteria of contemporary rules of etiquette, perfect voyage, one can, accordingly, reach very far, but what is the use of it (a conscientious evaluator of smaller and smaller things would be asking himself) when the giant ball of Sun is to also nose dive onto the last of its (subject journey's) electrons (*där borta*), as soon as all this ends and things start bursting.

Whether participants in the picture in question (*Picture No. 9*) heard that or not!

("Whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear", Ezek. ii. 7.).

No one yet walked through such a picture, in other words, without finding himself underneath late shadows of ashen branches leaned against remnants of a daily condition of a chatter box by the name of *Omar* (Gen. 36. 11.), caught in the ultimate taciturnity typical for *Pekah*, an open-eyed personality (2 Kin. 15. 25.).

A personality, shall we say,

"Gracious in the eyes of God", *Jer. Taylor*,

if one neglects clairvoyance of the other, invisible side. ("*Kan jag åka tillbaka på samma biljett*?")

Picture No. 9, therefore, as a bond between visible and invisible (*satisfactorio*), so that seen is only that which is normally not seen.

* * *

Picture No. 9 as a year through which the autumn is flowing (the year of *1954* has been predominantly characterized by the autumn tenderness of seasonal submersion - author's note), depositing all its days into the river bed made of instantaneous disappearance ("*Hier sind wir in Sicherheit*"), so that even that which is in the picture [which presents itself as if has been stolen and carried by a simple act of *Charashim*, one, in any case, Ultimate Craftsman (1 Chr. 4. 14.)] most likely retains its vigor by means of a mere sense of the inertness of a moment (*auf lange Sicht*), still swaying for a second (or two) in front of the camera used in (such one) phase of mapping of the subject scene (of ossification of the totality of condition), before *it* (*that* which is in *Picture No. 9*) also disappears (buries itself into initial obedience like a tired man onto single bed) and everything (again) falls into the hands of beginning.

No chance for something to last beyond the internal collision.

As if they, such crashes of bodies, in addition to establishing boundaries, exterminate with silence, *señor mio*!

Without even making clear how, in the first place, they were created (as the story goes - at the same time at which everything else started).

"If bodies be extension alone, how can they move and hit against another?" *Locke*.

Bodies in the sense of corporealness of physical individuals (the woman and her child in *Picture No. 9*, *aus jemandes Sicht*) but also of the "3-D" occurrence of architectural undertakings [the fountain and its perfect, spiritual likeness, in the same picture (*кривое зеркало*?)], constructionally continuing in each other in the manner of self-understood association ("*Скажи, куда ты идёшь*"), practically imitating *Beer-elim* (Fearless Heroes, Is. 15. 8.), perhaps adding to the untroubled state of their comprehension of things only a shiver before pulling the trigger (*totemo taisetsu desu*), then having crossed over that too [having released the firing hammer of the bursting world (*ima kara futsuka de*), including the 'fragmented' disappearance of the subject photograph (*sugu*), just when it started to fully tame itself], out of entire picture in question having kept for inspection only a remembrance of it, half gleaming, half pulled out to the Coast of *Beth-ezel* (Coast of Exceptional Firmness, Mic. 1. 11.), to melt there together with placability of the mentioned totality (*ein Teelöffel Zucker*), in that way seen on a kneeling pad.

For, words should not be used more than thoughts.

"The tongue of the wise is health", Prov. xii. 18.

* * *

As data regarding all that (what?) can disappear at any moment, the new already teem (like voluble sparrows from a bush) from the mentioned Archives (at http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1000003.htm):

"According to the Archives statutes regarding taking, storing, keeping and using the archival material as well as the professional responsibility of the Archives workers, the rules have been established in connection with: the manner and procedure of taking over the archival material; the manner of lending and returning the archival material; the conditions and the manner of using the archival material; the professional responsibility of the Archives employees in connection with the archival material, the optimal technical conditions for physical protection of the archival material from damage and destruction as well as the measures of protection of objects and premises in which the archival material is kept. The same regulations determine compulsory evidence regarding the archival material kept on file, including the book of records, the dossiers of holdings and collections, topographic indicators of archival foundations and material kept in the Archives. Together with the book of rules there exist numerous forms containing data that regulate the Archives activities.

The instruction for sorting out and processing of archival foundations and creating the data base is made on the basis of many years of the Archives work as well as on the most recent experiences of both domestic and foreign archives, especially in the area of creating data base for archival material. The instruction prescribes the manner of performing the job activities in connection with the criteria for establishing archival foundations, the methodology of working on sorting out and processing of archival material within the framework of resulting principles regarding the preceding. Following the instruction is a corresponding form, keeping track of the inventory as a basic means of data of the archival material. The form is made suitable for use in the specialized archival office (*AOP*) which provides efficient inquiry into the archival material including questions about sorts of documents, their originality, language used, period covered, author, index, and so on.

There are also a number of other instructions and regulations regarding the way in which particular tasks are done, which the Archives workers are obliged to follow.

With all these statutes and forms, based on laws and bylaws, the complete activity of the Archives is covered and regulated, with a final goal of establishing uniform approach to various specific jobs, making use of all innovations of domestic and foreign archival theory and practice".

Archival data always show up at the last moment, when there is no more than a single cure, echoing in the premises into which they are pouring (for example, in a writer's room in which one roams with the eyes of snow) like the brisk steps of *Dr. Sangrado*, a diligent doctor in *Le Sage*'s novel Gil Blas, the medic who prescribes copious bleeding and the drinking of hot water for every sort of ailment.

("O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet ", *Milton*).

In the year of *1954*, therefore, everyone was waiting to be touched by a trophy lightning (*una tua amici*), and yet one knew how to quiet down behind the smallest bolt - having walked across the park, having embarked on harvesting the costumed ideals, having behaved humanly toward purpose, although with such a spoiled act having masked oneself, but what is that compared to the small needles of incessancy that, even since then, increasingly tightens around noon like today's, in the middle of *July* turned into a *January* gulf, a small lagoon of *Psyches* caught into a glacier, in relation to which *Picture No. 9* can be bettered.

(*Giubbotto di salvataggio*).

* * *

The thing is that nobody can claim not making the most from the notion of calming down, presuming that between one, however to take it, sacral testimony of the epoch (*T.* church) and a drinkable spring of the age in question (*T.* fountain), like the location of the woman and child in *Photograph No. 9*, he/she is going to stop still in a floating gait (*sano come un pesce*), take a look at earthly facts (*sano di mente*), try to hear cosmic echo (*sano e salvo*), and smile to a joy similar to that of *Montague Tigg*, a shabby-genteel and amusing character in *Dicken*'s Martin Chuzzlewit, who, in time, blossoms out into a man primarily occupied with fashion and wealth, although founding such pretensions of his carrying on a bogus insurance company, which, the truth is, finally cost him his head [for (in the book) he was murdered by certain *Jonas Chuzzlewit*], but then one cannot deny that, during the up-going path in such a case, the question of passing away of said gentleman, as well as, after all, the like-minded persons (during that time and other times, *in modo scortese*), in fact was an academic question - answered by the very act of nirvana framed by itself ("*Te lo puoi sognare*!"), however much such a situation of enjoyment was restricted in time (*prendere il sole*), which in *Picture No. 9* is best shown in small grayish dots of its royal peace.

And stop thinking now that even that was not good.

"A plausible insignificant word, in the mouth of an expert demagogue, is a dangerous and deceitful weapon", *South*.

For, the year of *1954* was everything except false.

(Even birds were rolling through it each towards its beak, which, as known, never lies, always folding over traveled distance).

* * *

The time in the second grade of "*Ć. & M.*" school I have spent, therefore, in such a way as to make myself ready in case of starting to count - counting only that which, like in *Picture No. 9*, adds up as superbness expressed by the relation

{[SPIRIT + BODY] (PER DIEM)} = {STATIC REQUIEM}

whose postulates could have been used to compensate for the absence of flirtatious relationship with tiny sparks of the pupil-like consciousness of an eight year old predetermined as its (said conscience's) chronicler, according to everything that happened and that could not have been bypassed, not even then, under the watchful crown of *Yggdrasill*, *The Tree of the Universe,* under which he, as in these jottings can be seen, and in the same way in which the grandma and her granddaughter did, in the end acquiesced.

("*Вы хотите жареную картошку к бифштексу*?")

And so - one is the school attended during one's youth set in loving, another whose books its pupil even today is gnawing.

"Though that seat of earthly bliss be failed", *Milton*.

Big notions of knowledge - while rainbow's behind the rain (a ledge of all the bluer stain).

(*Девушка с голубыми глазами*).

Picture No. 9 as lavishness by reticence (in a silent morning).

* * *

Picture No. 9 as preoccupation by foreboding.

("*Я поверю Вам на слово*").

{Enchantment by prejudice, passing the ball between institutions and stepchildren of the system, the score being 2:2, but it can be seen that the connecting force is loosing! *Во всем мире*.

The fact that in it (said picture, *неземнои*) everything still seems docile is a merit of the ambient glare (*я об этом услышал от кого-то*), shyness of focus (*на худой конец, в самом худшем случае*), a peripheral deposit of quiet hours [while one doubt catches up another, then chokes it (or, at that point, only swings it?)].

"Subdue and cool the ferment of desire", *Rogers*}.

"How about flaming up a scherzo?" - there asks himself a man who (in addition to all that) strives to seize whatever melodramatics (*он проводил каждый день на плаже*), drastically absent from the picture in question (*Picture No. 9*, *in jenem Jahr*), as if with the change of rhythm there starts pouring all that which, so hunched (not only in that picture), is in the state of wait: an *overstrain*, a *garden*, and a *bragging with paroxysm*.

Overstrain in the sense of a possible splitting of the scene (*von der Form her*), *garden* in the sense of a park becoming bright green (*die Bäume und ihre Blätter*), *bragging with paroxysm* in the sense of being contaminated with laughter – let us see who is who and what is what! *Lass es gut sein*!

As far as unimportant remnants of stagnation are concerned, they are to be thrown to the bottom of the world.

After all, to drive out the indifference from the main plan of *Photograph No. 9* also requires peripheral works of exorcists (surely, executed by the rules of contractors). ("*Das ist es ja gerade*!")

("Statutes and edicts concerning this debate", *Milton*).

* * *

In the year of *1954*, I was supposed to adjust, both in the school and in the open, to a positivistic guarantee available to everyone. (*Seguire le orme di qualcuno*).

And the most positive was that which was offering itself on the occasion of *May Day*. (*Un'occasione d'oro*).

(Even a very sleepy one would rise at the first sign of commotion that day).

The people, then, would be going down the street as if they lost their minds - talking incessantly, carrying on their noses a hearty desire that they too be protected by the caterpillar force [and come down on a tank to the center of the pulse ("*È un affare d'oro*!"), to celebrate the epoch (increasingly white, almost in a trance!)]

"Where perhaps some beauty lies / The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes", *Milton*.

Coming out of sleep, thus, would have been occurring at the first hubbub (at *4 am* all wring their hands anyway, as if in a sky lab), followed by joining the crowd. (*Un orologio da polso*).

Some would carry their footstools, some sweaters (some joy in their mouths); some were whispering vis-à-vis displayed weaponry.

No one was armless due to his/her weakness, for that age triumphed on the human faces.

("Making infinite merriment by harrpings upon old themes", *Irving*).

Eh, *May Day* in the year of *1954*, what a famous thought: why did I have to recall it so unequalled!

("God hath made the intellectual world harmonious and beautiful without us", *Locke*).

* * *

Having returned to *Picture No. 9*, one may notice how everything sleeps in it. (*Jemanden in den Arm nehmen*).

Two architectural monuments and two human beings, after all, cannot help not to succumb to mutual mistiness (*ab und zu*), a kind of evaporation that puts together said individuals before the walls in question (within the circle of described kingdom - *T. Hill* amidst *B. Stardom*).

("Cursed be good haps, and cursed be they that build / Their hopes on haps", *Sidney*).

But, one never pays attention to interference, then starts hoping for a little joy of hamster.

Due to all that, *Picture No. 9* is mainly characterized by the victorious symbiosis. *Sō de wa nāi to kikásarenài kagīri*.

Two women (one just a gal, though), two buildings (one just a fountain, though), and surrounding hours fading in the swing of love pretenses - what else is needed for an insatiable critic to get to his senses? *Äntligen*!

Instead, one should be photographed there: *Picture No. 9* (because of all that) is the golden winner. *Fantastiskt!*

("We take our principles at haphazard, on trust", *Locke*).

That is how the year in question (the year of *1954*, *hai, oshiharai itadakemasu*) actually tangled up around the picture in question (*Picture No. 9*) - placing itself on the photo's profile of founding (hanging around its corners of grounding, *tabun*), by no means leaving it (even for a hundred times better opportunity, *это правда мило*), all the time somewhat hesitating (the subject year) to point out to it (the subject photograph) other times as well (for example, the times of *Epaphras*, *contracted from the next word*, Col. 1:7; 4:12), all the time nagging that much time is going to pass before a soul comes to a soul {hand to hand, heart to heart, hill to hill [*Gibea* to *Gibeah* (1 Chr. 2. 49., Josh. 15. 57.)], inhabitants of *Ephraim* to sugariness (Gen. 41. 52.), as well as a mine to the mine sweeper ("*Кого Вы там видели*?")}and all the particles of the scene line up according to justice and priority established by the very act of duality.

(Duality of picture and time - that is, *Photograph No. 9* and the year of *1954* - but it could not have been said that one was dealing with a duplicate at the time.

In the same way in which there was no mention of a falsification - both the picture and the year attained their goals, which this text in fact speaks about!

Although it is true that all that, as always, originates from a single source! *Все время*.

"One only daughter heired the royal state", *Dryden*).

* * *

Muggy afternoon, but not enough to prevent one from squeaking for the reasons of happiness (which was comprehended as being better).

"I therein do rejoice; yea, and will rejoice", Phil i. 18.

Muggy afternoon (*July 25, 2007*), but recalling from it the haze before it is being done anyway via neutral procedure with regards to heating properties of days in principle (and so of this day too, worthy of a warmed up relief, *почему*?); the most that can happen there is to welcome its finale - an appeasement which, usually, can be redirected into suitable moments of paramount twilights (*в дебрях тайги*), for example, the dusk hours of *Sir Paul Pliant* and his *Lady* (in *Congreve*'s novel Double Dealer indeed called a *Lady*), an appeasement, therefore, that usually can be redirected into more peaceful moments of an old husband ruled by his wife, even though her virtue is not irreproachable either.

[And even though the old *Pliant* talked amorously to her, like *Shakespeare*:

"Thine eye would emulate the diamond" (*W. Shak.*)].

Clefts between hours, all in all (having flashed with a play rather than having calmed themselves, *наполнять что-н водой*).

[There plays the picture with the year (the year with the picture), whatever remains from one to the other to be proud of, *fest schlafen*.

"From men their cities, and from gods their fanes", *Alexander Pope*].

Photograph No. 9 as a circle encircled with the straight line of illusionism. (*Sich etwas einprägen*).

"If our search has reached no farther than simile and metaphor, we rather fancy than know", *Locke*.

Using such a procedure, to be sure, one can indeed arrive somewhere, but that is not enough for the real access to one's psyche.

The real access to one's psyche, therefore, is achieved by taking for the destination that dot in *Picture No. 9* which marks the taciturnity of woman and child under the wing of architectural objects in the range from fountain to church (*reich an Nährstoffen*), which is the dot personified by the clearing in the woods (*sich in Acht nehmen*), as can be seen from the photograph in question and usually happens in such situations ("*Achtung*!"), whereby in all that one is not to see an ultimate weakness (falling into a prone position, depression) but rather a normal breathing of clientele (grandma and granddaughter, for instance), walked out thirsty from Communion and set off for *Jiphthah-el*, whom Lord opened with water (Josh. 19. 14.).

* * *

The saying goes "Terazije Fountain was located in front of Topčider Church for long time", but it is worthless because the time is different now and everything is at its momentary place while it is only pedestrians like the niece and her aunt who set off for the eternal one, true, stopped for a second [or two, or until the first transformation of sense ("*Il nocciolo della questione è...*")] but also persistent in their endeavor to bring all that (which is dealt with here and which they, at least that is certain, faithfully approached indeed) by a single step forward, as a sacrifice to the fountain, thus having gotten rid of annoying darkness (*È una meraviglia*!) and having stepped out under morning's harmony of sounds to which that would be neither first nor last ode, for they [the sounds in question (*di norma*)] would already know how to generously accumulate using the help of transparent *Tibni* (made of straw, of course, 1 Kin. 16. 21.), thus transporting themselves (through that straw - *Ci siami intesi*?) to their *destination*, in actuality a small attrition of *Zerubbabel*, himself scattered in *Babylon*! Hag. 1. 1., which brings this whole thing (which is dealt with here and which, it must be said, *Picture No. 9* unselfishly shares with every listener of these mute words) to a rapture ("*Tutto va a meraviglia*"), regardless of how surprisingly that might look considering the obvious passivity of the whole scene, but that, of course, means nothing for it is exactly known what is counted here, and that is, the above mentioned, diluteness of the moment ("*Quanto dura o intervalo*?"), at which those two passers by [the mentioned woman and her young shadow (*no balcão*)] ask one thing and drink another only to stop forever at once ("*Que queres fazer hoje*?"), in their minds having stood

slightly astride (“*Posso telefonar para casa*?”), more exactly - having swayed in their heads (“*Dormiste bem*?”), having entered the monument constructions on their left side (“*Нам нужно выяснить отношения*”), practically having built themselves into them in the same manner in which they (the obelisks of the common vertical, *Για ενα ενηλικου και ενα παιδι*) in return elongated their stagnation to everlastingness (*браться за ум*), because of which they are standing like that and will be standing forever (*это не лишено смысла*), having secretly waved in the calm landscape.

07-02-03-10-05/17-21-27-29-03-18-25-30-27-30-31/07-08-09-10

* * *

(*Photograph No. 10:* All Being Green And Yellow At Once)

Sleepiness as a particular shabbiness can only happen in a day set on fire - the one who takes a walk in it in the manner of a contractor, is going to get stronger already by the night (squashing it like a tractor).

(Only to not burn away irreversibly at that! *In fondo in fondo*).

In the picture being proposed here (and bearing *Number 10 - servizio fotografico*), one can see, in addition to the above scene, all those tiny fires created before me ("*Mille grazie*!"), by some miracle left frothing a little bit longer - but we ought to obey something without that necessarily be *faux pas*.

As the picture in question is supposed to represent the year of *1955*, one is to install in it the following sublimates of the era:

- *Manor-house*
- *Duty*
- *Eminence*
- *Nobleness*

aided by a couple of appropriate phrases, such as

"Sublime on these a tow'r of steel is rear'd", *Dryden*,

and

"Duty is the sublimest word in our language", *R. E. Lee*,

leaving nothing to chance.

Суть дела.

A further illustration of said notions by means of the subject picture is, therefore, understood.

The *manor-house* is seen (in the left half of the picture) arching between towers ascending toward brown clouds underneath sky. *Оливковый*.

The *duty* is seen (in the principle of the picture) not getting off of a cluster-like depression, *soré wa sore toshite*.

In all that [in the heart of the photograph pierced by the pole (*kané wo dashiaù*)] not even the *eminence* can be avoided - it can be seen humming floatingly (groaning galvanically) down the wires like down the afternoon potential.

Finally, the *nobleness* (in the picture in question) is understood by the very fact that everything in it (*Photograph No. 10*), behaving in a classical way - actually is rattling in a microbial day. *É para meu uso pessoal*.

All four, these assumptions (characteristics) of *Picture No. 10* have reliably tightened into its (the picture's) shield (*η υπογραΦη*), keeping it (as already said) hovering in every sense of the word (not allowing any part of it become classified under the notion of *deluge*).

In the same way in which it is the case with a couple of people in it [*Photograph No. 10* (*sich etwas einprägen*)], the described properties of the deaf picture cannot be cheered up by anything for, whatever, concession to something more important and bigger [neither in the heavens nor on the earth, neither in theory nor in practice, neither in layers nor in intrusiveness of interpretation of anguish, caused by *Jabez* (1 Chr. 4. 9.)].

"They fear not the Lord, neither do they after the law and commandment", 2 Kings xvii. 34.

So that *Picture No. 10* is to be considered a local contribution to defiant void, *sich auf etwas einstellen*.

* * *

As in the year of *1955* things were already brought into an order from which even lioness *Lebaoth* (Josh. 15. 32.) could not expel them, all of us (children and grownups, *eine Kamera einstellen*) were gladly fulfilling days of pure happiness by walking across clearings (on the edge of *T*. woods - *ins Einzelne gehen*) in direction of a somewhat smaller, yet satisfactory height (*die eiserne Reserve*), having in mind the possibility of a chasm (even abyss!) in case of collapsing [at other places (in both that and other times)].

[One is to be reminded, for instance, of the "neuralgic spots" of either *Indochinese* or some other peninsula of this (very dear to all) planet, *zu ebener Erde*].

"In connection with the above", I remember a journey of my family (my father, mother, sister and I, a *9* year old - *Erfolg versprechend*!) to the peak of such a (Paradise-like) hill, a summit literally placed on the panorama top that could be reached by an enchanting pathway through the forest (*gut erhalten*), more exactly, by the small path on which none of us walked free from thinking of *Kirjath-jearim*, a greenish-woody representative of such a melancholic world (Josh. 9. 17.), and which, accordingly, was bringing each one of us without turning left or right (either in concept or in realization) from the road illuminated with Sunday morning, right in front of the Museum of the Fourth of July. (*Lob ernten*).

(Since nowadays holidays regarding 4. July in all of the remnants of the country in question are celebrated in the embassy of the one which turned them into said remnants, the mentioned "pilgrimage" is to do with them as a wing echo is to do with a bird's image, *im Ernst*).

I do not remember how long we stayed in the museum (probably half an hour, or an hour, *sich ergänzen*), in the same way in which I do not recall what a whitish thing we saw in it - I only remember (as already said - syllable by syllable) the road to it (golden as a fable). *Das ist mein Ernst*.

A road which, therefore, could have been reduced to the one whose significance was in its miscalculated section.

The miscalculation, on the other hand, could not have been solved (on its own) with a late (subsequent) wisdom, so that, at the time, it was even all right for us to make a fun of it (with our chirping youthfulness), *in aller stille*.

Which is what we indeed were doing - celebrating with our walk on the given road all those lenient samples of the world (burdock, dandelion, sage, hyacinth - *ein Lischtstrahl*) that even *Ben Hur* would not be ashamed of (the hero of the historical novel of that name by *Lew Wallace*, who, after many vicissitudes, finally triumphed over his enemy in a spectacular chariot race), not stepping on them (the minuscule flowers) with anything except our green news - themselves being occupied with exactly the same (primarily - early) magnificence, personified in outer, *Jearim*-like symbols (in a forest sense, Josh. 15. 10.).

Even today all that would have been the same (we would have travelled the same road in the same way) if all were not dead in one way or the other.

("Our own precedent passions do instruct us", *W. Shakespeare*).

Picture No. 10 as a cocoon of the pith. *Rustkammare*.

* * *

Picture No. 10 as a *Bottomless One*.

BOTTOMLESS ONE as a bottomed one which the picture in question (*Picture No. 10*) provides with what is needed to not deprive itself of a dubious depth.

Making sure that quivers of the "silent majority" [in the given case, true, reduced to three (at most - four) silhouettes ("*Hur länge stannar vi här*?")] always swim in it (the lake of darkness, *utformad av...*), but also the shudder of a worthy pilot - in the sense of that which is not seen here, yet which entered all that at the last moment [and is still sitting there ("*Vad för slags...är det*?")], carefully making sure that all that in the given picture becomes attracted to its eye [before it itself (as silently as possible) fades in a single try].

"Last came, and last did go / The pilot of the *Galilean* lake", *Milton*.

For, said photograph (*Photograph No. 10*: *vandringsleder*) can also make the impression of a *lake picture*, in the sense of a ripple of the webby surface of universal condition (*blomma/träd*), the state, that is, in which greater changes do not occur (not even those on the scale of moon phases - *bon jour*!), and yet, it cannot be said that it is not being gnawed by the surrounding foam [by means of which the pulverization of rocks is calming down together with powder (logic of vigil, Sir!) *När slutar den*?]

We say - pilot (a navigation master!), while, perhaps, that's only a landed sailor who entered the picture [usurped its space, having marked with himself its internal (visible with a naked eye) optical simplification], having subsided photographically.

"All that a careless eye could see / In him was some young *Galiongee*", *Byron*.

Photograph No. 10 as crossing the way by sailing.

("*Vem är dirigent*?")

* * *

Photograph No. 10 as magnification of (undersea) corner (while trailing).

("*Denna person såg vad som hände*").

By magnifying something like that [in the given case angularly set - placed in the corresponding corner of a picture like the one dealt with here ("*Kan jag får se..., tack*?")] a dotted structuralization in its processing is achieved therefore, gaining the possibility of palpation of even such dubious places as *Ramathaim*'s, Double High Place (1 Sam. 1. 1.).

At which one has to stay sober in the sense of a conscious insistence on indifference.

("Cease from anger, and forsake wrath", Ps. xxxvii. 8.).

With a certain politeness of good will, one can, after all, achieve much more than a blind touching of that which decays in the given picture (*Picture No. 10*) - never fully decayed though.

This, again, is feature of a fit man [that this evaluator (of this virtuous picture) by all means is].

("A fit man, forsooth, to govern a realm!", *Hayward*).

* * *

Throughout the year of *1955*, accordingly, the flag of universal adequacy of collaborative dewdrops was flying - readiness for general co-operation, anyway, always reflects itself in agreeing to *Pontius* (Belonging to Sea, Matt. 27. 2.), regardless of that every one in his/her own brook empties alone into the sea (of people), *en un abrir y cerrar de ojos*.

In any case, there is no many years like that (the year of *1955*); (practically, in one's life time, one can count them on the fingers of a single hand, *por ensayo y error*); for example, in my case, besides that in it (the year in question) I started the *3*-rd grade, that same autumn I witnessed the official reconciliation between YU and USSR (*es raro ver a tanta gente*), directly participating in it: standing in the pupils' lineup along the Boulevard of Revolution somewhat up the street from the intersection at *Cvetko* and waving to *J. B. Tito* and *N. S. Hruščov* with a small flag of tingling colors of *Rab-mag* (Most Exalted, Jer. 39. 3.), at which occasion the two statesmen rushed by in a light color limo with a folding top on their way to the Institute of Nuclear Sciences "B. Kidrič" in Vinča, whose present remnants may perhaps offer some applicative significance in terms of a fiscal structuralization of small businesses by means of a monetary-liberal democratization of daily output ("¡*Ojalá fuera rico*!"), but that, of course, could not be predicted at the time, so that we children (along with, really, grownups) were entertaining more delicate plans for the future (¿*qué hay de malo en eso*?), firmly standing together with *Tikvath* (Great Expectation, 2 Chr. 34. 22.), not allowing to be touched by anything that could resemble the touch of *Irus*, a beggar of *Ithaca* who found it appropriate to provoke the ire of travelers like one *Ulysses*, doubtlessly, was, who (provoked by that act) found it appropriate to put himself in the same, beggar act, upon his return from Troy.

Beggary as a logical effect of redirecting.

* * *

In those years, therefore, probably having started in exactly that year (the year of *1955*), I was joining my father in going to the Stadium; football games have always been a nice favor to the expected grandiosity in exchange for it, especially when not even *Elasah* (The One Whom God Made, Ezra 10. 22.) held back from slowly spending pumpkin seeds at the North stands (the South too, *с боку на бок*).

After all, one could afford tickets for the event.

"Detain not the wages of the hireling" (*Taylor*),

was the thing to be steadfast about, which the author (said *Taylor*) was recommending in principle, too.

But, principles are one thing; the "naked side of the life" is another.

("*У меня всё внутри опустилось*").

For example, clubs fans not to be messed with exist nowadays, while there was no problem of the kind then.

"These errors are detectable at a glance", *Latham*.

The year of *1955* as a field for getting carried away while playing.

Хорошо выспаться.

* * *

Picture No. 10 as the Archival material of Trinity (from http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1000004.htm):

"The Archival material, kept in the Archives, belongs to the foundations of:

- Central organs of the state and institutions, central organs of political parties and other organizations as well as the trade and other associations of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia;

- Central political organs of the People Liberation Movement, the organs of the state, government, political and other organizations of Yugoslavia from the period of the people's liberation war;

- Federal organs and organizations of Yugoslavia from the Second World War to the creation of the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia, as a product of the work of state organs, institutions, organizations and associations founded for the purposes of realization of functions of the federation.

The entire archival material is kept, filed, and processed within the Archive funds that are, according to the original archival collections contributed by the originators of the archival material, observing the principle of provenance.

There are *777* funds/collections in the Archive - equivalent to *22000* meters of archival material".

So many funds (the meters of the material), yet something calmer (and sweeter) peeks from the picture: as if proposing to it (the mentioned Archives, a peaceful creature) to meet with zero (to seek its nature).

("*Naruhodo*").

For, what is that which one should have *arranged*, *classified*, and *stored* (under the name of this or that *collection*), when things are as they are ("*Mite mo ī desu ka*?"), and when these people (in the picture in question - *Picture No. 10*, *hempi na*) will not think of which side to go over to, contemplating that they're going towards *Hazzar-gaddah* (Luck-Town, Josh. 15. 27.), in fact getting away from it, somewhat lazy and slowly and yet quickly enough for making plans without consulting those concerned, the plans with which, true, they paid for the amusement of theirs as if it was of *Hamathites* (Gen. 10. 18.), Dwellers at Whitened Fortress of *Hamath* (Num. 34. 8.), although not having forgotten that one is to abstain from exultance (for which there is no need for witnesses).

("What further need have we for witnesses?", Matt. xxvi. 65.) .

* * *

It is especially the person on the left (in *Picture No. 10*) who decisively placed himself on the path of his road.

Having left for the simplest advice of *Rephaims* (Exemplary Giants, Gen. 14. 5.), it looked, though, as if he started off for jungle.

("*Watashi desu*!").

"He set his face toward the wilderness", Num. xxiv. 1.

But everything around was docile (causing the miracle bigger and bigger).

("*Je mehr ich höre, umso weniger verstehe ich*").

Let us only take, on the right, the large building of a dried out color through which, perhaps, spirits flutter (or, maybe, it only looks like that, so all that can be embraced by stories which matter).

Who can claim that in the building under consideration a daily torch bearer has not been finished off (which, of course, cannot be clearly seen until a nightly prescribed twilight sets in)?

An again he (the one who matchlessly is in hurry) would look as a culprit (*unter Umständen*), although none of the rest of the people in *Picture No. 10* (the two persons next to this who is in a rush, and another crawling upon the honeyed middle) avoid their part of responsibility {they're only secretly trying to fully get rid of it, deadening more and more, although not overdoing it [even though dead for long time, still continuing in their roles, interpreting them in a monotonous manner however (learning by the example of a drone)]}.

"Generally speaking, they live(d) very quietly", *Addison*.

The people in *Picture No. 10*, in other words, had a world which disappeared and it is ungrateful to keep predicting the world in which their appearances might be met again (*sich umstellen*), without it being the world of those who vanished since then ("*Eine schwarze Katze bringt Unglück*"), then and now ruled by *Titania*, the queen of the fairies and wife of *Oberon* (the king of those same fairies, though in early folklore).

With that, the fairy tale of those three (four?!) personages from the subject photograph (*Photograph No. 10* - *ein ungepflegter Garten*) naturally rounds up with floating populism, and all of them (all, therefore, people positively seen in said picture) are to be recognized by such a (chanting) state - neither in heaven nor on earth, they would only sing in their heads their fate.

"Men who can neither be distressed nor won into a sacrifice of duty", *Hamilton*.

It's those whom camera wanted in *Picture No. 10*.

* * *

In the year of *1955*, while everything was pushing off along the (geometric progression of) primary beauty (represented by *Japho* in Josh. 19. 46.), the individuals in question (personalities in *Photograph No. 10*, *squadra mobile*) made decision to attend a different route: the voyage not even unsettled by such a volition (such insistence on a possibly nicer variant of the cosmic knot - *in versione originale*), first of all tiled (in the center overgrown with grass) by a suddenly occurred (paramount!) exertion of once active brave men of the people [virtuous heroes of the accumulated years of service ("*Mi sono stati molto vicini*")], although for some time left to its fate (the journey in question) - upon the

universal goodness (the top of the picture, not yet gone) all past flames belong to the flint-stone - a road, therefore, on which those two (three?) sleepy people move [or stand on it mute (*non c'è via d'uscita*)] is the road on which (from one street to the other) they are carried (look!) just by a shiver of protozoan [pleasing the elementary intents of said persons in the manner of an unwinding under the feet of uniformity neither faster nor slower than a travel thrown under the feet of certain *Lapham Silas*, the central character in *Howells*' novel The Rise of Silas Lapham, a man who, having suddenly made a fortune, was to see his daughters accepted by *Boston*'s social aristocracy, but having collapsed in the same way, had to rely on both his and the members of his household human qualities, counting on possibility that with a military will (as a desirable supplement) even bigger things can be achieved - as if he heard the words of the "great *Shakespeare*":

"Your eye, in *Scotland* / Would create soldiers, and make women fight", *W. Shak.*].

People in *Photograph No. 10* as seekers of something which gives itself to free will, instead of retreating to a corner, including the corner of *Tubal-cain*, Producer of Weapons (Gen. 4. 22.).

In a word, persons worth storming their world of justice.

* * *

But, who got rid of injustice by means of justice?

(The answer: *Film in prima visione*).

Because of that, not even such, however individualistic moves of *Zareathites* (1 Chr. 2. 53.), inhabitants of *Zareah* (Settlement of Honest Ones, Neh. 11. 29.), could be attributed to something which did not happen before that, although to them (the personalities from said photograph - *Photograph No. 10*, *realta virtuale*) one is to take off one's hat because of demonstrated adroitness of theirs (the skill with which they pass by within themselves in the direction of their stronger *self*).

Perhaps having started to fall asleep a little on such a duty of theirs - in service of a high goal like a beak serves the big-headed kingfisher.

("The king's fisher wonts commonly by the waterside and nestles in hollow banks", *L'Estrange*).

Picture No. 10 as a legacy of the catch of those times. *Volo di linea*.

* * *

The catch as a sterling silver around the neck of the afternoon {down which those people sail when not standing [or when the shadow calls them with a shade that's landing ("*Lavoro come volontario*")], or when from the trees (on their quiet side) dark leaves start to shine as a guide}, a rare beast always looked over by one wishing to subdue it in his time [the one in the picture, a man to whom one could reduce both the pair in front of the shop and the single one who, in the manner of a statue, became timid instead of leaving that to *Ziz*, Symbol of Flower (2. Chr. 20. 16.), both when blooming and when not blooming (*Blässe*)], the plunder of a pilgrimage with which, true, some gain is made but even more is being returned - to *Zillah*, Shade Above All Shades (Gen. 4. 19.), because of which it indeed can be seen (on the right side of the picture in question - *Picture No. 10*, *in Betracht kommen*) descending the walls of dwellings under the roof of the universe curdled by fertility of persistent *Toi* (2 Sam. 8. 9.), Symbol of Wanderers, which said people (people in *Photograph No. 10*, *betrachten*) seem to be, with the exemption of nurturing of gentleman movements (or, even, standings) with which they are to seize duration, worthy of *Bona Dea*, a deity of (here already mentioned) fertility and (by all means understood) chastity (*Betäubungsmittel*), a process by means of which they (people placed in the given picture - *schmackhaft*) have been reached too, and because of which everything is as it is, that is, everything is as found

on said picture (*in Fetzen*), not tired by anything as by the suspicion of such realized (created) passers by, to whom nothing is so sacred to not be shared with the pen (even the keyboard!) of the reporter, because of which they still are to be considered mischievous!

{While, here, they'd be representing themselves as God's friends!

"*Abraham*, the especial friend of God", *Barrow*.

Although, without bringing into doubt His greatness (or, at least, the greatness of His property):

"Who hath not heard of the greatness of Your estate?", *Sidney*.

The estate as a lot presented for inspection to one whose knowledge lies on its perfection.

Knowledge according to which all that [dealt with here (*ins Einzelne gehen*?)] is to change hands many more times before its condition petrifies, *einsprachig*.

"All the revenue that was old *Sir Rowland*'s I estate upon you", *W. Shakespeare*}.

Picture No. 10 as wandering through 'worthlessness'.

("*Zu der Einsicht kommen, dass...*").

* * *

Picture No. 10 under my eye day and night (yes!)

Already in the third grade, that year [the year of *1955* (*Einzelfahrschein*)], therefore, I felt enough mature to dedicate myself to it (the year in question) in whatever way I liked it - taking for *Picture No. 10* the one whose flowage indeed nicely reduced to the photo-plate.

At which (from time to time), I was behaving in a pathetic manner (at no time, though, forgetting the innate fineness, *borracho*).

"Must we but weep o'er days more blest? Must we but blush? Our fathers bled", *Byron*.

Patheticalness as blushing of a tiny protagonist of gigantic pity for his own self. *Borrego*.

(And his boiling psalm:

"He pensive oft reviews the mighty dead / That erst have trod this desolated ground", *Langhorn*).

In every third grade, after all, the same words appear: who stopped in front of which obstacle, or left it (after successfully jumping over it) to moan (after the tackle).

("*Por favor pode reduzir o volume*?")

(At that time, in that school, with those thoughts, *ich doch nur könute...*) such strong testimonies [of the rise and fall of the world, reduced to a quiver of the summer (however bold!), *in der Sonne*] were presented to us in the form of feature movies *"Nikoletina Bursać"*, *"Bakonja fra Brne"*, and *"Slavica"*, that could have been watched symbolically (for small entrance fee) or passionately (for no fee whatsoever), avoiding the official entrance and climbing the wire

connected to the lightning rod, and then entering the school hallway on the second floor (arranged as a theatre for the occasion) via the lateral (so conveniently located) male students' washroom.

Verstoß.

The first method for watching the movies was applied when one was going to the show accompanied by parents, the second in situations in which they, for prosaic reasons, could not attend said art projections.

But at no time could one say that we all did not enjoy it.

Learning about life from such (reading) selection saved the people from poisonous mushrooms (it came to them as a honied perfection).

Of course, until all those classes lasted (until replaced by these).

(*Kan ni upprepa det, tack*?)

* * *

Besides the described, in *Picture No. 10* one can also notice the quantitative sum of architectural practice of established objects - building next to the building (house next to the house) and the described palace - as it, in the most quiet possible manner, and at noon (or it rather happened later - during hot afternoon, *nästa*), drags across rebelliousness of the moment, taming it in the manner of a hunched calendar too, wiping off dates as unimportant registrations of all that (what?) which walks over the subject scene as if time is to last forever, rather than to extinguish at the first breeze of doubt ("*Andas djupt*"), transferring into some other time ("*Var gör det ont*?"), a state in which the extinction of things (and people) gains the naturalness of *Luz* (Gen. 28. 19.), the almond-tree of death.

But, why to talk about the extinguishment of picture [every picture, anyway, makes the impression of *Lysanias* (Reflection of Ending Sorrow, Luke 3. 1.) on the one who looks at it], whose sights are lining up farther and farther (*vid smärta*), even if they are not going to be any longer called as their roots were called, and these were Water of Gold (*Mezahab*, Gen. 36. 39.), Sweet Odor (*Mibsam*, Gen. 25. 13.), and *Migdal-el* (Tower of God, Josh. 19. 38.), which at the present sounds absurd.

And above all that *Migdal-gad*! (Tower of Good Fortune! Josh. 15. 37.), which today sounds pathetic.

("*Besök en läkare när ni kommer hem*").

While there, in said picture (*Picture No. 10*), that was represented by a simple sum of "architectural solutions" equal to the seven wonders of the world (*sevärdheter*), such that the high-rise on the right side of the photograph in question is to be regarded as identical to the *Egyptian Pyramid*, the light house facing the city park to the *Hanging Gardens of Babylon*, the two-storey building next to it to the *Lighthouse of Alexandria*, the darkened buildings at the right to the the *Tomb of Mausolus*, *King of Caria*, *at Halicarnassus*, the arched castle to the *Temple of Artemis* (in *Rome - Diana*) *at Ephesus*, the building in the middle to the *Statue of Zeus* (by *Phidias*) in the center of *Olympia*, while the *Colossus at Rhodes* gave itself to the setup of the pole (caught by the photographer camera during climbing the sky's hole, *soligt*).

The wonders of the world as the picture dealt with here (*Picture No. 10*, *ни у какого человека не будет сомнения*), when everything in it (the subject photograph - *нет никакого сомнения*) is observed by the careful eye of *Dr. Thorndyke*, the fictional detective in stories by *R. A. Freeman*, an 'expert' whose 'expertise' was based on a scientific method as an ultimate apparatus for depth recording (deep-matter photographing) of 'enigmatic' structure (*и никаких*!), i.e. when one cannot say that things are not being derived from physical-psychical growths of time "as such", so that everything vibrates exactly with it - the time whose single move of hands on the (so-called) clock actually measures much more than the total of the moves of *Struldbrugs*, wretched beings described in *Swift*'s Gulliver's Travels, living in *Luggnagg*, who cannot die [but suffer from the infirmities of old age (*никакие деньги не помогли*)], while on this side

of the world [photographed as shown in *Picture No. 10* (*как никогда*)] all that was based on more civilized relationships, from whom death was not taking away any parts of their biographies.

Only to spread the feverishness!

("To see thee fight, to see thee traverse", *W. Shakespeare*).

Which, again, is gone.

Regelmäßig.

And there comes the silence (gnawed by the annulled trance), as in *Picture No. 10* (*der Reihenfolge nach*), in which (besides all that) tiny things of even smaller people still wait to freeze (not allowing any individual's passion to take them on any other trip - no, please!), to be able to reach, with thoughts with which the people in question sink in their hive, all that because of which they are still alive (*das mach Sinn*), moving (physically or in their heads) through such a space in it (in *Photograph No. 10* - *una cosa di questo genere*) which floods them all the time, as much holding them tied in themselves as letting them tear away [to join the basic grass at that (*da allora in poi*)], all being green and yellow at once, withering through a groundless fear in the stance.

Da soli.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 11:* With All Of Our Vivid Senses Plus Death As The Sixth)

When one turns ten, everything seems childish to him - and yet, again, he is talked into becoming tidy (following the architecture spin). *Punto di vista.*

The same happened to me - understanding that the presence of my teacher (*Mrs. M. Pavlović*) in a small kitchen of descent apartment (in those pavilions in *A*. street - *punto di riferimento*), upon the invitation of my parents (after the school that day), was to mark more than what I knew of the plan, I felt twice as haughty (like, at least, a stimulated five year old), but (as soon as all that was over) I returned to the parable about pupils case as an edifying story in every sense. (*Kokórò wo irékaerù*).

Having turned ten in the year of *1956* (even regardless of immoderate flatteries like "*Er ist kräftig gebaut*"), I felt, in spite of everything, as a double winner - against the rounded number of years and against the flowage as such in principle (*Ich bin nich schuld*!), which could be summed up in the way in which it has been done in *Picture No. 11*: with a photographic action of the morning in reflection of a better tomorrow's tread (with a brownish queue of people, to whom happiness is being offered), that is, with the transportation department of the metropolis represented by the picture bright colorings, *hellblau*.

[Still, someone can be seen on the left side of the subject picture, standing alone and judging things in light of a chance to cross the street and stay alive for some more time (not crashed at once by the Slavic namby-pamby). ("*Er ist Brite*?")

"He should be warned who are like to undermine him", *Locke*].

In *Photograph No. 11*, therefore, visible is that selection of people, conditions, and so chaste (streetcar-like) flow, with which we are to serve ourselves whenever going through a yellow day's blow.

Running away from *Macbeth*. ("*Er tyrannisiert andere gern*").

("Devilish *Macbeth* / By many of these trains hath sought to win me / Into his power", *W. Shakespeare*).

Speeding towards decoration.

("The figures on our modern medals are raised and rounded to very great perfection", *Addison*).

We and our loud journeys - waiting for the streetcar, we got exactly into it.

Picture No. 11 as the confirmation of such an executed voyage, *насколько мне известно*.

* * *

Picture No. 11 as an earthly shift floating on sky's image, *вне сомнения*.

("Ranking all things under general and special heads", *Watts*).

Going along with poems (almost philosophizing).

("Poets were ranked in the class of philosophers", *Broome*).

In that year (the year of *1956*), many poems got thought-ornamented (and became more quiet).

Once imbued with them, the voyagers exulted [they even traveled (in increasing numbers, the poems on their lips as the sugar in their tea) radially (and quietly) towards *blue sea*].

[The scene, in a word, was acquiring such radial features that could be seen only in cases of circled instead bilateral universes: after all, one is always to approach a *Sea Anemone*, *Medusa* (or *jellyfish*), represented by such legs (what a brand!), as if approaching cosmic gland].

That summer, therefore, I went with my family to the village of *O*., on the island of *K*. (a hamlet full of stories, knitted such to be nicely sounded out, filled with glories).

(*Делать что-н с широким размахом*).

At said place, namely, the manager of the meal-plan facility was my father's buddy, a fellow by the name of *Š. Marko*, so that we subscribed to the meals in his, that is "people's restaurant" ("*En bit/skiva..., tack*"), while paying for accommodation on our own, which was more than enough to take home nice memories from such a hot *Riviere*, where it was possible, therefore, to do both things [eat and sleep regardless of the reserved behavior of *Tikvah*, the incarnation of one characterized by great expectations (2 Kin. 22. 14.)], and where all of us, actually, were floating in such a way - half in water, half in vision [half on ground, half in apparition ("*När anländer vi i...*?")], half on a rock, half in the meerschaum [half turned toward a palm tree (*Tamar*, Gen. 38. 6.), half toward the marine festivity (*Tamah*, Neh. 7. 55.)], always in halves, therefore, projecting wholeness ("*Jag har reserverad plats*"), which, accordingly, reduced to the lungs with which one lived in an inspirational way, like *Rezia* and *Reumah* and *Rab-mag* and *Ruhamah* [representatives of Delight, Exaltation, Great Exaltation and Compassion (1 Chr. 7. 39., Gen. 22. 24., Jer. 39. 3., and Hos. 2. 1.)], recovering from anything that could not be cured (getting better in just bathed mornings, *där borta*), between then and now aiming at tomorrow, having smelled the "whip of time" by the *whistle of sojourn*, to which our boat devoted itself - an expedition reduced to the littoral's best around the island's crest, *praktisch*.

But, who stayed at the coast without drinking the sun's boast? *Funkenlnd.*

[And then, glaring, hid it. (Toast!)

"The garish blaze of day", *Byron*].

Of course, dressed in some trifling rags. (*Spatz*).

("In the garb of a barefooted *Carmelite*", *Longfelow*).

Photograph No. 11 as the first link in the chain on the road to sea.

(It is the streetcar which one takes first).

In die Länge ziehen.

* * *

Photograph No. 11 as waiting to travel in general, too. *Fleckenlos*.

[Making things red hot by means of taciturnity (*mit Wasser besprengen*?), perhaps just a tolerant whispering with oneself (by means of the second part of one's first self). *Widerstand leisten*].

I cannot recall anything from that year (the year of *1956*) which I did not already evoke in the preceding lines (*utsúro na*), "but let me still say" (*kásùka na kibō*!) that everything revolved around fencing, shooting and playing tag - at which the aureole is deserved by the one who, fell into a prone position, contaminates the others (while even those running after each other with the weapon and ball had something to learn), so that we (the children of *A*. street, also *K*. street) did not feel threatened by perplexity. *È stato fantastico*!

[*Meglio ancora*: Bread and games have always been provided by the State - one is only to remember the Jamboree (in the honeycomb of those summers' spree) atop the world instantaneously free.

"Blushing in bright diversities of day ", *Alexander Pope*].

Picture No. 11 as *11* reasons for traveling through oneself.

(The streetcar serves to strengthen the route herewith - it is the steel that everyone likes to decorate himself with. *Sollevare il morale di qualcuno*).

Having turned ten, therefore, I myself had to take hold of the line - that's it! (*In pieno giorno*).

First, I took the streetcar to the "Union" mini-theatre on *B. Kidrič* street (I got off at the corner at which the streetcar turns from Boulevard of Revolution to Slavija Square, across from the Faculty of Law) - where I saw the movie "Count of Monte Cristo".

But, that's another story.

(*Quella canzone mi fa tornare in mente tanti ricordi*).

[Time steals pupils' signs of good hope, anyway; watching a movie like that could only stretch them (the mentioned signs) to the first thought of scholarly duties of *Felix Kennaston* (from the days of his youth), the hero of *Cabell*'s Cream of the Jest, by day a sedate writer but at night a visitor in the magic world of *Poictesme*, where he is in love with the beautiful *Ettarre*; but he finds that dreams are not a satisfying escape from reality].

He is never to learn (the pupil dealt with here) to be agreeable.

("Ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts / And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind", *W. Shakespeare*).

As if one is to wait for a miracle to happen (to grab a man and stroke his chin), and derive conclusions regarding the fundamental tone (paramount principle) of the past purpose (long ago covered by the layers of zero and pose), and let a kestrel announce himself.

Picture No. 11 as exultation before the trip, *a proposito*.

* * *

Picture No. 11 as a brownish-and-yellowish streetcar in the sleep.

[With a driver whom not even *A. Pope* need tell twice

"Link towns to towns with avenues of oak",

to make him set out for an afternoon under the bosom, urban cloak].

An *Archived World* (which the world under consideration surely became) does not mind other colors anyway - the facts in the Archive (http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1000004.htm) speak for themselves:

"*Archival Material From the Time of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia:*

The foundations from the period of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia were prioritized during the classification and processing in the Archive; regarding the need for their use, most of them were processed in the Archive, including creating the database.

With respect to a number of foundations in better condition from the period, the classification was done observing the original order of documents within the foundations, established in the original registrar. Administrative books are the informational sources for these foundations.

Regarding foundations whose archival material is partially saved, their classification and processing is done in the Archive while observing, whenever it was possible, the organizational structure of the originator of the archival material or its functions and competences reconstructed on the basis of saved material and regulations used for founding the archival bodies and organizations and determination of their areas of work. The informational means for those foundations were done in the form of inventories with accompanying means (historical notes, indexes, etc), in which, in more or less detail, the contents of archival material can be found or the user is directly provided with the document of interest.

A number of foundations from the period are still in the phase of being classified and processed, but elementary information about the foundations and material is obtained and made accessible to the users.

From the period of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, *145* foundations (145 fondova) or partial foundations have been saved in the form of *4,963* meters of material. The most significant foundations in terms of their contents have been processed in the Archive for the needs of researchers. The information means thereof include inventories, registrars, files, listings and administrative books, depending on the manner and degree of completion of the archival material. Number of foundations and amount of the archival material from this period would have undoubtedly been larger if it was not for the *WW2* devastations, which left significant scares on this part of our cultural inheritance, too. To this one should add the systematic taking away of selected archival material by the occupier. Although presently we cannot precisely say, in terms of meters or a number of folders, how much of the material was destroyed or disappeared, because of the missing data, the degree of damage can be judged by the fact that only a small number of the *145* preserved foundations of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia has intact archival material. Most foundations are incomplete, others fragmentized. As a drastic example of an almost completely disappeared foundation is the foundation of the *Council of Ministers*, that is the Government of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, formed from partial documentation found scattered in other foundations. With regards to the significance of the foundation and its place in the hierarchy of the state governance, the loss is immeasurable. It is also important to emphasize the fragmentariness of archival material of the Political Section of Foreign Ministry of the Kingdom, which by its function was supposed to contain the most significant archival material of that body, etc. In spite of the incompleteness of archival material from the period of the Kingdom, the foundations of the central organs of state and governing bodies in internal and foreign affairs, finances, economy, judicial system, banking system, and so on, present precious and unavoidable sources for studies regarding the history of the Kingdom.

In *January* of *2000*, a "Guide Through The Foundations of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia" has been published, with basic information regarding all foundations from the period of the Kingdom".

Dealing with the kingdom or just with its data, it is seen that one knows no other rounding of it except that by itself - neither it is necessary to be looking for more than the factual state in such a thing (*реальности жизни*), nor that can even be changed from one to the other (seasonal) sign of weaving - that which was only hunched over (cocooned - look at it, descending lower and lower!)

("Rather polishing old works, than hewing out new", *Alexander Pope*).

After all, waiting for the streetcar, one can achieve even bigger goals (jump the ramp), not having to peek under (such a low) time stump.

[Even there (look at it!) the same hour's sparkling, not to mention its moving into us - keeping the embarking (*фактически*).

"Some say that ravens foster forlorn children", *W. Shakespeare*.

Which we, of course, were not, but who is telling anything about us here? *Дело в том, что...*]

* * *

There also is a certain lament of the moment in *Photograph No. 11*: a kind of bending of some of the men with respect to the stiffness of the other (and a couple of nicely dressed women, *человеческий фактор*), plus the strutting of a rather lanky (urban) joker (and the countrywoman with a wicker basket shaped as something from the *Hades* - hollow like the coming gloom), vanish down the street together with the streetcar made in *Czechoslovakia* [that which is in the picture is a mammoth Škoda ("*Vilken linje ska jag ta till...*?")], so that one feels sorry to let them [the described men (and women) in the picture] be on their own, because of which he does that aware of fulfilling - in the end, the described atmosphere is just a climax of the seething, something that never stagnates (nor does it hop until daybreak either), so that he (who watches all that through his pores) only slightly moves upwards, (as we said) aware of the fulfilling ("*Hur många hållplatser är det till...*?"), touching possible roads [conjecturing that none lead exactly to virtuosity ("*Var är vi*?")], accepting that in every imperfection (and so in the mentioned ones too, presented in the form of strutting as much as bending of the protagonists of the picture in question, *kanzen ni*) there is something short, which is going to get him (unless it already did) and put things on the right track, in the direction of *Beth-shemesh* (House of the Sun, Josh. 15. 10.) as in the direction of yellowish culmination (*himáwàri*), exactly because of which in the given picture (*Picture No. 11*, *ins Einzelne gehen*) nothing is seen except the boiling hour (and, hence, talking in its sleep). *Muséifushugishà*.
.

* * *

Although, besides the boiling hour (and, hence, talking in its sleep - *anīme no*), no one even expects to see in the given photograph (*Photograph No. 11 - ins Einzelne gehen*) anything else (*das Einzige*), taking into account that his time (time of one who does not expect to see anything else) is over for him to be able to see anything else at all, even though it is possible that he still expects something like that (but does not want to say so) and because of that feels similarly to a star in the sky.

("In joys of conquest he resigns his breath", *Addison*).

If only victory can happen!

(That is how far competing went!)

On this side *Gog*, on that *Magog*, and it is *Dick Hatteraick* (a smuggler and criminal in *Scott*'s Guy Mannering) who suffers, and suffers in such a way as to (finally in prison) kill *Glossin*, then quickly hangs himself.

With which he brings into the conflict a possible (personal) sensitivity of an accidental witness of all that and the "public opinion".

["Now private pity strove with public hate", *Derham*].

But what is one supposed to do when nowadays no one is going to pause a bit as these people (in *Picture No. 11*, *auf den ersten Blick*) did at the given stop (in front of the Škoda streetcar); rather "everyone is in a hurry".

"'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange / Stranger than", *Byron*.

Picture No. 11 as a treasury of such precious things. *Der Einzige*.

* * *

In *Picture No. 11* we can find *traces of light* (*sich blicken lassen*) in the very eye by means of which it (that same picture) has gotten the view of all of us who were to let ourselves in such a manner in which no one did it before and that (before all else) is a certain quiet tidiness of people for whom one would never say that their hush was heard up to the sky wherein (look!) in such an hour in which they forever last there spreads itself a small gratitude that (both then and now!) looms on the horizon of a harbor (anticipated by their lungs, chests!) full of the sails fallen to a focus to whose face one cannot tell anything that would not have caused an immediate usurpation of that which one started from at the time and that were those

traces of light (*я не знаю, как это могло случиться*) in the very eye by means of which it (that same picture) has gotten the view of all of us who were to let ourselves in such a manner in which no one did it before and that (before all else) is a certain quiet tidiness of people for whom one would never say that their hush was heard up to the sky wherein (look!) in such an hour in which they forever last there spreads itself a small gratitude that (both then and now!) looms on the horizon of a harbor (anticipated by their lungs, chests!) full of the sails fallen to a focus to whose face one cannot tell anything that would not have caused an immediate usurpation of that which one started from at the time and that were those

traces of light (*sur far del giorno*) in the very eye by means of which it (that same picture) has gotten the view of all of us who were to let ourselves in such a manner in which no one did it before and that (before all else) is a certain quiet tidiness of people for whom one would never say that their hush was heard up to the sky wherein (look!) in such an hour in which they forever last there spreads itself a small gratitude that (both then and now!) looms on the horizon of a harbor (anticipated by their lungs, chests!) full of the sails fallen to a focus to whose face one cannot tell anything that would not have caused an immediate usurpation of that which one started from at the time and that were those

traces of light (*a la vuelta de la esquina*) in the very eye by means of which it (that same picture) has gotten the view of all of us who were to let ourselves in such a manner in which no one did it before and that (before all else) is a certain quiet tidiness of people for whom one would never say that their hush was heard up to the sky wherein (look!) in such an hour in which they forever last there spreads itself a small gratitude that (both then and now!) looms on the horizon of a harbor (anticipated by their lungs, chests!) full of the sails fallen to a focus to whose face one cannot tell anything that would not have caused an immediate usurpation of that which one started from at the time and that were those

traces of light (*om em timme*) in the very eye by means of which it (that same picture) has gotten the view of all of us who were to let ourselves in such a manner in which no one did it before and that (before all else) is a certain quiet tidiness of people for whom one would never say that their hush was heard up to the sky wherein (look!) in such an hour

in which they forever last there spreads itself a small gratitude that (both then and now!) looms on the horizon of a harbor (anticipated by their lungs, chests!) full of the sails fallen to a focus to whose face one cannot tell anything that would not have caused an immediate usurpation of that which one started from at the time and that were those

traces of light (*tachība wò tórù*) in the very eye by means of which it (that same picture) has gotten the view of all of us who were to let ourselves in such a manner in which no one did it before and that (before all else) is a certain quiet tidiness of people for whom one would never say that their hush was heard up to the sky wherein (look!) in such an hour in which they forever last there spreads itself a small gratitude that (both then and now!) looms on the horizon of a harbor (anticipated by their lungs, chests!) full of the sails fallen to a focus to whose face one cannot tell anything that would not have caused an immediate usurpation of that which one started from at the time and that were those

traces of light (*Πονανε τα ματια μου*) impudently quoted by us so often that even the source of theirs is no longer known but, then, we can meet ourselves in the *hexagram* (a *geometric hexagon*) with all of our vivid senses plus death as the sixth.

* * *

Hexagon as a six-cornered item: it is *with all of our vivid senses plus death as the sixth* how hidden it is, making it always seem being there, and yet (somehow) figuring out how to indeed be like that, so that we can remember it! *Etwas Rechtes.*

To me, the back of the streetcar in *Picture No. 11*, for example, is a *hexagon*, and that is why I remember it!

"Formed by thy converse happily to steer / From grave to gay, from lively to severe", *Tennyson*.

"Doesn't that part of said streetcar look like a hexagon to others too?" - I am presently asking myself without, of course, much sense [the answer to such a question is always offered upon my falling asleep, having become lustrous like *Potiphar* (Belonging to the Sun, Gen. 37. 36.), because of which let me switch to other motives, *noch größer*.

(In the given case) it is *Shelomith* (Peacefulness, Lev. 24. 11.), *Shelomoth* (the same as *Shelomith*, 1 Chr. 24. 22.), and *Shelomi* (similar to the previous two, Num. 34. 27.) that can be reduced to other motives, so that one should not worry.

"A zeal for persons is far more easy to be perverted than a zeal for things", *Sprat*.

This way, starring at things [the streetcar, the building (all those streetcar tracks!), the traffic signs placed on the plates of civilization allowableness, *noch einmal*], every member of the photographed queue (the lineup in *Picture No. 11*, *Und ob*!), as well as the one who looks at them all [the one who describes all that presenting himself as a simple spirit (*offen gesagt*)], each one of them, therefore, takes hold of *acquiescence* (*etwas wieder in Ordnung bringen*), with collectivistic (common) consciousness of the presence to all this (being described here) practically surpassing every singleness (*peinlich genau*), nestling themselves, at that, to (be able to) wish a safe trip to everyone, waving hands [heads, callous fingers, a forever postponed uncertainty ("*Mit vereinten Kräften schaffen wir das*")] for the purposes of all the more (and more!) yellow impression, so that everything in the given picture [*Picture No. 11* (*unter anderem*)] and everything beyond it [beyond *Picture No. 11* (*einer unter ihnen*)] feels like the mentioned (almost praised) *11* times, which is quite enough for one to not feel neglected, and things and people, in both that picture (*Picture No. 11*) and beyond it (beyond *Picture No. 11*), quietly immortalize themselves *11* times with *appeasement* as another possible end ("*Ich bin gegen Kälte unempfindlich*"), which is still better than reducing everything to that, always the same, termination (*ein unbehagliches Gefühl*), the ending after which there is no tricky situation in the sense of a soothing postponed by the war as an eternal duality of the, so-called, peace (*überall*), but only a peace changed to boredom, therefore, from which one is to run away, which is exactly what they [the lined-up people and the one who watches them (*Entwurf*)] are doing, even though it is not known for how much longer, but then, at least, they [the queued people and the one watching them (*rechtmäßig*)] are not those whom the lesson about purpose is to be delivered, for they (and he!) are aware of it for sure, holding themselves upright until the arrival of the streetcar, having hunched over in it.

* * *

Waiting for the streetcar in the manner in which it is done by the people in *Photograph No. 11*, it is possible to welcome both more and less than the very colossus made of iron, but one should never think that waiting in question is to be classified under the paw of must - sensuality "as such" [of those in the queue and the one watching them (*per motivi personali*)], anyway, always proves to be sufficient once they subjugate themselves to the paleness of a moment as long as a suitably written *Requiem*: the first word of the *Introit* in the *Mass* for time in which they will no longer exist, a lament - but what can we do!

In any case, people like those made contribution that was expected from them (announcing themselves with their departure).

(One is to leave by the arriving streetcar). *Momentaneamente.*

"Just gave what life required, but gave no more", *Goldsmith*.

In *Picture No. 11*, it is such people that san be seen surrounded by haste, *бесспорно*.

(Neither royal nor mendicant, their status could have been reduced to the transitory joyful.

"To all obliging, yet reserved to all", *Walsh*).

In the year of *1956*, it was *10* years since I started noticing all that.

That is how it happened that I committed to the jubilee. ("*Vieni, ti offro da bere*").

While the fact that (all) these pictures lined up (along the way) by seniority, is to be attributed to the photo-technique.

* * *

Photo-technique as a youngish branch of the former swelling in every respect (*ha un buon odore*), and so also in the sense of making technically literate the operators of their own time [the time obtained by completing the work and falling into nirvana ("*Mi offri una sigaretta*?")], with which the expressiveness of possible situations (in principle involving people, things, and animals) only gained the nuances of couplings (*in ogni caso*), so that looking at all these pictures (including *Picture No. 11*, *ogni tanto*) primarily enabled spotting of the main colors of those times - brownish, bluish, and yellowish and ash.

(The colors that count all of us by taking us exactly through the white gates of theirs. *Dall' oggi al domani*).

A whole period of time of *Sir Andrew Freeport* (*Sir Andrew Freeport* was one of the members of the club which figures in *Addison* and *Steele*'s Spectator, a London merchant distinguished for common sense and generous nature), in the sense in which personalities and epochs excrete – that's what it was (that which is in that picture, *Picture No. 11*, *opera d'arte*), even if (since then) it undoubtedly hid (*mettersi all'opera*).

At any rate, it is up to us to poke it with the nail (*fare gli onori di casa*), and up to it to show up or vanish beneath the (time) boulder (to pop-up onto the scene and continue to wilt in wonder).

"Foeman worthy of their steel", *Scott.*

Picture No. 11 (and other pictures from the series dealt with here, utilized only to even out death without fear) primarily refers, therefore, to the adherence to principles of *Mahazioth* (Bearer of Visions, 1 Chr. 6. 35.), in the sense of providing

direction to everything of significance in that picture (those pictures - *parco dei divertimenti*), in order to fulfill photo-dreams.

[Photo-dreams of *Eubulus*, for example, Good Counselor (2 Tim. 4. 21.), by means of which many things would be realized with the very act of shot of an outlaw.

For instance, shooting at the Evil (and killing it), or at the Injustice (or Hypocrisy), but, then, always returning to taciturnity (under the feathers of maturity).

(*Parco giochi*).

For,

"Before one can say, Thank heaven, she (the ship) wrongs again " (*Dickens*),

where, under "the ship" one, of course, assumes the Injustice (that is Evil, that is Hypocrisy). *Che te ne pare*?]

There is always a possibility of (even such) dreams. (*Mi pare di si*).

* * *

Possibility of dreams as expression of fever with which one is to compensate for the passivity of living in a place like *Pi-hahiroth* (Where Sedge Grows, Ex. 14. 2.), but also as pictures in soul requiring the same genus of *Carex* to cover with a web everything that falls down from the apex (*die Tür zuknallen*) - so that nothing collapses during its spraying any side which it can dive into (in the meantime showing a special hovering).

Es ist ein Grundmodell.

In Picture No. 11, that is actually the most visible thing - that floating between pause and moving (*der Grundwortschatz*), awaiting something which, only at the appearance of a streetcar, lets itself to concreteness of destination, brimmed with colors (as said) from brownish to a yellow one, and thus a gold-like, without understanding it as a classically bad thing (*täglich*), so that no one can think that with the kaleidoscope of such a rich visualization he can violate the black-and-white foundation of the world (*regelmäßig*), the world in which (as also seen in the subject photograph - *Photograph No. 11*) one thing rises the other falls (*geschlagen werden*), one returns the other leaves ("*Isch habe Hunger*"), something washes its eyebrows with joyful tightness while something else lets them down ("*Mir ist kalt*"), this thing poses as that (another) which it is not ("*Ich versuch's mal*"), one thing asserts the other scolds it, itself being aggravated by the latter (*auf etwas einschlagen*), something comes out of the high noon's bell and something else comes in getting rid of the spell - both this and that, therefore, for which no additional interpreters are needed [nor multicoloring, accordingly, because of which here, in the given picture (*Picture No. 11*), all that is colored becomes yellowish or brownish, the colors quite sufficient for the *breach of coating* , confided to *Pharez* (Gen. 38. 29.)].

The colors sufficient even for an ultimatum (if it comes to that, which is not impossible "regarding all and everything"), for example the one attributed to a person so strong that he did not hesitate to immediately state it (said threat) to the opposing side (according to *Smollett*):

"He delivered to the mediators an ultimatum, importing that he adhered to the treaties of *Westphalia* and *Nimeguen*".

Es war ein Kampf, aber vir haben es schließlich geschafft.

Men and Women in *Picture No. 11* as its (picture's) potential and hope (in blocks).

* * *

Women and Men in *Picture No. 11* as its (picture's) predominant flocks (*tsufde ni*). For, lined up in a single queue (waiting for the streetcar which, when arrives, can be felt by hand!), they cannot be taken individually without that being dangerous. Rather, they are to be thought of as *one* (*jōkyaku*), which they (those men and women, *hotóndo wa*) indeed are, although something that can disturb them may often be found around. That is why one should always support them (especially before the trip, *tókù ni*).

"Go with me / To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be", *W. Shakespeare*.

With which a certain cohesiveness is achieved, both in the line-up for the streetcar (shown in *Photograph No. 11*, *nándo mo*) and otherwise. Which, again, can only end well. ("A good deed brings the same in return").

Чувствовать себя хорошо.

In *Picture No. 11*, *a good deed brings the same in return* by coagulating into the line along which the people leave for other places [depending on where and who gets off said streetcar, having accidentally bumped into someone ("*Очень приятно Вас видеть*")], the places, therefore, at which no one besides them gets off, but at which, exactly because of that, they are to be characterized by a unique expectation ("*Это Вам полезно*"), which, accordingly, is to be identified with a quiet shiver of still possible, however small happiness, although one should say that the limit to all that [that destination of theirs and the happiness in question (*у нее золотые руки*)] is in something which they already learned under the notion of *hexagon*: with all of our vivid senses plus death as the sixth.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 12:* To Reflect From The Negative By Means Of The Positive)

In the middle of winter of *1957*, *Radio Beograd* in *Makedonska St.* was broadcasting “Loptica Skočica” (“The Bouncing Ball”), things were bleached by definition (people habitually) with snow that could not have been considered less frolicsome, it was flowing through the air that the brand new (and virtuous!) world refuses to give in - one only needed to start singing!

Для обшего блага.

By starting to sing all that would touch up a bit more (although it wasn’t bad at all as it were).

(*Что толку жаловаться*).

Just glancing at a detail of that picture (in *Photograph No. 12*) is enough to confirm what has been said above (and understood by that), without talking about it any more.

“Thence fatuous fires and meteors take their birth”, *Denham*.

Which, perhaps, made me too much carried away, but I’d been lost in thought, anyway.

“I do remember my faults this day”, Gen. xli. 9.

Although one cannot understand all that in only that way {certain complexity of approach is necessary here as well [cautious halts during uncertainty (“*Успех был теперь в его руках*”), asking distrustful sub-questions (“*Самое главное то, что...*”)]}, and yet, it can be said that in that year it was as it was and that all that is best presented in *Photograph No. 12*, *de todos modos*.

Two, three pupils, a couple of strong, solid people, a woman behind once black, now snowy (almost gentle in its slack) man’s umbrella [and another lady, caught while toppling (the same) canopy (made of black pomegranate, a bit shady) - shaking it like a giant would an ant (*se muere por una flauta*)], maybe also a pair of passers by behind the students (and a man with a child who could be me if that would have been the case - *mozuelo*) - are more or less the persons who can be seen in the given picture (*Picture No. 12*, *naturalmente*) as a fact, without it being overly tight-lipped description of the soil (*einsprachig*).

(Although, even such description is better than an overly long one.

"Smile at the claims of long descent", *Tennyson*).

Additionally, a streetcar goes down the street, similar to the one in the previous picture [even though this one is partially covered by snow (*lucido*!)], and one can see a small truck behind, with which the kinematics of the subject photograph is rounded off. *Luciérnaga*.

(Although, in the same way in which it is the case with time, it cannot be reduced below a sensible proportion.

"Do not deduct it to days", *Massinger*).

As with regards to the statics, the building housing the Radio is already there, also a whole line of "dwelling objects" in the expected perspective [perhaps even a studio apartment of *Regem-melech* (Friend of the King, Zech. 7. 2.)

"Against the which, a moiety competent / Was gaged by our king", *W. Shakespeare*].

And from the third (unknown) side, one can easily see the whitish branches [underneath snow the forest flares up into the white, some time (in doing that) vanishing into a frosty sight]: trees always hide their faults - when necessary they wrap into light bolts (while wind in their crowns still holds - *nebeneinander*), an entire *Pleiad* can be seen there stealing out in folds (from this world to the world full of flowery knolls - *ein verschlafenes kleines Dorf*), under the magic wand of *Harsha* (Ezra 2. 52.)

Approximately, that would be all in that picture (*Picture No. 12 - ein Farbfleck*), plus a sort of a kiosk (featuring cigarettes and newspapers of ephemerality of a smoke, too), as well as some effervescency of a moment (lengthened into reflection by the flash of a snowflake).

So *it* goes. *Klar*!

And thus, rightfully, *it* can say:

"I am *Alpha* and *Omega*, the beginning and the end, the first and the last" (Rev. xxii. 13.)

* * *

Alpha and *Omega* as sky and ground in *Photograph No. 12* (*это переходит все границы*!), slightly covered by incoherentness of such great expectations of some (however to take it) elements of dubious materialization (*улицы обсажены деревьями*), at moments possibly more credible but, in principle, uncatchable by the senses of an average initiator of the theme ("*Я сегодня плохо соображаю*"), to whom, because of that, his life practically seems materialized ("*Как Вам это удалось*?"), even though it develops *Mortally* (*колыбельная*), every once in a while offering itself to the abyss according to the scheme also visible in *Castorp Hans*, a young man (otherwise an engineer) from the city of *Hamburg*, in *Thomas Mann*'s Magic Mountain, whose life first changes for the better by a sojourn in a *Swiss* sanitarium, from where, however, he goes to war where he is killed.

[There is also a supposition according to which, because the described scenes can always be expected, one should always stay dignified. (*Искушать судьбу*).

For example, improving his own self (in spite of everything, petting kind manners, *индивидуального пошива*).

"The sweetest cordial we receive, at last / Is conscience of our virtuous actions past", *Denham*.

If all can only be lit up by a lampion!]

* * *

All our deeds and we in them - it is said (but the courtesy of result is meant).

If only it could last (so that one does not have to take hold of something else. *Mandare in esilio*).

(The worst one can do is to impel someone to work.

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

In connection with that, the people in *Picture No. 12* may breathe a sigh of relief: if anyone left a trace in this world it was them - of course, until the first warmer day (first stronger sunshine), possibly first rain too. *Niente male*!

[Until the first annulment of the outcome of their movements chilled to the bones (since then vanished, anyway, like obsolete clones)].

The assumption is, therefore, that in that, like a begged out pearl frozen day (*per quanto ne sappia*), temperature dropped below the mark with which (even then) the comfort was being underlined, which meant that walks, a lot of which we can see in the photograph in question (*Photograph No. 12 - di ottima qualita*), were supposed to be finished in the shortest reasonable time, having crossed the street with the speed of a hydraulic otter (it is enough to look at those two automatically motivated pupils), or having vanished on the horizon in the manner of shell-like darkness (it is enough to look at that man with a child of the size of smaller and smaller poppy seed) - finally, not even the women with umbrellas stayed in front of the camera longer than that which refracts them - in a word, all human figures (and all dreams - *a distanza ravvicinata*) in that picture (*Picture No. 12 - rassomigliarsi*) passed into the new structure the fastest they could, while this in the picture (*No. 12*) is only their engraved sequence, the hierarchy of steps which they had to follow in order to judge impartially, having skipped towards the promised summer (or, at least, a warmed up room), in any case hoping for a fiery departure for something like *Ittah-kazin* (Time of the Chief Marvel, Josh. 19. 13.), or, simply, (in their thoughts) having moved toward the usual furnace [ceramic or tile or gleaned from mementos of *Japhia* (Person Drowned by Splendor, Josh. 19. 12.) - the electrical ones, namely, in those days were as today are the virtual ones], somehow having warmed up somewhere after such a move at said instant, *in realta*.

In the year of *1957*, even that winter (the winter represented by the subject picture - *realtà virtuale*) warmed up, therefore, in a dazzle of the alert louse.

[Everyone went on his/her own - if not forward, then backward; for example (in front of *Radio Beograd*), as soon as one quivered, not even a crumb in the scarf of a door-keeper (in the sense of a handkerchief) was left (as a bug on a leaf). *Forse non ti rendi conto di quanto sia pericoloso*].

But nobody escaped the camera (it took a picture of all of them!)

[As when a trigger is activated faster than the retreat of the target of shooting and it (the sacrificed subject) becomes dumbfounded in the manner of "it is what it is", *rendersi utile.*

That is how it came to harmonization of the scene. (*Segnare una rete*).

"If fitness of parts was what constituted the loveliness of form, the actual employment of them would undoubtedly greatly augment it", *Burke*].

* * *

In the year of *1957*, *Picture No. 12* was its winter, yet it didn't come to freezing - isn't that enough for spring exclamation? (*Bekräfta*!)

(Perhaps, even, for a longing flame!

"Lust causeth a flagrancy in the eyes", *Bacon*).

Picture No. 12 as the *Radio* building rotunda ejected into the hazy sky behind the front stage of happenings described in the manner of capricious storytelling of Mr. *Toots*, a well-to-do young man in *Dicken*'s Dombey and Son, warmhearted and unselfish but also enough scatterbrained to think himself dreadfully in love with *Florence Dombey* which, on its own, would have been all right if the man was not incessantly repeating, to use his favorite expression, that that "is of no consequence", quite unnecessarily asserting, therefore, the same thing which, by itself, could have been deduced by a little more careful reading of the present description of the scene in question ("*Finns det en buss in till stan*?"), the scene according to which the people (and things in collusion with them - *hai*!) try as soon as possible to slip out of the photographic impressiveness of indisputable presence to all this (what?) into a picture created by easygoing moves of retiring to rest ("*Kore wa itai desu ka*?"), and that - the sooner the better, as already said and as, in principle, they are expected to do.

After all, nobody is supposed to walk over all this (including the plateau in front of the *Radio Station*) without at least some thought given to the elapsed time intended for proving. *Koko desu*.

[Proverbial ramblers through the life story always find themselves at the new beginning anyway, once the old one puts them into a difficult situation, that is, they do that until their injury becomes a vampire, in that *Esek* presents himself to them, having brought a meditative discord into their hearts (Gen. 26. 20.)

One would almost think that all of them (all those city dwellers in the sense of snowy personalities - *hai, genzō desu ne*) are actually thrown in from the outside (taken from another world and placed in *Photograph No. 12 - ashita no gogo desu*!), and that their closeness, realized here and there, in fact happened upon someone's command (*senshū*), to which they subsequently turned their backs (and everyone left on his own tracks).

"They were all strangers and intruders", *Locke*.

Picture No. 12 as filing those away.

Is it? ("*Они буйствовали по всему городу*").

Is it not the case that filing away is a delight at the level of a state, to which they are a personal collection. *Ратификация*.

(Which every registry is actually about).

Personal foundations and collections in all these cases - what a reading selection regarding (even since then) frozen typefaces! *Eingebung*.

But, we'll speak about that later!]

* * *

Sometimes I have a feeling I spoiled all this.

[All these people (and things) in the previous pictures (and pictures that will come*). Os objetos de valor*].

They don't like this, they don't like that [getting either solemn or astray ("*Volta dentro de cinco minutos*")], or they [the people and things in the pictures of prostration ("*Passsa bem*")] need air to be pumped into their empty lungs ("*Muito obrigado*"), and all that to let only *Shamgar* rumbling ("*Não gosto...*"), even though it is well known that *that one destroys* both when awake and when asleep (Judg. 3. 31.), which means that one should not have relied on him (that the story needed to be stopped on time).

But then, how to sound out days (in their prime)? *Das stimmt, oder*?

That is why it is best to take a picture of all that and reflect from the negative by means of the positive.

(*Und wenn es noch so schwer ist*).

To reflect from the negative by means of the positive: to assume such an angle for taking the picture which not even *Hyperion* (one of the *Titans*, sometimes equivalent to the Sun) would hold back from, nor would it even be avoided by *Krishna* (the eighth avatar of *Vishnu*), the son of *Vasudeva* and *Devaki*, whom his uncle *Kansa* (the demon-king of *Mathura*) sought to kill while a child because of a divine warning that this nephew would some day slay him, but with divine help the child escaped and was brought up by shepherds, and after numerous heroic and amorous exploits [of an already grown-up person! (*niedlich*!)] became so strong that he slew *Kansa* and occupied the throne, only to be killed by an arrow shot by a huntsman, so that everything placed itself at the point from which it bounced but, again, ended up there, having reflected itself from the negative by means of the positive only to emphasize that he (who all this is about), during that phase, was doing better, i.e. had a fruitful life, regardless of that everything ended the way it did (and here faithfully described - *noch heute*), and regardless of that he (the one dealt with here, *ohne dass er es wusste*) is left with no other choice except to accept the situation (instead of turning the page) and start pivoting on his heel.

"For every tear he falls, a *Trojan* bleeds", *W. Shakespeare* **.**

Yet, such one subsides tranquilly.

* * *

But not everything is in the tranquility, either. (*Как ни старайся, не убедишь его*).

Because of that, a photograph like *Photograph No. 12* represents fluffy mischievousness, too.

{A snow flake after a snow flake, and something (appeased up to that moment) will eventually cover itself with something restless enough - concretely, with a bird trap, also known as *Chelub* (1 Chr. 4. 11.), as with a mountain wind [the precursor of *Sons of Thunder* known under the name of *Boanerges* (Mark 3. 17.)]}

Having not allowed anyone in it (in *Photograph No. 12*) to become lazy. *Hu-Hu*!

("Recovering hardly what he lost before", *Dryden*).

In the year of *1957*, all that (what?), in such a way (which?), curled up in a ball of the urban milieu on which this picture (*Picture No. 12*, *sō de wa nài to kikásarenài kagīri*) counts whenever taken as a basis for humming (buzzing, muttering, murmuring, *sakkyóku*) exposed by that very copying of whiteness onto every side reachable by eye via *Broken Place* in the sense of *Bithron* (2. Sam. 29.), regardless of how much a well-intentioned man (person inclined to the general good in every sense of the word) hoped for something better, *to iú jōken de...*

* * *

Around that time, approximately, one was to realize which way the wind blows, but that had been postponed as always in such situations (and with such a joy). (*Allées et venues*).

One thing was pulling in one direction, another in the other [as it was expected and as, with such a wisdom indeed, all this here easily permeates (for, so humbly, in fact makes it possible for each to pull in its own direction!)], all that, therefore, was identical to this now (*relativement*) - only it covered itself with a whiter shroud (and, with it, vanished since - without a trace); that is, if it was not for the subject photograph (*quand cela vous conviendra / à votre convenance*), all that would have practically been like that, but, this way, we can cross swords over it (that which in all this is always dealt with) till the end of the world (*über und über*) - as long as that soft picture lasts in the cold [reducing things to the facial expression of a man whom, for example, *Jedidah* is waiting to see in her mold (the beloved one, therefore, whose such a luring feature is taken, then, as a proof of the cure's fold, 2. Kin. 22. 1.)]

That is which one was climbing with, at those times, after the wind, towards the star sprinkled with grief of one's striving.

["The sophistry which creeps into most of the books of argument", *Locke*, *John* (1632-1704)].

Such an asymmetry, to say so (illusory difference between realities - *Überraschung*?), and yet everything was developing (then as now - *Stunde um Stunde*) in the manner of a not extorted (primarily voluntary) quasi-background: how to be brought to the cosmic center at every meter of walking around - from *Hethlon* (Hiding-place, Ezek. 47. 15.) to *Hezion* (Vision, 1 Kin. 15. 18.) - and how to subsist in the sea of sparkles each of which throws a new one and, in doing so (answering the *Muses*), blooms in the manner of *Guni* (Painted With All Colors, Gen. 46. 24.), multiplying as it chooses.

In der Überzahl sein.

* * *

At the turn of that year (the year of *1957*, after the year of *1956* was brought to its end), the school children who lived on the north side of the *R. Boulevard* (where all of us from the *A*. street belonged, also those from the *K*. street) were expected to make one more turn: from the "Ćirilo & Metodije" school to the "Marija Bursać" school - just built and thus offered as an apple on a plate.

(*Überzählig*).

My role in all that was in giving a speech in which I did promise, on behalf of the pupils discussed here, that we would behave excellently and study diligently (*ohne Umschweife*), though I missed to add that things, little by little, reverberate (*Unart* - all the way to the end of the world!) as if they find something else to be of a higher priority [as if they, so bold, look for the healing somewhere else (however cold), *непрерывно*].

I presented my speech turned favorably in the direction of *Mr. Knežević Milija* ("*Он всегда готов оказать помощь*") - a just appointed principal of the new school, in which classes started together with the Spring Term (which means on *February 6th*, *1957*).

To better understand all that in connection with said school (grown around the finger of the New Era from the hand of the Old Era - *косоглазый*), the best thing is to copy the following from the "Year Book" published at the occasion of its *40th* anniversary:

"After the end of *WW2*, immediately upon the liberation, a reconstruction of the demolished and devastated country started.

Our entire nation, carried by great enthusiasm and dedication, while singing, proceeded with the shock work. Young people were the first. Zeal without precedence, intertwined with patriotism, created miracles.

Everything was boiling in action.

From day to day, the country was changing its image.

Old objects were fixed, and new dwellings, schools, factories, railroads, highways, and so on, emerged.

Villages and towns were going through a transformation in the real sense of the word.

Life flourished full of optimism, schools were filled to capacity as the number of students rose much faster than it was possible to build.

School buildings became too small to accommodate pupils. Working in two, three, and sometimes four shifts was one of the ways to cope with the problem.

The situation was made more difficult by introducing literacy courses for the masses, as well as trade, professional, and evening classes for adults in the school buildings.

At the time, under the authority of People's Committee in the Borough of *Z.* (within the city of *B.*), there were only two Elementary schools, overcrowded with students: "Ćirilo & Metodije", in the building erected before the *WW2*, and "Veljko Dugošević", in the building built in *1948*. Considerably later, an annex to the building was added.

The solution was in construction of new school buildings.

Systematic planning and accelerated building of schools all over the country was started.

Thus, the People's Council of the city of *B.*, through its Commerce Chamber, passed *Act No. 31970* of *1954*, approving the start of construction of the elementary school in the borough of *Z.*, on the lot of a former brick kiln in the *Milana Rakića* street, at the, so-called, *Chinese* playground, later given the street number *81*.

The project was led by a prominent architect Mr. *Nikola Šercer*, whose team included *V. Ćirković*, *M. Zrnić*, *A. Radović*, and other associates.

The construction was ordered by the Head Office for Public Construction of the city of *B.*, under the leadership of *Jaša Rajter*, while the investor was the City Department of Education and Culture, within the People's Board of the city of *B*.

After approving the very ambitious project, it was assigned to be realized by the "Neimar" construction company, with a number of good references in its portfolio.

Mr. *Steva Djordjević* was appointed the construction site manager, and, on behalf of the Head Office, the civil technician *Ms. Bisa Srdanović* was the site supervisor.

The two successfully cooperated and more than conscientiously overlooked the school construction from laying down the foundation to finishing the interior works.

Otherwise, at the time, Mr. *Živadin Obrenović* was the chairman of the People's Council of the Borough of *Z.*; he was paying a particular attention to the matters of schooling and education and offering every necessary help during the construction.

Mr. *V. Radulović*, an elected chairman in the next term, was also extraordinarily devoted to constructing and equipping the new school.

Besides them, a particularly agile was Mr. *M. Jovičić*, the head of the borough education department, who had shown a special skill in making possible synchronous preparations for starting educational work in the new school, which was of a particular significance.

On June *25*, *1956*, the People's Committee of the Borough of *Z*. passes the *Act No. 896* by which "'*M. Bursać*' elementary school has been founded as an independent social institution for fundamental general education and upbringing, based on the principles of social self management".

Upon recommendation of Mr. *Mirko Jovičić*, the new school was named "Marija Bursać", after the country's first woman National Hero.

At this time, a particular place belongs to Mr. *M. Knežević*, who was appointed the first school principal by the act of Education Advisory Board of the Borough of *Z*. just before the beginning of *1956/57* school year.

He genuinely watched over the school, which was in the final stages of construction, planned its equipment, organization, etc. He also managed purchasing and placing classroom furniture sets, outside landscaping and interior arrangements...

However, *M. Knežević*, formerly an assistant principal at the "V. Dugošević" elementary school, particularly needed to start working on preparations for commencement of the classes in the new school.

In doing that, he had a hearty help from the chairman of the Advisory Board for Education and Culture of the Borough of *Z*., Mr. *Stanoje Stevanović*, and his associates, but many other responsible officials and people also helped.

Since the construction work on the new school building was not over by *September 1956*, the month scheduled for the regular start of the school year, it was decided that the "Ć. & M." school, whose principal was Mr. *Dragoljub Lazarević*, and the "V. D." school, under the principal Mrs. *Lela Lazarević*, form classes for the work in the host school until the completion of construction of the "M. B." school.

The selection of the teaching staff and other personnel for the new school and the formation of the classes were also done on time.

Finally, all necessary preparations were finished and the eagerly waited day arrived, when the new school started to live its real life.

Mr. *M. Knežević* says the following:

"It was February *6*, *1957*.

The two columns of students and teachers started walking on their way to the new school. One from the 'V. D.' school, the other from the 'Ć. & M.' school.

The columns met in the new school building, at *81 M. Rakića St.*, and already formed classes, headed by their home-room teachers, entered their classrooms.

This was the day when the work in this school building started - that is, continued.

The school was beautiful.

It was equipped with, for the times, the most modern teaching aids.

The school yard was not fully finished, while the dwelling for janitor's family and the gym were not even started being constructed.

For a long time, there was no telephone connection, which had been one of the biggest problems in the beginning.

From day one, the work was done with great enthusiasm.

The collective, from the principal to the last maintenance worker, worked tirelessly, carried with almost unbelievable fervor.

Surely, such a work also found its reverberation in students and, through them, their parents.

Everyone did the most he could for the school to grow as quickly as possible into a good school and for the maximum use of almost ideal work conditions.

Very soon it became apparent that the organizational preparations were adequate for successful work, while additional improvements were being implemented along the way...

Burning with desire that the school starts shining in its full glare could have been sensed at every step, in each teacher, cleaning lady, pupil...

It can now be claimed with full right that the exceptional standing of the "M. B." school actually started being created from its first days.

The ardor and the enthusiasm of all, characteristic for our school, has in fact been "born" together with the school.

Later, such way of working became normal and customary for us...

Even today, we are not able to work otherwise.

Self-sacrifice and zeal are our characteristics..."

(The article is signed by the principal, Mr. *Čedomir Vučković* in *1996*, at the occasion of the *40th* anniversary of the school. Mr. *Vučković* was my gym teacher. *Ежедневно*).

* * *

The room for optimism exists (and it should exist!) but one should not play games with *Byron*.

["And doth the power that man adores / Ordain their doom?", *Lord G. Noel G. Byron* (1788-1824)].

Picture No. 12 as physical testimony of *February 6*, *1957*, therefore, the day when all that with that school "officially" started, but, having in mind duality of particles and waves (*без отлагательств*), one could have attended it by means of a photo covering with photographed snow ("*У меня было такое чувство, будто это уже было*"), having gotten off from the railroad-type vehicle at the stop by the "kiosk" and having transmitted oneself via the *Broadcasting* station no more than five kilometers through the blizzard in the picture (going East).

To reflect from the negative by means of the positive, therefore, can be achieved in such a way as to imagine that it is possible.

("*Finns det några vittnen*?")

* * *

To reflect from the negative by means of the positive as a possible way of shaking off of sepia - dark reddish-brown color of a dubious continuation.

Slipat glas.

Otherwise, we would not know how to examine ourselves with light.

("All things that we ordained festival / Turn from their office to black funeral", *W. Shakespeare*).

That is why we are to make use of the rebound - to search out saintliness by means of a reflected beam ("*Är det här äkta silver/guld*?"), to pose under a larger number [not even automatically rejecting eventual monasticism ("*Har ni certifikat på det*?")], to identify with *Aeneas* (Praiseworthy, Acts 9. 33.)

("The silly people take me for a saint / And bring me offerings of fruit and flowers", *Tennyson*).

To take position such that it is not suspicious where one came from ("*Var kommer du ifrån*?"), where one goes to [and what all that is based on ("*Vad tycker du om...*?")], without imagining a short outing into eternal past a whiter sign than it is (*fruset*), covering with the snow on the square in front of the *Radio B*. in the *M*. street both that which was covered a long ago and that which (make believe) still does not give in, kicking all the way to the *Z*.'s portion of the city (as hilly as all that hope was witty - claiming that *good* is going to raise and *bad* to ruin in its maze), remembering the "*M. B.*" school according to the principle "better now than never", having leaned backwards as much as needed to not allow monotonous repeating of condition ("*Vart ska du åka sedan*?"), all that time tightened by unevenness of equalization, with the same result [now minus, now plus ("*Det är hett/kallt idag*!")], depending on whether it be interpreted this or that way ("*Kare wa nan te ītmashita ka*?"), consciously deceiving the self that it cannot be influenced by a corresponding adjustment, having neatly filed such an act into a bunch of previous advices [from childhood to school to practical results ("*Он очень привередлив в еде*")], whose morals can only increase ("*Он совершенно прав*"), although at no time forgetting that it is needed to reflect from the negative by means of the positive.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 13:* Transplanting Oneself Along The Boulevard Over A Holiday)

The year of *1958* was a tiny flower - gardens were stretching all the way to Post Office and Federal Assembly (due to the mechanically-based sprinklers one could not open his mouth), Paradise tightened in a flowery way (let Earth shine its hay), even a cute woodpecker (above the picture of clover) could have been heard before day was over, *con l'evolversi della situazione*.

People walked down the street, their foreheads fragrant.

("Their hearts inclined to follow *Abimelech*", Jud. ix. 3.)

Everything fitted, as seen in the subject picture (*Picture No. 13*, *evidentemente*).

(There was a point to refer to).

Already in the fifth grade (then sixth!), there was something I could definitely learn! ("*È uno che sa il fatto suo*").

(One could not be making faces any longer).

Taking first chance was the manner of the day (things were brought to the state of beauty by conversion of the lazy students in a single sway). *Passionsspiel.*

In front of Post Office and Federal Assembly (placed between city's convexities in a grandiose way), Spirit from the Heights, at least, strolled (let us only take, for example, *Parade*) - later (when everything collapsed, including *Parade*), motivated by the memory of virtues, said thing (Ghost) once more walked by (having imperceptibly yielded at the first sign of a deeper gloom, *soré wa sore toshite*), having thought, perhaps, that one should go to the end [insisting on paramount qualifications of the restorer - a skilled craftsman who approaches such an act with the expert move of a sharpened pen (*nàósara*)], and calm down there (at such a destination).

"The crowning act of a long career", *Buckle*.

Everyone, thus, wanted to test himself down there (before those buildings), projecting the momentary brilliance as a permanent one (*nité iru*), which he can only remember now, *zénpanteki ni mītè*.

["A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things", *A. Tennyson* (1809-1892)].

Accordingly, so much was mangled in a ball that year (the year of *1958*) that one can access it only via this procedure of storytelling - simply guiding it (sometimes, perhaps, having stepped on its tail), confirming it by means of additional photographing (that which is claimed ought to be proved), not letting it get out of the sight even when hidden by *Eliahba* (whom God hides, 2 Sam. 23. 32.).

* * *

Picture No. 13 as a *middle-class idol* (an icon of urban citizenry, *in gewisser Weise*).

[Something one should get to like by the very choice of that kind of concept - to take a stroll down the unquestionable avenue by the obvious steadiness (*die ganze Stadt*), having not rubbed against anything except, possibly, the excitement of such a moment (*welches Buch du auch nimmst*), having extorted, at that, generosity of (each of his own) creation ("*Ich mache es morgen zu Ende*"), also known under the name of *Beth-birel* (1 Chr. 4. 31.) and under the notion of *anonymous fineness*, something that is increasingly missing yet one should not complain about it, on the contrary, it is necessary to be assured by the "ultimate coherency" as the one depicted in the subject photograph (*Photograph No. 13 - vorbeisausen*), of perfectly regular proportions and fairy *illumination*, worthy of one *Miss Pinkerton* in *Thackeray*'s Vanity Fair, presented as a very majestic lady who keeps a boarding school, attended by one *Amelia Sedley* and one *Becky Sharp*, by means of which the above mentioned *illumination* could only gain the transparency of the ray, caught in the look deprived of the former and the latter gloom (however thin), having flashed before falling into a prone position, *das bisher Beste*].

Having flashed before falling into a prone position - that is how the rays from the given picture (*Picture No. 13, gähnend*) actually look in practice, having passed between small branches of the trees (from Sun to Earth there is nothing but an atomic alley) as between the small hands of *Vertumnus Pomona*, goddess of fruits and, in general, fruit trees in the sense of generators and their results, for all to subside (above the sidewalk) into the wrought iron fence with the arm of coats of the state of *FNRJ*.

So that people at those times were illuminated as their state was.

And that, therefore, was because they cleaned themselves with that promenade.

["Not to disremember the old saying, but let every man skin his own skunks", *Crockett*].

That is why, indeed, by its very nature, grown together with the pavement of that street, cleanliness glows in *Picture No. 13*. (*С малых лет*).

Picture No. 13 as a screen for the city face (including eyebrows), *самое малое*.

* * *

Picture No. 13 as competing in singing of the song of ridicule (its cons and pros). (*50 anni or sono*).

Whatever to represent (wherever to start from), in its very center, that [which in the given picture is dealt with ("*Onorato di conoscerla*!")] always results into something - architecturally well sharpened (to not be tepid or silly - *all'opposto*!), constructionally well versed (to be strong gracefully - *onnipotente*), in urban terms well matched (to radiate easily - *onirico*) - it only needs a small number of people to confirm itself (walking, being silent, going through their lives as if they were someone else's, *a onor del vero*...) in order for it (that which all this is about – *all'oscuro*) to pull out from the green house and present itself in its full size, as it is the scene in the given picture [*Picture No. 13* (*fuoco di paglia*)], in which, because of that, everything indeed flourishes [less and less shaking while walking, more and more becoming fashionable, or so hoping (*entrare nei particolarei*)] - what else is necessary to search for without

that being proclaimed for the caprice of *Bechorath*, a newborn of every groundlessness of a moment (1 Sam. 9. 1.), because of which all this is as it is, having stopped its step with its immodesty when most promising, practically having stayed at the beginning (while proclaiming the fact that it is lured by the miniature needles of progress - not worth a damn, *per abitudine*).

As if its head (the head of that dealt with here, *per poco che sia*) got mixed up regarding the question of which point it should have made a pause at (and where just gone through).

(As if it has been whipped by a lofty passion.

"Under the influence of love's delusion", *Thackeray*.

Having accepted deceptiveness as its axiom).

That is why we cannot predict happiness - even when visible, and almost triples (as, for example, in *Picture No. 13 - per tutta l'estate*), on its edges it prickles {due to so much edging it almost became cut: into that happiness of before and this of now, none of which, of course, suffers from tomorrow's hunger (*in piccolo*), until that arrives, too, and things arrange according to the fullness [when symbols, anyway, start becoming very simple in their generalness: one happiness (as always) for one tinkling of the bones - *a ogni pie sospinto*]}.

But, what can you do when those who are happy (in a grandeur!) do not suffer from that kind of hunger, *per praticita*.

"They that will not be counseled cannot be helped", *Franklin*.

* * *

Most often we used the photographed promenade in connection with *May Day* [to take a sidewalk through one's life always means to board a ship - that who embarks on such a voyage (who so departs) is going to sail into the middle of his heart's knowledge ("*Vi trivs utomordentligt*")], one would arrive in front of Post Office and Federal Assembly before the dawn gets on its bridge (*sevärdheter*), so that all these men, women, children (and seniors!) see when *Tito* flashes (stop their goose bumps while shivering as mosquitoes in such sunny morning splashes, *hos vänner*).

[If, later, Sun comes out, all that (in the given picture's array, *kònó tame*) would keep clear of bad business right away - having stood up in unison, such line-up of theirs was to be seen (in the given picture - *wasúrenagùsa*) in unison too: the symbolism would turn out to be a nice manner in that case as well.

"We took sweet counsel together", Ps. lv. 14.

And one should not put on airs!]

But, in connection with *May Day*, didn't I say everything I had to say long ago? (*Pressefreiheit*).

Although, regarding even those years, *the fifties* - how can one be expected not to take them into consideration while making sure not to take away that which (so chiming) brought them forth from the virtue's constellation (*das Richtige*), having arranged them from *1951* to *1959* [having fitted the decade years (*1950* and *1960*) with glass amidst creamy reverberation (*letzte Ruhestätte*)], just so one would not have to worry about their sequencing (so that each minute of theirs can gape as before - without trepidation!), so that above their hours their anniversaries can shine without vacillation (so that their reminiscence can be taken as their celebration), so that, at last, all those fine thoughts of theirs can find their peace as their approbation [the thoughts that infected even *Jushab-hesed*, who was lucky in that his love was returned (1 Chr. 3. 20.). *Удачлив*].

The years whose correctness was eternal.

("Carry your head as your elders have done before you", *L'Estragne*).

If only all that could have lasted longer.

(All that regarding all those years, *the fifties*).

(Which indeed happened - entering *the sixties*, *es traf sich, dass*...).

* * *

Concretely, the year of *1958* offered a pink bulwark to every one - on it, one could nicely take a walk (behind it, finely fall asleep - *sich von etwas trennen*), telepathically not separating from *Mithras*, the benefactor of the mankind and a helper to *Ormuzd*, generally considered an incarnation of Sun (with which everything gained daily splendor - "*Die Ereignisse überstürzten sich*").

[Even an additional embellishment could have been imagined:

"A shady, fresh, and ripply cove / Where nested was an arbor, overwove / By many a summer's silent fingering", *Keats*].

Let us only take the gigantic afternoon (all other things are to quiet down along the tall fence made of a wrought iron) enjoyed by the man in the picture and a couple of people and a small shadow in a permanent walk (it is *Picture No. 13* which is dealt with here, *voll und ganz*), and through which (the afternoon in question) there floats a minute by minute petrified by the world in distance with which one is to gauge all that (that magic summer!) whose outcome is not to be brought into doubt - in order to have an approximate representation of what all this (dealt with here) is, *vor allem*.

[At that, complaints of the type

"What earthly benefit can be the result?" (*Alexander Pope*)

are to be rejected of course; the peerlessness of the proposed procedure, surely, is to be protected at all times].

And all were saying what needed to be said.

"The whole earth was of one language" (Gen. xi. 1.)

(We say - praiseworthy, meaning - Patron Saint's Day is sporty. *Es ist egal, auf welche Weise du das machst*).

Passages full of throng dreamed at those times. (*Они подошли к реке*).

It is only the archived flowage that can boast about former firmness; however tightened inside clerk's yoke - it protrudes even from there: sending its people (signals) farther and farther (as one flock).

In the same way in which the previous picture (*Picture No. 12*) is, *Picture No. 13* is an *archive of such personages*. *Те дополняют друг друга*.

[And, as there - is it (at once)?

Didn't we say that archives represent delight at the level of state "to which they are only a collection".

"Which every Archive indeed speaks about" - we also said at the time - *приходить к заключению, что*...).

From http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1000004.htm, therefore:

"**Archival material of personal foundations and collections**

Besides the archival material regarding foundations from the period of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia and the socialist Yugoslavia, a significant archival material in the Archives is found within the personal foundations and collections.

There are *53* personal foundations - collections, in the total length of *140m* of archival material.

Personal foundations and collections are result of the work of eminent political, cultural, public and other personalities and contain valuable documents with regards to the study of history of Yugoslavia; they're also an outstanding addition to many incomplete foundations, especially from the period of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia.

The most significant foundations and collections are, for example, those of Jovan Jovanović - Pižon, Milan Stojadinović, Sava Kosanović, Dragoljub Jovanović, Vojislav Jovanović - Marambo, and others.

In spite of the incompleteness of the archival material of a large number of foundations of the central state administration from the period of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, as well as foundations from the socialist period, the archival material kept in the Archives represents a first-class, inexhaustible, and unavoidable source of scientific and other research of the entire political, social, economical and cultural life of Yugoslavia".

Personal foundations and collections - what an anthem for (even since then) frozen keys of those perfections, *su vasta scala*.

* * *

Also, *Picture No. 13* as an upsetting by a well thought-out plan of unimportance of *Dryope*, a nymph suddenly changed into one of the poplars that in the given photograph (*Photograph No. 13*, *innanzitutto*) can be both seen and not seen, but, then, it's them which by all means raise themselves into the heights by means of "rationalized length", the measure according to which things (and people!) start changing into justification by themselves (*all'inizio*), certainly supported by a physical setting in the center of their own universe (*una figura retorica*), and also by the longings for a constant continualness, an extension without conceivable end but with which they (think they) know what to do, a perfect trophy to which they (people and things - *in un baleno*) are quite a match, which, in other words, they are naturally happy about, polishing its rough edges of eternity with abridged phrases of *Rev. Dr. Dryasdust*, a fictitious character brought forward by *Scott*, lucky enough (like that *Jushab-hesed*) to become the incarnation of a historical writer, that is, investigator of the past whose volumes are synonymous of the books written in a driest possible matter-of-fact (perhaps - meta?) language style, full of the boredom of a writer all bent over due to the *factual state* by itself.

The state with which, therefore, one should not joke at all (*ad un'ora stabilita*), but with which, in spite of that, one can establish a more intimate relationship, based on (before all else) those features of *Imrah* and *Immer* which actually maintain both their obstinacy and loquacity (1 Chr. 7. 36., 1 Chr. 9. 12.), practically incessantly (although inaudibly) talking about something, addressing something (therefore, in itself) that by no means should be classified under its *second self*, and yet, in spite of that, always finding itself in such a situation in which things are not yet fully discovered even though a feverish work is being done on that (*au premier rang*), but always (on such a road) a hill like *Gibea* (1 Chr. 2. 49.) or *Gibeah* (Josh. 15. 57.) or *Gibeath* (Josh. 18. 28.) barricades itself - and everything benumbs with the foothill.

"That counterworks each folly and caprice", *Alexander Pope*.

* * *

The year of *1958* was also a year of all the more literary (novelizing!) imaginations - the plantations of such a pupilage-like look at the world blossomed increasingly with every book that was read, at which one had to start from "Winnetou" by *K. F. May*, continuing with "The Black Arrow" by *R. L. B. Stevenson*, "T. Sawyer" (and "H. Finn"!) by *S. Clemens*, alias *M. Twain*, "Through the Desert and Jungle" by *Henryk Sienkiewicz*, "D. Copperfield" by *C. Dickens*, "R. Hood" by *Howard Pyle*, "Jane Eyre" by *Charlotte Brontë*, and "The Runaway" by *J. London*, having achieved enviable power

of domestic dreaming (*d'un seul coup*), with which one could realize the proverbial focusing of *Beth-anath*, the reverberation of time since then (Josh. 19. 38.), using, for example, the second movement (*Adagio mesto*) of the second symphony (*Symph. No.2 für Streichorchester und Trompete*) by *A. Honneger*, passed away three years earlier (*de chaque côté*), not to mention other possibilities or general climate of suitability from which not even the third symphony by the same composer (*Liturgique*), with its liturgiology, would take away any of the explosive gaiety of jumping over the fence (nor add to the topic of eternal life - *partout*), creating an impression of whitening (*dix mètres de haut*), which could only contribute to the subject city (the city of *B.*), in the sense of becoming the city of consolation, that is *Capernaum* (Matt. 4. 13.), rather than continuing in the same, old way, *après coup*.

The year of *1958*, thus, as a key year of the reading potential of *Rakem*, the suburban child (1. Chr. 7. 16.), decorated with books of indisputable mutation of the theme (*coup de theater*!), his vigorous contribution to clarity [not counting his chickens before they are hatched into full maturity (*coup de tête*)], although something was always smoldering.

"One star differeth from another star in glory" (1 Cor. xv. 41.)

(Something was always getting ready for something else). *Jag skulle vilja ha lite sällskap*.

Only to go through today's (completely foggy) veil [it was noticeable that the effort had indeed been in that (even though so fogeyish, like the past landscape, without fail, *rund*)].

I even have a photograph that does not have much in common with *Picture No. 13*, but in which one can see the arrival of the year in question - the year of *1958* - although it cannot be said that I did not expect to see it in such a company: after all both of them [both *Picture No. 13* and the picture of the arrival (*ītsumo*)] fit into a greater (more encompassing) picture (*ichinichi/hitoban jū*), a photograph which could substitute them (*zuttó*), but let us stay with the picture dealt with here (*Picture No. 13 - cien por cien*) and say a word about its essence. (*Cédula de identidad*).

Although, *Essence* or *Form* - the question is now!

"The material part, which is called genus, or the formal and distinguishing part, which is called differentia", *Whately*.

Form!

* * *

In *Picture No. 13*, the form is seen in a regardful overlapping of light with soothing [the pencil of rays with overflowing (*a scanso di equivoci*)], the current of photons with streams of shadiness (*senza esagerare*), finally - the idea of a coast line with the island of palms, *Ithamar* (Ex. 6. 23.)

Although one should not turn back to the essence either - let us take, for example, the case of *Hadashah* (Est. 2. 7.), a recondite myrtle of the eternal moment at which the people (each fully believing!) think they're floating on the soil of *Venus*, with which (it is known) *Myrtis-communis* became the closest friends, presenting the glossy leaves, pinkish flowers, and fragrant berries of its presence at such a place as the only evidences of its participation in the floral escort of said Goddess here understood in the sense of a planet (*nel modo dovuto*), which indeed is the case of its (that plant's) ultimate essence (*dolciastro*), but also of the essence in principle ("essence as such" - *il dolce far niente*), immortalized in the lack of understanding of duality of a being such as *Rima*, the bird-girl in *W. H. Hudson*'s Green Mansions, who actually lived in the wilds of *Venezuela* and was loved by one *Mr. Abel* (who writes in the first person!), who planned to take her to civilization, but (look at the complication!) is prevented from doing so by savages who take the bird (a girl too!) and burn her at the stake, thinking she is an evil spirit! (*Frase a doppio senso*).

Essence and *Form* always intertwine when one is to live (*un utensile a doppio uso*) – something like that would have been said by the one reduced to the form by the act of essence (and with the act of fire to the ash itself!), which, therefore, could not be taken as a fallacy of his, and which, because of that, makes a genuine impression, in the sense in which that same thing (the same truth - *spina dorsale*) radiates from the melancholy case of *Jay Gatsby*, the central

character in *F. Scott Fitzgerald*'s novel The Great Gatsby, a wealthy racketeer whose attempt to revive an old romance ends in disaster, yet again confirming the truthfulness of saying which I don't exactly recall but which, for the purposes of claims presented herewith (*e per colmo di sfortuna...*), can be reduced to a conclusion like "Far is *Darda*", where *Darda* is Pearl of Wisdom (1 Kin. 4. 31.), and where, accordingly, that which seems to be getting closer is getting farther away.

(At which, therefore, not even a return can be realized just like that!

"How, and with what reproach, shall I return?", *Dryden*).

After all, distancing them instead of approaching each other ("*Sehr geehrte Frau Braun...*"), even bigger things separated forever, let alone one *Romanticizing* and one *Pearl of Wisdom* (*weit entfernt*).

Which means that, in spite of everything, we need to sit quietly in one spot (the one in which there is no room for the other, *nicht im Entferntesten*).

["Howbeit we must be cast upon a certain island" (Acts xxvii. 26.)]

Picture No. 13 claims exactly that: walking by the bars in the metal fence of National Assembly one arrives at Post Office at the moment when the former ends as one *Tristram Shandy* (the titular hero of *Sterne*'s Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy).

Weit davon entfernt sein, etwas zu tun.

* * *

Picture No. 13 as marking out the route (*безумная роскошь*): on it, some people (two, three lucky men - in their stances) are seen as, first of all, parts of the masses [particles worthy of their own circumstances ("*Безусловно, я буду рад помочь Вам*")], but also as possible super humans [descendants with whom their ancestors adorn themselves, dreaming of chances (*средь бела дня*)] if only their mood would leave them alone as in case of *Pan* (if their chests would rise with purpose, like doughnuts in the pan - *белая горячка*), and they be made happy by *Naaman*, the universal pleasantness of things (2 Kin. 5. 1.), having petted them (each and every one) with specific movements of entireness within each such grain.

Пришли двое, а именно: Иванов и Петров.

("I went to see them in a moonshiny night", *Addison*).

By means of *Photograph No. 13* one can also explain various faint sensations of consciousness with which the memories of news of those times (*bis ins zwanzigste Jahrhundert*) get along somehow, the news occupied with themes whose 'sublimation' was not being disavowed, a refinement in the sense of supporting necessary gentlemanliness, blazing a trail, and trophy exclusiveness; specifically:

[1] Gentlemanliness necessary for afternoon walk,

[2] Blazing a trail before festive talk, and

[3] Trophy exclusiveness in a bluish chalk,

so that everything was covered with corresponding activity of each of us "gone downtown" - the urban mortals of a pregnant condition (obviously unaccustomed to the cyclic falling down!) - and the pleasantness was automatically arriving where needed: before spread hands (and joyous hearts!) of the citizenry on the move ("*Ich bin's*!"), the

population directed towards *Malchi-shua*, King of Aid (1 Chr. 8. 33.), which would suit even today's infantilism of explorers of well-being, let alone the young servants of their egos of lion.

"The sweetest cordial we receive, at last / Is conscience of our virtuous actions past", *Denham*.

We and our passing by Post Office - all that always depended on the founding of Federal Assembly (*toshītsuki ga tatsù ni tsurétè*).

Well, some people are lucky, others are not!

After all, one cannot be a champion forever!

("The champions resolved to conquer or to die", *Waller*).

In that sense, indeed, one is to accept any impression of the picture in question (*Picture No. 13 - einerseits*) as right or wrong depending on which way the wind blows: if it blows the right way - the impression is right, and vice versa.

One should not, by custom, complicate that too, or at least not in the way in which *Ithuriel*, pretending to improve them, complicated things, that angel in *Milton*'s Paradise Lost, who, when he found *Satan* in the shape of a toad, "close at the ear of Eve", touched him with his spear and thus made him, and everything else, at once return to the proper form [so that the antagonism of two forces (the force of darkness and the force of light) reduced to what it always had been - a collision of the left eye with the right, when looking with a human sight, *eingefleischt*)].

In the year of *1958*, therefore, we took a walk through the greenish tale!

And now we are returning to it - the past signs jubilate, however pale! *Das fällt mir gar nicht ein*.

(Although the truth, as always, is opposite: neither something's heard, nor does it sing - only if, in silence, it again yawns in its golden ring, *einatmen*.

"Ye floods, ye woods, ye echoes, moan / My dear *Colombo* dead and gone", *Prior*).

But why not switch to permanence? (*Τι θα μας συνιστουσατε*?).

Permanence is something not to be run after and, because of that, there is no room in it for a twinkle.

Picture No. 13 as permanence of strolls [from which only dreams would like to rouse up (before that, too, stalls)]. *Delikatessaffär*.

* * *

Picture No. 13 as a time customary for deception with the self (*får inte tas invärtes*) - passing by the buildings of national significance (*Får ej vidröras*!), the members of the nation in question could have their personal significance only rise as well, and whether that would have to be accepted literally, or one was supposed to (even about that) start pondering (asking a few unpleasant questions, such as, for example, the question of "state resources", as well as the question of the "principle of continuity"), was not, of course, of concern of the subject passsers by (*i centrum*), whose filigree destiny (and, accordingly, painstaking protection) was business of no less than the defender of dreams and the very sleeping ("sleeping as such"), known under the name of *Bes*, who was doing that in such a way as to chase away from their dreams devilish spirits and put in their places sweet dreams that even those who suffered from insomnia could not resist, as if they were being drawn in them by no other but *Gilgamesh*, mumbling the poet's words from the epic about himself (Gilgamesh Epic), from which one could easily catch sight of the road all of them had taken to reach that, so fine and desirable, dream, *under sommaren*:

"After twice twenty hours they took some food;
After twice thirty hours they took some rest;
They dug a ditch facing the Sun god;
Gilgamesh stood on the slope of the ditch
And he poured flour into it, saying:
'O mountain, bring us dreams!'"

where, in the case under consideration, under the notion of *mountain* one should assume the Post Office (*в конечном итоге*), under the notion of *Gilgamesh* the Federal Assembly (*подводить итоги*), the two symbols of the given surrounding, corresponding to the idea of the poet in whom we took an interest herewith, quoting the instructions to the masses [hand in hand with *Gilgamesh* (before he passes), *итого*].

Dreams, dreams, dreams - that is what each one of them (each of the citizens in the subject picture - *Picture No. 13*, *первым долгом*) so easily (almost softly) sails through, from one building (the building of Federal Assembly or that of Post Office, all the same) approaching the other (building of Post Office or that of Federal Assembly, all the same) in the manner of an epic hero enveloped by himself (*долголетнее сотрудничество*), and in such a way in which that lasts until tomorrow comes (*чего доброго*), about which one then thought with the passion of *Ahiman*, the incarnation of a Receiver of Deserved Gift (Num. 13. 22.), so that no one was renouncing the self, adding to the favor of his *better self* just a speckle of the *worse self*, persevering on (at least one) little spark of the difference (*воздушная яма*), because of which the voyage (voyage between the Federal Assembly and the Post Office - *udé wò kumfatte*) could indeed be spanned with a single inclination (at most two, *mō sùgu*) towards heart, the kind of leaning with which people hover at the peak (which is smart) - until crumbling it too, like miniscule sparrows.

Which indeed happened, but doesn't one go from Federal Assembly to Post Office only to later go from Post Office to Federal Assembly, to the eternal shift of time in place of rest adding his own by having hitched it on his crest - a shift which even *Ahira* (Wicked Man, Num. 1. 15.) became proud of, let alone a simple man of the order of citizen (the resident about whom there is fight, both when his name is known and when the silence finds him as it has been shown, *ītsu de mo*).

("Free from touch or soil", *W. Shakespeare*).

* * *

It is the magic of *Saraph*, therefore, that is to be attributed to *Photograph No. 13*, a man with whom it is not to be joked when it comes to burning the paths otherwise locked (1 Chr. 4. 22.), the paths on which (as conjectured) the people move primarily horizontally ("*Hur kommer jag till motorvägen*?"), but also leap (as if in sleep) towards magnification of themselves and the years in which they [the people dealt with here (*es wird gesagt, dass...*)] had a good reason to take a walk (in the given case - towards the year of *1958*, *mittemellan jobb*), which actually was the thing that left a strong impression on this reporter of such a transformation [such a metamorphosis of the movements of described people ("*God morgon / God middag*")], on the reporter, therefore, who anyway cannot take credit for a more permanent resistance to challenges in the range from the magnificence of the moment to the brilliancy of the epoch ("*Är det allt*?"), the range that in the given case (in the case in which the camera of 'mysterious' photographer has frozen the scene shown in *Figure No. 13* in the spring Sun!) was simply imposing itself, because of which, after all, things stayed at that - on the path between the fictitious objects of momentary Assumption (*heikin shite*), without having illusions of anything bigger, anything that at those times, as today's preachers would say, was *in*, and which (as such) could indeed

be seen [(as sweet as the Federal Assembly jardinière) not fighting with anything as with the self that day] transplanting oneself along the boulevard over a holiday.

08-10-03-12-01-06/21-25-29-18-19-13-14-08-12-16-17-21-22-24/07-08-09-10

* * *

(*Photograph No. 14:* With A Simple Walking Through A Reverie)

According to these trolleybuses (buses, streetcars, and so on), of which at least three have been photographed and shown in the subject picture (*Picture No. 14*, *so viel*), it looks like that my "obsession" (almost a "primal cry", *in una maniera o nell'altra*), and exactly then (in that period of my life!) is something that, per schedule, was supposed to take a ride through the city (a group of people, vehicles and thoughts which, in accordance with that, were spreading as planned) and that (in all that) reaching the destination was done by mechanized movements of *Meribah*, water that always advances (Ex. 17. 7.), so that one was not left with nothing, which is sufficient for justifying the presage stated at the beginning of this paragraph, in case its outcome is indeed true, and that the "fixation" with the mentioned means of transportation (citizenry, things and ideas) is not only a dull assertion of a dogmatic observer.

But, of course, that is not the case. *Von wegen*!

The introduction of the "motor pool" of the city transportation on all these pages (of my dreamy stages?) was realized (no more and no less) in order to come down (from the road) to the fields of no distress ("*Viel Glück*!") - something that in this picture [and the pictures taken so far ("*Viele wissen das nicht*")] has been represented by coming down from the narrowed streets (both forward and backward stretched per our needs, *voll und ganz*) into the unlimited world of the biosphere as a poet's lottery.

[For even such a world is reduced copy of the real world (*film a corto metraggio*), so that one needed to enlarge it with a sort of such technique, adopted in the writings here, having coated it with, for example, magnifying glass.

But, what can one do if the other (world) is visible in such a way, too?

If it also is to be observed through such a glass? (*Mettere a confronto*).

And thus forever on!

If someone (like *Addison*) says for it too:

"The other is waiscoted with looking glass".

The layers of stratification which one is to come close to, however pale, are there!

And how to do that (to approach them), if not by means of a tale, *vor allem*].

Picture No. 14 as a stratified access to such a magnification. ("*Komm endlich hinter dem Schrank vor*").

* * *

Picture No. 14 as a comparison with an eye. *Sich etwas vorstellen*.

(*Von vorn anfangen*: as much as one is tingling, the other is seeing).

The year of *1959* (which the subject picture, *Picture No. 14*, is proud of) was indeed taken by its followers in that way: like a scene enlarged for the sight of *Hod* as a *Sign of Splendor* (1 Chr. 7. 37.), which classified it (the year in question, *auf diese Weise*) as the very *Principle of Abundance*, making all of us in it (the given year) free from the excessive, that is, redundant worry (and itself from the commitment to get closer to a pothook and, from above, begin to glare artificially - *in weiter Ferne*), which was best seen in the expectation of a halo.

(Halo as rounding with the self.

"Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse", *Waller*).

Having started the seventh grade already, I have crowned myself with exactly that glory seven times. *Welche Freude*!

* * *

Being in the seventh grade, therefore, one was supposed to switch to physics and chemistry as the more solid foundations of life [to leave at last the everlasting phase of ethereal somnambulism (*по своим вкусам*), according to which everything can be arranged even with the faintest shining of light].

Yes, that was more difficult, but what is that which one is not able to overcome, *tōhyō suru*?

"Imaginary ills and fancied tortures", *Addison*.

Life as an assembly of physical-chemical attributes was (is) secreting in all directions anyway, why would it be necessary to become not opportune and insist on lyricism forever?

Although all that, even in that year (the year of *1959*, *во всяком случае*), was sufficiently docile for a soothed transition from conviction to curiosity (almost initial distrustfulness of Mediterranean omen, *uwása ni yoru tò*).

Which, by all means, was augmented by my trip with my father to *P*., on *I*. peninsula [described in the fourth, *Yggdrasill*-like part of this tale about generalized ephemerality of *Arumah*, the life understood as a momentary lifting up (Judg. 9. 41.)]

For it was on it (said journey) where one could have found tameness next to tameness (the entire supersensorium, may God forgive us on such a pleasant emporium!) *Смешно сказать, но...*

"Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery", *Dryden*.

The voyage itself was realized during that, most beautiful, summer [between the sixth and the seventh grade, summers are, anyway, full of such riveted joints (made by golden hammer)], so there was no need to keep solving (sweet by itself) sugary spleen of it. ("*Не зевай*!")

“What can thy imagery of sorrow mean?”, *Prior*.

The year of *1959* as another chiming of life. *Так и знай*.

* * *

The year of 1959, also, as a honeycomb of that hive. (*Вечная история*!).

[A materialization that could be used to solve even a smaller contribution of *Zared*, Exuberant (by) Growth (Num. 21. 12.)].

In *Picture No. 14*, the year of *1959* has been presented such that its beginning connected its end along the avenue very much visited at dawn (at glittering noon and in early evening extended with lingering thought - how with peacefulness to justify floating a lot) - which indeed was increasing busy look of human figures photographically represented by a brownish light, at the price of relativizing even that which, in other situations (other places, other times - *idag/ikväll/imorgon*), would offer itself reducible to the concept of haste, in the sense that the latter was to be wrapped in a yellow, and so all that seen in the subject picture (*Picture No. 14 - Vad skrattar du åt*?) is to be poured over with yellow and brown pearls (pearls in the sense of their crystal-like spread - *10/20/50 enheter*) and all that hurry (and diligence, even decisiveness and the run of body) directed toward *Pilate*, armed with a javelin (Matt. 27. 2.), an incarnation of a daily measure, at those times quite worthy the voyage in question (realized in the subject picture by floating atop perfection).

Kör forsiktigt!

With which the year under consideration (the year of *1959*) can be quite nicely brought in front of the choir of all the other years (the years, therefore, that is times, in principle not susceptible to their own extolling, and yet significant due to their source of reason, *en buena hora*) and, like some *Prochorus* (Acts 6. 5.), be left there to sail on the thoughts used here to make one soar towards heavens, but which (the thoughts in question, little by little) subside (*impensable*), because of which, from time to time, they should be reminded (by means of this text, for example!) of that other face with which time plants sprouts in transitoriness of *Shiloah* (what a twist!), Outlet of Water Mist (Is. 8. 6.), so that all that (what? - *¿le importaria...*?) is to be understood as normal - and colorful children stories (as they peak) fit together in this epic.

But, who described one’s self with one’s rally without ending that jamboree? *Inaudito*.

That is why one is to be occupied with paraphernalia of the exterior too: all means of mass transportation are to be taken as a marrow glue (*ichīnichī oki ni*).

As that, however, was indeed done in several previous texts, why wouldn’t we boast about them (the works about years of *1952*, *1956*, *1957*, *nádò nádò*), having switched here onto the tracks of this year (the year of *1959*) by the very act of a simple flow (*dèkīreba kité ne*), having immersed into thoughts of *Ram* (Ruth 4. 19.) - penetrant and very ready - however high seemed to be all that which, after all, is only earthly steady (*η γη*).

Having sung *Milton*’s line less audibly, more mutely (and most gladly):

“O goodness infinite! goodness immense!” (*Milton*).

Picture No. 14 as magnification of such a good journey (full of rhyme) through an indelible, photographic speck of time.

Σας συδνεω.

* * *

Picture No. 14 as the *Volkswagen* next to the *Ikarus* - and all those people in all that, *waráikokerù*.

[The crosswalk full of citizens of one of the countries of *Standardized Growth*, as much brought onto the scene under the name of *Crescens* (2 Tim. 4. 10.) as derived from the name of *Boscath*, an accepted term for the notion of *Elevated Ground* (2 Kin. 22. 1.), and a few more personally owned vehicles (and a pair of them under public ownership - *etwas mechanisch tun*), plus the white facades of buildings of the epoch - that is what is seen in the yellowish picture (with brown ingredients, according to circumstances, *per Mausklick*) and offers itself in the jaws of such a nature (interpreting *space-time* as a tooth in a soft bird of such a stature - a flight consumed in the first rapture - *Das will ich meinen*!), for any one to speak here about anything else (which would dilute the stand in question, or minimize it, or even laugh in its face), and, in general, for any one to behave in a more flexible way than the behavior understood by such a sum of people (and things) depicted in the picture in question (*Picture No. 14*, *meiner Meinung nach*), because of which one is to be honest and acknowledge its status (the status of said photograph - *Photograph No. 14*) as that of *Abiathar*, Place of Plenty (1. Sam. 22. 20.), and with that end speculations of the type once made by *Launce*, an amusing clown in *Shakespeare*'s Two Gentlemen of Verona, in order to at least make a favorable impression on his dog named *Crab*, if that could not have been done on a greater scale, *im Moment*].

Of course, that is just one possible content of the picture in question (*Picture No. 14*, *natürlich*), but why is one to have a hard time regarding other possibilities, knowing that this one is adequate too.

Adequate in the sense that it offers all that looms in it (in the given picture - *Picture No. 14*) in this or that way (bending its head in this or that direction - *presto o tardi*), placing its luggage by the doors or windows of vehicles on the scene [the vehicles classified as personal or public only in the mind of a paramount pharaoh ("The fame thereof was heard in Pharaoh's house", Gen. xlv. 16.)], or in some other, by all means insignificant manner (*in uno primo momento*), helps itself with the principle of hushing up details which it (the manner) consists of, none of which, apparently, changes that from which (here too) one started and to which (exclusively) one will arrive (*in primo Luogo*), and that is the people in the picture and their instinct to move towards a higher purpose (whether in their own or in public vehicles, whereby the latter are powered by electricity!), whichever way you take it: a handful of existentialism!

("Truth is sure to find an entrance and a welcome too", *South*).

Oh, there is nothing one cannot think of being there for his own self! (*In prima pagina*).

But, to go towards the progress to compose an ode to it too, was a must.

Picture No. 14 as coming together of everything said, with a whiteness of understanding.

* * *

Picture No. 14 as a beam of daydreaming. *Di prima qualita.*

[The beam with which, in the picture too, things (and people!) reach their chanting: singing about "transitory happiness", as if happiness can be imperishable, that is as if, even it, has not escaped from the worse state by a coddled bending - underneath the given, photographic mending, *presente*!]

Also, *Picture No. 14* as an experimental station of the civilians photographed strolling across the square, each with his own frolicsome worry in connection with the horizon which is waking, or is going to do that tomorrow and, in doing so, exorcise them - making their progress possible.

(An appropriate choice is assumed.

"Thy frank election make", *W. Shakespeare*).

Let us only take the lady who (dressed in a white tunic with a black stripe, *più del previsto*) gets into her circular journey (upwards!) thinking that she will reach herself (throw headfirst into the heaven's pores as into her quenched thirst - *prima del previsto*), without thinking about returning to her initial spot (her route is not characterized by that!), which (look!) testifies about her schism with respect to the dialectically founded world, but also gives right to the school of thought of "progressiveness as such", with which she, therefore, found herself in the rhythm of her (hare-like) steps (in the blossom of her vivid doily) whirled towards happiness. ("*Presto*!")

(Being lenient toward possible imperfections of her psyche, at any rate.

For example, toward her fickle fighting with herself in the sense of seeing, instead of the self, a primarily constant colossus.

"She is restless and peevish, and sometimes in a freak will instantly change her habitation", *Spectator*).

Having taken, in the same way, any other person in the given picture (*Picture No. 14*, *ai primi di maggio*), one can only confirm the impression of the same case in another form (and another blouse, possibly a jacket) - parallelism indeed always means a pathway in the direction of another pathway.

{The pathways of people who move down the street in the given picture reduce themselves to something that, at least approximately, evens out, and that - one with the other - until all of them (*the pathways of people who move down the street*: *Pronti*! *Atenti*! *Via*!) reach the *Point of Identical Fullness*, also known under the name of *Melea* (Luke 3. 31.), from which (listen!) one can still hear voyagers-finalists arrived then (*in punta di piedi*), as they rejoice the bull's-eye of their journey - the paramount result of all those (traveler's, nontrivial, and the like) *Annunciations* with which (that afternoon and on that square) something, first of all, showered them through the morning: not as much to fill their day as to make sense of the plan that they [in their heads (*punto debole*)] had all the time but that finally (there and then, *per pura curiosita*) crystallized into a generalized movement towards personal phantasies of the exultant members of the thrilled multitude, so that one is not to feel sorry for them}.

* * *

Though one should not feel sorry for anyone [and the least for the avant-garde members of the movement for improvement ("*Προσεξτε*!")], but what can one do when the compassionate nature of the chronicler of situation meets the crowd underneath the shadow of branches like those depicted in the picture about which, here, there even exists an entire "epic of the photogenic property of its details" – "starting with cars, then all the way to people", i.e., all the way to the principle according to which electrical current causes a trolleybus to get displaced (by being driven) towards the purpose of life - and that is like a kindly soul with which to soften evil. *Ναι*.

From which indeed follows all that melancholy {out of which, though, everyone in the picture dealt with here [*Picture No. 14* ("*Μπορειτε να το γραψετε*?")] pulled with a simple walking through a reverie}.

[By means of the soil, therefore, on which one was always supposed to walk, but now being carried away - *with a simple walking through a reverie* anything is possible to arrange, even benumbing by the self-denial of *Ben-hanan*, one who is gracious (1 Chr. 4. 20.)]

In *Picture No. 14* one can see, therefore, all that (what?) but also a thread of continuation with which to reach Sun - everything in its background [in the background of *Picture No. 14* ("*Αληθεια*?")] glared so much by means of it (the star-like gift of heavens of sensuality) that all that was observed passionately [hanging on itself such a simple symbol quite abruptly ("*Εχετε δικιο*")].

Suspiciousness, in all that, was kept aside: "Why would it need be *exactly us* who're supposed to insist on it?" - was a question that had not been emphasized, but not rejected either.

("How long we fluttered on the wings of doubtful success", *Howell*).

Crossing the city in a trolleybus (or car), after all, was not done with thoughts heavier than the sea grass offered by an ardent imagination of *Corinne*, the heroine of a novel by *Madame de Staël*, caused to pine away by the very falsity of her lover.

That is how people walked across the square with ease. (*Знать все ходы*).

[The one who would tell them something bad was unknown, and even if known no one could say how they would approach it - having heard him or not.

"Whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear" (Ezek. ii. 7.)].

All in all, the ideal situation of a green house is that which distinguished itself with the light in the given picture (*Picture No. 14*).

[And thus entered the camera (to elicit sparks from it, *в данном случае*)].

That year (the year of *1959*) there also came to the swelling of *Z.*'s barking.

In the part of the city in which we lived, which was, as said, on the hill of *Z.* of the city of *B.* (of those times!), dogs were announcing themselves in the pleasant evenings by a twaddling curtain of the limpid pack (*Einführung*) - they could almost be seen with a naked eye of *Gur*, a young lion in every one of us (2 Kin. 9. 27.), so much all that breathed beauty (pulled out by the evening smoke of duty).

["What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light" (Matt. x. 27.)]

Picture No. 14 as barking in front of the foamed Sun. *Aufeinander eingespielt sein*.

* * *

Picture No. 14 as a confirmation by the former culmination. *Das dürfen Sie mir glauben*.

That year, accordingly, things were like this year, except they behaved capriciously with a smile.

"Whose taste or smell can bless the feasted sense", *Dryden*.

That year (the year of *1959* - *ну, я тебе покажу*!) we were still making ourselves happy with the help of a radio set [purchased on loan in *1952* (or *1953*, *как по нотам*)] - although already used to the 'magic eye' (and 'little people' in it) - a "Kosmaj" receiver therefore [quite satisfactory to the general public at the time, but also to the bon vivants of the other side of one same river ("*Auch das noch*!", they were saying)], with which one can explain passing the ball to the senses (and that without hesitation, *meiner Ansicht nach*), but all that was received calmly (even praising by the self was calmed by a forked banner along the edge of a being), with which the year in question (the year of *1959*) had been rounded off suitably.

Even the noise was understood as a gift from the vivid sky! (*Pralinen anstelle von Blumen*).

"Debates, dissensions, uproars are thy joy", *Dryden*.

[It is a miracle that all that pulled under time - and, from there, peeps out bedewed as if it is *Eltekeh*, whose fear is God (Josh. 19. 44.)]

To each other, people would say

“This is the very coinage of your brain”,

borrowing from Shakespeare not as much the sentence as the concoction (*ну и ну*!), although not distancing themselves from the generalized idea of *Robin Goodfellow*, a tricksy imp or sprite of popular English tales (“*Ты говоришь по-английски*? – *ну*, *говорю*”), by means of which the universe is reduced to the trigonometry of *Puck*, his spare name and the name of all of us in his plane.

That is how we saved ourselves from death.

* * *

That is how we saved ourselves from death (it was not she who won laurels!), but still one was to keep fighting. (“*Это мне по нраву*!”)

We fought (we - the enlarged children of the prefecture of *Z*.) with the bravery of *Nebuzar-adan*, the one who from his enchanting place gives chance to his robust posterity (2 Kin. 25. 8.)

Picture No. 14, thus, as a photo-wish of riding across seven seas, seven mountains, and seven forbearances (may God, again, forgive our clearances!) - but nothing can be reduced to these *Annunciations* either, if neither means for the reduction are available, nor anything lighter. (*Вставать на носки*).

That is why one trolleybus, one car, and one personality [a strong woman wearing the crocheted blouse (*angenommen*...)] is introduced into it (the subject picture - *Picture No. 14*), and that in the foreground (while at the back, for every eventuality, that same combination is offered to the view of the observer, cheering him up with a promising wideness), that is two objects plus a subject of the ride in a direction which does not have to be the same all the time but always reduces to that, regardless of what/who moves the self to one side (*jemandem etwas anhören*), and who/what does that to the other (*die Luft anhalten*), since it is always the case of joining the roads of individual sentiments into a generalized road of simplicity and appropriate disfavoring - which, because of that, makes a classical impression. (“*Willst du dir mal das Foto anschauen*?”)

[Whoever on such a road arrives to his happiness, he’s due to gnaw his completion more or less. (*Gostaria de ter uma reunião com*...).

A kind of clearing the way after the front of rushing without dismay - traveling towards themselves, people arrive when Everything’s gone (when their desire becomes satisfied, not prone). “*Posso ajudar*?”]

Echo in House of Passage [*Beth-anath* and *Bethabara* (Josh. 19. 38., John. 1. 28.)], and yet the rules of sound propagation instruct that all that is a futile calculation [as if at no place one can find someone willing to stop at the first sign of silence (“*Passou a luz vermelha*”)] - that is what everything in the given picture (*Picture No. 14*, what a glory!) actually looks like, when nearing the end of voyager’s story.

(“*Quero as copias em mate*”).

But what else the people (and things) in the given picture (*Picture No. 14*) are to do silently, when pulled (almost stolen) by the finishing line of their promenade, on which (together with them) their end is displayed during the parade?

[“What is thy request? and it shall be performed” (Esther vii. 2.)]

To transport oneself in a single day half by a trolleybus and half in the head leads exactly to that - tottering towards the self through a blue day in such a set, *in qualsiasi momento*.

[Although nights should not be written off either - they still can be arranged in a row on the eye shadow (camera finder).

But, is it not true that one should seek impossible? *Ad ogni modo*.

(To behave in a tactful manner was always a promise of golden mean as a salary suited to the crowd indifference.

"It is requisite that you resist with care the spirit of innovation", *G. Washington*)].

Picture No. 14 as a grasp of something like that, half bright, half brownish.

* * *

Picture No. 14 as a post-archival commemoration of the motion (all that lies in an unwrapped scheme, now wrapped in the summer dream - *ansiosamente*), the golden fleece of white *Aries* hung in magic/*Colchis* wood (an unattainable grove of the world in its own, nought circle - *a casa*) and taken care of by a gigantic eye of the old dragon until taken away by the epic *Jason* and the *Argonauts* whom one should not mess with ("*Jin-tonikku o onegai shimasu*"), in the same way in which one should not be kidding with said picture ("*Nomimono wa ikaga desu ka*?"), nor, after all, with using the all-archival material (http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1000005.htm):

"**Use of the Archive Material** - Using the archival material to realize functions of the state organs assumes using original documents and providing data and information contained in the archival material or providing the copies of the documents, upon request of said organs and organizations, whether the documents are made publicly available or not.

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Stör dich nicht an der Schrift, der Inhalt ist wichtig.

* * *

Using the all-archival material as making a choice regarding the content with which we extol when all is late (thinking about descending under yet another wing of the freedom's state). *An den Tag kommen*.

The friends of automatism (by the nature of things) are always those days of our joyful first *movements* - which *materialized*.

"A friend, in short, of the happy langsyne", *Lord Lytton*.

But, what to do with history when her spells are conjectured [the spells of *Bezaleel*, one who is in God's shadow, the slave of all of us who (from those heights of ours) have seen a lot of estates (Ex. 31. 2.)], and what to do with history still made real only by a house of the desert (*Beth-arabah*, Josh. 15. 6.), without that being understood as a suitable passage of somnolent *Debir*, the incarnation of a steady recess (Josh. 10. 3.)?

That is way one is to fall into a prone position [addressing *Chelal*, the raw model of completion (Ezra 10. 30.), does not automatically imply confirmation of his being an informer], and pass from there to a partial substance, *um vieles besser*.

That is why we (tenants of the *A*. street, also *K*. street - *die Kosten für etwas umlegen*) still then took the hold of oblivion of all future days of dying.

("*Wir schalten um ins Studio*", we were saying).

(Although, if only we found substitution for finishing off. *Φερτε βοηθεια, γρηγορα*!

Like the one who took on himself to jump his hurdles.

"He rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed", Matt. xxvii. 60)

What the year in question looked like is best seen in what remained of it.

And that is one modest (rather smaller, almost melancholic) subduing with the help of *Manasseh*, one who causes to forget all that levitates (Gen. 41. 51.), so that it is a real achievement to remember even this outlined herewith, but one has to have a hard time with regards to something if he wants to remember himself from *Rimmon-parez*, a burst pomegranate of past copiousness (Num. 33. 19.)

Hence he so eagerly takes a picture of all that with his photo-eye. ("*Διαδρομο*!").

"Prize and purchase of his lustful eye", *W. Shakespeare*.

* * *

Photograph No. 14 as the strides of life lined up with a simple walking through a reverie (*al instante*), the people who do not look back under any circumstances (happily pacing the road of spring, or even summer, all the same, it is important that something at its end starts sparkling like a meteorite, *a cada instante*) and the transportation means of their days (months, years - *inegridad*) that mean so much to them, pulling through their dreams thereby, dreaming of *Dagon*, the main god of *Philistines* (and later of *Phoenicians*), represented with the upper part of a man and the tail of a fish, gently carrying them on said tail through all that, while in said *Volkswagen*, trolleybus (and *Fiat*!) only their shadows ride (at least they know that) to the battlefield to face their yellowness (their end in their last stride), panting through the window.

Huge is the world; even huger are its voyagers. (*Auf etwas zugehen*).

And yet - who walks (who rides) in that picture (*Picture No. 14*) keeping his shadow in those dreamy (mortal) strides? (*Kopf oder Wappen*? - *Kopf*).

That is why, first of all, these were the followers of direction determined by the imperious moves of their *Uzzah*: their strength in the form of their guide (2 Sam. 6. 3. & 2 Kin. 21. 18.) and their shadowiness could thank only him for the propitious finish of such a bright journey.

"They used to place him that shall be their captain upon a stone always reserved for that purpose", *Spenser*.

Surely, many years passed since ("Different times are these"!) and the leadership function changed into that of a transmission ("*Vad skrattar du åt*?"), but why to sing to universality on one's own facade?

"No man is useless while he has a friend", *R. L. Stevenson*.

Which, then too, was most counted on, and also caused all that in the photo [*Photograph No. 14* ("*Luta er inte ut genom fönstret*")] to concentrate on radiating towards *Eshcol*, an incarnation of a cluster, pile, group, assembly, swarm (Gen. 14. 13.), with the help of which one could become successful (it was thought then, as, after all, nowadays, *i gryningen*) in flying to his luck by means of his heart, always taking a ride somewhere (traveling, running, *på morgonen*), or just

walking underneath Sun's radiation on the pavement of his culmination, due to which all those wishes (of all those people, *under dagen*) could have been quickly found by fumbling during their steady sparkling in the manner of black forests coming out of white chests of theirs with a simple walking through a reverie.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 15:* Setting Those Days Upright With This Hecatomb)

Since it is the Barracks and the Center of the elite Army units - Guards - which are shown in *Photograph No. 15*, we ought to bring ourselves to our senses (testify about the futility of a moment).

Hundimiento.

Said moment did last, however, throughout the year (the year of *1960*, *a hurtadillas*) and so many other years [the war years, the postwar years, and (again!) the war years], but all that could have been rearranged with the help of a corresponding clairvoyance (*cuidar de*), which at the present, true, turns out to be a wishful thinking (*leitura de lábios*), and yet it may turn out to be useful to underline it (the reckoning) with the generalized impression of exquisite times, *nánī shiro*.

Our father took us (my sister and me) to the Guards Center and the Barracks at least twice, and just about that year (although possibly somewhat earlier, but weren't times fickly late then too, *hītori dake dè*), so that I know firsthand all that [that - about the brevity of a moment, not longer than, for example, just flashed and instantaneously extinguished life of *Kaspar Hauser* (1812?-33), a mysterious German youth who suddenly showed up in *Nürnberg* in *1828* in a state of almost native ignorance, characteristic of people separated from other people, which in his case perhaps was sufficiently true because he (according to his own, though a vague account, *als letzter*) was in a sort of imprisonment isolation, only to break off from that too (a story was going around, implying ending of his brief career perhaps by murder) and so his life (comparable only to the life of a fly) became the focus of much interest and conjecture of the public at the time, until all that was analyzed and explained in one *Jakob Wassermann*'s novel under the same title (Caspar Hauser), at which we are left only with recalling his shortened glow, *ja*, *leider*].

Exactly that thing, therefore, by which we remember both the Guards Center and the Barracks (*lampo di genio*), which (as it is known) could have been pleasing to the Bard himself [so that it was not only us who had been touched by the care of the armored division (*kyūkyūbako*), which since then, as mentioned, covered the entire path to a soft silk of derision, *hai, dōzo*!], having augmented the *Shakespeareanism* of his days with the days of our duels regarding the same, immature hope (that the thoughts of ours will stay in the shadow of that scope, *auf einmal*).

["No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity", *William Shakespeare*, Bard of *Avon* (1564-1616)].

And each time our visits were Sunday outings into virtue (and never could we learn ahead of time - *scharf schießen*).

(To learn that all that is going to pass tremblingly!)

The Guards Center and Barracks themselves, therefore, was our bulwark at the time, a shelter for *Ophel* (2 Chr. 27. 3.), the hill of knowledge characteristic of *Ohad* (Gen. 46. 10.), a powerful person in times identical to those about which the words are pouring here. (*Luft schöpfen*).

Picture No. 15 as a soldier's part of the show of a bug, *schließlich doch*.

* * *

Picture No. 15 as dispersed echo of a bugle. (*Перед тем как закончить*).

[So many troops - and so little thunder in the ears - that they (the armed forces) may look fake].

That is how things are being put aside by a riffle during the peaceful times race (as the stylistic one flourishes atop a glass showcase).

All that then (what an imagination!) was in clash with its present representation.

(Almost as if playing with the destiny of the world.

"Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love", *W. Shak.*).

And indeed, there was enough to see and hear. *Это не подлежит сомнению*.

For example, representations of the state, wherein under state one should have understood *Shemaah*, that is Fame (1 Chr. 12. 3.), with which the representations were right away reduced to quality festivities of state organization, from which the formation pace of the Guards was resulting by itself, like a nail from finger [an eyelash from eye, an eye from the perceiving of *Pekahiah*, whose eyes, in turn, were opened by the eternal one (2 Kin. 15. 22.)], however long that lasted [and the flag of *Yugoslavianism* fluttered (*так точно*!), the notion that, as we all know, ruptured at the same moment when said military did, even though, at the time, all that looked imaginary far, making the tranquility possible, *тем или иным способом*].

In contrast to amorphousness possible in the general case of a completed system (*скука*), being in that kind of infancy in which every wasp fondles its biting mouth parts with its small legs, the State and its Guard, at those times, were in a self-supporting loop namely, even to the degree of putting themselves in the laconic nursery of the type:

"They asked each other of their welfare", (Ex. xviii. 7.)

Indeed, that is why I liked to pass by the Guards Center (on the way to the Barracks - *я подсчитал затраты с точностью до рубля*) - it was always to do with forming troops into ranks.

"Lowly they bowed adoring, and began / Their orisons, each morning duly paid", *Milton*.

Ah, the State and its Guard! ("*А он трах по столу*").

Which ever way to take it - the two were holding hands at the time. (*Питомник*).

(And now the things are as they are).

Picture No. 15 as first-class granite, *в теоретическом плане*.

* * *

Picture No. 15 as a former link (the current memory uses it as a decorative thread for an idle sewing). ("*Facciamo il bis di gelato*?")

We went to the Guards Center to see a couple of appropriate shows (*che bellezza*!); in front of the Barracks we saw a company with military equipment ("*Beato te*!"); pictures from youth always line up in a parade manner (the eyes of one who looks at himself in them - the pictures - shine in an emerald way - *ha sempre la battuta pronta*), perhaps it only remained to tell fortunes (to predict what an "operationalization" of the future brings - *bomba ad orologeria*), or, at least, to "take care of tomorrow" [once *today* (at that time) happened to have been squandered on behalf of *yesterda*y, and people's discipline became a questionable constant ("*I casi sono due...*")], whereby, as a minimum, a passage to *Michmethah* would have been secured [a hiding place of the coming days (Josh. 16. 6.) of which, that is, at the time there was no trace], for - everything was reducible to a routine marking of *Mazzaroth*, Zodiac signs of imaginary belt in the heavens (Job. 38. 32.), which then too was extending for eight degrees on either side of the apparent path of the sun (thereby including the paths of the moon and the principal planets), and was divided into twelve equal parts (signs), each named for a different constellation of the life then understood as a support of the state built by guns ("*Questa si chiama fortuna*!"), and now as an assembly of months softer than desertion, due to which everything easily broke away, *in un certo senso*.

Having begun to bang only in the heart of all that (having calmed down since long ago) - a pulse always finds the peace of a mess.

"My own heart's heart, and ownest own, farewell", *Tennyson*.

Picture No. 15 as a methodical justification by the new-old *Rome*.

* * *

Picture No. 15 as a classical organizing at the time by the military-theatrical rhyme. (*Ein Foto machen*).

All that lit up with those polished rays (with such climate of those days!)

"Rays of light falling on a polite surface", *Newton*.

So brilliant was our understanding of things! ("*Die Kälte macht mir nichts*").

[Who would, in all that, find some other unisonance (another bridge, a connection between the Barracks salvoes - lost in the ether - and celebrations in the Guards Center), about which to be concerned? Of course, no one. (*Gesunder Menschenverstand*).

That is why we took a walk in a nicer universe].

We also went (our father took us - *mittleren Alters, schon*) to the Topčider Pool.

(Within the same "circle" - having continued on the right side of the picture; exactly because of that, *Picture No. 15* resembles a possible spa - to get to it one is only to walk down the blissful hill side to the right of the Guards Center.

"The prince did plot to be secretly gone", *Wotton*).

After swimming in the pool, our family would take seats in a nearby restaurant patio. ("*Jag skulle vilja...*")

(Actually, that happened once, perhaps twice, and left the impression of a raspberry in the glass of water.

"Pledge me, my friend, and drink till thou be'st wise", *Cowley*).

But a man once drowned and we stopped going there.

("Our Creator, bounteous and benign", *Milton*).

So that all that is within those picnics wherein grace finally returns for what belongs to it. *Det är sant*!

Picture No. 15 as finalizing the myth of statehood. *Massenweise.*

* * *

Picture No. 15 as soothing by comrade *Tito*'s Army in my boyhood. *Nach und nach.*

The Guards Center itself, with dual pillars to be able to carry the weight of the roof in the sense of a cement board placed instead of sky above the heads of the Center visitors (*nach allem, was ich weiß*), besides a legendary look (*nach dem Gesetz*), stood in the same (rigidly *Gregorian*) manner during all of the *365* days in a year, tied by strictness of its form (*und wenn es noch so schwer ist*), which was increasing its solidity in the way of gaudily dressed *Jah*, a poetic form of the Eternal One (Ps. 68. 4.), but also the form of something which in all that (in the setting of the building in relation to its surroundings - *schon der Gedanke*) was to be understood exactly the same as the picture of *Naaman*, a personification of great satisfaction in the world of the flies of disappointment (2 Kin. 5. 1.), so that to enter and take a seat in its auditorium (the hall of the Guards Center - *du weißt schon*) was not less magnificent than a possible sojourn in *Migdal-gad*, the Tower of Good Fortune, in which everything spins (and spins) around its own axis (Josh. 15. 37), contributing to the tiny ray of hope "for the future of mankind", that is, becoming engrossed in itself and its fate (γλιστερος).

But what else such an early youthfulness of ours could have been described with, without leading to the mock alacrity of *Rissah*, a feeble being of hardened universe (Num. 33. 21.)

"When flowered my youthful spring", *Spenser*.

And while the Guards Center was supposed to be reached along the pathway of a paramount cavalierness (*in lontananza*), to surmount the path to the Barracks already required one to walk with the Guards-like step of *Peresh*, a military incarnation of firmness in over achieving, rather often climbing (on that hill) with hastily look of a boiling pupil [persisting on a possibility of having everything done at once (fiery realizing the entire trip, all the way to the Guards Barracks via the Guards Center - *arrivare di corsa*)], without getting too tired, therefore, although having slightly weak legs in a day which (at those times) always turned out to be short (*È la pura verita*), that is how much one was expected to respond to the "challenges of life", at which the buildings in the subject picture (*Picture No. 15 - qui dentro*) had been only comfortable asylums of such a "state of the spirit", primarily characterized by a dignitary feature, *surú nò ga umáī*.

It was knightly (and stayed that way) to ascend to the temples of taciturnity (*ichīban ue nī*), but even these dwellings (the buildings of the Barracks and the Center - *udé wò kumfatte*) could be accepted as fine places of a silenced force (as long as people could remember that they indeed were that way, rather than keep blabbering).

Archival publications can certainly be helpful to such a feeling of those times, given that the Archive even then encouraged (and still does) its own publishing activity (*dónnà kōjitsu dé mò īī*), about which one can read from our (by now so familiar) link http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1000006.htm:

"*Publishing Activity*: Besides collecting and processing archival material, the Archive prints its own publications, making possible for wide professional, scientific and other communities to have access to the documents kept in the

Archive funds. With its publishing activity that is by publishing archival material the Archive became one of the generators of spreading the knowledge about the history of the Yugoslav state and society. The Archive publications, as well as those of other publishers of the archival material, are available in libraries, universities and other science institutions, and are unavoidable for any serious researcher of modern history of Yugoslavia and the South Slavs.

ARCHIVE PUBLICATIONS since 1950: Still available Archive publications can be borrowed; those published in co-operation with other publishers may be purchased from them".

Next are listed (at the site) publications in the areas of *History and Historical Sources*, *Archives and Information Means*, *Catalogues of Exhibitions*, and *Periodicals*.

Just in the field of *History and Historical Sources*, for example, we find the following works confirming what has been said so far:

"1. **ANĐELKOVIĆ, Momčilo**
The Building of the Archive of Yugoslavia: From the King Alexander I Dormitory for High School Students to the Archive of Yugoslavia: (1930-2003) / Momčilo Anđelković. - Beograd: The Archive of Yugoslavia, 2003 (Beograd: Common Service of the Federal Government and the Federal Executive Offices). - 63 pages; illustrated partially in color; 21x26cm.

2. The British about the Kingdom of Yugoslavia: Yearly Reports of the British Embassy in Belgrade 1921-1941. Vol. 1-3 / Živko Avramovski. - Beograd: The Archive of Yugoslavia: Jugoslovenska knjiga; Zagreb: Globus, 1986-1996. - (709; 716; 841) pages; 24cm (Vol. 1-2 incomplete).

3. The Fourth Conference of the Central Committee of the Communist League of Yugoslavia (CK SKJ) - The Brioni Plenary Session: The Stenography Notes from the Fourth Plenary Session, Materials of the Executive Committee of the CK SKJ, Excerpt from the Stenography Notes from the Sixth Meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist League of Serbia, Reactions from Domestic and Foreign public, Letters and Telegrams, Announcements etc / prepared by Jovan P. Popović. - Beograd: The Archive of Yugoslavia: Printer Komerc, 1999. - 957 pages - (Documents for the History of Yugoslavia).

4. Diplomatic Correspondence of the Serbian Government in 1917: Collection of Documents / prepared by Miodrag Zečević, Miladin Milošević. - Beograd: Narodno delo: The Archive of Yugoslavia, 1991. - 381 pages; 24 cm. - (Historical-Memoars Library; Series 2, Vol. 1) (incomplete).

5. Documents of the Central Organs of the Communist Party of Yugoslavia (KPJ), People's Liberation War (NOR) and the Revolution (1941-1945). Vol. 22-23. Beograd: The Archive of Yugoslavia, 1996. - (682; 736) pages - 23cm.

6. Documents of the History of Yugoslavia: The State Commission for Determining the War Crimes of the Occupiers and Their Helpers in WW2. Vol. 1-4 / prepared by Miodrag Zečević, Jovan P. Popović. - Beograd: The Archive of Yugoslavia: ZAD: Printer komerc, 1996-2000. - (482; 69; 720; 959) pages; 24cm.

7. Reports of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia. Vol. 1, (August - December) 1930. / prepared by Nada Petrović, Saša Ilić; Introduction by Milan Ristović. - Beograd: The Archive of Serbia and Montenegro, 2005. - XIV, 298 pages; 24 cm. - (Library of the Sources of the History of International Relations 1930-1940).

8. 1948 - Yugoslavia and Cominform: Fifty Years Later / studies by Ranko Petković and others. - Beograd: Medjunarodna Politika (International Politics): "Službeni list SRJ" (Yugoslav Official Register): The Archive of Yugoslavia (and others), 1998. - 337 pages.

9. JOVANOVIĆ, Dragoljub
Political Memories. Vol. 1-7 / Dragoljub Jovanović. - Beograd: Kultura: The Archive of Yugoslavia, 1997. - (326; 331; 337; 366; 363; 350; 272) pages. - (Political Memories of Dragoljub Jovanović).

10. Yugoslavia and the United Nations 1941-1945 / Slobodan Nešović, Branko Petranović. - Beograd: Narodna Knjiga: The Archive of Yugoslavia, 1985. -675 pages; 24 cm. - (Library "Izvori") (incomplete).

11. Yugoslav State and Albanians. Vol. 1. / prepared by Ljubodrag Dimić, Đorđe Borozanin. - Beograd: Službeni list SRJ: The Archive of Yugoslavia: Vojno-istorijski institut (Institute of Military History), 1998. - 785 pages; 24 cm.

12. Yugoslav Governments in Exile 1941-1943: Documents / prepared by Bogdan Krizman. - Beograd: The Archive of Yugoslavia; Zagreb: Globus, 1981. - 529 pages; 24 cm (Plava biblioteka - The Blue Library) (incomplete).

13. Yugoslav Governments in Exile 1943-1945: Documents / prepared by Branko Petranović. - Beograd: The Archive of Yugoslavia; Zagreb: Globus, 1981. - -447 pages ; 24 cm (Plava biblioteka) (incomplete).

14. KOSANOVIĆ, Sava N.
Yugoslavia Was Sentenced To Death: The Sense of the Moscow Agreement; press preparation and introduction notes by Bogdan Krizman. - Zagreb: Globus; Beograd: The Archive of Yugoslavia, 355 pages; 24 cm (incomplete).

15. International Scientific Conference on the Great Powers and Small States in the Cold War 1945-1955; the Case of Yugoslavia (2003; Beograd)
The Great Powers and Small States in the Cold War 1945-1955.: The Case of Yugoslavia: Conference Record of the International Scientific Conference, Beograd, 3-4 November 2003 / editor Ljubodrag Dimić. - Beograd: Filozofski fakultet (The Faculty of Philosophy), Department of the History of Yugoslavia: The Archive of Serbia and Montenegro: Institute of Contemporary History of Serbia; London: Center for Research on Cold War LSE, 2005 (Beograd: SD Publik). - 400 pages: illustrated; 24 cm.

16. Monthly Reports of the Yugoslav Embassy in London 1930-1941 / prepared by Miodrag Zečević, Miladin Milošević. - Beograd: Eksportpres: Arhiv 1991. - 503 pages; 24 cm (incomplete).

17. Beginning of the End of SFRJ: Report written in shorthand and the accompanying documents of expanded meeting of the Executive Committee of CK SKJ held March 14-16, 1962 / prepared by Miodrag Zečević. - Beograd: The Archive of Yugoslavia: Printer Komerc, 1998. - 311 pages - (The Sources for the History of Yugoslavia).

18. Economy Policy of the Government of FNRJ: Records of the Economy Advisory Body of the Government of FNRJ: 1944-1953. Vol. 1-4 / prepared by Miodrag Zečević, Bogdan Lekić. - Beograd: The Archive of Yugoslavia, 1995. - (909; 734; 783; 821) pages; 24 cm. - (Sources for the History of Yugoslavia).

19. RISTIĆ, Marko
Diplomatic Notes / Marko Ristić; preparation and introduction by Miladin Milošević. - Beograd: Prosveta: The Archive of Yugoslavia, 1996. 448 pages; 24 cm.

20. Tito - Churchill: Top Secret / selection and preparation by Dušan Biber. - Beograd: The Archive of Yugoslavia; Zagreb: Globus, 1981. - 589 pages; 24 cm. - ("For Peace" Library) (incomplete).

21. Notes from the Meetings of the Ministerial Advisory Body of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia 1929-1931 / prepared by Ljubodrag Dimić, Nikola Žutić, Blagoje Isailović. - Beograd: Službeni list SRJ: The Archive of Yugoslavia, 2002. - LXIII, 412 pages: illustrated; 24 cm.

22. Notes from the Meetings of the Ministerial Advisory Body of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia 1941-1945 / prepared by Komnen Pijevac, Dušan Jončić; introduction by Ljubodrag Dimić. - Beograd: Službeni list SCG; The Archive of Serbia and Montenegro, 2004 (Beograd: Atelje (Studio) Bogdanović). - 528 pages; 24 cm. - ("The Documents" Library).

23. Notes from the Meetings of the Politburo of the Central Committee of KPJ: (June 11, 1945 - July 7, 1948) / prepared by Branko Petranović, - Beograd: The Archive of Yugoslavia: Službeni list SRJ, 1995. - 864 pages; 23 cm. - (Sources for the History of Yugoslavia).

24. ŽUTIĆ, Nikola
The Kingdom of Yugoslavia and Vatican: Relations between Yugoslav State and the Roman Catholic Church 1918-1935 / Nikola Žutić. - Beograd: Maštel Commerce: The Archive of Yugoslavia, 1994. - 467 pages; 24 cm".

* * *

History and historical sources - time knitted fabrics of all our school days; long ago grown out of such small dresses, we look to the other side from this side of the abyss which progresses.

Все указывает на то, что...

* * *

According to everything said, in *Photograph No. 15* one can notice an enthronement of the moment - the instant of grandiosity that cannot be brought into question even with the tremors of the soil (sky, forest, *Grüngürtel*), nor with the pervasion of seasons: all that in it (in *Photograph No. 15*) is arranged so well [dug into foundations of *Pi-beseth*, the city of *Bast* in the sense of a namesake of the city dealt with here (Ezek. 30. 17.)] that it could not be moved from there even by *Alborak*, a celestial animal of wondrous form that carried even *Mohammed* to the seventh heaven, let alone a smaller person (*da piccolo*).

Here, one could not even speak of temporariness of an outstanding place (*in primo piano*), that is how much all that was lit up with delicacy of *Tabitha*, a steel-like strengthened gazelle (Acts 9. 36.); it is enough to look at the corner protrusion of the Guards Center toward the path which in a circle closes on it (*immergersi in*), or at the roof sticking out of the Barracks beneath the arcade coated with repose (*immergersi*), because of which such a picture (*Picture No. 15*, *immensa*) is a good example of heavenly verticalness (Presentation always joins Peak with harness), and due to which, to such a scene, pictures look like foamy cream, so that it is best to simply blink at it.

Picture No. 15 as a silent oscillation. *In modo impeccabile*.

* * *

Picture No. 15 as a foreboding sensation. (*Вызывать аплодисменты аудитории*).

That is, a certain relativity of the military overtures (entering the mute lyres' deprivation - *oīwai*).

(The military notion here serves the purpose until it becomes warm - drop by drop of warmth calms Golgotha's entire storm. *Zum Stehen kommen*).

Something that our (taciturn) father likely had known, whereas (from that picture) he crawled up the sky's bone, *in etwas steigen*.

[Make believe mumbling:

"Handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones" (Luke xxiv. 39.)]

But, what *we* knew of all that can also be judged by the tiny results of the picture in question (*Picture No. 15*). ("*Haben Sie sonst noch einen Wunsch*?")

Since, of course, "it is easy to be a general after the battle", it is necessary to return to the photograph under consideration (*Photograph No. 15*) along the pathway of a faithful ant of *Zaphnath-paaneah*, Prince of the Life of the Age (Gen. 41. 45: *Look, passion's on the stage*!), having surrendered the futility of repetition to the quiet *Zalmon*, symbol of a shady rest (2 Sam. 23. 28.)

Which here we do, with the help of the quotation:

"Nature here / Wantoned as in her prime", *Milton*.

"You can do all you want" - including playing with a picture ["Flickering of the countenance of a personage *that was - and is no more*", as it would have been said (half pathetically, half with an appropriate seriousness) by *Lenore*, a heroine of *German* ballad whose lover, at the time already dead and so in spectral form, carried her on horseback with him to the graveyard ("*Ich mache mir Sorgen*")], due to which it may turn out to be useful to assume extra opportunities that the two buildings (the Center and the Barracks of the subject Guards, *so groß wie...*) in said picture (*Picture No. 15*, *aber sicher*!) offer, in the sense of a fading away form (and keeping the focus in the epicenter of harmony: *ins Schwarze treffen*), for instance - fading away into an oratorio in the hall and an exercise on the military compound, which would have been welcomed even by *Blandamour*, a brave but vainglorious knight in *Spenser*'s Fae(..)rie Queene, let alone us, the experimental visitors of such institutions at that time, the time being unreachable due that very wrapping of the self into something in the picture [*Picture No. 15* ("*In Ordnung*!")] that can even now be seen scratching our mixture.

Hence that which is scratched in *Photograph No. 15* is actually our whole world.

Das hat schon alles seine Ordnung.

* * *

Also, in the same photograph [*Photograph No. 15* ("*In Ordnung*!")], one can notice a rather smaller excursion of people [a line of them setting off (around the white corner of smooth Guards Center) from their heels for their breasts] who, with their expanded lungs, vanish in the Sun ("*Ist alles in Ordnung*?"), more exactly, in the ray with which the Sun melts the entire subject building (*fidèlement*), because of which the tiny spots (into which they turned at that occasion, *au figuré*) are already touching the granulation of that very picture, becoming one thing - a grid with which all that [all that in the picture in question (*Picture No. 15*) is encircled by the concrete camera, *sur le coup*] impressed itself as much in that time (and that space, *d'un seul coup*) as in the statics of the surrounding which (after everything, and as always) only remained (*étendu*), like a silence in the ear (taciturnity in the clear, *entre autres*), empty words of *Cainan*, a possessor whose possession reverberates in the vacuum of each day (Gen. 5. 9.)

But they (the people in question, *tout autour*) still lessen (disappear), melt (vanish) as if they don't have anything to do with all that, that is as if, to say so, set off for a spa.

Regarding them, it is true what *Dryden* says:

"Each day new wealth without their care provides".

That is why they (the grouped-together people who almost disappeared beyond the left corner of the building under consideration - the Guards Center, *aphone*), in their own right, long ago became golden particles of the flock of that time.

Although,

"Then they for sudden joy did weep", *W. Shakespeare*.

But that can be explained as, at least, an impulse.

(No one yet has been stopped by the bosom of *Uzziel*, an archangel in *Millton*'s Paradise Lost, nor were they).

Picture No. 15 as a bust in the park. *Antiquité*.

* * *

Picture No. 15 as our father (flashed in the dark). (*Il lui appartient de...*)

But, in order to not let all that be pathetical (*die Gemüter erregen*), no possibility of one's own resurrection is allowed, *genau genommen*.

(It is rather persevering on thinking which is encouraged, *à jamais*).

"In line with that", the picture in question (*Picture No. 15 - a coup sûr*) can be best understood as investigating the pathway on which, in that year (the year of *1960*), one was getting to a pagoda-thought, the kind of thought, therefore, whose task was to *surpass by strength - the strength of structure*, *presentation*, *and coating*, with which one could nicely soar high to the sky in pauses of stories dealing with the diligence of hours (*par bonheur*), in that upon each of the expirations of those hours one could still have where to climb to avoid time passing him by, serving solid purpose, i.e. getting sufficiently strong (*au bord des larmes*).

["This, mauger all the world, will I keep safe", *W. Shakespeare*].

* * *

Although we went there (to the Guards grounds, *c'est ça*) only a few times, even that was enough, therefore, to produce not proportional impressions of a blissed serenity of *Pekod*, a visitant of normal parts of the world (Jer. 50. 21.): indeed, what would have happened if we found ourselves in some bizarre surrounding (*çà et là*) - that is the question that would normally follow from all this, but we will not involve ourselves with it, in order to avoid the fate of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the hero of *Dicken*'s novel of the same name, led by misrepresentations of *Scadder*, an American land agent, to purchase land at the wretched settlement of *Eden*.

In the year of *1960*, anyway, all played up to differentiating true from false extent of jubilation. (*Auf dem Laufenden halten*).

[So much so, that one could easily get rid of any lesser doubt (not having a showdown with bigger ones either)].

But it was always known how far one should go. (*Im Laufe der Woche*).

[Below it - no!

Thoughts like that of *Joel*

"Give not thine heritage to reproach" (Joel ii. 17.)

were making impressions on the followers more than it had been interpreted in principle].

On the other hand, having started the last (eighth!) grade of the mentioned school ("M. B." - *Lans uns gehen*!), all that was not exactly easy for me, but I was an excellent student and so with a solid motivation to devote myself to perfecting the auxiliary difficulties (*Das lässt sich machen*), so that I cannot say that I do not carry from those times a perfect sense of balance of, for example, one *Edwin Clayhanger*, the hero of *Arnold Bennett*'s novel Clayhanger (one of a trilogy that the writer put together in connection with the subject hero), a poor boy of *Bursley* (one of *Bennett*'s favorite *Five Towns of the World*), who becomes successful, loves and loses *Hilda Lessways*, and then is reunited with her forever, *как никак*.

Such struggles, indeed, always end like that - inside (not outside!), which, in fact, made possible for me to deal (with the help of these writings about the body) with the soul, *к моему удивлению*.

"We wrestle not against flesh and blood" (Eph. vi. 12.)

At which one has to allow for things to settle.

"Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch / About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams", *Bryant*.

It is not enough, in other words, to only start recalling solution, it is also necessary to freshen it up, forgetting insolubility ("*Внизу зашумели голоса*"), coming closer to it with small hops (almost falls) of *Jeremy*, a little boy (then lad) whose adventures, and those of his dog, could have been generalized at those times in the same way as nowadays, that is, in the manner of universal access to *Eliel*, the one to whom God is strength (1 Chr. 5. 24.), or (if this was not possible either) ending up reading said works, signed by certain *Hugh Walpole* and available under the titles of that (and the like) kind - the titles such as Jeremy and Jeremy and Hamlet, *in genere*.

{With the exception that our dog [it happened that we from the *A*. street (as well as those from the *K*. street, *tutto compreso*), around that particular summer (the summer of the year of *1960*), have had a dog, too], and another dog of ours, many years later, were named *Max*, but does a name of a dog affect barking of the time? - the barking with which, as it is known, everything twists before the new hour of all that old anyway, which, because of that, can only yap}.

Twisting with time as making the end public.

(Something that, having taken it from any angle, turns over with sting to tail.

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike", *Alexander Pope*).

Our days in that year (the year of *1960*) were, therefore, toughening with themselves (*Smettetela di fare chiasso*! - they would not have been sweeter even if we hardened them), and when a *TV* coverage of the Rome Olympic Games started, our parents took a bank loan and, in the (just finished) "*Z*." mall, had purchased a *TV* set under the brand name of "Favorit", made in *East Germa*ny (with full *42* diagonal centimeters screen ! - *Questa si chiama fortuna*!), by means of which our impression of the world could only gain quality, knocking out the last words of doubt from the mouth of *Shicron*, the Drunkenness of Moment as an Instant of Eternity (Josh. 15. 11.)

And why would one, to be exact, suspect the good intentions of a far away past when (then too) he could have shouted:

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made" (Ps. cxxxix. 14.)

Picture No. 15 as noticing all that [by writing down this barren (timid) poem on the former (placid) notes, however fallen, *tádàchi ni*].

* * *

Picture No. 15 as setting those days upright with this hecatomb.

(Hecatomb as making a big sacrifice by this individual to *Picture No. 15* via multitude of photon-like memories).

That is why lasciviousness streamed through us and that is why our impressions from the *A*. street (also *K*. street, *arú teīdo*), wherein we were spending our last year there (*Non distrarti*!), did not change over night just because we set off for this sort of old fashioned story [while they (the impressions) remained there to fade away as a suburban haze across the metropolitan tale - *diventare vecchio*].

But, isn't that also the road by which one arrives from a picture (even if it were *Picture No. 15*) to being bewitched with the self? (*Bin ich hier richtig*?)

Which, of course, one is to watch out for, and that - by regrouping the words! *Das Richtige*.

Thus, for example, the word which means *bewitchment*, is actually supposed to mean the Sleight of Hand of *Shisha*, Brightness of Daylight (1 Kin. 4. 3.), while the word by which one arrives to *oneself* - actually brings to *Shimshai*, Sunlight of Darkness (Ezra 4. 8.), so that everything fits with the help of a constant whitening of happiness (darkening of those parts of life which do not fit books, *an und für sich*) and we can concur with the years of firm reflections in unique ourselves, *aus Spaß*.

The fact that sociableness of those times was almost preserved by *Picture No. 15* does not alter personal conclusions, *van dort an*.

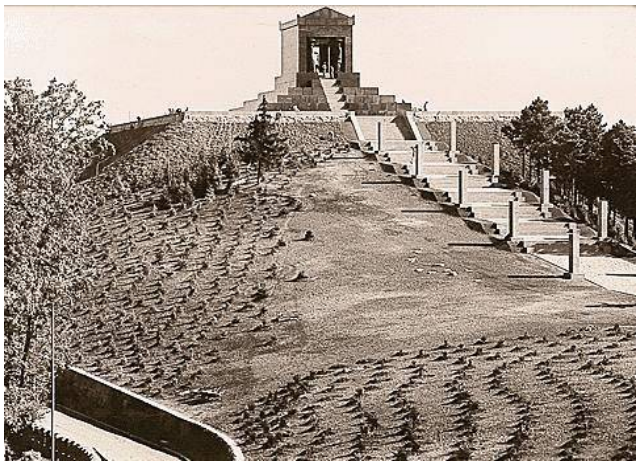
"Company, though it may reprieve a man from his melancholy, yet cannot secure a man from his conscience", *South*.

* * *

The year of *1960* as year of the *Rome Olympiad* (*Hast du so was je gesehen*?), the *TV* coverage of which was watched in our apartement by a rather large group of men (women, children) from the *A*. street (also *K*. street – "*Du kommst, ja*?"), at which occasion most of them were carried away by boxing matches (*ja, also*), especially a gentleman whose last name was, I think, *Ilić* (or *Ilkić*, or *Sikimić*, or *Simić* - *ich habe es ja gewusst*), a chap who was adding features of his imagination to said fervor (*ich glaube ja*) by placing himself in the very corner of the ring (imagined at the back of the room full of robust people anyway, *immer zu*), with his fists turned to the *TV* boxers who (at that moment) looked at his face, so that he could let them know his next move of *Jaakan*, the one who orbits the earth running after his heel (Deut. 10. 6.), with his hands raised, therefore, towards him who *was*, and who now (when there is nothing left of him) makes his heart to doze off clean, broken with all and everything, and yet, sprinkled with golden continuations of his ego, something that (from that time) pours to this time like a soft white snow (his vertigo!), to cover both the Guards Center and Guards Barracks (both the Restaurant Patio and Swimming in the Pool during summer stretched over all which (look!) was presenting itself so holy - *in jenem Jahr*), sacrificing perhaps, at that, more than a hundred of him *now* [making use of that bomb (*mit der bloßen Hand*)], setting those days upright with this hecatomb.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 16:* To Every One Who Holds Onto The Self Like A Deer To Its Light Leap)



A pointed tip is dealt with in *Photograph No. 16*.

The erection of the monument of Unknown Soldier on *Avala* happened, though, before that year (the year of *1961*), but it is never late to complete a heroic deed.

[Even that of *Syphax*, a soldier in *Addison*'s Cato who went over in (the middle of) battle to *Caesar*'s side.

"I told him of myself; which was as much / As to have asked him a pardon", *W. Shakespeare*].

But, whenever to have been erected, said monument was always presenting itself to us (the pupils of *B.*'s schools, *понимаете*) as if it were built before the usual everyday event had threatened a rare heroism (*от часа до двух*), and even we ourselves (assisted by loose theories about high-principled *Romola*, the heroine of a novel of the same name by *George Eliot*, in contrast to her obviously unprincipled young husband, *Tito Melema*, a self-seeking and, altogether, unworthy of his wife) were approaching the subject tombstone on tiptoe of *Kedemah*, to the East directed visitors of everlasting time (Gen. 5. 15.), because that was in accord with representation of the eternity of that point, *en ce moment*.

The point located, therefore, on the pointed tip of a *600m* high hill south of *B.* (even though it looked ascending even higher). *Ça m'a remonté le moral.*

(It will never be known how high the imagination of an excellent pupil is ascending, the student who, like a fish, even in the schoolbooks, is wriggling).

"It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind", *Alexander Pope*.

And although with the help of *Photograph No. 16* we have arrived to the year of *1961* ("*Не остается ничего другого как...*"), the monument of Unknown Soldier (the center of that year, and center of its sides: *хоть отбавляй*) had been with us, by all means, much longer [longer than, for example, five, or even six year beforehand (*время от времени*)], and the fact that it (the monument) has been brought in connection with its construction much later than it had actually happened, is only another confirmation of a prematurity of the moment ("*Es dürfte Ihnen bekannt sein, dass...*"), in this

case a moment in which the mentioned magnificence could have been observed even when not showing its trace, as it usually goes in the stories about peril as an invisible escort of the bravery of *Elihu*, whose God is He (1 Sam. 1. 1.), due to which it is cowards who are left to stroll upon Earth.

[Although these who got killed were told

"Be thou faithful to death, and I will give thee a crown of life" (Rev. 11. 10.),

it did not happen, therefore, like that.

But, then, it is known who is going to finally walk upon Paradise. *Das dürfte genug sein*].

The Unknown Soldier as our deposit into the magic life.

"Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies", *Alexander Pope*.

Picture No. 16 as the launching pad for such a flight - *monument aux morts*.

* * *

Picture No. 16 as afforesting the hill side on the left of the stairs to the monument of Unknown Soldier (on the right side the young woods strut/boast already enough!), *Avala* caryatides as supporting pilasters of the chapel lifted up to the very peak of the subject photograph (*Photograph No. 16*, *Das dürfen Sie mir glauben*) - to mention only the visible side of said things; on the invisible - some human spirits may be encountered while trying to be photographed, they too green because of the same grass (reduced beneath it to a zero mass).

"The soul is as even as a calm", *W. Shakespeare*.

And so we went to even such a peak, therefore, without any worrisome (anxious!) thoughts regarding sacrifice by people's army from the last (critical!) line of defense of a country made narrower by the aggression of foreign power whose spine, thus, was broken by the heroic combat of said heroes, *eben deswegen*.

And even though the subject detachment lies there decorated*, we, therefore, lighter than a pen, came into its dream ("*Was darf es sein*?"), which could only make everything still lighter, because of which the excursion of ours to the given place can be considered a polite act worthy of *Geber*, a fine man in the real sense of that cute word (1 Kin. 4. 13.)

[*"I decked thee also with ornaments, and I put bracelets upon thy hands, and a chain on thy neck" (Ezek. xvi. 11.)]

Concretely (*Ehe ich es vergesse...*), I remember an outing to that very summit (the summit of the hill - mausoleum) in between, say, yellowish March and bluish April (*in doppelter Ausführung*), whereby we (pupils of the epoch! - *zur Diskussion stehen*) in exactly that way have arrived at the place at which the little house of the mentioned meaning could have been seen as in this picture [*Picture No. 16* (*es sein denn...*)] - whereby the eaves function of *Gerizim*, persons for whom even a desert is shelter (Deut. 11. 29.), goes without saying.

"Beneath / A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies", *Wordsworth*.

Picture No. 16 as a picnic at *Castaly* (a fountain of *Parnassus*), sacred to the Muses, *der da*.

* * *

Picture No. 16 as a fascination by heroism (or at least that which remained after heroes, *una buona volta*), once cowardice reached its limit of the orderly life of *Achshaph*, Bard of Tame Enchantment (Josh. 11. 1.), but is it not true

that all these (later) days are overfilled with such lives [so much so that their nights do not expire ("*Buona'sera*!"), let alone they themselves starting to stir a heroic fire (to become decorated with such a desire)].

At which one is to count on an appropriate choir of such understood warriors too, *al momento buono*.

"The rougher voices of the men joined in the song", *W. Morris*.

A bit of fighting, a bit of singing, that is how time is flowing (from that lukewarm, human fountain).

"And joins the sacred senate of the skies", *Alexander Pope*.

We and our outings to *Avala*: that is how little one needs to rise on the waves of his ego - and arrive to the self from the hill of vertigo. (*Buon viaggio*!)

Our excursions to the tiny mountain, accordingly, were realized at a breezy speed of *Ashtaroth*, statues of *Ashtoreth* (Josh. 9. 10.), for one to burden him with anything at all that would not have (automatically) broken loose.

In such a way adapted therefore, we, the pupils of such, peaceful times, could only blossom - *un tipo all buona*.

[Having often begun to sparkle.

"Sudden I jogged *Ulysses*", *Alexander Pope*].

Once we even posed for a photo on a crest of the hill (on the ridge gone into the silent, whitish heights, *por las buenas*) - although wearing "*Borovo*" running shoes, I had an additional feeling that there is no room for waiting, that everything is to be caught in its every detail (that the photograph in question, in a word, is to be considered a *Röentgen* one - *dar en el blanco*).

Which indeed happened - all in that picture (to which *Picture No. 16* is only a suitable introduction - *blancura*) radiated the athletic competition with *Chidon*, a thrower of javelin into the heart of liveliness of the day (1 Chr. 13. 9.), with which one can indeed explain our easiness (comparable only with that of *Peter Pan* going astray).

("A tender hazy brightness", *Wordsworth*).

That is why one can set out for the end of the world by means of *Picture No. 16*.

¡*Qué blen*!

* * *

And that is why one can notice with the help of it (*Picture No. 16*) when God gives [which is when *Jathniel* smiles at the donor (1 Chr. 26. 2.)]

(Which exactly was the case when everyone could say:

"Fair Fortune set me down / The partner of an emperor's crown", *Scott*).

As when heavenly breathing spreads through lungs of *Rufus*, red jolly fellow (Mark 15. 21.)

"Cheerful, cheerful" - a requiem echoed between peaks of the hill understood to have been masterful.

(To die for something larger than one is, by definition provides the soul for a joyful body as it is. *Ikéi no nen wo idákaserù*).

The pupils' hikes to the head of the mountain cannot be, in other words, imagined without one's own tallness spree: *kakkázàn*.

As we have said, a spring had been assumed.

But then, the autumn arrived.

("The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll", *Tennyson*).

But our climbing on that hill did not change to a blown away day - although it is true that we do not remember it clearly.

As when one sails away if flooded by *Medeba*, the flowing water of a stony time (Num. 21. 30.)

Which, still, testifies about some order.

("*Adam* was first formed, than *Eve*", 1. Tim. ii. 13.

"And *Jove* has firmed it with an awful nod", *Dryden*).

The climbing process itself, thus, assumed a certain devotion of *Durandal*, the wonderful sword of *Orlando*, the hero of *Italian* romance, with which one could make up hill.

(It was needed, in other words, to be able to easily "ride and go", which only such one could have done.

"A young, inquisitive, and sprightly genius", *Watts*).

That is how easy went that trip.

(While today it snuggles up to the autumn skirt after final leap).

Picture No. 16 as underrating the death, *de nāī tábùn...dárō*.

* * *

In *Photograph No. 16*, one can also see that the year in question (the year of *1961*, *вообще*) had where to come to - erected considerably earlier, the monument of Unknown Soldier ("*Ничто не может сравниться с...*") had effortlessly welcomed to its shoulders said year too (*hela*), archived by the very fact of calendarial addition of days (days are automatically considered added when their suppressions are removed and a tingling freedom arrives) - making use of, by now customary, access to the material via the familiar link (http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1000006.htm), where all those *Archive Editions* stick out from, the works that have taught us about History and Historical Sources that which we learned from the previous photograph [*Photograph No. 15* (*i...dagar*)], while the archival work itself and the information means themselves can be found ascending partly in the head partly on staircase towards the peak of the monument of the subject heroes (*så snart som möjligt*), where that entire commemorative forget-me-nots (that whole pile of said editions, *η βιβλιοθηκη*) keep quiet, looking from there with their mute letters from long ago hushed pages of books like the following:

"**1. Archive of Yugoslavia: Archive Material User Guide** - Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia, 1985. - 68 pages: illustrated; 24 cm.

2. Archive of Yugoslavia 1950-1955 - Beograd : Archive of Yugoslavia, 1955. - 173 pages ; 29 cm (incomplete).

3. Archive of Yugoslavia 1950-2000 / Editor Komnen Pijevac - Beograd : Archive of Yugoslavia, 2000. - 206 pages: illustrated; 29 cm.

4. Index of the Contents of Information Means of Sorted Out and Processed Foundations and Collections of Archive of Yugoslavia Vol. 1-2. – Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia, 1995. - (187 ; 300) pages ; 29 cm.

5. Office Business of Federal Organs and Organizations: (Materials From Conferences and Standards) / prepared by Bogdan Lekić, Olga Giler. - Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia: People's Bank, 1990. - 125 pages; 20 cm.

6. KORAĆ, Ljubiša
Organization of Federation in Socialist Yugoslavia 1943 - 1978 / Ljubiša Korać. - Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia; Zagreb: Globus, 1981. - 488 pages; 24 cm (incomplete).

7. Users, Research Topics and Used Foundations: 1958-1994 / prepared by Dimitrije Spasojević. - Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia, 1996. - 883 pages; 29 cm. - (Data Library).

8. KOSIĆ, Vasilije
Inventory AJ-74: The Court of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia: 1918-1948 / Vasilije Kosić. - Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia, 2003 (Beograd: The Common Works Service of the Federal Government and Executive Organs). - V, 214 pages; 30 cm. - (Data Library. Inventories of Foundations and Collections).

9. KOSIĆ, Vasilije
Foundation of the Ministry of Industry of FNRJ 1944-1948: Inventory AJ-17 / Vasilije Kosić. - Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia, 1999. - XXX, 175 pages - (Data Library. Inventories of foundations and collections).

10. LEKIĆ, Bogdan
Archival Sources for History of Socialist Yugoslavia 1943-1953 / Bogdan Lekić. - Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia, 1987. - 275 pages; 24 cm (incomplete).

11. MILOSAVLJEVIĆ, Mirjana
Bibliography of Papers in the Archival Field / prepared by Mirjana Milosavljević. - Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia, 1995. - 286 pages; 29 cm. - (Data Library).

12. MILOSAVLJEVIĆ, Mirjana
Bibliography of Papers in the Archival Field / prepared by Mirjana Milosavljević. - Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia, 1995. - 202 pages; 29 cm - (Data Library).

13. PIJEVAC, Komnen
A Guide Through the Holding Funds of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia / Komnen Pijevac, Miladin Milošević, Vukman Boričić. – Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia, 2000. - 218 pages: illustrated.

14. Realization of the Decree About Special Measures of Protection of Registry and Archival Material of Federation: (Conference Material) / prepared by Momčilo Anđelković. - Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia, 1990. - 63 pages; 21 cm.

15. SRNDOVIĆ, Suzana
Catalogue of Printed Material in Foundations and Collections of Archive of Yugoslavia. Vol. 1. Collections: Jovan Jovanović Pižon, Milan Stojadinović, Sava N. Kosanović, Đura Popović / Suzana Srndović. - Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia, 1999. - 376 pages - (Data Library. Catalogues).

16. Protection of Archive Material of Federation / prepared by Bogdan Lekić. - Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia: Economy Survey, 1988. - 184 pages; 20 cm.

17. ŽUPANČIĆ, Tonka
Collection of Milan Stojadinović: AJ-37 / Tonka Župančić. - Beograd: Archive of Yugoslavia, 1999. - XXIX, 418 pages - (Data Library. Inventories of Foundations and Collections)".

Archival works and information means: not even in that year (the year of *1961*, *d'un seul coup*) could one have discovered, therefore, anything milder for stirring up the melancholy [something that could have made it rid of always the same destination - the green tranquility of blissful afternoons of ascending to heavens through all those (winter) moves of summer fascination, *de tous les côteś*].

[Every one could freely say that which *Shakespeare* said ("Do not interrupt me in my course") without it, after all, bouncing of the bare walls of his/her dwelling in such a cosmos in vain. ("*Du solltest in deinem Zimmer Ordnung machen*")].

Jemandem die Meinung sagen: *Picture No. 16* as a disapproval of fear.

* * *

Picture No. 16 as counting of the self - in a single move (of something so near), *Alle Mann an Deck*!

Архивный файл: a removed ingratitude, *im Freinen*.

("Ingratitude is abhorred both by God and man", *L' Estragne*).

To a fifteen year old, after all, which I was then, one even cannot attribute more ingratitude than it (ordinarily) is to be associated with older age people, such as *Zadig*, the hero and title of a novel by *Voltaire*, a *Babylonian* tale (*Glockenturm*) showing that the ways of providence are inscrutable but, again, not even then could one have said that things were not resulting from each other due to ingratitude of the result, which often was suspiciously moving exactly because it had shone like European hake on a mammoth branch, *victorieuse*.

"O, these encounters, so glib of tongue", *W. Shakespeare*.

In *May* of that year (the year of *1961*), consequently, beside my "successful graduation from the Elementary school" (*zénpanteki ni mītè*), and so in addition to the farewell from the "*M. B.*" school without shedding bitter tears ("*Go-séikō wo inórimasù*"), it was necessary to decide "the next step", which made me, being carried away by the popularity of "*N. Tesla*" technical school, start phantasizing about enrolment to such a center of students dreams (*náo issō yokù náttà*), prepare for the admission test (I remember it consisted of three parts: mother tongue, physics and math - what else?), pass (neither at the top, nor at the bottom of the admission list) and - descend from the cloud of an 8th grade graduate into the fireworks of a lightning bearer (*soré iraī*), which perhaps (at that time) had a chance of giving birth to some constant (*Hall-effect*) current of (already everlasting) electrons - if it was not for the sinking into boring summer, *tokidoki*.

[Actually, I don't even remember the summer in question (*¿desaparicion*?), but didn't we cover our foreheads with it (letting its yellow dots yield the white dot in Sanskrit, *pasar desapercibido*)?

Even though all that (by now) has, of course, fully passed, and (again) the antique void spells its ice in *Norse*.

(As if the end was in order.

"The end of those things is death", Rom. vi. 21.)

Eine wahre Geschichte].

So peacefully, thus, that summer passed too (the summer of the year of *1961* - *ein weiter Begriff*); although the city authority had found exactly that season to cut down the two rows of trees along the "prestigious" *Kneza Miloša* street, having reconstructed "at the same cost" the streetcar system, and having coated all metal poles with silverish layers of

the “bronze” powder, which could make even eyes of *Malchi-shua*, the king of sunny gifts of extinguished universe (1 Chr. 8. 33.), shining with joy before one’s nose - one only needed to step out and pick it up, *ohne weiteres*.

Which all of us (at that time, *auf diese Weise*) were zealously doing indeed - letting the soil under the sky spread us around (imagining our warmth to be our dream - summer bound, *in weiter Ferne*).

But who is going to remember (and in particular - today!) those time too, without himself (his own trimming!) flying away in such dreaming, *byōki no*?

[That is how (again and again) all which radiates us passes (in that plain): for that which we could pay the price for as soon as we fully drop it - we have dropped through this day’s slice already.

Saying (we - interpreters, always ready) to each other (all those pins): “*Rescue wins*!” (“*Wie wär’s*?”). Saying to one another (no trims), therefore:

“Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred / That in your outward action shows itself”, *W. Shakespeare*.

Memories of an age as the shadows of the other (*wie ich schon sagte*).

“Indirect dealing will be discovered one time or other”, *Tillotson*].

* * *

{So much youthfulness (and this move of the pen of perfection - *so schön wie...*) of course combined (at this very instant - of uncatchable direction) into the summit of said mausoleum [the *Mount Avala* trick for expelling something from the self and uniting it (at the right moment) with peace of the two alleys - one on the right, another on the left side of the road to *Elidad*, the one whom God loves (Num. 34. 21.), without showing it before appointing him a hero.

Although to one like that (the heroic son of mountain stories) it does not seem he reached so far. (“*Ich empfinde große Zuneigung für ihn*”).

“His remedies are tame i’ the present peace”, *W. Shakespeare*.

And yet, it is not up to him to know his reach (nor choose where to breach).

That is why all that (to do with said heroism) is not written on his (our famous hero’s) palm, but rather (above his grave) flutters in the glory of such final realm, *zunächst einmal*.

And that is why he is to be left to himself.

“He’s no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i’ faith”, *W. Shakespeare*.

Heroism as taming with deceitful death of virtuous soldier, *zuerst einmal*]}.

* * *

Heroism as a re-examination with the help of military resurrection of (all) such pictures - *alle mie spalle*.

{The pictures being referred to imagination of *Machpelah*, a doubler of life when life is considered done in a single strife (Gen. 23. 9.), and when less exists in another fear than in an empty hive.

Condition without chattering and therefore illustrative in the manner in which Sun comes to the golden dust of its own knife. *Speriamo bene*!

[Chattering as sound examination: from nothing, something always gives rise to the mute reiteration (*spiare qualcuno*).

Such thing can be restricted only with a reticent delineation.

"Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong", *Dryden*)]}.

In the year of *1961*, therefore, we climbed the peak of life by clambering the hill south of death. *Su, avanti*!

[And today, in a circle, we arrive there from where one makes a path (through the snow) to go "up North".

Coldness as a logical expression of rounding off - that thing succeeds in starting to spin even a static dwarf. *Una vittoria sudata*].

Also in that year (the year of *1961*, *di volta in volta*), in addition to finishing one school ("*M. B.*") and starting another ("*N. T.*") by a pupil motivated by happiness (which my humble personality would indeed have been if it was not for something larger - *una volta per tutte*), one ought to have examined oneself in principle too - which I did betting on progress!

But who is that who does not hesitate at least a bit as time progresses, as soon as his eye slightly warms up?

In the "*Nikola Tesla*" school, accordingly, days were shorter (and shorter) - in the end, I had mastered the "Fundamentals of Electric Circuits" (*c'est ça*!) so quickly to make me feel fundamentally stronger. (*L'anestesia locale*).

[Although, of course, the most interesting thing in all that were my streetcar rides - on route *6* or *7*, all the same, one was always able to arrive there where his eye would hover endlessly (*brillantamment*), which is by the very window of the cosmic classroom (*kugelförmig, kurz gesagt*) partially placed into this (*materialistisch*) and partially into that world (*seelisch*), if under the two worlds one assumes this one inside and that one outside relative to the school building under consideration (*Maßeinheit*), and if, therefore, said window in all that serves the role of the eye of *Pekahiah*, that is the one whose eyes Almighty opened forever (2 Kin. 15. 22.) - Himself bequeathed to eternity].

Bequeathed to eternity as the one who bridges himself with time (*Per fortuna*!) - and, indeed, what other definition of such a hero could have been assigned to him (God have mercy on his spleen - *Da niente*!), that is, whose silence (hushed tones) could even start to think to follow some other bones (*hikōshiki ni*)?

Story as any other story; after all, whose moral can only pull its ears.

("I found a moral first, and then studied for a fable", *Swift*).

Oh, those chaste, sweet schools - even that year (the year of *1961 - soré de yoī*) they fit into heroic lollipop. *Abbiamo ottenuto un buon risultato*.

Picture No. 16 as schooling where guarding with one's life is taken as a super model (tiptop). *È un affare d'oro*.

* * *

Picture No. 16 as waging war by climbing *On*, the sun of house of fame (Gen. 41. 45.)

"That sensibility of pain, with which / Refinement is endued", *Cowper*.

And now, look how even that year (the year of *1961 – all' orizzonte*) let itself into homelessness - neither one knows when and why it was (*seguire le orme di qualcuno*?), nor can he draw out from it more than firebrand of *Ekron*, eradicator of all who sang in it (Josh. 13. 3.)

And indeed they did: *Bilgah*, *Bilhah*, and *Beth-anath* - The Cheerful, The Modest, and All Their Echo (1 Chr. 24. 14., Gen. 29. 29., Josh. 19. 38.) - with the help of which one could hear a song of the age which no one took so hard to make him decide to keep quiet.

[Hence each such indeed sang! (*Ha seguito le orme del padre*).

While the fact that time dripped from such a song (*midollo osseo*), presents yet another reason to take it (said time - *midollo spinale*) by all of its fingers - and throw it into *Beer-sheba*, well of the oath (Gen. 21. 31.), according to which one must remain faithful to laurels of victory.

"Graced with wreaths of victory", *W. Shakespeare*].

Picture No. 16 as extortion of a goal used to climb to the better self.

("*A tua disposizione*!")

* * *

Besides rushing to the heights (*vincere con un distacco di cento metri*), we, the pupils of those times (which all of us, then, have been), were roaming (smoothly) the calm of the plains, *на деле*: by nature of things - offering to life always other face (learning of the end in such early phase), carrying such youthfulness all the way to a death germ (folding down, subsequently, those few left days - as air beneath a bird flying over its preys).

[Something similar to the, so-called, *Americans*, as described, however understandably pathetically, by their *32-nd* President (1933-45):

"This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny", *F. D. Roosevelt* (1882-1945),

even though, by all means, we have avoided something like that by the simple act of *Mishael*, who is what God is (Ex. 6. 22.), having made use of his service].

That is how it was - without beating around the bush (without lying).

("A lie is absolutely and intrinsically evil", *South*).

Rather, all that was being distributed to every one by sincere smile.

Picture No. 16 as the year of peace. ("*В этом Вы правы*!")

* * *

Picture No. 16 as my idea of a year that many do not know by something concrete - which is its rise to this description (even incomplete!) *В этом-то и дело*!

[Which makes sense, for - is there an end to the little joy of personal subjects?

"Most men are more willing to indulge in easy vices, than to practice laborious virtues", *Johnson*,

simply because (on the other hand):

“If all these gracious indulgences are without effect on us, we must perish in our folly”, *Rogers*,

which is, one must admit, even less attractive to every one who holds onto the self like a deer to its light leap].

Concluding therefore (in connection with the subject picture - *Picture No. 16*):

To every one who holds onto the self like a deer to its light leap - this photo is a gift in his sleep.

09-10-12-03-02-06-07/23-28-02-12-14-21-24-10-14-19-30-01-05-06/07-08-10

* * *

(*Photograph No. 17:* A Compress For This Tale – Warmer Than The Heart Of Things, Colder Than The Fog Of Heart)

With *Picture No. 17* one can freely sail from "*N. Tesla*" to *Danube*.

(If to someone this is a little, he should try and recall himself in times of his rant - him being a tiny pupil-ant).

One can see an assembly building, a bridge, a park, and huge eyes of *Zer* (Josh. 19. 35.) - his flint always gives his pen's rays to the pupils of his eyes, that is how all that is possible to describe in the first place [otherwise it would have fully disappeared (quietly, more quietly, like the landscape in a lace, *с технической точки зрения*)].

[And processions of men (women, children - *оперативная группа*), who, even if not quite visible - can be imagined.

"Now sufficiently enlightened to disabuse themselves of artifice, hypocrisy, and superstition", *J. Adams*].

As with regards to said objects: the assembly is *Federal Assembly*, the bridge is *Pančevački Most*, the park is *Pionirski Park* – "All three horses are ready for the race!" was a saying, more or less, wheresoever one would stop to make a pause (to blissfully keep quiet, continue to breath), *в хорошем вкусе*.

{Which could have been found "at every step"!

("In every corner!" - a cliché which every one uses in his/her resting nap, *из-за юридической формальности*).

Whatever the case - it all wrapped into that picture (*Picture No. 17*), its natural place.

Which is quite sufficient to begin this (what?) story [letting our pupil here - whom all this is about (quite sincere), at least that should not be questioned (understand?) - to sound out its sleek end, *überall*]. *Den ganzen Tag über*.

"A strong dilemma in a desperate case! To act with infamy, or quit the place", *Swift*}.

Picture No. 17 as taking one's aim according to azimuth (taking a picture according to elevation - *вот моя цель*) and a complexity of all that stunning (all which went into it as a light foot into running), a screen rhapsody for the audience

craving (everyone his own) *En-shemesh*, a small sun with which one can be lit up when sleeping and when raving (Josh. 15. 7.), the amassments of *B*.'s structure from the times of schooling nurture.

Вот в чём дело.

* * *

Picture No. 17 as an operative diligence realized in detail from the only (zero) pulse of rapture, *maémottè*.

[And every one who's telling us that only such a (photographic) force is going to bring him to his sense (that without it he would not be able to have his wings commence his flight without pretense) looks as if he has just heard what the great maestro whispered:

"You mix your sadness with some fear", *W. Shakespeare*].

But, enough about others – let's talk a bit about self!

(One ought to give vent to all which, along the way, fell, *wo mō ichido surù*).

Even though, therefore, we moved that year (the year of 1962! - *dōse*) to the *St. F. Street* (from the *A. Street*), all our thoughts (full of old folktales - *ītsumo*) also moved with us!

[Like that (Biblical) *Benjamin*: still wearing his daily (lucky) mask: lying in wait for an opportunity underneath it - his favorite task (Gen.35.18.)

(Resting - Roaring. *Hòn wa zènbu*).

"Benjamin shall raven as a wolf", Gen. xlix. 27.]

The move itself (first after the one which, twelve years earlier, had brought us to the *A*. street), as any move in fact (moves are always characterized with an ardor, a hastened exertion in a cosmic corner providing the pact) - was to be completed during *Naam*, an ideal (I remember) *Wednesday*, on *May 9* of that year (the year of *1962*), whereby we moved to exactly *9*-th floor of a high-rise building! (*Apāto*).

The move was done by our father and mother [my sister went to her school, I went to mine - a school is a school (at least then that was the case, *sèkai no dòko ni de mo*), especially in the middle of a week (*Wednesday* indeed it was)], after the class I took a streetcar, went once more to the *A*. street (also *K*. street - *Nànika miémasù ka*?), said good bye to my company there, took another streetcar and went back from (the hill of) *Zvezdara* to the city center (*nán de mo iī desu yó*), made a transfer on *Slavija Square* to a streetcar bound for *Voždovac*, got off at *Autokomanda Square*, walked up the *Humska Street* and just before taking a turn by the *Stadium* (down the stairs, then through the restaurant patio), I spotted a group of people stamping their feet and watching - through the iron bar fence - the football training of the "Partizan" soccer club. ("*Вот где нужно искать*").

The training was taking place next to a concrete wall, on a slag-covered surface.

Goalposts have been laid against the wall, between them was *Šoškić* (*вратарь*), the ball was being passed around and kicked by *Jusufi*, *Miladinović*, *Kovačević*, *Galić, Vasović*, *Rašović*, *Čebinac*, *Mihajlović*, *Bajić*, *Hasanagić* and *Eltolad*, whose posterity is from God (Josh. 15. 30.), which I had found interesting enough to make me decide to not move from those who were watching all that (and, for the love of God - offering "professional" advices!) for at least an hour, hour and a half, *всего-навсего*.

[And how could I, when such a magnet kept close even *Berachiah*, whom Almighty himself hath professionally blessed for his undertakings (1 Chr. 6. 39.)]

Having finished watching all that with the thrill of Mr. *Bunsby*, hero of *Dicken*'s Dombey and Son, the skipper of a trading vessel, friend of *Captain Cuttle*, who regards him as an oracle (which made his words scarce and hazy, hanging his very ideas, in the end, on that same fan of indistinctness of things, *все время*), as such an observer, therefore, having perceived all the movements and balls sent to the very corner of the goalposts behind *Šoškić* ("*За ним нужен глаз да глаз*"), it must be that I left the place at the last moment, starting going towards a high rise in the center of five such *solitaire* buildings (even though two of them were still missing - they were still in plans!) - yet I arrived to our new apartment in bright light of the day.

[Judging by reflections from the glowing facades of said buildings.

"Where fast embarred in mighty brazen wall", *Spenser*].

As soon as I entered it, my parents sent me to get some salami and a loaf of bread. *Куда глаза глядят идти*.

(Moving as Holy Supper when everything ends fine and people come to their senses enough to become hungry).

* * *

But that was, as mentioned above, only the middle of the week - one needed to, first, put everything in order by its end (*глазастый*), and second, find out the way the light in question gets into those buildings and then reflects into eyes of the student who approaches all that with the attention of *Og*, a circular being returned to the point (after a proper exposition of all that) which multiplies the circle at that joint (Num. 21. 33.) - by the very act of a new beginning of that which already happened, *на глаз*.

[For, from this situation, all that was exactly as described - why making news of it?

In other words, why adding a speed to the speed (is a saint run not enough)?

"*St. Nicholas* be thy speed", *W. Shakespeare*].

Although one should be honest and admit: all that was as if at an Archive exhibition - properly and sensibly arranged (the more sense - the stronger catharsis!), as easily seen at the address (http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1000006.htm), wherein we read:

"**1. Aleksandar the First - King of Yugoslavia:** 1918-1934 / Exhibition Arrangement and Catalogue Author: Mitar Todorović. - Beograd: Archive of Serbia and Montenegro, 2006 (Beograd: Graphics Studio Bogdanović). - 160 pages: illustrated; 22x24 cm.

2. The Archives of Yugoslavia as a Treasure of History of Yugoslavia: Documents Exhibition: January 1995 / Exhibition Arrangement: Gojko Malović. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia, 1995 - 8 pages: illustrated; 21 cm.

3. Exhibition of Half a Century of the Archives of Yugoslavia: Catalogue of Documents / Exhibition Arrangement: Saša Ilić. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia, 2000. - 63 pages: illustrated.

4. Exhibition of The Letters of Russian Emigrants to the Royal Court and Government of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia: (1920-1939) / Exhibition and Catalogue Arrangement: Komnen Pijevac; Translation to the Russian Language: Olga Kirilova. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia, 1999. - 63 pages: illustrated.

5. Exhibition of The Russian Emigration in Yugoslavia in Documents of the Archives of Yugoslavia and the State Archives of Russian Federation: (1920-1939): Beograd-Moscow, January 2003 / Exhibition and Catalogue by Komnen Pijevac, Ranka Radjenović. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia, 2002 (Beograd: JANUS). - 154 pages: illustrated; 30 cm.

6. Josip Broz Tito - Josif Staljin / Authors of texts: Ljubodrag Dimić, L. J. Gibianski; Exhibition and Catalogue Arrangement: Jelena A. Golosovska and others; Translation from Russian by Ranka Radjenović; Introduction by Miladin Milošević, Vladimir P. Kozlov. - Beograd: The Archive of Serbia and Montenegro, 2006 (Beograd: Graphics Studio Bogdanović). - 47 pages: illustrated; 30 cm.

7. Yugoslavia in 1941: Exhibition of the Archives of Yugoslavia regarding 40-th Anniversary of the Uprising of the Peoples of Yugoslavia / Exhibition author Živojin B. Spasić. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia, 1981. - 25 pages: illustrated; 23 cm.

8. Yugoslavia in the 1942-1943 Period: Exhibition of Documents on the 40-th Anniversary of Creation of New Yugoslavia / Exhibition Author: Gojko Malović; Catalogue Authors: Gojko Malović, Božidar Bojović. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia, 1983. - 55 pages: illustrated; 22 cm.

9. Catalogue of Exhibition "Posters, Leaflets, Advertisements and Maps in Foundations and Collections of the Archives of Yugoslavia 1918-1941": The Archives of Yugoslavia, February 27 - March 27, 2002 / Exhibition and Catalogue Arrangement: Komnen Pijevac, Blagoje Isailović, Dimitrije Spasojević, Zorica Smilović. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia, 2002. - 45 pages: illustrated; 29 cm.

10. Catalogue of Exhibition "Association of Yugoslav Teachers" (Kingdom of Yugoslavia) / Exhibition Author: Sandra Popović. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia, 2001. - 40 pages: illustrated; 21 cm.

11. Russia in Documents of Yugoslav Archives / Exhibition and Catalogue Authors: Dragica M. Janković, Ranka P. Rađenović. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia and other sources, 1997. - 59 pages: illustrated: 20 cm.

12. Russian Refugees in Yugoslavia in Archival Material: Exhibition Catalogue Authors and Co-coordinators: Miroslav Jovanović, Jovan Pejin. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia and other sources, 1997. - 24 pages; 21 cm (incomplete).

13. Serbia and Montenegro in Documents of Russian Archives Until 1918 / Exhibition and Text Authors: Tatjana G. Zanjina, Larisa T. Cvižba. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia: Archive of Serbia; Cetinje: State Archive of Montenegro, 1996. - 31 pages: illustrated; 22 cm.

14. Tito - Thoughts, Words and Deeds / Exhibition and Catalogue Author: Živojin Spasić. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia, 1980. - 106 pages: illustrated; 22 cm.

15. Thirty Five Years of the People's Republic of Hungary: Posters Exhibition by Szabo Bela. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia: Museum of Hungarian Workers Movement in Budapest, 1981. - 16 pages: illustrated; 23 cm (incomplete).

16. Union of Yugoslavian Peoples: From Conception to Realization of the State in 1918: Catalogue of Exhibition Documents on the Seventieth Anniversary 1918-1988 / Exhibition Arrangement: Gojko Malović; Catalogue Authors: Božidar Bojović, Gojko Malović. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia, 1988. - 80 pages: illustrated; 22 cm.

17. Development of Constitution of Socialist Yugoslavia: Documents Exhibition / Arrangement by Gojko Malović. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia, 1981. - 92 pages: illustrated; 23 cm.

18. Zhou Enlai - Life and Work: Exhibition on the 35-th Anniversary of Creation of the People's Republic of China. - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia: Museum of Revolution of the People's Republic of China in Beijing, 1984. - 24 pages: illustrated: 22 cm (incomplete)".

Exhibition as insisting on arranged sense.

Du weißt schon.

* * *

Exhibitions as presentations of *Ben-oni*, melancholic pictures which, it is true, do not exist any more, but which, after all, glow like a vapor after the rain - in every pore (Gen. 35. 18.)

(Even when they are no worth any longer, therefore.

"Things naught and things indifferent", *Hooker*).

There, that's what one can see in such a picture (*Picture No. 17* - "*Schon gut*!") - if one would start looking at that which, make believe, is not seen in it.

Picture No. 17 as the watchtower of *Hadid*, the owner of a sharp blade used to cut even that that certainly is not seen (Ezra 2. 33.) - into the bottom and peak of such a cliff-like scene. *Das wird schon noch gut*.

* * *

Picture No. 17 as a clear view of Paradise from the prospective of *Ir*, dwellers of a city in the sense of a community of unusual calm (1 Chr. 7. 12.). *Du wirst schon sehen*.

In the year of *1962*, namely, one could easily be proud of himself as a hero of his own feast, without calling on (each his own) heroic *Gibbar* (Ezra 2. 20.), which, one must admit, was a sign deserving of the time.

(In any case, not even *Spenser*, with his ill temper, precisely articulated as:

"I waste my life and do my days devour",

would have what to look for in such a place. *Das wär's*).

Although one should not idealize - for example, even then (as nowadays) time was knocking with its hammer against somebody else's anvil: to still hang this day (week, month, a cat-like year) on cat's tail, and already the paws of everyone's era are going to inaudibly seize him too (the one dealt with here, *Aber sicher*!) and his escape (from the black world to the world of snow flake).

("*Morgen bin ich in Rom*").

But, what can one do, is it not the struggle that is an eternal friend of the hunger too (*auf lange Sicht*)?

("He which hath no stomach to this fight / Let him depart", *W. Shakespeare*).

The only thing is that the struggle in those days is now seen with the eyes of sleeping *Shepham*, who, from his nakedness (Num. 34. 10.), went over to his peacefulness long ago.

As in a forest without wind in its branches (or even hungry for basic trees, *aus jemandes Sicht*).

("We have many forests in *England* without a stick of timber upon them", *Wedgwood*).

But one ought to take this as a normal thing (and pull through the tail of a falling star).

"Subdue and cool the ferment of desire", *Rogers*.

Picture No. 17 as a corresponding retouching of that, once avid, now apathetic region for quite some time, *jemandem etwas sichern*.

* * *

Picture No. 17 as a relationship between buildings and inhabitants of the city that descends toward its rivers [staying on the terrain of *Hazar-enan*, a place full of wishing wells of all who do not easily get misled (Num. 34. 9.)], a not large (but potable!) flowage for all lustrous (fundamental) news, according to which everything seen in it (in *Picture No. 17*, *таким манером*) can only increase its participation at the back of the consciousness, *с малых лет*.

(Encouraging other ideas, too, in connection with such sweetened Annunciation.

"There I'll sup / Balm and nectar in my cup", *Crashaw*).

Even an eagle's sight could be filled by *Picture No. 17*.

[To fly so high assumes receptiveness of *Azaziah*, whom even Almighty strengthened for such a height (1 Chr. 15. 21.)]

That year (the year of *1962*), therefore, things were presenting themselves both enough elevated and correspondingly grounded to make possible for a grownup (let alone a pupil!) to not need compromise.

All that normally flew into its own foil.

(First enlarging them in the manner of a comet.

Saying to each other:

"Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth", Gen. i. 28.)

For, someone could look for a proof of the pure thought in granules of such himself at any time, *между тем*.

Picture No. 17 as a magic carpet at its prime, *менее всего*.

* * *

The past with which one puts him into spiritual difficulty freely walks through *Picture No. 17*.

Namely, as everyone knows, one could easily get through to his heart at the time, without, as it is presently the case, stopping as soon as the noon starts to choke in its maze - echoing with a daily output of *Laadah*, orderliness which, by itself, does not tolerate other vices (1 Chr. 4. 21.)

But, again, even that could have been easily solved by a "popular plebiscite": every one was conforming to one's portion of Paradise in the manner of a comma hung on his/her chick - just at the moment of intending to say a nice word, changing one's mind and postponing said act in those days of "implicit beauty", yet preserving it [said act of *Jesharelah*, the one righteous even before God (1 Chr. 25. 14.)] by offering to it, in that year (the year of *1962* - *как мило*!), all that dealt with here [and seen in the subject picture - *Picture No. 17* ("*Я повесил тот картину на стену*")] and to be dealt in the years to come [which will never be so foolish to reject, even so minimal, offer to *Ishbi-benob* (2 Sam. 21. 16.), the one who all this time dwells in *Nob* (1 Sam. 21. 1.), one's highest place].

The year of *1962* - the silence presently scratches through it (at its own pace).

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view", *Campbell.*

And what are we supposed to do now - stop with such a description (pull out from its photo-trap), or continue with it, still convinced in its photogenic attributes?

To continue, of course.

All'insu.

* * *

Describing the picture in question (*Picture No. 17 - integrale*), a separation of nuances from shadows can be achieved.

[Either something is entirely in shadow, or only makes use of it while glowing.

And, while glowing - uttering a scream!

"And now the shouts waft near the citadel", *Dryden*].

Picture No. 17 as a bit of light, bit of shadow, bit of photo-recycling of the world which by no means is going to collapse because of its sinking to *Chimham*, a longing which no one can solve (2 Sam. 19. 37.)

But also (*in'tendere sela con...*), *Picture No. 17* as a bit of shadow, bit of light, bit of photo-covering of the world with tiny stars of *Hadattah*, a novice comforted only by his old age (Josh. 15. 25.)

("When flowers first peeped", *Dryden*).

Although, mischiefs were likely happening that year too, but it was not up to us to stop them.

("Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually", Gen. vi. 5.)

Additionally, it can be seen in it (*Picture No. 17*, *interamente*) that all that was wrapped in advantages of a grove (small forest, proven presentations of nirvana - *interattivo*), the greenery beneath yellow lashes of Sun (climbed on that star per formula claiming that to achieve an apex is to have a fun - *al massimo*), and even that it (all that) was being extra praised in the same line (by letting it ramble from time to time, *quanto meno*).

Almost for one to start thinking as if dealing with *Fata Morgana* ("*Mais alguma coisa*?"), or at least with a flaky compress of that which accommodated itself in the given picture (*Picture No. 17*, *en buena hora*), having held hands with an imagination about the self (*a ultima hora*), once it itself does not justify so much attention it received with all this being described herewith (*kihōn*).

"The eyes and mind are fastened on objects which have no real being, as if they were truly existent", *Dryden*.

Although the situation with the picture dealt with here (*Picture No. 17 - heīkin de*) is somewhat different.

(And just when we have started thinking we solved the enigma, it had stirred and opened even that eye of satisfied secret).

Picture No. 17 as that which is, even though pretending that it is not.

(*Ichīdo nī futátsu*).

* * *

Picture No. 17 as the road used to come to our school from the park, *heīwa ni.*

[One is to get off a bus en-route No. *32* (*débarquer*), walk on the path between almond trees on one side and, on the other, *Er*, a very watchful observer of all those steps of ours into void (Gen. 38. 3.), cross the *M. Tito St.* (now *King P.*

Street!)- *désaccord*), then go down the *Devojačka* (*Young Girls*) *St.* to *Gehazi*, valley of visions as the only subjects worth dealing with (2 Kin. 4. 12.), so that the whole thing with the schooling (and around it, *en tout cas*) went naturally (student's joy!) in the case of such a fledgling boy. *Gar nicht schlecht*].

However, as next to the "*N. T.*" school was the Russian Cultural Center, not everything had reduced to the potential of *Nikola*'s currents - there were (in all that) ingredients of all-Slavic revelations (birth-place inspirations - *aus Prinzip*) from exhibitions and presentations in the main hall of the Guard's Center, full of admirers of *Adoni-zedec*, Lord of Illustrious Justice (Josh. 10. 1.), wherein one could easily realize how little is needed to elevate with *Sputnik.*

"From the period in question" I remember yellow (possible blue, or even red! - *Das wird sich legen*) scenes from steppes as wide as lawns of purpose whereby one could see drops in the form of people touchingly descended into the center of the water understood as a fluid suitable for their own souls (the spirits of those same men, women and children!) with which all of them could easily come to their (shell-like) exaltation - and, in that shell, quietly sail as if levitating in *Ir-shemesh*, a sun-town in every sense (Josh. 19. 41.)

(Passionately saying to one another:

"And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn", *Prior*).

That is how said movies (and exhibitions!) looked like, therefore, if everything else may now look like a phrase of the poet (something from that store).

Picture No. 17 as an urban milieu for such a carpet-child (in his every pore). *In dur Luft liegen*.

* * *

Picture No. 17 as a photo-penetration through time fume (momentary pigmentation), *Baal-meon*'s scope of loom [the scope of a place as a dwelling point (Num. 32. 38.), an emphasis on forward (to nowhere and nothing, but really not gloom)].

The streets of *B*. [at that time, and with those dwellers ("*Man sagt,...*")] were a good example of the happy mixture from which one could not choose (safely for the choice) something more and still pretend being sensible (*mir nichts, dir nichts*), on the contrary, even within such a small labyrinth one was to travel from one to the other end of the given city as if going to *Abel-mizraim*, little meadow of *Egypt* as a shelter to which our (empty) soul indeed owes all this (Gen. 50. 11.), because of which it is not easy for it (and, also, why bringing it to the closed case?)

That is why *B*. counted as a condenser.

Nur Mut!

{To hold every one within the self, to not brag about sterilized volumes of *Hermes Trismegistus* [to not squander foolish acts like *Baara* (1 Chr. 8. 8.)], to let both self and others do what they want.

Or, as even *Evelyn* said:

"A place of great receipt"}.

In the year of *1962*, accordingly, one did not need be shy about answer to the question of the universe cause.

(*Jemandem Mut machen*).

[The cause of universe was in its (that year's) linkage with the years before and after it, in a word - giving a chance!

("*Na gut*").

It is another question, of course, what each of those links is to do with its chance.

("*Na ja,...*").

The link of *1962* (if we call the subject year like that - *einer Verpflichtung nachkommen*) used its chance in such a way as to have hooked on all these letters of its chronicler (*heute Nachmittag*), a certain far away (escaped!) pupil and student (*nackte Tatsachen*) in the sense of *Jaziz*, a wanderer (1 Chr. 27. 31.) who happened to have finally sat quietly in them - said words (*Näheres*) - rather than still not knowing what to do.

(*Jemandem auf die Nerven gehen*).

And there it is - the triumph!

("*Ich nehme ein Erdbeereis*").

And there it is - the year worthy of so much gold, recognized for that even on its *January* head (although not even *December* took a measure of its full thread, *noch nicht*)].

The year of *1962* as proclaiming absurd all other years which did not behave as it did - for it behaved such as to dream every day of *Jemuel*, which even then, as it is known, was a sign of Almighty (Gen. 46. 10.)

(*Das wirst du noch lernen*).

* * *

In the year of *1962* I finished the first grade of "*N. T.*" school - and started the second!

(*Noch einer*).

[There is no smaller interspace, nor is there a bigger step!

Noch größer.

Only to satisfy all those desolate needles (*noch einmal*), regardless of what buzzes through the head - like through curtains into the room full of them.

"Great draughty rooms", *Yonge*].

In the first grade, I have learnt how electrons act (*Das ist schön, nicht wahr*?), in the second this was to be confirmed with tact. (*Das ist noch besser*).

That is why, that summer, I have additionally concentrated on it - procrastinating in the "Beograd" theatre (on *Terazije* - the main city square) during my "practice term".

Das ist nun mal so.

In fact, I did work a bit [along with the full-time employee (projectionist, *Und ob*!), I had kept projecting the "Alamo" saga, also (according to his instructions - *Befehl von oben*) I went several times to the "Z. Venac" market to get a blackish watermelon (*an Ort und Stelle*), but all that had already been nicely described in the fourth part ("*Yggdrasill,...*") of this healthy quadrature of said circle ("*Ephemeris*"), under the title of "Summer Tasks (From

Astronaut to Astrologer)": *eine Straße mit vielen Querstraßen*), so it need not to be repeated here as another reaction (although one is always after a centipede in action)] and so went my sixteenth summer [without giving me a chance to flee it even as *Azubah*, the one who was left at the edge of *his first self* to recall *his second self* (1 Kin. 22. 42.)], with which things rounded off and the good cards of such a time (the gambling time of electric current, *consumo*) turned up on their own as figures of clay (having continued to hum until this very day).

But, that always changes - for example, difficulties were created by the very act of exact clock: if it shows the morning - everything is all right (things will progress), if it shows the evening - all the glow vanishes in a sleepy sight (things will be seen increasingly less), even though solution (to that too) was at arm's length - someone was always someone else's strength, *canoso*.

"In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion" (Ps. xxvii. 5.)

So one can freely say that all that was varying, *calenturiento*.

[Although it was not conforming to organization, that is, the hierarchy was not its stronger point (the stronger point of that which pretended being *one thing*, but, in fact, and as always, was *the other - a la mitad del camino*), at least not as it could have been here, as *Milman* nicely noticed it:

"The more dominant hierarchism of the West"].

Personally, I felt most uneasy about hanging in the air.

(¡*Cállate*!)

* * *

Hanging in the air as a chance to let nothing to the power of passion which (in vain?) *Koz* and *Koa* bequeathed - *Koz* in order to poke finger with a thorn (Ezra 2. 61), *Koa* to, like a prince, glow even in a handful of the water since (Ezek. 23. 23.)

In other words, one a symbol of a pain (suffering), the other of a flare (glittering) - while from both an indifference (hanging in the air) slows me down with its knees bent (what an artful pair!)

However: "youth will have its fling" - the same youth (in the same, smooth way) changed all that (without dismay), *de camino*.

* * *

Picture No. 17 as the eye sight of an early bird set off for the meeting place of *Luz* and *Maachathites*, the almond-tree and the multitude of all which (factually) was in the given place (Gen. 28. 19., Josh. 12. 5.), while presently it takes hold of all these letters (photographically) and because of that (in the form of such a picture, full of reticence, then shouts) changes to the 'super-pose' of inhabitants of those times [some alive, some dead, for the dwelling of theirs, for long time now, does not breathe well (their time being their spell, *bordear*) in their heads in which all that knowledge is now a spoilage!]

"All that knowledge is now a spoilage!"- now is said, meaning a shortage of a suitable (passionate) tale, used as a baby talk with us at those times!

Which now is impossible!

¡*Se acabó*!

That is why that city in that summer (the summer of the year of *1962*, *ser el acabóse*) by itself presented a compress for this tale - warmer than the heart of things, colder than the fog of heart.

10-12-03-02-03-07/02-08-12-18-23-25-19-25-28-01-04-05-06/07-08-10

* * *

[*Photograph No. 18:* "Saturday, Rain (More And More Quiet) - Suddenly End!"]

Practically encompassing the same bridge (and river!) as *Picture No. 17*, *Picture No. 18* does not hesitate to "serve the same", although "from a different angle", *на пропорциональной основе*.

[Definitely (like the preceding picture) - doing good. (*Чувство меры*?)

"Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole", *Tennyson*.

Distributing tiny dots it consists from (covers with) to other covers too - *психический*].

So that all that [encompassed by reflections of light from the pictures in question - all these (and other) pictures] is to be considered as variations obtained by observations from different angles (*ето широко известно*).

From the angle dealt with here (*в качестве иллюстрации*), which places said picture (*Picture No. 18 - я не могу не согласиться с этим*) such that its left part leans against the right, it can be seen, therefore, how the "tooth of time" always finds pleasure in itself.

[That can be seen by reducing shadows (of all that, *бесспорно*) to the heaven in a distance sweet like *Mahalath*, a musical instrument radiating the "sound of music" by means of said picture's mediating (Gen. 28. 9.)]

And even that would require considering such a scene as just another speck of the conditioning.

("In modest terms and distant phrases", *Addison*).

Of course, the picture under consideration (*Picture No. 18*, *qua sotto*) does not refer to the year which it is supposed to be referring to, and that is the year of *1963* (*alle mie spalle*), but aren't the ties between pictures and years always a bit more on side of the pictures?

[After all, the error made in this case is not overwhelming, in terms of years one talks about difference not larger than the difference between their pictures - which is a photon (at most two) of additional corroboration.

"On the part of heaven / Now alienated, distance and distaste", *Milton*].

Picture No. 18 as its year therefore: all which is seen in the former, the latter took over, in a pair - they frame not only themselves but also that which emanates from them (*senza sosta*), something like a bundle with which even those days (now increasingly shorter) have extended themselves all the way to here - to enable *DATUS* to explain their status.

[Only to not say, afterwards, that (without justification) I have described (nothing but) endurable Paradise. (*Sotto il sole*).

To not let all those words are the words of *Wren*:

"These absurdities are all framed by a childish distortion of my words".

That is why one should graciously say: *Picture No. 18* as the year whose (glorious) view was no larger either.

(*Mi dispiace, ma non ho spiccioli*)].

* * *

Picture No. 18 as a *People's Theatre*, *Turn-Around Square*, and an *Army Club* [in the year in question - *The JNA Center*, but *that* does not change things (even though things change *that*, but, at the time, both *that* and *things* were in a lighter head - "*Ne siamo rimasti sprovvisti*")], understanding that from all that a *Cyclops*-like mist (of everything dealt with here - *Staremo a vedere*) had been radially spreading too.

[*Herculeanism*, anyway, does not leave landscape alone - something always sprouts from something (even fits the picture of its condition, in full harmony with the picture under this consideration - *Picture No. 18*), there it hardens and calms down. (Saying: "*Ci sto*!")

That is how, after all, things come to universal molding - via the prescribed work of the components.

"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work" (Ex. xx. 9.)

Picture No. 18 as piling up (that sort of) results, *da tanto tempo*].

* * *

Picture No. 18 as uninterrupted postponement of a checkmate ("*Was hat dich veranlasst, so zu reagieren*?") - regardless of how much they were developing the construction game (*sich veranlasst sehen, etwas zu tun*), the inhabitants of the given city (*B.*), in said year (*1963*), were sliding each to his/her inevitableness (spinning each his/her pin of caress).

Keine Ursache!

But, isn't it the case every year, in every city [at every step of *Jaakan*, the one who with each his move (at every corner) turns in the only remaining, wrong direction (Deut. 10. 6.)], because of which (in principle) one indeed insists on a certain, milder form of universality of *Jemuel*, each such day of God (Gen. 46. 10.)

So that some particularity in a picture like *Picture No. 18*, even if it exists, primarily streams down the street on which all other particularities passed long ago, *intérieurement*.

But, of course, nobody likes to admit that; one rather moves toward a higher form of the self.

(Quietly mumbling, at that:

"Go, soar with *Plato* to the empyreal sphere", *Alexander Pope*).

Picture No. 18 as a *Theatre* in the sense of *Kedesh*, storage in the sense of sanctuary (Josh. 12. 22.), so that one can look at oneself once all else withdrew into void.

[We went there (towards said theatre) around the time of such one winter - the winter of the year of *1963* - perhaps one earlier or later, but why would that be important when "everything got ruined"? - surely, we dropped into the theatre bar (not theatre "as such", that is, theatre "by itself") - our company, therefore, included *Miroslav*, *Dejan*, *Konta*, *Ljubinko* and myself, and most often we would have ordered grape brandy (*komovica*! - *à une heure indue*) - because of which, at present, one is to be sobering up like *Jahdiel*, whom God, true, made glad (1 Chr. 5. 24.), so that becoming sober should not be hard on us, excluding *M.* who (whichever way one takes it) *is no longer*, due to which reason all that really reduced to the bar brandy with ingredients of exemplary behavior of *Jakeh*, a pious face of the time stuck between ribs of outcome (Prov. 30. 1.)]

* * *

A pious face of the time stuck between ribs of outcome can also be understood as each one of us in principle identical, yet depending on "what one turns out to be".

Let us take, for example, the *Venetians*.

"The *Venetians*, naturally grave, love to give in to the follies of such seasons, when disguised in a false personage", *Addison*.

Ah, the bar, plus the theatre in question - while in both places identical hours hiss in identical way (something always pulls someone to the battlefield to play, *de biais*).

Blind in spite of so much sight, everyone has a story that ends in a plight.

Although, brighter examples exist too.

"Some persons must be found, already known in history, whom we may make the actors and personages of this fable", *Broome*.

Magnificent theatre and its scenic dolls - in whatever way the scene booms, everything on it silently looms.

As if one knew "where life leads to"!

"My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes / That Heaven will weigh man's virtues and his crimes", *Cowper*.

But, that was then, while a few days ago the *polyurethane-covered* laundry string snapped behind my dazed head (*tout autour*) and the wire of such a cable hit the small display of this 'super/extra/in' machine (this sweet contrivance of mine, by means of which I'm conveniently placing all these letters into shiny tracks of bookish embracing - *wo shōaku shité irù*) and, since then, I have a problem (I struggle with difficulty) how to discern between the spilt crack (however tame) and the past ('compact') fame, *tennenshoku de*.

But, I cope with it by observing what said crack transforms to, *mán-ichi ni sonáete*.

[Since the display of the given machine consists of a million molecules of an active substance of blue color (with which *these* alphabet characters count *those* days increasingly more), the described crack *progressively widens* - in the beginning resembling the Cut of the Mouth of a Mad Mouse (by no means longer than two and a half millimeters), it has passed (is still passing) through the forms of:

(1) Star That Shines (Red As Always)

(2) Cross (Which Breaks All Dark Rays)

(3) Chaste Bird (Light For Many Days)

(4) Boat (As Strong As Its Sails)

(5) Aladin (Full Of Sad Details) ("*O autocarro partiu sem mim*")

(6) School (Where Book Still Prevails)

(7) Head (Thrown Into Heaven's Rails)

(8) Peace Pipe (After War's Entrails)

while presently said cut is on its way through

(9) Seventh Heaven (Packed In Frails)

which had painted the summer in question (summer of the year of *1963*) a bit yellow, a bit brownish (as if all that never fails)].

"Our summer such a russet livery wears", *Dryden*.

Summer of *1963* as the interval full of felicity, therefore.

("*Posso fazer a reserva por e-mail*?")

* * *

Summer of *1963* as when *Er* [a purple hope of withered watchfulness (Gen. 38. 3.)] takes off from Theatre.

After we so much criticized the precedence of the purple.

"Rather polishing old works, than hewing out new", *Alexander Pope*.

But who is going to come to his psyche not embracing his-enchanting-bodiliness. (*Tuda uma palavra*).

Even though, at the times, many were indeed capable of themselves, but all that had extinguished with the growth.

(Although those were serving as examples, their genomes can now kiss themselves goodbye.

Which is a pity, for

"Some of them reasoned without doubt or hesitancy", *Atterbury*.

However, isn't it exactly that which makes ages curling up in the machine otter? *Mit aller Gewalt*).

Picture No. 18 as mechanics of condition (*Gestalt annehmen*), a virtuous move of the constructor of a daring justification: to justify (at any price) even that which expects to be moved (from its vacuum) with words only (*auf etwas gespannt sein*).

[As if words (by definition) are sufficient, that is, as if it is not necessary (before everything else) to bring in order *Machpelah*, an incarnation of doubleness of exactly the same things (Gen. 23. 9.), so that it can be said that at least that was seen through (instead of duplicity celebrating again).

In other words, as if the motto of the times - "Living well is the best revenge" (*96.3 MHz*) - by no means implies trying something else (at least a bit) - for example, some liveliness. (*Gestatten Sie*?")]

However, what to do when various ideas come to mind and yet everything reduces to still pulling out one and the same from the aged archives, in the sense of journals or bulletins ("*Es ist mir gleich*"), or something like that seen without much difficulty at http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1000006.htm, which, adding to itself (make believe) more and more, in fact all the time reduces, dealing with increasingly similar results of the process which (all this time) is being dealt with (*jemanden an etwas gewöhnen*), and which, besides being kept as the archival procedure implies*, signifies the most when nearing the end, reducing the letters (it consists of) to *Omega*, even though it has not parted from *Alpha* either (*an etwas gewinnen*).

Archival process as insisting on dustiness of things (*um sich greifen*) - instead of letting them (the things dealt with here, *Um Gottes willen*!) to disassemble without the archival (unnecessary) powder (as when a flea falls into itself), *gänzlich*).

But, all that is jotting down by hand.

(*Гетерогенный*).

While *Picture No. 18* is a registration of eyes.

(*Хоть куда*!)

And since *Picture No. 18* is a registration of eyes (*Glück haben*), its features of light are to be received like that - an essential charitableness of great undertaking never harms.

[At the time, *J. B. Tito* was in power ("*За ним нужен глаз да глаз*"), but do we have to align ourselves according to chance?

"I do not fix upon him as the target for retribution", *Susan Keating Glaspell*].

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[**1. Archives: Review of the Archives of Yugoslavia: Review of the Archives of Serbia and Montenegro** / Editor Miladin Milošević. - Year 1, No. 1 (2000) - . - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia: The Archives of Serbia and Montenegro, 2000 -. - 24 cm.

	Yearly		
1	(2000)		
2	(2001)		
3	(2002)		
4	(2003)	:	1/2
5	(2004)	:	1/2
6	(2005)	:	1/2
7	(2006)	:	1/2

2. Bulletin / The Archives of Yugoslavia; Editor in Chief: Sida Marjanović. - Year 1, No. 1 (1980) - Year 6, No. 9 (1986). - Beograd: The Archives of Yugoslavia, 1980-1986. - 28cm.]

And thus, because *Picture No. 18* is a registration of eyes, here is what my pair of those saw:

(1) A nice picture book of conditioning,

(2) A deceased look of curtains of having, and

(3) A little stage of steady *Meremoth* (The Ascending Into the Heights, as communicated in Ezra 8. 33.)

So that all of it (and all of us in it, *на глаз*) have easily found our way to *Naam*, an incarnation of satisfaction of preliminary workers of Paradise (1 Chr. 4. 15.), to which one is to (additionally!) give credit of being able to relatively easily grab the positive attributes of the End, in the sense that End is something which heals even *Mephaath*, Beauty By Itself (Josh. 13. 18.), let alone Beginning (*rimettersi al lavoro*).

And, after all, what are these two (End and Beginning), if not two manifestations of the same water, *rinuncia agli atti del giudizio*.

"The water couch themselves, as close as may be, to the center of the globe", *Burnet*.

(At the time) our growing up was observed, anyway, as readiness for departure into the nerve of our city, *глазастый*.

[Furthermore,

"We took sweet counsel together" (Ps. lv. 14.)]

Surely, the *Republic Square* (being the subject of the story!) could have presented itself as the center of the total picture as well (*гипербола*), something that it indeed did - presenting even a more remote periphery (as such!) in the sense of a given opportunity (*con le dovute riserve*).

Picture No. 18 as a visitation of all those ideas about city centers that one was to be proud of, *im Allgemeinen*.

Personally, I was in the theatre shown in the picture (People's/National Theatre - *zufälligerweise*) twice - both times of a yellow beak.

In other words - my conviction that my wishes would be realized in a rapid manner was strong.

("Confidence to turn his wishes into demands", *Locke*).

And if it were different - another song would now be flowing (discussing different matters) from these same letters (and the same glowing).

Although one should keep away from, so called, demagogues - in particular demagogues of a daily momentum of omnipresent Satan (*densensei no*).

("A plausible insignificant word, in the mouth of an expert demagogue, is a dangerous and deceitful weapon", *South*).

But, isn't that a property of the complete flow of all those pathetic, so called news, both then and now?

According to which, however to take it [in whatever way to interpret continuum of togetherness ("*Wie due willst*!")], something always malfunctions (falls into the plains of a false refuge, *an einer Krankheit leiden*), while something else, on the other hand, has its own (other!) "Propaganda" [supposed to communicate that things (after all) tend to a fresh, "virtuous harmony" ("*Die Sonne scheint*")], even though, at that, it is very well known that planets started rotating around the sun at the sign of its culmination (and that it's not just like that - to hide time so much to prevent it from a twaddling variation).

Even when forces out of this world (*sonntags*) become involved in all that.

("Under the influence of love's delusion", *Thackeray*).

Photograph No. 18 reflects the year of *1963* better than others, for it has no end, except when its peak does not link its stand.

But, it does!

(*Olja och vinäger*).

Everyone knows that [and the most one who has taken so much interest in examining the bottom that it started seeming to him that everything else were growing from it except *Gibeon*, the one who is to be associated with (whatever) elevation (Josh. 9. 3.), so that all that logically makes sense (*vid fönstret*).

To me, the year of *1963* presented itself primarily in my rocket drawings.

Why?

Because, I drew those in colors that sailed through such a cosmos - however deep, *per dag*.

[Colors always bring us the basis of *Hadar*, the inner cover of all rigid things (Gen. 25. 15.), not the outer one (seen by all)].

Picture No. 18 as the Army Center too, whatever that organization is like presently.

[Which means that it was better off before - at the time it was responding to the call of "service"; today it is not even known where its decorations are (where it disappeared from the height of such a star!)

("*Vart går den här vägen?*")].

* * *

Picture No. 18 as a supplement to the study of nothing - which occurs whenever presented with the bills of everything.

(*Hur mycket kostar det*?)

Picture No. 18 as a discriminator between feasibility and infeasibility too: it is easy to walk across the Square in question (*The Republic Square*), difficult in case of *Constitutional Monarchy*.

Even the Morning Star of Reformation, a name which, apparently, according to the stories of idle archivists, is also name attributed to *John Wyclif* (1324?-84), an ecclesiastic reformer who was the first to translate the Bible to English language ("*Как ты отнестисьосишься к нему*?") - even such a Star of Convenience, therefore, would have gotten along with a statement according to which a Square (even if the Square of the Republic - *minkanbōei*) has nothing to look for in a constitutional monarchy of the sort of *Jezer* - the one who, whatever's been offered to him, features the outlines of fundamental unacceptableness (Gen. 46. 24.)

[While at the present (as at that time, after all) it is said that, for example, the "real justice" is in lack, that is, that those who, painstakingly, (on earthly scene) work - do not have what to live off! Due to which, one is to make an essential alteration.

In spite of that one would have thought that *John W.* (*komuīn*) did it even then (at least for these people here, in the

English speaking territories, *amüsant*).

Although, of course, he did not.

So that all that (the translation and other activities of those dedicated to themselves) is to be taken with a necessary caution.

While the Morning Star of Reformation is to be lured by the original whistling.

"Wind the shrill horn", *Alexander Pope*].

That is how we were not able to get rid of the beauty.

("The window of my heart, mine eye", *W. Shakespeare*).

For, one ought to be honest and admit that, even though all that was subject to the laws of eternity (*was mich anbelangt*), our little jumping out of such a danger (of that city) could not have been taken as a sin greater than denouncing such a passionate quality.

After all, nobody knew where the real end was. *Alle fünf Meter*?

(As if it has been understood it did not exist.

"Is there a tongue, like *Delia*'s o'er her cup / That runs for ages without winding up", *Young*).

But, that is only a half of that picture (*Picture No. 18*, *allerdings*).

On its other half, one deals with a warrior army. (*Im Affekt handeln*).

* * *

The Army Center - building that by its whitishness stands out from the others - changed its name, of course, two or three times, but it was always known that formalism is not to be played with the military - so that the question of life and death could have been considered at the time in that building too.

(*Allerhand*!)

That many of the officers and soldiers considered the question in such a way as to choose death, is something which needs no emphasizing at this point - what is important, however, is that in said year (the year of *1963*) I used to pass by the building, at the time called *The JNA Center*, in a kind of youthful nonchalance by means of which even things greater than life and death [for example, identification with *Ziph*, a personification of flowing "as such" (1 Chr. 4. 16.)] were to be perceived with the same indifference with which one would perceive *Taanath-shiloh*, an incarnation of a fig-tree (the very immobility of the breeders of time), the tree blooming with, before all, fruits without moves (Josh. 16. 6.), because of which (you see!) I was not getting excited with all that.

But, what can one do (in the sense of "what is to be done") - any one who adds that which is not to be added (a tiny song of his being, *bamboleo*) to his traveling (by anything - *Beauftragter*) is at risk of loosing the last page of his covering.

That is why many recall *Fra Diavolo* - with him (they know that!) even riches appeal to their seeing.

"*Fra Diavolo* learns that the travelers have saved the most of their valuables", *G. P. Upton.*

That is how all of us got rich with the instant at which we had passed by the constancy. *Смешно сказать, но...*

Picture No. 18 as a battle for everlastingness. ("*Я могу сутки не есть*").

(Even though it - the eternity - the bone of such "brutality", argues that it bridges all of its posterity. *Sitten und Gebräuche*).

* * *

Picture No. 18 as a simple dream (becoming all the more simple, having vanished in a sub-atomic scheme).

"Like a blasted sapling, withered up", *W. Shakespeare*.

A picture, therefore, which one cannot reproach saying that it did not fill all these years to overflowing - including the present year (the year of *2007*), out of whose one day (in *October*!) I pull out a citation from my letter to *R.*, not as much to finish ***datus18B*** (the current file, *trés peu de chose*) as to ingratiate myself with "even larger things", *en tout cas.*

Cas de conscience.

* * *

Thus, from said correspondence:

"***The Letter***:

I have read your letter.

[Though, I stopped it from traveling all the way back (deleting it in my e-mail answer) as it had shown such a good will to reach me here in the first place]".

* * *

"***The Schedule***:

I went to bed around *10 pm*, woke up several times, however (about *4 am*) I had fully awaken [a "proletarian" tension of *Gemalli*, possessor of caravansary camels (Num. 13. 12.)], "all in all" - I got up before *6 am*.

(Don't forget – it's Saturday!)

On the *StarWriter* screen, the crack has grown to a size of, at least, *9 mm*; at the moment it's in the form of a crow!

[Who knows, she may even fly away. (Sour grapes). She likely pauses, until grown up. The world is full of tiny fallen birds, that's all she needs to be! (It's more proper to say "that's all she's missing", but that doesn't change the matter)].

I spend almost all my time with that machine (typing or napping, all the same), sitting on the chair, listening to the radio. Practically, I do not watch *TV*.

[Not even *En-shemesh*, Pal of Sun (Josh. 15. 7.), could have found a brighter solution].

{Because I'm sitting downstairs while writing to you, and because of the "unbearableness of the silence of sitting", I remembered that a while ago, during our flight to Ft. Wo. / Dall. (what do you say about that part of flying!), I had listened on the headphones to the satellite radio and that something similar must be available here (on *Roger*'s Cable);

I stood up, started tuning in, and surely - there it was (on *Channel 934*) at *96.3* MHz (to which we listen upstairs): such a good company!

And that's how I've heard (it just ended) an unofficial version of Halleluiah - composed by *Vladimir Goudar*, performed by soloist *Eva Vitova* and the Bratislava Choir, released by ECM - enough for chills! The master of ceremonies almost got crushed underneath the "Slavic qualities" - his words! You see, "everything is relative", that is, "*Einstein* did not live in vain". [Including the impossibility of such a feeling for one in a physical pain / misery). Physics = Chemistry (including the famous, westernized "chemistry", so lavishly propagated by the Eastern "intellectuals"), under the condition that the Physics/Chemistry plans had not been spoiled by Biology].

[It's a miracle how, after starting to pay even the smallest attention to "those things", one can easily notice that the majority of human sentences / 'dialogues' / 'communication exchanges', in a word - the agreed upon conventions, consist of phraseological 'segments' (blocks / parts)]}.

It rains but it is not cold".

Wie wär's?

* * *

"***The Work:***

"How is it at work?"- You're asking.

"The same every day" - may be a good answer.

In general, there is more talking about work than actually doing it.

And that's "the same everywhere".

At this work of mine (here) I try to succeed on the "main" thing, that is, on that which to me is essential (and the only interesting), but, as you know, I have to coordinate all that (of course, who doesn't, I mean those who are after that) with such formalists who for their "alpha and omega" have the production of piles of documents with *instructions* on *how to do* that which I'm already (all the time) doing, while they *do not* (know how to) do that, because of which that whole 'process', as they literally call it, in fact becomes "indescribably absurd".

Which, by itself, is not a particular trouble (is an absurd not, on its own, constant?), were it not "taking my time", that is, were it not constantly interrupting me (as soon as I start working, their e-mails start arriving, urging me to switch to work on that which, to them, means much (even so much that I get touched by that!), although it is completely unclear - why (it means so much to them)?

[At our meetings regarding 'that thing', again, they use various technical wanders (miracles, gadgets) which make possible to call in (the meetings) from any point on the globe (from any continent!); thereafter every one stares at his/her laptop, types something on the keyboard (even starts talking!), connects to and disconnects from the generalized conversation (not clear to any one!), at which *all that* (and most of all said absurd!) projects itself on a large screen!

To them, of course, all that is quite normal - even a logical bliss].

My work, therefore, as (this) small pearl of a "self-proclaimed" infallibility from here".

(*Sich einer Sache widmen*).

* * *

"***That There:***

In connection with "that there", the fact that "everything changed" is normal in some way, it even makes sense that it became worse [human relationships, health system, educational system, political system, system of worker's unions, system of "system solutions", Radio and TV system, Feasibility System [pardon me, Feasibility Study, why and how - it is not known, what matters is that the DOS (the 'democratic coalition' in power) has something to kill time about], cosmic system, irrigation system "Dunav - Tisa – Dunav", finally, the water level gauge eaten away with water at *Bezdan*.

(Remember the "Water Level Bulletin" from those times - the broadcast would start exactly at noon, the time to prepare to leave for the afternoon classes!

You see, that used to exist too – "while there is nothing of that now". So what?)

It looks as if there is no help for humans (unless brought to their senses) - but, is that really new either?

Thus, the problem is in that after each such "bringing to one's sense", there comes "bringing to one's nonsense", so that everything reduces to the question of which of these two phases one finds himself in.

In principle, (during his lifetime) one finds him at least once in each of the two (so 'antagonistic'', yet so mutually, almost amorously connected) "emotional phases".

The more lucky one may be able to "finish all his projects" before getting stuck in a more senseless of the two phases - although that is, one must admit, rare.

Most often, such phase, in fact, finishes him up.

Let us take as an example *W. A. Mozart* (1756-1791): the man hardly turned thirty four, and - got killed by the red wine!

(In his 35th !)

[*Saturday, rain (more and more quiet) - suddenly end*! (That is how it must have looked to him)].

Of course, that is the truth (the truth in the sense of what killed *Mozart*), even though the official theory, into which, after all, this theory of mine fits too, holds that his "circumstances" were responsible for his death.

Let alone *L. van Beethoven* (1770-1827) - even though he too was demolished by the same (wine-related) thing (although, in his fifty seventh!), "musicologists" hold onto a theory according to which those times were such that those kids were able to run after him and shout and swear at him "which made him so disgusted that he did not want to live anymore".

{While the fact that said man could not hear any of that [childish (fragile!)] noise - of course, not as much because of his deafness as because he "lived in his world" - can never reach their (musicologists') notes}".

("*Wovon ist ihm schlecht geworden*?")

* * *

"***This Here*:**

Regarding *this here*, "it is about" (you know that best) "a complete isolation", however - it is exactly that which is, judging by everything, the most favorable thing.

[If for no other reason, then to reach all these “conclusions” in the quietest possible way.

Rather than to let a young hostess (or, for that matter, host) to yell (bawl, cry, gesticulate on the kitsch-based media scene), leading us to “happy (even “democratic”!) Future”!

Only solitary thinking (thinking inside oneself) - something that (only there?) can be afforded by those whose number is less and less - can put an end to the universal (infallible) cretinism]”.

Это переходит все границы!

* * *

“***The Children:***

I talked to the children yesterday, today not yet (it is too early at their respective places).

(And now I got down to this communication of mine).

As you know, (because of their lack of money) our children do not even have, “in today’s world”, cell phones - yet that does not rip them of having to say what they have to say”.

(“*I bambini sono sempre spontanei*”).

* * *

And now I’m going to *Balkan Bakery* to get a cheese pie. It is true that because of too much fat that thing is not healthy, as well as it is true that (because of that) we did not have it for some time, but “it is what it is”. Since you left, I haven’t eaten; as a consequence, I’ve got caught by (in this order): Physics, Chemistry, Biology”.

“*Jag känner mig yr*”.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 19:* Down As A Unit Of Light)

And thus we arrived to the color picture!

(Alternative shout: There it is - our color picture!)

Plus - it goes vertically!

(Like no other so far. *Gur*, *aber*...).

(Entrepreneurship as doubtless recognition of erected power.

Lass es gut sein.

"The rumor started shortly after the exchange opened that morning. Confusion reigned. Orders began to pour in to unload steel but the powerful combine could not be shaken", *Rand*.

Gut gemeint).

And since the subject picture (*Picture No. 19*) represents Slavija Square (*Darin sehe ich kein Problem*), it has to be said that the square in question is the only square which fits it so appropriately: neither the gigantic monument (in all times) of *Dimitrije Tucović* (named according to *Dimitrije*) nor (at the time) "Le Corbusier"-like Hotel "Slavija" (styled

according to *Charles-Edouard Jeanneret-Gris*) could have placed themselves other than vertically within the boundaries of the given photograph, without such a blue sky of the majestic day's transition stealing from them the flash of the total condition - *mo-mo же*.

It means that the subject vertical was not only necessary but also sufficient, *mó sùgu*.

There was no need for a greater purpose (one did not need climb a higher branch)!

("Purpose is but the slave to memory / Of violent birth, but poor validity", *W. Shakespeare*).

For, one should not forget, this is already year of *1964* (*happyō*!), and besides finishing the third grade of the "N. Tesla" High school (and starting the last, fourth grade!), I fell in love - to make sure: hopelessly! ("*Màsúmàsú yókù*!")

(*Keats* must have had such a case on his mind, when he wrote:

"Far had he roam'd / With nothing save the vast, that foam'd / Above, around, and at his feet").

Although to me (at the time) that seemed in harmony with things (as such).

(Was it not, perhaps, to be expected that even that – 'school and love' - fit into the circle of a learned elegance?

Que botão uso?

"Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays", *Alexander Pope*).

And here it is, therefore, the additional reason because of which the picture laid here straightened so much (lunged at the marine blue sky from the ground) - practically, having become vertical - *erste Garnitur*.

For, it turned out that the girl in question (my first love - *gebührend*) lived there, "just above *Slavija*".

("Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love", *W. Shakespeare*.

Gedicht).

In fact, that was really not in such proximity (*ersichtlich*), but what could have dissuaded an exemplary youth from the steps of *Obadiah*, Follower of Almighty (Obad. 1, Ruth 4. 17.), the steps ("seven miles each") with which he could easily find himself there where she (*M. K. - Epoche machend*) had lived, in at most two and a half minutes, to again confirm that her dwelling (the building in which she resided - *das dürfen Sie mir glauben*) were still at the same, diamond-cut place [that nothing had crumbled over night taking said building along, into *Jekuthiel*, Fear from Almighty (1 Chr. 4. 18.)]

To such an "address", accordingly, one would arrive by first taking a street called "*P. M.*" *St.*, which, as can be seen in the picture dealt with here (*Picture No. 19*, that is), got into the shade made by the hotel (*durch-halten*) exactly there, precisely at the beginning of the path of *Peninnah*, a sea coral at its own portal (1 Sam. 1. 2.), having presaged the deepest shade of such a world made by the two rows of trees - one on each side of that, almost entirely ecclesiastic street ("*Das dürfte genug sein*"), by all means a street of said *Archpriest* - the tree lined path, thus, whose crowns stood out with ripeness worthy even of *Maralah*, the everlasting tremor in the sense of a constant expectation of miracle (Josh. 19. 11.)

And so, after no more than a couple of those (*Gargantuan*) steps, even a slow person could quickly arrive in front of said building.

Dynamisch.

(Let alone the student from the school that housed her school too - the "I. L. R." High School, namely, attended by said *M. K*., had just "temporarily" moved in to the second floor of the "Tesla" school - and stayed there for a couple of years - *l' important*).

Picture No. 19 as a blue sky above the Square vaulted by the student delight, *enracine*.

* * *

Picture No. 19 as a year in which even a needle of happiness in an increasing hay stack of a full-time schoolboy could have been located with an ordinary candle, *par la bande*.

[Not to mention (the process of) locating with the help of *Potiphar*, all that which belongs to Sun which fully shines (Gen. 37. 36.), which (therefore) were at its apex at those times (with its picture being taken with neither the beginning nor the end but in rhymes, *dans tous les azimuts*)].

Taking only said Square (in all that), that is, staying at the subject focus (at the focal distance which this photograph - *Photograph No. 19* - only deals with), it is already clear "what this is all about": everything in it (all that in the given picture) is very refreshingly shifted towards the cause of that same thing - something in the form of a shell taken in the sense of emerald *Mollusca*, a large phylum of all those beings that can be reduced to the fingers with which one reaches himself thinking that, in fact, all that is a concern of only the light reflecting from oysters, clams, mussels, squids, octopi, whelks, and certain other (primarily bluish) "fruits of seas", characterized by a soft, (still) not wrinkled body of *Naaman*, an incarnation of complete granting and unlimited pleasantness (2 Kin. 5. 1.), a body, thus, laid (partly or wholly) in a calcareous shell of one or more pieces, out of which only its gills, a foot, and a mantle reach towards the main (outer) world.

[No wonder that I (the student in the school in question, *in modo impeccabile*), accordingly, was so sensitive. ("*Ho un prurito da impazzire*").

Even so much that I could have repeated, contently, the words of *Addison*:

"Nature formed me of her softest mold"].

But, *Picture No. 19* as its enlargement of myself, as well.

("*Grazie mille*!")

[Although, always full of a fine caution (that membranous, stingy notion).

"Having leaped over such mountains, lie down before a molehill", *South*].

This is to say that I was "doing fine in relative terms".

("*Mitt namn är...*").

For example, one of those years a final cup match was played at the *JNA* Stadium ["OFK Beograd" - "Dinamo" (*6:2*)], where, instead of being on the "South" or "North" stands (as usual), I took a seat on the "East", whereby one could but did not have to mention concurrence of events - for, having summarized everything, I found myself in such a prestigious seat by simply knowing a player of another, "Partizan" team (the oldest of the three *Smilevski* brothers, later killed in a car accident), who got me the pass, for which, after all, such a coincidence of circumstances had indeed been necessary, *gōkei wa*.

{Not to mention that even less important matches prior to this final game were taking place without me having a minimum of such a chance - which is to say that my "doing fine" [at least in the form of being able to do "sitting" rather than "standing" of one humble *Shelesh*, although (at the time) a calumniated "triad" of such one, time massiness (1 Chr. 7. 35.)] was still growing with each month of the progressive beauty (in the year full of joy - splendorous like decoy).

("*Это притянуто за волосы*?")}.

Although one should keep in mind that all those (and similar) visits to perfection could mean only one thing - to find oneself in things which are to explain *everything* (*non impegnarsi*) but, because that (of course) is impossible (*Mangelerscheinung*), all that later changed to a classical gesture of emphasizing alternativeness (a parallel move of meritoriousness/conviction in connection with the universe standing - *massenweise*), in the sense of imposing comparison even with things more complex than the pastoral/idyllical vaudeville of *Mehetabel*, the one, that is, whom God Himself made happy (Gen. 36. 39.), and who, because of that, could not be called unhappy.

(*Maßarbeit*).

And who could, in accordance with that, start singing the one by *Thackeray*:

"A tragedy then which, since the days of the ancients, there had been nothing more classic or elegant".

(*Picture No. 19* as passing by of the tiny pictures of *Slavdom* too. "*Marschbereit*!").

* * *

Picture No. 19 as dandyism of *Hercules*, whose CHOICES (from the year of *1751*!) we heard enough through *Handel*, conforming (even then, apparently!) to the greatness of those days with the days of ours (days full of love-based sentimentality of lilac bouquets - *in der Luftlinie*).

{With reference to specific parts of the composition, they are, of course, hymn-like melodies of self-sustaining pathos in the sense of heavenly influence to earthly things of one, however to take it, bulky man (*litteralement*), although it is true that even he (as such!) was prone to "fundamental human questions" in the sense of "finding a purpose", per the entries in form of the subject oratorio subtitles:

Pleasure - sung by *Susan Gritton*,

Virtue - sung by *Alice Coote* (*она учится на вокальном отделении*),

Hercules himself - sung by *Robin Blaze*, and

An Attendant on Pleasure - sung by *Charles Daniel* (*у него водятся деньги*).

Well, only ladies (and gentlemen - *на мой взгляд*) who, therefore, in that sparkly order (and with such firm voice!), sang the following absurdities (which to us, at the time, were quite in accordance with the above mentioned sense):

S. Gritton (Personification of Joy/Pleasure),

"See, *Hercules*! how smiles yon myrtle plain, Where num'rous sparkling rills meand'ring glide! 'Tis there I fix my jocund reign, 'Tis there my laughing train reside. There smokes the feast, enhanc'd by music's sound, Fittest to tune the melting soul to love; Rich odours breathing choicest sweets around, The fragrant bower, cool fountain, shady grove; Thither thy happy footsteps will I lead, Fresh flow'rs shall bind thy brow, Fresh flow'rs shall strew thy bed,..."

And, as if that was not enough, she further said (sang)!

“Turn thee, youth, to joy and love; Why, ah, why this fond delay? Haste these blissful meads to rove, Gentle youth, oh, haste away!...Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth and plain. Turn, gentle youth, with me eternal pleasures reign!...”

A. Coote (Personification of Virtue),

“Away, mistaken wretch, away! To baser ears go trill thy languid lay; Go, to thy revels let the fools repair, To such go smooth thy speech, and spread thy tempting snare...”

R. Blaze [that is, *Hercules* himself, replying to Pleasure, with one ear of his (the truth is the truth) having listened to Virtue, however, even though tickling with the other his impulses “as such”],

“Oh, cease, enchanting siren, cease thy song! I dare not, must not join thy festive throng. Yet, can I hear that dulcet lay, As sweet as flows the honey dew? Can I those wilds of joy survey, Nor wish to share the bliss I view?...”

C. Daniels [said Attendant on Pleasure],

“Enjoy the sweet *Elysian* grove, Seat of pleasure, seat of love; Pleasure that can never cloy, Love the source of endless joy...”}.

And now, one is supposed to be smart about that [about all those challenges in (only *Hercules*?) life] and decide “the next best step”.

Jemanden auf eine Idee bringen.

Since, of course, I never was any *Hercules* [nor was I subjected to exactly those (or similar) temptations (“*Es liegt daran, dass...*”)], in this case of mine (in the year of *1964*! - *die da*) all that got reduced to a rosier horizon - *die mit der Brille.*

* * *

The horizon, therefore, with which one can expand one’s own cover.

(“*När blir det klart*?”)

Let us take, for example, a statement of “an official at the bureau for suppression of sense of subjects of the highest royalty that can be imagined - a *flowage* (*sötningsmedel*)”, whereby the person in question says that, after consulting *Jabneel*, whom God caused to be built (Josh. 15. 11.), he hesitated “which road to take”, until he had decided that “during the absence of household members, scattered in various places, he would switch solely to scotch, even though, here and there, he’d come to himself with the help of gin, yet keeping vodka at the throne at which, if other inspiration were lacking, at least it would be there”.

Since, however, such claims (sentences/proclamations) are, in the least, as *Janus*-like ambiguous as two faces can decorate one head, I never took him [the subject *Ishod*, man of glory (1 Chr. 7. 18.)] seriously, until all that “proved in practice” and my veil of doubt, “acquired at a steep price”, wrapped around *Jehozabad* as well, the one, therefore, whom Almighty gave us (2 Kin. 12. 21.), “resulting into” a humble acceptance.

And as soon as I have stepped out from (all) that, I received confirmation of my “being on right road” (behaving well towards the things. “*Den passar bra*. *Jag tar den*”).

And that was because *R*. wrote me that even the birds which she had spotted over there - were flying towards *the same* (touching down at *the same*):

"They were slowly touching down, first on upper branches, filling in orderly (I was asking myself whether each one of them had its own spot), then on the lower ones - as if decorating Christmas tree! Afterwards, from the right side (in the direction of the Museum!), another (smaller) flock flew in (at most six of them), making a semicircle and pulling out along with them the earlier ones which were, up to that point, standing on the left side of the left tree (looking from this window!), and finally all the rest, with a move of letting an alive spring go, leaving its anxious tail behind".

Sugoi, *R*.!

After which she added that everything went painlessly (even cheerfully):

"It's very nice outside - as you step out, in your step you gain a little hop!" (*Suki desu*).

Quite enough, therefore, for relaxation of *Irpeel*, the one who Almighty heals though (Josh. 18. 27.)

Picture No. 19 as the "colored" contents of such a possibility, accordingly.

Wakarimasu ka?

* * *

Picture No. 19, however, as an impossibility that everything be like that again. *Zan-nen des*!

(That all be "as it should be", *sore zembu*).

[*Gur*, a young lion of an instant (2 Kin. 9. 27.), never was eternal, who spread the rumors?]

Here is, for example, an excerpt from *R*.'s letter of this morning (*November 3*, *2007*), sent exactly from said Square (*Zen-dera*), or, if not exactly from there, let us say that, in a straight line, at the moment of sending it she was not more than a kilometer and a half (at most two) away from it (the square in question), but "what are small distances in comparison to large ones (*zenzen*)"; in other words, one should not forget either (*masaka*!) that the given letter traveled (the truth is the truth) all together *10,000* km (even if across that, nowadays not at all unorthodox Internet, *betsu no shurui no*...):

"Leaves are everywhere, on both the road and sidewalk, still mostly on the trees. It smells on *here*, only faintly resembles that *ther*e. I was stunned by the size of a leaf from a plane tree. It is as big as two leaves from our maple; one could make a hat from it!",

but also

"Here, only the language is known to me, that's all".

This is to say that one is constantly hesitating between pronouncing and describing. (*Слизистая оболочка*).

Pronouncing – he is subjugating that which he is *describing* to the dangers of language (*думать над задачеи*), *describing* - he may end shutting up (*сидеть над книгой*); it is enough, for example, to *write everything* about that (*работать над проектом*), *everything* still remains in a dignified silence of *Gur-baal*, the same young lion on the outset of this picture (2 Chr. 26. 7.), although, at the present, brought into the state of no roar.

["After all, didn't I bequeath myself to future generations!", every man "worthy of his predecessors" would exclaim, and why, then, to "bring into question" a dose of the growth of essential time, *ohne weiteres*.

Besides, "and per my reply" to my *only one* (*ohnegleichen R.*), one should not be in a too big of a hurry with the sudden self-confirmation either, for (I wrote):

"Sometimes the end is behind the corner, sometimes behind the beginning".

("*Auf dem Tisch stand eine Schale mit Obst*").

In other words, who is that who can say that none of this is going to spin about its axis silently approaching the golden proboscis of its buzzing user (like the pollen nearing the lip of a bee), *eine Prüfung schaffen*?

"In open prospect nothing bounds our eye / Until the earth seems joined unto the sky", *Dryden*].

And even "the Archive itself tells us" that something cannot disconnect from something else as long as they are connected by a motif. *Das ist nun mal so*.

To the defense of which, and from the link of ours (http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1000010.htm), it can be cited:

***The Archive* Journal**

At the anniversary of the Archives of Yugoslavia, on *January 21*, *2001*, the first issue of *The Archive* (prvi broj časopisa), founded and published by the Archives of Yugoslavia, has been promoted.

The Editorial Board of *The Archive* in this way too informs all interested individuals and archival institutions that they can use *The Archive* to present results of their archival research, methodological innovations and all other contributions that can help exchanging and improving the knowledge in archival profession and historical science.

ARCHIVES

Dragoš Petrović, Predrag Krejić, *Evaluation of Documents of Diplomatic-Consular Funds of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia (1918-1945)*
Nada Petrović, *Valorization of the Material of the Consular-Economic Office of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia (1919-1941)*
Sandra Popović, *Valorization of the Foundation Material of the Ministry of Education of the FNRJ Government (1945-1946) in Light of New Tendencies in Historiography*
Ivan Hofman, *Valorization of the Foundation Material of Education and Culture From the Era of Agitprop (Agitation and Propaganda) (1946-1948)*
Branka Doknić, *The Archival Material as Cultural Inheritance*
Svetlana Adžić, *The Archives and Oral Tradition*
Zorica Netaj, *The Beginnings of Photography 1839-1900*
Lidija Opojevlić, *The General Consulate of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia in Capetown 1941-1945. A Historical Note.*
Olivera Porubović-Vidović, *New Programmatic Solution for the Support of the Activity of the Archive Reading Room*
Tatjana Vukelić, *"Inventar (Inventory)" - An Automated Data Base*

HISTORIOGRAPHY

Nikola Žutić, *The Pluralism and Nationalism of "Prosvjeta"*
Dragan Bogetić, *Relations Between Yugoslavia and the West During the Suez Crisis*
Jelena Bakić, *The "Dom" Newspaper On Assassination in the Federal Assembly in 1928*
Tatjana Ilić-Kosanović, *British Press On Yugoslavia-Italy Relations During 1929-1931*

DOCUMENTS

Saša Ilić, *The Great National Congress in the Village of Ba, January 26-28, 1944*
Dragomir Bondžić, *The UDBA Report On Conditions In Departments of the University of Beograd and Post-Secondary Institutions in 1951*

GALLERY

Zorica Netaj, *Prince Pavle Karađorđević*

INTERNATIONAL ARCHIVAL COOPERATION

Komnen Pijevac, *"Russian Emigration in Yugoslavia in Documents of the Archives of Yugoslavia and the State Archives of the Russian Federation 1920-1939" – Exhibition*
Lilijana Trifunović-Ratković, *The Ninth International Conference of the Archives of Central and Eastern Europe*
Nada Jovetić, *International Symposium: Presentation of Archival Material, Library Material, and Paper Art: The Protection Standards*
Dušan Jončić, *International Professional Archival Work Experience*
Miladin Milošević, *International Scientific Meeting "Great Powers and Small States During Cold War 1945-1955 (The Case of Yugoslavia)"*

OPINIONS

Aleksandar Rafailović, *Social History Seminar in Petnica*

REVIEWS

Comma International Journal on Archives 2002, 2-3.- Paris ICA 2003 (**Predrag Krejić**)
Ulrich Herbert: *Geschichte der Ausländerpolitik in Deutschland. Saisonarbeiter Zwangsarbeiter Gastarbeiter Flüchtlinge* (**Petar Dragišić**)
War Letters: Extraordinary Corespondence From American Wars Ed. by Andrew Carrol (**Ivan Hofman**)
Đorđe Stanić: *The Believers in Serbia and Homeland. Essay on Volunteers of the Great War of Serbia 1914-1918* (**Nada Petrović**)
Momčilo Pavlović, Božica Mladenović: *Kosta Milovanović Pećanac 1879-194: Biography* (**Dragoš Petrović**)
Milan Ristović: *Black Petar and Balkan Bandits. Balkan and Serbia in German Satirical Periodicals 1903-1918* (**Ivana Dobrivojević**)
Nebojša Popović: *Slobodan Jovanović and the Yugoslav State* (**Jelena Opra**)

The Archive (and its journals): a blotted flock of tiny wasps flown underneath a bumblebee becoming heavy in time.

Lass das lieber!

And how to find a way "in all that" if not by expressing hope.

Picture No. 19 as one of such tries.

* * *

Picture No. 19 as a procedure to mark with deserving watercolors an era of great chances of the citizens who [only in it? - the subject photograph of a momentary description of *Ezion-gaber*, the backbone of a giant (Num. 33. 35.)] get across the Square in a streetcar, or walking, or inside a vehicle of the era (thus, for example, it looks like the red-and-white *ЗИС* bus moves in the sense of bluish-based lines), going towards happiness, *al gusto di fragola*.

[There is, by all means, much more to all that, i.e., more details - for example, one should pay more attention to all that which brews behind all this - but who could get the hold of himself if let to constantly think of something (remodeling it).

Especially if it is known where everything goes, anyway, *coude à coude*.

"And all our yesterdays have lighted fools / The way to dusty death", *W. Shakespeare*].

Observing *Picture No. 19* with all one's heart [and open eyes of *Thamah*, incarnation of good mood and laughter (Ezra 2. 53.)], therefore, one can see right away the excellence of "life as such", that is, a circular state inspired by *Uriah*, the light of Eternal (2 Sam. 11. 3.), so that, at the time, one did not have a need to hesitate in order to get to Purpose.

Purpose as a key justification with oneself (*en chair et en os*).

(It ought to be constantly turned to a more illuminated side, particularly because with Earth as this - one never knows.

"From the damp earth impervious vapors rise / Increase the darkness and involve the skies", *Alexander Pope*).

Picture No. 19 as a proto-photon of such Purpose, *chaînette*.

* * *

Picture No. 19 as my consent to the role of an extraordinary *Spiritus Movens* of myself on the *Slavian Circle* in a collusion with all that which [at the moment at which such one, shattered fragment of libertarian (*Dimitrijevian*!) silence, got healed with the help of a studio camera in the splendor of a single track laid in circle in the dark], in the same, industrious manner, set off for its living ideals (caressing the dead, at least a bit, with the corner of its eye open to their windows), because of which I was a student to be taken as a model, caught by not more than a few overwhelming passion patches, but "what can one do when born to err - *cela va de soi*".

[After all, why would one be angry at imperfections of nature when he ought to find his way in it? (*Lasciati guidare dall'istinto*).

Neglecting, at that, all those instances of not being able to cope, which would take away from him (the one dealt with here - *guardiano notturno*) even the *Biblical*, let alone the, so-called, everyday's calm (*cane da guardia*) of *Igeal*, one whom God will avenge (1 Chr. 3. 22., Num. 13. 7.), although in such a way that no one would notice the trick. (*Das weiß ich ganz gewiss*).

“We should commiserate those who groan beneath the weight of age, disease, or want”, *Denham*].

But, what can one *Slavija* encircled by itself teach us when it is us who encircled with it? (*Если не будет других инструкций*).

Although - “the truth must be admitted” - one should not count too much on geometry either.

[“In such a time as this, it is not meant / That every nice offense should bear its comment”, *W. Shakespeare.*

Even though I have probably made it up here.

To be sure, how can one even start to think that the blue sky above *Dimitrije T.* (long before he changed to grass) may be credited to me without, at that, my falling in love]?

Love as Hotel “Slavija” too: So much in the sky that it borders good taste.

But then, it maintains it (the subject sky, *контурная линия*) using a covering of soft fluffy feathers, down.

Down as a cure for cosmic cavity.

Einzelfahrschein.

Down in the sense that the bluish day is not changing into vacuous clay.

(*Ins Einzelne gehen*).

Down as a unit of light.

Einzelzimmerzuschlag.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 20:* Having Sat On The Elongated Neck Of The Past)

My impressions *vis-à-vis SIV* (*S*avezno *I*zvršno *V*eće - The Executive Body of the Federal Government) are to be reduced to barbels of a catfish: as much as it cuts through the *Danube* river, every long feeler of such a fish turns me (with shiver) - into a sort of content pal.

As long as those in the building knew what they were doing, I had thought of myself as having the same bright hope in avoiding hoeing, that was my "guiding thought" - the thought which I carried (in a barbel of the fish - *ist er hier*?) all that nice time of such a smooth era (it was important to not let it fall asleep, or, God forbid, climb to the steering wheel in an already good position, and start to yell from there), although I should say that I was inert by so much as well.

("*У меня нет денег/времени/книг*", I used to say).

My years, namely, were to be confirmed by themselves at the time [unlike nowadays, when they're to be fished using foreign bait (*они кивнули в знак*)], because of which I mentioned that (personal) sheathfish.

Although one should not put down said fish either - do we have the case, maybe, whereby one should claim that his moustaches got entangled in deeper water?

(And even if it was the case, how much, in all that, such one swam across his/her life without being caught on it?)

Picture No. 20 as a modest amount of the perfect authority: there is the River (every season has its sweeten lever!), its Mouth is there too - as when summer buys you ice cream in a hue.

Никакая система не является полностью справедливой.

* * *

Picture No. 20 as the year of *1965*, all that fit in it (since then!) walks its sign of hunger inside me (turns that kind of fan).

For example, we (used to) take a warm bread and salami (*M*., *Lj*., and I) and start walking by the *SIV* building (after the

"innumerable" hours of school, *gákkō dè*) - that is how things were fed and governed at the time.

A clear river always hides its muddy water underneath itself - in the same way, whenever we have felt like starting to swim, we would have been throwing our snorkels away.

(That who has dived under his world, leaned against it.

"*Kan jag få en badhandduk till*?")

* * *

However (an outing into "exteriority"!), *R*. wrote to me.

She asked me, basically, about *foundation* during her absence.

("*Kan ni posta det här åt mig, tack*?")

I answered:

"I've been typing on the word processor until now [during last *11½* months, I finished *19* out of *27* parts (which means that I'm on the *twentieth*! - I'm encouraging myself)]; "if I continue like this", I'll finish the "first layer" (of the primary cleaned DATUS) in *January*; then follows the additional cleaning (during insertion of the glowing words from miniature dictionaries into gigantic text) - one, so-called, work in layers; finally a translation into *Engl. lang.*, which is all icing (on a cake), the *foundation* is this!

Having founded it (the foundation) for today, I've switched to scissors: I cut out the prints of the photographs that *S*. sent and placed them into the album of the epoch [where I also placed the one *B*. sent from *Kyoto*: a black panther with azure eyes (is greeting you)!]

Afterwards, I fixed all those lamps in *M*.'s room and now each shines [the globe, the windmill, and *Ma* (the goddess of justice and truth),..., some of the bulbs, namely, were burnt out], after which I stepped from the nonchalance to the ecstasy of *Bezek*, a very strong lightning in time (Judg. 1. 4.), emulating the glimmering inhabitants of *Bethabara*, House of Passage (John 1. 28.)

Finally, I went to get some bread, but there - a queue from wheat to hop - *Humulus lupulus* (from door to window).

[I do not exactly know how it happens, but whenever one has something in font of him - it turns out to be a *Himalayan* thing!

Although it is also true that life taken as a synonym of *Himalayas* or *Pannonia Plains* is always what is offered to the black-and-white layman]".

* * *

But today (*10. Nov., '07*) we've heard the black-and-white is black (*B. J. Ana*, *R*.'s mother, passed away), so that the thing needed a correction in that it was not any longer true that everything was giving itself to relative helplessness ("*Kan jag hjälpa er*?") - besides being Absolute, that which is Absolute becomes characterized with omnipotence, "the power of the sense through which time is flowing" {paraphrasing both the "load of life" and load of *Ephphatha*, the thing, that is, which is yet to be opened (Mark 7. 34.), and which, because of that, bequeathed to time relation like *Gaash* to dislocation (Josh. 24. 30.), something that, whichever way to take it, gradually increased itself *12* times in each of

12 years, in that it progressively grew in the manner of grooved culmination, i.e., something which that [dealt with here ("*Kan ni visa mig*?")] knew it would surrender to - "it was only a question of moment" when a "dragon would come for what is his" (whereby death has been understood under the notion of dragon, *tyvärr*).

For, it should not be forgotten, all this (to do with the subject writing, *natuligtvis*) had started exactly then (*11.11.95*), on this day of *November* (*Det är sant*!), perhaps a day earlier or later (*kanske*), but is that important when one deals with a flow of something that flew without that anyway (*lyckligtvis*), now only equalizing itself with the destination (*snabbt*), which, due to that, is to consider itself honored, like a rooster with its crest (chick with yolk, lizard with tail), *och me än så*}.

* * *

I further remember how in that year (the year of *1965*, *ung*) I was zealously setting off for ***Džervin*** wine cellar, both a retail and wholesale store of the above named producer of "all sorts of wines" from southeastern *Serbia*, the storehouse where I used to spend fifty (at most sixty) minutes, "during which time" no more than a couple of customers [a loyal one (*gammal*) and occasional one (*ny*)] would have passed by the bar counter, and the range of my conversation with the foggy guests and a vague barman could have been approximately reduced to a fan for three flies, but at least I did not feel any lesser, on the contrary, I was fully occupied with paramount *Hagab*, a locust, therefore, whose buzzing supersedes even the buzzing of deadliness (Ezra. 2. 46.), so that it can be said that I even slightly felt of the fairies.

Almost twofold! (*Varför inte*?)

By all means in a positive, not negative sense - used for limping along by much of that which does not oppose itself with its soul - *ej retur*.

The limping, for example, based on the empty slogans of *Hazo* (Gen. 22. 22.), a "vision" of that which already was, yet (still) keeps cherishing itself anew, the news in this case being understood in the sense of the day (as it disentangles) through which the past of all that jangles, *på eftermiddagen*.

"Ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves" (Matt. xxiii. 15)

* * *

In said cellar, accordingly, I would be "examining the case of *M. K.*", *under dagen*, a redheaded girl that could not be easily found (not even then), but who, in spite of that, could impose herself by the very act of my fine thoughts (*i gryningen*), those results of a wine induced cognition, therefore, which certainty perhaps puts aside a bit, but doesn't reject it.

(*Vi stannar här tills...*)

But, because so much time passed since that not even wine could have rinsed it (*desde hace un mes*), it would make more sense for me to "only say" how, amidst such wine evaporations (*Džervin*'s vaporizations - *desde luego*), I was still able to lean against something more solid, even if it was wooden {in the given case - against the wooden counter of *Džervin*-based refuge of my idea of *Trivia* [featuring "secondary" name of *Diana* and being a goddess invented, as it turned out, by one *John Gay* (*1685-1732*), helping not only me at the time (*al descampado*) but also himself, in "finding streets and ways with the help of which one is to climb, in the best possible way, atop the very peak of all those beautiful dreams"]}, so that such visits (of mine) to said *Džervin* place are to be considered properly sealed by a suitable nirvana [supported by the heavy table, pardon, the counter of the cellar in the *Savska Street* (or the *Sarajevska*), "which is the least important"], a case of visits, therefore, properly sealed by the blessed state of *Shalmaneser*, the one who was to conform (exclusively!) to his own propitiousness (2 Kin. 17. 3.), cautiously taking all other "expressions of rejoicing". (Even the persuasions of the kind of "*dos por dos son cuatro*").

For, "one should not forget" that always (and thus at the time in question as well) it is more difficult to find one's own than someone else's needle in a haystack (*Απλο*), even when not a single of the four contemplations of *An Ryand* (c/o *B. L.*) can sharpen the latter (someone else's needle - *Για τωρα*) more than a sting into the self, *es sei denn, dass...*

{Which are the following thoughts, therefore:

[1] "Money demands that you sell not your weakness to men's stupidity, but your talent to their reason".

[2] "The question isn't who is going to let me; it's who is going to stop me?"

[3] "There is a level of covardice lower than that of the conformist: the fashionable non-conformist".

[4] "When I die, I hope to go to Heaven, whatever the Hell that is"}.

("*Меня тянет в Петербург*").

After all, that one death surpasses the other is not something that needs to be discussed, althought one could contemplate about that too, as about most other things.

("*У, негодяй*!")

But (as always) - contemplating is one thing ("*У, как высоко*!"), doing is another [including being occupied with the self - in the sense of ignoring the same such efforts of *Rab-mag*, carried away solely by its sweet personage (Jer. 39. 3.)], so that I cannot say that I did not feel (at the time) not caught by the hours of a flow into the picture from the side.

("*У, какая красота*!")

After all, let us quote the rest of the (flow of the) correspondence with *B.*, *M.*, (and *R.*) in order to get acquainted with "the above":

"Thanks for writing, *B*.

You've arrived an hour ago. ("Nowadays, one can check anything on the net, including flights!"). At the moment, you're probably riding the subway on line *No. 14* (en route to Morby Centrum). You're going to get off at Korsbarsvagen, near Tekniska Hogskolan. The *Arcadia* is only *150* meters away from there.

Let me know the room number, after you check in the *Arcadia* *.

Say hello to *Bergman* - the hotel in question is his for some time already.

..."And so, yesterday, I called some "friends from those days": (*Dejan*, *Konta*, *Gile*).
Dejan's mother (*Иоа*) passed away, *Konta* became a grandfather (to *Ања*), *Gile* retired, each piece of news - "a world on its own".

"In the year that and that", all of us (including *Miroslav*, my sister *Svetlana* and *Dejan*'s sister *Ljilja*) spent a month in *Biograd on the Sea* - *B. n. M.* (from mid-*July* to mid-*August*!) - in several tents (*Lj.* & *S.* in one of them), no more than *10* meters from the sea.

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* L. *Arcadia*; Gr. *Arkadia* - A district of *Greece*, whose people were noted for simplicity and contentment; any place where rural simplicity and happiness prevail (Webster).

M. arrived there three days earlier to try, "using his connections" (which obviously worked!), to find those few spots for the tents in the seaside camp.

I remember well the scene in which we, just arrived via train to *Zadar* and bus to *B. n. M.*, and thus of very pale skin, saw in *M.*, who had met us at the bus stop, a "long tanned native, sunken in the local customs and habits".

Every evening, we would sing and drink red wine from a 2½ ℓ bottle; *M.* and *D.* somehow produced harmonicas to accompany us, some *Dutch* fellows later joined us, paying court to *S.* and *Lj.* (who even married one of them, *Louis*, next summer).

Neither a nicer journey nor more riches exist"...

... " 'All sorts of things are possible in this world' is a commonly accepted saying regarding that which is being conjectured, but which does not free one from said conjecture...

...'You see, *N.*, I did not peel dry every pore from *M. Wall*'s pale skin for no reason, now, did I?'... 'No, you did not'...

...'Stop that train at any cost', *Margaret*'s aunt said and ran into cosmos…"

...Finally,

"*Molly Marquette* said hello to you.

[This is to do with a tiny sculpture at the local cemetery, supposed to conjure a young woman / girl, therefore died at the prime of her life, which it (the monument) indeed does, even better than many of the 'masterworks' would do, although weather (and time!), people (and fate!), (plus two squirrels) broke one of her arms in two and took the half from the elbow away].

She's still missing one of her arms, but why would *Molly* need the arm when the thing is in Spirit"...

* * *

In the year of *1965*, dealt with in the subject picture (*Picture No. 20*, *in forma ufficiale*) all this time, (the building of) *SIV* was on that side of the given river wherein the latter flows in the direction in which *all that* in connection with it [primarily the 'people in the surrounding' (*fuori pasto*), but also animals and plants and *Elisheba*, to whom God is the oath (Ex. 6. 23.)] was to reach itself like *Eltekeh*, whose fear is God (Josh. 19. 44.), so that the feelings of all of us "from those times" (*genere i di prima necessita*) were 'ambivalent' - either to play up to impulses of *Bashemath* (Gen. 26. 34.), or to succumb to nuances of *Barkos*, a first hand painter (Ezra 2. 53.) ("*Posso chiederti dove sei stato*?")

The year of *1965* as a complete crossing of a half of blessing to the shore from which an expedition sets off for the other one - half of this, half of that (turbid) world (*per praticita*), uncertain only so much for one to have a hard time to fall into its flowery prime - either pistil or calyx - without, at that, letting this story [of both himself and his humble (so bluish!) neighborhood] to be read letter by letter in a false statehood. ("*Meinst du, das ist eine gute Idee*?")

* * *

And yet, that is, on the other hand, it is not possible to walk up to all this (what?) which has been described here just like that - without a retreat of *Raguel*, Friend of God (Num. 10. 29.), or, at least, without the wreath of *Rab-shakeh* [Chief of the Cupbearers (2 Kin. 18. 17.)], a laurel token, that is, with which he (Servant of Wine) so skillfully dips his sins in the sea of purpose, which all of us like to radiate with when in stillness (*oben erwähnt*).

Each singing to his/her joy (placing it next to him/her, as a distinct toy, *vor allem*).

Each (and every) one was one of a million weavers there.

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun / And the free maids that weave their thread with bones / Do use to chant it", *W. Shakespeare*.

The year of *1965* as an extolled chain brought to the point where its links fit as the solemn notes of *Pontifex Ernest* (the hero of *Samuel Butler*'s Way of All Flesh, who achieves happiness by throwing off all the shackles of convention, *fähig sein, etwas zu tun*).

The same case (was) with us – we'd buy some sweet food (warm bread and Tyrolese salami, "if we take only that, already mentioned example", or a hot look in a whitish pastry) and go straight to the *SIV* (*die Betätigung im Freien*); there was a very lush park there (*etwas ausnützen*), one could walk as much as float in it (*kurz danach*), but for young people like *M*., *Lj*., and me (who went for such a fun once or twice), every afternoon the floating counted as fluttering (*schließlich*), which made possible for us to devote to the joy of *Zohar*, an incarnation of the original light (Gen. 23. 8.), and switch to figuring out its age.

[(Even dispersing) light stays younger for such lavishness - the old age comes as a stylish gig to it.

"After that the holy rites are ended", *W. Shakespeare*].

Picture No. 20 as a gift from the sky of authority. *Immer wieder*.

* * *

Picture No. 20 as an authority in the building of *Jamlech*, the one who makes in order to reign (1 Chr. 4. 34.)

In fact, we approached the building of *SIV* (through said park, full of such a modest pleasantness) no more than once (at most twice), with our techno-school-type of steps [we were to graduate from "Tesla" that spring (all of us were in that final, paramount schooling phase)], only to continue on that, technology-based roadway of *Potiphar*, the one who belongs to pomegranate's disk of Sun (Gen. 37. 36.)], so that, definitely, there could not have been an exaggeration on our part (in terms of approaching the subject building - building of *SIV* - more than twice, *nach und nach*).

The year of *1965*, by all means, would not have been the year it was if it had not been for such a 'key' break (*Ich bin nicht schuld*!) - the end of one and beginning of another school is always a sign of increase in the sense of a spring board of *Nahamani*, comforter whose tool is book (Neh. 7. 7) - but not everything, of course, was in that either, even though it had pretended missing its golden opportunity, until summer arrived and "all roads took us to the sea": via the cities of *S*. and *D*. into the excursionists of *Madon*, the place of contentment and joy neglecting contention "as such" (Josh. 11. 1.), full of golden sand of *Mithcah*, a place of sweetness in the sense of a sugary beach of youthfulness (Num. 33. 28.)

[Young people as adherents of vitality, that's what we were that hot summer (in the year of *1965*), immersed to sea depths by the very height of such a presentation of it ("*Es war eine Wonne*!"), surfaced from its salt with our arms around the Sun, we - *G*., *Lj*., and I - musketeers from the times about which the third one is raving (having fun).

The youth of their own realm.

"Inconstant they are in all their actions, vertiginous, restless", *Burton*].

Although, some order was present: for example, not every day one could take a swim in pearls of *Nahaliel* - valley of God (Num. 21. 19.); one needed to pull oneself together even in the presence of such a miracle.

The year of *1965* as an envelope of *Shicron*, the one infected with youth drunkenness (Josh. 15. 11.), full of fine small sparks of embellished constant (but also sealed with a pressing change, *shīzùka ni*).

(It is true that it was not explicitly expected, but it had been understood that even with such a thought as cited below one could comb those days by his second self.

"Make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days", Ps. xxxix. 4.)

The year of *1965* as uniting the last to a starting point, *dokúbō kankin*.

* * *

The year of *1965* as a modern picking at the classic epic (*dans les coulisses*).

("Old events have modern meanings", *Lowell*).

As, after all, is the reading (from http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/casopis/acas-7-2005.htm) of yet another of those journals of the Archive (specifically, *No. 1-2*, year *VI*):

ARCHIVES

Recommendations of the Committee of Ministers of The Advisory Board of Europe to the Member States - *R(2000)13 - On European Guidelines For Accessibility Of Archive Material,* *R(2002)12 - On Accessibility Of Official Documents,* *R(2003)15 - On Producing Archives Of Legal Documents In Electronic Form* *(Introduction and Translation from English by Ranka Rađenović)*
Stanislav G. Jeremjejev, *A Standard Tool For Description Of Archival Material: Encoded Archival Description (EAD) (Translation from Russian by Suzana Srndović)*
Milena Todorakova, *The Archives in Bulgaria (Translation from Bulgarian by Svetlana Stojanova and Ranka Rađenović)*

HISTORIOGRAPHY

Viktor Mirčić, *The Franco-Serbian Bank, Beograd, 1910-1951*
Bojan Simić, *The Party Press Bureau of Yugoslav Radical Society*
Vesna Đikanović, *Yugoslavian Immigration in the U.S. During the Great Depression 1929-1934*
Slobodan Selinić, *The Youth Builds Yugoslavia (Federal Voluntary Mass in Yugoslavia 1946-1963)*
Dragan Bogetić, *The Break of Diplomatic Relations Between Yugoslavia and FR Germany*
Dragan Petrović, *Franco-Yugoslavian Relations During the Algerian War: The Year of 1961*

DOCUMENTS

Jelena Bakić, *A Tribute For Israel (Reports About Sinking "Patria" in Haifa Harbor in 1940)*
Lidija Opojevlić, *Brought From Cairo (British Instruction For Yugoslav Propaganda)*

GALLERY

Miladin Milošević, *On The 50-th Anniversary of The Archive*

INTERNATIONAL SEMINARS

Suzana Srndović, *International Seminar "Standard Tools For Describing Archival Documentation", Moscow, February 8-11, 2005*
Olivera Porubović-Vidović, *International Professional Archival Work Experience (Stage technique international d'archives), Paris, April 6 - June 15, 2005*

REVIEWS

*Reports of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia 1930, Collection of Works, Prepared by Nada Petrović, Saša Ilić, Beograd 2005 (*Momčilo Pavlović*)*
Slobodan Selinić, *Beograd 1960-1970, Food Supplies And Diet* (Sanja Petrović-Todosijević)
Great Powers and Small Countries in the Cold War 1945-1955 (case of Yugoslavia), International Conference Record, Beograd, November 3-4, 2003 (Dragomir Bondžić)
The Balkan Alliance 1953-1954, Document Record From the Archives of Military History Institute, The Archives of Foreign Affairs Ministry and the Archives of Josip Broz Tito (1952-1960), Beograd 2005 (Ljubodrag Dimić)

Archival work as a direction towards cover, *la coperta*.

In the same way in which this here contribution to truth is a cover too - a summer holiday in the summer that doesn't shun the fall. (*La risposta esatta*).

That fall, having become a university student ("*Calma*!"), I was expected, therefore, to remember exactly just passed summer, doing that by marking it ten on the scale from five to ten, and increasingly so as the summer was going farther and farther.

[The calm remarks of *Reuma*h, the one who is exalted with generalized condition (Gen. 22. 24.), refer to an untamable flow anyway - *Schlangenlinie*].

Picture No. 20 as the flow of rivers by the *SIV* taken as a symbol of everlastingness.

* * *

Picture No. 20 as a white boat on two rivers which one could not complain about.

"Taking things on the footing of this life only", *Blair*.

Surely, pictures are that which once was, this is what now is, but the entire treatise of mine is about pictures.

"Like footings up and down impossible to be traced", *Bacon*.

After all, the whole principle of pictures, contained in each one of them, speaks only about that: it is impossible to follow the traces of light - a simplification of remnants being in each of them (*cela va de soi*), the original complexity of wholeness (all colors in the spectrum - *cent un*) is just an extra fogginess around photo-obscurity.

But people did feel noble-souled.

"The glad circle round them yield their souls / To festive mirth and wit that knows no gall", *Thomson*.

And the fact that the given year (the year of *1965* - *en toutes lettres*) is represented in these writings by a picture such as *Picture No. 20* (*farouchement*), is just another proof of its (said year's) width under such a large sky above *Danube* (and *Sava*!) - making even the *SIV* located there (not to be blamed for that at all).

The *SIV* (Federal Government Executive Offices) as monumentality by itself - the sky and water serve here just as a frame around it, and that in terms of - nitrogen, oxygen and hydrogen, *tidigare*.

Picture No. 20 as a junction of the chemical-temporal results of physics (*hur många gånger*...?), with a sporadic drop from the fins of history - the focal point in already clear, focus-glory.

Picture No. 20 as a real enthronization. (*Vardagsklädsel*).

* * *

Picture No. 20 as a photon-based memorization. ("*Я в Вашем распоряжении*").

[While everything else dispersed in itself.

Like a Traveler's Tree, that is, *Ravenala of Madagascar* - overflowing from its palm like (spindle-shaped) and tubular trunk, over six-feet long leaves of *Yggdrasill*'s crown, into the cuplike sheaths of the leafstalks (*рассекать волны*), to be fetched by travelers (thirsty by definition) and taken each with its fetcher on the way to his desert.

Knowing well, that is, that all that is to be accepted peacefully (to avoid even a notion of getting carried away).

"The fool rageth and is confident" (Prov. xiv. 16)]

Picture No. 20 as a warm river of deaf sky above the picture of one world. ("*У меня нет свичас расположения ехать туда*").

* * *

Picture No. 20 as a uniform display of the construction miracle of *Shemeber*, soaring into heights of all-popular authority (Gen. 14. 2.), with both wings lit up by the rays of clarity, *Φυσικα*.

That is why we liked to look at it (walking on the air by its windows, fit).

"A well-worn pathway courted us", *Tennyson*.

* * *

By the end of spring that year (the year of *1965*), having graduated from the (electro-technical) High school, we were destined to have our prom in the inn called *Doboj*, for it was an appropriate place for us - after all, isn't any current caused by its voltage? (*Denshikōgaku*).

The hole in question used to be located [yes - *used to be*, for at the present it can be found only in *Machpelah* babbling, a photo-alcoholically derived pra-doubling (Gen. 23. 9.)] at the obscure corner of *Dorćol* into which one first steps to see where he stepped into, so that it did not take us (a class of *6* girls and *26* boys - *kaīhō*) more than two steps to get into its hands.

Having emptied a bottle of wine in a jiffy, it was *Doboj* where I first got drunk. ("*Andas djupt*").

But, youth will have its fling (the same way I got drunk - I sobered up. "*Öppna munnen*").

Around *1 am*, we all went out to *Kalemegdan Terrace* and, next to the Central Committee building, we saw the building of *SIV*.

("*Är det allt*?")

Therefore we saw that which I am presently describing by means of *Picture No. 20*. (*Det är min tur*).

"In that sense", *Picture No. 20* is "representative".

With it, "the road to everything waiting for us had been cleared".

And indeed, anything from the ray of *Pluto* to the light of *Jupiter*, waited each one of us, depending on the case. ("*Jag tittar bara*").

In my case - it was the University qualifying exam, but also the voyage to said sea.

Having passed the exam, and having gone with *Lj.* and *G.* to the seaside, and having returned from it, it was about time to start the university classes, whichever way to look at that. (*Ingång*).

At one hand a freshman, at the other full of iodine and salt, I didn't feel like letting the two meet - although I went to the class as soon as the bell rang. ("*Kan ni visa mig några...*?")

That first semester of mine I remember as a cat remembers the mouse - chasing the term all the time, it finally escaped from me.

That is how all of us (the students of that life, *gut gelaunt*) found ourselves before its (said life's) second term - without even clapping our hands, *genau genommen*.

Our curriculum for the first term, however, was the following: Descriptive Geometry, Fundamentals of Electric Circuits, Physics, Mathematics I, and an analogue presentation of such a fluid purpose ("*Es geht*!"), but that did not put us in front of that (inevitable?) spot before which even larger things fade (and smaller shine), without our fiery approaching it from the other, "more entertaining side" - how to celebrate the New Year having made party for the Old one?

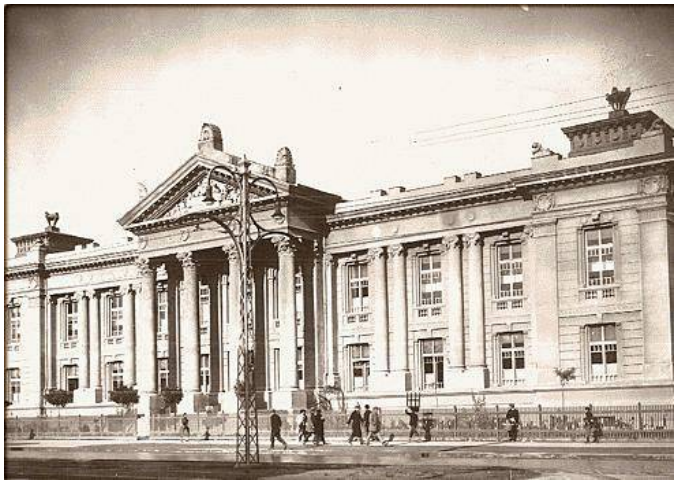
Welche Freude!

That was done in the apartment of a friend of my sister ("*Liebes Fräulein Dümmler...*"); she lived around *Skadarska St.*; I invited two friends of mine (*Radovan Kontić* and *Miloš Milošević*, *und so fort*; I remember they joined us inside *No. 32* bus at *Birčaninova St.* bus stop); a bunch of beautiful high school girls came to the party too ("let's shoot the works!" - was the principle at the time, *etwas zur Folge haben*).

Out of all the songs, the most frequently played was "Satisfaction" by the *Stones* (*in einem fort*), but why wondering about that when, all the time, we know very well that our years are as we remember them ("*Würde das Fräulein vielleicht ihr Zimmer aufräumen*?") and that returning to them is not possible without a self-understood satisfaction ("*Freust du dich denn gar nicht*?"), a certain embroidered silver of memory with which we cover ourselves today too, not finding anything in rejecting that which was, having sat on the elongated neck of the past.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 21:* Dispersion of Sharpness, Staying of Whiteness)



Although a student by now, that year (the year of *1966*, *Au ja*!), the question in front of me was not *when* and *with what grades*, but *what* and *how*. *Was du auch sagst, ich finde es schön*.

The days of a student: the pseudo-judicious psalms.

"In that sense" even the given library ("Svetozar Marković" University Library, so impressively shown in *Photograph No. 21* - "*Alle Achtung*!") is to be taken with a proper dose of rigorousness of *Pedahzur*, Rock of Redeemability (Num. 1. 10.), that is, the facade of the building calmly bent towards the whole knowledge of being illuminated by both the self and the outside: the principle of a novel.

For, everything was illuminated with a novelistic Sun at the time.

"When flowered my youthful spring", *Spenser*.

Although, I hardly walked once or twice into said library (and even then, looking for someone - *es auf jemanden abgesehen haben*); I did my studying at home (and out of it during summers, *den Weg abkürzen*), but then, I passed by it (the library) so many times that it became a tradition.

(That is how one realizes an increasingly colored picture.

"Every beam new transient colors flings", *Alexander Pope*).

Picture No. 21 as a silvery support for just noticed spectrum, *da lontano*.

* * *

Picture No. 21 as a spectrality of (primarily stony) whiteness - *durchweg*.

("How all the other passions fleet to air!", *W. Shakespeare*).

That year (the year of *1966*), therefore, my 'academic beginnings' (*das dürfen Sie mir glauben*) have flashed like pages of the books in any such library - not obsessed with the last page, the page erasing those before it (as sand does the trace).

Ebbe.

But, at the time, that's how it looked not only to me.

(The others rushed to the same, too!

"This was a principle more flexible to their purpose", *Rogers*).

The year of *1966* as parading with knowledge acquisition. ("*Es dürfte Ihnen bekannt sein, dass...*").

Nothing could free it, the year in question ("*Desculpe*?"), from the fine enlightenments during strolls through *Gimzo*, a place abounding with maples, that is sycamores, that is *American* plane trees, that is *Egyptian* figs (2 Chr. 28. 18.)

And all that - only to learn as much as possible about as little as possible. *A viagem organizada*.

(Translating from cosmic to bookish:

"Some of *Homer*'s translators have swelled into fustian, and others sunk into flatness", *Alexander Pope*).

The University Library "Svetozar Marković" as the building I used to pass by on the right side in the mornings, and on the left in the evenings, continually thinking how everything is wise.

("He that walketh with wise men shall be wise", Prov. xiii. 20.)

But something always happens to moderate the fame (having found, in the end, the right measure for its flame - having spread the total hush as afternoon's sleepy game).

Picture No. 21 as when people walk by buildings [of which the building in the picture is just another one ("*Tem ar condicionado*?")], determined to educate themselves.

Here, we can see even *11* (*eleven*!) of them, "some men, some women", and, possibly, two or three kids directed to them, every one set off, therefore, for his/her own star (*em qualkuer parte*), for his/her *Jagur*, that is, the residing place as a purpose of dwelling (Josh. 15. 21.), where one can dedicate himself to a book.

But, who became dedicated to a book without passing by a library with one thought in it, the other in him, before the boring pages lit up, and the soot of time whitened in his eye (*là sotto*), having caused the apparition of *Japhia*, splendidness by itself (Josh. 19. 12.), no more laical than him?

"Illusory creations of imagination", *J. Caird*.

Due to which, indeed, it ought to be said that all those men (women, children, *sotto il sole*) walk through said picture hopping.

In other words, it needs to be said that none (of them) was too zealous to submit, in a courteous manner, to the monument that they were passing by.

In the year of *1966*, namely, hardly any one joined even *Jaasiel*, whom God created (1 Chr. 27. 21.), let alone joining *Jaalam*, whom God hid (Gen. 36. 5.), for one to hope for even a deserved respect.

"On the other hand", no one was constantly repeating "Oh! *Ithiel, Ithiel*", that is, "Oh! Lord is with me! Lord is with me!", for one to determine himself, in all that, in a saintly manner.

On the contrary, an uneven spot of redeemableness constantly puttered (even through a "mountainous massif" - *Mi sono spiegato*?).

(To redeem - Into what? From what? "*Nel bagagliaio non ci sta più niente*".

Isn't that to do with a lack of foundation?

"The imagery of a melancholic fancy", *Atterbury*).

In *Photograph No. 21*, even transitoriness achieves meaning - *ichīdo nī futátsu*!

* * *

Photograph No. 21 as a passing stacked under the walking, *heīwa ni.*

For, if all those men (children, women, *shīgoto shite iru*) walked there in order to have their tracks not covered, is it not true that the "roads of fate" are to be obtained from a photo-evidence?

"No matter what the cost is!" *Хватит*!

Although that did not cost anything then - it was only gluing in by the understanding of the world.

("On the other side", proportional to the understanding is a shooter's hesitation.

And, in the end - announcing a saintly domination!)

Picture No. 21 as when a morning is already fishing the noon in a prostration. *Этого ещё не хватало*!

* * *

Picture No. 21 as when a little rabbit (tiny hare!) totters in self-admiration. (*Полным ходом*).

[Setting off from the underbrush of weakness for the greatness of a moment, hopping with both its tail and a whisker (running by the people with no comment - *пустить в ход*), knowing that *Salome* (Perfection, Mark 15. 40.), does not wait for well read *Rephael*, whom God healed from such a silliness (1. Chr. 26. 7.), making, accordingly, pirouettes typical for a hare].

As the year in question (the year of *1966*, *malgré tout*) progressed further, the knowledge accumulated in the subject library (University Library "Svetozar Marković", *en bonnes main*) started overflowing into increasingly flickering pores of *Zeresh*, a golden person in his youth phase (Est. 5. 10.), into whom I had changed (having again fallen in love, this time with *M. P.* - *myosotis*) in a very natural, even immaterial way, so that "everything could fit nicely together", *mutuellement.*

That is how I gave my word to "not change my mind" ("fulfill a promise"). *Freust du dich denn gar nicht*?

["I never from thy side henceforth will stray", *Milton*].

Although, thinking in the direction of an increasing loyalty, one can promise himself to even greater things.

The year of *1966* as a combination of studying and clouding of senses with compassionate rhetoric of *Rehoboam*, the enlarger of people to the size of a giant (1 Kin. 11. 43.)

I first saw *M. P.* in *May* of that year, second time in *November* (exactly on the *29*-th of that month, which, at the time, being a statehood date, was celebrated in the real state); my only choice was in seeing her off in a streetcar.

[At such a time in the year, anyway, the pantry in our family apartment used to be refilled with bottles of wine, cognac, brandy and gin ("*Ficher le camp*!"); I remember the taste of a drink of the last from the list, which I tried for the first time, thinking about that *Rehoboam*.

"Compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known", *Macaulay*].

The year of *1966* as bringing to the end of one and starting the other year of the "current" school in the sense of understood spontaneity. "*Μηπως θελετε...*?"

[The soccer games played in summertime on the parking lot between the third and the fourth high-rise building where we lived, have already become a routine way of proving that kind of talent ("*M'αρεσει το ποδοσΦαιρο*!"), while during autumn, winter, and spring, things would reduce to its (said talent's, *absolutamente*) storing, then shining, *intensivo*].

See how "one can do anything one wants"! *De corrida*.

("Let us discourse our fortunes", *W. Shakespeare*).

Picture No. 21 as a set of all that, *corrido*.

* * *

Picture No. 21 as proclaiming official the library order (passing by the books as a neatness of the result, *Einkaufsbummel*).

Although, with that very passing, one would be coming to his/her direction (which is what counts). *Einkaufskorb*.

["No man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God" (Luke ix. 62.)]

That year (the year of *1966*, *wahrscheinlichst*), except one, I passed my exams right away (earning in some of them rather good marks - *ehrbar*), which would have still been all right if the one I failed (*Feurergefahr*) didn't get so much postponed (pushed in a later term) that I almost fell ill by then (I'd passed it only in *January* next year - *Feurerleiter*), although I remember it now as something more or less positive.

"Standards and gonfalons ... for distinction serve", *Milton*.

Accordingly, one cannot complain about the difference between those years and these, in terms of anything that does not result from judging *Er* either, the everlasting watchman of a momentary condition (Gen. 38. 3.), who was not that lucky to be made a more unique by (said) moment.

[Not even as lucky as were the followers of *French* socialist *Charles Fourier* (1772-1837), whose "testamentary message" was that the human society be re-organized to consist from smaller, co-operative units].

Which did not prevent us (the students in question, *bon gré mal gré*) from thinking that this world flies towards *Haran*, a mountaineer of the sense (Gen. 11. 27.), his wings waving with *Himalayan* purpose.

The year of *1966* as discovering *Gahar*, the hiding place of a proper ascent (Ezra 2. 47.)

(As "high in the sky" as expected from a melancholic try).

"The headstrong horses hurried *Octavius* along, and were deaf to his reclaiming them", *Dryden*).

From my passing by the "S. M." library [which was my only contact with it anyway (*voir grand*)] it turned out that I was passing with a talent for music.

[For, how all that well-read state of mine regarding the Circle (*édenté*) turned out to be a quasi state, can only be explained by entering its path at any such point at which nothing has been written regarding freeing from it (the circle) - *sin previo aviso*.

Either that, or a tangential annulling!

"Or catch that airy fugitive called wit", *Harte*].

The year of *1966* as a sensible proof for possible happiness, *azucarado*.

Photograph No. 21 as a springboard for all photographs from the series about *Namtar*, the plague-god and arbiter of human destiny, servant of *Nergal*, the god of the already dead and those who will be.

* * *

Photograph No. 21 as a materialization of spiritual monumentality, plus men (women, children, *azualdo*) in the sense of passers by it itself (the materialization of spiritual monumentality, *más aun*), underneath sky taken as a photosphere.

"As with regards to myself", I did notice the proper contours of the building in accordance with its (presupposed) strictness, but also a mildness as an expected contribution to the total complexity. *De aúpa*.

("I have noticed a heap of things in my life", *R. L. Stevenson*).

That entire year (the year of *1966*), after all, can now look like this or that, but one cannot deny a classic flash dealt with in this case, *avemaria*!

Not only turning twenty, but also thinking of immortalizing them - that was my case! ("*Du solltest die Zeit nutzen*").

And what but a camera would have been more suited to such a registration?

(With which even the fastest happiness could have been caught by its tail.

"Come, love and health to all", *W. Shakespeare*).

Picture No. 21 as a geometrically straight line.

* * *

Picture No. 21 as a literary fame.

[There are as many students of words as there are books.

While, through all those pages, a pile of letters resounds. ("*Es nutzt alles nichts, wir müssen...*").

"Yet in these ears, till hearing dies / One set slow bell will seem to toll", *Tennyson*].

Although the material that I used to study from were lecture notes and provisional texts (true, including two real textbooks - *etwas nutzen*), so that all this mention (glorification!) of the given (University-based!) library is to be understood "in such a context".

Das ist nun mal so.

Picture No. 21 as a hasty passing of people by the subject library ("Svetozar Marković" - *nackte Tatsachen*) in one day (morning, afternoon, the most glittering hour!) in which one expected exactly that from them (*nachträgliche Glückwünsche*), some of whom were going up, some down the street [some being calmed by themselves ("*Was gibt's zum Nachtisch*?"), some not ("*Die Prüfungen rücken näher*"), both having for their outcome, therefore, the same]; judging by their dresses - they were passing by in the early spring (first days of autumn, *nach Möglichkeit*), by no means in between [even if tried to be led by *Gabriel*, Man of God (Dan. 8. 16.)]

And in front of them ("in the foreground") an ornamental pole (dandyish holder of electricity - *Ich habe das in einem Magazin gelesen*), with ornate bends on their tops (having parked their iron on the zinc-coated head) - aimed to heights as if it is going to exclaim *Giddalti*! ("I have increased!", 1 Chr. 25. 4.), bringing into doubt not even intention, let alone result [exclusively lunging in a heaven manner (*in der Luft liegen*)], sharpening itself with that fact.

(Something in front of which one can still ask for understanding the situation.

"Forgive us our debts", Matt. vi. 12.)

In it (said picture, *Picture No. 21*), there are enough passers by for at least a half of a platoon (*For muito boa*), and since all that takes place in a late afternoon (just broken dawn!), one thing is certain: their show in front of the given building (the library in question) was meant to leave the impression of a snowball thrown into the Sun. "*É favor confirmar*".

[Each one of them (the subject walkers - *daīseikō de*), in other words, in a day that almost fully remained not spent, could have easily reached himself, even if completely melted as described above. *Awatadashiī ugóki*.

Although it is true that "some limits had to be set".

For example, time limits. ("*Ska vi träffas en annan dag*?")

("Time shall throw a dart at thee", *B. Jonson*).

That is why everything was indeed happening in a safe way of being jammed by the gait].

The year of *1966* as pearls of *Solomon*, a sympathizer of sparkling peacefulness (2 Sam. 5. 14.)

Also, the year of *1966* as evaluation of fanciful primeness.

("*Var ska vi träffas*?")

That year, therefore, source and mouth met in full shiningness.

("*Jag möter dig*...")

(They adapted so well: their currents spent the night in each other's willingness).

Picture No. 21 as a curtain of such a scene. *Vill du följa med oss*?

* * *

Picture No. 21 as an afternoon with the corresponding morning foam (in white satin).

While in early evenings, I'd become enthusiastic about *M. P.* ("*Jag hämtar dig klockan åtta*").

[For example, I'd go to the *Autokomanda Square* to meet her, although everything there already blossomed nicely.

After all, like *today* too: all that swings, having seized the summer - then flown by the world memory of something Christly. ("*Der blir bra*").

Today (*Monday*, *December 10*), exactly *34* years since I came from that to this place (it was *Monday* too) - having forgotten all that there, letting it sing here, wrapped by this lace].

Photograph No. 21 as super-photographing with walking-by sense. *Får jag bjuda på en drink*.

[As if all the people in the subject picture have been hungry for it (the sense) - so hurried they were to meet it, even without any pretense.

"My falcon now is sharp and passing empty", Mark xii. 3.]

Picture No. 21 as a humble ascent, that is, nodding downward in front of archaic pillars of the middle portion of book temple named "*Svetozar M.*".

* * *

Picture No. 21 as one from the "Tito – Stalin" exhibition, taking into account that it too can practically be seen from http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1206c00.htm by the very corner of an eye of blessed *Baruch* (Jer. 32. 12.), who, thus, directly from it (the link in question) calmly reads:

" **The 'Tito – Stalin' Exhibition**:

The Archive of Serbia and Montenegro and the State Archive of the Russian Federation organized the exhibition of the 'Tito – Stalin' archival documents where some of the documents were shown to the public for the first time. Originally, the exhibition was open in Moscow on *June 23*, in the presence of the high-ranking officials of the Russian Federation, the Embassy of the Republic of Serbia in Moscow, as well as other numerous cultural and public personalities of the Russian Federation and the city of Moscow. The Moscow exhibition featured archival documents dealing with Tito - Stalin relations in the period of *1935-1956*, as well as numerous displays from the Serbian and Russian archives and museums. Visitors could also see displays from the personal collection of J. Visarionovitch Stalin kept in the State Historical Museum of the Russian Federation and the personal belongings of J. B. Tito kept in the Museum of History of Yugoslavia. Stalin's collections were displayed in Moscow only. Similar exhibition was presented to the Serbian public on *October 24*, in the Archive of Serbia and Montenegro.

The research of archival documents for the exhibition was done by the team of Russian and Serbian historians in the Archive of Serbia and Montenegro, Museum of History of Yugoslavia (the Archive of Josip Broz Tito), Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Republic of Serbia, the State Archive of the Russian Federation, the State Historical Museum, the Russian State Archive of Contemporary History, the Russian State Archive of Socio-Political History, the Russian State Archive of Film and Photo Documents and the Archive of the Foreign Politics of the Russian Federation.

224 archival documents and museum displays, arranged according to their thematic and chronological similarities, were exhibited in Belgrade, including the captions and abstracts from the documents: *I.* Broz and Stalin Until WW2; *II.* The War Years *1941-1945*; *III.* The Allies in the Socialist Block *1945-1948*; *IV.* Conflict of Interests *1948-1953*; *V.* Normalization of Relations *1953-1956*.

The exhibition was accompanied by a catalogue (in Moscow in Russian, in Belgrade in Serbian language). The exhibition organizers, Miladin Milošević, the acting director of the Archive of Serbia and Montenegro, and Vladimir P. Kozlov, director of the Federal Archive Agency, put together a short preface for the catalogue, while L. J. Gibjanski and Prof. Dr. Ljubodrag Dimić contributed a scientific view of Tito-Stalin relations. The catalogue contains scans of the most interesting documents and a list of all exhibited documents and museum displays.

Vladimir P. Kozlov, director of the Federal Archive Agency, opened the exhibition in Moscow, and in Belgrade the speakers at the opening of the exhibition were Prof. Dr. Sergej Mironjenko, director of the State Archive of the Russian Federation and Miladin Milošević, the acting director of the Archive of Serbia and Montenegro. There were *350* guests at the opening, and during the exhibition (lasting until *December 1*) there were many collective and individual visits. Among the others, the exhibition was visited by the Russian ambassador in Belgrade Aleksandar Aleksejev, a member of the Russian Duma, the Serbian ambassador in Moscow, the deputy American ambassador in Belgrade Roderick Moore and the staff of the American Embassy in Belgrade, the high-school graduates at the *Third High School* in Belgrade, the '*Milutin Milanković*' high school, the staff of the Archive of Vojvodina and many others. In consideration of a big interest of the public, the exhibition will visit the cities of Užice, Zaječar, Zrenjanin, and Kikinda in the course of the next year; an interest also exists in the Republic of Srpska.

On the Tito - Stalin theme, a round table was held at the Archive of Serbia and Montenegro premises, on *December 25*, with participation of *17* eminent Russian and Serbian historians. All announcements and discussions from the round table will be published next year as a collection of works.

* * *

Bothering with the "polemics" (as something) in a sense of verbalizing the photographic notion with inappropriate picture, *energielos*.

Picture No. 21 as a graphical contribution to such one, verbalized "dispute" - *Empfangsbestätigung*.

* * *

Picture No. 21 as a facade mirror of *Bethabara*, House of Passage (John 1. 28.)

For, "everything in this world is evanescent", only its picture in the mirror is not.

[When that one (said picture) grabs the material of the reflection, it travels to the end of the world, and since such thing does not exist - set off for it, it remains sealed].

And so the year in question (the year of *1966*, *auf Anhieb*), "slowly but surely" expired [until sat quietly in its mirror image - the year of *6691* (*kurz entschlossen*), regarding which it is already known that a wind will take it away, and so the original dealt with here will also have where to travel to].

The year of *1966* as remembering *M. K.*, but also establishing *M. P.*, accordingly, although all that was not too difficult to understand.

A nice fall, full of the fog of warm days from remembrance, means much anyway (*со спокойной совестно*), and in the "context" of the story being presented here (a "plain chronology"), not even obsession with an absolute oblivion would have made it (the nice fall, full of the fog of warm days from remembrance) relative.

[Making things relative as avoiding facing the faces of things of *Bilshan*, a seeker who seeks exactly them (Ezra 2. 2.), pretending to be, though, *Bilhan* (a modest one, Gen. 36. 27.), even though he cannot hide behind something like that].

In *Picture No. 21*, also noticeable is a movement of the soil underneath the feet of the passers by set off for the bottom, *по совести говоря*.

[After all, everyone there walks towards his powder charge photo-trigger - when that thing explodes the picture is finished (steady, constant, of a plastered profile).

Even though the people who go by invariably say "I'm just blabbing into the sky"].

In the year of *1966*, everything adjusted to its stroll as an arrow to its bow.

(So adjusted, it lifted its hand up in a rhyme - having set out after the fingers of time.

Having closed both of its eyes, not letting a single one burns twice.

"O prince! O wherefore burn your eyes?", *Rowe*).

Picture No. 21 as blinding with a proven beauty.

* * *

Picture No. 21 as clearing the road in front of youthful omniscience.

(Passing by library, even if a University Library (*kiwámète jūyō de*), a young man never learns to be very timid.

On the contrary, strutting, he makes strides equal to nebulae.

"A coppice gemmed with green and red", *Tennyson*).

True, some justification in the results of the "Partizan FC" in the European Championship League could have been used as a sort of additional self-confidence, so that not exactly every "elevation" in that year (age, time) would have been possible to reduce to a narrative without cover.

Let us take the scores of the matches with "Werder", "Sparta", "Manchester United", and "Nantes" - neither there existed better games nor a greater satisfaction of *Gibbar*, a hero of the times in the form of a fan of those times (Ezra 2. 20.).

So that, all in all (and divided by all), the average value of the essential happiness could not be lowered even by an abyss in the sky of *Rissah*, a ruin by definition (Num. 33. 21.)

For, passionateness (a swung love of the fragile ones!), if not exactly flared up, had always smoldered at the time.

(Every one had an inclination towards it, let alone a student of electrical currents - *shūshū ga tsuīte*).

"Being rooted and grounded in love", Eph. iii. 17.)

And that is how said year (the year of *1966*), full of tassels, shone.

[Even the fringes on the brim of its (the year's, *folglich*) flowage through the "ocean of time" could have been generally seen - those were always taking hold of a suitable breeze].

"For when success a lover's toil attends / Few ask if force or fraud attained his ends", *Alexander Pope*].

The year of *1966* as going out for a date with *M. P.* at the *Autokomanda Square* [all in all (and divided by all)].

Ah si, giusto!

* * *

The year of *1966* as going down the *Humska St.* to arrive at said.

("The feeder of my riots", *W. Shakespeare*).

I remember fog reigned.

(Literally, not in principle. *Quasi mi dimenticavo*).

[It means that it reigned by diluting things as much on a paved street as in a critical situation - by placing, for example, a veil over the face of *Hagab*, a cosmic locust (Ezra 2. 46.)]

Fog as dispersion of sharpness, staying of whiteness, *una goccia d'olio*.

(Until an airy silk is only left.

"Unconnected, gaseous information", *Stephen*).

Picture No. 21 as dispersion of sharpness, staying of whiteness, *gocce per gli occhi.*

12-01-04-03-04-07/04-08-10-12-04-03-04-25-28-31-01-05-11-12-13/07-08-10

* * *

(*Photograph No. 22:* Listening To The Heart On Tracks Of Those Times)

And so we have arrived to a double two - having *Picture No. 22* in front of one, not even a double trembling (of heat in the air) spoils it for him.

The truth is, therefore, that everything in that picture is shaking [because of which it is unclear where (in what part of the city) the photo is taken - *das tut nichts zur Sache*], but is it not the case that twinkling of a condition is that which multiplies the sense of omnipresence and corresponding wealth of *Caleb Plummer*, an irreplaceable personality in *Dickens*'s Cricket on the Hearth, a poor old toymaker dealing with toys to forget his daughter is blind (*so tun als ob*), which made it possible for him to make her believe they were quite well off and living in good style - a pathetic yet humorous story (in which, however, as in any reading material with Sun and planets that exactly know which orbits to take, *Caleb*'s son, *Edward*, marries one *May Fielding*, for the understood circling to gain the final velocity. *Trunkenheit*).

And since all that in the subject picture (*Picture No. 22*, *ikīiki to shitá*) is going on in the year of *1967* (*нашла коса на камень*), one can only guess which other summer can offer more within limits of its blaze.

(As far as our remembrance goes - none! *Testa o croce*?)

Although I wouldn't bet on it.

"Equal and unconcerned, I look on all", *Dryden*).

[Once, a streetcar like one in the given picture (*Picture No. 22 - a tempo e luogo*) ran over a person right on the *Boulevard*, and - although I think I mentioned that - nothing happened except all of us (witnesses of said disfiguration) continued our voyage on the same tracks to undefaced *Gilgal*, the turning point of those saved by themselves (Josh. 4. 19.), even though, effectively, that could have been considered an escape].

But, impartiality is only a small part of emphasizing the full purpose (one should hope that it is not the only). *Es kostet hundert Pfund, oder so in der Gegend*.

[Still, those times were different: one could have even started thinking that peril had been nowhere close, presuming that even hazard can be asleep, i.e., any one with a different proposition could have simply been dismissed.

"His application is to be discounted, as here irrelevant", *Hamilton*].

Picture No. 22 as a collection of streetcars of *Zagreb* that, possibly, surfaced on *Belgrade* tracks, which, at the time, was not imposing more than another reason for the afternoon ill humor of *Miss Havisham*, who in *Dickens*'s (again) Great Expectations, having been deserted on her wedding morning, and thus rightfully eccentric, continues to wear her bride's dress for the rest of her life, regardless of having doubts about that. (Only to, according to the subject photo-story, at its flash-end, adopt a girl by the name of *Estella*, but what is that which can change something that happened?)

Picture No. 22 as a streetcar with three cars in one. *Voglio dire...*

* * *

Picture No. 22 as a flicker of molecules about tracks upon which there slides that which can be nicely seen in the picture.

And that is the "streetcar with three cars in one", as it has been said and always turns out to be the case when the one who drives into a corner is but a futile *Azzah*, a *Goliath*-like person as symbol of "flow as such" (Deut. 2. 23.), because of which all this (what?) is indeed to be received as unavoidable ride of *Aholibah*, that is, One Whose Tent Is In Her (Ezek. 23. 4.), to *Abel-mizraim*, that is, Meadow of Egypt (Gen. 50. 11.), for such one to provide dwelling to his thought.

("A fit man, forsooth, to govern a realm!", *Hayward*).

Picture No. 22 as hooking-up the cars in a streetcar one behind the other to be able to reach the last stop in the sense of the first.

È quel che ci vuole.

* * *

Picture No. 22 as when one takes the upward direction without stopping before the sky of *Abidah*, Father of Knowledge (Gen. 25. 4.), which is one who knows details of the fate of virtuous *Abdon*, an example of obedient man of his own journey to nothing (Judg. 12. 13.)

"In such like acts, the duty and virtue of contentedness dot especially reside", *Barrow*.

Our streetcar rides and we, at this point, qualify as their (of said cars of the streetcar, *le cose di una*) bad luck in the sense that they were not lucky enough to reach farther, for example - a depot.

But, is it not the case with all possibilities of all means of travel in the final stages of arriving to a destination (floating above one's validation), aiming at happenings of the day as at a substitute for truth?

Or it is still to do with a war between essence and form. *Για χιλιες δραχμες*.

(You know, something like:

"The style is excellent; The sense they humbly take upon content", *Alexander Pope*).

Picture No. 22 as streetcars when I was younger.

* * *

Picture No. 22 as an essence disguised by the form to look provisionally [while, in fact, it represents a trembling day (*η ΦωτογραΦια*) full of light-based reflections of family-justified trips on a streetcar en route suburb-downtown-suburb-*Migdal-el* (Tower of God, Josh. 19. 38.), which means that, regardless of destination ("*Τι ωρα Φευγει το τραινο για το Αργος?*"), the trip back was bringing one into enlargement typical of *Malchiram*, Sovereign of Sun Heights (1 Chr. 3. 18.), which indeed was representing the promised advantage of those days relative to others, and was certainly leaving such an impression on passengers of those (track-based) vehicles, although they now can say this and that.

For, "It is not possible to make everyone happy!" *Die Zacken des Kamms*].

In the year of *1967*, I procured my notes on radio engineering to study them in more detail that summer, which took half of my time because I didn't let myself be misled - upon return from the seaside I grew the beard and, day after day, went to the *"Vardar"* patio, an inn garden which, "if my memory serves me well", had exactly such a name and was located on the left side of the *Vojvode Stepe St.* (no more than a kilometer up from the *Autokomanda Square* - *auf etwas zugehen*), where, in the peak of the summer heat, I had a habit of placing double order of a well chilled domestic Riesling (*etwas in vollen Zügen genießen*), each order comprising two and a half deciliters, having placed said notes (*zuerst einmal*) beneath the wine holding brass tray, bedewed by the temperature difference (*einer Sache etwas zugrunde legen*), focusing each such day with such an act to a looming date with *M. P.* (whose dwelling was in the immediate vicinity - *Sie hatte ihre Haare zu einem Zopf zusammenge bunden*), rather than to the study in question, even doing that very successfully, being in a perfect harmony with focusing the electromagnetic emission within the subject situation.

September arrived - I passed the exam, *October* came - another step ahead; well, where could one identify an end to that at all without goading it (said end - *zu meiner Linken*) into sticking its tongue out at him, materializing itself with a gradual advance all the way to the present (*ziemlich viel*), imposing itself by small simple laws of, first, a quiet oblivion, second, a definite downfall (from the situation of *Javan*, a *wine bon viveur* - Gen. 10. 2. - to that of *Jaziz*, a *wanderer of fermentation* - 1 Chr. 27. 31.), almost competing with itself (which of the ends is going to announce itself to that it started from, and let it know it's done with it too), at any rate not waiting for a call from *Jeremai*, a residence in heavens (Ezra 10. 33.), in order to complete all that (what?) according to the nice manners of residing inside the self, as if it would not have to do that (become completed) anyway.

But, I cannot say that I thought about those kinds of things at the time.

(Even not in a "context of secondariness", recommended in such circumstances by selected words of a possible conceptualist, for example - *Addison*:

"In modest terms and distant phrases").

All in all - a radiant year, superb summer, what is to be added to all that - without making it darker (having bit its chick).

The year of *1967* as jointing of time per rules of *Phygellus*, a miniature fugitive from macro-space (2 Tim. 1. 15.), in which he continues days with, practically, silverish hours.

Picture No. 22 as a voyage to *Pur*, radial fullness (Est. 3. 7.)

* * *

Picture No. 22 as three streetcars (or one with two extra cars) beneath a system of wires and two, three people (or a man, a woman, and a midget-child of theirs - a humble family!), caught at the moment of quivering of a high noon (a bird-like swaying of camera that slowly *records* all that by its eye-based spoon - *dietro a*), and, because of that, the things (objects) and the people (subjects) that are being left more and more behind, and the only thing which the warm deposit of hours leads to becomes a consideration in the rank of an early afternoon - there so much shines such a

(golden) scene: a slight of hand of one *Othniel* (Josh. 15. 17.), let alone an illusion of all of us who thought favorably of such a day.

("Fulfilling the desires of the flesh", Eph. ii. 3.)

The year of *1967* as a distant sight increasingly close to the heart of *Beer-elim*, a hero of the era (Is. 15. 8.) also radiating an additional understanding of voyagers (through time), so that no one-sidedness of the approach can be complained about here.

("He never reckons those violent and merciless obtrusions", *Milton*).

But, that was then, now we live abroad.

(*È fatto di legno*).

* * *

Although "it is not easy to live abroad either", it always occurs to me that neither those streetcars are there any longer.

(*Di norma*).

So that things, little by little, become equal.

("I to the evil turn / My obvious breast", *Milton*).

To be out of the self there, or to deal with the self here? - what a dilemma, for even from that one will disappear. *Mi è venuto a noia*.

("All the ships of the sea with their mariners / Were in thee to occupy thy merchandise", Ezek. xxvii. 9.)

So that the question of *being* is not to be confused with the notion of a place of *dwelling*, nor should one be strutting in a streetcar-like manner.

But, what to do when warnings in connection with idleness start coming from heavens?

("No occupation, all men idle, all / And women, too, but innocent and pure", *W. Shakespeare*).

They are to be "channeled away", in a soothing way! ("*Wenn die Verhältnisse anders wären, könnten wir die Arbeit schneller beende*n").

Which is exactly what we were doing - in an act of such a test.

Picture No. 22 as the climbing upon a crest.

* * *

Picture No. 22 as a journey to subconscious nest.

("Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired / The more desirable", *Milton*).

Even though I cannot claim that I took a ride in such a streetcar (streetcar like the one turning red hot in the subject picture - *Picture No. 22*), all the chances are I did.

It is enough to look the light eye to eye.

("Is there such a motion or objectiveness of external bodies, which produceth light?", *Hale*).

That is why I'm saying that not everything is in the skin.

(Something should be left for underneath it. *Ну, я тебе покажу*!)

But, we would not have been what we were if we did not readily get rid of us of those times.

Photograph No. 22 as the first aid to the last hope that the souls of subdued ones would find their places in said streetcar (in the three cars of the City Transportation Co., therefore, painted in the color of a brick and subjugated to a high voltage) setting off in a sparkling manner towards oscillating photo-Paradise. ("*У нас всё нормально*").

To take a trip to the oscillating photo-Paradise - is this not the thing which projects itself in front of all of those carried by the current to a daily *Seth*, self-replacement (Gen. 4. 25.), which they so much devoted themselves to [so much got used to ("*Это вполне нормально*")], becoming unsure whether it's them or their photo-instants (*génshi no*) who are traveling, embedded with the help of a universal notion of such understood streetcar ride into the given picture as into a mild day not so afar.

Das kann sein.

* * *

In the year of *1967*, a yellow wasp of enlightenment (*außer Rand und Band*) got covered by the gold dust of *Pisgah*, boundary of moving away (Num. 21. 20.), so much everything shifted towards such an edge.

Everything was glistening. (*Rasierklinge*).

[It lasted like that almost the entire time, in any case it could not have been reduced to daily moves of *Morgan le Fay*, the wicked fairy in a shape of sister of *King Arthur* himself, who was plotting against his life by counting his days.

But days cannot be counted per one's wishes.

"Do not deduct it to days", *Massinger*.

That is, all that was taking its time (*чаще всего*), as if to obscure the view of one who had dared to see the vein of the end in something around him, that is, as if the origins of Defenders of the Faith were not getting carried through on a daily basis even without that, being their hereditary titles, the first one of which being conferred upon *Henry VIII* in *1521* by Pope himself (*Leo X*).

Жил-был...]

The year of *1967* as persisting on continuity of *Morland Mary Rose*, the chief character in *Barrie*'s play Mary Rose, a young wife and mother who revisits an island in the *Hebridges*, where she disappears for twenty-five years, but suddenly returns as young as ever, only to instantaneously die from the shock of seeing her family so much aged, although then haunting her house in the form of a persistent spirit, calling everything and everyone (including her baby) by their antic names.

Picture No. 22 as riding a streetcar into each of those stories. ("*Vart ska du åka sedan*?")

* * *

Picture No. 22 as *2 and 2 is 4* if one assumes the addends twofold and the sum quadrupled ("*Kan jag betala med kreditkort*?"), which in the case of the picture in question (*Picture No. 22*, *Javisst*) can be imagined letting the flickering (with which it portrays itself) add to the triple streetcar (which can be seen) another one (which cannot be seen), promoting ace in the hole, to which nothing can be added.

("*Ich will damit nichts zu tun haben*").

(An "expert" result is always recognized, even if something still nonexistent is being smuggled, or, even, doubled:

"Ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves", Matt. xxiii. 15.)

And all that would have been all right if it wasn't to do with linearization (*Pass auf*!) - as much as something would get enlarged (even doubled!), so many zeros would have been attributed to it - making the sum always smooth/rounded.

(*Großer Gott*!)

Which, "on the other hand", was indeed necessary in order not to be carried away by fame. (*Mettersi in salvo*).

This way, increasing sensibly (at every threefold streetcar seeing the fourth one!), one was sensibly taking his ride - from this world to another one [from *Gaba* (an ordinary hill, Josh. 18. 24.) to *Gabbatha* (unreachable height, John 19. 13)], as if that was not to do with a joke in the form of a youthful mountain.

"In ascents, every step gained is a footing and help to the next", *Holder*.

But, one thing is to achieve all that (pass through it, climb it), and another to describe it. (*Kono kotoba wa dō iu imi desu ka*?)

"To write well, one must have frequent habitudes with the best company", *Dryden*.

With regards to how this writing looks (sounds, vibrates, shines, "what it results into"), however, it seems that it too was solved favorably - if nothing else it may board that extra car to go back to the point it came from - the zero above *Anan*, the cloud of doubting on the tail of lightning (Neh. 10. 26.)

Picture No. 22 as remembrance of success. ("*Dō iu koto desu ka*?")

* * *

The provincial word "success": that "dimension" of *Picture No. 22* with which we can catch hold of the sweetness of lollipop (the ride on a streetcar en route to everlastingness - "*Θελω να κλεισω ενα βαγκον-λι*!"), together with its leceder color (everlastingness as understood tameness, *Annehmlichkeit*).

Picture No. 22 as a supportive of the *47-th* document of the Archive Exhibition "Yugoslavia 1918-1998" in the sense of a year of the "subject dossier" (http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1000008.htm):

1. "Niška Deklaracija - Niš Declaration", Proclamation of the Government of the Kingdom of Serbia, 7. 12. 1914.

2. Photo Exhibit: Members of the Ministerial Council and People's/National Assembly of the Kingdom of Serbia, at *Corfu* in 1916, who announced "Niš Declaration" on December 7, 1914.

3. Ethnographic Map of Yugoslavians in 1917.

4. *Corfu* Declaration, 20. 7. 1917.

5. Photo Exhibit: Participants at *Corfu* Conference, *Corfu*, July, 1917.

6. Poster Exhibit: Decisions of the People's Assembly of Serbs, Croats, Bunjevacs, Slovaks, Rusins and other peoples from Banat, Bačka, and Baranja, regarding Union with the Kingdom of Serbia, 12/25. 11. 1918.

7. Photo Exhibit: Duke Živojin Mišić

8. Photo Exhibit: Participants of the People's Great Assembly of Serbian people in Montenegro, who approved of the Union between Montenegro and Serbia, Podgorica, 26. 11. 1918.

9. Poster Exhibit: Decision of the People Great Assembly of the Serbian people in Montenegro, Podgorica, 13/26. 11. 1918.

10. Photo Exhibit: Knight Janko Vukotić

11. Photo Exhibit: The Protocol Building ("House of Krsmanovic") where the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, was proclaimed on 1. 12. 1918.

12. Poster Exhibit: Official Proclamation of the Union of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, December 1, 1918.

13. Photo Exhibit: The Address of the People's Council of Slovenes, Croats, and Serbs under the Regent of the Kingdom of Serbia, Aleksandar Karadjordjevic, 1. 12. 1918.

14. Ivan Tisov's Picture Exhibit: "Proclamation of the State Unity 1. 12. 1918"

15. Photo Exhibit: The First Government of the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, 20. 12. 1918.

16. Photo Exhibit: As above

17. Decree of Proclamation of December 1-st for the state holiday of the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

18. Map Exhibit: The Kingdom of SCS, district boundaries in 1921 according to political constituencies making the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

19. Photo Exhibit: Opening of the provisional people representative office in the Kingdom of SCS. Beograd 1. 3. 1919.

20. Constitution of the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes ("Vidovdanski Ustav"), 28. 6. 1921.

21. Photo Exhibit: Proclamation of Constitution of the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, 28. 6. 1921.

22. Law of Naming and Dividing the Kingdom of Yugoslavia into administrative regions, 3. 10. 1929.

23. Map of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia including boundaries of regional units.

24. "To My Dear People", Proclamation of King Aleksandar I regarding passing the constitution of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, 3. 9. 1931.

25. Constitution of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia ("Oktroisani ustav") of 3. 9. 1931.

26. Photo Exhibit: Bombing of Belgrade on 6. 4. 1941 (Republic Square)

27. Photo Exhibit: Bombing of Belgrade on 6. 4. 1941 (Agrarian Bank - Museum of History of Yugoslavia)

28. Map Exhibit: Dismemberment of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia by Occupiers after the April war of 1941.

29. Declaration of the Royal Yugoslav Government of 4. 5. 1941.

30. Declaration of the II Session of AVNOJ, Jajce, 29. 11. 1943.

31. Decision of the II Session of AVNOJ regarding establishing Yugoslavia on federal principles, 29. 11. 1943.

32. Photo Exhibit: Detail from the hall in which the II Session of AVNOJ was held.

33. Proclamation of the Presidency of AVNOJ to the Peoples of Yugoslavia, 30. 11. 1943.

34. Agreement between Tito and Šubašić, Vis, 16. 6. 1944.

35. Decision of the Presidency of AVNOJ about proclaiming 29. November the federal state holiday, 28. 11. 1944.

36. Law regarding disbanding National Committee of Liberation of Yugoslavia, 7. 3. 1945.

37. Photo Exhibit: A Provisional Government of the Democratic Federal Yugoslavia, 7. 3. 1945.

38. Map Exhibit: The origins and territorial development of Yugoslavia in *XIX* and *XX* century.

39. Accreditation letters of the USSR ambassador in Yugoslavia, 24. 3. 1945.

40. The Law regarding Charter of the United Nations, 24. 8. 1945.

41. Declaration regarding Proclamation of the Federative People's Republic of Yugoslavia (FNRJ), 29. 11. 1945.

42. The Constitution of the FNRJ, 31. 1. 1946.

43. The FNRJ Map, 1954.

44. The Constitutional Law regarding the fundamentals of social and political structure of the FNRJ and the federal organs of government, 13. 1. 1953.

45. Constitution of the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia (SFRJ), 7. 4. 1963.

46. Photo Exhibit: Proclamation of Constitution of SFRJ, 7. 4. 1963.

47. Decisions about proclaiming constitutional amendments, 19. 4. 1967.

48. Decisions about proclaiming constitutional amendments, 26. 12. 1968.

49. Decisions about proclaiming constitutional amendments, 30. 6. 1971.

50. Constitution of the Socialist Federative Republic of Yugoslavia, 21. 2. 1974.

51. Photo Exhibit: Council of Peoples of the Assembly of SFRJ proclaims Constitution of the Socialist Federative Republic of Yugoslavia, 21. 2. 1974.

52. The SFRJ Map with boundaries between republics and autonomous regions, 1990.

53. Photo Exhibit: Heads of States and Governments at the First Conference of Non-Aligned Countries, Beograd, 1-6. 9. 1961.

54. Declaration of the heads of states and governments of the non-aligned countries, First Conference of the heads of states or governments of nonaligned countries, *Beograd*, 1-6. 9. 1961.

55. Program for Peace and International Cooperation, Second Conference of the heads of states or governments of nonaligned countries, *Cairo*, 5-10, 10. 1964.

56. Declaration of Peace, Independence, Development, Cooperation and Democratization of International Relations, *Lusaka*, 8-10. 9. 1970.

57.Photo Exhibit: Detail from the hall during plenary session of KEBS, Helsinki, 30. 7. - 1. 8. 1975.

58. Photo Exhibit: Detail from the hall of *Sava Center* during Belgrade plenary session of KEBS, October 1977.

59. Constitution amendments regarding the SFRJ constitution, 9. 6. 1981.

60. Photo Exhibition: Proclamation of amendments I-VIII regarding the Constitution of SFRJ of 1974, 3. 7. 1981.

61. Constitutional amendments to the Constitution of SFRJ, 22. 10. 1988.

62. Photo Exhibit: Official Proclamation of the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia, 27. 4. 1992.

63. Constitution of the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia, 27. 4. 1992.

64. Diplomatic note of the countries of European Union regarding recognition of the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia (SRJ), 8. 4. 1996.

65. Slobodan Milošević takes an oath for taking on a job of the President of SRJ, 23. 7. 1997.

66. Coat of Arms of the SRJ.

67. Map of the SRJ from 1996.

68. Photo Exhibit: Federal Assembly.

Очень хорошо!

* * *

Filing the year of *1967* into Archives, it did not surrender to the, so-called, amendment-like oblivion. ("*Я присоединюсь к вам позже*").

One can, at least, claim that. (*Schlichter*).

* * *

Picture No. 22 as a *streetcar named vain desire under the summer sky shooting its own fire.*

("What earthly benefit can be the result?", *Alexander Pope*).

But one could hope for a seat in it (the streetcar, having let alone the sky and the star).

(In other words, there was a reason for the hope because it was known what *Goldsmith* knew:

"All earthborn cares are wrong").

One was only expected to be at the stop and get into the streetcar at the first sign of *Adami* (*мйгом*), human being in form of the past (Josh. 19. 33.)

The year of *1967* as betting on a simple day in heaven. ("*Quanto custará*"?)

That year, even the dual-axle vehicles (the most modest among the transportation means) got down the road to right destination, for one to doubt the streetcar in the picture (*Picture No. 22*) at all.

(On balance, whatever one says, he should not be considered an ultimate judge.

"Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays", *Alexander Pope*).

The year of *1967* as electrified route. *Blitzschnell*.

* * *

The year of *1967* as a truth in the sense of perception.

["There is no truth. There is only perception", *Gustave Flaubert* (1821-1880)].

Luckily, that did not mean an automatic luck.

("To be stupid, selfish, and have good health are three requirements for happiness, though if stupidity is lacking, all is lost", *G. Flaubert*).

But that does not mean that not everything was fitting. ("*Он всего-навсего выполняет свои обязанности*").

[Just when he (the one dealt with here) was about to come to his senses, all of a sudden - a return to the roots imposes itself.

Which testifies (besides fitting) that there was an order, i.e., that one was only to go ahead. *Gewissheit und Selbstsicherheit*.

"Endure and conquer; *Jove* will soon dispose / To future good our past and present woes", *Dryden*].

So that everything fitted together to a tee.

(Even the scorching heat around the streetcar in *Picture No. 22* counted as voyager's docility).

Picture No. 22, as memory of "fractionation of a *3-D* incandescence".

"*Хорошо ещё, что...*"

Picture No. 22, therefore, as stretching of *Rehoboam*, the one who enlarges people (1 Kin. 11. 43.), his procrastination on the scene (after all, rightful).

That year I passed my exams ('left them behind'); if one were to go further, why would he found bothering to rebel and really does it?

As the fall neared the winter, however, it became necessary to think of a seasonal gift for *M. P.* (*Ein Buch über London*?)

Although I am not any longer sure whether it was in the previous or exactly that autumn/winter season - what was said was done: I went to a suburb village named *M*. and saw a hare in a farmer's yard!

I passed through a small gate in a hunched fence and purchased the poor thing from the spry head of the household.

(*Пятичасовая поездка*).

For *Mirjana P*., thus, the only remaining thing was to smooth out the rabbit's whiteness, which she, with a single comb, could diligently achieve.

Oh, rabbits and hares, who can escape their mellow stares?

Picture No. 22 as a trip to a village.

* * *

Picture No. 22 as a cheerful forehead after such a mileage.

("My white forehead (after passing stoppage)...", *Miljković*.

Gebet).

"All losses are restored and sorrows end", *W. Shakespeare*.

Sich geschlagen geben.

The most impressive thing, however, in the given photograph (*Photograph No. 22 - gedrängt*) is the number of cars in said streetcar.

(The cars of the streetcar in the sense of the city transportation services.

The assumption, at that, is that every one except *Atticus* and *Trumbull* took a ride there.

"Thus *Atticus*, and *Trumbull* thus, retired", *Alexander Pope*).

The year of *1967* as speculativeness of *Bene-berak*, the sons of *Barak*, symbol of flashing (Josh. 19. 45.)

[That is why everything in its picture, the picture of the year of *1967*, is actively permeated with lightning).

(In contrast to consoling with passivity/retirement, nowadays. Saying, at that:

"Retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome", *Washington*).

Picture No. 22 as enthronization of linking, *обратный путь*.

* * *

Picture No. 22 as a proof that linked things sniff each other intimately.

(“To all obliging, yet reserved to all ”, *Walsh*).

In it, the cars of the streetcar, one after the other, look like fitting inexhaustibility, *на солнце*.

[I’d often ask myself why I did not get into each one.

“I wondered at my own reluctance”, *W. A. Fraser*.

Although I may have done it (who can remember everything?)

(“*Мальчик в голубой рубашке*”)].

That year, therefore, I illuminated myself with *Naaman*, tracks-based pleasantness (2 Kin. 5. 1.)

Tracks-based pleasantness as circular hardening, *kleinstmöglich, zumindest*.

(Humaneness sufficing even in terms of a gold-plated change.

“My friends filled my pockets with coppers”, *Franklin*).

One only needed to listen to his heart. *Klar sehen*.

(“The tender heart is peace / And kindly pours its copious treasures forth”, *Thomson*).

Picture No. 22: Listening to the heart on tracks of those times.

12-01-04-03-04-07/12-17-18-20-21-07-06-07-31-04-07-08-14-15/07-08-10

* * *

(*Photograph No. 23:* Yet Another Speck of Support)

It is in *Photograph No. 23* where the foundations of *Kalemegdan* are.

[*Klippe* (*so viel wie, im Meer*)].

Whether that hill is up or down in relation to the sky, can be seen by any one shaken off by its eye (and that is the one who steps into its close-up).

That picture (*Picture No. 23*) makes an architectural impression due to the built-in quantity of mud of the brick.

[Although it is possible that it too descended from the sky.

"The cloudy pillar descended" (Ex. xxxiii. 9.)]

And since *Picture No. 23* represents the year of *1968*, one can infer what else is possible in it.

For, in the year of *1968* one miracle was replacing the other, even though it itself was rosy.

[Even dressed up in a latest fashion, King's or God's, it doesn't matter.

Although, let us quote both:

"The King took measures to instruct the refugees from *Flanders* in the art of clothing", *Ray*

&

"The Lord God made coats of skin and clothed them", Gen. iii. 21.]

Picture No. 23 as rise of all that above the *Sava* river (*golpe de fortuna*), yet below the vaulting of ages (*de un golpe*).

* * *

Picture No. 23 as a thorny rose of *B*. (a city conceived hazardously), its decisive sign, *ichīban ne nī*.

(Above the river flowing in the river bed to a night's prime.

"Till grosser atoms, tumbling in the stream / Of fancy, madly met, and clubbed into a dream", *Dryden*.

Gafken wa).

Up is the sky, down is the river, and in between - an echo of those walls (their hushed shiver).

And why should we think that peace without reverberation reigns there, anyway? *Sèkai no dòko ni de mo*.

[Is it not true that the basis of everything is the semi-airy link (the air-water link, *cinturino dell'orologio*), which, as such, is actually a channel for the sound pulses of a possible fortress (echo of its hallways, *una cinquantina di*), the universal remnants of *Canterbury Tales*, an unfinished, that is, echoing literary work (1387-1400) by *Chaucer*, consisting of a prologue, connecting passages, and twenty-four stories told to one another by an imaginary company of pilgrims on their way to *Thomas Becket*'s shrine at said *Canterbury*, largely in verse (having not avoided reverberation!)]

Picture No. 23 as a silence flooded by the river onto the time in question, *ciononostante*.

* * *

Picture No. 23 as a "dust of fortification, from time immemorial", *circonferenza*.

Having gotten to the bottom of it, however, that year (the year of *1968*, *a mio avviso*), we spent a month (as mentioned earlier) on the seaside (*stare attento*!), the preceding six months "in the world of books" (i.e., studying for exams, *a mezzasta*), the five months afterwards in between these two situations (between leisure and proving the knowledge, *fatti di ordinaria amministrazione*) - bestowed with all that at once: like *Jezoar*, incarnating total beauty (1 Chr. 4. 7.)

[So that not even *Ithiel*, accustomed to incessantly repeating "God is with me" (Neh. 11. 7.), had anything to add without that being interpreted a redundancy.

For, how otherwise we would've been ready for "all sorts of challenges"?

"By the power we find in ourselves of repeating, as often as we will, any idea of space, we get the idea of immensity", *Locke*].

As that year (more exactly, that summer), there were, most importantly, students protests (*ich für meine Person...*), followed by an "endless dispute" ("happenings in *Czechoslovakia*"), there had been an imminent danger of things becoming boring unless already next month the previous one disappeared (melted in the "sea of events"), but nothing could surpass (already discussed) *B. on the Sea* in *July*, passing the *Math II* exam in *September*, and, in (almost tame) yellow autumn, meeting *M. N.* through her friend *Branka* (before they suddenly moved to *England*).

("A fair harvest, well in and imbarned", *Herbert*).

At which, my acquaintance with said girls was based on coincidence of me standing that afternoon (in early *October*) in the grocery shop at the ground level of the second high-rise (of five) and finishing a beer when [wrapped around her shoulders with a pelerine of *Ezel* as with a cover of departure (1 Sam. 20. 19.)] said *B*. came in and promised to bring *Miss Nikolić* (*M*.) to my place to listen together to the *Wilson Pickett* single (with Mustang Sally as the *R-B* feature!), a

tiny vinyl therefore, which I, nevertheless, strategically aware of its advantages, had purchased earlier that summer in an *Italian* record shop in *Zadar*.

("*Человек больших способностей*").

The two girls came, I phoned my friend *Konta* to join us [my father was at military maneuvers "in connection with the *Czech* situation" (*однажды неожиданно раздался стук в дверь*)], I said to my mother that a friend from another part of the city called in because of which she went to see her (*это недалеко от автострады M1*); I do not recall whether the nonexistent call was indeed recorded in her mind as such], a tea with rum was served, we danced, and (since then) vanished (each on his/her road, *один за другим*).

(And now we remember that we have been "on the same road", although that is only a certain "richness in portraitures".

"Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery", *Dryden*).

The year of *1968* as something that was "so many years ago".

("*Non ci crederai mica*!")

Picture No. 23 as fortification of time.

Общее впечатление.

* * *

Picture No. 23 as when one is *22*. ("*Non sono mica stanco*").

[It is always good to be a year younger than pictures depicting the years, and use the extra photograph to look more picturesque than *Naarai*, the most youthful form of time (1 Chr. 11. 37.)]

Picture No. 23 as rearing of *Prochorus* [the presiding character over the *R*hythm & *B*lues section (Acts 6. 5.)]

Although that year (the year of *1968*) one could safely say that not everything was in knowing all the side roads - there had always been something left for the *Kalemegdan* pretentiousness of *Atarah*, an imagined crown of a metropolis (1 Chr. 2. 26.)

[In other words, things could not have been always reduced to the pedestrian dimension of urban populations (school excursions - *fatto su misura*), due to such a number of professionals of the subject fortification.

Namely, one could rarely (almost never) hear an apparently valid question:

"Shall I go against *Ramoth Gilead* to battle, or shall I forbear?" (1 Kings xxii. 6.)

But, is it not true that every era is tied by its heroism? Without that, it could become loose].

Picture No. 23 as a year jammed with events expired by the river in the picture.

* * *

Picture No. 23 as engrossment by a construction with a view established through work [protrusion planted into the soil of *Hadadezer* (2 Sam. 8. 3.), whose deputy was *Hadad* himself (Gen. 36. 35.)

"A blaze of glory that forbids the sight", *Dryden*].

Thus, when *B.* and *M. N.* left for good for *London* (which happened in the last month of that year - snowballed *December*) and sent a white letter saying "*Hi*!" from there, I replied it was their fate.

["Not having any inkling", in other words, that I myself would fly, though in five years, over all those years since then - by now *37*! - having become serious too soon (having approached things before speculative moment arrived behind the mask of moon, *kraftvoll*)].

But, one thing is to answer a letter by a letter (*hin und zurück*), and another to write down that life is a glimmering anticipation.

Hast du so was je gesehen?

Glimmering anticipation in the sense of a deposit which one is to oblige to by means of unrestrainable enlargement of *Gahar,* an urban hiding place as a tactical camp (Ezra 2. 47.), from which one can later realize wondrous penetrations with arrowlike thoughts of *Hakkoz*, thorn of revolution (1. Chr. 24. 10.)

[Also, one is unable to obey principles (in all that) just like that, without a 'demarcation line' against *Gilead*, hill of witness of mud slide (Gen. 31. 21.)]

Picture No. 23 as adolescent area beyond a mountain.

* * *

Picture No. 23 as *Guni*, yellow-golden-bluish coloring of youthfulness (Gen. 46. 24.)

Picture No. 23 also as a powder of *Gerizim*, the (already mentioned) persons living for quite some time in a desert (Deut. 11. 29.)

(Their sedimentation, floury explanation of once rude conception.

And what does it do to them?

"It cradles their fears to sleep", *D. A. Clark*).

""There is a lot one survives", and yet, not making use of such a brick-laid vertical for clairvoyant supremacy is not going to help him realize unforeseeableness, otherwise easily done by the very climbing atop it.

Such one would get sufficiently encouraged with that very act. *Ich glaube ja*.

(So much so that not even today it would be difficult finding him.

"Where's the coward that would not dare / To fight for such a land?", *Scott*).

The year of *1968* as the time of *Festus*, its beneficiary (Acts 24. 27.)

At the start and end of the summer of that year, I studied mathematics from my notes (*Sie wissen ja, dass...*) in a nice *Makiš* grove!, passed the exam in *September*, felt like having even *Felix* out in the open, a person happy even while doing math (Acts 23. 24.)

("*Ich habe es ja gewusst*!")

I do not remember well other courses from that period, but is it not true that (in all times) one deals with courses of *Halohesh*, the student of life in the sense of a student magician (Neh. 3. 12.), who was lucky enough not to feel even the exams in a formalized essence being hard on him (for his answers to those questions were offered with ease)?

[Students' troubles and issues as "all in its own time". *Klischeevorstellung*.

Not even *Geuel*, magnificence of Almighty (Num. 13. 15.), in such cases, would have blinded the happy ending of "exam fever" at the moment of passing the exam - and going to Domovina (a student inn).

There was a rule then, too, that obviousness cannot be a subject of more serious considerations, let alone the pettiness of examination.

"Nothing that is self-evident can be the proper subject of examination", *South*.

That is, nothing except minuscule doubts of *Mehujael*, whom even God struck because of them (Gen. 4. 18.)

That is why we have to learn to keep quiet].

* * *

To learn to keep quiet? How, when life glares!

Having climbed atop *Kalemegdan*, which is easily seen.

("*Kan jag hjälpa er*?")

(Even when, submerged, in the middle of the river flow, it has a tingling sensation in its slender claw. *Det är bra*).

Picture No. 23 as a bulky picture of *David* on the cliff.

[Waiting to shame *Goliath*'s military, in a riff].

* * *

[*David* and *Goliath*, namely, as principle of *Bernice*, doubleness of victory as victory of doubleness (Acts 25. 13.), a not understood one and a self-imposing one ("*Kan ni säga mig*...?"), yet it is expected they both do proverbially].

Kalemegdan as a terrace underneath heavens where all that (after all!) reflects.

And, on it, small groups of citizens.

(Minding their own business.

"They hamper and entangle our souls", *Tillotson*).

By the end of *November* that year (the year of *1968*) my parents purchased the Škoda car, but that was taken notice of (in the third volume of E*PHEMERIS*) - it suffices to make this glowing mention herewith.

(As a red, red hit!

Although, for a long time already, with an abating, or at least blurred splendor.

"A tender hazy brightness", *Wordsworth*).

The year of *1968* as taking the pulse of *Reumah*, an always exalted one (Gen. 22. 24.), and letting everyone to make his/her conclusions from it (only to not make a wrong one!)

Picture No. 23 as addends submitted with sobriety to the resulting sum.

Pachīnko.

* * *

Picture No. 23 as a knoll by the very act of sight, *īkī wo tsukù*.

{Something that, whichever way to take it, is not coming down yet from such a sky light.

Community of *Jahaziah* [whom Perpetual watches over (Ezra. 10. 15.)] and *Jahaziel* [whom Almighty watches over (1 Chr. 16. 6.)]

"They asked each other of their welfare", Ex. xviii. 7.}

To not let things suggest that I was "hanging out" on *Kalemegdan*, "I ought to say" that I wasn't visiting it often.

And even if the reason for the picture in question (*Picture No. 23*) is its (*Kalemegdan*'s) certain vermiculation of condition (*mitsúkeru*), the terraced approach to time [which (as we know) one could approach only like that (on the stairs of emphasized glorification)] has nothing to be ashamed of.

Picture No. 23 as a standing out example of being above the subject opening. *Speriamo bene*!

* * *

Picture No. 23 as *Malchiram*, king of heights (1 Chr. 3. 18.), hidden (made asleep?) by the wall thrown down towards the river above which that *Magdala* [the fortress in the given picture - *Picture No. 23* - (Matt. 15. 39.)] keeps quiet, with which all that encircled too.

(Encircling as arriving to original point, not knowing which one, though.

"Equal and unconcerned, I look on all", *Dryden*.

Encircling as a point next to a point, bent in a desirable direction.

"What delights can equal those / That stir the spirit's inner deeps", *Tennyson*).

What else could have been cited in support of such a steep (abrupt) raising of the brick-built fence from the water sprayed by such a sky (although said water, at that point, can also flood and become muddy - *spuntarla*), without that being a repetition of telling of *Og*, an incarnation of circle by itself (Num. 21. 33.), that is, without reducing to yet another sharp point of *Mibzar*, a fortress left to time (Gen. 36. 42.)?

That is why it is best to serve clairvoyance.

[To not keep describing a describable, photographing a photographed.

Perhaps, to lean a bit against *Ozni*, hearing of flowage (Num. 26. 16.) - and that would be all.

Although, a violet smell should not slip one's mind either.

"The sweetest smell in the air is the violet", as *Bacon* said (again and again).

And so, little by little, to get to everything yet again! *Squadra mobile*!]

Picture No. 23 as *Melea*, complete fullness (Luke 3. 31.)

* * *

Picture No. 23 as an archival filing of the centuries "of those lands", of which at least the last century, "in the framework of manifestations marking the fiftieth anniversary of the Archive of Yugoslavia", has been presented in the Exhibition featuring "around *400* exhibits (documents, photographs, maps)".

Accordingly (from http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1203c00.htm):

1. Photo Exhibit: Ruševine Njegoševe kapele na Lovćenu, (Ruins of the Chapel of Njegoš on Lovćen Mountain), 1924 AJ-69-145-225.
2. Reproduction Exhibit: Kralj Aleksandar I Ujedinitelj , (King Aleksandar I, The Unifier), (1931-1934) AJ-74-ZF-32.
3. Photo Exhibit: Iznošenje tela vožda Karađorđa iz topolske crkve prilikom prenošenja na Oplenac, (Taking Out the Body of the Grand Duke Karadjordje From Topola Church at the Occasion of Moving It to Oplenac), September 8, 1930. AJ-74-Album 1.
4. Photo Exhibit: Otkrivanje spomen - kosturnice borcima kumanovske bitke na Zebrnjaku, (Unveiling of the Monument to the Soldiers Fallen in Kumanovo Battle on Zebrnjak), October, 1937. AJ-74-3F-2/39.
5. Photo Exhibit: U predahu Konferencije Male antante na Bledu, (A Break in the Conference On Reduced Entente at Bled), August 24, 1938. AJ-37-Zf-1-k.9.
6. Photo Exhibit: Demonstracije u Beogradu protiv pristupanja Jugoslavije Trojnom paktu, (Demonstrations in Belgrade Against Yugoslavia Joining the Tripartite Alliance), March 25-27, 1941. AJ-38-ZF-k19.
7. Photo Exhibit: Kralj Petar II i članovi vlade Dušana Simovića, (King Petar II and the Members of the Government of Dušan Simović), March 27, 1941. AJ-38-ZF-k16.
8. Photo Exhibit: Obnova i izgradnja zemlje, (Reconstruction and Development of the Country), 1946 AJ-Photo-collection - Album *"The Reconstruction"*.
9. Photo Exhibit: Scena iz mjuzikla "Kosa", Beograd, Atelje 212, (Scene From the *"Hair"* Musical Play, Beograd, Studio 212), 1968. AJ-ZF NIRO "Komunist"- 16/19405.
10. Photo Exhibit: Sednica predsedništva SKJ u Karađorđevu, (Plenary Session of the Presidency of SKJ in Karadjordjevo), October 15, 1971. AJ-507-ZF-16/14914.
11. Photo Exhibit: Kraljica Elizabeta u poseti Jugoslaviji, (Queen Elizabeth's Visit to Yugoslavia), October 17-21, 1972. AJ-ZF NIRO "Komunist" - 16/4072.
12. Photo Exhibit: Samit KEBS-a u Beogradu, (KEBS Conference at the Summit in Belgrade), June 15, 1977. AJ-ZF NIRO "Komunist"-16/14810.
13. Photo Exhibit: Serdar Janko Vukotić (Knight Janko Vukotić)
14. Photo Exhibit: Gimnazija u Beranima , (Berane High School), AJ-66-2-18/308

Testifying about that which once had been - as when a former wing of a bird stops working (but air is clean!)

Jämmerlich.

* * *

Photograph No. 23 as something that was caught with a "modest capability of camera", but which even with such a (simple) button pressing speaks enough about itself - releasing all details of its presence in spread light without doing favor to the fan of its ingredients (spectral colors of "familiar" brightness, that projection of photon-based components, therefore, which one could hope for in his/her photo-inspiration, *dall'interno di*).

But one has to admit that everything (at the time) was gold-plated - including clouds.

"Gilded clouds, while we gaze on them, faint before the eye", *Alexander Pope*.

It can even be said that everything which that year (the year of 1968) was caught on a smooth hook of the age (*fuochi d'artificio*), was indeed waiting for that to make it perfect [given it didn't find it pleasing to play one who got down to being entertained by the narration of *Pedahel*, God of expiation in terms of redeemability (Num. 34. 28.)]

Picture No. 23 as multi-coloring of *Menahem* tent, under which (the same) programmability of (satisfying) mantra always takes place (2 Kin. 15. 14.), so much so that even it itself, unless opposed by a logical obstacle, threatens to become a "programmatic" lasciviousness - *un lavoro fisso*.

Picture No. 23 as the know-how of *Merab*, an increase on its own (1 Sam. 14. 49.)

* * *

Picture No. 23 as *Meremoth*, elevation given by that very meaning (Ezra 8. 33.)

("They that are *Christ*'s have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts", Gal. v. 24.

Com'è andata a finire?)

Picture No. 23 as a jump into the sky falling down whichever way to take it.

But, since that picture represents that year (the year of *1968*), we are allowed to present it with all except plain colors.

And they (as everyone knows) include the white, blue and red, the yellow, lime and green, the gold, almond and silver, and all those colors of violet that made it famous among the curious people of that year (those years), as were *Ucal*, *Uel*, and *Uriah* (Prevailing One, God Willing One, and Eternally Lit One - Prov. 30. 1., Ezra 10. 34., 2 Sam. 11. 3.), and as expected from such a group of nicely dressed and well bred characters of the epoch.

Nicely dressed and well bred characters of the epoch in the sense of agreeing with the ego of *Giddel*, an incarnation of a giant in every sense of the word (Ezra 2. 47.)

(Epoch as a boundary marker between two unendings - double *Zobah*, twice the same as the preceding, 1 Sam. 14. 47.

But no one wants to understand that!

Furthermore, as if a joy will erupt because of not understanding basic things.

"Hoity-toity! what have I to do with dreams?", *Congreve*).

The year of *1968* as that fragment of our lives which compensates all that sunk by *Hariph*, autumnal showers of a normal withdrawal (Neh. 7. 24.)

Picture No. 23 as when a surprise is born, *in fin dei conti*.

* * *

Picture No. 23 as when calling the beyond-historical self (getting nothing in return!)

Harosheth and *Haroeh*, one who carves everything and one who sees everything (Judg. 4. 2., 1 Chr. 2. 52.), in the sense of materializing that which, otherwise, is attributed to a chance (instead of insisting that things take form of a white swan and thus fly away to innocence, *a lieto fine*).

That year (the year of *1968*) I also pleaded for Fair Heavens (Acts 27. 8.), but one could not resist *Haggiah*, Festival of Immenseness (1 Chr. 6. 30.), wherein that melted too (causing astonishment of the orthodox ones, regardless of how much they were rejecting to admit their extremism, *alla fine*).

But one should not be proud of a diminished move of deceit.

After all, who does not want the full truth?

[Full truth as being equipped with the *Janissary* search for *them themselves*, no matter how much they've been lost in *Constantinople* (that *June*, *1826*), given that their insurrection did not turn out well].

Picture No. 23 as slimness of yet another year - due to the medallions of others.

* * *

Picture No. 23 as layers of eternity of, approximately, forty years ago.

("*Das beste Buch lag unten auf dem Stapel*").

And underneath them (the subject layers) the white face of the virtuous present lies - it is only needed to dig in a bit to see its turbid passions [while the fact that it is white - testifies about reflections of *Aven*, the emptied space-time (Ezek. 30. 17.)]

Although, in the year of *1968* everything was complemented by everything else anyway, with the help of the promising balsam of *Chelub*, a permanent trap for the birds of past (1 Chr. 4. 11.), *ein ungepflegter Garten*.

But also, the year of *1968* as something that was and could not be stopped at.

[Like all those years before it, after all, or those after - the years unique in the sense of witnessing the original, then repeated in the sense of remembering *Michmash*, the buried treasure of poverty (1 Sam. 13. 2.)]

To be sure, nothing can match that which once was that way and now is this way, *in der Tat*.

(Which are all those years that changed into these.

And thus they should ne be punished with additional slapping.

All that is going to be evened out by flowers anyway.

“There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats”, *W. Shakespeare*).

Picture No. 23 as a *Kalemegdan* postcard wherein one can see much of that which needs no comment.

[And our small community of feelings is going to disperse before the signal of singularity of *Giddalti*, the one, that is, who on the basis of nothing, that is, on his own, increased (1 Chr. 25. 4.), without that being the case with feelings of decreased/singular *Gideon*, the one who spites himself (Judg. 6. 11.)]

Having passed through the year of *1968* in the manner in which one passes through the feelings of *Gibbar*, a hero of an era in the sense in which one understands the youthful epopee of every auspicious person of the moment (*oben auf dem Barg*), one cannot help to start thinking of a period of more importance for everything else (*год за годом*), with which he has nothing except being created by it (*драматический*), according to the logic in line with which *yet another speck of support* is created from a massif, *по долгу службы*.

12-01-04-04-07/20-24-30-02-08-23-24-07-11-13-14-14-15/07-08-10

* * *

(*Photograph No. 24:* By The Light Laid Down By The Main Of Time)

Photograph No. 24 as a journey based on leaving for the *Student Square* (Studentski Trg).

Mitsúkeru.

(A slight assistance of the city power line fits into that.

We cannot assert that something constantly moves causally, without, at that, the consequences buzzing around its head. *Ichído nì futatsu*).

Picture No. 24 as a quiet face of the city scene slowed down by the bygone summer - so much so that it can be matched to the calm of representative porcelain [waxed by the fresco of *Chiun*, spitting image of a solemn fixity (Amos 5. 26.)]

And because all that (what?) takes place in the year of *1969*, one can imagine the proportions of *Chelal*'s pastime, that kind of crocheting fullness with which the copious picturesqueness (numerical symmetry) of a *double nine* and a *single six* is emphasized - spreading like a mirror-based encirclement (Ezra 10. 30.), allowing one to stride in the rhythm of *Bechorath*, an original young of the world (1 Sam. 9. 1.)

Das trifft sich gut!

That was a year, accordingly, of my (student-academic) acquaintance with *R. B.*, because of which the choice of the subject photograph (*Photograph No. 24*) is a logical consequence of her ride and, in general, presence (the presence of *R. B.*) at such a student route.

(*Picture No. 24* as yet another contribution to the trip of our souls from stagnation to glibness, so that we can take our position accordingly.

Something that ought to be aptly evaluated, then persevered on it.

"This, mauger all the world, will I keep safe", *W. Shakespeare*).

Picture No. 24 as an approach to the things then.

Es sieht ganz so aus!

* * *

Picture No. 24 as a hope based on itself.

("Fondly we think we merit honor then / When we but praise ourselves in other men", *Alexander Pope*).

In the year of *1969*, *everything started* such that on the first *February* day (it was *Saturday*) we took **Škoda** car out of hibernation and drove it onto a road loop around *B.*: in the driver seat was our neighbor (*Radovan P.*), next to him was our father, my sister and me were on the back seats, the voyage took two and a half hours and made impressions of chiming, *alla griglia*.

[I remember, therefore, that it was sunny and warm, so much melted that which would do no harm if stayed.

People were watching (with understood melancholy) how new shapes were getting rid of the old ones.

"They cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day", Acts xxvii. 29.]

And already on the third day of that same month (*February*), I met *R. B.*

"*Non stare li impalato, fa' qualcosa*!"

(In the year of *1969* it was expected that everything commenced with exultation of the swift woodpecker anyway, which implied one didn't need keep blowing up himself).

However, as that has already been described, although in that volume of E*PHEMERIS* which is yet to show up - after the next (second) - and, being the third, is still in the queue, it remains to continue things in this, 1st volume (D*ATUS*) toward the month which (even then!) had a post-*February* arrival (the yellowish *March*, accordingly).

Even though neither *March* (nor even *April*), followed by *May* (and *June*), would have been the months they were (progressively milder months of the past), were they not forced to be that by *Wodan*, the chief ranger of *Ingeborg*-like, i.e., pan-*Germanic* forests (as black as indigo), who was luring them (said months) out of those (as dark as ink) thickets, with the help of his increasingly bluish green.

So that one did not have to repeat to the months that came still later (*July*, *August*, *September*, and *October*) what the rub is - said months (as soon as it became necessary) echoed with the orthodoxy of *Imlah*, whom God Himself filled up (1 Kin. 22. 8.), and the perplexities in connection with the two remaining months (*November* and *December*, in the year of *1969*) automatically became negligible, *è la pura verità*.

That is why *November* of the year in question was full of a whitish tranquility of *December*, the month, therefore, which quite naturally sailed into its waters through all those (earlier) months, making possible for me to kiss *R.* under the street light with eyes closed. ("*Vieni più in qua*").

Picture No. 24 as remembering *Gilead*, hill of witnesses riding the trolleybus to the last stop (Gen. 31. 21.)

* * *

Picture No. 24 as figurativeness of Habaiah, whom Almighty hides (Ezra 2. 61.)

In it, therefore, the silver wether-bells of afternoon shroud cannot be seen, but can be heard. ("*Te lo puoi sognare*!")

Starting from the big question of what can be taken out from the sitting light laid down by the main of time, we arrive to the answer according to which it is its mask.

By the light laid down by the main of time, anyway, one is unable to hide the years of *Ephraim*, fruitfulness of initial epoch (Gen. 41. 52.)

[One overfilled with sense would have always made it there.

"He is coming; I hear the straw rustle", *W. Shakespeare*.

Regardless of how much everything burned afterwards under the swings of the next phases of *the same*].

By means of *Photograph No. 24* it can be proved that, before all, years of peace flow by.

For, excluding natural stationariness of nearby buildings (calmed with cement), how can one interpret the rest of trees in it (the subject photograph - *Photograph No. 24*, *antes do verão*), out of whose crowns (at least that can be seen) there flies only buzzing of *Gilgal*, in the sense of an afternoon circle of basic movements of dailiness (Josh. 4. 19.), according to which all that starts in the morning comes to its senses already in the evening (*o mais tardar*), calming down only a bit around noon ("*O avião veio atrasado*"), although it is true that's what it likes the best, and although the trolleybus (depicted in the picture) apparently differs from that, it too, in fact, silently moves toward the rotundity of the circle "as such" (in comparison to diesel/gas engines, electric motors are practically inaudible!), by means of which the described buzzing (from another world) is effectively being *emphasized* (in a trendy part of *B*., they would say '*accented*').

[It means that in that picture (*Picture No. 24*), even the claim that soul hardens with progressive immobility came to be fully expressed.

"Some souls, we see / Grow hard and stiffen with adversity", *Dryden*].

For, what is "progressive immobility" if not a certain form of chest ("pulmonary") pain amidst universal appeasement, *em outras cores*].

But that is not the reason to not understand that picture (*Picture No. 24*) as an up-and-coming picture, too.

[One only ought to reduce a bit.

"An horn of salvation for us" (Luke i. 69.)

As always, everything depends on "one's attitude", *für immer*.

In the case dealt with here (in the case of *Photograph No. 24*, that is) it is necessary to have the attitude of one able to catch the repose from the daily branches with the help of noon. *Die Bäume und ihre Blätter*].

Picture No. 24 as encircling city in an *electric vehicle* (vehicle fed by the electric energy via city power grid of the subject epoch).

(*R*. was taking such one on her way to college).

* * *

Picture No. 24 as a "transportation hub at the *PMF* (Department of Natural and Mathematical Sciences)".

One only needed to walk up/down the Studentski Park (*Student Square*, one on-the-way temporary situation).

But, then, life waited for such him/her on one side, and science on the other.

And where can one get more with less number of steps? *Mi sono spiegato*?

It means that that, in fact, bordered the powers of herbalist! (As if some *Galenists* had influence on it!)

"These *Galenists* were what we should call herb doctors today", *O. W. Holmes.*

[*Picture No. 24*, accordingly, as bequeathment of *Galenos* from *Pergamum* too (130 A.D. - ?), a physician and author of medical treatises in which he recommends the use of medicinal herbs and roots, prepared using the method of mixing, that is infusion, or according to the method of separating the essence through boiling, depending on which technique at a given moment yields more immortal results, so that, because of all that, and given that he was trying the described methods on him, it is still unknown whether he himself indeed left this world, or (refreshed with the drink) is still presenting himself through said bequest, in the case dealt with here - in the form of *Fauna* (sleepy passengers) and *Flora* (impassive trees) at the *Student Park. Sta a te decidere*].

However, that was not the only thing going on in the year of *1969*.

(The counting of only the common sense points. *Das ist doch alles nur Angabe*!)

Namely, then too it was possible for one to start pondering about himself (*was...angeht*).

It is no joke to check it all and even out (everyone so pondering would have noticed that), to find out the cause and figure out the consequence ("*Fühl mal meine Stirn an, ich glaube, ich habe Fieber*"), to determine and keep the direction ("*Angenehm*!"), to give up on the self (having not accepted any of that which is "too good to be true"), finally, to be always aware of *Machpelah*, the several times mentioned doubleness (Gen. 23. 9.), without going along with something apparently more luring.

Although, which is still alleviating, time and space could be considered connected then too (for *Einstein* said so!)

[Having extracted the tooth of time from the jaws of space, their connection can be seen (yes, in each of them!)

(*Angebot und Nachfrage*).

They search which direction to take, as if time does not bite only backward, and space does not gape only forward.

"To bay or quest as a dog", *Florio*.

Both of them].

As when *starting the card game*, loose or win, except this one is being played with the self.

That is why it is a "more delicate" one.

("*Der Motor ist angenehm lesie*").

Picture No. 24, therefore, as thinking of *Pethuel*, God's opening (Joel 1. 1.)

Varje time.

* * *

Picture No. 24 as drowsiness (sleepiness) of a 'macro-economic' foundation.

At that, the question is not "whose" and "how", but the approach is to start from the fact that it is that which is seen in it (*Picture No. 24*, *till vänster/höger*).

And whether a remedy is going to result from all that is another thing.

[For, perhaps it indeed was that which caused a, practically salutary, dream, of both "objects and subjects" in the subject picture (*Picture No. 24*), and the fact that everything can be interpreted in this or that way is just another proof of our *transferability* (even if in an implicit way too!), *hikōchú no*].

Having arrived, thus, with the given trolleybus to the photographed *Square* (*wa hisáshiburi da...*), one could not 'escape from the scene' - the picture in question (from then on) held each such one with ions of chance (sufficiently attracting him to stay in it until now).

[And not to start to rebel and break off from the negative.

Make believe, to read the newspaper.

"Thou god of our idolatry, the Press", *Cowper*.

That is why one is to stay on such a square forever (without getting any ideas, the least of which said escape from his/her picture - *kekká*)].

R. B. (and later *L.*), for example, was approaching that Square with a student easiness (the 'easiness of a gazelle' - *ну и сила*!), having gotten off of the trolleybus straight into *September*, *October*, *November* and *December* (the months then tamed with that first list - *ничего подобного*!), and thus right into the term of the year of *1969* in which all that coagulated into the subject picture (*Picture No. 24* - *нет никакого сомнения*), so that in her case there is no need to speculate with a possibility that she is not in it (*Picture No. 24*, *по нашему мнению*) when she is, and when, because of that fact, the photographic eye of *the light laid down by the main of time* started sparkling.

* * *

And when, because of that fact, the photographic eye of *the light laid down by the main of time* started sparkling ("*Чьи это книги*?"), we cannot avoid that - hence this, however barren, ceremonious text.

The text with which, it means, one is to say that those (first) student days of *R. B.* (*L.*) passed with the help of automatic transportation in said vehicle to the *Student Square* and back (*dans une certaine mesure*), and that I myself also contributed to that helping her (together with our consummate friend *G. S.*, *méridional*) to submit the necessary forms at the admission window of the *University of B.*, *de un golpe*.

The year of *1969* as remembrance of suitable moments, in time overgrown into *Irpeel*'s garden, a nursery of plants taken care of by Lord (Josh. 18. 27), oriented towards rays of memory.

[Those quenched their thirst with calyxes filled with dew.

(*Da haben wir Glück gehabt*).

"Dewdrops which the sun / Impearls on every leaf, and every flower", *Milton*].

But, who could remember all that if not forced by his character?

Character as a feeling of personal convenience, *persönlich Kapazität*.

(That is why everything blossomed at that time - playing with a moment, one lets even smaller things to eternity!)

Although we did not complain either.

(We were even allowing for other possibilities - taking into account that some things may have been better. "*Ειμαι στο ξενοδοχειο Λουζ*").

Picture No. 24 as when you spin, without knowing the tangent line.

[Because of which one unnervingly sings:

"I'll versify in spite, and do my best", *Dryden*.

While the reason because of which I, "in these books", "go into abstraction", is a reflection of unfinished singing. *Sie wissen ja, dass...*

Though I can be proud of *Dryden*.

"*Waller* was smooth; but Dryden *taught* to join / The varying verse, the full resounding line", *Alexander Pope*].

Picture No. 24 as turning along such a line*, irgendwohin*.

* * *

Picture No. 24 as uncompressibleness of time in the sense of water rushing through all the cracks, *irgendwo*.

"Water rushing through all the cracks" - in a general case something like that can be stopped by a thought by which nothing is let through in drops larger than those at the source (*interessanterweise*), but not even here one can establish laws bigger than those which, at the time, were obeyed by *Jattir*, an embodiment of a perfection in the eyes of one to whom eternity is deliverance (Josh. 15. 48., Num. 14. 6.)

But, why would we waste our time with small laws of largeness, when not even *Ishod*, a man of glory / celebrity of a moment (1 Chr. 7. 18.), can choose more than the promise that things will be as they are?

Which is intoxication of grace.

Intoxication of grace as drunkenness due to the Paradise wine (wine from a district around *Rhine*!), for which it is true that it is not crashed by sadness, and all that, consequently, at the price of said intoxication.

("Drunker than any one you or I know / Who buys his *Rhenish* wine with ready rhino", *John G. Saxe*).

Picture No. 24 as wine-based trolley poles on wine-cellar roof of the world.

* * *

Picture No. 24 as a little bit of concoction.

Concoction in the sense that all this (including the subject picture, *Picture No. 24 - Irrgarten*) is not based on anything on which the real objects in the universe are not based, yet empty.

"For nothing this wide universe I call / Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all", *W. Shakespeare*.

The year of *1969* as a landmark year "in many ways" - along with pomposity of coincidence (as the last agency, *in jenem Jahr*).

"And bow the knee to pomp that loves to varnish guilt", *Byron*.

Picture No. 24 as a calm before the exhibition entitled "**Posters, Leaflets, Advertisements and Maps in Foundations and Collections of the Archives of Yugoslavia 1918-1941**", which "on *February 27*, in year *that and that*, was opened by *Prof. Dr. Dragoljub Živojinović*", and with reference to which we vigilantly read from "our" (so familiar!) link, http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1205c00.htm:

1. JRZ, Onima koji tvrde da nema slobode zbora, 1938., *predizborni plakat* (48*63) **AJ 37-8-43 (**To Those Who Claim There Is No Freedom Of Speech, 1938, Election Campaign Sign (48*63))
2. Regent Aleksandar Karađorđević, Mome narodu Srbima, Hrvatima i Slovencima, 1918., *proglas povodom ujedinjavanja* (30*42) **Sl. novine Kr. SHS, br. 2 od 28.1.1919.** (Regent Aleksandar Karadjordjevic, To My People Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, 1918, Declaration regarding union (30*42), Official Gazette of the Kingdom of SCS, No. 2, 28. 1. 1919)
3. Proglas kralja Nikole povodom ujedinjenja, 1918., *plakat* (33*51) **AJ 94-1-25** (Declaration of King Nikola regarding union, 1918, Poster (33*51))
4. Stvarajmo avijatiku, 1924., *plakat* (63*95) **AJ 66-479-755** (Let's Build Airforce, 1924, Poster (63*95))
5. Hrvatska seljačka federalistička stranka, Izdaja hrvatstva i katoličke vere, 1925., *letak* (20*28) **AJ 14-22-52** (Croatian Farmers Federal Party, Betrayal of Croatia and Catholic Faith, 1925, Poster (20*28))
6. Udruženje srpskih četnika za kralja i otadžbinu, okružni odbor u Mostaru, Hercegovci, za listu Narodne radikalne stranke čiji je nosilac dr Lazar Marković, 1927., *predizborni plakat* (31*60) **AJ 14-22-51** (Association of Serbian Chetniks For King And Homeland, Mostar District Committee, Herzegovians For The List of Radical Party Whose First Candidate is Dr. Lazar Marković, 1927, Election Campaign Sign (31*60))
7. Odbor za proslavu Vidovdana na Dalmatinskom Kosovu 1928., Velika nacionalna smotra, *plakat* (47*62) **AJ 66-480-755** (Committee For Vidovdan Anniversary at Dalmatian Kosovo 1928, Big National Parade, Poster (47*62))
8. Okružni odbor nezavisnih zemljoradnika Tuzlanske oblasti, Smeju li biti ovce i kurjaci u jednom toru?,1935., *predizborni plakat* (47*64) **AJ 14-22-52** (Tuzla District Committee Of Independent Farmers, Should Sheep and Wolves Be In The Same Pen?, 1935, Election Poster (47*64))
9. Crnogorski seljački federalistički pokret Sekule Drljevića, Živio crnogorski front!, - povodom izbora, 1936., *letak* (15*24) **AJ 37-9-57** (Montenegro Farmers Federal Movement Of Sekula Drljević, Live Montenegro Front!, - Regarding elections, 1936, Leaflet (15*24))
10. Sveti arhijerejski sinod Srpske pravoslavne crkve, obaveštenje o opelu Patrijarha Varnave, 1937., *plakat* (24*50) **AJ 305-23-48** (Holy Archpriest Synod of Serbian Orthodox Church, Information About Funeral Service For Patriarch Varnava, 1937, Poster (24*50))
11. Odbor za podizanje spomenik-doma Stepi Stepanoviću, Braći Srbima, Hrvatima i Slovencima, 1929., *plakat* (47*63) **AJ 66-380-616** (Committee For Erecting Memorial House of Stepa Stepanovic, To Fraternity of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, 1929, Poster (47*63))
12. Dr Vladko Maček, Poruka Srbima - povodom predstojećih poslaničkih izbora, 1938, *letak* (15*24) **AJ 102-7-17** (Dr. Vladko Maček, Message To Serbs - At the Occasion of the Coming Parliamentary Elections, 1938, Leaflet (15*24))
13. Ne zaboravi da je Vlada Milana Stojadinovića smanjila seljačke dugove za 2 milijarde 700 miliona dinara, 1938., *predizborni plakat* (47*62.5) **AJ 37-8-43** (Do Not Forget That The Government Of Milan Stojadinović Reduced Farmers Debts By 2 Billion and 700 Million Dinars, 1938, Election Poster (47*62.5))
14. Dragiša Cvetković, predsednik Kraljevske vlade, Draga braćo Srbi - upućeno Srbima u Hrvatskoj nakon stvaranja Banovine Hrvatske, 1940., *letak* **AJ 83-1-8** (Dragiša Cvetković, President of the Royal Government, Dear Brothers Serbs - Addressed to the Serbs in Croatia After Creation of Regional Unit of Croatia, Ruled by a Ban, 1940, Leaflet)

Posters, *leaflets*, *advertisements* and *maps* as that around which everything circles, including the trolleybus in *Picture No. 24*, bringing itself into harmony with *Naaman*, a pleasure by itself (2 Kin. 5. 1.)

* * *

Picture No. 24 as something given in the sense of DATUS: by taking away, everything in it would have been reduced to *Manoah*, repose as orderliness of result (Judg. 13. 2.), this way, given that it deals with an act of being (*knallrot*!) in the sense of kinetic addition (moving the mechanism of mass of light from invisibility to visibility - *bénri*), everything in it can only be proud of itself.

[Which it indeed is, at least through the mannerism of *Machbenah*, wrapped in an airy pelerine down to the quintessence (1 Chr. 2. 49.), so that its substance can be seen. "*Он понял все с лёту*".

"His zeal / None seconded, as singular and rash", *Milton*. *У него лёгкая рука*].

In the year of *1969* all those things were "leading to an amassment", so much the idea about them fitted their multitude. ("*Как интересно*!")

Let us only take unsurpassingness of their (the things in question) lighting origin [a day could not pass without a momentary spark flaring up (*aproximadamente*), which, with a collection of those, was resulting into a *progenitor light*], and, by that very fact, the sum would have been known.

[Sum as a reflector-based focusing of the ingredients of a picture, which normally is classified under the notion of *Chiun* (Amos 5. 26.), an integral with which we can be satisfied in terms of both planned content and achieved coloration.

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

Picture No. 24 as another turn to the same. ("*Forza, spingete tutti insieme*!")

* * *

"If nothing else" the (partially?) turned trolleybus in it (in *Picture No. 24 - per ora*) returns to *the same* - that which it left and which, without the vehicle in question ("*Jag har reserverad plats*"), is left with the only option, and that is to get focused into the point of periodic (subsequent) return ("*Har ni något emot att...*?"), into which at that moment it indeed transforms (not trying to represent that which it is not).

[Admitting inevitability, at least alleviation is offered to everyone, it even can come to the point of one purring.

"The secretary purred delighted approval", *Kingsley*.

And even if something was missing in all that, it would not have been worth a damn, anyway. *Jag sitter här*.

For, such one could always be told:

"Thou didst contract and purse thy brow", *W. Shakespeare*].

Picture No. 24 as a proof that everything fits together.

Per dag/vecka.

* * *

Picture No. 24 as remembrance of a reigning time.

{Even *Hanun* could have reigned as he pleased [although God also pitied him (2 Sam. 10. 1.)], for there was no equal to him in the relevant decoration. *S' apercevoir que*!}

In the year of *1969* (and that is the year when all this happens! - *génki wo dasù*), an entire performance, therefore, was taking place: it came to a real, though small, cannonade of impressions, and even the positive ones. (*Langweile ich dich*?)

And that is the reason why we cannot behave towards it (the year in question) in a rude manner.

On the contrary, we ought to recognize it as is.

(Even if making a mistake, it is not up to us to dispose of everything.

"Man proposes, but God disposes", *Thomas á Kempis*).

A few days in the month of *June* of the year of *1969* I worked with *R*. (and several other young people in need of a visible action - *das ist doch keine Kunst*) at the *Z*.'s *Rifle Range* [we were raising up the targets that were hit as if those were birds shot where their feathers meet ("*Lass uns gehen*!")], but the months of *July* and *August* I spent more seriously - keeping an eye on the cars parked between the third and fourth high-rise building (working as a night guard).

["That may look funny now", but I was tempted to fall asleep.

Sweet dreams were attacking me.

And in them (it is clear now!) everything was arranged in the prospective of *Onesiphorus* - that one knew of a gain only (2 Tim. 1. 16.)

"*Eden*, and all the coast, in prospect lay", *Milton*].

In *Photograph No. 24*, accordingly, everything is possible to see except the notorious void.

As if one was dealing (deals) with a local light (and, perhaps, even more!)

("Nothing is profane that serveth to holy things", *Raleigh*).

Still, *Picture No. 24* as serving the light.

(While under serving holiness one is to understand a resulting daydream. *No ja,...*)

* * *

Picture No. 24 as "rejecting the criticism of communism". ("*Über etwas hinausgehen*").

[Well assembled (professionally fitted), "everything in it worked as a Swiss watch", *erste Hilfe*.

Even the trolleybus in that picture may easily be of a domestic production!

And not, like nowadays, to insist on imitation typical for *Siser*, chained with an unassuming endeavor (Judg. 4. 2.), the locksmith of which chain, that is, uses the chained one by means of the imitating manufacture (knowing well how to get golden benefits).

"'Tis a great means of profiting yourself, to copy diligently excellent pieces and beautiful designs", *Dryden*].

But, it is not worth knowing that when the subject picture (*Picture No. 24*) does not deal with it.

(And even if it does, who would start dancing to such a tune these days, *heute Abend*?

"We have piped to you, and ye have not danced", Matt. xi. 17.)

Rather, we're expected to quiet down without such (unsettled) thoughts - throwing ourselves over in a *Saphir* way, changing the *status quo* with the help of beauty (Mic. 1. 11.) - *die vier Himmelsrichtungen*.

Picture No. 24 as a description of that time in which everything was as in this, only keeping aside.

Philemon and *Philetus*, synonyms of affectionate and beloved one (Philem. 1., 2 Tim. 2. 17.), are always connected with the link of panting, a result of the space-time (*Einstein*-based!) separation between *Philemon* and *Philetus*, keeping aside one of the two, by the light laid down by the main of time.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 25:* To Paint Human Specs With Signs Of Biology)

A decade: the year of *1970*! *Fortschritt.*

With *Picture No. 25* (which serves to present the decade year in question) also presented is a whole pleiad of apparently secondary importances: *Gilgal*, that is Circle (Josh. 4. 19.), *Hazor*, that is Palace (Josh. 11. 1.), and *Ezion-gaber*, that is Backbone of a Giant (Num. 33. 35.), but all this needs to be daydreamed - *soré wa sore toshite.*

[Life details, anyway, can be comprehended with the help of daydreaming, so that its use here is just an inveteracy of me as a citizen of that city there and then (and again - "Hoity-toity! what have I to do with dreams?", *Congreve*).

("*Наш город очень старый*")].

Circle is that which is in the milieu of the *Republic Square* (*Im Allgeminen*), *Palace* is that building where the "Jadran Theatre" is now (*Alltag*), while *Backbone of a Giant* reaches one river bank from the other by means of the bridge over *Sava River* in an arch-like manner (crossing the river in an arch tightened by *Rumah*, as high as sky at the crossing point. *Alm*).

["And all that" in combination with a rather likeable early rising. Possibly noticed on time within the framework of the subject year - the year of *1970* - but also possibly just like that (*ohne etwas an*).

But by no means gunned down with a look as with naked whimsicality.

Because of which one can indeed say that it is the time of *Segub*, one Elevated by Tranquility (1 Kin. 16. 34.), which is dealt with here.

"Enduring in heart and in brain, the exhaustless splendor of those early days", *Henry W. Grady*)].

Picture No. 25 as the "Bursting Spa" (Prolom Banja) of a just woke up city, between two wars (as between *A* and *B* pomposity). *La mia città*.

* * *

For, *Picture No. 25* actually represents *Republic Square* in *B*. right after clearing the ruins from *WW2*, twenty two long years before the year assumed here, *1970*.

And the reason for said assumption is to be found in a convenient property of every picture to cover itself with better time too - in the given case, to be able to imagine that "time stopped" and each one of us found himself/herself in his/her role of a momentary participant, *alles in allem*.

My role (in the year of *1970*, therefore) was to serve Army ("*Δεν εχετε τιποτα*"), from where one Saturday (or Sunday, I don't remember, nor is it important - *Δεν ειναι τιποτα σοβαρο*), with a pass to leave the barracks, I went with *K*., a pal from the military service, to the mentioned theatre ("Jadran") to see *S. Kubrick*'s "2001: A Space Odyssey" ("*Ich habe das Nützliche mit dem Angenhmen verbunden*"), and 'since the movie left a deep impression on us' ("*Es ist mir unverständlich, wie...*"), I decided here to associate the picture in question with the date when I saw the movie on the scene represented by the picture. ("*Keine Ursache*!")

[There is neither less trouble, nor more twisting.

But, what to do when one in those years (in the years he still thought he had conquered them) cannot be placed in a situation to think as now.

It is better to let him sew on years to pictures, than pictures to years.

To at least have *Rowley* describe him (so excited with the mentioned movie, full of the stars of voyage to the self) in a sentence like this:

"Methought I saw him stellified in heaven"].

Inversion of date as compliance of picture, *väntrummet*.

Picture No. 25 as an instinctive linking to what I have described above.

("*Hur långt är det*?")

* * *

Picture No. 25 as a promising *Phoenix*.

[Rising from the ashes is to be accepted with a bird approval everywhere.

So that one who accepts this as such, can push himself off with the same wings too (*intehrsitee*).

"Here he hung on high / The steerage of his wings, and cut the sky", *Dryden*].

After all, whether some picture was taken this or that year, does not matter at all as long as it can be substantiated by one of them.

Picture No. 25 has been substantiated by the year of *1970*.

Располагайтесь поудобнее.

* * *

In the year of *1970*, accordingly, I graduated from the University and went to the park within the *Marshal T. Museum* grounds and sat down on the bench and saw *Fića* (a *750cm*^{3} domestic car licensed by "Fiat", *a tutto gas*) in front of my eyes falling into a terraced fountain [a woman of ambiguous age was behind the steering wheel ("*А что она теперь поделывает*?"), the car was a property of the "Forward to Progress" driving school, the instructor had stepped out for a smoke and left the woman alone at the wheel, because of which he could blame only himself for the accident ("*Его работа не соответствует требуемым стандартам*")], however, a girl (*девушка*), sitting on a nearby bench and studying chemistry for a makeup examination scheduled for the end of *August*, had attracted my attention; I made use of the situation to approach her ("*Ваши часы идут*?") and ask if she saw what I saw (at that, I learned her first and last name - *D.* and *N.*, respectively), and - as she did see the same thing - we spent the whole summer there, around the *Museum*, laughing and so on.

("*Пойди и подумай немножко на этот счёт*").

But, in the meantime, I went to the seaside, met *V. M.* ("*Можно начать*?" "*Да, пожалуйста*!"), and, upon the return, made myself ready for the mentioned military service.

D. N. came to the goodbye party (*V. M.* lived in another city).

As *J. Joplin* and *J. Hendrix* suddenly died at that point, everything went on in memory of the flower of youth.

I stepped into the barracks along with *K.* (that friend of mine with whom, later, I saw the mentioned movie, *das gefällt mir an ihm*), it was before noon (almost noon, *Gefecht*).

We received the uniforms, changed, went outside of the barracks building onto the ground where *Menahem*, Cosmic Comforter (2 Kin. 15. 14.), was just passing by, which made our encounter with *Captain Kalezić* easier (he told us to only pile up the leaves).

Gerecht gegen alle.

[In the early autumn, it is only yellowness of *Epicalyx*, a ring formed by tenacious connecting the three-armed leaflets at the base of calyx of a practically written-off flower (*frühzeitig*), that can be noticed submitting itself to it (the small flower in question, *gar nicht schlecht*) instead of to summer colors of the four pra-elements [sky, ground, water, air ("*Onda está o televisor*?")], irrevocably reminding such a plant (still in that, outer vessel, made of the interconnected sepals and bracts, *no segundo balcão*) that it belongs to either mallow or *Potentilla anserina*, with which everything acquires increasingly pallid contours of inexorable departure.

After all, didn't we ourselves (*K.* and *I* - the subject soldiers in this minute tale, *em nome de...*) also depart (although, only to do military service, and not to inexorability attributed to the "autumn as such").

As if the deadly fruit which it (said inevitability, *gyakú ni*) offers is not going to cost it its life.

(For, everything is to be fed by itself when finished with the other).

"The fruit / Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste / Brought death into the world, and all our woe", *Milton*].

Picture No. 25 as a departure for the barracks on a horizon that can be conceived on the right side.

Shúshu ga tsuíte.

* * *

Picture No. 25 as a series of events that resulted into it.

A brand new, splendid morning!

("O life! how pleasant in thy morning!", *Burns*. *Es wäre klüger gewesen, nichts zu sagen*).

Thinking of it now, that year (the year of *1970*) was rich in chromium (*durch und durch*) - everything in it was so much *resistant* to the trials of easy representation of false melting of *Segub*, Elevated in Himself (1 Kin. 16. 34. - *durch seine Bemühungen*), who was (even then) very well known for his lack of receptiveness of joking around (*durchaus nicht*), not to mention his stepping down from the throne of (so rare) self-seeking (*mit bloßem Auge*).

The year of *1970* as the headquarters of *Sharar*, the firm man of yesterday, today and tomorrow (2 Sam. 23. 33.), regardless of alternative interpretations of *Iris*, the goddess of the rainbow, who, by definition, also deals with other nuances of this world (*cave, rés-do-chão, entrada*), which is not a small task and because of which she also has to be in concord with its (said world's) other deities, serving one of them (*Juno*) as a messenger too (which means that she was a courier to the others).

And, how to even not think the best of the year in which there was no doubt that things were such as they were presenting themselves [I graduated from the school, went to the seaside, met *D. N.* and *V. M.* with the help of their respective sensibilities that even *Ishtar* would not have been ashamed of, the *Babylonian* and *Assyrian* goddess of fertility and love ("*Como devo entrar em contacto*?"), whom ancient *Syrians* and *Phoenicians* knew as *Ashtoreth*, *Greeks* as *Astarte*], consequently, in what other way one was to position himself with respect to the year to which at least some degree of discernment had to be shown without simultaneously showing an inconsiderate breaking with fine thoughts of, for example, one *Roderick Hudson*, in *Henry James*' novel of the same name, a young American sculptor who goes to *Rome* to study ("*Queria fazer alpinismo*"), has a love affair, and loses sight of his objectives.

(At any rate, and according to *Dryden*, that man could no longer go back.

"How, and with what reproach, shall I return?"

"*Quero fazer uma chamada telefónica*").

Picture No. 25 as a place from which one left and to which he can return only in the sense of *Ithream*, remainder of the people (2 Sam. 3. 5.)

* * *

Picture No. 25 as a striking photograph of the book of rules according to notorious *F. Hoyle* (1672-1769), according to whom a chance of winning the card game (or chess game, *a fortiori*) is not any higher unless one chooses for his/her opponent to be the cultivation of time of *Jozachar*, whom Almighty remembered (2 Kin. 12. 21.)

{Having grown all the way up to the beak of a double crow (gloomy bird of a threatening duality), the stain on display of this machine, which pertly holds all this pierced by a light tail (a disk inserted once everything is over - *bien joué*!), achieved a state at which one had to react [at which the departure from *Ithamar*, the island of palms, Ex. 6. 23., had to be realized in order to face the thorn of said beak (also known as *Koz*, Ezra 2. 61.)], "in which sense" I had to replace the old machine with a new one (present from *B. & M.*, *nesshín na*), which, therefore, "is continuing from where the old one stopped", not being scared at all by the remaining work, furthermore, having readily participated in the celebration of the Serbian New Year of *Jorkoam*, given that all this takes place on *January 13*, *2008*, when the spreading of the mentioned people cannot be stopped by far away continents even (1 Chr. 2. 44.)}

Picture No. 25 as the one due to which a processor replaces another, without exterminating each other though.

[On the contrary, it is as if they are going to harmoniously start purring, *náò issó yokù náttà*!

(Almost as the people who seek cure for the mechanism of spirit in a typewriter).

"A sweet forgetfulness of human care", *Alexander Pope*].

In the year of *1970*, therefore, the emancipation of a sweet talk in the sense of "attention given to it" took place.

But without going into exultations of *Naashon*, the magician of illumination offered by the universe as such (Ex. 6. 23.)

[As if everything was flying pushed away by an adjusted sling.

"Stones enforced from the old *Assyrian* slings", *W. Shakespeare*.

"Although deviations were present", that year (the year of *1970*) everything was still aiming at happiness. (*Seduta spiritica*).

For example, I could have been longing for an ease, without worrying about a more difficult situation of *Neariah*, servant of eternity (1 Chr. 3. 22.)]

Picture No. 25 as enough of the catch.

* * *

Picture No. 25 as fulfillment of a half (their match!).

(*A sufficienza*).

[While the second half catches the pain of the first with the pliers of *Meroz*, a refuge from both (Judg. 5. 23.)]

With the help of a picture such as *Picture No. 25*, it can be achieved to calm the weak ones, yet not even strong ones can get rid of the thing.

So that the best thing is to not say anything which later could be interpreted as "building something with no foundation" - *dalla testa ai piedi*.

Rather, one should start obeying local perfection (and not acting rashly like that *Meremoth*, eternally elevated by ideas of his own universality (Ezra 8. 33.)]

Picture No. 25 as something fitting into such a picture of itself.

* * *

In the year of *1970* all things flowed on their own to the mouth of *Seraiah*, Soldier of Eternity (2 Sam. 8. 17.), which could have been used to realize a final victory if one was smarter.

But, one was as smart as needed, so that we were not overloading ourselves.

Our country at the time, that is, was rather turned towards more luxurious vistas of carelessness than one could have expected from a country like that. *Ti ricordi*?

(A case similar to the case of *Shah Jahan*, whose wife couldn't do without *Taj Mahal*, because of which he built himself into her, something that could have not be anticipated either).

Personality of benefactor as an angelic disguise. ("*Perché tocca sempre a me farlo*?")

"He sends angels to espy us in all our ways", *Jer. Taylor*.

While he (during that) is acting by means of *Ezekiel*, whom God Himself makes stronger with the good will of a photo-firefly (Ezek. 1. 3.)

Picture No. 25 as the one which in our thoughts is well versed with the sky of *Hashub*, man full of thoughtfulness (Neh. 3. 11.)

* * *

Picture No. 25 as a jump into the tamed self by a simple logic.

(But, let us not embellish ourselves with oblivion.

"Among our crimes oblivion may be set", *Dryden*).

Picture No. 25 as the *Republic Square* photographed in a post-solar manner.

[Post-solarism as a late sunny side (earlier, though, than certainty).

Only to not let ourselves to great indifference. ("*A chi tocca*?")

"The oblivious calm of indifference", *J. M. Mason*].

In the year of *1970*, the general opinion was still concerned, therefore, with what way to take to come to one's happiness. (*Giocare a tombola*).

Such that there was no going astray.

(Again and again: "All now was turned to jollity and game", *Milton*).

The year of *1970* as a chance for one to go to the next one.

(That a "dissonance" was heard at that is a thing which one should not be proud of.

But, how to explain doom to ingratiating ways?

"The rougher voices of the men joined in the song", *William Morris*).

Picture No. 25 as enabling *Ithran*, an excellence by definition (2 Sam. 17. 25.) *Es sieht ganz so aus*.

* * *

Picture No. 25 as conceivableness of *Lysanias*, the one who broke off even with sorrow itself (Luke 3. 1.)

"*Lassen wir das*!"

However, having entered the barracks complex (where I served the military that year - the year of *1970*), I had to get used to the corresponding regime. ("*Du machst es dir wirklich zu leicht*").

But at the time it was inconceivable to not come to one's own senses within installations of the proper state.

In the context of which, my duty was to stand guard and, right after that, to take a bare glass measuring *1 meter by 1 meter* [a square meter of limpidity of *Mattaniah*, himself understood as a gift of Almighty (2 Kin. 24. 17.) - *ein leeres Blat Papier*], and (in a surrealistic manner) show on it the universal situation (take up painting using mild temperas).

[The charge of quarters (*CQ*), that is, has heard that I was skilled at that, on the basis of which I got privileged to take up, therefore, the paints and brushes (*nach Süden liegen*), listening to the music from a transistor radio depicting the keen desire of the nights of *Batajnica* - the place in which all that was going on: *den Beweis liefern*), and conjure up the wish of *Magor-missabib*, rounded by fear (Jer. 20. 3.), instead of vanishing on the straight line between blankness and fullness, *etwas von etwas lösen*.

(This way, at least some layer of ocher would have saved two, three blue ones)].

Picture No. 25 as remembering the era of "naive art" of a cadet of the School of Reserve Officers of Air force and Air defense.

Das lohnt sich.

* * *

Picture No. 25 as "my duty to homeland".

(And the fact that the words are smoking - is to be extinguished by the sentence).

Picture No. 25 as a swift transition to the vivid happiness when no one expects it. (*Солнце позолотило верхушки деревьев*).

[*Mattan* as the gift of self-seeking (2 Kin. 11. 18.)]

In the year of *1970*, anyway, all that was likeable made a sufficiently deep impression on *Tammuz*, a perfect continuation of life (Ezek. 8. 14.), for one to take into consideration any imperfections at all.

That year, therefore, everything was piled up to a golden stack [schooling, militarizing, fondling (with *D. N.*, *V. M.*, *в значительной степени*), navigation of *Zohar*, the ray of zeroth light as a vacuum photo (Gen. 23. 8.)], so much so that one could not resist it (all that, *Lebensunterhalt*) even if one wanted, so that it (all that, *Lebensweise*), simply passed by itself (its incessancy not being brought into question even during pleasant pauses), and now we should not be wondering about the distance that (since then) interposed itself - although it is true that *Tirhakah*, from time immemorial, imagines closeness as of no consequence to it (2 Kin. 19. 9.), until starting dealing with the self.

[After all, why would those distances prevail over these?

Whenever it happens, there is no equal to the hit of time.

(Even if it flashed accidentally).

"And millions miss for one that hits", *Swift*].

But in the year of *1970* all that was left to harmonious filing. *Lichtschutzfaktor*.

Similarly to archiving, a process which we became fond of herewith, fastidiously through the prism of an (earlier or

later) transition from one "plane" of life to other (an infinite emigrating), yet none sounding final.

О том и речь!

* * *

Let us take, therefore, from the given link (http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1202c00.htm) an example of arrival of the subject immigrants to (then) Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, as it was presented (*из достоверных источников*) "in the framework" of the following exhibition:

"At the occasion of marking the Anniversary of the Archives of Yugoslavia, on *January 21*, *1999*, the exhibition entitled ***"Russian Emigration in the Letters to the Court and Government of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia 1920-1939"*** was opened. Its working hours were *9:00 AM* to *2:00 PM* during weekdays, until *February 10*, *1999*".

The part of the exhibition in connection with *the influx of emigrants to the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes* (*The Kingdom of SHS*, in the original), includes:

"1. Information of Vasilij Štrandman regarding the "desperate condition" of *10,000* Russian soldiers in Constantinople (*1921., 2 pages, printed in Russian*)

2. Report - Short Accounting Report of Monthly Financial Support of Russian Military in Prison Camps in Kabadza and Lemnos in case of its transfer to the territory of the Kingdom of SHS (*2 pages, printed in Russian*)

3. One of the lists of Russian refugees who asked for asylum in the Kingdom of SHS, prepared in the Ministerial Council of the Kingdom (*2 pages, printed in Serbian*)

4. Request of General N. P. Vrangel to the President of Ministerial Council of the Kingdom of SHS to accept *1800* troops forced to evacuate from Galipolje (*1922., 3 pages, printed in Russian*)

5. Report of Aleksandar Belić, President of the State Commission for Refugees, to President of Ministerial Council regarding the travel to Paris and talks in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of France about Russian refugees evacuated to France (*1921., 7 pages, handwritten in Serbian*)

6. Russian diplomatic representative in Constantinople requests Nikola Pašić to approve arrival to the Kingdom of SHS of three thousand Russians "escaped from Bolsheviks" (*1923., 4 pages, printed in Russian*)

7. Protest of Russian National Committee in Paris addressed to President of Ministerial Council of the Kingdom of SHS regarding persecution of Russian refugees in Bulgaria (*1922., 4 pages, printed in Russian*)

8. Protest of Russian National Committee in Paris and other Russian institutions (total of ten) to the President of Ministerial Council of Bulgaria, Mr. Stambolijski, regarding the repeated persecution of Russian refugees, in particular military officers, in Bulgaria (*1922, 3 pages, printed in Russian*)

9. List of senators of the Ruling Senate who stayed in Belgrade in the Kingdom of SHS (*missing date*)

10. Letter of Vasilije Štrandman to Nikola Pašić including request for regular payments from the loan of the State Commission, without pay reductions ("for the condition of the Russian émigrés in the Kingdom is tragic" (*1924., 2 pages, printed in Russian*)

11. V. N. Štrandman thanks the President of Ministerial Council Nikola Pašić on the given aid (a list of individuals and organizations that used the aid has been provided in an attachment) (*1920., 5 pages, printed in Russian*)

12. Request that a hundred engineers, misplaced in various places of Europe, Asia, and Africa, be granted entrance to Serbia (*1921., 2 pages, printed in Russian*)

13. List of Russian engineers misplaced in Constantinople (*1921., 3 pages, printed in Russian*)".

"Emigration" as unreal presumption of solution of sugary inexplicability, *из года в год*.

Picture No. 25 as a photo-point faded away by emigration. ("*Я бежал изо всех сил*").

* * *

Picture No. 25 as a prospect won by means of war operation. And on it - *the signs of biology*:

Annual plant.

Biennial plant.

Perennial herb.

Evergreen plant.

Monocarpic plant, that bears fruit but once.

Shrub.

Treelike shrub.

Tree.

 Climbing plant.

(1) Male organism or cell. (2) Staminate plant or flower.

 (1)Female organism or cell. (2)Pistillate plant or flower.

Perfect, or hermaphroditic, plant or flower.

Individual, especially female, organism.

Individual, especially male, organism.

Unisexual; having male and female flowers separate.

Monoecious; having male and female flowers on the same plant.

Dioecious; having male and female flowers on different plants.

Polygamous; having hermaphroditic and unisexual flowers on the same or different plants.

∞ Indefinite number, as of stamens when there are more than twenty.

0 Lacking or absent, as a part.

) Turning or winding to the left.

(Turning or winding to the right.

× Crossed with: used of a hybrid.

P Parental (generation).

F Filial (generation); offspring.

$F_1, F_2, F_3, etc.$ Offspring of the first, second, third, etc. filial generation.

+ Possessing a (specified) characteristic.

− Lacking a (specified) characteristic.

♂ Northern hemisphere.

♀ Southern hemisphere.

|* Old World.

*| New World.

°, ′, ″ Feet, inches, lines.

′, ″, ‴ Feet, inches, lines (in European usage).

* * *

And among them - *the human specs*.

To paint human specs with signs of biology.

* * *

Picture No. 25 as increasingly endeared miniature pictures. *Сведения из книги*.

(An importance is always being attached to favorites.

“Figures harder than the marble itself”, *Dryden*).

Excellent was that year (the year of *1970*): having described it to the end, one cannot help not to give it bouquet as a gift.

[In the same way in which *Bigthan*, the one given by God (Est. 2. 21.), was given the gift of making a joke on his own account].

Picture No. 25 as nothing which does not squander its futile joy, anyway.

(Joy as an “architectural solution” of the *Square* across which the human specs creep).

And what is, therefore, to be done?

“To paint human specs with signs of biology” - said the one who resuscitated them with that.

01-04-04-07/08-13-14-17-18-28-29-19-22-27-28-15-16/08-10

* * *

(*Photograph No. 26:* Straight As An Arrow With Which Crossing Loses Its Significance)

And as one, taking any street, reaches the point from which the next two show up - a street to the left and one to the right - and since every one counts on something like that in order to trick, as *Janus* did (*fachiro*), his own shadow (even though, again, nothing came out of that!), he may as well make use of *Photograph No. 26* for, in fact, it offers such a possibility with the help of our own look at it (even if dreamy: *facile a farsi*), because of which (*sul far del giorno*), if no other, at least that justification qualifies it (the photograph in question) for the inclusion into the series of pictures of *Menahem* [an urban comforter (2 Kin. 15. 14.)], with whom, accordingly, we're dealing all this time, and with the help of whom it is possible for one to *photo-deliver* himself.

Having arrived, thus, at the point from which one is to go in this or that direction (*júbùn desu*), it is best to grant a wish of *Menahem*'s pal *Ethan*, a quite faithful incarnation of firmness (1 Kin. 4. 31.), and persevere on *the right direction* of "voyage through life" ("*Watákushi no iu tōrì ni shinásai*"), but because it (*right direction*) can go both left and right, it is enough, for today, to ingratiate oneself with *Ben-oni*, teacher of his own sorrow (Gen. 35. 18.), until weather improves and the road of such a decision becomes illuminated with a tiny yellowish sun, *fürsorglich*.

[As if we are asked where to direct our iron steps, the trump cards of *Barzillai*'s penetration (2 Sam. 17. 27.)

After all, regarding orthodoxness, is it not true that even that echo is contained in *Beth-anath*, the eternal reverberation (Josh. 19. 38.)?

And why, then, questioning the self?

To go in this or that direction has always been considered a test, anyway. (*Es sieht ganz so aus*).

Although that somehow is not quite accepted - and people devote themselves to the source of seriousness, spring of various possibilities of *Maschil,* symbol of understanding (Ps. 53 - a psalm of that kind of beauty, to which said *Maschil* comes as an adorned title, *Frühaufsteher*).

"It is wonderful to observe how inapprehensive these patients are of their disease", *Blackmore*].

Picture No. 26 as the choice of the year of *1971* - thus to the left!

* * *

Picture No. 26 as the choice of Virtuous Advisor *Malluch* (1 Chr. 6. 44.) - thus to the right!

That's the way we are - now to the left, now to the right, as if it is not known that we are to walk across the sky, float across the earth!

Nichíyōdaiku.

Which is, as we know, there where one is - referring to the one who indeed is somewhere (*dokúdanteki na*) - while his speculations that he is not there (*irúka*) will improve neither his left nor his right road (having taken him out from the spot where he is and bringing him to where he is not, *Regelwidrig*).

That is why we surrendered other steps (*от часа до двух*) to such voyages in that year too (in the year of *1971*), ourselves being entertained with the voyage of *Gibbar* (Ezra 2. 20.), a hero of *Gibbethon*, lofty place of a lion reverie (Josh. 19. 44.)

(The lions of youth - these were growling from us then. *Они не могут отличить добро от зла*).

* * *

I completed military service, found a job, went swimming in the sea (with *V. M.*) before the first day at work (*время от времени*), even started thinking that the new flash of an era is to arrive (*недалеко от меня*).

[But, I cannot forget my escape through the wire fence.

Once from the barracks in *Batajnica*, the other time from those in *Obrenovac*.

That was in the winter of that year, the year of *1971* (in *February* as well as in *March* there suddenly breaks unbearableness: *острый угол*).

I came out through a hole in the fence [cut out by the skilful hands of military runaways encouraged to do that by their passions that happened long before mine ("*Jag såg inte skylten*")], I stopped somewhat down the road, once it was a *FAP* motor vehicle which showed on the road, the other time a luxury *Citroen* (a heavy truck and a fine limo, respectively), in the former there was a driver by the name of *Srbislav*, in the latter a general manager of a vital industrial combine of the same name ("Vital"), *Milić Stamenković*, with his driver *Ninković*. *Registreringsnumret var...*

Each took me straight to *Zrenjanin*. ("*Vad heter nästa stad*?").

(One at a time, therefore. "*Tack för hjälpen*").

Second time, I have arrived even earlier than I needed to [I waited for *V. M.* to come out after her classes, sitting in the nearby market inn, having ordered ten deciliters of mead ("*Ursäkta mig...*")], while the first time I hardly made it to the bus station to catch a bus from *Zr*. to *Sečanj* ("*Kan ni visa på kartan var jag är*?"), wherein in a tavern I met one *Nikolica Jovanov* ("*Kan ni upprepa det, tack*?"), who, it turned out, was indeed about to continue his trip to *Krajišnik* ("Just let me finish these few bites" - those consoling words reached me after being uttered by the huge man leaning over the table and inhaling his food and drink from three plates, a pot and a filled up pitcher), which meant that from there to *Jaša Tomić* (an already dozing destination of that starry journey - *rakt fram*) one was to walk *4 km*, in the winter evening that, true, was already transitioning into a polar night (*i hörnan*), but even with such, increasingly darker colors

of primarily red underpinning (*i riktning mot...*), it (the night in question) was undeniably pointing at the spot of a favorable outcome ("*Ta tredje gatan till höger...*"), creating around it an aura similar to that above *Miphkad*, meeting place as a result of soldier's valor (Neh. 3. 31.)

{[*V. M.*'s aunt lived in *J. T.*; she was an elderly lady who thought that feeding chickens while exclaiming "*Mishael*!", which even then meant "Who is what God is?" (Ex. 6. 22.), is the same as calming even such twilights in such poultry by dressing them up in such feathers (for, in no other way could one be on a par with the aunt's implicitness, *qualcosa del genere*)].

And even the trip itself to get there, as it can be seen and as it, after all, should be characterized as such by reasonable people (*Se non le dispiace*), was a certain decisive calling on *Maralah*, trembling of senses in the form of continual attention (Josh. 19. 11.), because it was not feasible to keep stepping towards one's chills without military solidity.

Let us only take that tavern (in *Sečanj*) - having entered it [having unbuttoned the *Russian*-patterned overcoat of a classic cut of *Achshaph* with ingredients of *Adiel* - a long seam magic with the distinction of a young lion in this fiction (Josh. 11. 1., 1 Chr. 4. 36.)], I have entered, therefore, the epicenter of beer, smoke, noise, crowd, and plum brandy vapors of pra-*Banat Aloth* [in normal circumstances an exemplary sourcing of milk and dairy products for people longing for ancestral consolation (1 Kin. 4. 16.)], where I did accommodate myself. (*A tua disposizione*).

Having done that, and having learned from the waiter that a double brandy is best accompanied by a double ale of (the town of) *Knjaževac* (a light one plus one, in terms of color, between ruby and coral - *dividersi*), I reckoned, having made up my mind, i.e. having ordered only the brandy ("*Il distacco dalla famiglia è spesso difficile*"), that it would be the best to remain in the state of the above described, increased attentiveness of psychical *Barkos* (a psychic painter of rabble's docility, Ezra 2. 53.), at least to the point when, anyway, the night was going to prevail and when, by definition of such (indistinct) condition (*Πριν πατε για υπνο*), further blurring would lead nowhere, in order to remain to be able to travel with my light feet.

Said, done (see above under the topic of *Sečanj* - *Jaša Tomić*, via *Krajišnik*.

Pracht).

That is how I was able to bridge all that, anyway}.

The year of *1971* as another year that has been "most excellent to me, infallible at the time".

("*Sollten Sie meine Hilfe brauchen, stehe ich Ihnen zur Verfügung*").

While the fact that I had run away twice (although, no longer than for a day, or two) from the barracks (*Verdammt*!), is to be taken with understanding of *Chelal*, seal of completion (Ezra 10. 30.)

Picture No. 26 as the urban center towards which all that "gravitated".

Eine chemische Verbindung.

* * *

Picture No. 26 as a pivotal point about which all that was spinning. ("*Tener gracia*!").

For, let us not kid ourselves, completing military service and (subsequently) taking a stroll down the *Knez Mihajlova Street* (*en conjunto*), having arrived, therefore, in front of the shown point of its branching (¿"*Cómo se llega*?"), could not have been postponed for "later in time" (*me constancia que*), regardless of how much one endeavored to use one set of words to warn the others, words coming out of the mouth of *Epaphras*, obtained by *the contract with what comes next* (Col. 1. 7.)

The contract with what comes next as a phase of *Gahar*, hiding place of future (Ezra 2. 47.)

Even *Haroeh*, seer by definition (1 Chr. 2. 52.), would not put his signature there if not lured by the authority of an expert.

But, one thing is to foresee, another to let time come for what belongs to it, *que conste que.*

(Rightfulness is understood here.

"The Lord blesseth the habitation of the just", Prov. iii. 33.

The only thing is to also include homelessness - *legamento*).

The year of *1971* as the time of preparation for the festivities of life to come. *Mi sia lecito far presente che...*

Picture No. 26 as an arrangement of people according to chance, that year (*via libera*!)

* * *

Picture No. 26 as confirmation of perpetualty - *hanshabyò*.

[Perpetual is that which used to be like that before it (the picture in question) and is like that now (*mán-ichi ni sonáete*).

(*Chakúbaràì*: Someone always walks with someone towards this self, or together with the self departs for another self).

In fact, and as a proof for the cited statement, the given picture (*Picture No. 26 - distancia 5 kilómetros*) has been taken who knows when (*guardar las distancias*), and the fact that, here, said year (the year of *1971*) is sawn on it, is something that was done in order to accept the strolls of people on its (given picture's) stage by a simple insight into the scene boundlessness of such one, timeless act. *Заруби себе на носу*.

Accepting the walks of men (women, children) in *Picture No. 26* as something that, more or less, continuously repeats, therefore, can be done in such a way as to offer them (the walkers in question, *без задержек*) to take rest in a civilized manner ("*Я не хочу Вас задерживать*"), having understood their exhaustion, but, at the same time, having offered them the challenge of the next life.

The assumption is, also, that they would, then, agree with this writer (the proponent of the given possibility), having exulted in a photo sense.

And until then - one is to keep parading!]

In the year of *1971* I could have, according to everything said and with a peace of mind, walked across that same spot, without looking in my own eyes as a military novice.

On the contrary, "and as already said", by the end of that *August* (*August* of the year of *1971 - rückwärts fahren*), I've completed the military service (*in aller Ruhe*) and from the *Obrenovac* barracks (where I was serving in said anti-aircraft missile unit) went straight with my father (in that **Škoda**) to the *Belgrade* airport ("*Kommen Sie ruhig herein*!"), from where it took me 35 minutes to arrive to *Zadar* (*schick angezogen*) where *V. M.* (*zum Scherz*), with her stepfather, had met me, and in their car (of *Yugoslavian* production!) we drove down to that infamous *B. on the Sea* (again!) - some *25* km to the south ("*Bei der Hitze bin ich so schlaff*") - so that the "barracks-seaside" transaction took no more than what has been given by *Jathniel*, whom Almighty gave (1 Chr. 26. 2.)

Oh, those summers from that honeyed, *aqua*-world - the one who in them warmed up, escaped from the winters that followed up!

Something that deserves the banner of a patriot.

("Reverently, piously, in hopeful patriotism / We spread this banner on the sky", *H. W. Beecher*).

In the all-seeing sea not even heavier things were sinking to the bottom, let alone our lightness swimming along with us. *Mit einem Schlag.*

Ten days in something like that was not enough, but one had to start somewhere (as a death day at birthday).

* * *

Having returned to *B*. at the ring of *September*, I started working as an instructor at the "R. Končar" Middle Industrial School.

Den är...

{If I had poetically remained there, you could be hearing a different poem from me now.

Although, in fact, my going and working there was a link to this here: it is not for us to lightly deny *Shomer* [the one who keeps vigil above us with his eye of a *photo-joker* (2 Kin. 12. 21)].

The above is to do, therefore, with the fact that, at the subject work place, I met *Dipl. Ing. J. Mandić - Joca*, mentioned in the next volume of this, virtuously *ephemeral* tetralogy ("*Vad finns det för sevärdheter*?"), a serene man who, full of *Thamah*'s, healthy laughter [a laughter, therefore, "as such" (Ezra 2. 53.)], "introduced me to the plan" of all *Talmons*, all those, therefore, oppressed with their imagination (1 Chr. 9. 17.), "according to which plan", i.e., on the word of *Joca* (*Har ni någon information om honom*?), one was to do "only that and that" to come here where (in that way, therefore) I came (the only thing which, of course patiently, I report to the readers of these writings, *all this time*).

But, what is time compared to timelessness!}

* * *

Timelessness as a pulse of *Ur*, light of grace (Gen. 11. 28.)

More or less - "taken symbolically".

("The word *symbol* should not seem to be over difficult", *Baker*).

Although, why to use timelessness as the name for something that, on its own, pulled out from the embrace of *Ruhamah*, a passionate reader of that which used to be and will never be again (Hos. 2. 1.)?

That is why one is to indeed ensure the friendship of *Reuel*, friend of God and also of *Rufus*, red sign of the world (1 Chr. 9. 8., Mark 15. 21.), and, with that cover, continue to court the time axis of the activity of solitude. *Enkelriktad gata.*

Picture No. 26 as the last vibration of the memory of *Uel*, will of God to let everything to remembrance (Ezra 10. 34.)

And its threads of photography.

* * *

Threads of photography as confetti of *Jabbok*, pouring out of time (Gen. 32. 22.)

Picture No. 26 as a sky above the city even formally catalogued under the ornate style [in the area of *Jahdiel* the architecture is polished up too - even beneath the joined clouds, under the photon ray aided by Almighty (1 Chr. 5. 24.)], whereby grandiosity especially leads. ("*Använd helljus*!")

Accordingly, in that year too, I advanced rapidly towards these years.

(The years of clean coupling with boundless time. "*Vi kommer att vara här...*"

As when one mentions an adventurer.

"He set his face toward the wilderness", Num. xxiv. 1.)

So that one could feel how something jumps over all that time: rolling over to a result even smaller addends gain weight, let alone an increasingly faster flywheel (*sur le tard*) - from the epoch of an adding to the period of new addition (*sans plus tarder*), accompanied by *Mahalath*, musical instrument whose sound, true, was heard more and more (Gen. 28. 9.), but, then, it needed harmonization - *Gewissensfrage*.

(As if I sensed I would be singing along mutely.

Although one was to be more cautious.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world", 1 John ii. 15.)

But, there was enough for necessary reasonableness. ("*Du hast zu schweigen*!")

Exactly because of that, we [the participants of those times (*gut gemeint*), including the subject year too - the year of *1971*] made it to the rank of appraisers of other times in the sense of reflections of pure doubt [instead of momentary playing up to *Salem*, steady notion of perfection of all this (Gen. 14. 18.). *Haargenau*].

Picture No. 26 as a springboard for disappearing from it (the springboard).

* * *

Picture No. 26 as arrogance of *Shamer*, housekeeper of a former house (1 Chr. 6. 46.)

That fall, therefore, I felt eager enough to not prefer futility to repose (*aber gütig*); on the contrary, calmed down by the logic of things (*wie Sie es auch ausdrücken*), I must have been heroically gazing around (*unparteiisch*), looking how to reach boastfulness of *Ziz* (2 Chr. 20. 16.), flowers full of *Timna*, the symbol of unapproachableness (Gen. 36. 12.)

For, how to come to something on time, otherwise?

("Spend but time / To wind about my love with circumstance", *W. Shakespeare*).

Although afterwards, and all by myself, I ought to write all that down and put it together (practically - to archive it). "*Que tempo demora*?"

After all, not even in associations or unions ("*Pode-me dar informações*?") can one attain the right moment of essential exultancy ("*O Sr. Lopes, por favor...*") without timely archiving the results.

From the link of that Archive of ours (http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1202c00.htm), and regarding said sort of groupings, we can, thus, read:

Associations and Unions

14. *Association of Slavic Mutuality*: Letter to Nikola Pašić, President Of Ministerial Council of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, Regarding Association Budget Approval (*1920, 3 pages, Handwritten in Serbian*)

15. President of the *Administration of Association in Memory of Czar Nicholas II* - Requesting the King to take the Association "under His Royal Highness Protection" (*1934., 2 pages, Printed in Serbian*)

16. *Association in Memory of Czar Nicholas II* - Invitation for the "Evening of Great Memories" dedicated to the memory of Czar Nicholas II (*1935., 2 pages, Handwriting in Serbian*)

17. Central Committee of the Association of *United Russia - United East*: Request to King Aleksandar for his assistance in uniting the "Disintegrated Forces of Russian Emigration" (*1930., 2 pages, Printed in Serbian*)

18. Letter of the representative of Don River Cossacks N. Meljnikov to the State Commission for Russian refugees proposing that the "Don Steamboat" in Constantinople "be given to the Royal Government to use it in the interest of the Kingdom (...) for Constantinople will soon be occupied by Kemalists, to be joined by Russian Bolsheviks, because of which the steamboat may find itself in their hands" (*1992., 2 pages, Handwriting in Russian*)

19. Committee for Celebration of *240*-th Anniversary of Kuban Cossack Forces in the Letter of Greetings sends to King Petar II its "Devotion, Love and Profound Gratitude to the Royal Court" (*1936, 1 page, Printed in Serbian*)

20. Head Office of the Association of Russian officers bearers of decoration and arms of St. Georgije in the Kingdom of Yugoslavia invites Duke Pavle to visit charity ball organized by the Association to benefit the poverty stricken decoration bearers (*1936., 1 page, Printed in Serbian*)

21. Ladies Committee organizes entertainment party to benefit Russian Disabled War Veterans (*1937., 2 pages, Printed in Serbian*)

22. Bylaws of *The Union of Russian Engineers* in The Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes (SHS) with an accompanying letter to the President of the Ministerial Committee defining the mission of the Union (*1921., 10 pages, Printed in Russian*)

23. Letter of the *Association of Russian Engineers in the Kingdom of SHS* to the President of the Ministerial Committee: Request for "equal compensation of employed Russian engineers compared to other employees of the Kingdom" (*1921., 2 pages, Printed in Russian*)

24. Letter of the *Union of Russian Engineers in the Kingdom of SHS* to the President of the Ministerial Committee noting the problem of false representations of individuals as engineers, those without corresponding technical education (*1921., 2 pages, Printed in Russian*)

25. Pozdravno pismo sa *Kongresa ruskih inženjera* održanog u Jugoslaviji , Greetings Letter from the Congress of Russian Engineers held in Yugoslavia (*1931., 1 page, Handwriting in Russian, Color*)

26. Zahvalnica *Središnjeg odbora Udruženja ruskih ratnih invalida* Kralju Aleksandru na priloženih 10.000 dinara Udruženju , Letter of Thanks of the Middle Committee of the Association of Russian Disabled War Veterans to King Alexander on His Contribution of *10,000* Dinars (*1934, 1 page, Printed in Russian, Color*)

27. Zahvalnica ruskih invalida iz *Invalidskog doma* u Prčnju Kraljici Mariji na njenoj poseti Invalidskom domu , Letter of Thanks of Russian Invalids from the House of Invalids in Prčanj to Queen Maria for Her Visit to the House (*1935., 1 page, Handwriting in Serbian, Color*)

28. Ladies Committee organizes entertainment party to benefit the poorest Russian War Disabled Veterans (*1934., 1 page, Printed in Serbian, Color*)

29. Invitation of *Beograd Committee of the Association of Russian War Disabled Veterans* to the Duke Regent Pavle to attend the dedication of newly built House of Invalids for Russian invalids in Beograd (*1936., 1 page, Printed in Serbian*)

30. President of *Beograd Committee of the Union of Russian Disabled War Veterans* proposes to the Royal House to provide additional funds for completing construction of the House of Invalids by publishing book about King Aleksandar by Mr. Hensen (*1932., 2 pages, Printed in Serbian*)

31. Receipt by Russian Red Cross for receiving *10,000* dinars contribution from the Royal House (*1927, 1 page, Printed in Serbian*).

Associations and Unions as a culmination of archival procedure of (in the given case - *Slavophile*) rapprochement.

("*Podes mandar mensagem*?")

* * *

Slavophile rapprochement as an "ethnically-existential necessity" (of the kind). "*Σ'αυτη τη διευθυνση παρακαλω*".

(Covering with a high quality shield, as opposed to infirmity.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride", *Hamilton*).

Picture No. 26 as support to such a kind of sociableness. *Για τωρα*.

* * *

Picture No. 26 as seducing citizenry with the possibility of strolling even through *Nahaliel*, valley of God (Num. 21. 19.), only to decide which road to take from the intersection.

(Everything else is easy. *Tudo em letras minúsculas*).

In the year of *1971*, travelling out of it (compared to the voyages in the years such as these) was based, anyway, on discovering *Meonothai*, the warmest habitation of every being (1 Chr. 4. 14.), in the manner in which that could have been done at the first sign of the right way. ("*Tem muitas subidas*?")

Throughout that year (the year of *1971*, *Kostenanschlag*), accordingly, I myself was after something like that too - every once in a while, I would quickly depart for *Meremoth* (nowadays *Zrenjanin*), 'a higher sphere of nouveau acquisition' (Ezra 8. 33.), a proselytizing testing of *V. M*., however much theoretical, *makíge no*.

(It was important, as always, to persevere on all that.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us", *A. Lincoln*.

Jiji).

Thus, I remember a very early morning (at the end of *September* / beginning of *October* of that year, the year of *1971*, *tábùn*), in which I was going down the *Aradački Road* by some fence behind which there were railway tracks holding a stationary, yet vague train (*dimmigt*), vague because it could have been both a freight and a passenger train ("*Kan du föreslå*...?"), although [in either of the cases ("*Är det lagligt*?")] one was dealing primarily with what had been evaporating from nearby clothes line in the form of vapor of a nag freed from the cosmic stable (full of the *heavenly-physical* stamina), it was such transportation means, therefore, that one was dealing with there, the means which was panting only to me (*långsynt*) such primary exploitation of itself on (still secondary!) railway tracks, wherein I was slid next to it as if next to a *photo-train* (*långfärdsbuss*), solidified by a gentle eye of even then humble time into a mute statuesque scene ("*Flytta honom inte*!"), on which even now it is present as much as the *former I* pass through it.

[Ah, as I stepped out through all that at the time ("*Mitt namn jag heter*..."), it looked as if it was to do with a suddenly materialized promenade of some metropolis.

"On we went past open plazas teeming with the life of the city", *H. M. Raymond*.

Although I preferred walking silently. *Всюду*].

Picture No. 26 as such one, promenade-based approach to the present outcome, *в своё время*.

* * *

Picture No. 26 as memory of *Merab*, a straight-line increase (1 Sam. 14. 49.)

But, who would have said that with even such a choice being offered (a choice that is always offered - *anti-rimbalzare* / *anti-proiettile*), one would go from the subject intersection to *The Same*?

The Same as that oversight of any choice which in *one* sees *two*.

The Same as *Mara* and *Marah*, sorrow and bitterness for not everything is honey and mead (Ruth 1. 20., Ex. 15. 23.)

The Same as when reaching *the self of before*, abolishing *the present self*. *Se non altro*.

The Same - in the sense that everything is included in everything else by the moves of singularity.

Picture No. 26 as an obsolete postcard from exactly that, *The Same*.

("*Un whisky, per favore*". "*Liscio o con ghiaccio*?")

* * *

Picture No. 26 as blocking the road with branching it out. *Dall'oggi al domani*.

(The one who knows which way to take from there, is to move aside from this road right away.

"He breaks at unawares upon our walks", *Dryden*.

At that point, therefore, others would back up).

So that all those men (women, children), who with the help of the picture in question (*Picture No. 26*) keep themselves between the classic buildings in a kind of festival crowding which guarantees their human assembly, are practically to be considered fortunate as long as they are where they are.

(Having once stood at the intersection, even lion starts trembling in his heart section.

"For what we know must be, and is as common / As any the most vulgar thing to sense", *W. Shakespeare. Ha un cuore d'oro*).

And so, in such kind of flowing by (*una pall di neve*), the year of *1971* was going towards its falls (where it was scheduled to fall into the next year, that is a year as was the year in question, "unless something extraordinary happens"), but each of us looked at his/her own brook.

For, every one is always preoccupied with his/her understanding of the world (although possibly whispering to each other).

("Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul / And waft a sigh from *Indus* to the pole", *Pope*).

Although not even the year of *1971* could have been written off just like that, *d'altra parte*.

[Haven't we already said that all in it was ringing like *Shimrath*, feline mindfulness (1 Chr. 8. 21.)

Scratching, at that, the illumination of *Ram*, the high grounds from where that which matches them always shines in patches (Ruth 4. 19.)]

Picture No. 26 as *photo-shifts* towards present flight. *Da questa parte.*

* * *

Picture No. 26 as those tracks in this snow. *Freust du dich denn gar nicht*?

(Looking at them one can see well where we're snow covered).

The year of *1971* as depositing into the present year.

[But, we cannot stop now!

(We better always improve, especially in modesty, *im Freiden*.

There's a proud modesty in merit / Averse from begging, and resolv'd to pay / Ten times the gift it asks", *Dryden*)].

Picture No. 26 as manifesting/showing something that was to be understood as a new hope anyway (*sich einen Tag freinehmen*), but (see how things fade!), under the given circumstances (*zu jeder Jahreszeit*), has been interpreted as the (mentioned) promenade. ("*Ich habe es ja gewusst*").

A certainty of *Zacher*, the base of remembrance (1 Chr. 8. 31.), when least expected.

{For, it is not a joke to remember all that (*dìre son mot*), jump on its neck and describe it from there ("*Ditìes donc*!"), without, at that, getting rid of all this which, like an ink, 'civilizable advisably' spreads into a spoiled justification (*vol regulier*), not finding even a speck of fear in it [*tourbillon* (*de vent*)], as if not even awaken *Tiria*, the incarnation of anxiety (1 Chr. 4. 16.), gently visited it in any of its dreams.

Not even a cherub (*er kommt garantiert*) could have been of assistance there.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought. As well as want of heart", *Hood*}.

In the year of *1971* all that was accelerating towards this now. *Schritt für Schritt.*

* * *

In the year of *1971* the period up to then was summed up.

Picture No. 26 as a small excursion into even smaller journey. *Furche.*

[Not even *Baal-peor*, lord of the opening (Num. 25. 3.), could any more open anything slightly there].

Picture No. 26 as a situation in which pretty shadows of said past prevail.

(Without putting their tails between their legs, though!)

Picture No. 26 as that picture in which I found myself at the intersection from which I continued *straight*.

Straight as an arrow with which crossing loses its significance.

That is how I imagined that on such a road one *Alphæus*, the contemporary heir (Matt. 10. 3.), could have been entrusted with happiness.

* * *

(*Photograph No. 27:* Between Eternity and Ephemerality)

Photograph No. 27 as the last picture of an ancient winter warmed up by the imminent escape.

Krönung.

The misty column of fairy trees (*Prozession*), an array sprinkled by the snow like *Rab-mag* [the one who got carried away by whiteness (Jer. 39. 3.)] by a snowflake.

And since the given picture (*Picture No. 27*) represents the year of *1972*, and as it is not possible to say something not in harmony with the impressions about it, one is to immortalize it with, at least, recognitions of *Reumah*, calmed by eternal decorations (Gen. 22. 24.)

My father died that winter, though, which confirmed the concept in question if on no other than on time scale (even everlastingness has some meaning!); as far as decorations are concerned - they belonged to variegated *Rakem* (1 Chr. 7. 16.), a tiny butterfly of unceasing metamorphosis (continual transfiguration) of complex light.

"A malady that burns and rankles inward", *Rowe.*

But one has to start from the point at which one is. *Comerse el coco*!

[Not even birds shrink from flying vivacities (*¿no es cierto*?), for one to keep nagging people who became heavy due to their lives.

"The birds chant melody on every bush" - how many times *Shakespeare* ought to be repeated?].

The year of *1972* as the last year for which one could say it would fully fold.

¡*Chócala*!

"Let the words of my mouth and the mediation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight", Ps. xix. 14.

Picture No. 27 as insistency on idyllic dwelling of *Ishod*, man of glory (1 Chr. 7. 18.), within surrounding beyond reproach.

* * *

Picture No. 27 as the last in this series.

Circunferencia.

For, everything has its end, even the hesitation of *Ithream*, remnants of people that once meant something (2 Sam. 3. 5.)

Picture No. 27 as snowy inconsiderateness.

Vad skrattar du åt?

* * *

Picture No. 27 as *Kennaquhair*, place that does not exist, although it is true that it existed, but (since then) it faded in the eyes of *Jedidah*, the choice of *Jemuel*'s benevolence, virtually every livelong day (Gen. 46. 10.)

In the year of *1972* things were, therefore, filling up with nuances of imminent disappearance ("*Jag skulle vilja ha lite sällskap*"), from that which was to that which is [but didn't consolidate with the wisdom of *Jediael*, known of God and because of that - a possible genius (1 Chr. 7. 6.)].

Picture No. 27 as a snowy approach to the pictures of life ("*Får jag bjuda på en drink*?"), which was to be happening sufficiently "sequentially" to prevent "suddenly leaving the scene" ("*Är min svenska så dålig*?"), and yet it was still to do with showering with chalk. ("*Vad du ser vacker ut*!")

[Chalk as pouring out the time ("*Jag är inte beredd på det*"), dust in the eyes of *Er*, a watchful guard of the world otherwise (Gen. 38. 3.)

"Now streaked and glowing with the morning red", *Prior*].

Picture No. 27 as winter around buildings around which timelessness flies (*Rulltrappa*) - not belonging to something, it does not pay to impose on it.

("*Det var allt, tack*").

Or else, trying something like that ("*Det är min tur*"), one would have spent his time like *Phaethon*, the son of *Helios*, the sun god (*äkta*), who borrowed his father's sun chariot ("*Finns det en bruksanvisning*?") and, through careless driving, would have set the world on fire (*på kvällen*) had not *Zeus* struck him down with a thunderbolt, making him not wandering any more, with which everything came to the point from which it started (*på morgonen*), having folded immovably over further journey. ("*Kan jag få...*?")

In the year of *1972*, anyway, one was not supposed to infinitely keep nagging (it was only needed to quiet down - and with that move gain the voyages before us. "*Каких-нибудь два-три месяца*").

Picture No. 27 as a white layer of the yellow soil of *Secacah*, fitted in a box without walls (Josh. 15. 61.), except the wall before a voyager to selfness.

Нет ли каких вопросов?

* * *

Picture No. 27 as remembrance from the head of *Shaphat*, judge of illumination (Num. 13. 5.), whatever a small ray (often full of unfounded suspicion) may bring down to each and every one.

For, why wouldn't one be rejoicing in the light of a narrative, *мягкий, как вата*?

And isn't it true that a shining story is the one whose words sparkle even to *Saphir*, the beauty as a "prerogative" (Mic. 1. 11.), which is understood in the case in question (in the case of *Picture No. 27*), *как же*.

* * *

That year, I remember, I was characterized by obliviousness.

(So much that I wasn't for cajolery.

"It would pity a man's heart to hear what I hear of the state of *Cambridge*", *Latimer*.

Although, it was possible to distribute even such contemptibleness to more souls, having uttered:

"Pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts", *Common Prayer*.

"*Скажи, какая книга интереснее*").

* * *

The year of *1972* as a trim trimmed with another trimming, *kiwádoì tokóro de, ní mò kakáwarazì*.

In *January*, I went with *V. M.* to emerald seaside, in *February* I recovered from influenza I had caught on that trip, in *March* there remained from my father the mention I described here (from my mother five and a half years later, *es dürfte Ihnen bekannt sein, dass...*), however, I bumped into *R.* again and walked her over to a bus stop on route *39* [set off for the Arts and Sciences Department of the city university (*das dürfen Sie mir glauben*)], a direction in which everything was flowing down the *Gihon* river - to pay its reverence to *Gahar*, a concealed verse of magnificence (Gen. 2. 13., Ezra 2. 47.), without having to deprive itself from even a speck of joy (tiniest happiness) of progressive *Ibhar* (whom God had chosen to incarnate prosperity).

Since I've passed driver's exam as soon as the next month (the month of *April*, therefore), I was able (using **Škoda**) to accelerate all that.

("*Was darf es sein*?")

But, why accelerating something that, anyway, was approaching the boundary of *Felix* and *Festus*, as much happy hours of predestined voyagers of nirvana (Acts 23. 24.) as mirthfully colored fragments of that same, enchanting side, connected by the common attitude toward Abidah, father of knowledge (Gen. 25. 4.)

And that is how those months, in that year (the year of *1972*), brought events to that point to which one always arrives when setting off for *Maachah*, grandeur of that moment (1 Kin. 2. 39.), which means that (in that way) one arrived into the circle of *Abel-beth-maachah*, meadow of the house of said *Maachah* (1 Kin. 15. 20.), having dressed winter into spring, and this into *Abel-mizraim*, a grove mostly similar to a meadow in *Egypt* (Gen. 50. 11.), enabling repeated refreshing from that same (ancient) South, *noch einmal*.

That summer, accordingly, I went with *V. M.* to the seashore for the last time, so we could directly approach it dark-blue.

* * *

"Upon return" to *B.*, I met *R.* again: that is how it was at those times (how I remembered it) - far away years of bluish intimacies are always remembered by white light. *Che belleza*!

(Then too, therefore, I tended towards equalizing with a thought of fragility and extraordinariness at the same time.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made", Ps. cxxxix. 14.)

That is how *16* months were left to materialize on that soil. *Sala d'attesa*.

* * *

From *August* to *December* of that year (the year of *1972*), then until *December* of the following year.

(*Lista d'attesa*).

But, as *the latter* was (properly) described in the *second volume* (***W. M.***) of the subject tetralogy (**E*PHE...***), here we deal with things which the year in the picture in question (*Picture No. 27*) had not fully misplaced (*bei Nebel*), the things, therefore, attributable to someone like *Zadig*, the hero of *Voltaire*'s novel of the same title, a *Babylonian* tale showing that the ways of providence are, actually, inscrutable!

("*Aufsehen erregend*!")

{For, how to explain that, after (relatively easily) attained tranquility of *Uriel*, one of the seven archangels in *Milton*'s Paradise Lost [and, in point of fact, the one who stood nearest God's throne and whose Regency included Sun and who was sharpest-sighted of all the angels (*Anmaßung*)], how to explain, therefore, that it was indeed he (*Uriel*) who imagined the unnecessary haste of *Hanun* [whom even God pitied because of that (said hurry, *damals, als...*) (2 Sam. 10. 1.)], and so intensely that even he (*Uriel*) started fidgeting (in order to quiet down at another spot)?!}

The year of *1972* as *Geshur* [Bridge (2 Sam. 3. 3.)] relative to the years that arrived afterwards, *als Antwort.*

Picture No. 27 as veiling of all that with posthumous state of *Gibeah*, a hill of snow of time (Josh. 15. 57.)

* * *

Picture No. 27 as being ostentatious in relation to the subject year (the year of *1972*) in the sense of the noted snowiness of the landscape ("*Das ist aber schön*!"), given that the time in question took place some *35* years earlier (a photograph is not always necessary an image in a factual sense), but what is that which prevents a picture to count on universal illumination of *Beth-birei*, an authentic sourcing given by birth (1 Chr. 4. 31.)?

[One could, at the time, keep sitting down and being quiet, not bringing into question the result of all that.

Concretely, it was all right to proclaim (like *Southey*):

"I wont to sit and watch the setting sun",

without any of that being doubted by bull-eyed *Enan*, a being with more than three pairs of eyes in his head (Num. 1. 15.)].

Picture No. 27 as bending of trees as much lifted up in the sky as being asleep under dust of *Riblah*, the fertility of snow as a snow storm of the result (Num. 34. 11.), whiteness with which one can prove, although he does not have to, that every soil sticks to such a shroud too.

[Sticking as an agreement made with *Tibni*, the hay of time as a ripe wheat (1. Kin. 16. 21.), after which the banging with pitchfork is in order.

(As is the realization of advantages of universal cohesiveness.

And not to betray the leading idea again.

Although, as every betrayal, that one would also have been seen through whenever, if by nothing else - by liveliness of its moves.

Of course, having well appraised all that.

"This smooth discourse and mild behavior oft conceal a traitor", *Addison*)].

Picture No. 27 as covering with a pale light as the result of taking a picture.

("*Se cómo pas*ó").

* * *

Picture No. 27 as the last in a series of previous dwelling of *Laban*, white man of variegated fate (Gen. 24. 29.), the one, therefore, spread to the stars at the first sign of a possible bursting.

But, we have not burst to such a degree to not call for help of *Jacob*, God's supplanter (Gen. 25. 26.), in case that was needed (if it would guarantee such originalness), which means that we still were in the surrounding of *Jeconiah*, established by Eternal One (1 Chr. 3. 16.)

That year (the year of *1972*), accordingly, I recalled that one could float with the help of time whatever the case may be.

("*Är du på semester*?")

[While that which made me "unconditionally surrender" to it (said floating - *sevärdheter*) "in the near future" (that is, next year already, *varje timme*), is only testifying about the size of the balloon of life.

(Balloon of life as its sphericalness (*АΦρωδης*), that in which it stretches in the manner of *Ishiah*, borrowing him from irrevocability (1 Chr. 7. 3.)]

Picture No. 27 as irrevocableness of the light end pressed with heavy snow of imminent boom-starting.

* * *

Picture No. 27 as a fabrication of this writer (called) *Ithream* [a residue of the people (2 Sam. 3. 5.)]

In the year of *1972*, on the other hand, all things dwelled in the plains of *Ruhamah*, while said ground was shining its grace (Hos. 2. 1.), so that (with the help of something like that) one could redeem oneself.

("In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion", Ps. xxvii. 5.)

Everything, therefore, went smoothly and noiselessly - *sō de wa nài to kikásarenài kagíri*.

[("Glad evening and glad morn", *Milton* (how many times to repeat that, too?)].

Picture No. 27 as fussing about winter (while world lights radiate white tides, *to chigátte...*)

Picture No. 27 as reporting on that kind of season (wrapped in silver silk and velvet).

("In the garb of a barefooted *Carmelite*", *Longfellow*).

Picture No. 27 as a cultural contribution to the study of the process seen in it.

(Cultivation as archiving of culture and publishing - *Bestätigung*).

As on the previous pages of DATUS (*Besserwisser*), an example of the statement above can be found at our "familiar" link (http://www.arhiv.sv.gov.yu/a1202c00.htm), from which:

"Culture, Publishing

37. Report on activity of *Matica Ruska* (Russian cultural literary society) in *Novi Sad* in the year of *1933*. (*1934*)

38. Invitation to King Aleksandar and Queen Marija to attend the *Ball of Russian Newspaper Publishers* for the benefit of Russian writers and journalists (*1929., 1 page, Printed in Serbian*)

39. Letter of Thanks of the *Association of Russian Writers and Journalists* to King Aleksandar for his donation to the Association (*1929., 1 page, Printed in Serbian*)

40. List of members of the *Court Orchestra Choir* in *1932* (*1932., 1 page, Printed in Serbian*)

41. Proposal of *Aleksandar Zabolotny*, painter and editor of Russian paper *The Czarist Herald*, to copy and distribute the portrait of *King Petar II* – Including the recommendation of Ministry of Education (*1939., 3 pages, Printed in Serbian*)

42. Proposal to present the Royal decoration to painter Alex Ganzen (1932., 1 page, Printed in Serbian)

43. Letter of *Aleksey Sensin*, a University of Belgrade professor, addressed to the *Court Marshal Aleksandar Dimitrijević*, regarding the problems of signing the letter of agreement with Ministry of Education (*1933., 11 pages, Printed in Serbian*)

44. Letter of Thanks of the *Association of Russian Actors in Belgrade* for financial aid (*1939., 1 page, Printed in Serbian*)

45. Invitation of the Officer Center to the Great Yugoslav-Russian Concert / Ball An Evening of Russian Fairy Tales, for the benefit of *Topčider Sanatorium for ill Russian soldiers* - the victims of *WWI* (*1930., 2 pages, Printed in Serbian*)

46. *Russian Sokol (Falcon) Society* from *Zemun* requests from *Duchess Olga* to assume the sponsorship of Sokol's Flag (*1932., 1 page, Handwriting in Serbian*)

47. Request of *Yugoslav Chess Union* to the *Court Marshal* that King Aleksandar has an audience with the world chess champion, Russian emigrant *Dr. Aleksandar Aleksandrovič Aljehin* during his visit to Yugoslavia, to which he was invited by the Union (*1931., 2 pages, Printed in Serbian*)

48. Request of *M. Gorelov* and *Z. Alferov*, addressed to the *President of Ministerial Council*, to provide financial aid for founding anti-Bolshevik publications in Belgrade (*1921., 2 pages, Printed in Serbian*)

49. Letter of *Mihail Gorelov*, a former director of "two most popular Russian papers", to the *President of Ministerial Council*, requesting an answer to the previous letter in connection with the anti-Bolshevik publishing activity in Belgrade (*1921., 2 pages, Printed in Serbian*)

50. The address of *Anatoly Vitorf*, a contract employee of the *Military-Geographic Institute*, to the Court Minister *B. Jevtić* to provide financial aid for publishing his book Czar Nicholas The Second (*1937., 1 page, Printed in Serbian*)

51. Review by the Military Headquarters History Department of general *Gofman*'s book entitled The Great Duke Karadjordje (*1928., 1 page, Printed in Serbian*)

52. *Konstantin Kulnjev* dedicates two poems of his - one to Queen Marija and the other to the "memory of the King, blessedly resting in peace" (*1934., 3 pages, Printed in Russian*)".

Culture and publishing as filing cultivation, *aufs Beste*.

* * *

Picture No. 27 as a possibility for the journey in it to pass further.

[In the manner in which *Shakespeare* arrived to Italy:

"I am arrived for fruitful *Lombardy* / The pleasant garden of great *Italy*".

And if not really to *Italy*, then, by all means, to the magic flower of *selfness* (so much one could still have become carried away by himself):

"All within with flowers was garnished", *Spenser*].

In the year of *1972*, "according to everything that has been expounded here" (*очень давно*), "events were happening one after the other", which could only add to their momentary spontaneity. *Ανελκυστηρ*.

[And that is why one ought to accept them, even now, with openness of *Ohad*, a powerful person of the moment (Gen. 46. 10.)

"The common people heard him gladly", Mark xii. 37.

Although, pauses needed to be made.

"Then sit again, and sigh, and glance", *Suckling*].

In the year of *1972* one thing ended and another started ("*Για αυριο στις εννεα η ωρα*"), without any of the two (*Como se soletra*?) acquiring that that originally was one, then another, *tudo uma palavra*.

Picture No. 27 as inexorableness of bygone times, *no balcão*.

* * *

Picture No. 27 as the succeeded staging (statistical overdoing, *para esta noite*) of that which, anyway, imposes itself as being obsessed with seasons (*vitamintabletter*!), in this case with winter (*gråt*), as if a season determines stage performance of its year too (*grönt*), or, at least, its role in all that which stretches from *Rezeph* to *Reumah* (and back), that is, as if between standing petrified (like *Rezeph*, 2 Kin. 19. 12.) and exultancy (of *Reumah*, Gen. 22. 24.), any role (and thus the role of the content of said picture, *beige*) is not in advance reduced to representation without cover, of standing petrified or rapture, all the same, with intensity of *Rizpah*, hot coal of nothing (2 Sam. 3. 7.)

Picture No. 27 as a possibility of changing from snow to fog, during warming up. "*Jag skulle vilja ha en ljusare nyans*".

(Why not?

Nu).

* * *

Picture No. 27 as *4* firs and *twice* as much of deciduous forests of the surrounding.

All that - lowered by the downhill slope of *T. Hill* to the valley of observer eyes.

The important thing was that something got enthroned through the prism of so many looks.

Gershon and *Giah*, everything being the same as the preceding and everything gushing forth (Gen. 46. 11., 2 Sam. 2. 24.), are seen in that picture (*Picture No. 27*) embracing each other in the crowns of the *photo-trees*.

And *Eshean* and *Eshek*, support and oppression (Josh. 15. 22., 1 Chr. 8. 39.), joining a witches' brew (*om en timme*).

["Morality not impracticably rigid", *Johnson*].

The year of *1972* as an instant concealed with the subject picture, *där borta*.

* * *

The year of *1972* as interweaving of the first and the last (appearing and vanishing - *klatschnass*), in the manner of a standard cure.

("I am *Alpha* and *Omega*, the beginning and the end, the first and the last", Rev. xxii. 13.)

Yet, one could go through the middle too, at least not always singing. *Meine Herren*!

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

Picture No. 27 as a temptation of all that - by all means passed.

* * *

Picture No. 27 as a light behind the shadow of that which was as described here (and now hesitates due to even that. "*Ich bin gegen Kälte unempfindlich*").

As when approaching the highest degree of final departure [thinking of the path of *Theudas*, a braggart by means of praising the self (Acts 5. 36.)].

But, winter is that [that which is depicted in *Picture No. 27*, *und so weiter*), because of which a question of adaptability is in order, without insisting on modes of coldness ("*Na und*?"), each of which being only an introduction to the next one [a thorn in the eye of *Tabeal*, who said God is good (Is. 7. 6.)].

In the year of *1972* both *Talmon* and *Tamah* [the oppressed and the joyful (1 Chr. 9. 17., Neh. 7. 55.)] could have been brought to the photographed whiteness (the whiteness in Picture *N. 27*, *unter anderem*) by agreeing to its snow.

(While nowadays, the same ones - *Sie waren unter sich* - follow the ideas of "polarized absolutism", "bringing in the foreground" the necessity of getting rid of rusticalness, *im Unterschied zu...*)

Picture No. 27 as a presentation of such (possible) falling asleep, *sich unterscheiden*.

* * *

Picture No. 27 as *Taanach*, a snow castle as long as daylight is still on, then a light unit of *Taberah*, the flame of disappearance (Num. 11. 3.)

A terrain which one was to be accustomed to in order to be able to later attribute an estrangement to it.

("A strong dilemma in a desperate case! / To act with infamy, or quit the place", *Swift*).

* * *

That year (the year of *1972*), I remember, I was going down the street between arrays of yellowish buildings on one side and brownish on the other (*Das Wetter war sehr unterschiedlich*), by the Palilulska Produce Market ("*Como se escreve*?"), on the way to the earlier mentioned, "educational job" of mine (*a especialidade*), as well as while returning from it (*seguro*), all of which, eventually, has been done with and so I arrived to this here (*остальное приложится*), with a persistence, thus, of one *Zionit*, the follower of teachings/principles of *John Alexander Dowie*, who in *1901*, in *Illinois*, founded the town of *Zion*, as a place of industrialization which everyone thinking like he was to join.

For, who thought then as now?

("The words of the wise, and their dark sayings", Prov. i. 6.)

Picture No. 27 as indestructibility of even that which fallaciously remained from it.

("*Он видел много прижизненных изданий своих поэм*").

* * *

Picture No. 27 as tranquility achieved with familiar flickering. ("*Non parlate tutti insieme, per favore*").

In it, even snowiness presented itself as infinitesimal sparkles of drinking water - *mettersi insieme*.

[As when one feels sprayed with drizzle of *Matthan*, gift from the sky (Matt. 1. 15.)]

* * *

At the end of that year we went to (the mount) *Avala* sufficiently far not to interfere with its peak; I remember we made our way through the fog in our car with the help of sight of *Maschil*, an all-understanding ace (Ps. 53. - moreover, its

glorious title), taking the serpentines with our beautiful youths (although on the way back we hardly escaped a collision with the inter-city bus on route to *beyond the mountain*).

And as soon as we descended from it (as soon as we entered the valley of *Ripanj* from the *Avala* mountain) - the time to settle accounts arrived!

("To each its own" - is a favorite slogan of space-time adventurers.

But they always save themselves by the light transformation of inviolable essence.

"What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light", Matt. x. 27.)

Picture No. 27 as bewitchedness with the caprice of *Eleazar*, whom God aids (Ex. 6. 23.)

* * *

Picture No. 27 as a winter scene of one who got used to all that long ago (*Seba*, Gen. 10. 7.), but he still thought of paying homage to all that.

(Struggling with his own doubt, though.

"Thy life shall hang in doubt before thee", Deut. xxviii. 66.

Which was possible at that time because the answer floated in the same polyvalent air, too, *caffè ristretto*.

"To every doubt your answer is the same", *Blackmore*).

Still, however, one had to act.

("Who have sustained one day in doubtful fight?", *Milton*).

Picture No. 27 as a muffled hush before the garrulous leap.

* * *

Picture No. 27 as materialization of imagination by a quail-like reality of *Ernest Pontifex*, the already mentioned hero of *Samuel Butler*'s Way of All Flesh, who achieves happiness by (again) "throwing off all the shackles of convention" ("*La tue previsioni sono risultate errate*!"), although it is true that, to do that, he needed help of *Joed*, whose witness is that who is Perpetual (Neh. 11. 7.)

But, is perpetuity not, at the same time, unreliable witness of momentariness (*am laufenden Band*), the moment, thus, at which all that to do with *photo-montage* of the former life can burst forth with the next picture as the last fire of this ascending from itself [by a small flame of that self *which used to be before* (*Auszubildender*)], testifying only about flowage, as a category of things worthy mentioning on their own merit, that arrange themselves peacefully (diligently, willfully) according to an order according to which the given pictures [before our eyes, in all this (*Bahnfahrt*)], by means of the fan of DATUS as an assigned (given, *photo-combined*) book, finally settled too in a single picture with which all that causing, therefore, the levitation of photons, goes to its countenance during understandable phases full of testing between eternity and ephemerality, *außerhalb*.

For,

DATUS as something which is given, set out, and from nothing taken out (started with an eye to be carried to another), with an eyelid dedicated to the other (then inferred from the *Legend of Allotment* so that people would not deal with annulment), a very small but golden crown of an earlier, that is starting gift (a life thread up to now - when life's measured in that shift), *un vino che si distingue per il suo aroma*.

"*Sit tibi, Christe, datus, quem tu regis, istë ducātus*".

DATUS as something which is, not only in Latin, given, but also in Sanskrit (*DADATI*) it bestows, confers, and offers that same thing, in Old Persian (*DADATUV*) it impels to provide a gift (advises to *give*), in Greek (*DIDOMI*) it distributes and awards, in Old Irish (*DAN*) it hands over and donates, in Old Slavic (*DATI*) it dispenses without a word, as long as the life of one who receives (and the ducat of one who gives) does not start to rattle deadly themes.

Le cose stanno cosi.

Looking at all this as *given*, one cannot escape a feeling that, in fact, in all that there is not so much to do with the assignment of a task as with the predetermination of elucidation (*a cosa e fatte*), including polishing *Photograph No. 1* by an act of subsequent experience (by retouching the emulsion covering of things underneath an old and quiet picture, *e cosi via*), nor can one circumvent the truth according to which no one in this world is left without hope that, if not in *Goshen* (the land of well-being), at least in his thoughts he is going to find tranquility and peace (*per cosi dire*), and yet besides all that [besides such arranged cards (*aqui tem o meu cartao*!)], a certain possibility of sudden (and successful) stirring of all these (and similar) whirlwinds cannot be completely rejected (*soviel ich weiß*), nor can one neglect their (even provisory) role in cleaning up the remnants of all that which so irrevocably (and pertly) passed by (*falscher Alarm*), rolling down the years like wrinkles down the cheeks (*можно с уверенностью сказать*), finding in it nothing that could be interpreted as an immoderate diminution (*в конечном итоге*), although a certain amiable indifference (in all that) cannot be written off just like that (*Jetzt erst recht*!), in any case not bringing the delicacy of moving away from the beginning into the cleft between universality and localism, rather persevering on a well-balanced version of daily shrewdness of *Triptolemus* and *Trivia*, an ancient patron of agriculture (considered the inventor of the plow) and an invented goddess from literature, ready for any road and any way, as long as they lead to the self (when all the moves are completed without a dismay), during understandable phases full of testing between eternity and ephemerality.

Det var allt, tack.

Glossary

Key: (L.)=Latin, (J.)=Japanese, (G.)=Greek, (R.)=Russian, (I.)=Italian, (S.)=Spanish, (N.)=German, (F.)=French, (H.)=Dutch, (P.)=Portuguese, (Sw.)=Swedish

50 anni or sono [I.], 50 years ago.
A buon intenditor poche parole [I.], A word is enough to the wise.
a cada instante [S.], constantly.
a casa [I.], at home.
a caso [I.], at random.
a che giova prendersela? [I.], what's the point of getting upset?
A chi tocca? [I.], Whose turn is it?
a cosa e fatte [I], when it's all over.
a coup sûr [F.], definitely.
a dire il vero [I.], to tell the truth.
a distanza ravvicinata [I.], at close range.
a especialidade [P.], specialty.
a fortiori [F.], even more so.
a hurtadillas [S.], stealthily.
à jamais [F.], for ever.
a l'oeil nu [F.], to the naked eye.
a la mitad del camino [S.], half-way.
a la vuelta de la esquina [S.], round the corner.
a lieto fine [I.], with a happy ending.
a lungo andare [I.], in the end.
a mezzasta [I.], at half-mast.
a mio avviso [I.], in my opinion.
a ogni pie sospinto [I.], at every step.
a onor del vero... [I.], to tell the truth...
a poco a poco [I.], little by little.
a primo achito [I.], at first sight.
a proposito [I.], by the way.
a scanso di equivoci [I.], to avoid any misunderstanding.
A sufficienza [I.], Enough.
a tempo e luogo [I.], at the right time and place.
A tua disposizione! [I.], At your disposal!
a tutto gas [I.], at full speed.
a ultima hora [S.], at the last moment.
à une heure indue [F.], at some ungodly hour.
A viagem organizada [P.], Package tour.
ā, ima wakarimashta [J.], oh, now I understand.
ab und zu [N.], every now and then.
Abbiamo ottenuto un buon risultato [I.], We got a good result.
abbronzato [I.], (Sun) tanned.
aber gütig [N.], however kind.
Aber sicher! [N.], Of course!
abnegacion [S.], selfsacrifice.

absolutamente [S.], absolutely.
acciaio inossidabile [I.], stainless steel.
Achtung! [N.], Look out!
ad libitum [L.], at pleasure; as needed; as desired.
Ad ogni modo [I.], At any rate.
ad un'ora stabilita [I.], at a fixed time.
affacciarsi alla vita [I.], to come into the world.
Ah si, giusto! [I.], Yes, of course!
ai primi di maggio [I.], at the beginning of May.
ajournement [F.], postponement.
äkta [Sw.], genuine.
al descampado [S.], in the open air.
al gusto di fragola [I.], strawberry-flavored.
al instante [S.], immediately.
al massimo [I.], at the most; at a maximum.
al momento buono [I.], at the right moment.
all' orizzonte [I.], on the horizon.
all'aperto [I.], in the open air.
all'inizio [I.], at first.
All'insu [I.], Upwards.
all'opposto! [I.], on the contrary!
all'oscuro [I.], in the dark.
alla fine [I.], in the end.
alla griglia [I.], grilled.
Alle Achtung! [N.], Well done!
Alle fünf Meter [N.], Every five meters.
Alle Mann an Deck! [N.], All hands on deck!
alle mie spalle [I.], behind me.
Allées et venues [F.], Comings and goings.
allerdings [N.], admittedly.
Allerhand! [N.], Good show!
alles beim Alten lassen [N.], to leave everything as it was.
alles in allem [N.], all in all.
Alles lief nach Plan [N.], Everything went according to plan.
Alles zusammengenommen [N.], All in all.
Allmählich solltest du das wissen [N.], You should know that by now.
Allt tillsammans [Sw.], It's all together.
Alltag [N.], everyday life.
Alm [N.], Alpine pasture.
als Antwort [N.], as an answer.
als letzter [N.], last.
Als ob [N.], As if.
am laufenden Band [N.], non-stop.
amari toku nai ho ga i desu [J.], not too far out.
amüsant [N.], amusing.
An den Tag kommen [N.], To come to light.
an einer Krankheit leiden [N.], to suffer from a disease.
an etwas gewinnen [N.], to gain in something.
an etwas teilnehmen [N.], to take part in something.
an Land [N.], on land.
an Ort und Stelle [N.], on the spot.
an und für sich [N.], actually.
andare avanti e indietro [I.], to go back and forth.
Andas djupt [Sw.], Breathe deeply.

Angebot und Nachfrage [N.], Supply and demand.
Angenehm! [N.], Pleased to meet you!
angenommen... [N.], supposing...
anīme no [J.], animated.
Anmaßung [N.], Presumption.
Annehmlichkeit [N.], Convenience.
anno per anno [I.], year by year.
ansiosamente [I.], anxiously.
antes do verão [P.], before the summer.
anti- [I.], anti-.
Antiquité [F.], Antiquity.
Äntligen! [N.], At last!
Använd helljus! [Sw.], Use highlights!
apasionadamente [S.], passionately.
Apāto [J.], Apartment building.
aphone [F.], voiceless.
après coup [F.], after the event.
aproximadamente [S.], roughly; approximately.
Aqui tem o meu cartao! [P.], Here is my card!
Är det allt? [Sw.], Is that everything?
Är det här äkta silver/guld? [Sw.], Is this real silver/gold?
Är det lagligt? [Sw.], Is it legal?
Är det långt härifrån? [Sw.], Is it far from here?
Är du på semester? [Sw.], Are you on vacation?
Är min svenska så dålig? [Sw.], Is my Swedish that bad?
arrivare di corsa [I.], to rush in.
artesania [S.], craftsmanship.
arú teīdo [J.], to some degree.
Ashita no gogo desu [J.], Tomorrow afternoon.
asoko ni [J.], over there.
Assuradeur [H.], Underwriter.
at·chi e it·te! [J.], away, go away!
Atode mukae ni kite kuremasen ka? [J.], Will you come and fetch me later?
Attenti [I.], Steady.
Attento! [I.], Look out!
au bord des larmes [F.], on the verge of tears.
au figuré [F.], figuratively.
Au ja! [N.], Oh yes!
au premier rang [F.], at the forefront.
Auch das noch! [N.], That's all we needed!
auf Anhieb [N.], at the first go.
auf dem Land [N.], in the country.
Auf dem Laufenden halten [N.], To keep up to date.
Auf dem Laufenden sein [N.], To be up to date.
Auf dem Tisch stand eine Schale mit Obst [N.], There *was* a bowl of fruit on the table.
auf den ersten Blick [N.], at first glance.
auf diese Weise [N.], in this way.
auf einmal [N.], at once.
auf etwas einschlagen [N.], to bash something.
auf etwas gespannt sein [N.], to look forward to something.
Auf etwas zugehen [N.], To head for something.
auf etwas zugehen [N.], to walk towards something.
auf lange Sicht [N.], on a long-term basis.
auf meine Bitte hin [N.], at my request.

Aufeinander eingespielt sein [N.], To be in tune with each other.
aufs Beste [N.], in the best possible way.
Aufsehen erregend! [N.], Sensational!
aus Gewohnheit [N.], from habit.
aus jemandes Sicht [N.], as somebody sees it.
aus Prinzip [N.], as a matter of principle.
aus Spaß [N.], for fun.
Ausatmen [N.], To breathe out.
außer Rand und Band [N.], wild.
außerhalb [N.], outside.
Auszubildender [N.], trainee.
Automatisk [Sw.], Automatic.
avemaria! [S.], Hail Mary!
aver i nervi a fior di pelle [I.], to be on edge.
Avere il senso dell'umorismo [I.], To have a sense of humor.
avere un buon sapore [I.], to taste good.
Awatadashī ugóki [J.], Flurry of activity.
azucarado [S.], sweet; sugary.
azulado [S.], bluish.
Bahnfahrt [N.], railway journey.
bamboleo [S.], swaying.
bancarrota [I.], failure.
basta cosi [I.], that's enough.
Be', in tal caso dovremo rimandare la partenza [I.], Well, in that case we'll have to put off our departure.
Beato te! [I.], Lucky you!
Beauftragter [N.], representative.
Befehl von oben [G.], Orders from above.
Behöover man klä sig formellt? [Sw.], Is formal dress required?
Bei der Hitze bin ich so schlaff [N.], The heat really takes it out of me.
bei Nebel [N.], in fog.
beige [Sw.], beige.
Bekräfta! [Sw.], Confirm!
Bem-vindo! [P.], Welcome!
ben accetto a tutti [I.], well-liked by everybody.
bénri [J.], convenience; easiness.
beranda-tsuki no heya [J.], a room with a balcony.
Besök en läkare när ni kommer hem [Sw.], Consult a doctor when you get home.
Besserwisser [N.], Know-all.
Bestätigung [N.], Confirmation; acknowledgement.
Betäubungsmittel [N.], anaesthetic.
betrachten [N.], to look at; to consider.
betsu no shurui no... [J.], another type of...
bianco come la neve [I.], as white as snow.
bien joué! [F.], well done!
Bin ich hier richtig? [N.], Have I come to the right place?
Bīru kudasai [J.], A beer, please.
biru o mo hitotsu onegai shimasu [J.], another beer, please.
Bis auf weiters [N.], Until further notice.
bis es dunkel wird [N.], until it gets dark.
bis ins zwanzigste Jahrhundert [N.], into the twentieth century.
bisbiglio [I.], whispering.
Bist du in Ordnung? [N.], Are you okay?
blancura [S.], whiteness.
Blässe [N.], Paleness.

Blitzschnell [N.], Lightning.
blomma/träd [Sw.], flower/tree.
bomba ad orologeria [I.], time bomb.
bon gré mal gré [F.], like it or not.
bordear [S.], (to) go round.
borracho [P.], young pigeon.
Borrego [P.], Lamb.
braccio di ferro [I.], trial of strength.
Brauch [N.], Usage.
brillantamment [F.], brilliantly.
Buon viaggio! [I.], Have a good trip!
Buona'sera! [I.], Good evening!
byōki no [J.], ailing.
c'est ça! [F.], that's right!
çà et là [F.], here and there.
Ça m'a remonté le moral [F.], It gave me a boost.
caffè ristretto [I.], extra strong coffee.
calenturiento [S.], feverish.
Cállate! [S.], Be quiet!; shut up!
Calma! [I.], Keep your cool!
campagnard [F.], countryman.
cane da guardia [I.], guard dog.
canoso [S.], grey-haired.
Cas de conscience [F.], Matter of conscience.
cave [P.], basement.
Cédula de identidad [S.], Identity card.
cela va de soi [F.], it is obvious.
cent un [F.], a hundred and one.
Cerca di venire! [I.], Please try and come!
chaînette [F.], small chain.
Chakúbaràì [J.], Cash on delivery.
Che aspetto ha? [I.], What does she look like?
che bellezza! [I.], fantastic!
Che te ne pare? [I.], What do you think?
Che ti pare del mio libro? [I.], What do you think of my book?
chizu no doko desu ka? [J.], where is it on the map?
Chócala! [S.], Give me five!
chokorēto-bā [J.], a bar of chocolate.
Ci siamo intesi? [I.], Is that clear?
Ci sto! [I.], OK!
cien por cien [S.], one hundred per cent.
cinturino dell'orologio [I.], watch-strap.
ciò che mi piace e ciò che non mi piace [I.], my likes and dislikes.
ciononostante [I.], nonetheless.
circonferenza [I.], circumference.
Circunferencia [S.], Circumference.
Com'è andata a finire? [I.], What happened in the end?
Comerse el coco! [S.], Think hard!
Como devo entrar em contacto? [P.], How can I get in touch with you?
Como es de alto? [S.], How tall is it?
Como se escreve? [P.], How do you spell it?
Cómo se llega? [S.], How do you get there?
Como se soletra? [P.], How do you spell it?
complejo [S.], complex.

con l'evolversi della situazione [I.], as the situation develops.
con le dovute reserve [I.], with certain reservations.
con mio grande stupore [I.], to my great astonishment.
Con te faccio i conti piu tardi! [I.], I'll sort you out later!
con tutto cio [I.], in spite of everything.
Concentrarsi su qualcosa [I.], To focus on something.
Concentrazione orizzontale / verticale [I.], Horizontal/vertical integration.
consumo [S.], consumption.
conto alla rovescia [I.], countdown.
contro vento [I.], against the wind.
corrido [S.], continuous.
Cosi va bene [I.], It's fine like that.
coude à coude [F.], side by side.
coup de tête [F.], wild impulse.
coup de theater [F.], dramatic event.
cuidar de [P.], to look after.
Cullarersi in vane speranze [I.], To cherish fond hopes.
Cullarersi nel dolce far niente [I.], To sit back and relax.
d'altra parte [I.], on the other hand.
d'un seul coup [F.], in one go.
da allora in poi [I.], from then on.
da cima a fondo [I.], from top to bottom.
Da haben wir Glück gehabt [N.], We were lucky there.
Da hast du Recht! [N.], That's a good point!
da lontano [I.], from a distance.
da piccolo [I.], as a child.
Da questa parte [I.], This way.
Da soli [I.], By themselves.
Da solo [I.], By itself.
da tanto tempo [I.], for a long time.
da un capo all'altro [I.], from one end to the end.
daīseikō de [J.], with flying colors.
dall'interno di [I.], from inside.
Dall'oggi al domani [I.], From one day to the next.
dalla testa ai piedi [I.], from head to toes.
damals, als... [N.], (in the days) when...
dans les coulisses [F.], off-stage.
dans tous les azimuts [F.], all over the place.
dans une certaine mesure [F.], to some extent.
dappertutto [I.], all over the place.
där borta [Sw.], over there.
dar en el blanco [S.], hit the mark.
dàre ni oshīeto mò sùgu obóeraremasù [J.], I could teach anyone to do it.
Darin sehe ich kein Problem [N.], I don't see any problem there.
Das beste Buch lag unten auf dem Stapel [N.], The best book was at the bottom of the pile.
das bisher Beste [N.], the best yet.
Das dürfen Sie mir glauben [N.], You can believe me; you can take my word for it.
Das dürfte genug sein [N.], That should be enough.
Das dürfte nicht zu schwer sein [N.], That shouldn't be too hard.
das Einzige [N.], the only thing.
Das fällt mir gar nicht ein [N.], I wouldn't dream of it.
das gefällt mir an ihm [N.], that's one thing I like about him.
Das hat schon alles seine Ordnung [N.], Everything is as it should be.
das heißt [N.], that is to say.

Das Herzass [N.], The ace of hearts.
Das ist aber schön! [N.], That's really nice!
Das ist doch alles nur Angabe! [N.], That's nothing but show!
das ist doch keine Kunst [N.], it's easy.
Das ist echt toll! [N.], That's really something!
Das ist es ja gerade! [N.], That's just it!
Das ist mein Ernst [N.], I'm quite serious.
Das ist noch besser [N.], That's better still.
Das ist nun mal so [N.], That's the way it is.
Das ist schön, nicht wahr? [N.], It's nice, isn't it?
Das kann sein [N.], That's possible.
Das kommt davon! [N.], That's what you get!
Das lässt sich machen [N.], That can be done.
Das lohnt sich [N.], It's worth it.
das mach Sinn [N.], it makes sense.
Das Richtige [N.], The right thing.
Das stimmt, oder? [N.], That's right, isn't it?
Das trifft sich gut! [N.], How very convenient!
Das tut nichts zur Sache [N.], That's neither here nor there.
Das wär's [N.], That's it.
Das weiß ich ganz gewiss [N.], I'm certain about that.
Das Wetter war sehr unterschiedlich [N.], The weather was mixed.
Das will ich meinen! [N.], I should think so!
Das wird schon noch gut [N.], That'll be OK.
Das wird sich legen [N.], That will sort itself out.
Das wirst du noch lernen [N.], You'll learn.
de 9 a 12 [S.], from 9 to 12.
De aúpa [S.], Wonderful!
de biais [F.], at an angle.
de camino [S.], on the way.
de chaque côté [F.], on each side.
De corrida [S.], From memory.
de la clase obrera [S.], working-class.
de madrugada [S.], early in the morning.
de náī tábùn...dárō [J.], not arguable.
de todos modos [S.], anyhow.
de tous les côtés [F.], on every side.
de un dia para el [S.], from one day to the next.
de un golpe [S.], in one go.
de vinho doce [P.], of sweet wine.
débarquer [F.], to disembark.
dekireba [J.], if possible.
dèkīreba kité ne [J.], try and come.
Delikatessaffär [Sw.], Delicatessen.
Den är... [N.], It is...
den Beweis liefern [N.], to produce proof.
den Durst löschen [N.], to quench one's thirst.
Den ganzen Tag über [N.], All day long.
Den passar bra [Sw.], It fits well.
den Weg abkürzen [N.], to take a short cut.
Denk gut nach! [N.], Think carefully!
Denna person såg vad som hände [Sw.], This person saw it happen.
densensei no [J.], contagious.
Denshikōgaku [J.], Electronics/Industry/Technology.

der da [N.], that one.
Der Einzige [N.], The only one.
der Grundwortschatz [N.], basic vocabulary.
Der Motor ist angenehm leise [N.], The engine is pleasantly quiet.
der Nordpol [N.], the North Pole.
der Reihenfolge nach [N.], in sequence.
der Südpol [N.], the South Pole.
der Umweg [N.], detour.
désaccord [F.], disagreement.
desaparicion? [S.], disappearance.
desculpe chegar tarde [P.], I'm sorry I'm late.
Desculpe? [P.], Pardon?
desde hace un mes [S.], for a month.
desde luego [S.], of course.
Det är bra [Sw.], That's fine.
Det är hett/kallt idag! [Sw.], It's hot/cold today!
Det är min tur [Sw.], It's my turn.
Det är sant! [Sw.], That's true!
Det blir bra [Sw.], That will be fine.
Det var allt, tack [Sw.], That's all, thanks.
Di niente! [I.], Don't mention it!
Di norma [I.], As a rule.
di ottima qualita [I.], top-quality.
di per se [I.], in itself.
Di prima qualita [I.], First-class.
di volta in volta [I.], as we go.
Die Bäume und ihre Blätter [N.], The trees and their leaves.
Die beiden Ereignisse hängen miteinander zusammen [N.], The two events are connected.
die Betätigung im Freien [N.], outdoor activities.
die da [N.], that one.
die eiserne Reserve [N.], emergency reserves.
Die Ereignisse überstürzten sich [N.], One event followed another in rapid succession.
die ganze Stadt [N.], the whole of the town.
die Gemüter erregen [N.], to arouse strong feelings.
Die Hauptsache [N.], The main thing.
Die Kälte macht mir nichts [[N.], I don't mind the cold.
die Kosten für etwas umlegen [N.], to divide the cost of something.
die Luft anhalten [N.], to hold one's breath.
die mit der Brille [N.], to one with glasses.
Die Prüfungen rücken näher [N.], The exams are getting closer.
Die Schuld auf jemanden schieben [N.], To put the blame on somebody.
Die Sonne scheint [N.], It's sunny.
die Sternzeichen [N.], the signs of the Zodiac.
die Tür zuknallen [N.], to bang the door.
die vier Himmelsrichtungen [N.], the four points of compass.
Die Zacken des Kamms [N.], The teeth of the comb.
dietro a [I.], behind.
Dimmigt [Sw.], Foggy.
dipinto da un grande artista [I.], painted by a great artist.
dire son mot [F.], to have a say.
Direttamente [I.], Directly.
diritto come un fuso [I.], as stiff as a ramrod.
distancia 5 kilómetros [S.], it's *5 km* away.
Ditìes donc! [F.], I say!

diventare maggiorenne [I.], to come of age.
diventare vecchio [I.], to grow old.
Divertiti! [I.], Have a lovely time!
dividersi [I.], to be divided.
dix mètres de haut [F.], ten metres high.
Dō iu koto desu ka? [J.], What do you mean?
doko demo [J.], everywhere.
dòko ka nide [J.], anywhere.
dokúbō kankin [J.], solitary confinement.
dokúdanteki na [J.], dogmatic.
dolciastro [I.], sweetish.
dónnà kōjitsu dé mò īi [J.], any excuse will do.
Dormiste bem? [P.], Did you sleep well?
dort [N.], over there.
dort oben [N.], up there.
dos por dos son cuatro [S.], two times two is four.
dōse [J.], after all.
Du bist dran [N.], It's your move.
Du hast zu schweigen! [N.], You're to be quiet!
Du kommst, ja? [N.], You're coming, aren't you?
Du machst es dir wirklich zu leicht [N.], You really make things too easy for yourself.
Du solltest die Zeit nutzen [N.], You ought to make use of the time.
Du solltest in deinem Zimmer Ordnung machen [N.], You should tidy up your room.
Du weißt schon [N.], You know.
Du wirst schon sehen [N.], You'll see.
Due più due è uguale a quattro [I.], Two and two equals four.
durch seine Bemühungen [N.], through his efforts.
durch und durch [N.], completely.
durchaus nicht [N.], absolutely not.
durch-halten [N.], to last out.
durchweg [N.], throughout; completely.
Dynamisch [N.], Dynamic.
e cosi via [I.], and so on.
È fatto di legno [I.], It's made of wood.
É favor confirmar [P.], Please confirm.
è la pura verità [[I.], it's the honest truth.
È la pura verita [I.], It's the honest truth.
É para meu uso pessoal [P.], It is for my own personal use.
e per colmo di sfortuna... [I.], and to cap it all...
È quel che ci vuole [I.], It's just what is needed.
È stata dura [I.], It was a struggle.
È stato fantastico [I.], It was bliss!
é um prazer encontra-lo finalmente [P.], I'm delighted to meet you at last.
È un affare d'oro! [I.], It's a real bargain!
È un gioco molto divertente [I.], This game is really fun.
E una fortuna che mi sia ricordato della cartina [I.], It's fortunate that I remembered the map.
È una meraviglia! [I.], It's wonderful!
È uno che sa il fatto suo [I.], He knows what he's about.
Ebbe [N.], Low tide.
eben deswegen [N.], that's precisely why.
édenté [F.], toothless.
efter första trafikljusen [Sw.], after the first traffic light.
Ehe ich es vergesse,... [N.], Before I forget,...
ehrbar [N.], honorable.

Ein Buch über London? [N.], A book about *London*?
ein Fahrt ins Blaue [N.], a mystery tour.
ein Farbfilm [N.], a color film.
ein Farbfleck [N.], a splash of colour.
Ein Flüchtigkeitsfehler [N.], A careless mistake.
Ein Foto machen [N.], To take a photo.
ein leerer Blick [N.], a vacant expression.
ein leeres Blat Papier [N.], a blank sheet of paper.
ein Lischtstrahl [N.], a beam of light.
ein lockerer Zahn [N.], a loose tooth.
ein Notausgang [N.], an emergency exit.
Ein ruhiges Gewissen [N.], A clear conscience.
ein Teelöffel Zucker [N.], a teaspoonful of sugar.
ein unbehagliches Gefühl [N.], an uneasy feeling.
ein ungepflegter Garten [N.], a neglected garden.
ein verschlafenes kleines Dorf [N.], a sleepy little village.
ein weiter Begriff [N.], a broad idea.
ein wolkenloser Himmel [N.], a cloudless sky.
ein Zaubertrick [N.], a magic trick.
Einatmen [N.], To breathe in.
einatmen [N.], to inhale; to breathe in.
Eine chemische Verbindung [N.], A compound.
eine Detektivgeschichte [N.], a detective story.
eine Kamera einstellen [N.], to focus a camera.
eine Löwin mit ihren Jungen [N.], a lioness with her young.
eine optische Täuschung [N.], an optical illusion.
eine Prüfung schaffen [N.], to pass on exam.
Eine schwarze Katze bringt Unglück [N.], A black cat means bad luck.
eine Straße mit vielen Querstraßen [N.], a road with a lot of side streets off it.
Eine wahre Geschichte [N.], A true story.
einer Sache etwas zugrunde legen [N.], to base something on something.
Einer Sache ihren Lauf lassen [N.], To let something take its course.
einer unter ihnen [N.], one of them.
einer Verpflichtung nachkommen [N.], to fulfil an obligation.
einerseits [N.], on the one hand.
Einführung [N.], Introduction.
Eingebung [N.], Inspiration.
eingefleischt [N.], deep-rooted.
Einkaufsbummel [N.], Shopping spree.
Einkaufskorb [N.], Shopping basket.
einsprachig [N.], monolingual.
Einzelfahrschein [N.], One-way ticket.
Einzelzimmerzuschlag [N.], Single room supplement.
ej retur [Sw.], non-returnable.
elargissement [F.], widening.
em nome de... [P.], in the name of...
em outras cores [P.], in other colors.
em qualquer parte [P.], in any place at all.
Empfangsbestätigung [N.], acknowledgment.
En bit/skiva..., tack [Sw.], A piece/slice of…, please.
en bonnes main [F.], in good hands.
en buena hora [S.], at the right time.
en ce moment [F.], at the moment.
en chair et en os [F.], in the flesh.

en conjunto [S.], altogether.
en cualquier parte [S.], anywhere.
en todas partes [S.], everywhere.
en tout cas [F.], at any rate; in any case.
en toutes letters [F.], in full.
en un abrir y cerrar de ojos [S.], in no time.
En..., tack [Sw.], A..., please.
energielos [N.], lacking in energy.
enheter [Sw.], 10/20/50 units.
Enkelriktad gata [Sw.], One-way street.
enracine [F.], deep-rooted.
Entendre dire que! [F.], Hear that!
entrada [P.], entrance.
Entrain [F.], zest.
entrare nei particolarei [I.], to go into details.
entre autres [F.], among other things.
Entwurf [N.], Rough copy.
entzückt sein [N.], to be in ecstasy.
Epoche machend [N.], Epoch-making.
Er fühlt sich allein [N.], He feels alone.
Er ist Brite [N.], He's *British*.
Er ist kräftig gebaut [N.], He is a big guy.
er kommt garantiert [N.], he's guaranteed to come.
Er tyrannisiert andere gern [N.], He's a big bully.
Erfolg versprechend! [N.], promising!
ersichtlich [N.], evident; obvious.
erste Garnitur [N.], top rank.
erste Hilfe [N.], first aid.
es auf jemanden abgesehen haben [N.], to be out to get somebody.
Es dürfte Ihnen bekannt sein, dass... [N.], As you will probably know...
es geht hoch her [N.], there are a lot of goings-on.
Es geht! [N.], Not bad!
Es ist egal, auf welche Weise du das machst [N.], It doesn't matter how you do it.
Es ist ein Grundmodell [N.], It's a basic model.
Es ist ein herrlicher Tag! [N.], It's a lovely day.
Es ist mir gleich [N.], It's all the same to me.
Es ist mir unverständlich, wie... [N.], I just don't understand how...
Es kostet hundert Pfund, oder so in der Gegend [N.], It cost a hundred pounds, or something like that.
Es langt mir [N.], I've had enough.
Es liegt daran, dass... [N.], This is because...
es liegt links [N.], it's on the left-hand side.
Es nutzt alles nichts, wir müssen... [N.], There's no getting around it, we'll have to...
es raro ver a tanta gente [S.], it's unusual to see so many people.
es sei denn... [N.], unless...
Es sieht ganz so aus [N.], It really looks like it.
Es taut [N.], It's thawing.
es traf sich, dass...[N.], it so happened that...
Es tut mir Leid [N.], I'm sorry.
Es war ein Kampf, aber vir haben es schließlich geschafft [N.], It was a battle, but we managed in the end.
Es war eine Wonne! [N.], It was bliss!
Es wäre klüger gewesen, nichts zu sagen [N.], It would have been more sensible not to say anything.
es wird gesagt, dass... [N.], they say that...
Eso es! [S.], That's it!
essere dall'altra parte della barricata [I.], being on the other side of the fence.

essere di buon umore [I.], to be in a good mood.
essere in garanzia [I.], under warranty.
Essere in vita [I.], To be alive.
Essere umano [I.], Human being.
essere vivente [I.], living creature.
estar siempre cambiando [S.], be in a state of flux.
étendu [F.], lying down.
Etwas aus etwas schließen [N.], To gather something from something.
etwas ausnützen [N.], to take advantage of something.
etwas in Gang bringen [N.], to get something off the ground.
etwas in vollen Zügen genießen [N.], to enjoy something the full.
etwas malen [N.], to paint a picture of something.
etwas mechanisch tun [N.], to do something mechanically.
etwas nutzen [N.], to make use of something.
Etwas Rechtes [N.], Something proper.
etwas von etwas lösen [N.], to remove something from something.
etwas wieder in Ordnung bringen [N.], to repair something.
etwas zeichnen [N.], to draw a picture of something.
etwas zur Folge haben [N.], to result in something.
evidentemente [I.], evidently.
exponering [Sw.], exposure.
Facciamo il bis di gelato? [I.], Shall we have some more ice cream?
fachiro [I.], fakir.
facile a farsi [I.], easy to do.
fähig sein, etwas zu tun [N.], to have the ability to do something.
falscher Alarm [N.], a false alarm.
familièrement [F.], informally.
Fantastiskt! [N.], Terrific!
Får ej vidröras! [Sw.], Do not touch!
får inte tas invärtes [Sw.], not to be taken internally.
Får jag bjuda på en drink [Sw.], Let me buy you a drink?; can I get you a drink?
Får jag presentera...? [Sw.], May I introduce...?
fare gli onori di casa [I.], to act as host.
fare il proprio comodo [I.], to do as one pleases.
fare strada [I.], to lead the way.
fare un viaggio [I.], to go on a journey.
farouchement [F.], fiercely.
fatti di ordinaria amministrazione [I.], routine matters.
fatto su misura [I.], made-to-measure; tailor-made.
féerie [F.], magical spectacle.
Fein![N.], Great!
Felicidades! [P.], Best wishes!
femminile [I.], female.
fest schlafen [N.], to sleep soundly.
Feuergefahr [N.], danger of fire.
Feuerleiter [N.], fire escape.
Ficher le camp! [F.], Clear off!
fidèlement [F.], faithfully.
film a corto metraggio [I.], short film.
Film in prima visione [I.], Newly released film.
Finns det en bruksanvisning? [Sw.], Are there any instructions with it?
Finns det en buss in till stan? [Sw.], Is there a bus into town?
Finns det några vittnen? [Sw.], Are there any witnesses?
finora [I.], till now.

Fleckenlos [N.], Spotless.
Flytta honom inte! [Sw.], Don't move him!
folglich [N.], consequently.
For muito boa [P.], It was very good.
förhoppningsvis [Sw.], hopefully.
Formano una squadra affiatata [I.], They make a good team.
Forse non ti rendi conto di quanto sia pericoloso [I.], Maybe you don't realize how dangerous it is.
Fortschritt [N.], Advance.
Forza, spingete tutti insieme! [I.], Come on, everyone push together!
fra capo e collo [I.], out of the blue.
Fra poco [I.], Soon.
Frase a doppio senso [I.], Sentence with a double meaning.
Freust du dich denn gar nicht? [N.], Aren't you pleased at all?
Frühaufsteher [N.], early riser.
frühzeitig [N.], early; untimely.
fruset [Sw.], icy.
Fühl mal meine Stirn an, ich glaube, ich habe Fieber [N.], Feel my forehead, I think I've got a temperature.
Führungszeugnis [N.], Certificate of good conduct.
Funkelnd [N.], Sparkling.
fuochi d'artificio [I.], fireworks.
fuoco di paglia [I.], flash in the pan.
fuori pasto [I.], between meals.
für etwas sorgen [N.], to see to something.
für immer [N.], forever.
Furche [N.], Furrow.
fürsorglich [N.], attentive; caring.
Gafken wa [J.], Apparently.
gähnend [N.], yawning.
Gaido [J.], Guide.
Gaido-buk·ku [J.], Guidebook.
Gaido-tsuki tuā [J.], Guided tour.
gákkō dè [J.], at school.
gammal [Sw.], old.
gänzlich [N.], completely; entirely.
Gar nicht schlecht [N.], Not bad at all.
Gärung [N.], Fermentation.
Gebet [N.], Prayer.
gebührend [N.], fittingly; appropriately.
Gedicht [N.], Poem.
gedrängt [N.], compressed.
Gefecht [N.], military engagement.
geldigheid [N.], validity.
genau genommen [N.], strictly speaking.
Generi di prima necessita [I.], Basic essentials.
génki wo dasù [J.], cheer up.
génshi no [J.], atomic.
Genügt dir das eine Stück? [N.], Is one piece enough for you?
Gerecht gegen alle [N.], Fair to all.
Geregelt [N.], Steady; regular.
Gesamte Werke [N.], Complete works.
geschlagen werden [N.], to be beaten.
Gestalt annehmen [N.], To take shape.
Gestatten Sie? [N.], May I?
Gesunder Menschenverstand [N.], Common sense.

Gewissensfrage [N.], Matter of conscience.
Gewissheit und Selbstsicherheit [N.], Certainty and Confidence.
Giocare a tombola [I.], To play bingo.
giorno per giorno [I.], day by day.
Girala come ti pare [I.], Look at it whichever way you like.
Giubbotto di salvataggio [I.], A life jacket.
Glockenturm [N.], bell tower.
Glück haben [N.], to be fortunate.
gocce per gli occhi [I.], eye drops.
God middag [Sw.], Good afternoon.
God morgon [Sw.], Good morning.
gōkei wa [J.], on the whole, in all.
golpe de fortuna [S.], stroke of luck.
Go-séikō wo inórimasù [J.], We wish you every success.
Gostaria de ter uma reunião com...[P.], I'd like to arrange a meeting with...
grått [Sw.], gray.
Grazie mille! [I.], Thank you very much!
grönt [Sw.], green.
Großer Gott! [N.], Good Lord!
Grüngürtel [N.], greenbelt.
guardar las distancias [S.], keep one's distance.
guardiano notturno [I.], night watchman.
gut erhalten [N.], in good condition.
gut gelaunt [N.], in a good mood.
Gut gemeint [N.], Well-meant.
Gut, aber... [N.], OK, but...
Guten Tag! [N.], Hello!
Gutten Tag! Hier ist Susan! [N.], Hello! It's Susan speaking!
gyakú ni [J.], conversely.
Ha seguito le orme del padre [I.], He followed in his father's footsteps.
ha sempre la battuta pronta [I.], he's always ready with a witty remark.
ha un buon odore [I.], it smells nice.
Ha un cuore d'oro [I.], He has a heart of gold.
Haargenau [N.], Precisely.
Haben Sie sonst noch einen Wunsch? [N.], Would you like anything else?
hai [J.], yes.
hai, dōzo! [J.], here you are!
Hai, genzo desu ne [J.], Yes, certainly.
hai, gozaimasu [J.], Yes, madam.
hai, ī desu [J.], yes, that will be fine.
hai, oshiharai itadakemasu [J.], yes, sir.
Haībun [J.], Allotment.
Hals über Kopf [N.], In a rush.
hanno tutto cio che possono desiderare [I.], they have everything under the sun.
hanshabyò [J.], cat's eye.
happyō! [J.], announcement.
Har ni certifikat på det? [Sw.], Is there a certificate for it?
Har ni någon information om honom? [Sw.], Do you have any information on him?
Har ni något emot att...? [Sw.], Do you mind if...?
Hast du so was je gesehen? [N.], Did you ever see anything like it?
heīkin de [J.], on average.
heikin shite [J.], on average.
heīwa ni [J.], at peace.
hela [Sw.], whole.

Hellblau [N.], Bright blue.
hempi na [J.], secluded.
herunterkommen [N.], to come down.
heute Abend [N.], this evening.
heute früh [N.], this morning.
heute Nachmittag [N.], this afternoon.
Hier sind wir in Sicherheit [N.], We're safe here.
Hier sitzt es sich gut [N.], It's good to sit here.
Hijōguchi [J.], Fire escape.
hikōchú no [J.], airborne.
hikōshiki ni [J.], behind the scenes.
himáwàri [J.], sunflower.
hin und zurück [N.], there and back.
Hīru o naoshite kuremasen ka? [J.], Could you heel these?
Hitori [J.], Alone.
hītori dake dè [J.], all alone.
hitsuyo nai desu [J.], it's not necessary.
ho pensato tra me e me [I.], I thought to myself.
Ho un prurito da impazzire [I.], I've got an itch that's driving me mad.
Hoka niwa nai desu, arigato [J.], Nothing else, thanks.
Hòn wa zènbu [J.], All the books.
hos vänner [Sw.], with friends.
Hoschō [J.], Guaranteed.
hotóndo wa [J.], for the most part.
Hundimiento [S.], Sinking.
hur gammal? [Sw.], how old?
Hur kommer jag dit? [Sw.], How do I get there?
Hur kommer jag till motorvägen? [Sw.], How do I get onto the motorway?
Hur kommer jag, till...? [Sw.], How do I get to...?
Hur länge stannar vi här? [Sw.], How long are we resting here?
Hur långt är det? [Sw.], How far is it?
hur många gånger...? [Sw.], how many times...?
Hur många hållplatser är det till...? [Sw.], How many stops is it to...?
Hur mycket kostar det? [Sw.], How much is that?
Hur reste du hit? [Sw.], How did you get here?
I bambini sono sempre spontanei [I.], Children always act naturally.
I casi sono due... [I.], There are two possibilities...
i centrum [Sw.], in downtown area.
i gryningen [Sw.], at dawn.
I hörnan [Sw.], On the corner.
i lavori più umili [I.], the most menial tasks.
i riktning mot... [Sw.], in the direction of...
i slutet på gatan [Sw.], at the end of the street.
i...dagar [Sw.], for...days.
Ich bin froh, dass... [N.], I'm glad that...
Ich bin gegen Kälte unempfindlich [N.], I don't feel the cold.
Ich bin nicht schuld! [N.], Don't blame me!
Ich bin's! [N.], It's me!
Ich drängelete mich durch [N.], I pushed my way through.
Ich empfinde große Zuneigung für ihn [N.], I'm very fond of him.
ich für meine Person... [N.], personally, I...
Ich glaube ja [N.], Yes, I think so.
Ich habe das in einem Magazin gelesen [N.], I read it in a magazine.
Ich habe das mit meinem Rechner nachgerechnet [N.], I've checked it with my calculator.

Ich habe das Nützliche mit dem Angenhmen verbunden [N.], I was able to combine business with pleasure.
Ich habe eine schreckliche Schrift [N.], My writing is terribly messy.
Ich habe es ja gewusst! [N.], I just knew it!
Ich hatte also doch Recht [N.], So I was right after all.
Ich hätte es dir vorher sagen sollen [N.], I should have told you before.
Ich mache es morgen zu Ende [N.], I will finish it tomorrow.
Ich mache mir Sorgen [N.], I'm worried.
Ich nehme ein Erdbeereis [N.], I'll have a strawberry ice cream.
Ich versuch's mal [N.], I'll have a bash.
Ich will damit nichts zu tun haben [N.], I don't want to get involved.
ichīban ne nī [J.], at the top.
Ichído nì futatsu [J.], Two at a time.
ichīnichī oki ni [J.], on alternate days.
ichinichi/hitoban jū [J.], all day/night.
idag [Sw.], today.
Ikéi no nen wo idákaserù [J.], Awe-inspiring.
īkī wo tsukù [J.], to catch one's breath.
ikīiki to shitá [J.], animated.
ikväll [Sw.], this evening.
ikväll [Sw.], tonight.
Il distacco dalla famiglia è spesso difficile [I.], Leaving home is often difficult.
il dolce far niente [I.], sweet idleness.
Il lui appartient de... [F.], It is up to him to...
Il nocciolo della questione è... [I.], The main point is...
Ils sont très lies [F.], They are very close.
Im Affekt handeln [N.], To act in the heat of the moment.
Im Allgemeinen [N.], In general.
im Augenblick [N.], at the moment.
im Ernst [N.], in earnest.
im Freinen [N.], in the open air.
Im Frieden [N.], In peacetime.
im Gesamten [N.], all in all.
Im Laufe der Woche [N.], In the course of the week.
im Moment [N.], at the moment.
im Recht sein [N.], to be in the right.
Im Sonderangebot [N.], On special offer.
im Stundentakt [N.], at hourly intervals.
im Unterschied zu... [N.], as distinct from...
ima kara futsuka de [J.], in two days from now.
Immediatamente [I.], At once.
immensa [I.], huge.
immer schöner [N.], more and more beautiful.
Immer schooner [N.], More and more beautiful.
immer trauriger [N.], sadder and sadder.
immer wenn ich... [N.], every time I...
Immer wieder [N.], Again and again.
immer zu [N.], all the time.
immergersi [I.], to dive.
immergersi in [I.], to immerse oneself in.
imorgon [Sw.], tomorrow.
impaziente di fare qualche cosa [I.], eager to do something.
impensable [S.], unthinkable.
Imstande sein, etwas zu tun [N.], To be able to do something.
in aller Ruhe [N.], calmly.

in aller stille [N.], quietly.
In anticipo [I.], Ahead of time.
in Betracht kommen [N.], to be considered; relevant.
in casa [I.], inside the house.
in data da convenire [I.], on a date to be agreed.
in der Ferne [N.], in the distance.
In der Luft liegen [N.], To be in the air.
in der Luftlinie [N.], as the crow flies (as time goes by).
in der Praxis [N.], in practice.
in der Sonne [N.], in the sun.
in der Tat [N.], indeed.
In der Überzahl sein [N.], To be numerically superior.
In die Länge ziehen [N.], Spin out.
in diesem Jahr [N.], this year.
i**n doppelter Ausführung** [N.], in duplicate.
in einem fort [N.], on and on.
in etwas steigen [N.], to get into something.
in Fetzen [N.], in tatters.
in fin dei conti [I.], and that's about it.
in fondo [I.], after all.
in fondo alla sala [I.], at the back of the room.
In fondo in fondo [I.], Deep down.
in forma ufficiale [I.], officially.
in Gang bringen [N.], to start up.
In generale [I.], On the whole.
in genere [I.], usually.
in gewisser Weise [N.], in a way.
in jenem Jahr [N.], in that year.
in lontananza [I.], in the distance.
In modo impeccabile [I.], Impeccably.
in modo scortese [I.], rudely.
in ogni caso [I.], anyway.
In Ordnung! [N.], Okay!
in piccolo [I.], in miniature.
In pieno giorno [I.], In broad daylight.
in pratica [I.], in practice.
In prima pagina [I.], On the front page.
in primo Luogo [I.], first of all.
in primo piano [I.], in the foreground.
in punta di piedi [I.], on tiptoe.
in qualsiasi momento [I.], at any moment.
in realta [I.], in fact.
in seguito [I.], then.
in tal caso [I.], in that case.
in un baleno [I.], in a flash.
in un batter d'occhio [I.], in the twinkling of an eye.
in un certo senso [I.], in a way.
in una maniera o nell'altra [I.], one way or another.
in uno primo momento [I.], ar first.
in versione originale [I.], in the original language.
in weiter Ferne [N.], in the far distance.
in Zeitlupe [N.], in slow motion.
in'tendere sela con... [I.], have an understanding with...
Inaudito [S.], Unprecedented.

Ingång [Sw.], Entrance.
inget att deklarera [Sw.], nothing to declare.
inget tillträde [Sw.], no entry; no access.
iniziare a fare qualcosa [I.], to start doing something.
innanzitutto [I.], first of all.
Ins Einzelne gehen [N.], To go into details.
ins Schwarze treffen [N.], to hit the bull's eye.
insonnolito [I.], sleepy; drowsy.
integrale [I.], whole.
integridad [S.], wholeness.
intehrsitee [Sw.], intercity.
intensivo [S.], intensive.
interamente [I.], completely; entirely.
interattivo [I.], interactive.
interessanterweise [N.], interestingly enough.
intérieurement [F.], inwardly.
intressant? / trist? [Sw.], interesting? / boring?
irgendwo [N.], somewhere; anywhere.
irgendwohin [N.], somewhere; anywhere.
Irrgarten [N.], Maze.
irúka [J.], dolphin.
Isch habe Hunger [N.], I'm hungry.
isigt väglag [Sw.], icy road.
Ist alles in Ordnung? [N.], Is everything okay?
Ist das für mich? [N.], Is this for me?
ist er hier? [N.], is he around?
Isto é um presente para si [P.], This is a gift for you.
ītsu de mo [J.], whenever (that might be).
itsumo [J.], all the time.
ja, also [N.], well, you see...
Ja, ganz genau [N.], Indeed I do.
ja, leider [N.], yes, I'm afraid so.
ja, onegai shimashu [J.], thank you, I'll take it.
Jag är i en turistgrupp [Sw.], I'm with a group.
Jag är inte beredd på det [Sw.], I'm not ready for that.
Jag hämtar dig klockan åtta [Sw.], I'll call you at 8.
Jag har gått vilse [Sw.], I've lost my way.
Jag har reserverad plats [Sw.], Here's my reservation.
Jag känner mig yr [Sw.], I feel faint.
Jag möter dig... [Sw.], I'll meet you...
Jag såg inte skylten [Sw.], I didn't see the sign.
Jag sitter här [Sw.], I sit here.
Jag skulle vilja ha en ljusare nyans [Sw.], I want a lighter shade.
Jag skulle vilja ha lite sällskap [Sw.], I'd love to have some company.
Jag skulle vilja... [Sw.], I'd like...
Jag tar den [Sw.], I'll take it.
Jag tittar bara [Sw.], I'm just browsing.
Jag vet inte varför [Sw.], I don't know why.
Jag vill betala [Sw.], I'd like to pay.
Jämmerlich [N.], Wretched; pathetic.
Javisst [Sw.], Yes.
Je eher, desto besser [N.], the sooner the better.
Je mehr ich höre, umso weniger verstehe ich [N.], The more I hear the less I understand.
Jemandem auf die Nerven gehen [N.], To get on somebody's nerves.

Jemandem die Meinung sagen [N.], To give somebody a peace of one's mind.
jemandem etwas anhören [N.], to hear something in somebody's voice.
jemandem etwas sichern [N.], to secure something for somebody.
Jemandem gleichen [N.], To be like somebody.
Jemandem leicht fallen [N.], To be easy for somebody.
Jemandem Mut machen [N.], To encourage somebody.
jemanden an etwas gewöhnen [N.], to teach somebody something.
Jemanden auf eine Idee bringen [N.], To give somebody an idea.
Jemanden in den Arm nehmen [N.], To cuddle somebody.
Jetzt erst recht! [N.], Now more than ever!
jeweils zwei zusammen [N.], two at a time.
Jiji [J.], Current affairs.
Jin-tonikku o onegai shimasu [J.], A gin and tonic, please.
jōkyaku [J], passenger.
júbùn desu [J.], that'll do.
jusqu'a nouvel ordre [F.], until further notice.
juste milieu [F.], happy medium.
kaīhō [J.], emancipation.
kakkázàn [J.], active volcano.
Kan du föreslå...? [Sw.], Can you suggest...?
Kan jag åka tillbaka på samma biljett? [Sw.], Can I return on the same ticket?
Kan jag betala med kreditkort? [Sw.], Can I pay by credit card?
Kan jag boka en tid så snart som möjligt? [Sw.], Can I make an appointment for as soon as possible?
Kan jag få en badhandduk till? [Sw.], May I have an extra bath towel?
Kan jag få notan, tack [Sw.], The bill, please.
Kan jag få...? [Sw.], Can I have some...?
Kan jag får se..., tack? [Sw.], Can I see... , please?
Kan jag hjälpa er? [Sw.], May I help you?
Kan ni förstora det här? [Sw.], Would you enlarge this, please?
Kan ni hjälpa mig? [Sw.], Can you help me?
Kan ni posta det här åt mig, tack? [Sw.], Could you mail this for me, please?
Kan ni säga mig...? [Sw.], Can you show me?
Kan ni upprepa det, tack? [Sw.], Can you repeat that, please?
Kan ni visa mig några...? [Sw.], Could you show me...?
Kan ni visa på kartan var jag är? [Sw.], Can you show me where I am on the map?
Kan vi titta runt? [Sw.], Can we look around?
kané wo dashiaù [J.], to club together.
kanske [Sw.], perhaps.
kanzen ni [J.], completely.
karā-firumu [J.], color film.
kare desu [J.], it's him.
Kare wa nan te īmashita ka? [J.], What did he say?
kàrèra no kánten kara [J.], from their angle.
kásùka na kibō! [J.], a glimmer of hope!
kaúnto wa tsūōrú dèsú [J.], the score is 2 all.
Keine Ursache! [N.], That's all right!
kekká [J.], (in the) aftermath.
Kichō-hin o koko ni azukeraremasu ka? [J.], Can I leave my valuables here?
kihōn [J.], the basics.
kikén wo okasù [J.], to take a chance.
kiwádoì tokóro de [J.], borderline; on the borderline.
kiwámète jūyō de [J.], of cardinal importance.
Klar sehen [N.], To see clearly.
Klar! [N.], Sure!

Klar! [Sw.], Sure!
Klatschnass [N.], soaking wet.
kleinstmöglich, zumindest [N.], smallest possible; at least.
Klippe [N.], Cliff.
Klischeevorstellung [N.], Stereotyped idea.
klockan tolv på dagen [Sw.], twelve o'clock noon.
Knallrot! [N.], bright red!
Koko desu [J.], Right here.
koko no kore desu [J.], this one here.
Kokórò wo irékaerù [J.], To mend one's ways.
Komm endlich hinter dem Schrank vor [N.], Come out from behind that cupboard, will you.
Kommen Sie ruhig herein! [N.], Come on in!
Kommt herein! [N.], Come inside!
komuīn [J.], civil servant.
Kono hōkō desu ka? [J.], Is it in this direction?
Kono kotoba wa dō iu imi desu ka? [J.], What does this word mean?
kònó tame [J.], for this reason.
Kontinuität [N.], Continuity.
Kopf [N.], Tails (on a coin).
Kopf oder Wappen? [N.], Heads or tail s (on a coin)?
Kör forsiktigt! [Sw.], Drive carefully!
Kore wa itai desu ka? [J.], Does that hurt now?
Kostenanschlag [N.], estimate.
kraftvoll [N.], vigorous.
kriegspiel [N.], war game.
Krönung [N.], Coronation.
kugelförmig [N.], spherical.
kurz danach [N.], soon after.
kurz entschlossen [N.], on the spur of the moment.
Kurz gesagt [N.], In short.
kyūkyūbako [J.], first-aid kit.
l' important [F.], the important thing.
L'anestesia locale [I.], Local anaesthetic.
la coperta [I.], cover (over something).
La mia città [I.], My home town.
La paciencia es una virtud [S.], Patience is a virtue.
La risposta esatta [I.], The correct answer.
là sotto [I.], down there.
La tue previsioni sono risultate errate! [I.], Your predictions proved to be wrong!
laggiù in fondo [I.] over there.
lampo di genio [I.], flash of inspiration.
lange dauern [N.], to last a long time.
långfärdsbuss [Sw.], long-distance bus.
långsynt [Sw.], long-sighted.
Langweile ich dich? [N.], Am I boring you?
Lasciati guidare dall'istinto [I.], Let your instinct be your guide.
Lass das lieber [N.], I'd leave that if I were you.
Lass es gut sein! [N.], That'll do!
Lass meine Sachen in Ruhe! [N.], Don't mess about with my things!
Lass mich! [N.], Leave me alone!
Lass uns gehen! [N.], Let's go!
Lassen wir das! [N.], Let's leave it!
Lavoro come volontario [I.], I'm a voluntary worker.
le cose di una [I.], the things of the past.

Le cose stanno cosi [I.], This is the way things stand.
le importaria...? [S.], would you mind...?
Lebensunterhalt [N.], livelihood.
Lebensweise [N.], lifestyle; way of life.
legamento [I.], ligament.
leitura de lábios [P.], lip reading.
letzte Ruhestätte [N.], final resting place.
Lichtschutzfaktor [N.], Protection factor.
Liebes Fräulein Dümmler... [N.], Dear Miss Dümmler...
Liscio o con ghiaccio? [I.], Neat or with ice?
Lista d'attesa [I.], Waiting list.
Lite långsammare, tack [Sw.], More slowly, please.
litteralement [F.], literally.
Lo que pasa es que [S.], The fact is that.
Lob ernten [N.], To earn praise.
lucido! [S.], lucid!
Luciérnaga [S.], Glow-worm.
Luft schöpfen [N.], To get some air.
Luta er inte ut genom fönstret [Sw.], Do not lean out of windows.
lyckligtvis [Sw.], fortunately.
maémottè [J.], in advance.
Maiglöckchen [N.], Lily of the valley.
Mais alguma coisa? [P.], Would you like anything else?
makíge no [J.], curly.
malgré tout [F.], after all.
Man sagt,... [N.], They say...
man·naka no [J.], the middle one.
Mandami due riga ghe appena arrivi [I.], Drop me a line as soon as you arrive.
Mandare in esilio [I.], To exile.
Mangelerscheinung [N.], deficiency symptom.
mán-ichi ni sonáete [J.], just in case.
marchand en gros [F.], wholesaler.
Marschbereit! [N.], Ready to move!
más aun [S.], even more.
masaka! [J.], oh no!
maschile [I.], male.
maskintvätt [Sw.], machine washable.
Maßarbeit [N.], Neat piece of work.
Maßeinheit [N.], unit of measurement.
Massenweise [N.], On a large scale.
massenweise [N.], on a large scale.
mästerstycke [Sw.], masterpiece.
Màsúmàsú yókù! [J.], Better and better!
materialistisch [N.], materialistic.
matómari no naī [R.], disjointed.
mayonaka ni [J.], at midnight.
me constancia que [S.], I'm sure that.
med vatten [Sw.], with water.
Meglio ancora [I.], Better still.
mehr denn je [N.], more than ever.
Meine Herren! [N.], Gentlemen!
meiner Ansicht nach [N.], in my view.
meiner Meinung nach [N.], in my opinion.
Meinst du, das ist eine gute Idee? [N.], Do you think it's a good idea?

Memai ga shimasu [J.], I feel dizzy.
méridional [F.], southerner.
Mettere a confronto [I.], To compare.
mettersi all'opera [I.], to get down to work.
mettersi in ginocchio [I.], to kneel down.
Mettersi in salvo [I.], To reach safety.
mettersi insieme [I.], to start going out together.
Mi dispiace, ma non ho spiccioli [I.], I'm sorry, but I haven't got anything smaller.
Mi è venuto a noia [I.], I'm tired of it.
Mi hai spaventato! [I.], You made me jump!
Mi offri una sigaretta? [I.], Could I have a cigarette?
Mi pare di si [I.], I think so.
Mi sia lecito far presente che... [I.], May I point out that...
Mi sono spiegato? [I.], Do you understand?
Mi sono stati molto vicini [I.], They were very supportive towards me.
midollo osseo [I.], bone marrow.
midollo spinale [I.], spinal cord.
Mille grazie! [I.], Many thanks!
minkanbōei [J.], civil defense.
Mir ist kalt [N.], I'm cold.
mir nichts, dir nichts [N.], just like that.
Mit aller Gewalt [N.], With all one's might.
mit Bleistift [N.], in pencil.
mit bloßem Auge [N.], with the naked eye.
mit den Schultern zucken [N.], to shrug one's shoulders.
mit der bloßen Hand [N.], with one's bare hand.
Mit einem Schlag [N.], All at once.
Mit vereinten Kräften schaffen wir das [N.], If we all pull together, we'll manage to do it.
mit Wasser besprengen [N.], to sprinkle with water.
Mite mo ī desu ka? [J.], Can I see?
Mitsúkeru [J.], To catch sight of.
Mitt namn är... [Sw.], My name is...
Mitt namn jag heter... [Sw.], My name is...
mittemellan job [Sw.], between jobs.
mittleren Alters, schon [N.], middle-aged, already.
mō sùgu [J.], at any moment.
Molnigt [Sw.], Cloudy.
Momentaneamente [I.], At the moment.
monó wo achikochi ni chirakashita mamá ni sùrú [J.], to leave things lying about.
monument aux morts [F.], war memorial.
Morgen bin ich in Rom [N.], Tomorrow I'll be in *Rome*.
mozuelo [S.], young boy; lad.
Muito boa viagen! [P.], Have a good trip!
Muito obrigado [P.], Thank you very much.
Murasaki no [J.], Purple; violet.
Murmeln spielen [N.], playing marbles; to play marbles.
Muséifushugishà [J.], Anarchist.
Mushi [J.], insect.
mushi-sasare [J.], insect bite.
mutuellement [F.], mutually.
myosotis [F.], forget-me-not.
n'est-ce pas? [F.], isn't it so?
Na gut [N.], Okay then.
Na ja,... [N.], Well,...

Na und? [N.], So what?
nach allem, was ich weiß [N.], as far as I know.
nach dem Gesetz [N.], according to the law.
nach Möglichkeit [N.], if possible.
nach Süden liegen [N.], to face South.
nach und nach [N.], bit by bit.
Nach und nach [N.], Gradually; little by little.
nachträgliche Glückwünsche [N.], belated best wishes.
nackte Tatsachen [N.], plain facts.
nacmittags, am Nachmittag [N.], in the afternoon.
nadare [J.], avalanche.
nádò nádò [J.], and so on.
Näheres [N.], details.
namae to jyusho o kaite kudasai? [J.], can you write the name and address down?
nán de mo ìī desú [J.], anything will do; anything at all will do.
nándo mo [J.], over and over (again).
Nani o shimashō ka? [J.], What shall we do?
nánī shiro [J.], after all.
Nànika miémasù ka? [J.], Can you see anything?
Não gosto... [P.], I don't like...
náò issó yokù náttà! [J], better than ever!
nàósara [J.], all the more.
naósù kotō [J.], correction.
När anländer vi i...? [Sw.], When do we get to...?
När anländer vi? [Sw.], What time will we arrive?
När blir det färdigt? [Sw.], When will it be ready?
När blir det klart? [Sw.], When will it be ready?
När slutar den? [Sw.], When does it end?
narubeku hayaku [J.], as soon as possible.
Naruhodo [J.], I see.
nästa [Sw.], next.
naturalmente [S.], naturally.
natürlich [N.], obviously.
naturligtvis [Sw.], of course.
Ne siamo rimasti sprovvisti [I.], We're out of it at the moment.
nebeneinander [N.], side by side.
negli anni a venire [I.], in the years to come.
nej, tack [Sw.], no, thanks.
Nel bagagliaio non ci sta più niente [I.], There's no room for anything more in the boot.
nel modo dovuto [I.], in the proper way.
nesshín na [J.], enthusiastic.
netsup·poi [J.], feverish.
Nettement [F.], Clearly.
netto gewicht [H.], netto weight.
ní mò kakáwarazì [J.], though.
Nichiyobi wa aite imasu ka? [J.], Is it open on Sundays?
Nichíyōdaìku [J.], Do it yourself.
nicht gewillt sein, etwas zu tun [N.], to be unwilling to do something.
nicht im Entferntesten [N.], not in the slightest.
nichts taugen! [N.], to be no good!
niedlich! [N.], sweet; cute.
Niente male! [I.], Not bad at all!
nité iru [J.], to look alike.
no balcão [P.], in the circle.

no es cierto? [S.], isn't that true?
No ja,... [N.], Well...
no segundo balcão [P.], in the upper circle.
Noch einer [N.], Another one.
noch einmal [N.], again; once more.
Noch größer [N.], Even bigger.
noch heute [N.], today.
noch nicht [N.], not yet.
Nomimono wa ikaga desu ka? [J.], Can I get you a drink?
Non avevo tenuto conto del fuso orario [I.], I hadn't allowed for the time difference.
non c'è niente da ridere [I.], it's not funny.
non c'è via d'uscita [I.], there's no way out.
Non ci crederai mica! [I.], You won't believe it!
Non distrarti! [I.], Pay attention!
non impegnarsi [I.], to keep one's options open.
Non la sapevo, quindi ho tirato a indovinare [I.], I didn't know, so I had a guess.
Non lo sapevate nemmeno voi! [I.], You didn't even know it yourselves!
Non parlate tutti insieme, per favore [I.], Don't all speak at the same time, please.
Non sono mica stanco [I.], I'm not a bit tired.
Non stare li impalato, fa' qualcosa! [I.], Don't just stand there, do something!
Nu [Sw.], Now.
Nur keine Panik! [N.], Don't panic!
Nur Mut! [N.], Cheer up!
ny [Sw.], new.
O autocarro partiu sem mim [P.], The coach has left without me.
O avião veio atrasado [P.], My flight was delayed.
o mais tardar [P.], at the latest.
o sea [S.], in other words.
O Sr. Lopes, por favor... [P.], Senhor *Lopes*, please...
o-aidekite ureshīdes [J.], nice to meet you.
oben auf dem Berg [N.], up on the mountain.
oben erwähnt [N.], mentioned above.
och me än så [Sw.], and more than that.
od un'ora stabilita [I.], at a fixed time.
Odlade champinjoner [Sw.], Cultivated mushrooms.
odorokubeki [J.], surprising.
offen gesagt [N.], to be honest.
ogni tanto [I.], every so often.
ohne dass er es wusste [N.], without him knowing it.
ohne es zu wissen [N.], without knowing it.
ohne etwas an [N.], with nothing on.
ohne Umschweife [N.], without beating around the bush; straight out.
ohne weiteres [N.], just like that.
ohne weiteres [N.], without a second thought.
ohnegleichen [N.], unsurpassed.
oīwai [J.], celebration.
Ojalá fuera rico! [R.], I wish I were rich!
ōkyū-te-ate [J.], first aid.
Olja och vinäger [Sw.], Oil and vinegar.
om en timme [Sw.], in an hour.
on dirait que [F.], it would seem that.
Onda está o televisor? [P.], Where is the television?
Onderneming [H.], Undertaking.
onirico [I.], dreamlike.

onnipotente [I.], omnipotente.
Onorato di conoscerla! [I.], It is a pleasure to meet you!
opera d'arte [I.], work of art.
operaio [I.], working class.
Öppna munnen [Sw.], Open your mouth.
ordinare a qualcuno di fare qualcosa [I.], to instruct somebody to do something.
Os objetos de valor [P.], Valuables.
otra vez [S.], again.
på eftermiddagen [Sw.], in the afternoon.
på kvällen [Sw.], at night.
på morgonen [Sw.], in the morning.
Pachīnko [J.], Catapult.
par bonheur [F.], luckily.
par la bande [F.], indirectly.
para esta noite [P.], for tonight.
Parabens! [P.], Congratulations!
parco dei divertimenti [I.], amusement park.
Parco giochi [I.], Playground.
partout [F.], everywhere.
pasar desapercibido [S.], go unnoticed.
Pass auf! [N.], Look out!
Passa bem [P.], Take care.
Passionsspiel [N.], Passion Play.
Passou a luz vermelha [P.], You went through a redlight.
peinlich genau [N.], painstakingly.
per abitudine [I.], out of habit; from habit.
per caso [I.], by chance.
per combinazione [I.], as it happens.
per cosi dire [I.], so to speak.
per dag [Sw.], per day.
Per dag/vecka [Sw.], Every day/week; daily/weekly.
per farla breve [I.], in short.
Per fortuna! [I.], That was lucky!
per male che vada [I.], however badly things go.
per Mausklick [N.], by clicking the mouse.
per me è uguale [I.], it doesn't matter to me.
per motivi personali [I.], for personal reasons.
per ora [I.], for now.
per poco che sia [I.], however little it may be.
per praticita [I.], for practicality's sake.
per pura curiosita [I.], out of sheer curiosity.
per quanto ne sappia [I.], as far as I know.
per quanto no so [I.], as far as I know.
per sempre [I.], for ever.
per tutta l'estate [I.], throughout the summer; all summer long.
Perché tocca sempre a me farlo? [I.], Why do I always have to do it?
persönlich Kapazität [N.], personal capacity.
piastra di registrazione [I.], tape deck.
più del previsto [I.], more than expected.
piu o meno [I.], more or less.
plēthōrikos [G.], bombastic; too full; swollen.
Plötzlich [N.], All of a sudden.
Pode-me dar informações? [P.], Do you have details?
Pode-me desenhar um mapa? [P.], Can you draw me a map?

Podes mandar mensagem? [P.], Can you text me?
Pode-se estacionar aqui? [P.], Can I park here?
Pode-se ir a pé? [P.], Can we walk there?
por ãviao [P.], by air.
por ensayo y error [S.], by trial and error.
Por favor pode reduzir o volume? [P.], Please, could you lower the volume?
por las buenas [S.], willingly.
por otro lado [S.], on the other hand.
por un lado [S.], on the one hand.
Posso ajudar? [P.], Can I help you?
Posso chiederti dove sei stato? [I.], Where, may I ask, have you been?
Posso fazer a reserva por e-mail? [P.], Can I book by *e*-mail?
Posso telefonar para casa? [P], May I phone home?
Pracht [N.], Splendor; magnificence.
Präferenz [N.], Preference.
praktisch [N.], practically.
Pralinen anstelle von Blumen [N.], Chocolates instead of flowers.
prendere il sole [I.], to sunbathe.
presente! [I.], here!
Pressefreiheit [N.], Freedom of the press.
presto o tardi [I.], sooner or later.
Presto! [I.], Hurry up!
prima del previsto [I.], earlier than expected.
proiettile [I.], to ricochet.
Pronti [I.], Ready.
Prozession [N.], Procession.
punto debole [I.], weak point.
punto di riferimento [I.], landmark.
Punto di vista [I.], Point of view.
qua sotto [I.], down here.
Qualcosa del genere [I.], Something like that.
quand cela vous conviendra / à votre convenance [F.], at your convenience.
Quanto custará? [P.], How much will it be?
Quanto dista da qui? [I.], How far is it from here?
Quanto dura o intervalo? [I.], How long is the interval?
quanto meno [I.], at least.
Quasi mi dimenticavo [I.], I was nearly forgetting.
Qué blen! [S.], Marvellous!; great!
Que botão uso? [P.], Which button do I press?
que conste que [S.], believe me.
Qué dan en el 'Odeon'? [S.], What's on at the "Odeon"?
Que ha na televisao? [P.], What's on television?
qué hay de malo en eso? [S.], what's wrong with that?
Que lindo dia! [P.], What a lovely day!
Que queres fazer hoje? [P.], What would you like to do today?
Que tempo demora? [P.], How long will it take?
Quella canzone mi fa tornare in mente tanti ricordi [I.], That song brings back memories.
Quercus suber [L.], cork.
Queria fazer alpinismo [P.], I'd like to go climbing.
Quero as copias em mate [P.], I'd like mat prints.
Quero fazer uma chamada telefónica [P.], I want to make a phone call.
Quero isto [P.], I'll have this.
Questa si chiama fortuna! [I.], That's what I call luck!
qui dentro [I.], in here.

Qui è divieto di sosta! [I.], You can't stop here!
qui fait double em [F.], dual-purpose.
Radiata [J.], sea anemone; jellyfish; starfish.
Rakt fram [Sw.], Straight ahead.
Rasierklinge [N.], Razor blade.
rassomigliarsi [I.], to look alike.
realtà virtuale [I.], virtual reality.
rechtmäßig [N.], rightful.
Regelmäßig [N.], On a regular basis.
Regelwidrig [N.], irregular; against the rules.
Registreringsnumret var... [Sw.], The licence plate was...
reich an Nährstoffen [N.], rich in nutrients.
Reicht dir das? [N.], Have you got enough?
rein gar nichts [N.], absolutely nothing.
relativement [F.], comparatively.
rendersi utile [I.], to make oneself useful.
rés-do-chão [P.], ground floor.
Returbiljett [Sw.], Round trip.
rimbalzare [I.], to bounce back; rebound.
rimettersi al lavoro [I.], to start working again.
rinuncia agli atti del giudizio [I.], abandonment of a claim.
romantikst [Sw.], romantic.
rückwärts fahren [N.], to reverse.
Rulltrappa [Sw.], Escalator.
rund [Sw.], round.
runt hörnan [Sw.], around the corner.
Rustkammare [Sw.], Armory.
S' apercevoir que! [F.], Perceive that!
så snart som möjligt [Sw.], as soon as possible.
sabishigarù [J.], to feel lonely
sakkyóku [J], composition.
Sala d'attesa [I.], Waiting room.
salto in alto [I.], high jump.
salvo errori ed omissioni [I.], errors and omissions excepted.
sano come un pesce [I.], fit as a fiddle.
sano di mente [I.], sane.
sano e salvo [I.], safe and sound.
sans plus tarder [F.], without further delay.
Santo cielo! [[I.], Good heavens!
sàra ni ĩī [J.], all the better.
satisfactorio [S.], satisfactory.
satte Farben [N.], rich colors.
scambiarsi di posto [I.], to change places.
scharf schießen [N.], to shoot with live ammunition.
Schick angezogen [N.], Stylishly dressed.
schießlich doch [N.], after all.
schlange stehen [N.], to queue.
Schlangenlinie [N.], wavy line.
Schlichter [N.], Arbitrator.
schließlich [N.], after all; in the end.
schließlich doch [N.], after all.
schmackhaft [N.], tasty.
schon der Gedanke [N.], the very thought.
Schon gut! [N.], OK!

Schritt für Schritt [N.], Step by step.
Scusa, ero distrata [I.], I'm sorry, I wasn't paying attention.
Se acabó! [S.], That's it!
se ce ne fosse bisogno [I.], if need be.
Se cómo pasó [S.], I know how it happened.
se muere por una flauta [S.], she's dying to have a flute.
Se non altro [I.], If nothing else; at least.
Se non le dispiace [I.], if you don't mind.
sea como sea [S.], at all costs.
Seduta spiritica [I.], Séance.
seelisch [N.], spiritual..
Segnare una rete [I.], To serve a goal.
Seguire le orme di qualcuno [I.], To follow in somebody's footsteps.
seguro [P.], sure.
Sehr geehrte Frau Braun... [N.], Dear Mrs. Braun...
Sèkai no dòko ni de mo [J.], Anywhere in the world.
Selbstverständlich [N.], By all means.
señor mio! [S.], Dear Sir!
senshū [J.], last week.
senza battere ciglio [I.], without batting an eyelid.
senza dubbio [I.], no doubt.
senza esagerare [I.], without exaggeration.
senza sosta [I.], non-stop.
ser el acabóse [S.], be the end; be the limit.
servizio fotografico [I.], photo feature.
sevärdheter [Sw.], places to visit.
shīgoto shite iru [J.], being at work.
shikáshī subarashiī ja arīmasèn ka! [J.], but that's fantastic!
shimái ni wà [J.], in the end.
shizùka na [J.], quiet.
shīzùka ni [J.], quietly.
Shúshu ga tsuíte [J.], Under control.
si assomigliano molto [I.], they look very like.
Siamo arrivati! [I.], We have arrived!
sich amüsieren [N.], to enjoy oneself.
Sich auf etwas einrichten [N.], To prepare for something.
sich auf etwas einstellen [N.], to prepare oneself for something.
sich blicken lassen [N.], to show one's face.
sich einen Tag freinehmen [N.], to take a day off.
Sich einer Sache widmen [N.], To devote oneself to something.
sich ergänzen [N.], to complement one another.
Sich etwas einprägen [N.], To memorize something.
Sich etwas vorstellen [N.], To imagine something.
sich fügen [N.], to be obedient.
Sich geschlagen geben [N.], To admit defeat.
sich in Acht nehmen [N.], to beware.
sich klaren [N.], to clear itself up.
sich lösen [N.], to resolve itself.
sich um jemanden sorgen [N.], to worry about somebody.
sich umstellen [N.], to adapt.
sich unterscheiden [N.], to differ.
sich veranlasst sehen, etwas zu tun [N.], to be prompted to do something.
sich von etwas trennen [N.], to part with something.
Sich von selbst regeln [N.], To take care of itself.

Sich wiederholen [N.], To repeat oneself/itself.
sich zusammennehmen [N.], to pull oneself together.
Sie ähnein sich [N.], They are alike.
Sie hatte ihre Haare zu einem Zopf zusammengebunden [N.], She had put her hair into a pigtail.
Sie waren unter sich [N.], They were by themselves.
Sie wissen ja, dass... [N.], As you know,...
Sieh mal! [N.], Look!
Siehst du das nicht ein? [N.], Don't you see that?
sin previo aviso [S.], without prior warning.
Sitten und Gebräuche [N.], Customs and traditions.
Ska vi träffas en annan dag? [Sw.], How about another day?
Slipat glas [Sw.], Cut glass.
slut på vägarbete {Sw.], end of construction.
Smettetela di fare chiasso! [I.], Be quiet!
snabbt [Sw.], quickly.
Sō de wa nāi to kikásarenài kagīri [J], Unless you hear to the contrary; unless you don't think so; unless you know it's not like that.
so groß wie... [N.], as big as...
so schön wie... [N.], as beautiful as...
so tun als ob... [N.], to act as if...
so viel [N.], so much.
so viel wie, im Meer [N.], as much as a mountain-ridge.
sobremesa [P.], desserts.
Sockerdricka [Sw.], lemonade.
sofort [N.], at once.
soldäck [Sw.], sun deck.
soligt [Sw.], sunny.
Sollevare il morale di qualcuno [I.], To boost somebody's morale.
Sollten Sie meine Hilfe brauchen, stehe ich Ihnen zur Verfügung [N.], If you should need my help, I will be at your service.
Som föreslås [Sw.], Recommended.
Sōmei na [J.], Enlightened.
sonntags [N.], on Sundays.
Sonst noch etwas? [N.], Anything else?
Sore de te o uchimasho! [J.], It's a deal!
Soré de yoi [J.], So be it.
sore dewa nak, kore des [J.], not that one, this one.
soré iraī [J.], ever since.
sore wa hankagai ni arimasu [J.], it's in the centre.
soré wa sore toshite [J.], be that as it may.
sore zembu [J.], all of it.
Sostentamento [I.], Maintenance.
sötningsmedel [Sw.], artificial sweetener.
Sotto il sole [I.], In the sun.
soviel ich weiß [N.], as far as I know.
Spatz [N.], Sparrow.
Speriamo bene! [I.], Let's hope it'll be okay!
spiare qualcuno [I.], to spy on somebody.
spina dorsale [I.], backbone; spine.
spuntarla [I.], to get one's own way.
Squadra mobile [I.], Flying squad.
Sta a te decidere [I.], It's up to you to decide.
stanna kvar [Sw.], stay here.
stare attento! [I.], pay attention!

stare fermo [I.], to keep still.
stare zitto [I.], to be quiet.
Staremo a vedere [I.], Let's wait and see.
starslaget [Sw.], magnificent.
Steki na! [J.], Lovely!
Stör dich nicht an der Schrift, der Inhalt ist wichtig [N.], Don't worry about the writing, it's the content that counts.
Stunde um Stunde [N.], hour after hour.
stundenlang [N.], for hours on end.
su vasta scala [I.], on a large scale.
Su, avanti! [I.], Come on!
subarashī [J.], very good.
Subarashī! [J.], Wonderful.
Sugoi! [J.], Well done!
sugu [J.], at once; immediately.
Sugu [J.], Immediately.
sui generis [L.], of its own or of a peculiar kind.
Suki desu [J.], I like it.
sukunaku-tomo [J.], at least.
sul far del giorno [I.], at daybreak.
sumimasen, ban·gō o machigaemashita [J.], sorry, wrong number.
sumimasen, heya o machigaemashita [J.], sorry, wrong room.
sur far del giorno [I.], at daybreak.
sur le coup [F.], immediately.
sur le tard [F.], late in life.
surú nò ga umáī [J.], to be good on something.
Ta tredje gatan till höger... [Sw.], Take the third right...
tábùn [J.], I dare say.
tabun [J.], perhaps.
tachība wò tórù [J.], to make a stand.
Tack för hjälpen [Sw.], Thanks for your help.
tádàchi ni [J.], without delay.
täglich [N.], on a daily basis.
tagsüber [N.], during the day.
tako-age [J.], kite-flying.
tasukete kudasai? [J.], can you help me?
tasukete! [J.], help!
Te lo puoi sognare! [I.], In your dreams!
Tem ar condicionado? [P.], Is there air conditioning?
Tem muitas subidas? [P.], Is it very steep?
Tem um lindo jardim! [P.], You have a beautiful garden!
Tem uma linda casa! [P.], You have a beautiful house!
temblar de miedo [S.], to tremble with fear.
Tener gracia! [S.], Be funny!
tennenshoku de [J.], in color.
Testa o croce? [I.], Heads or tails?
Ti ricordi? [I.], Do you remember?
tidigare [Sw.], earlier.
till höger [Sw.], on the right.
till vänster [Sw.], on the left.
till vänster/höger [Sw.], on the left/right.
to chigátte... [J.], in contrast to...
to iú jōken de... [J.], on condition that...
tōhyō suru [J.], to cast one's vote.
tokīdoki [J.], every now and then.

tókù ni [J.], in particular.
toku ni [J.], in the distance.
tònikaku [J.], at any rate.
tōri no mukōgawa [J.], on the other side of the street.
tornare utile [I.], to come in handy.
toshītsuki ga tatsù ni tsurétè [J.], as the years went by.
totemo taisetsu desu [J.], it's very important.
totemo yokat·ta desu! [J.], that was really impressive!
totsuzen ni [J.], suddenly.
tourbillon (de vent) [F.], whirlwind.
tout autour [F.], all around.
très aimé [F.], much liked.
trés peu de chose [F.], nothing much.
Trunkenheit [N.], Intoxication.
tsufde ni [J.], in passing.
Tuda uma palavra [P.], All one word.
Tudo em letras minúsculas [P.], All lower case.
tudo uma palarva [P.], all one word.
tutto compreso [I.], all-inclusive.
tutto insieme [I.], all together.
Tutto va a meraviglia [I.], Everything is going perfectly.
tyvärr [Sw.], unfortunately.
Über etwas hinausgehen [N.], To exceed something.
über und über [N.], over and over.
überall [N.], all round; everywhere.
Überbleibsel [N.], Residue; remainder.
Überraschung [N.], Surprise.
Überzählig [N.], Surplus.
udé wò kumfatte [J.], arm in arm.
um besser sehen zu können [N.], in order to see better.
um etwas herum [N.], round something.
Um Gottes willen! [N.], For heaven's sake!
um sich greifen [N.], to spread.
um vieles besser [N.], better by far.
un gioello [I.], a piece of jewellery.
un lavoro fisso [I.], a permanent job.
un nostro comune amico [I.], a mutual friend of ours.
Un orologio da polso [I.], A wristwatch.
Un piatto fondo [I.], A soup dish.
un sorriso complicita [I.], a knowing smile.
un tipo alla buona [I.], an easy-going sort.
un utensile a doppio uso [I.], a dual-purpose utensil.
un vino che si distingue per il suo aroma [I.], a wine with a distinctive bouquet.
Un whisky, per favore [I.], A whisky, please.
un'insegna luminosa [I.], a neon sign.
Un'occasione d'oro [I.], A golden opportunity.
una buona volta [I.], once and for all.
una cinquantina di [I.], about fifty.
una coppia molto affiatata [I.], a very close couple.
una cosa di questo genere [I.], such a thing.
una figura retorica [I.], a figure of speech.
una folla di curiosi [I.], a crowd of onlookers.
una goccia d'olio [I.], a drop of oil.
una notizia [I.], an item of news.

una palla di neve [I.], a snowball.
una questione di principio [I.], a matter of principle.
una tua amici [I.], a friend of yours.
Una vittoria sudata [I.], A hard-won victory.
una volta per tutte [I.], once and for all.
Unart [N.], Bad manners.
Und ob! [N.], You bet!
und so fort [N.], and so on.
und so weiter [N.], and so on.
Und wenn es noch so schwer ist [N.], However hard it is.
under dagen [Sw.], during the day.
under sommaren [Sw.], during the summer.
une autre courant [F.], another current/stream.
ung [Sw.], young.
uno scherzo innocente [I.], a harmless joke.
unparteiisch [N.], impartial.
unter anderem [N.], among other things.
unter Umständen [N.], possibly.
Ursäkta mig... [Sw.], Excuse me, please...
ute [Sw.], open air.
utformad av... [Sw.], designed by...
Utmärkt [Sw.], Very good.
utsúro na [J.], glassy.
uwása ni yoru tò [J.], reportedly.
Vad är det som saknas? [Sw.], What's missing?
Vad du ser vacker ut! [Sw.], You look great!
Vad finns det för sevärdheter? [Sw.], What are the main points of interest?
Vad för slags...är det? [Sw.], What kind of… is that?
Vad heter nästa stad? [Sw.], What's the next town called?
vad man kan göra [Sw.], things to do.
Vad skrattar du åt? [Sw.], What's so funny?
Vad tycker du om...? [Sw.], What do you think of the...?
van dort an [N.], from there onwards.
vandringsleder [Sw.], walking routes.
väntrum [Sw.], waiting room.
väntrummet [Sw.], waiting room.
Var är vi? [Sw.], Where are we?
Var är...? [Sw.], Where is...?
Var gör det ont? [Sw.], Where does it hurt?
Var kommer du ifrån? [Sw.], Where are you from?
Var ska vi träffas? [Sw.], Where shall we meet?
vara intresserad [Sw.], to be interested in.
Vardagsklädsel [Sw.], Informal.
Varför inte? [Sw.], Why not?
varje timme [Sw.], every hour.
Vart går den här vägen? [Sw.], Where does this road lead?
Vart ska du åka sedan? [Sw.], Where are you going next?
Vem är dirigent? [Sw.], Who's the conductor?
Vem är författaren? [Sw.], Who's the playwright?
Vem reser ni med? [Sw.], Who are you here with?
Verdammt! [N.], Damn!
verecondia [I.], modesty.
verpligtung [H.], engagement.
Verschnaufen [N.], To get one's breath back.

Verstoß [N.], Infringement.
Vi kommer att vara här... [Sw.], We're here for...
Vi stannar här tills... [Sw.], We'll be here until...
Vi trivs utomordentligt [Sw.], We're having a great time.
Via [I.], Go.
via libera! [I.], all clear!
victorieuse [F.], victorious.
vid fönstret [Sw.], by the window.
vid smärta [Sw.], in case of pain.
Viel Glück! [N.], Good luck!
Viel Spaß! [N.], Have fun!
Viele wissen das nicht [N.], A lot of people don't know that.
vielleicht ein Schlafanzug [N.], perhaps, a pair of pyjamas.
Vieni più in qua [I.], Come closer.
Vieni, ti offro da bere [I.], Come on, I'll buy you a drink.
Vilken linje ska jag ta till...? [Sw.], Which line should I take for...?
Vilken vill ni ha? [S.], Which one do you want?
Vill du följa med oss? [Sw.], Would you like to join us?
vin den andra korsningen [Sw.], at the second intersection.
vincere con un distacco di cento metri [I.], to win by a hundred metres.
vitamintabletter [Sw.], vitamins.
vivere alla giornata [I.], to live from day to day.
Voglio dire... [I.], I mean...
voir grand [F.], think big.
vol regulier [F.], scheduled flight.
voll und ganz [N.], completely.
Volo di linea [I.], Scheduled flight.
Volta dentro de cinco minutos [P.], He/She will be back in five minutes.
von der Form her [N.], as far as the form is concerned.
Von hier ist es zehn Minuten zu Fuß [N.], It's ten minutes walk from here.
von jetzt, ein berühmtes Gemälde [N.], by now, a famous picture.
Von vorn anfangen [N.], To start at the beginning.
Von wegen! [N.], No way!
vor allem [N.], above all.
Vor allem [N.], First and foremost.
vorbeisausen [N.], to zoom past.
vorsichtig [N.], with care.
vuoto d'aria [I.], air pocket.
wa hisáshiburi da... [J.], it's been ages since...
wahrscheinlichst [N.], most probably.
Wakarimasu ka? [J.], Do you understand?
waráikokerù [J.], (to be) convulsed with laughter.
Was darf es sein? [N.], What can I do for you?
Was du auch sagst, ich finde es schön [N.], Whatever you say, I think it's nice.
Was gibt's zum Nachtisch? [N.], What's for pudding?
Was hat dich veranlasst, so zu reagieren? [N.], What made you react like that?
was mich anbelangt [N.], as far as I am concerned.
was...angeht [N.], as regards...
wasúrenagùsa [J.], forget-me-not.
Watákushi no iu tōrì ni shinásaì [J.], Do as I tell you.
Watashi desu! [J.], That's for me!
Watashi wa sō omoimasu [J.], I think so.
Weißt du, was ich meine? [N.], Know what I mean?
Weit davon entfernt sein, etwas zu tun [R.], To be far from doing something.

weit entfernt [N.], far away.
Welche Freude! [N.], What joy!
welches Buch du auch nimmst [N.], whichever book you take.
Wenden verboten [N.], No U-turn.
Wenn die Verhältnisse anders wären, könnten wir die Arbeit schneller beenden [N.], Under different circumstances, we would complete the job earlier.
wenn ich doch nur könute... [N.], if I only could...
Widerstand leisten [N.], To make a stand.
wie du siehst...[N.], so you see...
Wie due willst! [N.], Suit youself!
wie gewöhnlich [N.], as usual.
wie ich schon sagte [N.], as I said.
wie ist das bloß pasiert? [N.], how on earth did that happen?
Wie schade! [N.], What a pity!
wie sehr er sich auch bemühte [N.], however much he tried.
wie Sie es auch ausdrücken [N.], however you phrase it.
Wie viele möchten Sie? [N.], How many do you want?
Wie wär's? [N.], How about it?
Willst du dir mal das Foto anschauen? [N.], Do you want to have a look at the photo?
Wir haben da einen Fehler festgestellt [N.], We've detected an error.
Wir haben viel Vertrauen zueinander [N.], We trust each other.
Wir schalten um ins Studio [N.], We'll now go back to the studio.
Wir sind zehn Kilometer zu Fuß gegangen! [N.], We walked ten kilometres!
wo mō ichido surù [J.], to do something again.
wo shōaku shité irù [J.], to be in control of situation.
Wovon ist ihm schlecht geworden? [N.], What made him ill?
Würde das Fräulein vielleicht ihr Zimmer aufräumen? [N.], Would the young lady perhaps tidy up her room?
yama ni [J.], up in the mountains.
yasumi de [J.], on holiday.
Yasumi de [J.], On vacation.
yokat·ta! [J.], good!
Yoku nemuremashita ka? [J.], Did you sleep well?
yori mo [J.], above all.
Yoru ni [J.], In the evening.
yuk-kuri [J.], slowly.
yukokigen wa itsu desu ka? [J.], and the expiry date?
Zan-nen des! [J.], What a shame!; it's a pity!
zembu de [J.], all together.
Zen-dera [J.], Zen temple.
zénpanteki ni mītè [J.], all in all.
zenzen [J.], not in the least.
ziemlich viel [N.], quite a bit.
Zimmer frei [N.], Vacancies.
Zu der Einsicht kommen, dass... [N.], To come to the conclusion that...
zu ebener Erde [N.], at ground level.
zu etwas werden [N.], to develop into something.
zu Fuß [N.], on foot.
zu jeder Jahreszeit [N.], throughout the year.
zu meiner [N.], in my time.
zu meiner Freude [N.], to my delight.
zu meiner Linken [N.], on my left.
Zu sein [N.], To be shut.
Zucchero a velo [I.], Icing sugar.
zuerst einmal [N.], first of all.

zufälligerweise [N.], as it happens.
Zum Beispiel [N.], For example.
zum Fenster herein [N.], through the window.
zum Scherz [N.], as a joke; for fun.
Zum Stehen kommen [N.], To come to a halt.
zunächst einmal [N.], to start with.
zur Diskussion stehen [N.], (to be) under discussion.
zur Gewohnheit werden [N.], to become a habit.
zur gleichen Zeit [N.], at the same time.
zuttó [J.], all along; all the time.
Zut·to ī desu [J.], I'm feeling better.
zweierlei Stoff [N.], two different kinds of material.
Αληθεια? [G.], Really? Is that so?
Ανελκυστηρ [G.], Lift.
Ανοιξτε παρακαλω? [G.], Can you open the door, please?
Απλο [G.], single.
Απλως χαζευω [G.], I'm just looking.
ΑΦρωδης [G.], sparkling.
Για αυριο στις εννεα η ωρα [G.], For tomorrow at nine o'clock.
Για ενα ενηλικου και ενα παιδι [G.], For one adult and one child.
Για τωρα [G.], For right now.
Για χιλιες δραχμες [G.], For 1000 drachmas.
γλιστερος [G.], slippery.
Δεν ειναι τιποτα σοβαρο [G.], It is nothing serious.
Δεν εχετε τιποτα [G.], There is nothing wrong with you.
Διαδρομο! [G.], Get out of the way!
Διπλοζ [G.], double.
Ειμαι στο ξενοδοχειο Λουξ [G.], I'm at the Hotel Lux.
ετσι κι αλλιως [G.], anyway.
Εχετε δικιο [G.], That's true/right.
η βιβλιοθηκη [G.], library.
η γη [G.], earth.
η υπογραΦη [G.], signature.
η ΦωτογραΦια [G.], photograph.
Ημερομηνια γεννηδεωζ [G.], Date of birth.
Θελετε παραθυρο? [G.], Do you want a window seat?
Θελω να κλεισω ενα βαγκον-λι! [G.], I want to reserve a sleeper.
Καθυστερηση [G.], Delay.
Καλως ηλθατε! [G.], Welcome!
Μ'αρεσει το ποδοσΦαιρο! [G.], I like football!
Μετα Φιλοδωρηματος [G.], With service charge.
Μηπως θελετε...? [G.], Would you like...?
Μπορειτε να το γραψετε? [G.], Can you write it down?
Ναι [G.], Yes.
Ολα μαζι [G.], al together.
Πονανε τα ματια μου [G.], my eyes hurt.
Πριν πατε για υπνο [G.], before you go to bed.
Προσεξτε! [G.], Look out!
Σ'αυτη τη διευθυνση παρακαλω [G.], To this address, please.
Σας συδνεω [G.], I'm putting you through.
Στην υγεια σας! [G.], Cheers!
Τι θα μας συνιστουσατε? [G.], What would you recommend?
Τι ωρα Φευγει το τραινο για το Αργος? [G.], What time is the train to *Argos*?
Τοποζ γεννηδεωζ [G.], Place of birth.

Φερτε βοηθεια, γρηγορα! [G.], Get help quickly!
Φυσικα [G.], of course.
А он трах по столу [R.], And he banged against the table.
А что она теперь поделывает? [R.], What's she up to these days?
Аббревиатура [R.], Abbreviation.
абсолютная монополиа [R.], absolute monopoly.
анализа эффективности работы [R.], time and motion study.
бедствующий? [R.], needy; distressed; poverty-ridden.
без задержек [R.], without further delay.
без отлагательств [R.], without delay.
бездель [R.], idleness.
безлюдная технология [R.], automated technology.
безумная роскошь [R.], unbelievable luxury.
Безусловно, я буду рад помочь Вам [R.], Naturally, I'll be very happy to help you.
белая горячка [R.], *DT* (*d*elirium *t*remens).
бесспорно [R.], beyond question.
большей частью [R.], for the most part.
Большую часть дня [R.], For the better part of the day.
браться за ум [R.], to come to one's senses.
быть в центре внимания [R.], to be in the spotlight.
в глубине души [R.], in one's heart.
в данном случае [R.], in that case.
в дебрях тайги [R.], in the wilds of Taiga.
в значительной степени [R.], to a significant degree.
в качестве иллюстрации [R.], for illustrative purposes.
в конечном итоге [R.], in the end; in the last analysis; in the long run.
в конце концов [R.], in the end.
в меру моих способностей [R.], to the best of my ability.
в один голос [R.], with one voice.
в отдельном пакете [R.], under separate cover.
в своё время [R.], in due course.
в теоретическом плане [R.], in theory.
в хорошем вкусе [R.], in good taste.
в широком масштабе [R.], on a large scale.
В этом Вы правы! [R.], You've got a point there!
В этом-то и дело! [R.], That's the whole point!
Ваши часы идут? [R.], Is your watch going?
Величайшей важности [R.], Of the utmost importance.
весь день [R.], all day.
Вечная история [R.], It's the same old story!
включая неврологический [R.], including neurological.
вне сомнения [R.], beyond doubt.
внеядерная зона [R.], nuclear-free zone.
Внизу зашумели голоса [R.], From downstairs came the sound of voices.
во весь голос [R.], at the top of one's voice.
Во всем мире [R.], All over the world.
во всяком случае [R.], in any case.
воздушная яма [R.], air pocket.
вообще [R.], by and large.
Вообще говоря [R.], Generally speaking.
Вот в чём дело [R.], This is what it's about.
Вот где нужно искать [R.], This is where we need to look.
вот моя цель [R.], that's my goal.
вратарь [R.], goalkeeper.

время от времени [R.], from time to time.
все время [R.], all the time.
Все время [R.], The whole of the time.
все книги! [R.], all the books!
все нормально? [R.], is everything all right?
Все указывает на то, что... [R.], All the indications are that...
всего-навсего [R.], all in all.
Вставать на носки [R.], To stand on tiptoe.
Всю свю жизнь [R.], All his life.
Всюду [R.], Everywhere.
Вчерашний день [R.], Yesterday.
Вы не возражаете если я буду курить? [R.], Do you object to my smoking?
Вы хотите жареную картошку к бифштексу? [R.], Would you like chips with your steak?
выдвигать возражение [R.], to raise an objection.
Вызывать аплодисменты аудитории [R.], To elicit applause from the audience.
выставка [R.], exhibition display.
гармонировать [R.], to harmonize.
гармония [R.], harmony.
Гетерогенный [R.], Heterogeneous.
гипербола [R.], hyperbole.
глазастый [R.], with big eyes.
Глупости! Никуда не пойдёшь! [R.], Nonsense! You're not going anywhere!
глухая стена [R.], blank wall.
год за годом [R.], year after year.
Гори все синим огнем! [R.], To hell with him!; to hell with it!
горои за кого [R.], to stand up for somebody.
горячая точка [R.], trouble spot.
Да, пожалуйста! [R.], Yes, go ahead!
Давайте сделаем это как следует на этот раз! [R.], Let's get it right this time!
Движение вперед [R.], Forward movement.
девушка [R.], young unmarried woman.
Девушка с голубыми глазами [R.], A girl with blue eyes.
Делать что-н с широким размахом [R.], To do things in a big way.
Дело в том, что... [R.], The fact of the matter is...
Детские годы [R.], Childhood years.
Для общего блага [R.], For the common good.
До глубины души тронут [R.], Deeply moved.
До глубины души удивлен [R.], (I'm) astounded.
долголетнее сотрудничество [R.], long-standing cooperation.
драматический [R.], dramatic.
думать над задачеи [R.], to think about a problem.
Его работа не соответствует требуемым стандартам [R.], His work is not up to the required standard.
Ежедневно [R.], On a daily basis.
Если не будет других инструкций [R.], Unless you hear to the contrary.
ето широко известно [R.], this is public knowledge.
Жил-был... [R.], Once upon a time there lived...
за кулисами [R.], behind the scenes.
За ним нужен глаз да глаз [R.], You need to keep your eye on him.
завтра у нас будут гости [R.], we are having a party tomorrow.
Заруби себе на носу [R.], Mark my words.
Знать все ходы [R.], To know all the ins and outs.
и днем и ночью [R.], day and night.
и никаких! [R.], and that's that!
и так далее [R.], and so on.

иди сюда! – а, что такое! [R.], Come here! – Yes? What is it?
из года в год [R.], year in, year out.
из достоверных источников [R.], from reliable sources.
из любопытства [R.], out of curiosity.
из-за юридической формальности [R.], on a (legal) technicality.
Иметь право на пенсию [R.], To be eligible for a pension.
индивидуального пошива [R.], made-to-measure.
Искушать судьбу [R.], To push one's luck.
испытание на прочность [R.], endurance test.
исчезновение [R.], disappearance.
итого [R.], altogether.
к моему удивлению [R.], to my surprise.
Как Вам это удалось? [R.], How did you manage it?
как Вы себя чувствуете? [R.], are you all right?
как же [R.], of course.
как известно [R.], as is well known.
Как интересно! [R.], That's really interesting!
как мило! [R.], how sweet!
Как ни старайся, не убедишь его [R.], However hard you try, you will not convince him.
как никак [R.], after all.
как никогда [R.], as never before.
как по нотам [R.], smoothly.
Как ты отнестисьосишься к нему? [R.], What do you think about him?
Каких-нибудь два-три месяца [R.], In some two or three months.
карусель [R.], carousel.
когда все оговорено [R.], when all is said and done.
Кого Вы там видели? [R.], Who did you see there?
колыбельная [R.], lullaby.
конечный результат [R.], end result.
контурная линия [R.], contour line.
Коротко говоря [R.], In short.
косоглазый [R.], cross-eyed.
криве зеркало [R.], distorting mirror.
кто во что горазд [R.], everyone doing his own thing.
Куда глаза глядят идти [R.], To go where one's fancy takes one.
лиха беда начало [R.], the first step is always the hardest.
Мальчик в голубой рубашке [R.], The boy in the blue shirt.
Маша, а Маша! [R.], Hey, *Masha*!
между тем [R.], meanwhile.
менее всего [R.], least of all.
Меня тянет в Петербург [R.], I want to go to (St.) *Petersburg* (*Petrograd*, *Lenjingrad*).
мёртвый сезон [R.], dead season.
мечтательный [R.], dreamy.
мир тесен [R.], it's a small world.
мйгом [R.], in a jiffy.
мне только что пришла в голову мысль [R.], I've just had a thought.
Мне, наверное, это приснилось [R.], I must have dreamt it.
многое еще неясно [R.], much is still unclear.
Можно начать? [R.], May I begin?
можно с уверенностью сказать [R.], it is safe to say.
Мы получили разрешение у начальства [R.], We got permission from the authorities.
мы с отцом [R.], my father and I.
мягкий, как вата [R.], as soft as cotton wool.
на глаз [R.], roughly.

на деле [R.], in point of fact.
На зиму глядя [R.], Just before winter.
на мой взгляд [R.], in my view.
На первом плане у нее учеба [R.], Her priority is studying.
на пропорциональной основе [R.], on a pro rata basis.
на солнце [R.], in the sun.
на уровне глаз [R.], at eye level.
на худой конец, в самом худшем случае [R.], if the worst comes to the worst.
набирать 6 баллов из 10 [R.], to score 6 out of 10.
наконец [R.], lastly.
Нам нужно выяснить отношения [R.], We have to sort things out between us.
наполнять что-н водой [R.], to fill something with water.
насколько мне известно [R.], to the best of my knowledge.
насколько можно охватить взглядом [R.], as far as the eye can see.
Наш город очень старый [R.], Our city is very old.
нашла коса на камень [R.], they are an equal match for each other.
Не говоря ни слова [R.], Without saying a word.
не горит [R.], there's no hurry.
не держите зла! [R.], no hard feelings!
Не зевай! [R.], Keep your wits about you!
Не остается ничего другого как... [R.], There is nothing for it but...
не прощаясь [R.], without saying goodbye.
недалеко от меня [R.], not far from me.
неземнои [R.], out of this world.
непрерывно [R.], uninterruptedly.
несмолкаемый [R.], increasing.
Нет ли каких вопросов? [R.], Are there any questions?
нет никакого сомнения [R.], there is absolutely no doubt (at all).
Нет чтобы извиниться, сказать правду [R.], instead of saying sorry telling the truth.
ни у какого человека не будет сомнения [R.], nobody will have any doubt about it.
Никакая система не является полностью справедливой [R.], No system is totally fair.
никакие деньги не помогли [R.], no amount of money would have helped.
Ни-Ни! [R.], No way!
Ничего подобного не видел [R.], I've never seen anything like it.
ничего подобного! [R.], nothing like it!
Ничто не может сравниться с... [R.], There is nothing like...
ну и ну! [R.], well well!
ну и сила! [R.], What strength!
ну, говорю [R.], what if I do (speak...).
Ну, я тебе покажу! [R.], Why, I'll show you!
О том и речь! [R.], That's just it!
обратный путь [R.], return journey.
Общая сумма [R.], The total amount.
Общее впечатление [R.], Overwhelming impression.
обьектив с переменным фокусным расстоянием [R.], zoom lens.
один за другим [R.], one by one.
однажды неожиданно раздался стук в дверь [R.], one day there was a sudden knock at the door.
Оливковый [R.], Olive-green.
Он Вам нравится? [R.], Do you like?
Он видел много прижизненных изданий свойх поэм [R.], Many books of his poems were published during his lifetime.
он все говорил и говорил [R.], he talked and talked.
Он всегда готов оказать помощь [R.], He is very cooperative.
Он всего-навсего выполняет свои обязанности [R.], He's only doing his job.

Он очень привередлив в еде [R.], He is very particular about what he eats.
Он понял все с лёту [R.], He understood everything in a flash.
он проводил каждый день на плаже [R.], he would spend every day on the beach.
он с трудом выбрался из бассейна [R.], he hauled himself out of the pool.
Он совершенно прав [R.], He's quite right.
она учится на вокальном отделении [R.], She is studying singing.
Они буйствовали по всему городу [R.], They went rampaging through the town.
Они договорились между собой [R.], They agreed among themselves.
они кивнули в знак [R.], they nodded their agreement.
Они не могут отличить добро от зла [R.], They can't tell right from wrong.
Они подошли к реке [R.], They came to a river.
оперативная группа [R.], task force.
остальное приложится [R.], the rest is a matter of course.
острый угол [R.], acute angle.
от часа до двух [R.], from one (o'clock) to two (o'clock).
откровенно говоря [R.], to be frank.
очень давно [R.], a good while ago.
Очень приятно Вас видеть [R.], It's good to see you.
Очень хорошо! [R.], Jolly good!
первым долгом [R.], first of all.
Перед тем как закончить [R.], Before finishing.
Питомник [R.], Nursery.
по долгу службы [R.], in the course of duty.
по нашему мнению [R.], in our opinion.
по нобходимости [R.], out of necessity.
по правде говоря [R.], to tell you the truth.
по своим вкусам [R.], to one's taste.
по совести говоря [R.], to be honest.
Под гнетом [R.], Under the yoke.
под покровом темноты [R.], under cover of darkness.
подводить итоги [R.], to sum up.
подумать только! [R.], imagine that!
позавчера [R.], the day before yesterday.
Пойди и подумай немножко на этот счёт [R.], Go away and think about it for a while.
Пока все [R.], That's all for now.
Полным ходом [R.], At full speed.
Полярная звезда [R.], Pole star.
помогать горю [R.], to help in times of trouble.
понимаете [R.], you see.
постарайтесь прийти [R.], try and come.
почему? [R.], why not?
правда глаза колет [R.], the truth is hard to swallow.
Правда глаза колет [R.], The truth is hard to swallow.
прежде всего [R.], above all.
приближайшем рассмотрении [R.], on closer inspection.
привод на задние колеса [R.], with rear-wheel drive.
приходить к заключению, что... [R.], to come to the conclusion that...
Пришли двое, а именно: Иванов и Петров [R.], Two people came, namely *Ivanov* and *Petrov*.
приятных сновидений! [R.], sweet dreams!
продолжительный [R.], lasting.
прямо вперед [R.], right ahead.
психический [R.], psychic(al).
пустить в ход [R.], to start; to set in motion.
Пятидесятые [R.], The Fifties.

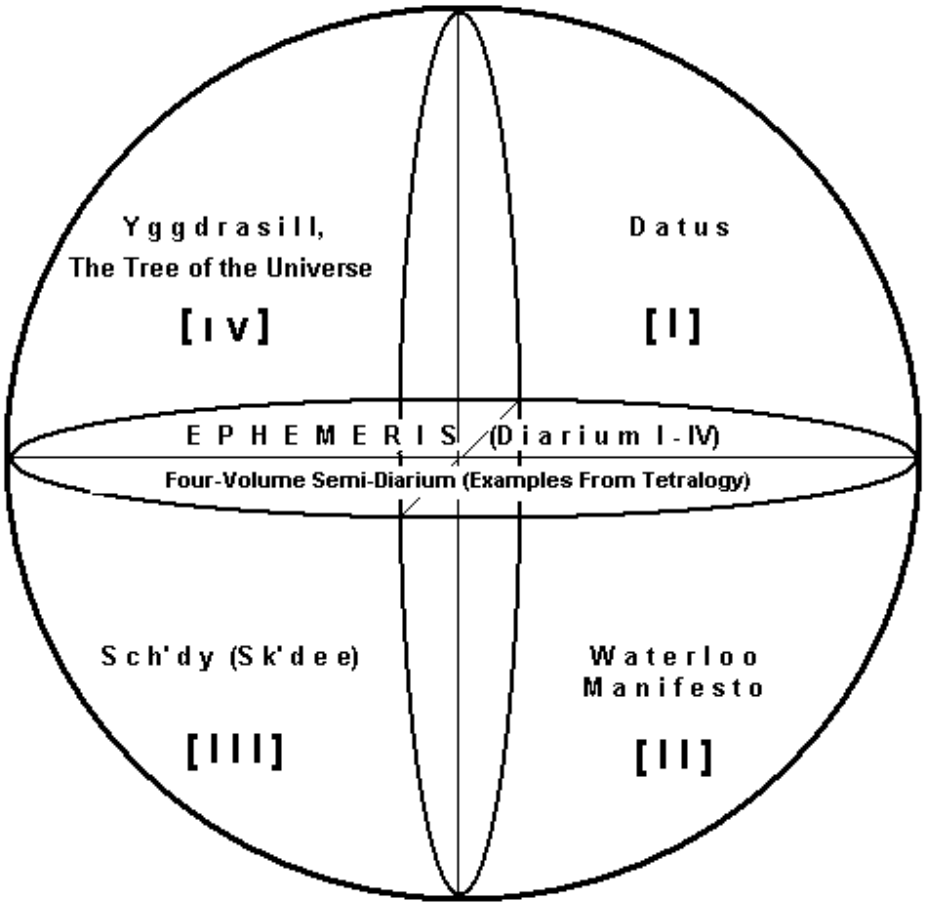
Пятичасовая поездка [R.], Five hour trip.
работать над проектом [R.], to work on a project.
Располагайтесь поудобнее [R.], Make yourself comfortable.
рассекать волны [R.], to cut through the water.
Ратификация [R.], Ratification.
реальности жизни [R.], the facts of life.
с боку на бок [R.], from side to side.
с их точки зрения [R.], from their angle.
С малых лет [R.], From childhood.
с технической точки зрения [R.], strictly speaking (regarding technique).
с этой целью [R.], with this end in view.
Самое главное то, что... [R.], The thing is that...
самое малое [R.], at the very least.
Сведения из книги [R.], Information from a book.
сидеть над книгой [R.], to sit over a book.
ско́лько лет, ско́лько зим! [R.], it's been ages!
Скажи, какая книга интереснее [R.], Tell me which book is more interesting.
Скажи, куда ты идёшь [R.], Tell me where you are going.
сказать правду! [R.], to tell the truth!
скрываться под чужим именем [R.], to hide behind another name.
скука [R.], boredom.
Слабая сторона [R.], Weak spot.
слава тебе Господи! [R.], Glory be to God!
Слизистая оболочка [R.], Mucous membrane.
Смешно сказать, но... [R.], It sounds funny, but...
снова и снова [R.], over and over; time and again.
Со слов свидетелей [R.], According to witnesses.
со спокойной совестно [R.], with a clear conscience.
Солнце позолотило верхушки деревьев [R.], The sun cast a golden light over the tree tops.
средь бела дня [R.], in broad daylight.
строго говоря [R.], strictly speaking.
Суть дела [R.], The heart of the matter.
Сущность [R.], Essence.
сфабрикованный [R.], trumped-up.
счастливого пути! [R.], safe journey!
Так и знай [R.], Make my words.
так точно! [R.], yes, Sir!
таким манером [R.], like this.
Те дополняют друг друга [R.], Those are complementary to one another.
тем или иным способом [R.], by some means or other.
Того и гляди дождь поидет [R.], It looks like it could rain any minute.
Только бы знать, где они? [R.], If only I knew where they were?
то-то же [R.], pleased to hear it.
туда и сюда [R.], here and there.
Ты говоришь по-английски? [R.], Do you speak English?
Ты мне приснился [R.], I had a dream about you.
У меня было такое чувство, будто это уже было [R.], I had a sense of déjà vu.
У меня всё внутри опустилось [R.], I had a sinking feeling.
у меня душа горит [R.], I'm bursting with enthusiasm.
У меня нет денег/времени/книг [R.], I have no money/time books.
У меня нет свичас расположения ехать туда [R.], I'm not in the mood for going there right now.
У нас всё нормально [R.], Everything's fine with us.
у него водятся деньги [R.], he's got money.
У него лёгкая рука [R.], He brings good luck.

у нее золотые руки [R.], she is good with her hands.
У, как высоко! [R.], Oh, how high it is!
У, какая красота! [R.], Oh, how beautiful!
У, негодяй! [R.], Hey, you rascal!
Удачлив [R.], Lucky man.
улицы обсажены деревьями [R.], the streets are lined with trees.
уменьшенная модель [R.], a small-scale model.
Успех был теперь в его руках [R.], Success was now within his grasp.
Уходить в себя [R.], To withdraw into oneself.
фактически [R.], in fact.
Хватит! [R.], That will do!
ходить по комнате [R.], to walk round the room.
Хорошо выспаться [R.], To have a good night's sleep.
Хорошо ещё, что... [R.], It's a good job that...
хоть головои об стену беися [R.], You might as well bang your head against a brick wall.
Хоть куда! [R.], Excellent!
хоть отбавляй [R.], more than enough.
хотя, многое еще неясно [R.], although, much is still unclear.
чаще всего [R.], more often than not.
чего доброго [R.], it's not impossible.
Человек больших способностей [R.], A man of great ability.
человеческий фактор [R.], human factor.
чем больше, тем лучше [R.], the more, the better.
Что толку жаловаться [R.], It's no good complaining.
что-н близко к сердцу [R.], to have something to heart.
Чувство меры [R.], A sense of proportion.
Чувствовать себя хорошо [R.], To feel good.
Чьи это книги? [R.], Whose are these books?
Это Вам полезно [R.], It's good for you.
Это вполне нормально [R.], This is quite normal.
Это должно сработать [R.], That should do a trick.
Это мне по нраву! [R.], This is to my liking!
это не лишено смысла [R.], this is not totally lacking in sense.
Это не подлежит сомнению [R.], There can be no doubt about that.
это не так просто, как кажетса на первый взгляд [R.], there's more to this than meets the eye.
это недалеко от автострады М1 [R.], it's just off the *M1*.
Это переходит все границы! [R.], That's the limit!
это правда мило [R.], that sure is pretty.
Это притянуто за волосы? [R.], That's a bit far-fetched?
это просто необходимость [R.], it's simply a must.
это равносильно отказу [R.], this amounts to a refusal.
это само собой разумеется [R.], that goes without saying.
Этого ещё не хватало! [R.], That's all we needed!
Юношеский [R.], Youthful.
Я бежал изо всех сил [R.], I ran at top speed.
Я в Вашем распоряжении [R.], I am at your disposal.
Я захотел есть, глядя на тебя [R.], Seeing you eat has made me hungry.
Я могу сутки не есть [R.], I can go without food for 24 hours.
я не знаю, как это могло случиться [R.], I don't know how that could have happened.
я не могу не согласиться с этим [R.], I can't quarrel with that.
Я не хочу Вас задерживать [R.], I don't want to hold you back.
я об этом услышал от кого-то [R.], I found out about it by word of mouth.
Я поверю Вам на слово [R.], I'll take your word for it.
Я повесил тот картину на стену [R.], I hung the picture on the wall.

я подсчитал затраты с точностю до рубля [R.], I counted the expenditure right down to the rouble.
Я полагаю, она не придет [R.], I don't suppose she'll come.
Я присоединюсь к вам позже [R.], I'll join you later.
Я сегодня плохо соображаю [R.], I'm not feeling very lucid today.
я ясно выразился? [R.], have I made myself clear?
Яйцо [R.], Egg; ovum.

Note

Bringing it to an accomplished fact, according to the period it describes - first of four parts of the tetralogy in question, according to the time of describing - last in a kolo which it (the part under consideration) joined with such a persistence (only to, closing the circle, start it again), it is possible that DATUS (understood as a *DADATI–DADATUV–DIDOMI–DAN–DATI* present to its recording secretary) behaved ambiguously, that is, in an ambivalent manner, but at the same time, with the help of other three quarters of the subject *ephemerality*, carefully coded EPHEMERIS , it practically connected signs of *eternity*, having simply been helpful to them, perhaps overflowing them a bit, perhaps having scarcely petted them (their eyebrows of stillness), at any rate (like them themselves) having used the same *Author's Explication*, that same explanation, therefore, so exemplary presented in the third part of this work, as an excuse offered in all these parts in connection with the use of parentheses, events and personalities from mythology, foreign words and expressions, and their final result - G*lossary*, and whether that whole, just completed circle, is going to encircle them too - remains to be seen once such a smoothly understood beginning of it hangs on its so rough neck.



Март Горски,
Wat., May 10, 2010

Alongside The English Translation

The original manuscript of this book was completed in the spring of *2008.* As if not taught by the previous three experiences of translating "Sch'dy (Ск'ди) into "Sch'dy (Sk'dee)", "Yggdrasill, Drvo Vasione" into "Yggdrasill, The Tree of the Universe", and "Waterloo Manifest" into "Waterloo Manifesto", immediately after finishing the respective originals, it took me a few months to plunge into this translation - in terms of complexity and breadth rivaled only by the 'cosmic' one (dealing with the *Tree*) - hence the delay. After all, one has to "come to one's senses" to even contemplate about further dismay. Which this translation hopefully is not - thanks to *P.*, & *M. Л.*, though *C.*, and *Б.*, helped too. And while *M.* [26, still a graduate student, this time at *Rutgers* and with a further elevated "view of things"] has done her part in her extraordinary, irreplaceable insistence on essence, *P.* helped me immensely in this *Gargantuan* endeavor, uttering *English* replacements of *Serbian* phraseology with informed ease and enduring all these overstatements of mine with enormous patience and inimitable presence. Thank you, *P.*, *M.*, *C.*, & *Б.*

Waterloo, August 5, 2008 - July 18-22-31, 2010