

MILENA MINJA BOGAVAC

GAMMA CAS/ BALLERINA

travelers guide trough transition and other forms of fleetness

sketch for intimate map of the world
poetic proposal for choreodrama or sound instalation

Translated into English by IGOR MARKOVIC



MILENA MINJA BOGAVAC

Authoress, dramaturge, poetess

Born in 1982 in Belgrade, Milena Bogavac graduated from the Faculty of Dramatic Arts, Department of Dramaturgy. Together with director Jelena Bogavac she founded the DMS (Drama Mental Studio) theatre company, where she works as a dramaturge, writer, ideologist, performer and assistant director. The troupe has actualised over 30 artistic projects in Belgrade theatres and at festivals throughout Europe.

Produced and/or published plays: *North Force, Red, Fake Porno* (Bitef Theatre); *Dear Daddy* (Yugoslav Drama Theatre; National Theatre in Pirot); *Fairy Tale on Electricity* (Pinokio); *Everybody Else* (Det Apne Teatret, Oslo; Radio Belgrade II); *Tdz or A First Three-pointer* (published in 'Teatron' magazine, performance in preparation); *The Planet Earth and Doctor Time* (produced by EPS and Blumen group); *The Overperformance* (one-act drama in English, performed as part of the project 'Europa am park' at the Biennale in Wiesbaden); *Bal-lerina/Gamma Cas* and others...

Her plays have been translated into foreign languages, included in anthologies and presented at festivals in Avignon, New York, London, Leeds, Wiesbaden, Bratislava, Mostar, etc. As a dramaturge Milena has collaborated with a number of directors and adapted the works by Aristophanes, Gogol, Moma Kapor, Eve Ensler, Ksistof Bizjo, Dusanka Stojanovic, Aca Popovic... She has received the 'Josip Kuludzic' Award for 'remarkable achievements in the field of theatre' at the Faculty of Dramatic Arts, while her drama *Dear Daddy* has won the first prize at the competition for the best contemporary play of the Yugoslav Drama Theatre.

She also writes and performs slam poetry, and her first poem collection *EPP* was published by SCC in Novi Sad. She is the selector of EX TEATAR FEST, the festival of experimental and low-budget theatre in Pancevo; artistic director of the summer entertainment festival BEOGRADILISTE COOLTURE on Ada Ciganlija and a co-founder of the series of POCKET FESTIVALS OF FREE CIVIC THOUGHT at the Bitef Theatre.

She is a permanent associate of Bitef and the Bitef Theatre, a member of the SFW NEW DRAMA group, and one of the editors of the website www.nova-drama.org dedicated to the promotion of young national writers. Together with the authors from this group, she has led several workshops for the development of drama text. She is a contributor to the 'Vecernje novosti' daily newspaper, and her texts, stories and documentary prose is regularly published in periodicals.

Translated into English by Igor MARKOVIC

ASKA'S DANCE

Is there a greater task for theatre than to teach people not to lie?! Especially about oneself.

from manifesto of the Drama Mental Studio, whose member the author is

Time

Today.

Geographic place

One of the countries that are living through or that have recently survived transition.

Set

“Parts of a ballet hall, handle, part of a mirror, cubes. Cubes everywhere. Various.”

Number of characters

At least two (1 female+1 female or male) for possibi-

lity of the development of a dramatic confrontation. More is possible, according to one's own imagination.

Genre

In literature this would be a *stream of consciousness* novel, and everything would be in the head of one person, in theatre – that would be too static...

The author right under the title offers three genre qualifications, which is a rather clever move, because she is thus distancing herself from a very sensible accusation that this is not a dramatic text. Under the title *Gamma Cass* it says:

- a tourist guide for transition and other forms of transience
- a sketch for an intimate map of the world
- a poetic model for a choreo-drama or a sound isolation

Contents

Conversation or energetic/emotional exchange between the main character and:

- 1) her computer
- 2) alter ego
- 3) the world around her

You will not be wrong with whichever option you choose. I would probably choose 2...

The main heroine is called Aska, I assume because of the association to Andric's novella *Aska and the Wolf*, i.e. the metaphor it established in the world of art. Thus the *ballerina*, the main figure of this dramatic poem by Minja Bogavac, receives an aura of someone who, with creation, a heavenly gift and a need for the otherworldly, fights against the cruel and trivial everyday life and mediocrity. She receives a dimension of significance by not doing anything as a heroine. This, in fact, as I have already hinted above, is not a play; in *Gamma Cass* there are no differentiated characters, nor confronted interests, no dramatic conflicts. But there is the interior, the intimate, with which it is hard to live, but in art a lot can be done...

The new work of Minja Bogavac gets under your skin

exclusively through pores sensitive to poetry. The author is a great poetess as well, and this should not be neglected. From there she acquires the power to give meaning, i.e. cleverness, to her "poetic model" with her creative fragility. By giving shape towards the end to all the semi-dissipated thoughts and problems, and by giving to those mental and literary meanders a flow of an epitaph (a sudden death of the author's father is, I dare assume, the trigger), she manages not only to save the *dramatic*, but also to make you cry. Three pages before the end of *Gamma Cass* you understand that the entire writer-reader excursion is in fact Aska's dance in front of the wolf. A fight for life, while you are looking into the jaws of death.

"...Where are they all going? All those voices from my ears. Where will they go when I become dust one day, become ashes, become wind, when I fall like the rain, when the earth soaks my self? Where will they go?"
Quote from the drama Gamma Cass by Milena Bogavac

Ksenija KRNAJSKI

Translated into English by Svetozar POSTIC

Instead of characters and list with their names:
INSTRUCTIONS FOR USING POETIC
PIECE

"BALLERINA/GAMMA CAS"

BASIC TYPES OF TYPING IN THIS PIECE:

Font: Arial, 12, regular.

For example: What's your name?

Sounding: Flat. Narrative. Cold. Official. Frightening. Auditory.

And yet, sometimes: unexpectedly gentle.
Motherly. As poetry.

As punishment and reward. That is how her words are.

Meaning: Older. Reflection. Echo. Alter ego. Super ego. Ideal counterpart. Mine me in the mirror. Mine me from the other side...of the street. Screen. Monitor. White paper. Dream. So close...so unattainable. My soul. Her time is anytime. Present, past, future. She doesn't know the time. She doesn't know the body. She can be anyone. Anything. Anytime at all. Her space is space between earth and sky. She is the one. Line between point A in my heart and point Z, up high is hers...to eternity. And further. Eternity is hers.

Font: Arial, 12, bold.

For example: **My name is Aska.**

Sounding: Natural. Confused. Frightened.

Fast, passionate and stupid. Rashly. Infantile. Lot of tremor and lot of hiding tremor. Vixen. And weeping. Destructive and sad. Spoiled.

Unequal. Boastful. Obsessive, compulsive. Acted and overacted. Clumsy, down to earth. Bodily. Out of control. That's how her words are. That's how I am.

Meaning: Younger. Body. Ego. Egocentrism. Impressions. Easy conversations. Getting in conversation with ease. Easy dialogues. Realism. Reality. Everyday life. Life, my life, I. Her time is present only. Her memories are happening now. She remembers and that is present. Her memories are irreversible. Behind – darkness, in front – darkness. She can't be anyone. Anyone but version of herself. Her voice and face are always same. Her space is flat as map. Her world is little blue planet. She will never get to travel around it. She will never get around it and realize that she made a circle. Her world has clear borders in all directions, from all sides: geographically, politically, chronologically, ethically and aesthetically. She is skin and nothing outside of it. She is skin and everything inside of it. Her line is from point O in my bellybutton, to point M, few feet under the ground. Shallowness is hers. Death is hers.

Font, Arial, 12, caps lock, regular.

For example: PEEEEEEEP.

It means that whiz is from OFF.

Font, Arial, 12, caps lock, BOLD

For example: **BUZZING. HITS. VOICES.**

It means that that sound is from OFF. But more grotesque. Subjective.

This OFF is not from outside, but from the inside.

Font: Times New Roman, 12, latin, italic.

For example: *In her dream she takes classic ballet exam.*

Sounding: As from some kind of machine. Like from the tape. Or computer.

Meaning: Transparency of thoughts. Into one's head can be entered. Someone is peeking into mine! Meaning of this creates paranoia. Maybe as a evidence that God exists? Maybe as a symptom of schizophrenia? These two possibilities are not ruling out each other.

Font: Times New Roman, 12, italic, bold.

For example: *Lullaby and good night. With roses bedight. With lilies o'er spread. Is baby's wee bed. Lay you down, now and rest. May your slumber be blest.*

Sounding: Very bad. From distance. With disturbances. And from OFF.

Meaning: Known song in its spinning, karaoke and very, very...sad interpretation.

Font: Arial, 12, italic

For example: *Everything has to have borders.*

Sounding: Male voice.

Meaning: Quotation and/or imitation.

Font: Courier new, 12, cyrilic in original piece.

For example: *Serbia.*

Sounding: As a tourist guide.

Meaning: Heritage. Luggage. Burden. Bag and head in the bag. Mother tongue. Culture and it's creation. National part of identity. Job. Hard work. Archetype.

Furrow. Mud on a shoe. Loam. Food. Splendor. Myth. Blood. Satiation. Sweat. Grandma and grandpa. And many others. Love. Bigger than me. Bigger than anyone. Her space is deep down, under the feet, on a sky. Her lines are from ten points on my fingers to ten points of most shining rays of Sun. She is lovely, round...She is a circle.

NOW FORGET EVERYTHING YOU'VE READ ON THESE PAGES!



M. Bogavac, Gamma Cas, directed by Irena Ristic, National Theatre "Tosa Jovanovic", Zrenjanin

BEGINNING

The world is huge, no place to hide.
- Serbian national folks saying

PIIIP

(like somebody has pressed the button)

**I don't believe in time. I don't carry my watch anymore.
I don't get carried away with a fact that I could be late.
If I get carried away. I don't believe in time.
Uncarried (away).**

Split of a second between pressing of a button and a sound.
Windows is starting up.

**I don't believe in seconds. Broken to pieces. Like puncture of glass.
Cup. Or mirror.
Once I knew someone who broke mirror with head.
He got pieces of his face carved into his face.
BUZZING.
More quiet and more and more quiet.**

Split of a second between pressing of a button and a sound.
Windows is starting up.
See itself on dark, smooth surface of a screen.
Black. Contours of its face.
In exact proportion. Two dimensional.
Map-like. Of a known city.

VOICES.

Louder and more and more louder.

**I can see myself. Framed. Dark passepartout. So we are looking at each other, face to face, my computer and I. It is beautiful. Briefly.
Once I knew someone who broke mirror with head.**

She thinks of it while she's looking at contour of her face in dark.
Thinks, split of second.
She studies her facial lines in dark.
Face in glass.
She hears buzzing.

VOICES.

**Louder and more and more louder.
Reflection of a face is map of a soul.
Known blueprint of unknown city.
Eyes like rivers. Nose like junction.
Forehead is Main Square with museum.
Mouth – greenmarket. Empty streets.**

Overrunning finger down her face.
Doesn't recognize a thing.

Once I knew someone who broke mirror with head.

SCREAM.

**Blood drips on a blouse.
I CAN'T GET OUT!
He hides the key.
Kneeling on a floor and banging. With my knee, hand, knee.
Banging. Screaming.
OPEN THE DOOR!**

She remembers it, from time to time.
She remembers in a split of a second.
It got something to do with fear.
She remembers anytime panic is starting.

BANGS.
OPEN THE DOOR!
HEART BANGS
onto ribs.
It ticks, just like that, like a clock.
I don't believe in time.

For how long is she standing in front of darkened glass?
She doesn't know. Moment, two. She doesn't believe in time.
For how long can she stand like that?
In front of her reflection on a darkened screen.

Just a little bit longer.

And then?

And then familiar sound will come: windows is starting up.
Loading your personal settings.
You are disappearing.
Desktop. Map of sky. Exact location of a Cassiopeia constellation.

And then?

Then I will open blank electronic page. Stepping my fingers on keyboard.
Step by step, towards the end of the page. Step by step, towards the sunrise. Last sip of
ice cold coffee and THE END.
I love sunrise while I am typing – THE END.
Ctrl + SAVE.
Another ordinary working night.

Odd.

What is odd about it?

Well, that you are talking to yourself.

Briefly.

Familiar sound will come soon. And then, you disappear. You always do. Because, for quite a time I am not main character in stories I write. And that is...

SO.

SO BORING!.

NOT.

I love what I do.

I love my worktable, near the window. Measured rhythm I type with my fingers. Odd lengths between spaces. Nightly silence. Tobacco smoke. Ice cold coffee. Whiteness between lines. I love. Sunrise while I am typing THE END. I love my desktop with map of the sky.

With exact location of Cassiopeia. And that's...

GOOD.

MAYBE

IT IS GOOD.

Maybe screen stays dark tonight.

You haven't thought of it?

You haven't thought of it.

I think only while I am writing.

Odd.

WHAT IS ODD ABOUT IT?

That in stories you write you are not main character for a quite a time.

All of my stories are small. Recently, mainly: by order. Limited by number of pages. Newspaper articles. Travelers guides. Recipes. That kind of stuff. Documentary prose. I am never main character in it. And that is...

So...

MAYBE

...good.

MAYBE SCREEN STAYS DARK TONIGHT?

What would you write then?

SMS. It looks like my computer broke down. Will send txt at morning. Salutation. Affectionately. Message send.

Ok.

Disappear!

Ok. Then what?

Then I am opening white electronic page. Filling it with black, equal letters. I am writing. Black on white. Vectorial direction of thoughts towards the end. Pages. Those and next ones. Slowly. Carefully. Without many turns. Without inserts and without digressions. Plain, workday. Or night. Night. Like giant, slow and misty. River. Flows, runs out – night. I am walking near its side. Letters are steps.

What if you wander off? If you slip, let us say. Moment of carelessness and... (mystically)
River calls for a leap.

I can swim.

For how long?

Long enough.

To the other side?

Or to conjunction. Downstream. Floating. Just let yourself go. Without resistance. Nice and easy. Up to the point where night repels into morning. I would type my last space at sunrise – and: THE END.

A now – enough. I have to work.

Be my guest.

Fucking disappear!

Don't swear.

You're full of shit.

Press restart!

Go to hell!

Press the estart.

I am pressing restart.

Another BEEP.
It happened.
It happened.
And it's still dark.

Odd. Looking at my reflection on screen.

Roll my eyes.

**She rolls her eyes. I say to her: Fuck you! She looks at me. All right. I dig.
Just look at me. ...**

(just looks at her)

Really, maybe is time to send that stupid SMS. „It looks like my computer broke down“...Then again...Odd. All lights are on. It's buzzing and everything is normal. Except screen is black. A now...

What now?

I don't know.

Sitting and looking at your reflection.

Sitting and looking at my reflection. Not thinking. Waiting this to pass.

Sitting and looking at your reflection. Not thinking. Waiting this to pass. Nothing passes. And now...

What now?

I don't know.

Sitting and looking at your reflection.

Sitting and looking at..

What?! **What?!**

What?! **What?!** What?! **What?!** What?! **What?!** What?!

De ja vu, totally.

Presses eyelids with her fingers.

It happened.

Everything happened.

Maybe this is how death looks like.

Another BEEEP.

This time longer.

Like on airport.

Long enough to think about following question: is that a hand grenade in your hand luggage?

Routine check, pure formality: passport, ticket, wallet, pen, paper, camera. Passport... ticket... plushy little sheep... camera... wallet...dressing case...

Good afternoon, if you please.

This way, please.

Another BEEEP.

Look of suspicion.

- What did you putted in your dressing case, apart from wet towels and cigarettes?

Gun? Tank? Bazooka, maybe? RPG? Grenade? Avax?... LIGHTER?

All flights of our company are non smoking. BOOM! Thank you.

-You're welcome.

- Don't mention it.

BEEEP.

Routine check: glance at watch.

There is some psychological catch with fear of missing a plane. Someone was talking something about it... but you can't remember now... **Someone was talking something about...** but it is of no one's interest now.

TAKE OFF YOUR WATCH!

You take it off.

- That's right. Ok.

Here we go again.

BEEEEEEEEP.

This BEEEP lasts much longer.

How longer? You don't know.

Time is relative. Especially when you took your watch off.

How much? You don't know.

A moment? Two?

Your watch is now on the other side. Your time, in plastic container. Alongside with ring that you got, colorful beads with metal buckle, coins from pockets and a lighter.

It's impossible tough, to determine manner in which time passes. Maybe it doesn't. Maybe it stopped. And line has. Standing. Like that.

Everything stopped. Everything is on the other side. As well as watch is.

Alongside with ring that you got, not just that you got it, but from a boyfriend, not just from a boyfriend but ex-boyfriend, not just ex-boyfriend but jerk, that you running away from, and you don't love, you say, and you wear that ring. Very odd.

- Why the two of us are speaking in this manner?

Here we go again!...

- Why?

- You don't know why?

- I forgot.

- The ring?

- The boyfriend. I forgot to take off the ring. I don't know what that has to do with anything.

You're lying...Of course. They know that.

- Very odd.

Here we go again!

You know that they know. Looking at you like that because they know. They know that you haven't forgotten. That you wear that ring because you still remember, jerk boyfriend, and you are jerk as well, because you remember!

Only jerk remembers jerk. And you remember.

Remembering. From time to time. It have to do something with fear.

Remembering every time panic is starting.

Pressing eyelids with fingers.

...the way he smashed his head with a mirror, and how he broke mirror with his head, way he threatened to kill himself, locked the door, shrouded the key. You are jerk.

Why do we speak in this manner?

Pressing eyelids with fingers.

They know you. Looking at you like that because they know. They know you kneeled by the door. Kneeled, banging with your hand, knee, hand, knee, harder and more and more hard... Crying...

Kneeling. There, by this door. You, on one side and world on the other. How long? You don't know. Moment, two. Hundred, thousand, whole eternity.

Panic continues.

-Why should we speak in that manner?

They know you haven't opened that door. That they can see. That they know. They see all. You know they know.

You are traveling alone. Ring is cheap. And yet, whole line is standing because of you. Look!
...Why would you speak in that manner?

- Take off that belt!
You are taking it off.

Here we go again.
BEEEP

Routine check: stabbing fingernail into finger.
You are not dreaming. It hurts. And we are still there,

Pressing eyelids with fingers. Stabbing fingernail into finger.

All of your belongings spilled like this look ridiculous.
Your little things. Life is made of little things. Your intimate things in plastic container. You, on one side, everything on other. All those little things. Out of context. Taken off from you. Like a hooker. Like a bunch of sentences, that could be turned into play. Like some boring British writer's workshop: here are patches, sew a character. You are so limpid.

I am afraid.

They can see photos from your camera. They can. They can and they see.
And it says that that doesn't damages film, and you read that: mlif degamad t'nsodand backwards...and again...and backwards...And thousand times.
You don't know, in fact, how many times. How long this moments lasts. How many times it has happened. And that's odd. For you it's odd. Thing that one person panics about, for other is plain day. Working day.

Here we go again.
BEEEP.

- In her dream she takes classic ballet exam, in front of some kind of space committee. She doesn't know why she is here. Anyway: she came – alone. Elevator was broken, she climbed by foot. Hundreds,

thousands, million steps. Other girls are wearing ballet dresses. They're all in white. Smelling of "Labello", stretching, standing on their toes, first, second, third position. In her dream she is standing there, among them. Like in a sweetish motion picture. Other girls are wearing ballet dresses. Their faces are of porcelain. In her dream she is standing in a center of a hall. No one she knows. She came – alone. And heavy boots on her feet. She looks splendidly – like a terrorist! She doesn't recognize anyone and she doesn't recognize genre. If that would be melodrama... If that would be tragic burlesque...If she had a grandmother, she would have a warm jumper. Of genuine wool. Hand made. If that would be melodrama...If that would be melodrama about her. That kind of sight is something you can't forget. Stuffed bird in Swan Lake. Ugly duckling in stiffed ballet dress...In her dream she is whispering: Thank you, Grandma!

They see all. They know all.

That kind of sight is something you can't forget.

- TAKE OFF YOUR BOOTS!

And you're taking them off. It takes a long time to untie those shoe ties. Tie by tie. And there is a row stretching behind you. Long as shoe tie.

Colorful glances

Little black sheep on your sock touches cold marble floor.

At first it's freezing, then becomes hot. You can feel that jumper is warming you.

Phantom present from non-existing grandmother. Warming, scraping, pressing, suffocating.

Officer officially pries into passport.

Long enough for you to ask yourself:

Is that your passport at all?

- WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

Aska.

(You say, not really sure about that)

Here we go again:

BEEEP

Just a little bit

And again...
BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP

Sparkling light. Then silence.

You scare me, Aska.

**I cannot see from this light.
Like when you press your eyelids with fingers. Some kind of circle lives inside.
Violet at first. Livid. Then yellow.
It's always the same.
It already happened.
Tunnel.
Sun.
Dandelion.
Hole in the sky.
Slit.
Stop!
Are you scared?
I am scared.**

Of what? Everything already happened.

...three, two, one. NOW. BEEEP.
Nothing.

Maybe this is how birth looks like.

Three, two, one. NOW. BEEP.

That is how death looks like.

Three, two, one. NOW. BEEP.
Open your eyes, Aska!

Maybe I'm dead.

Open your fucking eyes!!!

I can't.

Press restart!

Press restart! Press... BEEEP...BEEEP...BEEEP.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP.

Finally.

Last space between and...

THE END.

Silence.

What do you think? Is that how death looks like?

- Don't you do that ever again!

For some time there is nothing you can hear.

And then "Windows is starting up".

Switch On.

Loading your personal settings.

Screen lightens.

It happened.

Here you are – light! Here is desktop! Here is your electronic page! White and empty. Write whatever you want. Write about you fucking death! Write your stupid travelers guide! Write about places you have never been to! Write about any piece of shit you can think of... Narcissistic, stupid cunt!

Don't swear.

Don't you, fucking, do that anymore!

You started it first.

Started – WHAT?

Fooling me around. Don't you fool me around anymore!!! I don't want to write about myself, because I don't want to. You see: I think of death all the time. And I am not afraid. Somehow: I am not afraid. Judgment day could be any day to come. However: People wonder. Odd. Very odd. At funerals...

„What happened to him?“, „What happened to her?“. What would happened to me? Well, what ever happens! You said: river calls for a leap.

Opened window calls. As well. You pull out your lottery ticket by birth. And then you wait. Drawing is every single day.

I am not scared of it.

(I am lying)

What I want to say: Today is not that day.

And I can see my reflection showing middle finger. Disappears. Quickly.

Screens blinks briefly. Some kind of disturbance in micro contacts. Like some kind of virus. And we are vaccinated against it, my computer and I. Finally alone. Face to face. My computer and I.

Cassiopeia is where it was. On northern sky. On my desktop.

Everything is like always.

I open white electronic page. Stepping my fingers on keyboard. Like a tourist, alone in foreign city. I walk straight. Pretending. That I'm going somewhere. That I'm from around here. That I know where I'm going, where I am going to, where to go back, that I'm waiting for someone, that I'm being late for something. Simply, that I'm in a hurry, like everyone, that I'm not walking just to kill some time, but that I have a goal. Yes.

Finally alone. White page and me.

Everything as always.

Which means: Everything is all right.

RYTHMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD.

Cubical, tranquilizing, pleasant sound.

Slowly. Carefully. Without many turns. Without inserts, and without digressions.

I was ten when I wrote that song. Five pages + four verses long. Patriotic song. That kind we were listening to, in my childhood. That was season of wearing cockades. MTV was scrambled. We haven't got visas for Duckburg. As well as many other places. Ten years old, I was patriot. Firmly determined to believe in something. Elevated something, like: world peace and Great Serbia. And my great song was named „Serbia“. I gave it to my dad to read it. I was proud of it's length. Daddy was reading. From beginning to the end, then he slashed all five pages. Four verses remained. My poem became haiku. Similar happened to country. I didn't understand it then. Now I do.

(Reminiscence of childhood: big stage, little girl.)

Everyone is here! Teachers and librarians. Few grown up children poets. Bunch of kids that write poems. And some state officials, as well. Everyone are clapping hands. Everyone, everyone, everyone! And everyone are happy that little girl is writing that kind of songs, big songs. Everyone are patriots and everyone, everyone, everyone understands importance of children's poetry in this, for our nation, extremely difficult moment! From about seventy to hundred kilometers from here is gun fire. Hundred kilometers from here, kids have different hobbies. They are collecting empty grenade shells, learning to look out themselves, not to be afraid. They don't write songs. No songs at all. Later it would turn out, that their knowledge of poetry is like – mine or hers in calibers.

Which means: Small but sufficient.

If it's correctly aimed at, from a proper distance of two meters, for example, smallest bullet, caliber 6.35mm, for example, can't do a great job in blowing your head off.

Firecracker is not a hand grenade.

But it is dangerous if it cracks in your hand.

That is enough.

And that is enough.

First front lines are hundred kilometers away.

Hundred kilometers from where our poetry blooms.

Let thousand flowers bloom!

Sooner or later, we are all going to wilt. Cemeteries are like herbariums. Bunch of vegetables, radishes, lettuces, nettles...Here and there some rare flower. Several four leaved shamrocks. That is how earth christens itself. Sooner or later, we are all going to wilt. And earth too, alone.

One known poet, inspired says:
"Poems are like children"
Amen.

Little girl on a big stage stabbing fingernail into finger.

I didn't understand it then. Now I do.

Poems are like children.
Cute mainly, until they grow up.

Length is not decisive. Number of strophes, or verses is just – caliber.
Some people live through all their lives with vicious virus, like AIDS. While others, let's say:
completely healthy, got hit by a tramway out of blue.
Some survive plane crash. Others end with a fall from a sidewalk.
Height is not decisive.
Moment is deadly.
Our souls are twisting and turning in a washing machine.
All the time there is some – laundering.
Dirty water coming from hose... that dark fluid.
That is poetry.
You cannot kill anyone with that.
However, it isn't most pleasant thing. To drink.

Our souls are twisting and turning inside of a drum.
That doesn't scare you.

(You're lying)

Everyday is drawing.

I'm not scared of it.

(I am lying)

I want to say: I got through today.

Till tomorrow. Until the end. Until centrifuge.

Until all dirt from my threads leaks out, in strophes, through hose.

Artificial squeezing of inspiration. Leaves dark stains on a bathtub.

**Black letters on white paper.
I am working.
Like black river night slowly revolves.**

RYTHMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD.
Cubical, tranquilizing, pleasant sound.

**In my heart, like my wardrobe.
Dark.
Black is not in color.
Black is always modern.
Black is a sign.
How does it fits me?
Is the Requiem
Music?**

**My blood isn't red anymore, as well.
This I know.
I scratched my fingers.
Wound like lip.
Bloodless, dry.
And on second day – black scabs there.**

(advertisement)

We are with you when you're down!
PERWOOL "Black Magic" Laundry powder.
Let black stay black.
PERWOOL "Black Magic"
With our sincere sympathies!
General distributor for Serbia: PRINC d.o.o.
Call now! Two for a price of one. **Two in one.** 20% gratis.
Call now!
And now in new packaging!

Collect six labels for a travel around the world!

Call now! Three for a price of five!

Call now!

- PRINC d.o.o...May I help you?

(line switches off)

TUUUUU- TUUUU... TUUU- TUUU...

YOUR TELEPHONE LINE IS TEMPORARILY UNPLUGED, DUE TO UNPAYING YOUR TELEPHONE BILLS. FOR ALL INFORMATIONS YOU SHOULD CALL 988 SERVICE.

piii...piii...piii...

TUUUUU...

- 988 SERVICE, please wait...

Hallo, all informations please ...

- YOU ARE SPEAKING WITH OPERATOR 1.6.0.9.

- Good afternoon, may I help you?

Please, can you tell me: Where is the God, how many grams is weight of a unwrapped soul, when does life of next century begins, what are FAQ's on Christ's judgment day and...hallo?..

TUUU- TUUU... TUU- TUUU...

EVERYBODY FUCKING LIE!

RYTHMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD.

Cubical, tranquilizing, pleasant sound.

Valley of lilacs, also known as main highway...

No good.

Erase!

Here we go again.

Fullstop.

Better.

Here we go.

If road ever takes you to Kraljevo - Raska direction in May, you will remember magnificent scenery of Ibar river valley forever. At that time of year lilacs are in full blossom and millions of tiny flowers are spreading the fragrance through all area. Lilacs were planted by king Uros I Nemanjic in sign of love for his wife Jelena, regent of Zeta. He wanted to remind French princess, and Serbian queen of her birth place, Provance. By that made one of most wonderful gestures in history. Many ladies are getting flowers, but only bouquet that is given to Jelena is blooming for nine centuries.

RYTHMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD.

Lamblike and gentle, pleasant sound.

You are imagining readers of this edition, average married couple. In a new car.

Foreign license plate. But speaking Serbian. Fuck that foreign workers!

MRS. WIFE:

You see what is hotshot? And you? What have you planted me? Nothing.

Not even a fucking radish.

MR. HUSBAND:

And you are yearning to remember your native land Provance. Soap queen. Yeah, right...

Sur le pont d' Avignon l'on dance tous es rond

Sur le pont d' Avignon, ta-na-na-na-naa..

Everything already happened.

July afternoon, unreal hotness. Asphalt is melting under your feet. You are walking on your toes, like ballerina. Fusty streets of Avignon. Noisy festival crowd. Giant, lazy, black cat eating fish near a trash can. You can feel fishbone in your throat.

You are walking on your toes, like ballerina.

You are buying soap and lavender baggies. From corner shop woman. She understand English. Odd. It's a bad sign. Asphalt is stretching like a bubble gum.

You are walking on your toes, like ballerina.

At H&M, choosing a dress. Black one. For summer. With stitches.

You are paying in cash. Certain investment. Black will always be modern.

You're standing under ice cold shower, singing. *le pont d' Avi-gn-on, l pl..bl...bla-aa*

Putting your new black dress on. Tying your scarf in clumsy notch.

Everything already happened.

Bad news from home.

Pressing eyelids with fingers.

Rusty line with Belgrade. Scream.

And then – BLACK – OUT.

And there is no one who would hear you, if you would swear on your language.

Were should we go now?

To river. To Rona.

Pressing eyelids with fingers.

Stabbing fingernail into finger.

You are standing on the Rona riverside. Wind brings white dust.

You're sitting on paper map of Avignon.

You don't want to your new black dress to get dirty.

Because you already know you would wear it again. Many times and often.

Black for every occasion.

There is some psychological catch with going to riverside. Someone was talking something about it... but you can't remember now... Someone was talking something about... but it is of no one's interest now.

You should let go. You shouldn't resist. Just lay and float on surface.

Some things are just like that. Inevitable.

Like recirculation of water in nature.

And what about those lilacs and stuff?

C'mon...Where is that in here?

I was at that famous Provance...And nothing.

Ancient town on Mediterrain. Fat cats. Pope's palace of gold.

Rona and over the Rona, one broken bridge.

Rusty line with Belgrade.

„Your flight is delayed, miss. Sorry for inconvenience.“

Pressing eyelids with fingers.

Soap, lavender, fish and clamminess.

What do you think? ... How does death smells like?

Our souls are twisting and turning inside of a drum.

Everyday is drawing.

Somehow however: I am not afraid.

(lying)

What I want to say: today is not my day!

RYTHMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD.

Close and gentle, adorable sound.

MAJDANPEK. If you look at today's Majdanpek panorama, you will surely be attracted to one aspect of it. There is no smaller town with that much buildings!... If you look more careful, you will see that there is a logical explanation for architecture of Majdanpek. Majdanpek is mining town built on very specific terrain: in narrow and short basin, that is surrounded with high hill. Tightened like this it couldn't expand on any side. That is why it in height. Except it's geography, economy took place in shaping Majdanpek. Families of miners are living in this town, and with their low income they couldn't afford to build their own houses. Because of its numerous high buildings Majdanpek is also known as Serbian New York.

RYTHMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD.

Close and gentle, adorable sound.

... If I can make it there, I 'll make it anywhere, New York, New Yooork...

Dazzling are those New Yorkers.

So modern, so cool, so free, so fit, so hit, so opened, so positive, so liberal, so correct, so coquettish, so charming, so spirited, so gallant, so mixed and democratic, and most of all: well informed,

Dazzling are those New Yorkers.

(This is not an advertising)

What is the Green Room?

„JANE“

Your own private dining room in SoHo.

Celebrations. Birthday Parties. Holiday Cocktails. Bridal Shower. Corporate Events. All Inquiries welcome.

„Just what every neighborhood needs...“

- New York Magazine

How Can I get there?

Follow this link:

Finding Jane

And I follow.

100 West Houston Street. Between Thompson Street and Laguardia Place, between Soho and the West Village. Train F to 4750 Rockefeller Center, between 11 West and 53 street...

So I found it, in the end.

Dazzling are those New Yorkers.

So modern, so cool, so free, so fit, so hit, so opened, so positive, so liberal, so correct, so coquettish, so charming, so spirited, so gallant, so mixed and democratic, and most of all: well informed,

Dazzling are those New Yorkers.

- Hi, Aska! So, You are from Slovakia or Pakistan?

- **No, madame. I am from Serbia.**

- Oh... Sorry. I know I was close. So, Tom... Let me introduce to Vaska...

- **A. Aska.**

- Oh... Sorry, Vaska. Vaska, sure. Anyway... She is a writer from Siberia.
- Hi, Maska. My name is Tom.
- **Nice to meet You.**
- So You are a writer?
- **Well, sort off... Right now I am workin on...**
- Oh, You have so lovely jacket...
- **Thank You. I like Your earrings...** (and back on the track) ... **Right now I am working on...**
- Look at her, Tom. She is so young.
- So, tell me Vaska how did You learned English in Slovakia?
- **Well, actually, I am not from Slovakia, I am from Serbia...**
- Ooops. I said it again, am I? Sorry, Taska. Very rude from me... Is it cold there, in Siberia?
- **I guess it is, I never been in Siberia.**
- HA! HA! HA! HA!
- Oh, Tom, look at her. She is so funny.
- Well, nice to meet You, Paska. We had really pleasnt evening.
- And nice dinner. Here. This is for You.
- **What is it? Oh, It is a postcard. Thank You.**
(kind of postcards that You can take for free)
- So, We hope to see You again, here in New York, Daska.
- Good night, dear.
- 'night...

Dazzling are those New Yorkers

But, you are not looking at the people.

You are looking at the map. Plain, paper map.

Kind you can take in subway, for free.

You're counting corners. Counting stations. Counting steps. Counting floors. Counting days.

Counting petty dollars.

Thinking of a long flight...

Mommy, I want home!

No good.

Erasing.

Typing again.

Mommy, Daddy – it is dazzling here. I send my kisses to all, and I loved you very much and I am coming home soon.

Message send.

Then she smiles.

Wide, adorable, shiny smile. Exclusively for CCTV.

Holding tight to plushy sheep. Her glance falls onto colorful shop window. Of a shop that she would buy nothing. And reads: „Don't take pictures!“ ... and backwards: „serutcip ekat t'onD“ ...And reads: “Inexpensive. We never say cheap“ ...and backwards... And thousand times like that. She don't knows, though, how many times. How long this moment lasts. How many times have happened. And that is odd.

What is odd about that?

First of all, it's odd, that you are talking to yourself.

I can see my reflection in shop window.

Nose, forehead, lips, everything is here... And my hands. Two dimensional. In right proportion. Map of my face.

I whisper to her: „I love you,,. And there is on one... And there is no one else who would hear me if i start crying in my language.

She winks at me.

Psssst. ... Keep smiling. You are on CCTV.

RYTHMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD.

Gentle, drowsy, homely sound.

He doesn't know much about poetry. Therefore he thinks that mine is good. He says: *“Poems are very personal. Essentially, like I'm reading you. Sometimes emotional, sometimes bitch, sometimes observer – commentary, sometimes drunk, sometimes serious, sometimes indisposed, but always spirited; cynical, ironic, crazy, funny and humoristic”*

Which rhymes, btw.

I don't know much about calibers, but I can see: this one is dangerous.

One day he just appeared, in my inbox. Screen blinks briefly, disturbance in micro contacts. He

wrote me that kind of letters that it seemed to me that...I can imagine his hands on keyboard.
Nose, forehead, lips...everything here. Two dimensional. Map-like.

There is some psychological catch with going to riverside. Someone was talking something about it... but you can't remember now... Someone was talking something about... but it is of no one's interest now.

**He will come, he says, to see me. He has to hear those poems of mine.
One more, in a crowd, at The Festival.**

I am so small, on a big stage.

EXIT

„Life is what you made of it“ .

(This is not an advertisement, either)

There is nothing I can see from lights.

Just like you press your eyelids with fingers.

Everything already happened.

At first it's cold, and then it becomes hot.

Sunrise.

Danube riverside.

Danube revolves, down the Danube night revolves.

I can see my reflection in his eyes.

SAYS:

Look up...Do you see northern star? Then...Do you see those stars over there, there are five of them?

No.

SAYS:

How do you mean no? You see, making like... letter M. You see?

Aha.

SAYS:

...I red some kind of, so to say: alternative history of Christianity... Those five stars Leonardo painted into "The Last Supper", you know? And there are some scientists which that consider as a proof that Jesus was married to Mary Magdalene.

Yeah, right...

SAYS:

What are you laughing about, I am serious. That is whole theory about Mary Magdalene being Holy Grail.

Where have you red that?

SAYS:

Never mind.

In "Da Vinci's code"?

SAYS:

Never mind.

But I am interested. Where?

SAYS:

"Da Vinci Code" is plain shit. Plagiarism.

That means you did. You've red it Da Vinci code. Well, that is plain shit.

SAYS:

That exist in "Da Vinci Code", but I haven't red that there, can you dig that?

And what is shitty about it? I find that intriguing.

You are reading that trash literature and you fall for it. Read Holy Bible. Not that shit.

SAYS:

What is shitty about it?

Why would it have to be M...Maybe its W. Depends where are you looking from. Or a season. Maybe it is Z... Cyrillic.

SAYS:

How Cyrillic Z does looks like?

You don't know how to read Cyrillic?

SAYS:

How should I know... How Cyrillic Z does looks like?

I don't buy that. You don't know Cyrillic not even from school?

SAYS:

My folks might know that. We never learned Cyrillic I was... brat, when war started.

“Z” is like this:3. Like number three. Woow... Check this out: number three! Holy Trinity! ... Maybe there is something for that...how do you say: “alternative history of Christianity”, hahaha...

SAYS:

Let's get out of here...

Wait, let me see...

Routine check, pure formality:

Ticket, wallet, pen, paper, telephone...lip gloss. Something is missing.

SAYS:

What is now?

Wait, wait...

Another check, more seriously:

Ticket, wallet, plushy sheep, pen, paper, telephone...lip gloss. Something is missing!

Hey! Have I given you your passport back?

SAYS:

No.

Look again. I've given you your passport back!

Frisks his pockets, shakes his head.

Fuck, your passport is gone!

SAYS:

C'mon. Don't fuck with me.

I swear I don't have it...

Throw everything out of my bag. Everything else is there. Except...

Impossible. Check again, fuck! Again.

Here we go again. Again. Here we go again. Again. Here we go again. Here we go again. Again. Here we go again. Again.

**She is feeling dizzy and she hears one long. Very long.
BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP.**

Three, two, one...nothing
Here we go again!
BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP.

Last space between...

And THE END

Silence

RYTHMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD.

Gentle, drowsy, pleasant sound.

- He dreams scenes that I am scared of. Flock of blood and glass on the floor. Shrapnels wiffing above the pillow. Red stains on bed sheets. Headless men. General alert sirens. Horror – always that same genre. PTSP, he says. Cold. He is laying beside me, very, very close...From about seventy to hundred kilometers away. We are talking about universe and... I talk about my childhood. He listens. There is nothing he remembers. Nothing to say to me.

- AMSTERDAM! THAT'S WHERE WE HAVE TO GO.

He repeats that all the time...And then one day he brings the tickets.

- DARLING, IT'S ALL SETTLED! JUST SAY: YES.

What do you want me to say?

...I was sleeping under bar desk for two nights, just not to feel like stranger, yo, yo ,yo.

Here we go again!

BEEEP.

Good afternoon, may I help you.

This way, please.

- What have you packed in your dressing case? What is written in your passport, anyway? From which country you say you are? Odd, very odd.

What's odd about it?

- In your passport is written differently. It is odd, above all, that you have visa, at all. Take off, in this order: ring, shoe ties, belt, shoes, bobby pin, pull up your skirt, unhook your bra. Take that off, that's right...Take out your tooth filling.

- That's right. Good.

Here we go again!

BEEEP.

Your boyfriend is from the other side for a while now. How long? You don't know. Moment, two. Whole eternity on the other side.

Of a country border, of a screen, of a bed, always on the other side, of the Danube, of visas regime, on the other side of a reality, of a dream.

On the other side of a law, of war and peace, from about seventy to hundred kilometers away.

AMSTERDAM, THAT'S WHERE WE HAVE TO GO. EVERY STREET IS A COAST. BY THEIR LAW YOU CAN PLANT FOR ANYONE AND WHATEVER YOU WANT TO PLANT.

He is great map reader.

He teaches me to ride a bike.

Just let go, without resistance. Let your wheels turn you pedals. Balance, as time, is totally relative.

We are talking about universe, we laugh a lot. Laying very, very close... In the middle of a night I jump. Watch him when he sleeps.

Nose, forehead, lips, everything is here.

Who is that man?

I really don't know him.

RHYTMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD

Nervous, restless, accelerated sound

Place is called Bezdan.

Translate! You can't! Hole without a bottom.

Abyss, maybe? No. That's not - that.

Danube - border. Serbia - Croatia.

Bezdan, that is it's name. Understand?

On that place river is very narrow. You could swim over, from one to another, in less than an hour. But no one does that. Because illegal.

Place is called Bezdan.

Doesn't exist in travelers guides.

Not even on a map.

Odd.

BEEP- BEEP

"Darling, you know that well. How many times we talked about it, and crying over that subject.

Canada or Australi... * some text missing *

BEEP- BEEP

"Darling, you know that well. How many times we talked about it, and crying over that subject.

Canada or Australia? You to come here or me to come there? Impossible. It's not like this because of me or you, circumstances are totally against us. That's how it turned out... *some text missing*

BEEP- BEEP

"Darling, you know that well. How many times we talked about it, and crying over that subject.

Canada or Australia? You to come here or me to come there? Impossible. It's not like this because of me or you, circumstances are totally against us. That's how it turned out. And I am not glad about it. But I'm not asking for RESTART. I think of you every day, believe me. You know that how it has to be, but after all, friends – HA?

Message deleted.

Never. Never. Never again.
You said: never. Never again.

RHYTMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD

Serious, sincere, cathartic sound

Time went by...I don't know how long. I don't believe in time. I believe just in one moment. And there is summer again. Venice. Stylish. Ladylike. Over bloomed madam in whorish dress of lace, golden and silver, kind that are out of fashion for a long time. Kind that haven't been made for a long time. Kind that you cannot wash in a machine. Stinky. Gluey. Adorable. Underneath me.

Laying on my back. Hot concrete. On a rooftop of a student hostel.

Silence. Midnight. Darkness and stars. Northern sky.

Above me.

I ASK: **Is that Cassiopeia?**

SAYS: *What?!*

Cassiopeia constellation?

SAYS: *How should I know?...*

He is not my friend. My enemy, neighbor. It is simply someone. He speaks same language in this different world. We are born in same city. In same municipality. On the same year. But I'm older...century or two older.

I don't know how much.

SAYS: *You know much about stars?*

No. I SAY. That is Cassiopeia, that I know.

SAYS: *Never heard of it. You are still young.* SAYS: *We are peers.*

I whist. I could say: that haven't got to do nothing with anything. He wouldn't understand that. I could say that I don't believe in time. Then we would talk for whole night. And he would say that

he don't believe in God. And who knows where that would lead us. Maybe he would say that I am narcissistic. Maybe I would say it is why I'm always wear black. Maybe he would think that I am not very tactical. For young, death is taboo. He is younger than me. Hundreds of years younger.

I SAY: You see...That is Cassiopeia. 90 stars visible to naked eye.

SAYS: *I see only five.*

I SAY: When the sky is clear. And there is complete darkness around.

SAYS: *Aha.*

It can be seen, which is odd, from our part of a planet for whole year. Doesn't goes down.

ASKS: *Is it because it is close?*

Yes, I SAY, close to North Pole. She was vain. Narcissistic. She thought she was very pretty. That is why she got punished. Her punishment is to stay forever where it's cold. She is circles, circles and circles around Polaris.

Around what?

Northern Star. Into infinity.

And who punished her?

God.

What God?

Zeus.

No shit.

That's the myth.

We whist. Drinking. Laying. On hostel rooftop. Watching sky. This kid and I.

SAYS: *You know, I don't believe in God.*

I SAY: I know.

SAYS: *How do you know?*

I keep that in. Take a sip for a bottle.

SAYS: *Because I can't understand infinity.*

I ASK: And finish?

SAYS: *I can understand that. Everything has to have borders.*

I SAY:

But borders can be crossed.

...He starts to talk some bullshit. I'm not listening to him any more. Laying. Drinking.

We wouldn't talk about universe. I wouldn't tell him that one supernova appeared at Cassiopeia constellation and was shinier than Venus. I would say that, so he would

ask: *Of what?* Then I would say: of a Morning star. I would tell him that it was so shiny that it could be visible by day, and then it faded away. That it burned. Exploded.

I wouldn't say that, he would ask: *You mean, disappeared?*

I would say that: it hasn't disappeared. It left, for example, two strong radio sources...One of them Cass A is the strongest radio source in sky. I wouldn't say that. I wouldn't tell him that main stars in this constellation are binary, variable and inconstant, nor that apart from stars there are some deep space object within. IC59ni, for example.

I wouldn't tell him how this constellation is written in "The Last Supper" by Leonardo Da Vinci, nor that famous writer Dan Brown used that in its "Da Vinci code" sold out in billion copies. I wouldn't tell that to him, because I can't remember what are names of writers of that other book..."Holy Blood, Holy Grail", I guess, something like that, which sued him for plagiarism, but lost in court, which he might heard something about, it was plenty of newspaper articles about it. I wouldn't tell him that I don't fall for alternative history of Christianity, but I know by accident where Dan Brown got his idea from.

I wouldn't tell him that all of ancient civilizations gave mystical significance to Cassiopeia constellation. That Chinese name for this constellation means GATE, nor that Arabs, so to say, in this configuration of stars see shape of a key. I wouldn't tell him that I have map of a northern sky on my desktop, or that I am working on a play that is called GAMMA CAS. He would ask: *what's play about?* And I wouldn't know what to say to him.

If I would say: ABOUT BORDERS, who knows where it would lead us to.

He would start talking about getting Italian visa. If I would say: ABOUT LIFE AND DEATH, he would think that my writing is boring...I wouldn't said that, so I would say ABOUT ME, and he would say that I am narcissistic again. And who knows where that would lead us, again. Maybe I would say why I am always wearing black.

Maybe I would say why am I writing poetry and who thought me that. Maybe I would say that that someone told me that every written word echoes in eternity and that at our house's ceiling he made a map. Of little lamps. Real map. Model of a northern sky in September. Then I would have to say that on one September day one lamp changed its color. No, no. Nm-n. It is better to be silent.

Who is that man? Kid infact?

He would never get to know me. Laying. Drinking.

I am looking at Cassiopeia. Stylish. Over bloomed madam in whorish dress, kind that are out

of fashion for a long time. Kind that haven't been made for a long time. Kind that you cannot wash in a machine.

Venice is sinking.

Laying. On hostel rooftop. Watching at sky. Someone and I.

It's been a...I don't know how long. Since I'm not wearing a watch.

RHYTMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD

Serious, sincere, catharsic sound

Nothing disappears. Things are changing shapes. Time does not exist. Fleetness exists. Everything passes.

Coffee in my cup gets cold. I am working. Night passes.

RHYTMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD

Faithful and familiar, sincere sound.

I have this...Airport bug. Flights with my name on passenger list, always and literary are always late. Because of storm over Germany. Fog over England. Show over Czech Republic. Engine malfunction... Airline companies always think of some reason. In fact, they don't know that that reason is – me. If the kids were brought by storks, mine would only for technical reasons, landed on airport "Nikola Tesla", Belgrade. Because of right wing malfunction. Fog, astigmatism, flight uncontrol or shortage in brain. There is no other way. I am like computer virus. Carefully programmed, with a goal to bring air traffic in Europe to bankrupt. Yes. That's me.

And I look quite ordinary. My tickets are mostly bought by someone else. Public companies, city parliament, sponsors, employers and they pay with commercial invoice. Which is good.

That way I don't raise suspicion. Stewardesses are smiling at me...

Tea or coffie?

Red vine, please.

There You go.

Thank You.

...In fact, they don't know that I am dangerous

Cheers.

This year, for example, Alitalia bought me: snack and drink in express restaurant, overnight stay in SAS Radison hotel with seven stars, where I've spent five little shampoos, five shower gels, three hand soaps, five hand and body lotions, three pack of sugar, plentiful dinner and desert for 30 pounds of sterling...However I had to pay for a beer. Which I am righteously paid and drank, planning that this unlooked expense recompense with a breakfast. ... Unfortunately I slept over.

Lets go further: Lufthansa. Sleepover stay at CityCentral Hotel. Lousy five stars. Hideous dinner and half liter of Fanta. Again I paid for my beer, but that unlooked expense I managed to recompense. Skinflints forgot to lock their mini bar! ...What matters is that they integrated hair and body soap, 2 in 1, into shower cabin... Which made me a little nervous, and "hair and body" itself, smelled like pharmacy and boiled cabbage. 2 in 1.

They had nice little notebooks, pens and matches. Kind that you can take for free at hotels. I brought them to naught in guest stationery. While I was crying I checked all the worst answers, adding inventive commentaries on margin: „You have just one type of phone charger in the reception desk, and phone call from the same place is fucking 35 euros, you jerks! „ ... That calmed me, so I napped. Breakfast was nice. Lets go further...How it's called that Austrian airline company? Never mind. Lunch in total cost of 35 euros, at airport restaurant...without beer, of course, but with Mozartkugels, and their special edition, in golden tinfoil, apropos Mozart anniversary.

In a bar with symbolic name "Icarus" you are smoking and drinking beer, which you paid for. With your card. VISA – for everything you don't want.

You're smoking and drinking beer and there is no one that could hear you if you would say something, in your language. That is why you don't say anything. You're writing.

On a back of a postcard. Very beautiful postcard, kind of a postcard you couldn't get for free. Writing. That you are in Vienna, That you are at the airport. For 13 hours more. "I would love to see you". Writing. To Vienna. City on a postcard. On the Beautiful Blue Danube. And that's odd. Danube is black river. That is what writers of travelers guide says. It springs up at Black mountain and falls into Black Sea. Is it possible that it is blue in Vienna?... That you'll not know. Not today. Today is not that day. Over visa in your passport, on a night before, seal was knocked. Exiting. You have exited.

Thud hit of a seal – THUD!

VISA – for everything you don't want.

Sealed – THUD!

Visa by itself was ok. It could be valid for a 10 days more. But that is of no one's interest right now. Seal is knocked during gate entrance. THUD! Reliable. THUD! That is reliable. Much more reliable than European air traffic. It's more reliable than timetable. It's more reliable than weather forecast. Hundred times more reliable than flight control.

It's inevitable.

Like that. Like death is.

Looking at people at Icarus bar.

You can see that Japanese woman have menses. You can see that American woman is unfaithful to her husband. You can see meat above that German woman's teeth. You can see cellulite of her girlfriend. You can see Rabin is Rabin. You can see golden cross at French woman's decollete. Only nothing can be seen on you.

I am invisible.

That is because I am not here, at all.

Unlike Japanese woman, American woman, German woman with tiny teeth, french women and Rabin, you are not here, at all.

They are in Vienna. Austria. They are in European Union.

You are nowhere. You are...

In transit.

You are in "OTHER PASSPORTS" line.

With passport of a country in transition.

You are not here, at all.

I look for my reflection in a panic. On some glass. On a schooner. On a smooth surface of a bar desk...but it's no good. There is no.

I whistle.

I'm listening to sizzling of a silver coffee machine.

I whistle, sizzle, shout... Aska! Look over here. Look! Here I am.

...looks like it's broken...

Hey!

They should fix this. It's awfully noisy.

Hey!

Where address should be, I write: Vienna...City...Council.

Gluing stamp and leaves.
She really haven't seen me.

Maybe they would receive it?

She thinks, while she is putting postcard in mailbox.

Maybe even I, so invisible, can find my way back home.

RYTHMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD.

Gentle, drowsy, homelike sound.

DJERDAP -NATIONAL PARK. You cannot speak about national park Djerdap without using superlatives. This area is the most of many things. Four gorges, with three basins are making Djerdap longest composite formation in Europe. And not only the largest one, but the oldest European waterway. Attempts of Danube to conjoin with Black sea through these rocky hills must have lasted centuries. That is why Djerdap gorge is believed to be park of nature with longest geological history on the continent. Significant as apark of nature as well as archeological museum under open sky, Djerdap is largest preserved area in Europe. Alongside its 2800 kilometers of stream there is no place where Danube is so deep and so narrow. In Veliki Kazan and Mali Kazan gorges river is 105 meters deep. That is deepest that Danube gets, and also the deepest point of any European river. We must not forget that oldest prehistorical settlement Lepenski Vir was discovered at Djerdap gorge, as well that many roman monuments were preserved such as Tabula Traiana is... Right there, on hardest part of road through gorge, Emperor Trajan left its sign: message for travelers that are going to pass in centuries to come. And even if only three lines of inscriptions were preserved, out of six, awhole inscription is assumed to be:

Emperor Nerva son of the divine Nerva, Nerva Trajan, the Augustus, Germanicus, Pontifex Maximus, invested for the fourth time as Tribune, Father of the Fatherland, Consul for the third time, excavating mountain rocks and using wood beams has made this road. On the end of road through gorge, where Danube is most narrow, Emperor Trajan ordered to build the bridge. Architect and main engineer on this massive project was famous Apolodor the Damascene whose faith got even philosophical dimensions. Just few years after finishing his masterpiece, Apolodor saw his own bridge burning. To make this story more tragic, the bridge wasn't set on fire by Dacians but Romans in order to prevent Dacian's army to proceed toward Roman territory and to defend border of the empire. How did Apolodor, skillful mathematician and master-builder, must felt when he saw work of his life vanishing inside of jaws of flame, turning entire effort into ashes blown by wind? Big river didn't wanted to be subdued..

RYTHMICAL TYPING ON A KEYBOARD.

Gentle, drowsy, pleasant sound.

Last sip of an ice cold coffee.

Shy and lazy from beginning, then faster and harder, trough gorges, carrying everything, in front of itself, black river of night revolves into morning.

Ctrl+ Save.

Sunrise. And I'm typing: THE END

FILE. CLOSE. DO YOU WANT TO SAVE THE CHANGES IN THE DOCUMENT? YES. EXIT.

Everything like always.

Desktop: map of a northern sky. Cassiopeia stands where it ever was.

Everything is all right.

START. TURN OFF COMUPUTER. TURN OFF.

„Saving your settings.“

Microsoft sound. One for „Windows is shutting down“.

And then darkness.

You see yourself. Framed. Reflection of your bust. Dark passpartout. So you look at each other, face to face, your computer and you. It's beautiful. Briefly. That's how working day ends.

Odd.

What is so odd about it?

First of all that you are talking to yourself.

Briefly. And then, you disappear. You always do.
Because, for quite a time I am not main character in stories I write. And that is...

All right.

If you say so.

For some time now I look at my self like on some kind of filthy city. It started with voices. Just like that. I heard voices, many, in my head, and psychiatrists wouldn't have poetic explanations of that, like I do now. I haven't had it, at first. I was scared at first. At sunrise, when I am most likely going to sleep, voices became louder... just like city wakes up. With an ear attached to pillow I could hear bells. Like at school, before class begins. I heard ringing of tramways. Churches. Alarm clocks. Mobile phones. Splashes of water of street sweepers. I heard elevators. And steps. Creaks of swing sets, classical music and some professor lady, from some ballet school, that counts: first, second, third position...Here we go again! BEEEP. I have heard sirens, morning program on TV, border crossings reports – without mayor delays – then highway statuses, weather forecast... vacuum cleaners, children songs, barking dogs.

At first I was scared. Later I started to listen carefully. I was surprised when I figured out that all those voices are telling me nothing. That they are not concerned about me, not even a bit. That they are not telling me anything. They just live there. There is no legal way of dispel them. Live, fuck it. They have tenancy right and they inhabit. Alienated. From me. And themselves. Completely uninterested for my case and sequences of eventualities, possible, unbelievable, utterly useless for classic dramaturgy. I started to feel like, however New York might feel. Or Majdanpek. Densely populated. Rarely lonesome. Polluted.

So I stopped to write about myself. I found out that certain parts of me are over crowded with another people. With average density of population like mine is, I wasn't able to concentrate on myself. Or on one of them.

And what would happen to them when I am gone.

You're looking at your reflection like at the map.
Nose, forehead, lips, everything is here. Exact proportion. You know this city. Why should you talk in this manner?
You're walking. With fingers. On a keyboard.
How long? You don't know for how long.
Until you stop.
Everything happened.
Everything happened.

Really. What would happen?

Where would all of them go when I disappear, like Atlantis. Like Ras. SFRJ. Tycho Brahe's star. Like ancient Rome. Like Emperor Trianus's bridge. Like Berbers who saw that Divine Nerve's Son, Nerve, People's Attorney For Fourth Time, Supreme Priest Trianus have – goat ears.

Where would all of them go? All that voices from my ears.

Where would they go when I become dust, become ash, become wind, when I fall down like rain, when earth resorbs mine I?

Where?

I DON'T REALLY CARE!

Odd.

What is odd about that?

All of those people. All of those voices. All of this crowd. It's odd. It's odd that in the middle of that crowd man – or city – at the end...suddenly wishes to go away.

Odd. What happened to him?

What happened to her?

Odd.

Screen will stay dark once.

Maybe police come to door, with plastic bag. My things in it.

Maybe passport, some ticket, wallet, pen, paper...plushsy sheep...dressing case, lip gloss... and cigarettes. Tri packs at least! In spite of everything! Lighter. In fact: two lighters. For any case. If one broke. Keys. Ring, maybe. Wedding ring. Beads, maybe. With metal buckle. And cross. Black one. From Jerusalem. From my fathers christening. Cross that collects heat.

I believe that it would still be warm.

Watch, no way.

I never wear a watch.

It's impossible to determine manner in which time passes. It's impossible to determine if it passes. Not anymore. Since when you've been knocked on door by a bag instead of someone you love. Plastic bag. And things in it. Like bunch of sentences, that could become drama. Like calamitous fact that thing are lasting longer than us. People I don't know would cry for me.

People I haven't met. Gave birth to. Or wanted.

And that is odd.

I believe it looks like that, like you're pressing your eyelids with fingers.

I do that all the time...Inside there is a circle.

Violet at first. Livid. Then yellow.

Always the same.

I think I am not afraid. Only that I would like, if it's possible, to be on a sudden. And quick.

I wouldn't want to cry in front of a door. Or to hit it with knee, hand... That's not dignified. I would like them to open. That door. If it's possible.

I am not afraid of flying.

I am afraid of possibility not to.

It happened.

It happened.

Everything happened.

Everything is like de ja vu.

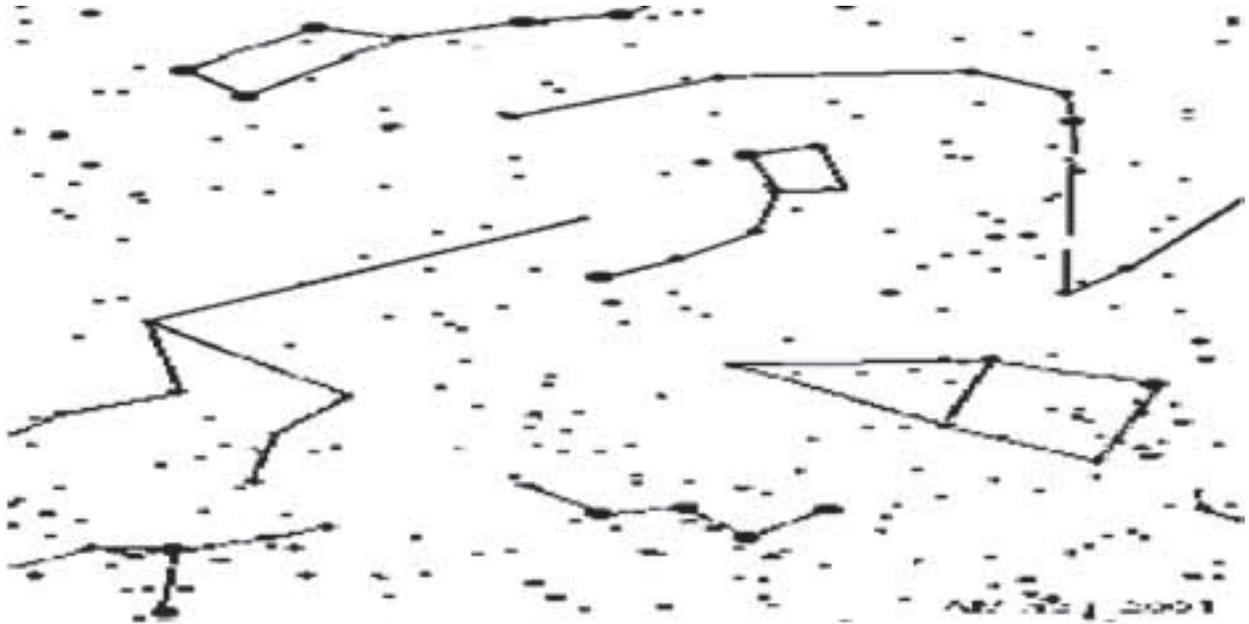
What? What?

Well, what ever happens?!

I'm supposed to take classic ballet exam, in front of some kind of space committee. I don't know why I'm here. Anyway: I came – alone. Elevator was broken, I climbed by foot. Hundreds, thousands, million steps. Other girls are wearing ballet dresses. They're all in white. Smelling of lavender, stretching, standing on their toes, first, second, third position. I am standing there, among them, I don't recognize anyone and I don't recognize genre. I have heavy boots on my feet. And jumper. Huge thick jumper. Gift from grandmother I never met. Heavy, handmade. Stuffed bird in "The Swan Lake". Ugly duckling in stiffed ballet dress...I can't feel my heart. Counting names from list. Counting ballet dresses. Counting buns. Counting... Waiting to be called. Other girls are wearing white, and they all know each other, from ballet school. I never learned ballet. I don't know what

is expected from me, at all. Like in some kind of show case of glass....

I am standing, real and alive, between porcelain figures. I can hear my name. Aska. Yet I don't know is it really my name. At first is cold, and then it becomes hot. I can feel this jumper heating me. Phantom gift from deceased grandma that I don't know. Which I never met. Warms and scratches, presses and suffocates me. I think to myself, this restrains movement. I am standing alone. In a center of a hall. All eyes on me. Standing on my toes. Very insecure...And then...I can't feel ground anymore. Like I am not longer attached to gravity law. Although I am not ballerina, I'm dancing – like ballerina. Tips of my toes are moving up from surface...Taking off. I am leaving heavy boots and jumper of wool...Right boot dings to the floor. Letters ...B, V, G,D, Đ...and W and Ъ, Cyrillic, English X, and "M" and "I" and "Nj" and "A"...and others. Many others. I remember everything I heard: "Letters are like steps"...then I forget...Of all. And I fly, fly, fly...



p.s.

"Daddy, I would like to say something to you..."

No good.

Erase.

Writing again.

"Daddy, I love you; I would like to say something to you... But, never mind."

THE END