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LIVES JOURNAL je slovenska revija, ki nadaljuje in na novem nivoju povzema projekt Revije SRP: gre za nadaljevanje posebne publikacijske prakse (v tisku in na spletu) kot radikalno naravnane preizkusa možnosti neodvisne umetnishke, esejistichne, znanstvene refleksije v geohistorichnem kontekstu in oblik identitete v njem, ter gre za inovacijo zlasti v smislu vzporednega slovensko-angleshkega zapisa, ki se odpira sledovom slovenstva kjer koli po svetu. Usmeritev publikacije s svojo obliko in s pomenskimi razsezhnostmi nakazuje tudi ime: zacetni chrki obeh besed sta kratica za Ljubljano (LJ), v angleshki besedi LiVeS pa so simetricni soglasniki zacetnice istih treh vodilnih pojmov kot v slovenski besedi SRP (Svoboda – Resnica – Pogum / Liberty – Verity – Spirit).

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LIVES JOURNAL is a Slovenian review which continues on a new level and summarizes the project of Review SRP: a continuation of the special practice of publication (in print and online) as a radical examination of the possibilities of an independent-oriented art, essayistic, scientific reflection in geohistorical context and its forms of identity, and the innovation especially in the sense of parallel Slovenian-English writing, which is opened to the traces of Slovenian identity anywhere in the world. The orientation of publication is also suggested by the name with its form and dimensions of meaning: the initial letters of both words are an abbreviation for Ljubljana (LJ), and in English word LiVeS symmetrical consonants perform the initials of the same three leading concepts such as in Slovenian word SRP (Svoboda – Resnica – Pogum / Liberty – Verity – Spirit)

## Vsebina

		6
		12
Matjazh Jarc	O chem govoriyo ptice (radiofonska oddaja)	6
		32
Rajko Shushtarshich	Paralelna stvarnost (II)	20
Likovna priloga		
Damir Globochnik		74
	Likovna dela	80
Za zgodovinski spomin		
Anthony Ambrozic	Gordijski vozec – razvozlan (II)	90
Iz zgodovinskega spomina		
Damir Globochnik		110
		124

## Index

		7
		13
Matjazh Jarc	About the speech of birds (Radiophonic broadcasts)	7 19
Lev Detela		33
Rajko Shushtarshich	Parallel reality (II)	21
Art supplement		
Damir Globochnik		75
	Artworks	81
For historical memory		
Anthony Ambrozic	Gordian Knot Unbound (II)	91
From historical memory		
Damir Globochnik		111
		125

*Matjazb Jarc:*

## O CHEM GOVORIJO PTICE (radiofonska oddaja)

EF-1.: Ptichji zbor (*gre pod tekst*)

BRALEC: Ko se začne daniti, se oglašijo prvi glasovi ptichjega zbora. Zhe od nekdaj se ljudje chudimo tej povezanosti svetlobe, zvoka in vsebin, zajetih v govorici ptic. 9000 ptichjih vrst, kolikor jih zhivi na Zemlji, se oglašha v devet tisoč jezikih. In ker ne razumemo teh jezikov, ampak lahko samo občutimo, slutimo, kaj pomenijo, smo se ljudje navadili rechi, da se ptice pach oglašajo, nekatere med njimi pa da celo pojejo. Ne da bi zares vedeli, o chem.

BRALKA: Seveda lahko – glede na okolishchine, v katerih se oglašajo – sklepamo, da gre za ljubezenske izlive ali pa za oznachevanje teritorija in tako naprej ... Sodimo pach po sebi. In res obstaja med chloveshkimi in ptichjimi jeziki velika podobnost. Che prisluhnemo zhe majhnemu zboru raznolikih chloveshkih govoric, so nam vsebine, izrazhene v jezikih drugih ljudstev, popolnoma nerazumljive.

EF-2.: Ptichji zbor preide v chloveshki zbor. (Razlichni jeziki, predvajani hkrati, se med sabo prekrivajo do nerazumljivosti.)

BRALEC: Preden bomo izdelali prve slovarje ptichjih jezikov, bo minilo she mnogo let. Medtem pa ornitologi, bioakustiki in drugi znanstveniki, ob njih pa mnogi ljubitelji, opazujejo in preuchujejo ptice. Mnogo ljudi snema njihovo oglašanje in zlasti petje. Tako nastajajo shtevilne zbirke posnetih ptichjih pesmi. Najvehjo v Evropi hrani Britanski nacionalni zvochni arhiv, nekatere so dostopne celo na svetovnem spletu (EF-3.: Zvonarchek, pod tekstom), na primer na portalu Xenocanto, na katerem s svojo impozantno govorico nastopa tudi Zvonarchek ...

NAPOVEDOVALEC -1 (*kot odmev*): *Procnias nudicollis*.

(EF-3 *izzvenci*)

BRALKA: Tudi v efektoteki Radia Slovenija je nekaj posnetkov ptic. Avtor in režiser te igre je izbral nekaj najlepših in najzanimivejših ptichjih pesmi. Zanima ga namrech, **o chem pojejo ptice**.

NAPOVEDOVALEC -2: *Hippolais icterina*.

EF-4.: Rumeni vrtnik (*Efekt se nato ponovi pod bralchevim tekstom.*)



BRALEC: »To je Rumeni vrtnik,« je povedal bioakustik dr. Tomi Trilar, »ki sicer ne gnezdi v Sloveniji, ampak smo ga posneli med njegovim postankom ob spomladanski selitvi.«

Glasbenika Boshtjana Gombacha je pesmica Rumenelega vrtnika takoj spomnila na neko melodijo, precej znano nam ljudem, in zapiskal jo je na pishchal.

BRALKA: »Kje sem zhe slishala to vizho?« se je sprashevala nasha glasbena opremljevalka Darja Hlavka Godina, ko je potem brskala v glasbenem arhivu in končno nashla ...

#### EF-4 preide v glasbo

##### GLASBA 1 (*Koda iz Rossinijeve opere*)

BRALEC: In vsi skupaj smo se, kot zhe toliko ljubiteljev ptic pred nami, ponovno soochili z vprashanjem: **kaj je bilo prej, chloveshka ali ptichja glasba?**

Nismo vedeli.

BRALKA: Zato smo Rumenu vrtniku prisluhnili she enkrat. Tokrat je zapel drugache. Pravijo namrech, da znajo ptice pevke zapeti po vech pesmi, nekatere samo po nekaj, druge pa celo po vech sto. Nauchijo se jih od starshev, pa tudi od drugih ptic. Rumeni vrtnik se je najbrzh tako nauchil to melodijo in Boshtjan jo je takoj ujel v svoj inshtrument.

#### EF-5.: Rumeni vrtnik 1

##### GLASBA 2 (*Ochi chjornie*)

BRALKA: Tako se je zgodilo, da je ptichek podal glasbenu vizho, glasbenik pa jo je slishal in iz nje razvil svojo temo. Iz ptichje glasbe je nastala chloveshka glasba.

BRALEC: Mogoche se je pa zgodilo obratno? Kaj che je tichek slishal mozha, ki je po stezi dobre volje kolovratil domov in si spotoma izmislil vizho o svojih treh zhenskah, pa ga je slishala popevati Mochvirska trstnica in se od njega nauchila svoje nove pesmice?

##### NAPOVEDOVALEC -3: *Acrocephalus palustris*

#### EF-6.: Mochvirska trstnica 1

BRALEC (*zapoje skupaj s tichico*): Ta stara na kitaro, ta mlada na klavir, se j' kuhar'ca smejala, k'je kuhala krompir ...

##### GLASBA 3 (*Ta stara na kitaro*)

BRALKA: Znano je, da so nekateri ptichki odlicni oponashalci. Shkorec je gotovo med najboljshimi. Che slishi melodijo samo enkrat, jo zna ponoviti.



(EF-7.: Shkorec 1) Tale, nash, je bil na primer – ljubitelj in poznavalec Straussovih valchkov.

NAPOVEDOVALEC -4: *Sturnus vulgaris*

EF-8.: Shkorec

GLASBA 4 (*Straussov valček*)

BRALEC: Ti shkorci res niso kar tako.

Mozart si je nekoč pohvizhgaval novo temo, ko je nakupoval na tržnici, in iz kletke na stojnici je nenadoma to isto temo zachel pohvizhgavati shkorec. Ali pa je bilo obratno, da je Mozart, ves nesrečen in brez idej, pohajkoval po trgu in mu je shkorec odzhvizhgal natančno tisto temo, ki je skladatelju manjkala za novo skladbo (pravijo, da naj bi bil to njegov klavirski koncert v G-duru).

GLASBA 5 (*gre pod tekst, Mozartov klavirski koncert v G-duru*)

BRALKA: O tem, kdo od njiju je vizho zachel pohvizhgavati najprej, se muzikologi še do danes niso mogli zediniti.

Kakor koli zhe, mojster si je shkorca kupil in postala sta dobra prijatelja, če ne celo glasbena sodelavca. Ta pomisel izhaja iz znanega dejstva, da je Wolfgang ob shkorchevi smrti organiziral chisto pravi, chloveshki pogreb, ki so se ga morali udeležiti vsi njegovi prijatelji.

(*Glasba izžveni.*)

BRALEC: In ko smo zhe pri Mozartu, ni vech dalech do Beethovna. Njegov mogochni, pompozni uvod v 5. simfonijo je chisto podoben pesmici, ki jo pohvizhgava ... vrabček.

NAPOVEDOVALEC -5: *Passer domesticus*

EF-9.: Vrabček

BRALEC: Tezhava je v tem, da tale vrabček ne zna oponashati chloveshke glasbe in da je njegov motiv osnovna pesmica ne samo enega vrabčka, ampak celotne vrste. Prav vsak vrabec zna zachivkati to pesmico. Tu skoraj ni dvoma: Beethovnov slavni motiv iz 5. simfonije je nastal iz glasbe vrabčkov. **Ali pa je nastalo petje teh ptčkov iz istih virov, iz katerih nastaja tudi chloveshka glasba?**

NAPOVEDOVALEC -6: *Falco tinnunculus*



BRALKA: Nedavno so tonski mojstri Radia Slovenija posneli mladichka postôvke, ki se je na ves glas navdusheval za shpanske ritme. Od kod neki so prishli ti ritmi v njegovo malo glavico, ki kljub ostrim ochesom ujede pach ni mogla videti do Shpanije, pa tudi njen sluh od tod najbrzh ne dosega tistih krajev?

EF-10.: Postovka

GLASBA 6 (*flamenko*)

BRALEC: Dosti lazhje kot odgovoriti na vprashanje, od kod shpanski ritem iz kljunchka mladicha slovenske ujede, je ugotoviti, kako se je tale papiga ...

EF-11.: Papiga (*sama, pod tekstom*)

... kako se je tale papiga nauchila peti ob spremljavi klaviatur. Ta ptica je namrech she boljsha oponashalka od shkorca. Razlika med njima je le ta, da zna papiga kaj hitro oponashati chlovekovo govorico, nima pa tako dobrega glasbenega posluha. Ampak kdaj pa kdaj ji kljub temu uspe.

EF-12.: Papiga 1 (*ob glasbeni spremljavi*)

NAPOVEDOVALEC -7: Columba palimbus

BRALKA: Nekateri ptichi s svojimi glasbenimi idejami sledijo razvojnim trendom in so se, kot slishimo, zhe otresli vplivov resne glasbe. Tako se na primer golob grivar navdushuje za ptichji blues.

EF-13.: Golob grivar

BRALEC: Columba ni oponashalec in najbrzh prav zato vchasih zavije nekoliko po svoje ...

BRALKA: ... che pa njegovo petje le nekoliko ritmichno uredimo in mu v zvochno ozadje postavimo ptichji ansambel, je, kot bi prevedli njegovo glasbo v chloveshki glasbeni jezik.

BRALEC: In tako je chloveshka inachica bogatejsha za ptichjo vsebino.

EF-14.: Golob grivar 1 (*preide v glasbo*)

GLASBA 7 (*blues za kombo zasedbo*)

NAPOVEDOVALEC -8: Anonymus

BRALEC: Naravnost neverjetno se zdi, kako je lahko tale gos, ali kaj je zhe ta ptica pevka, vplivala na pomembno strujo v free-jazzu ...

EF-15.: Saxfreetich (*gre pod tekst*)



BRALEC: Kar nekaj svetovno znanih saksofonistov se je zgledovalo po njenem petju, med njimi pa je gotovo prednjachil .....

Efekt nekaj trenutkov sam, nato se preljuje v glasbo.

GLASBA 8 (*free jazž, igra progresivni saksofonist*)

BRALKA: Kljub temu pa, da naletimo med ptichjimi glasbenimi umetniki celo na postmoderniste, se nam kar samo od sebe ponuja spoznanje, da zhe od davnin ptichja glasba she najbolj vpliva na preprostega chloveka, ljubitelja ljudske glasbe, kakrshen je – recimo – lovec.

NAPOVEDOVALEC -9: *Garrulus glandarius*

EF-16.: Shoja

BRALEC IN BRALKA: (*dvoglasno, pripevata shoji*): Lisichka je prav zvita zver, pod skalco ima svoj kvartir, pa z repkom mahljá, pa s tachko praská, pa vprasha che j'lovec doma ...

GLASBA 9 (*Lisichka*)

NAPOVEDOVALEC -10: *Lullula arborea*

BRALKA: Tudi hribskega shkrjanchka sem najprej zaslishala jaz, preprosti chlovek, in sem si piskala njegovo vizho tako dolgo, dokler ni ponarodela.

EF-17.: Hribski shkrjanec

GLASBA 10 (*Chin chin chin drezhnica*)

BRALKA: Shele pri nas, na dezveli, je to melodijo slishal veliki slovenski skladatelj in jo vgradil v svojo velepomembno kompozicijo.

GLASBA 10 (*Besne gliste za pihala*)

BRALEC: Ampak dajmo se pred koncem oddaje spet malo zresnit.

Povedal sem zhe, da se ptichki nauchijo svojih pesmi od starshev in od drugih ptichkov. Marsikdo misli, da potem vse zhivljenje ponavljajo iste melodije. Toda ali je to res tako?

NAPOVEDOVALEC -11: *Turdus merula*

EF-18.: Kos

BRALKA: **Ali si ne zna ptichek tudi sam izmisliti kake pesmi?**

BRALEC: Ali ne zapoje kdaj katere, ki se je ni nauchil od drugih, niti od svojih starshev, niti od drugih ptichev?



BRALKA: In niti od chloveka ali drugih zhivali?

NAPOVEDOVALEC -12: Pyrrhula pyrrhula

EF-20.: Kalin (gre pod tekst)

BRALKA: Mogoče je glavna melodija pesmi tegale kalinchka res razširjena tudi med drugimi kalini, toda vmes ptichek zazhvizhga celo malo množhico kratkih tonov, ki jih razvrsti chisto po svoje.

EF-21.: Kalin 1

BRALEC: Tezhko bi si bilo predstavljati, da bi glasbenik natanchno povzel to melodijo in jo uporabil v skladbi chloveshke glasbe. Prevech je samosvoja, tako znachilno – ptichja. Podobno kot pesem kosov, ki so izvrstni improvizatorji; drobne tone med svojimi glavnimi motivi odpojejo vsakich drugache, v drugem zaporedju in v vedno novih, virtuožno hitrih ritmichnih razvrstitvah. Chlovek bi lahko z natanchnim prepisovanjem belezhil in preurejal kosove briljantne glasbene ideje v nedogled.

Ponovi se variacija posnetka NAPOVEDOVALEC -11.

EF-22.: Kos 1 (gre pod tekst)

BRALKA: Znanstveniki, ki raziskujejo neverjetne glasbene sposobnosti malih ptichjih mozhganchkov, predvsem pa skoraj chudezhno uchinkovitost zvochilnih organchkov ptichjih telesc, so med drugim ugotovili, da so le-ti precej bolj uchinkoviti od chloveshkih: medtem ko chlovek izkoristi za oblikovanje zvoka le nekaj odstotkov zraka, ki ga poshilja prek svojih glasilk, ne gre pri ptichku v prazno skoraj nich sapice. Ves se preda petju.

EF-23.: Kos 2

BRALEC: Mnogi ptichki z mozhganchki opredeljujejo in nato ustvarjajo sosledje razlichnih drobnih zvokov hitreje kot chlovek. Tako hitro, da chloveshko uho niti ne opazi razlik v razpostavljanju posameznih glasov v razlichne kombinacije in se mu rado zdi, da ptich samo ponavlja isto pesem, cheprav bitjece v resnici sporoča razlichne vsebine v vedno istem ptichjem jeziku ali celo narechju.

BRALKA: Mogoče je tudi zato njihova govorica chloveku she vedno nerazumljiva?

**BRALEC: Ali pa lahko govorico ptic nekateri ljudje vendarle dojamemo, ne da bi jo razumeli?**

NAPOVEDOVALEC -13: Turdus philomelos



EF-24.: Rjavi drozg (gre pod tekst)

BRALKA: Za rjavega drozga pravijo, da zna zapeti najdaljšo ptichjo pesem. V resnici pa ravno pri njem sploh ne gre toliko za petje, kot za izrazito ptichjo klepetavost. Kaj vse ima Turdus philomelos povedati! In s kakšno vzvišeno retoriko!

Po barvi glasu in melodiki jezika rjavih drozgov ter po gostobesednosti ga prepoznash zhe ob prvem oglašanju. Če pa bi glasbenik zhelel v njegovem izražanju odkriti glasbo, kakršna je znana ljudem, bi moral kar krepko urediti ritem drozgove improvizacije in pri montazhi tako nastale skladbe dodati v ozadje še podporno ptichjo sekcijo. Poznavalci bi lahko nato ugotovili, da gre za spretno sinkopiran ritem valčka, ki pa je pri pticah mnogo svobodnejši kot pri ljudeh, kajti v chloveshkem dojemanju se mora ujemati v strogo enakomernost, sicer sploh ne zaznamo, da gre za valček.

Do tega občutka svobodnosti pri ptichjem muziciranju pa je gotovo prišlo zaradi njihove sposobnosti letenja.

EF-25.: Rjavi drozg 1

BRALEC: In tako si mora chlovek tudi pri poskusih razumevanja govornice ptic pomagati z modernimi tehničnimi napravami, sicer bi ostal precej nemočen. Ne samo pri anatomskih raziskavah konstrukcije ptichjih telesc, pri katerih glasbenika boli srce, temveč predvsem pri zvočnem snemanju in obdelavi posnetega gradiva.

EF-26.: Ptichki v ritmu rokarskega valčka

(BRALEC, pod efektom, shteje ritem valčka: »1 2 3 , 2 2 3, 1 2 3, 2 2 3 ...«.

*Ko se efektu pridruži flauta, bralec preneha shteti, efekt pa gre pod tekst.)*

BRALKA: Z vse vech posnetki v zvočnih knjiznicah je prihodnjim ptichjim jezikoslovcem na razpolago vedno vech delovnega gradiva, iz katerega bodo schasoma lahko izluschili, kaj pomenijo posamezni glasovi v razlicnih ptichjih jezikih in narechjih istih ptichjih vrst.

BRALEC: Iz raznolikih povezav med posameznimi glasovi, njihovimi razlicnimi intonacijami in neenakomernimi vmesnimi presledki bodo postopoma izluschili pomene ptichje govornice.

BRALKA: In shele tedaj bo končno odgovorjeno na eno osnovnih vprasanj, ki si ga znamo danes samo zastaviti:

**NAPOVEDOVALEC -14: O chem govoriijo ptice?**

EF-27.: Vesolje (na koncu se ponovi konchnica EF -26.)

*Konec*



*Rajko Shushtarshich*

## PARALELNA STVARNOST

(II)

P.S. I.: (PARALELNA STVARNOST: PRVICH)

Zahvalno razpolozhenje in razpredanje spielverderberjev  
(She ali pa zhe na krovu admiralske ladje Slovlantia I.)

Shus: Ti, Franci, poslush, kje je Hanzhej.

Zagorchnik: Marasa tolazh, revzh je chist prech. Z Waucharjevim cholnom so ga pelal.

Shus: Ja tale havarija ni bla machja shala.

Zagorchnik: Ne sam havarija, she pesnik Krokhar ga je nabasov zarad pisajna o njem v Reviji SRP, (O Petkovi dramatki).

Shus: Pa sej je v celi reviji prebral le dve besedi: prva njegovo ime in druga priimek. No ja, she tist odstavek okol njiju.

Zagorchnik: Ravn to je blo prevech al pa narobe. Krilu je z rokam in zjov, da je to nezaslishan, da je on zhe zdavnej reku, da b moral revijo prepovedat. Da je to najbolj shkodljiv pojav chasa na Slonovovenskem. Skratk, da gre za kulturshkandal pa pisajne neresenic, tud o njem.

Shus: Shkoda.

Zagorchnik: Zakva pa?

Shus: Da ne pridemo tkole kar trije spielverdeberji, od tega she dva slepa potnika, na admiralsko ladjo.

Zagorchnik: Kva s naju pa vabu, k t ni nben reku.

Shus: A se ni splachau?

Zagorchnik: Zdele zhe, zdele.

Shus (se rezhi kot pechen machek): P! P! Zadnja chrka: Revije SRP je P (Pogum)!

Zagorchnik: Dost mam zafrkancije, rajsh povej: Kaj pravsh na tole vse skup?

Shus (se zresni, kar nekaj chasa premishljuje, potem vprasha): A na vse skupej?

Zagorchnik: Ja, menda.

Kronist Shus: Zmir m je muchu vprashane zakva je Platon pesnike pognou z drzhave?

Pisatelj Zagorchnik: A ti ni zhe pred leti pojasnu tega moj nekdanji kolega, urednik revije (za menoj seveda) Pblemov Jasha Zlobensen.

Kronist Shus: Zhe, zhe, ampak ...

Zagorchnik: Kaj, ampak?

Shus: Ja, tkat je bil pesnik, urednik revije, she pr naskok na bastiljo nam je pomagov, zdej pa je ambasador Slonovovenije v Bruxellesu. Tko rad je mu latinske pregovore, med njimi narrajsh tga: »tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis«.

Zagorchnik: Prej silno predrznhi hipy v kavbojkah, zdaj zglajshtrani diplomat v fraku, pa she lepo zaokrozhen, da ga je vesele pogledat. A kaj to spremeni na odgovoru? Odgovor je odgovor in ostane tak kot je bil, kaj ni bil dovolj dober?

*Rajko Shushtarshich*

## PARALLEL REALITY

(II)

P.S. I.: (PARALLEL REALITY: ONE)

The Game-spoilers' Sense of Gratitude and their Lengthy Philosophising  
(Still or already aboard the Slovlania I. flagship)

Shus: Hey, Franci, listen, where's Hanzhej?

Zagorchnik: He's consoling Maras, poor man is completely beside himself. They took him by Wauchar's boat.

Shus: Yes, that shipwreck was no picnic.

Zagorchnik: Not just the shipwreck, Krokhar the poet also chewed him out about how he was portrayed in the SRP journal (On Petko's dramatics).

Shus: But he only read two words of the whole journal: one – his first name and two – his last name. Well and the paragraph surrounding the two.

Zagorchnik: Well that's exactly what was too much or wrong. He yelled failing his hands that this is outrageous, how he'd said a long time ago that the journal should be banned. That it's the most harmful phenomenon of the time in Slonovenia. In short, that it's a cultural scandal and they're writing untruths, also about him.

Shus: Too bad.

Zagorchnik: What for?

Shus: That the three of us game-spoilers, two of us stowaways, can't just waltz onto the flagship.

Zagorchnik: What did you invite us for anyhow, nobody told you to?

Shus: Didn't it pay off?

Zagorchnik: It is right now, sure.

Shus (grinning like the Cheshire cat): P! P! the last letter in SRP is P for pluck!

Zagorchnik: Enough of this horseplay, tell me: What do you say about all this?

Shus (grows serious, ponders for quite a while and asks): You mean about all this?

Zagorchnik: Well yes, indeed.

Shus the Chronicler: I was always haunted by why Plato ran the poets out of his Republic.

Zagorchnik the Writer: Didn't my former colleague, editor of the Problemi journal (after me of course) Jasha Zlobensen explain this to you years ago?

Shus the Chronicler: Sure, sure, but...

Zagorchnik: But – what?

Shus: Well, at the time he was a poet and editor of a journal, he even helped us charge the Bastille, and now he is Slonewenia's ambassador to Brussels. He loved Latin sayings so much, most of all the one that goes: »Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis«.

Zagorchnik: Once a very insolent hippy in jeans, now a polished diplomat in a tuxedo, and nicely rounded out, a pleasure to behold. But what difference does that make to his reply. A reply is a reply and stays as it was; wasn't it good enough?

Shus: To zhe. Namrech, to zdej ni vech isto. Pomen se spremeni za nazaj. On sam ga je spremenu.

Zagorchnik: Spet tvoja parapsihologija, kot da chasa ni. Vse je zdaj (ga popravi).

Shus: Ni moja, che zhe hochesh, da od koga je, potem je to tako po Henrijevo (H. Bergsona): Ni chasa, samo trajanje je. Neposredna dejstva zavesti se prezhemajo, to je vsa umetnost zunajchase, pravilneje pa sočasne komunikacije s sogovorniki izven oz. zunaj chasa. Svoboda na primer je zanj »dejstvo in med dejstvi, ki jih ugotavljamo, jasnejšega (gotovejšega) ni.

Vse tezhave tega problema in problem sam izvirajo od tod, ker se ... ideja svobode ne da izrechi v jeziku, v katerem je (ona) očitno neprevedljiva.«

Svoboda je neizrekljiva. Odrechi se ji ne moremo. Prepustiti jo samo politichnemu govoru, jeziku, tega ne moremo. Che se je odreche nash jaz v korist nashega mi, jo je s tem odrekel nam. Nash mi je pred istim problemom kot nash jaz.

In che hochesh, je to tako tudi po Janezu evangelistu in she nekaj njih, ki zanje vem (teoretichno pa po vsakem, ki to resnichno res hoche).

S tvojo neizmerno skrbjo za slovenski jezik pa se, che hochem al ne, moram strinjat, res je obchudovanja vredna dobrina, lastnost. A kaj ko izumira, redka je kot kaplja vode na vrochem shtedilniku. Ko bi le na MIKS-u (ministrstvo za kultludizem Slonovovenije) she kdo tako mislu k je Scharfman lan. V tem primeru pa bil vseen raj iz chasa vn, kot zun.

Zagorchnik (se poshali): Ja lohk bi se tud ti mal bl potrudu s knjizhno venetshchino.

Shus: A vesh kok se martram z njo, nkol m' naush verjeu.

Zagorchnik (namerno preskochi temo o jeziku, se poshali): Sej, sej, tvoji sogovorniki izven chasa so povzročili nemalo zabave. Se res pogovarjash z njimi?

Shus (se spet rezhi): Che se se sam spomn ksihta tiste tajnice na Kapucynovem MIRS-u (ministrstvu za resnico vlade slonovovenske), k sm prshu na pogajanja k ministru za subvencijo Trakatata o svobodi. Tga nam nkol pozabu. Glih malcala je pa se j je senvich zataknu, tak smeh jo je posilu k sm prshu. Sam shef jo je reshu, da se ni zadavla. (Se rezhi.)

Zagorchnik: Kva pa j je reku minister?

Shus: A ministr? Tga pa ne vem. Najbrzh, da za take smotarije pa res nimajo gnarja. Jst ministra nisem vech vidu od bliz.

Zagorchnik: Kdo pa pol?

Shus: Sekretar vseh ministrov tega minstrstva Fabrinc, fejest fant. Nadru jo jo je na licu mesta, ko cucka. Sam strah jo je reshu davitve gotove. Mdva sva se poznala zhe od ministra Stanyslavskega in prej, k smo se s ta rdechmi usekal za lblansko »Bastiljo komunizma«. Mau sva pokramljala, bl zarad protokolskh manir.

Zagorchnik: Prov t je, kva s pa tok hvalu tga ministra med vojno za Slonovovenjo.

Shus: K je bu res briljanten. Sam nem sm tko reku, zapisu. (Se popravi.)

Zagorchnik: Saj res kokto, da ga ni zravn?

Shus: Yes, sure it was. It's not the same anymore. The meaning changes retroactively. He changed it himself.

Zagorchnik: Again with your parapsychology, like there's no time. Everything is now (he corrects him).

Shus: Not mine, Henry's (H. Bergson) if anybody's: There's no time, only duration. Direct facts of the subconscious permeate themselves; that's all there is to extemporaneous communication, more precisely, to concurrent communication with people outside or out of time. For example, he sees freedom as »fact«, and among the facts we can discern, there are none clearer (surer).

All the issues arising from this problem and the problem itself stem from this... the idea of freedom cannot be said using language, to which it is untranslatable.«

Freedom is unsayable. We can't gainsay it. If our self denies it in favour of our »us«, it gainsaid it to us. Our »we« is facing the same problem as our self.

And if you will, it's also by John the Evangelist and a few others I know about (in theory by anyone who truly wants it).

Want it or not, I have to agree with your immense care for the Slovenian language; it's a truly formidable commodity, trait. But it's dying out, rare as a drop of water on a hot stove. If only anyone at MIKS (Ministry of Cult-ludism of Slonewvenia) would think like Scharfman did last year, I would rather be out from time rather than outside it.

Zagorchnik (jests): You could work a little harder on your literary Wendish.

Shus: Do you know how hard it is for me? You wouldn't believe it.

Zagorchnik (purposely skips over the discussion on language, jests): Exactly, your out-of-time conversation partners caused quite a bit of fun. You really talk to 'em?

Shus (grinning again): If I just remember that secretary at Kapucyn's MITS (Ministry of Truth of Slonewvenia), when I came to negotiate at the Ministry of Subsidising of the Treatise on Freedom. I'll never forget it. She was in the middle of her lunch, gaged on her sandwich from laughing so hard at me coming in. It was the boss himself saved her from choking (he laughs).

Zagorchnik: What did the minister say?

Shus: The minister? I don't know, probably that they really don't have any money for such haberdashery. I never came close to seeing the minister.

Zagorchnik: Who then?

Shus: The secretary of all the ministers at that ministry, Fabrinc, good guy. He yelled at her right there, like she was a puppy. It was the fear that saved her from death by sandwich. We knew each other from the time of Minister Stanyslavski and before, when we clashed with the reds for Ljubljana's »Bastille of communism«. We chatted a bit, more as a matter of protocol.

Zagorchnik: Serves you right, the way you praised the minister during the war for Slonewvenia.

Shus: But he really was brilliant. I just said it to him, wrote it (he corrects himself).

Zagorchnik: That reminds me, how come he's not part of this?

Shus: Krigskolega se navta nkol vech skupaj vozila. Ankat bo manku en al pa drug. Zagorchnik (ponovi v shali): Sej, sej, te tvoji sogovorniki izven chasa so povzročili nemalo zabave. Se res pogovarjash z njimi?

Shus: Mislish posmeha? A mislish, da tga nisem vedu. Zhe k sm seznam sogovornikov zun cajta na ta zadno stran Traktata prlimov.

Zagorchnik: So vsi na seznamu, a nben ne manka?

Shus: Nkol ne morjo bt vsi pa tud vse ne, zmir mn jih je.

Zagorchnik: Kdaj se pa pol pogovarjash z njimi?

Shus: K nimam drugih (sogovornikov) in che oni tko hochjo.

Zagorchnik: U kirem jeziku?

Shus: V nobenem jeziku, v notranjem govoru (endofaziji).

Zagorchnik (nejeverno, malo provokativno): Dej no?

Shus: Pa, saj si bral, celo izdal si drugo dopolnjeno izdajo. Endofazija je chudna rech. Kaj, kako, zakaj: vzpostavim pogovor z zhivimi zunaj chasa, sem opisal, literarno zashtrikano, le na moj nachin. Vsak ma svojga.

Zagorchnik(ga popravi): Z mrtvimi.

Shus: Z zhivimi, mrtvih ni.

Zagorchnik: Sej, sej tudi tam je bilo vse na zachtetku, kako je zhe bilo tist? Vse je blo prej kokr nch.

Shus: Ti se kr hecj, rajsh sam preber, che glih chsh, tud sam moram vchas. Za kva pa mislish, da jo vlahm povsod s sabo? Klele mash svojo izdajo. (Z malo jeze garnirano, mu maha z knjigo. Malo okleva, ne ve, che zdaj pravi chas za to. Pa mu vseeno da knjigo): Preber. Mal chudna prilozhnost, a mislim, da je glih zdaj pravi chas za njo.

Zagrenchichnik (prebere):

V zachtetku je bilo vse,

in vse je bilo v vsem,

in vse je bilo sámó Vse.

Vse je bilo v zachtetku sámó v sebi.

Shus: No vish. Tlele je odgovor na tvoje vprashanje. Sam, da to ni moje razodetje! Je Janezovo razodetje. Sm bu sam pisar, dons b reku zapisnichar al po kunshtn: srednik v komunikaciji z njim.

Zagorchnik: S kom?

Shus: A tle me chakash? Z Janezom evangelistom, che lohk rechem tko.

Zagorchnik: Kva pa che jih je blo vech k so ga napisal teamsko (kolektivno) delo, tale tvoj Janezov evangelij?

Shus (presenecheno): To s pa dobr opazu. Res je, kar naprej so so vmeshaval v pogovor. Vchas sm se orng namuchu zrad njih. Vchas sem polemiziral tud z njimi. A sam on je res vedu, za kaj gre.

Zagorchnik: To ti bo pa kdo verjel?

Shus: Ni treba. Nochem, da kdo verjame. Dojame vsak sam, z vzhivetjem, ne z vero, potem vidish sam, vse lahko obchutish, sedaj. A pustiva zdaj to.

Shus: These trench-buddies will never drive together again. One of them will always be somewhere else.

Zagorchnik (again in jest): Exactly, your out-of time conversation partners caused quite a bit of fun. You really talk to 'em?

Shus: Yoe mean ridicule? You think I didn't know. I knew already when I attached my list of conversation partners to the back of the Treaty.

Zagorchnik: Are they all there, is nobody missing from the list?

Shus: All of them can never be there, there are less and less of them all the time.

Zagorchnik: When are you talking to them, then?

Shus: When I have nobody else to talk to, and if they're up for it.

Zagorchnik: In what language?

Shus: No language, its in internal speak (endofasia).

Zagorchnik (incredulously with slight provocation): Get out?

Shus: You read it, you even published the second revised edition. Endofasia is a strange thing. What, how, and why: I establish a dialogue with the living outside time in a congested literary fashion, in my own way. We each have our own.

Zagorchnik (corrects him): With the dead.

Shus: With the living, there are no dead.

Zagorchnik: Yes, yes, there in the beginning everything also was, how does it go? Everything was before there was nothing.

Shus: Joke all you want; read for yourself, if that's what you want; I also have to, sometimes. Why do you think I keep dragging it with me? Here's your edition. (With a trace of anger he waves a book in his face, hesitates a bit, unsure if it's the right time for it; then decides to give him the book anyway): Read. A strange opportunity, but I think this is a good time for it.

Sourgorchnik (reads): In the beginning there was everything, and everything was in everything, and everything was itself Everything.

Everything was itself in itself at the beginning.

Shus: There you go. Here lies the answer to your question. Only, this is not my revelation, it's the revelation of John! I was just the scribe, today we call it minute-taker, or more refined – the mediator in communication with him.

Zagorchnik: Whom?

Shus: This is where you lay in wait, is it? John the Evangelist, if I can say so.

Zagorchnik: What if a team wrote this Gospel of John of yours collectively?

Shus (surprised): Well noticed. It's true, they kept interfering in our communication. Sometimes it was a real pain dealing with them. Other times, I debated them as well. Only he really knew what its about.

Zagorchnik: Who's gonna believe that?

Shus: No need, I don't want them to believe. Everyone gets it on their own. Live instead of believing it, then you'll see for yourself, then you'll be able to feel everything now. But let's move on.

Zagorchnik: A tole polomijo (havarijo) bosh tud zapisov?

Shus: Ni treba, je zhe napisana, sam spomnt se je bom mogu, kar se da natanchn. She posebej felerje in faule protagonistov kreativcev.

Zagorchnik: Ampak che je tuko, pol je blo zhe vse dolochen, v chem je pol igra?

Shus: Vse: vkljuchuje tud svobodno voljo, to kar ldje ne marajo. Razen nekaj Njih, k vedo kuga hochjo, al pa vsaj misljo tuko. Tud che ne b, che b blo dolochen kva se bo zgodl, sta vsaj she dve vprashanji: Kako se je zgodl in zakaj se je tako zgodl? Ni vseen, je vprashanje okusa (estetike) in dostojnosti (etike). K zhe koga konc jemlje, k gre igra h konc, pa ni vseen kako se psti in zakaj popusti.

Zagorchnik: Kdo so Oni?

Shus: Propagandisti, duhovni (z)vodniki, agitatorji. Ti preklet dobr vejo, kva chjo, ne iz premisleka, z izkustva vedo, da lahko z ldi opice nardejo, kadar chjo. Sam zato, ker chvovk-ldje ne marajo svobode. Rajsh majo prostovoljno suzhenjstvo.

Zagorchnik: Oni pa ne?

Shus: Oni majo rad pregled. Usiljo se vmes, natank med usodo in svobodo, kjer lahko najlevsh dirigirajo. Svobodni pa niso, ker imajo vishje nad seboj, to je, vmes. In tako naprej in tako naprej.

Shus: A ni bla ta-glavna misija oldtimerja propaganda – promocija kultturizma, kultludizma?

Zagorchnik: Pa verska, pa politichna, ksheftarska agitpropaganda?

Shus: Tochn tko, sam da vrstn red ni chist taprav. To je tuko zate, k jh she posebej ne marash.

Zagorchnik (o religiji ni hotel razpravljati, kar najezhil se je): Kje sva zhe bila, pri kom sva obtichala? Kaj to spremeni na stvari?

Shus: Veliko spremeni, tako rekoch vse. Obtichala pa sva pri Platonu, ki je pogнал pesnike vn! z Drzhave.

Zagorchnik: Kar vse pesnike?

Shus: Ne vseh, saj je bil tudi sam pesnik, cheprav se je shtel le za filozofa. Pogнал je tiste, k so se samo shli pesnike. Pa tiste k so lagal ... (premor), da govore resnico, da so sam(o)svoji.

Zagorchnik: Ktere je pa pol pustu, a take, k so se shtel za pesnike, k so se shli prave pesnike, so kej k pesniki shtel?

Shus: Eni tko dobr, da so she sami v sebi verjel. Drugi so se uđinjál lázhi močí tko lizunsko, da tga nis mogu gledat. Kar muchi se, enostavno je, a glih zato ni lahk videt. Muchl me je leta in leta.

Zagorchnik: Zdaj s pa le pogruntov.

Shus: Sploh nisem, sami so mi povedal, drug za drugim.

Zagorchnik: Dej no, kaj rechesh, pa ja ne na shtiri ochi?

Shus: Ne na shtiri ne na eno samo oko. S svojim ravnanjem so mi povedali. Ni enga odgovora za vse.

Zagorchnik, neha z zafrkancijo, sedaj ga je zadeva zachela resnichno, res zanimati. (Poslusha molche.)

Zagorchnik: And this wreck (shipwreck), will you write about this too?

Shus: No need, it's written already, I'll just need to remember it as precisely as I can; especially the failures and fouls of the creative protagonists.

Zagorchnik: But if this is how it is, than everything was fixed, what's the game?

Shus: 'Everything' also includes free will, which people don't like. Except the Few who know what they want, or at least think so. Even if it didn't, if events would be predetermined, at least two questions arise: How and why did it happen this way?

There's a difference, a matter of taste (aesthetics) and decency (ethics). When one circles the drain, the end in sight, it matters how they give in and why they give up.

Zagorchnik: Who are They?

Shus: Propagandists, spiritual leaders and pimps agitators, who know damn well what they want. They know, not through forethought but from experience, that they can turn men into apes anytime they want. Just 'cause man-people don't like freedom. They prefer voluntary slavery.

Zagorchnik: And they don't?

Shus: They like having oversight. They insert themselves right in-between fate and freedom, where they can conduct the most beautifully. They aren't free, because they have people above them – i.e. in-between. And so on and on. Wasn't the oldtimer's main mission propaganda – the promotion of »cultourism, cultludism«?

Zagorchnik: And religious, political, peddlers' agit-propaganda?

Shus: Exactly, only the order is a bit different. This is how you see it, because you dislike them in particular.

Zagorchnik (wouldn't discuss religion, his hair stood on end): Where were we, who were we stuck on again? How does this change things?

Shus: It changes a lot, practically everything. We were stuck on Plato, who ran poets out! From the Republic, from the state.

Zagorchnik: What, all poets?

Shus: Not all of them, he was a poet himself, even though he counted himself a philosopher. He only cast out those who were just playing poet, and those who lied... (pause) that they speak the truth, that they are (in)dividual.

Zagorchnik: Who did he leave there, those who counted themselves poets, who played real poets, did they count as poets at all?

Shus: Some so much that they fell for their own rouse. Others put themselves forward to the lie of power with such fawning it was hard to watch. Keep struggling, it's simple which is why it is not easy to see. It pained me for years.

Zagorchnik: Now you finally figured it out.

Shus: I didn't at all, they told me themselves, one after the other.

Zagorchnik: Come on, what are you saying, not face-to-face?

Shus: Not face to anything; they told me in their actions. There is no one-fits-all answer.

Zagorchnik (stops making fun, his interest is beginning to be piqued in earnest, he listens in silence.)

Shus (nadaljuje v rahlo shaljivem tonu, a to je pri njem pomenilo, da gre zares): Posodili so se politiki, potem so se odposodili in sedaj zopet chutjo klic vesti ali domovine ali samega vruga, da se morajo zopet posodt. Sam poglej une v SANU, Kosicha, Dzhavoshkega in njune prijatle. Tm se sam bl vid, kva morjo: nashchuvat drhal na vojno morijo. Za veliko stvar, k je sam v njihovih glavah velika.

Zagorchnik (ga prekine): Potem rachun she ni plachan. Ti pa jih spomnsh, zmir spet spominjash, da se jih je sposodila politika, potem se jih je odposodila, se pravi, nagnala tje, kamr sodjo.

Shus: Zdej s pa bliz. Pochak she mau, da povem do konca: zneverili so se politki, izneverila jih je politka, a ti brez nje ne morjo, brez pesnistva in pisanja pa so lahko, kdar chjo (hochjo). Kar poglej jih, skupaj smo se borili za svobodo misli in pisanja, to je, ne sam gobcanja, zdele pa nas ravn Oni narbl preganjajo. Onemogochajo revije, svobodno misel sovrazhijo, svobodno plovbo prezirajo. Ta ekvibracija od Antigone do Kreonta in nazaj in malo pochez mi gre na kozlajne, she posebej, k je mrtvo morje in mam deu v podpalubju. (Ne pusti se prekiniti.) Takoj bom: Platon bi dons nagnal ne sam pesnike, ki lazhejo, she prej tiste, k pravjo, da jim pesnistvo ni pot do oblasti, pa so njeni sluge: njene slave, mochi! Ne moresh jih spregledati, tega ne videti, ne na zunaj, she manj od znotraj. A ni enostavn?

Zagorchnik: Da bl ne more bt, ampak to vsi vedo.

Shus: Zhe mogoche, a delajo se, kot da tega ne vidijo; vsaj pri seb ne, in pri svojih prijateljih in kameradnih in uglednih in sposhtovanih in priznanih in nagrajanih in pri tistih, ki imajo konkretno ime in priimek, pri teh she posebej ne. Na oblasti so, njenih ključnih polozhajih, pa pravjo, da nimajo nch z njo. V stranki so ga hotl za predsednika, pa je reku, da nch nima s tem, da tga sploh ne ve. Zhe mogoche. Sam koko, da oni tga niso vedel?

Zagorchnik: K gun, k je prshu nazaj k psihodohtlju: gospod dohtar jz zhe vem, da nism pshenichn zrn. Sam ne vem, che kura ve.

Shus: A ma glih tuko je bvo s Petkovo gvavo pa Stranko puntarsko.

Zagorchnik: Kaj pa bi ti na njegovem mestu naredu, z njim? Jh ne bi pognou, che b le mogu?

Shus: Ne, gvishn ne, tga nkol ne bi mogu. Nkol neb hotu te njihove mochi.

Zagorchnik: Pa recmo, da b jo vseen mu. Tko k ti pravsh: hipotetichno si zamisl.

Shus: Pol pa b jih gvishn ta narprej poveljevanja oldtajmerjev razreshu. Odstavu b jih prav cajt, preden ga ne zamochjo, tko da smo vsi mokr, ko mish. Naj le pishejo, pesnijo, kolkor hochejo! Naj penit, njih slinit,jenja On! Le Pesnik na oblasti je hudo nevarna kreatura (posebej za pesnike, ki niso njegov vshtic).

Zagorchnik: No vish, pol se pa chudsh, da nas hochjo ukint, znicht.

Shus: Sam tga nochm (oblasti ne), nit hipotetichno. Pa se zato, k nochmo oblasti, ja ne bomo kar pustl ukint vsakmu novmu tiranchku? Zmir glih, k so vsi glih.

Zagorchnik: Pa mislish, da to t bo kdo od njih verjel? Sploh pa zihher je zihher, za vsak sluchaj, che b se premislu. Zhe, da te kdo lahko slish je prevech.

Shus (continues in a slightly witty tone, a sign things are getting serious):

Politicians lent themselves, took themselves back; now they feel the call of conscience or homeland or the devil himself to lend themselves again. Just look at those in SAN – Kosich, Dzhavoski, and friends. It's just clearer what needs doing: set the riffraff on the carnage of war for a grand cause only grand in their minds.

Zagorchnik (cuts him off): Then the tally hasn't been settled yet. And you remind them, you keep reminding them, that they were borrowed by politics, then un-borrowed – that is driven out where they belong.

Shus: Now you're getting close. Let me finish: they failed politics, politics failed them but they can't bear to be without it; they can be without poetry and writing anytime. Look at them, together we fought for freedom of thought and writing, not just babbling, and now They are our worst persecutors. They thwart journals, hate free thought, despise free sailing. This equilibration from Antigone to Creon and back and a bit across makes me sick, particularly because the sea is dead and I have work below deck. (He doesn't let himself be cut off.) I'm almost done. Today, Plato wouldn't just cast out lying poets, he would cast out those who say that for them poetry isn't a way to power while they serve it: its fame, power! You can't overlook or fail to see – not outwardly even less inwardly. Isn't it simple?

Zagorchnik: Couldn't be simpler; but everyone know this.

Shus: Could well be, but they pretend they don't see it. At least not in themselves their friends and comrades, and in those esteemed, respected, acknowledged and awarded, or those with concrete names and surnames, especially the latter. They are in power, in its key positions and say they have no ties to it. His party wanted him to be leader and he said it has nothing to do with him that he doesn't know anything about it. Could well be, but how come they didn't know it?

Zagorchnik: Like the man who said to his psychiatric doctor: »Doctor, I know that I am not a grain of wheat, I'm just not sure the chicken knows it too.

Shus: The same thing went down with Petko's head and the Rebel party.

Zagorchnik: What would you do about them, if you were in his place? Wouldn't you run them out, if you could?

Shus: No, I'm sure I could never do it. I'd never want power like that.

Zagorchnik: Let's say you had it anyway. Like you say – imagine it hypothetically.

Shus: Then I'm sure, I'd strip them of their command of old-timers. I'd depose them in time, before they could screw up and we all got soaked. Let them write and compose whatever they want! Let Him stop foaming and driveling! A poet in power is a mightily dangerous creature (especially to poets who aren't at his side).

Zagorchnik: See, and you're surprised when they want to abolish and annihilate us.

Shus: But I don't want it, not even hypothetically. Surely we won't let ourselves be abolished by every tyrant just because we don't want power? Always the same, because they're all the same.

Zagorchnik: Do you think anyone will believe this? Just to be safe, so you don't change your mind. If anyone even heard you, it would be too much.

Shus: No vsaj mal zraka nam lohk pustl, dihat luft smrdljiv.

Zagorchnik: No, to pa gvishn ne branjo. Sam not nas vlachjo v svojo igro.

Shus: Oni sploh ne morjo kapirat, da so lohk tud paralelni pisuni, ki nochjo mochi, oblasti. K jim je dost, che lahko misljo in pishejo po svoje. Che pa to vsen vejo, pa se delajo, kot da je to samo slabost shibkih.

Zagorchnik: Ezopva basen: Lisica je sprevidela, da ne more do grozda in dejala je: Ah saj je kislo.

Shus: Pa racionalizacija po tistmu Freudu, k je vech shkode naredu z njo kt z vsem shmornom o Libidu. Sicer pa ...

Zagorchnik (malo radovedno): Sicer?

Kronist Shus: Naj gredo, kamr hochjo. Svoji k svojim. Sopotniki k vodnikom zvodnikom, agitatorji k mogochnim, propagandisti k onim s cekini. A jih je treba vseen razkrinkat, razodet, razstavit, razgalt, razgont, ..

Zagorchnik (vpade vmes): Skratka, krizhat, linchat, al pa vsaj popljuvat?

Shus: Ne za vraga, ne jim nasest, tko Oni pravijo: Kritika da, linch ne. Pa pojejo pesmi o spravi in proti revanshizmu in nesovrshstvu in tako naprej in naprej in she preprichljivo za gledalce povrh. Saj so Oni tudi pesniki oz. so pesniki nad pesniki, zajahali so Pegaza in prijahali na dvor. Sam Pegaz je premenu (se preobrazu) v bojnega konja. Zato so nevarn k sto vragov.

Zagorchnik (aludira na Shusovo najnovejsho debato z Georgesom Orwellom): Na kratk, dvorni pisuni z oprodami v bojni opravi, mi pa tovorni konji: »She bolj bom delal', je rekel Boksach in udaril s kopitom po podju. Detelja pa je od zhalosti shirala, ko so garachu posthumno postavili spomenik z avreolo«

Shus: Tok, tko. Na kratko pa ne. Tole, k s zdele reku zhe ni blo prevech kratko. Skor nikol se ne da na kratk kej dost povedat. Navsh reku, da so epigrami kitice modrosti. Ne nasedaj Njim, k reko: »prevech not, prevech chrk«. Lot se jih orng in z imeni in priimki!

Pisatelj Zagorchnik: Vsak po svoje. (Zdej je blo jasn, da se ta debata ne bo dobr konchala in se verjetn sploh ne bo nikol konchala. Da bi ga mau pomiru je zamenjal temo): Kuga pa tok pensh? Kakshne cigarete kadish?

Shus je mislu skor nekj tacga, bla sta skor za hip na istmu valu. Melanholicno bi se zazrl v chisto novo lichno shkatlico cigaret: Okej – vchasih sem pipco kadil, pipco miru, tko lepo z andahtjo. Zdaj (bere):

*Kim,  
ultra slim,  
light,  
New York, London, Paris.  
Manjka she: Berlin,  
Vienna, Budapest, Roma,  
pa Pirano seveda.*

Zagorchnik (je malo triumfalno dodal): A m nis tisto drugo izdajo razodetja prnesu v Wordstar-ju?

Shus: Well they could've let us breathe a bit, the stinky air.

Zagorchnik: Ok, they aren't stopping us. They're just dragging us into their game.

Shus: They just don't get that there can be parallel writers that don't want power, happy if they can think and write in their own way. And if they actually know this, they pretend it's just a weakness of the feeble.

Zagorchnik: Aesop's tale – the fox realized it can't get to the grapes and decided that they're sour anyway.

Shus: And the rationalisation by that Freud guy who caused more damage with this than all that Libido malarkey. Anyway...

Zagorchnik (with some curiosity): Anyway?

Shus the Chronicler: Let 'em go where they want to go, each to their own. Travellers accompanying their leaders, pimps, agitators to the mighty, propagandists to people with coin. But they still have to be unmasked, revealed, disassembled, bared, scattered,...

Zagorchnik (jumps in): In short – crucified, lynched, or at least spat at?

Shus: Hell no, don't fall for it, that's how They describe it: Criticism yes, lynch no. And they sing songs of reconciliation and non-hate against reprisal and that, and they appear convincing to the outside observer to boot. Actually, they're poets – or poets above poets; they mounted Pegasus and rode to court. Pegasus itself changed (transformed) into a battle stallion. So they're dangerous as hell.

Zagorchnik (alluding to Shus's latest debate with Orwell): In short, court scribes with squires in battle gear, and we with beasts of burden. »I will work harder« said Boxer and stomped his hoofs on the floor. Meanwhile, the clover withered of sadness as they honoured the worker with a wreathed monument posthumously.«

Shus: Yes, in a nutshell, but not in short. What you just said wasn't very short, was it. You can almost never say very much in short. You can't say epigrams are verses of wisdom. Don't fall for it, when they say: »Too many notes, too many letters.« Go after them properly, with names and surnames!

Zagorchnik the Writer: To each their own. (It was clear that this debate would not end well, or probably at all. To calm him down a bit he changed the subject): Why are you getting all flustered? What brand do you smoke?

Shus had a similar thought; for a bit they were almost on the same wavelength. He would peer melancholically into a brand new comely cigarette box: OK, I used to smoke a pipe – a peace pipe, with indulgence. Now (he reads):

*Kim,  
ultra slim,  
light,  
New York, London, Paris.  
these are missing: Berlin,  
Vienna, Budapest, Roma,  
and of course Pirano.*

Zagorchnik (added a tad triumphantly): Didn't you bring me that second edition of the Revelation in Wordstar format?

Shus: Zdej je na Wordu.

Posadka slonovomornarice specialne brigade Maris z gosti Pakta Atlantis in brodolomci družno gledajo CMN TV. Bile so ravno Olympic games of Atlanta. Slolandijo (Slowland, novo ime za Slonovovenijo, ki se je vedno bolj uporabljalo v javni rabi) so promovirali najboljši sportsmani, ki jih je bilo mogoče za nash denar kupiti.

V elitni lozhi pa so bili zbrani vsi glavni igralci Ladijski botri: Joseph Kavel, Jonni Davos s psom Arturjem, Janez Dolinski (tudi Mirandolski) in Sam predsednik Küchanosh z zeno Stephy. Tudi Petrini Svetokrishki in Wauchar Polihitsky nista manjkala.

Krepchali so se hamburgerji, pili Coca-Colo z dodatkom Coce.

Razpravljali pa so silno pomembne rechi, razpredali so scenarij za dramo, ki jo bodo uprizorili preko dveh satelitov vsem zhivim in mrtvim Slonovenetom (oz. v združenem Slowlandu) in tudi v severnoatlantski in evrazijski javnosti. Vodilno promocijsko turistichno poslanstvo bosta imeli Slovenika 1-3 (predelane iz potopljene Slovenike in Kornpop I-II. Dramo so pisali družno, to je skupaj, to je eno-glasno. Njen naslov je bil: Pot v Evrop (Yurop).

Pisatelj Zagorchnik (je bil specialist tudi she za venetshchino oz. slonovorek oz. slowrek in seveda starorek tudi, je v zhivahnem zhivljenju uporabljal zhive jezike. Izzivalno je vprashal kronista Shusa): Kva pa zdej praush kronist, kva vsh reku na to?

Kronist Shus: Pa navsh reku, da sem presenechen, she zhalosten ne(jsm). Pravm, nau im ratal.

Zagorchnik: Dej n mau mn ga ser. Fertik stvar.

Kronist Shus: Tu lejt! S severa germanizacija, z zahoda romanizacija (lahizacija), z vzhoda hun(gar)izacija. A vish tist kruseider na obzorju? She izhod na odprto morje t je zapru Tit Brionski II. (drugi).

Zagorchnik: No vish, ne samo da gremo v Evrop, she ona se potrud sm.

Kronist Shus: She posebej z Jugom (jugovshodni veter na Jadranu).

Zagorchnik: Sam kva je kle prepozn?

Kronist Shus: Uncle Sam jih prehiteva, s floto Oceanije, in to z leve in desne, pa she po krmi (z Jugom).

Zagorchnik: Kva pa che mau pretiraravash?

Kronist Shus: Prov nch. Che pa b, b vseen reku tistim, k se muchjo: s taljanshchno v tekstilni tovarni, pa nemshchino v tobachni, pa she prodajalkam sebe in kelnarjem k tolchejo tdzhanshchino, naj rajsh menezherje Uncls languish uchejo.

Zagorchnik: Pa american way of leif.

Shus je jezno zabrisal prazno bottle Coca-Cole v morje in komentiral: To pa zhe znamo. Just we nead some money – Sams capital.

Zagorchnik: Ziher ga bomo dubl, gvishn vech k ga rabmo.

Shus: It's in MS Word now.

The crew of the Slonewvenian navy's special Maris brigade, the guests of the Atlantis Pact and castaways are all watching CMN TV together. The Atlanta Olympic Games were on and Slowland (a new name for Slonewvenia, which was increasingly coming into general use) was represented and promoted by the best athletes our money could buy.

All the main protagonists assembled in the exclusive viewing box, the Ship Godfathers: Joseph Kavel, Jonni Davos and dog Artur, Janez Dolinski (also Mirandolski) and President Kūchanosh himself with his wife Stephy. Petrini Svetokrishki and Wauchar Polihitsky weren't missing either.

They were snacking on hamburgers, drinking Coca-Cola with added coca.

They were discussing profoundly important matters, they were developing a script for a play that would be put on via two satellites for all living Slonewends (of the United Slowland) as well as for the North-Atlantic and Eurasian public. The lead promotional tourist mission will be assumed by Slovenika 1 and 3 (rebuilt from the sunken Slovenika and Kornpop I-II. The play was a communal effort – that is written together, i.e. unanimously. It was titled: The Path to Yurope.

Zagorchnik the Writer (a specialist also for Wendish or Slonewspeak or Slowspeak and of course Oldspeak as well also used living languages in his vibrant life. He provocatively asked Shus the Chronicler): What do you say now, Chronicler? What do you say about this?

Shus the Chronicler: You're not trying to say I'm surprised? I'm not even sad. What I'm saying is that they won't succeed.

Zagorchnik: Oh dial the shit down a bit. That's all.

Shus the Chronicler: Too late! Germanisation from the north, Romanisation (Guinneasation) from the west, Hun(gar)isation from the east. See that crusader on the horizon? Tit Brionski the II even blocked your access to the open sea.

Zagorchnik: See, not only are we going to Yourope, it is making the effort to get here.

Shus the Chronicler: Especially with the Jugo (north-eastern wind on the Adriatic).

Zagorchnik: Just for what is it too late here?

Shus the Chronicler: Uncle Sam is beating them to it, with the Oceania Fleet both from the left and right side and from the stern (with the Jugo wind).

Zagorchnik: Could it be you're exaggerating a little?

Shus the Chronicler: Not in the least. If I did I would still tell the people who are tackling Italian in the textile factory, German in the tobacco plant, or love-saleswomen and waiters trying to speak Hungarian to teach the managers the Uncle's language in stead.

Zagorchnik: And the American Way of Life.

Shus angrily threw the empty Coke bottle into the sea and noted: We already know how to do that. We just need some money – Sam's capital.

Zagorchnik: I'm sure we'll get some, more than we need for sure.

Shus: Vse se je zachelo v Atlanti.

(»Vemo,

pero je močnejše od mecha,

a od vsega močnejša je

Coca Cola.«

Zagorchnik pa je pripomnil: Sej, sej, mali Bushman Kiku je zhe vedu, zakva je moral to prekleto bottle Coca Cole z duhom Coce odnest na konc sveta.

Shus: O.K., O.K.

Shus (she pripomne): Sam tist o jeziku bova vseen morala enkrat predebatirat. Knjizhni jezik ni zhiva govorica naroda, je tvorba njegovih institucij, ranljiv je in podvrzhen samovolji in mochi, posebej she v Slonovoreku.

Zagorchnik (navelichano, bil je res zmartran): Pa kdaj drugih.

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Opomba avtorja: Drugich je bilo nakatanko chez leto dni. Le da se nista sprla zaradi knjizhnega jezika, marvech nechesa, kar je bilo bolj bistveno. Po Shusovi enostranski razlagi je bilo tako, kot prichuje v P.S. (Paralelni stvarnosti). Dokonchanje nanizanke Igre sistema brez meja in brez konca pa je zachasno, zelo verjetno dokonchno opustil. Oldtimer (ali Oldtajmer) – Vesela barka Slovenika je namrech bila prirejena tudi kot RTV nanizanka v shestih nizih (Nanizanka Revije SRP ali Nadlezhnost spielverderberjev), ki pa to zopet ni, ker je tako lahko le v mrzki ali tudi pomorski Reviji SRP. Nanizanka, kot recheno (z izjemo prve, t.j. izhodishchne), ni bila konchana in najbrzh tudi nikoli ne bo. Vse bolj in pogosteje (tako se mu je zdelo) se je umeshavala usoda (usoda, pojmovana kot politika) tako, da je venomer prishlo nekaj vmes. Shusu se je ob interventnih dogodkih uprlo vsako nadaljnje pisanje zhalostnih veseloiger v revnih variacijah. She posebej mrzko pa mu je postalo nizanje nizov na temo Od tod do vechnosti in nazaj ali stopicanje oz. sestopanje na Rodos (trdna tla). Nenadoma so se mu zazdeli tako nepomembni ...

Kot kronist pa ni mogel iz svoje kozhe, zanj bistvene dogodke, zgodbe je tu in tam vseeno zabelezhil, seveda le, che so se mu zazdeli bistveni.

Shus: It all began in Atlanta.

«We know,  
the pen is mightier than the sword,  
but Coca-Cola  
is stronger than everything else.»

Zagorchnik added: Yes, yes, little Kiku the Bushman knew why he had to take this damn Coke bottle and the spirit living in it to the end of the world.

Shus: OK, OK.

Shus (further adds): But we're still gonna have to discuss that part about the language some day. The literary language is not a living language of a nation, it's the construct of its institutions; it's vulnerable and subjected to autocracy and power, especially in Slonewspeak.

Zagorchnik (fed up, he was tired): Another time, then.

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Author's note: Another time came precisely a year later. Only, they didn't argue over literary language, but something more significant. According to Shus's one-sided explanation things were like he described them in P.R. (Parallel Reality). He temporarily and probably forever gave up finishing the Games of the System without Borders or End. Oldtajmer (or Oldtimer) – The Happy Barge Slovenika was adapted for TV as a six-part series (The Series of the SRP Journal or the Nuisance of Game-spoiler), which is again not what it is, because it can also exist in the abhorred or also naval SRP journal. As stated above, the series (with the exception of the first – commencing part) was never finished and probably never will be. More and more, and ever more frequently (he felt) fate would intervene (fate perceived as politics) so that something always intervened. With intervening occurrences Shus grew weary of any further writing of sad comedies in poor adaptations. He particularly loathed stringing a series to the theme of From Here to Eternity and Back or stepping or descending to Rhodos (solid ground). Suddenly it seemed so insignificant...

But as a chronicler he was unable to help himself, he would still occasionally record events or stories he thought significant, of course only if he thought them important.

P.S. II.: (PARALELNA STVARNOST: DRUGICH )

**(Urok kapitana Petka ali petelinji boj dveh shpilverderberjev)**

Dogajanje: V urednishtvu Revije SRP (v Opera baru, na Cankarjevi 12). Lokal je skoraj prazen, Shus srka malo pivo, ko na prizorishche v Opera bar (t.j. v urednishtvo) vstopi Zagorchnik.

Zagorchnik: Pozdravljen Shus, tle mash reecenzije Chankarjeve knjige. O njeni uvrstitvi med knjige leta v Mladini, pa nazadnje tudi bibliografijo Fondov Oryja Pála in Gozda, kamor sodi tudi en del Revije SRP.

Kronist Shus nervozno cufa brado in prelistava zajetno dokumentacijo z naslovi: Najboljshe knjige leta 1996; Zanimivo odkritje v narechju pisane poezije, Vital Klabus; Ruralni slavchek, Jozhek Shtucin; Striptiz. namesto Kim Basinger, Franci Zagorichnik; (she enkrat) Striptiz. Namesto Kim Basinger, Mihael Bergant. Shus sluti, da ne bo nich dobrega.

Shus (vprasha previdno): No, ni kaj, impresivno fascinantno, resnichno si se potrdi, she en slavni pesnik, odkritje Zagorchnika, je prejel kanchek minljive zemeljske slave. A chemu zdaj to men? »Poet tvoj nov Slonovencem venec vije.«

Zagorchnik (uradno): Vse to namrech izpostavljam kot literarno recepcijo svojega urednishkega dela nasproti tvojemu zunajliterarnemu odlochanju o predlozhenem pesnishkem delu, ki si ga najprej zavrnil, pozneje pa si se odlochil, da se ne bosh vech vmeshaval v urednikovanje pri literaturi v Reviji SRP (to je v moj Koncept urednishke manipulacije – 8. Pontsko pismo, uvodnik prve Revije SRP, oktobra 1993).

Shus: Odgovorni urednik je Hanzhej Lumski, le on lahko ne objavi prispevka in to je tudi storil. V prejšnji shtevilki revije in enako v tej (Reviji SRP 21/22), nad njim pa odlocha vechina chlanov urednishtva (t.j. urednikov), che se avtor, ali kdo zanj, nanjo sklicuje. Mojega glasu za objavo Chankarjevega prispevka Anekdote o Jezusih pa ne bosh dobil in povedal sem ti, zakaj ne. Naj razloge ponovim? ... Najprej: razvrednotenje vrednot, vrednotni nihilizem in vrednotna orientacija Revije SRP ne gredo skup, pa tud tovrstne pesnishke provokacije ne podpiram.

Zagorchnik: Kakshno nerazumevanje umetnosti. Sploh nisi razumel, da gre za resnichnost »namesto« neke umetnosti. To je striptiz, slachenje hipokrizije, ki razen popularnega pomena omenja v pesnishkem pomenu tudi razgaljanje, odkrivanje popolne resnice, iskreno priznanje oz. dushevni striptiz.

Shus: Pa mi rajshi ti razlozhi, da bom vsaj malo razumel.

Zagorchnik: Kar sprijazni se s tem, da imamo res opravka z »razgaljanjem«, s »popolno resnico« na-she smrtnosti in nashih nachinov umiranja. To je obenem tudi resnica nashe govornice in nashe pisave, resnica zhivosti jezika, za katerega vemo, da je vedno bolj ogrozen.

Shus: Novorechno zasvinjan. A to zdaj ni najina tema. Daj, povej mi (razlozhi) eno anekdoto po svojih besedah, npr. tisto o Jezusovi pravichnosti.

Zagorchnik: Res nich ne razumesh. Ne gre za razlago. Si bo zhe vsak sam razlozhl, jaz nisem razlagalec.

P.S. II.: (PARALELL REALITY: TWO)

**(The Spell of Captain Petko or a Cockfight between two Game-Spoilers)**

Set: The SRP editing office (Opera bar on Cankarjeva 12). The bar is nearly empty, Shus is sipping on his quarter-pint of beer as Zagorchnik enters the scene in the Opera bar (i.e. editing office).

Zagorchnik: Hi Shus, here you go, recensions of Chankar's book, Mladina's article naming it book of the year, and last but not least, the bibliography of the Funds Ory Pal and Gozd to which a part of the SRP journal also belongs.

Chronicler Shus nervously tugs on his beard and leafs through the sizeable pile of titles such as: Best Books of 1996; Interesting Discovery in the Dialect of Written Poetry, Vital Klabus; Rural Nightingale, Jozhek Shtucin; Striptease. Instead of Kim Basinger, Franci Zagorchnik; (again) Striptease. instead of Kim Basinger, Mihael Bergant. Shus get's the feeling trouble is afoot.

Shus (asks carefully): No doubt about it, truly impressive, fascinating efforts. Another famous poet, Zagorchnik's discovery, gets a sip of transient earthly fame. But why bring it to me? »Your poet to Slonewvenians a new wreath weaves.«

Zagorchnik (officially): I am putting all of this forth as an expressions of the literary reception of my editorial work vis-a-vis your extra-literary decisions concerning the work of poetry at hand, which you first rejected, and later decided to stay out of the literary editing decisions at SRP (i.e. my 'Concept of Editorial Manipulation' – Koncept urednishke manipulacije – 8. Pontoško pismo, introductory note of the first issue of SRP, October 1993).

Shus: Hanzhej Lumski is the managing editor, only he can reject a contribution, which he did both in the previous issue and this one (SRP 21/22). And above him a majority of the editorial board (i.e. editors) decides if an author or their representative invokes it. You won't get my vote for the publication of Chankar's Anecdote on Jesuses, and I told you why not. Must I tell you again? ...

Firstly the devaluation of values and nihilism don't mix with the SRP journal's value system, and I also don't support these types of poetic provocations.

Zagorchnik: such lack of comprehension of the arts. You completely missed the point that it's about reality »in place of some art« It's a striptease, the disclosing of hypocrisy, which in addition to the popular sense also mentions in a poetic context the baring, uncovering of absolute truth, honest confession or spiritual striptease.

Shus: Why don't you explain, so I can grasp it at least a little bit?

Zagorchnik: Just face it, it's really about »baring« and »absolute truth« of our mortality and manners of death. It is also the truth of our speech and writing, the truth of the living language, for which we know is growing ever more endangered.

Shus: Sullied by newspeak. But this is not the topic of our conversation. Come on; tell me (explain) an anecdote in your own words, for example the one about Jesus's fairness.

Zagorchnik: You really don't understand at all. It's not about explaining. Everyone can interpret it for themselves. I am not an interpreter.

Shus: Bojim se, da si oz. ste, pa recenzenje oz. promotorji, razvrščevalci pesnikov tudi.

Zagorchnik: Na koga to misliš?

Shus: Nate in na te, ki si mi jih priložil v dokumentaciji, me obtežhil z njih sodbo.

Zagorchnik: Mar dvomish v njihove ocene?

Shus: Saj ne gre za to. Imam pach svoj odnos do te poezije. In ta je she najbolj odlochujoch razlog zame, za moj odnos do nje.

Zagorchnik: In ta je?

Shus (malo zastane): Ta je: osebno me prizadene. Uprla se mi je.

Zagorchnik: A tako, zakaj pa?

Shus: Ti vesh, da sem vsak dan v domu za starce na Taboru. Kadar je lep dan, pa v parku. In tam so ptichi in starci na klopi in Ema: mati moja. In ptichi so in rozhe in veter in eter. In starci v kletkah chemijo in chakajo, da se jih osvobodijo. Eni njih z vero, drugi z upanjem, tretji brez vsega.

Zagorchnik (ironichno): Eni z resnico, drugi s svobodo, tretji z ljubeznijo; pa s strahom in pogumom.

Shus (zelo resno): Pa da ne bi pozabu she tistih, ki odlashajo za vsako ceno, se vedejo po hishnem redu in veri moderne medicine. Pa tistih, ki prezirajo druge, ker oni gledajo drugache, vsak po svoje. Zdaj si predstavljaš, da grem v park, se usedem na klop, she bolje, che stopim na kamnito mizo in recitiram, na primer, samo trdi Chankarjev moto: »Religija: To poletje dishi po ptichih in ptichi po kletkah dishijo. In starci na klopi sedijo in vohajo ptiche. To je vasha religija!«

Zagorchnik: Potemtakem dojemash trdo Chankarjevo poezijo chisto osebno? Premlel s jo v endofaziji.

Shus: Kako pa naj bi jo globlje dojel?

Zagorchnik: Ti pri tem pozabljaš, da si s svojo endofazijo (notranjim govorom) zhe prestopil s področja ustvarjalnosti, tudi pesnishke, v politichno prakso. Najprej z odpovedjo kot odgovorni urednik revije in potem z urednishkim nastopanjem v imenu svojega literariziranega vrednotnega sistema, »resnice, svobode, ljubezni«, ki si ga celo pesnishko oblikoval, torej odločno estetsko, kot besednoumetnishko delo in ne kot sistem vladanja (hrv. obnashanja) in oblasti.

Shus: Zdi se, da se glede tega ne bova nikoli razumela. Endofazija je zame pravi ali vsaj globlji razlog pisanja; pesnjenje pa, che temu svojskemu pochetju tako rechesh, je le izrazni nachin, kako kaj lazhe izrechi, tudi domisliti, sebi razodeti. Che to tudi drugim kaj pomeni, pove, potem je najbrzh prav, da se objavi. Che ne, pa ne, morda kdaj drugich, ali pa kdo drug. A tega nachina razumevanja vrednot ne postavljam za normo drugim. Antologije in enciklopedije in uspešnice leta in sploh uspeh in zemeljska slava pesnika pa so zame postranska stvar, kar se da nadlezhne, cheprav so neizogibno prisotne, neizogibne. Nekoch sem bil vendar tudi sociolog kuture. Tezhko bi ne videl smisla hvalnic sistema – njegovega obvladovanja po slavi hlepechih. Tvoji komplimenti so mi odvech.

Shus: I'm afraid you are; you and your kind appraise, promote, and also rank poets.

Zagorchnik: Who do you have in mind?

Shus: You and the other authors you assembled in this pile, weighing me down with their judgment.

Zagorchnik: Do you doubt their assessments?

Shus: It's not about that. I have my own view of this poetry. That is the most deciding factor for me, for my attitude towards it.

Zagorchnik: Which is?

Shus (pausing slightly): Which is, that it upsets me personally. I abhor it.

Zagorchnik: I see; why is that?

Shus: As you know, I make daily visits to the Tabor old people's home. On nice days I go to the park with birds and old people on benches, and my mother Ema. And there are birds and flowers and wind and the ether, and old people in cages, slouched and waiting to be set free. Some have faith, some hope, and some have nothing at all.

Zagorchnik (sarcastically): Some with truth, some with freedom and some with love, and fear, and courage.

Shus (very seriously): Don't forget those who put it off at any price, following house rules and the teachings of modern medicine; and those, who detest others for having their own personal views. Now imagine me going to the park, sitting on a bench, or better still, climbing a stone table and reciting, for example, just the hard-line Chankar motto: »Religion: This summer smells of birds, and the birds of cages. And old people sit on a bench and smell birds. This is your religion«

Zagorchnik: So, you perceive Chankar's hard-line poetry completely personally? You ruminated on it in endofasia.

Shus: How could I comprehend it better?

Zagorchnik: But you forget that your endofasia (internal discussion) crosses from the field of creativity including poetry to political practice. First by stepping down as managing editor of a journal and then through editorial acting in the name of your literalised value system of »liberty, verity, love«, which you even composed in poetic, that is decidedly aesthetic, form, as a work of verbal art and not as a system of conducting (yourself or others) and authority.

Shus: It appears we'll never be on the same page about this. For me endofasia is the right, or at least deeper reason to write; and poetry, if that is what you call this particular doing, is merely a mode of expression, making it easier to say some things, think them through even, express to oneself. If it is to mean something to others then it is probably right that it is published. And if not, then not, perhaps another time, and by someone else. But I am not setting this understanding of values as a norm for others. Anthologies and encyclopaedias and works of the year and particularly a poet's fame are beside the point for me, quite bothersome, though unavoidably present, inevitable. I was once a sociologist of culture after all. It would be hard for me not to see the sense of singing praises to the system – its control of those yearning for fame. I find your compliments superfluous.

Zagrozichnik (rahlo grozeche, skoraj jezno): Pozabljash, da si zhe povzročil škodo, tudi moralno škodo! In che se zdaj umikash kot »literarni« urednik, ne bi smel pozabiti, da bi moral škodo sam poravnati, ne pa da to prelagash na ostale urednike.

Shus (jezno): Nich ne prelagam in nichesar jim ne jemljem!

Zagorchnik: Jaz se kot glavni, nato odgovorni ter nazadnje samo kot sourednik revije nisem imel izključno za literarnega urednika. To bi moralo veljati, vsaj nacheloma, tudi za vse ostale urednike.

Shus: Zhe drugich.

Zagorchnik: Kaj drugich?

Shus: Drugich: »bi moral«, »bi moralo«. To je oznaka deklarativnih vrednot sistema, institucij.

Zagorchnik: Ne rechem, da ne more biti tudi drugache, vendar pa niti nacheloma ali zaradi lepshega uredniki pri Reviji SRP niso področno razporejeni. Tako tudi ti ne. She posebno zato ne, ker si zhe pritisnil na literaturo, cheravno tudi sam urednik revije, pa na zunajliterarni nachin, kot cenzor v imenu svojega vrednotnega sistema, ki se je iz sfere ustvarjalnega mishljenja sprevergel v sito oblasti.

Shus: Tezhke besede, resnichno hude obtozhbe. Koga sem kje cenzuriral, komu vsiljeval svoj vrednotni sistem, ki mimogrede ni noben sistem. Tudi vrednot nikomur ne vsiljujem, she manj predpisujem, individualno vrednotno orientacijo cenim, svojskost individuuma zoperstavljam institucionalnim vrednotam sistema. Posebej deklariranim in proklamiranim in zlaganim. Oblast pa me prav nich ne mika, she fascinira me ne. Nikomur ne zhelim biti sito oblasti. Pridobi vechino chlanov urednistva, t.j. urednikov, za objavo Chankarjeve poezije, pa bo objavljen she v Reviji SRP. Ponavljam pa, da mojega glasu ne pričakuj.

Zagorchnik: Ti sam dobro vesh, da ne dobim vechine brez tvojega glasu. Tvoje je sito oblasti, mar ne?

Shus: Poslush me no, kva rechem. Ne glasujem za objavo Chankarjeve pesnitve Anekdote o Jezusih. Cheprav ni to moja stvar, pa me vseeno chudi, zakaj ga tako na silo vsiljujejesh v SRP, kamor chist nch ne pashe, pach pa se lepo ujema z dosti shirsho, tudi nihilistichno (vrednotno) orientacijo Nove Atlantide in v Gozd oz. v vash Oberkreinverbund.

Zagorchnik: Novo Atlatindo pa kar na gmah pust, se te prov nch ne tiche, pa avtonomni Oberkreinverbund tud ne.

Shus: Mash chist prov, predelch sem shu, res se me ne tiche. Sam, veta na objavo Chankarjevih Anekdote o Jezusih v reviji ti jaz nisem dal, pa b ga lahk, che je moja oblast taka k pravsh. Ti pa si dal veto na objavo moje igre Oldtimer – Vesela barka Slovenika v Reviji SRP 15/16, to je skor natank pred letom dni. Pa me zato ni blo konc, pa nisem pochel nobenga cirkusa.

Zagrenchichnik: She konchana ni bla.

Shus: Nkar se ne zgovarjej, bla je konchana, in pokonchana. In to dvakrat. Drugich pa zato k mi jo je en prskutu.

Zagrenchichnik: Kdo? Kva s tem mislsh?

Zagorchnik (slightly threatening, almost angry): You forget you already caused damage, even moral damage! And if you step down as »literary« editor, don't forget you should fix the damage yourself, not pass the burden on to other editors.

Shus (angrily): I'm not passing anything to them or taking anything from them!

Zagorchnik: When I was chief-, then managing- and finally a mere co-editor, I never thought of myself as just a literary editor. The same should go, at least in principle, for all other editors.

Shus: That's the second time.

Zagorchnik: What second time?

Shus: The second time you're using »should«. It's a mark of the detractive values of the system, institutions.

Zagorchnik: I'm not saying it can't be different, but editors of SRP are not assigned fields, neither in principle nor for appearances. The same goes for you. Particularly, as you already pressured literature, even if merely a journal editor and in an extra-literary way, as censor in the name of your own literary system, which transformed from the sphere of creative thinking to the sieve of the authority.

Shus: Hard words, truly harsh accusations. Whom did I censure, on whom did I impose my system of values, which is, by the way, not a system. I am also not forcing my values on anyone, let alone imposing their rule; I value individual value orientation, I place distinctiveness of the individual against institutional values of the system; particularly those declared, proclaimed – false. I have no interest in power at all, I am not even fascinated by it. I don't want to be a sieve of power. Get the majority of the editorial board to publish Chankar's poetry, and it will get published in the SRP Journal. But I repeat, don't expect my vote.

Zagorchnik: You know full well that I can't get a majority without your vote. The sieve of power is yours, isn't it now?

Shus: Listen to me now. I am not voting to publish Chankar's poem 'Anecdote on Jesuses'. Although it's none of my business, I'm still wondering why you're so forcefully trying to get him into SRP, where he doesn't fit at all, while he goes nicely with the much wider, nihilist (values) of the New Atlantis and the Forest or your Oberkrainverbund.

Zagorchnik: Just you leave New Atlantis alone, it's none of your business, nor is the autonomous Oberkrainverbund.

Shus: You're absolutely right, I went too far; it's really not my business. Still, I never vetoed the publication of Chankar's Anecdotes on Jesuses; and if I had the power you claim I have, I could have. Meanwhile, you vetoed my 'Oldtimer – Happy Barge Slovenika' play in SRP 15/16, almost exactly a year ago. And I didn't get bent out of shape or made a big deal about it.

Zagorchnik: It wasn't even finished.

Shus: Don't make excuses, it was finished, and concluded. Twice. The second time, because someone put me off it.

Zagorchnik: Who? What do you mean?

Shus: Nanizanka pa res ni bla chist fertik, pa je tud nisem mislu vse objavt. Igra b bla chist dost, verjetn she prevech za Kapitana Petka. Izbor nadaljevank ali povzetke iz njih pa bi prepustu urednishtvu. Celo 'dokumentirano' pa bi izdal v prilogi revije POGUM. In chist nch se mi ne mudi. Res pa je, da sem si tga sam kriv. Zmir je tko, che nepoklicanega, k mu gre za (pre)moch, prezgodej zravn spstish.

Zagrenchichnik (se rahlo namuza, malo uzhiva v svoji mochi, in skoraj prezirljivo servira ključni udarec): Kar je blo, je blo. Karnevalizacija v primeru dramatičnega besedila o SRP-u (Svobodni Rakasti Plovbi, al kuga zhe je?) nasprotuje mojemu, kot si domishljam, resnemu delu, oz. sodelovanju. A kot recheno, kar je blo je blo. Pach pa zdaj, po tvoji Endofaziji, po prehajanju nekega zhanra iz literarne fikcije v konkretno urednishko resnichnost, mi je zadost. Tu enostavno vztrajam pri nadaljni nediskutabilnosti dane urednishke realitete in njene avtonomnosti tega podrochja. Ne bi razmishljal o tem, kaj je na drugi strani alternative, saj bi bilo to v nasprotju z (mojo) nediskutabilnostjo.

Shus (prizadeto): Mislish avtoritarnostjo, tvojim literarnim trinoshtvom, tvojo personalno legitimiteto. Je pri sebi ne vidish?

Zagorchnik (preslishi in nadaljuje): Ravno to bi vzpostavilo po moje nepotreben dialog – dialogiziranje, t.j. vzpostavitev zhanra, v katerem ne zhelim biti udelezhen, oz. eksploatiran in potunkan tja, kamor mi ne pashe.

Shus: Nepotreben dialog pravish?

Zagorchnik: In seveda, vzpostavilo bi konsekvence, ki bi sólo sodelovanje, utemeljeno na spontaniteti, ustavilo.

Shus: Ravno nasprotno, dialog odpira vrata spontaniteti in jih zapira tvojemu despotstvu. Prav to, kar ravnokar dialogizirava, so she kako bistvene rechi (se popravi: vrednote) za nashe sozhitje.

Zagorchnik: Spet ne razumesh. Razumel si tako, kot da se jaz zavzemam za strogo dvojnost revije, da gledam na literaturo locheno od ostalih delov revije. Dejansko si bolj prizadevam za preseganje njene dvodelnosti, vsebinsko in oblikovno – pri ureditvi posamezne shtevilke. Svojo vlogo pri tem igra tudi likovni, slikovni, stripski del. Che pa lochujem literarno fikcijo od drugih realitet revije, pri tem bolj mislim na vechzvrstnost revije in na to, da vchasih kakshne stvari le ne kazhe pomeshati.

Shus: Ne, razumel sem tako, da se zavzemas za avtoritarno odlochanje v reviji. Iz literature, estetitike izganjash vse, kar ni chista fikcija, izmishljija, she najbolj pa resnico.

Zagorchnik: Che ne razumesh, bom povedal drugache, skratka, karnevalizacije mojega dela – sodelovanja (se popravi) ne odobravam. Omenil sem potrebno sposhтовanje do mojega urednishkega dela.

Shus: A se t ne zdi, da mal prevečkrat uporablješ ta svojilni zaimek »mojga«?

Shus: The series was actually not fully finished, but I never meant to publish the whole thing. The play would've been enough, maybe even too much for Cpt. Petko. I would leave the selection of parts or excerpts to the editorial board. And then I would publish the entirety to be 'documented' in the POGUM (Spirit) supplement. And I'm in no rush whatsoever. It's true though, that it's my own fault. This always happens if you let the uninitiated in too early.

Sourgorichnik (visibly enjoying his power almost disdainfully serves the final blow): What was, was. The Carnivalisation in the case of the dramatic text about SRP (Sailing Released but Poorly, or whatever it is?) goes against my – as I imagine it – serious work or collaboration. But, as I said; what was, was. But now, after your endofasia, the passing of a genre from literary fiction to tangible editorial reality, I've had enough. I simply insist on all further indisputability of given editorial reality and its autonomy in this field. I won't think about what's on the other side of the alternative, as that would be against (my) non-discussibility.

Shus (hurt): You mean autocracy, literary tyranny, your personal legitimacy. Don't you see it in yourself?

Zagorchnik (ignores this and continues): This is exactly what would induce unnecessary dialogue – 'dialoguesing' i.e. the establishment of a genre in which I want no part or to be exploited and dragged somewhere I don't feel like being.

Shus: Unnecessary dialogue, you say?

Zagorchnik: And of course this would have consequences, which would stop the very collaboration that is based on spontaneity.

Shus: Just the opposite; dialogue opens the door to spontaneity and shuts it on your despotism. The subject of our present dialogue are greatly pertinent matters (»values« - he corrects himself) to our coexistence.

Zagorchnik: You are missing the point again. The way you understand it is that I am striving for a strict duality of the journal, that I view literature as separate from other parts of the journal. In fact, I am sooner striving to overcome its two-part make-up both in content and form – editing each individual issue. It's visual-arts part, pictures and comics play a role as well. And if I am separating literary fiction from the other realities of the journal, I am thinking about the journal's multi-disciplinary character and that sometimes certain things really shouldn't be mixed.

Shus: No, what I understood was that you are striving towards authoritative decision-making at the journal. You purge literature and aesthetics of all but pure fiction, invention, and most of all truth.

Zagorchnik: If you don't understand, let me rephrase; in short – I do not condone the »carnivalisation« of my work – collaboration (he corrects himself). I already mentioned the necessary respect for my work as editor.

Shus: Don't you think you are overusing this possessive pronoun – »my«?

Zagorchnik: Enostavno b ne dal zhivljenja kar za vsako stvar. Najbrzh gre pri tem za neko disciplino, ki se ji pokoravam po svoji naravi zhe od vsega zacetka. Bil sem star zhe ob rojstvu.

Shus: No, tud tle sva si razlichna, she star sem otrochji.

Zagorchnik: Zdej pa dost heca. Zdaj smo pri pravi poeziji. Knjiga leta, a vesh kva je to?

Shus (she bolj zhivchno, z vidno nejevoljo, che ne zhe z odporom, prelistava Chankarjevo trdo poezijo): She enkrat lohk rechem, pridobit jh morsh pet 'za', to je, vechino urednikov in zadeva bo objavljena.

Zagorchnik (nejeverno): A ti bosh pa kar gledov?

Shus: Che bi zdaj reku, kako bom gledal na to, bi blo to res prezgodej, ker she ne vem, al vsaj gvishn nism, pa she ti b triumfalno reku, »glej, glej: poskus vplivanja na urednishtvo«. Cheprav, a ni pr ns tko, da vsak urednik lahko pripishe svojo odlochitev le sebi? Smo avtonomni individuumi, mar ne?

Zagorchnik (odlochno): Kot urednik revije se ne mislim spremeniti v pogajalca in ustvarjati frakcije znotraj revije, potegnit koga za sabo ali se boriti zoper koga. Zato iz urednistva nepreklicno izstopam. Tudi glede tega se ne mislim pogajati.

Shus (vidno navelichano): Pejd no nekam.

Zagorchnik: Ni me treba poshiljati nikamor s to izjavo. Dajem jo tebi in ti vesh, kaj to pomeni?

Shus: Ne chist.

Zagorchnik: Ostalih urednikov revije ni treba s tem obremenjevati in ne predsednika republike Küchanosha.

Shus (zajame sapo, t.j. narochi she eno pivo): To pa ne bo shlo. Urednike je zhe treba seznaniti z nepreklicnim odstopom kolega, in to pisno, she posebej v primeru, ko gre za odstop pishochega urednika s pisno utemeljitvijo svojega nepreklicnega odstopa. Javnost urednikovanja nas zavezuje k temu. Ne vem pa, kaj ma s tem Küchanosh?

Zagorchnik: Zakon o javnih glasilih sta mi s Hanzhejem Lumskim pomolila pod nos kot dokaz, da moje zalozhnishtvo ne more biti soizdajatelj Revije SRP, kar pa je lahko bilo vse od njene ustanovitve.

Shus (globoko srkne): A zato gre. Po novem zakonu o javnih (raz)glasilih, ki ga je res podpisal sam predsednik Küchanosh, je vsem glavnim in odgovornim urednikom prenehala funkcija gl. in odg. urednika, tudi Titu DeDalskemu, che hochesh primer. Prilagoditveni oz. prehodni chas iz starega na novi zakon je veljal dve leti in mi smo tu kar malo zamujali. Poslej bi lahko bil le odgovorni urednik, kar pa si na urednishkem sestanku v Opera baru zavrnil.

Zagorchnik (vskochi): Zame je enostavno neresno in nevzdrzhno, da bi bil odgovorni pri dveh revijah. Pristal sem samo na zachasno stanje, ob stalnem ugovarjanju.

Shus: Ni pa neresno in nefer, che bi bil glavni v obeh revijah.

Zagorchnik: I simply wouldn't dedicate my life to just anything. It's probably in my nature, a sort of discipline I've been submitting myself to from the very beginning. I was born old.

Shus: Well, this is another difference between us, I'm childish even in my old age.

Zagorchnik: Enough joking. This here is real poetry. Book of the year – Do you know what that means?

Shus (even more nervously, visibly annoyed perhaps even repulsed, leafs through Chankar's hard-line poetry): I say again, you have to get five »yeses«, that is the majority of editors, and the thing will get published.

Zagorchnik (incredulously): And you'll just stand by and look?

Shus: It would be premature to say how I'd look on it, because I don't know yet – or at least I'm not sure – and also you'd triumphantly say »looky here, an attempt to influence the editors.« Though, isn't every editor answerable for their decisions to themselves only? We are autonomous individuals, aren't we?

Zagorchnik (firmly): As editor, I have no intention to turn into a negotiator and create factions within the journal, pull anyone in or fight against anyone else. And so, I'm irrevocably stepping down. This is also something I won't negotiate about.

Shus (visibly fed up): Oh, come on!

Zagorchnik: No need to tell me what to do with this statement. I am giving it to you, and you know what it means, don't you?

Shus: Not entirely.

Zagorchnik: No need to burden the other editors with this, or the President of the Republic Küchanosh.

Shus (inhales deeply, i.e. orders another beer): This will not fly. Editors must be informed in writing if a colleague is irrevocably stepping down; in cases when this is a contributing editor it must be done by written clarification of their irrevocable withdrawal. I don't know what Küchanosh has to do with all this, though?

Zagorchnik: You and Hanzhej Lumski shoved the Regulation on Printed Publications in my face as proof that my publishing house cannot be a co-publisher of the SRP Journal, which it had been ever since it was founded.

Shus (takes a long sip): Of that's what it's about. According to the new Regulation on Printed Publications, which was signed by President Küchanosh himself, all chief and managing editors were stripped of the functions of chief and managing editors, including Tito Dedalski – if you want an example. The period of adapting or transition to the new regulation was two years, and we were actually a bit late. Afterwards, you could only be managing editor, which you refused at the editorial meeting at Opera Bar.

Zagorchnik (cuts in): I find it simply puerile and untenable to be managing editor of two journals. I accepted it as a temporary situation, under constant protest.

Shus: It wouldn't be puerile or unfair if you were chief editor of both journals.

Zagorchnik: Meni zadoshcha, da sem bil soustanovitelj revije in tega mi ne more noben vzet. Ne glede na to, ali je to kje zapisano ali ni. Zato ni treba, da je zapisano.

Shus: Tega ti tudi nihče ne jemlje. Pa tudi iz uredništva te nihče ne meče, she vedno lahko sodelujemo.

Zagorchnik: Lahko pod mojimi pogoji.

Shus: Samo reci.

Zagorchnik: Chankarju mesto, ki mu gre, v tej shtevilki revije (21/22). V urejanju revije bom nediskutabilen.

Shus: Niti sluhajno, kar povej jim, da pr nas v reviji svobodne romantiche plovbe Eden in edini nima kej pochet, tud che je sam Adolf Zagorchnik. Da nismo za nediskutabilnost. Sploh pa ne verjamem, da te tako preklet mot Ukaz predsednika. Predsednik Küchanosh podpishe, razglasha v UR-listu vse javne in tajne zakone, tudi npr. tiste o reji malih zhivali, skrtaka, to mu gre po ustavi Slonovenije. Ravno tega ne gre jemat osebno, saj je očitno, da gre tu (v Ur-listu in na prvi strani SRP-a) za igro institucionalnih vlog sistema. Tvoje sozalozhnistvo, kar sam dobro vesh, je bilo bolj zaradi prijaznosti in popustljivosti do tebe in tvojih muh, kot pa dejansko sozalozhnistvo. Poleg tega smo ugotovili, da Fondov Oryja Pála in Gozda, kamor po tvoje sodi tudi en del Revije SRP, uradno sploh ni. Vsaj takrat niso imeli niti zhiro rachuna. Na prvi strani, t.j. v kolofonu pa se v Reviji SRP zhelimo drzhati chrke zakona, sicer nam bodo rekli, da nas uradno ni, ko bomo prosili za subvencije na MIKS-u. No, zhe res, da nam to doslej ni kaj dosti pomagalo, pa vseeno ena stran v reviji po chrki zakona le ni tako huda rech. Saj imamo vendar za pesnjenje prostora she dvesto strani. Ti pa si tako prekleto pesnishko razpolozhen za vsako ceno tudi na tej strani, da me je ob tvojih pesnitvah v kolofonu vedno poshteno bolela glava. Najprej Fondi Oryja Pála in potem Gozd (Gorenjska zalozhnishka družba), vmes she Atelje Otilija, in tako naprej, zdaj v bibliografiji she Zbirka Bela. Edini izdajatelj Revije SRP je Zalozhba Lumi d.o.o. z uradnim sedezhem in sht. zh.r.. To je vse suho uradno in nich pesnishko. In Revija SRP ni »spet ena izmed dveh revij, ki jih prav tako izdajajo Zagorichniki«, in to tudi nikoli ni bila.

Zagorchnik: Pa da neb pozabu: Na Sluzhbo – za raziskave programov RTVL/Slonovenija.

Shus: Ne nisem pozabu, v kolofonu je bla samo v prvem zvezku revije, ko smo she upravicheno prichakovali soustanoviteljstvo RTVL/S. Zdej pa je chisto na koncu v »pesmi« o Svojskosti Revije SRP: »Tak namen ima tudi urednistvo Revije SRP, ki nadaljuje leta 1983 ukinjeni Bilten SShP, (Sluzhbe za shtudij oz. raziskave programa – RTVL).« To je bla in je she vedno vrednotna orientacija revije od ustanovitve do danes. Vendar vrednotna orientacija ni zakonska norma. Domnevam, da ti je kot sodelavcu Revije SRP ta razlika, med vrednotnimi orientacijami in diktatom norm institucij, jasna. Se sam delash, da ti ni.

Zagorchnik: For me, being the co-founder of the journal is enough and no one can take it away from me, whether it's written down somewhere or not. So it doesn't need to exist in writing.

Shus: And no one is denying this. Nobody is pushing you out of the editorial board either; we can continue to collaborate.

Zagorchnik: We can, under my conditions.

Shus: Go on.

Zagorchnik: Chankar receives his rightful space in this issue (21/22). My editorial work will be non-discussible.

Shus: No chance, you can tell them there's no place in our journal of romantic sea-voyage for a One and Only, even Adolf Zagorchnik himself. We don't accept non-discussibility. In any case, I can't believe you have such a problem with the Order of the President. President Küchanosh signs and decrees in the Official Gazette all public and secret laws including those about the rearing of small animals, this is written in the Constitution of Slonewvenia. It shouldn't be taken personally, being that this here (in the official gazette and page 1 of SRP) is obviously about the game of the system's institutional roles. Your co-publication, as you know full well, was a matter of our kindness and tolerance for you peculiarities rather than actual co-publishing. Furthermore, we found out there is no such thing as the Funds of Ory Pál and Forest, to which you are consigning a part of the SRP Journal. At least at that time they didn't even have a bank account. On page one in the colophon of the SRP Journal we want to stick to the letter of the law, or else they'll say we don't officially exist, when we apply for funding with MIKS. It's true that it didn't help us very much so far, still one page in a Journal adhering to the letter of the law is not such a terrible thing. After all, there are two hundred pages left for poetic licence. Still, you're so unyieldingly poetic on page one, that your creativity in the colophon always gave me proper headaches. First it was Ory Pál Funds then Forest (Foreign Establishment), then Atelier Otilijia etc., now Bela Collection in the Bibliography. SRP's only publisher is Lumi Ltd. with an official address and bank account. It's all dry, official, and not poetic at all. And SRP is not one of two journals also published by Zagorichniki, and it never was.

Zagorchnik: And don't forget the RTVL/Slo Service for Programming Research.

Shus: No, I didn't forget. It was only in the colophon of the first issue of the journal, when we were rightfully expecting to be co-founded by RTVL/S. Now it's at the very end, in the »poem« about the Distinctiveness of the SRP Journal: »This is the intent of the editorial board of the SRP Journal, a continuation of the SSP's (Service for the Study of RTVL's Programming) Bulletin, which was cancelled in 1983.« This was and remains the value orientation of the journal from its foundation until today. However, value orientation is not a legal norm. I presume that you, being a SRP contributor, are clear on the difference between value orientations and the dictate of institutional norms. You're just pretending you're not.

Zagorchnik: Vse je blo v redu, dokler se ti nisi ustrashu ob Ukazu predsednika Slonovenije Küchanosha o razglasitvi zakona o javnih (raz)glasilih. Chemur je ravno sledila tvoja pozaba. Ampak brez skrbi: vse te stvari so v skladu z ukazi, ki me v resnici prevech ne zanimajo, kot vesh. In lahko si mislish, che ti rechem, da smo s takshnim mahanjem z zakoni opravl zhe pred 30 leti in se nismo pustl niti samo/zastrashevati. Zato je bilo sploh mogoche, da je Umetnost veljala kot opozicija rezhimu.

Shus: Mislish, da ni bla dopushchena, celo gojena, tako opozicija v umetnosti kot v rezhimski kulturi?

Pa tud nisem chist zihr, da ste s tem zhe opravl.

Zagorchnik: Zhe res, da je en njen del bil tudi na poziciji in oblasti. Tako, kot je tudi danes. Imamo dve pesnishki »drzhavi«, eno – v glavnem epsko, ki je na oblasti, in drugo pesnishko »ne-drzhavo«, v glavnem lirsko, ki morda shele nastaja, a gotovo ni vnaprej kaznovana in obsojana na kakshno lirsko oblast. Kot taka bi bila vnaprej razpushchena in ni oblastna. Zhe zdaj je anarhichna zastran oblasti.

Shus: Anarhichna zhe, sam zavezana mochi, oblasti. A gre za lirsko al epsko dekle, al paradne konje, al drzhavotvorne pesnike, pa ni tuko prekelet usodn. Ampak vseen si to o lirski »ne-drzhavi« tko lepo povedov, da b blo shkoda, che tga ne zapishesh, che nebosh ti, bom pa jaz zate oz. za nashe zanamce. Sam spet sva pri Platonu, k je pesnike pognou vn z drzhave. Konkretno pa pri Kulturbund – Oberkrein in Novi Atlantidi in Emilu Milanu Mariji Loshkem, predsedniku vlade v senci (»pesnishke drzhave«), k je in bo pesnike postavlov in odstavlov za urednike v pesnishki »ne-drzhavi«.

Zagorchnik: Kva je pr tmu narobe?

Shus: Sam to, da se niso sami, k smo zhe mel samoupravljajne.

Zagorchnik: Jaz sem sam shel k njemu in mu reku, da hochem svojo revijo. A sm se sam postavu al se nism?

Shus: Ne! On te je postavu! Oni so te postavl! Ti si se samo ujel na njihov trnk, k se mu reche (po)velichani ego. A s she zmir na laksu (»Ribichev chloveshkih dush«)? Se she nis osvobodu?

Zagorchnik: Prov gvishn, jaz sem urednikoval po svojem konceptu urednishke manipulacije.

Shus: V pesnishki »ne-drzhavi«.

Zagorchnik: Nkar tako, ne v takih tonih. Kot si vidu, se nobenemu pometanju ne branim. Tudi moje soustanoviteljstvo revije je zame zhe preteklost.

Shus: Zdej bosh lepo zaigral she uzhaljenost in prizadetost izigranega, odstavljenga in vse bo she lepo.

Ochishchenje (katarzo) zamenjash s chistko, pa je.

Zagorchnik: No, no, nikar se bat. Vse je tako lepo urejeno, tako na nivoju revije kakor tudi na nivoju drzhave.

Shus: Ni pa na nivoju individuumov, med nama ni.

Zagorchnik: Everything was fine until you got spooked by Slonewvenian President Küchanosh's Regulation on Printed Publication. This incurred your forgetfulness. But don't worry, everything is in keeping with orders, which I'm not really too interested in, as you know. And you can imagine, if I tell you we dispensed with such waving of orders thirty years ago and we didn't let ourselves be self/intimidated. This was what actually made it possible for art to be deemed as the opposition to the regime at all.

Shus: You think it wasn't allowed, even cultivated both as opposition to art and culture of the regime?

And also, I'm not entirely sure you dispensed with it completely.

Zagorchnik: It's true that a part of it was positioned in power. It's the same way today. We have two poetic (republics) »states« one – mostly epic, which is in power, and the other poetic »non-state«, mostly lyrical, that is perhaps still becoming, but is certainly not penalized in advance and sentenced to some lyrical power. As such, it would be disbanded in advance and it isn't power-mongering; it is already anarchic due to those in power.

Shus: Anarchic maybe, but tied to power, authority. Whether it's about a lyrical or epic work, parade horses, or state-forming poets is not really vital here. Still, your description of the lyrical non-state was so beautiful that it would be a shame if you didn't write it down, if you won't, I'll do it for you, or for posterity. We find ourselves at Plato again, who ran poets out of the Republic. More concretely we're at Kulturbund – Oberkrein and New Atlantis, and Emil Milan Marie of Loka, the shadow prime minister (of the »poetic state«), who has and will install poets as editors in the »poetic non-state«.

Zagorchnik: What's wrong with that?

Shus: Only, that they didn't install themselves, being that we had self-management.

Zagorchnik: I went to him myself and told him I wanted my own journal. Did I install myself or didn't I?

Shus: You didn't, he did. They did. You just caught yourself on their hook, which is called inflated ego. Are you still dangling from their line (of the »Fishermen of Human Souls«), Haven't you freed yourself yet?

Zagorchnik: For sure, I edited according to my concept of editing manipulation.

Shus: In a poetic »non-state«.

Zagorchnik: Don't be like that, not in that tone. As you saw, I don't avoid any sweeping. My co-founding of the journal is also in the past for me.

Shus: And now you'll put on a nice act of an offended and hurt, played, deposed man, and all will be beautiful.

Replace a cleanse (catharsis) with a purge, and that's it.

Zagorchnik: Come on don't be afraid. Everything is beautifully arranged, both at the level of the journal and state.

Shus: But not on the individual level; it isn't between us.

Zagorchnik (preslishi in recitira v naprej pripravljen recital): Tako smo na novi stopnji večnosti. Ni preteklosti in ni vech zdajshnosti. Je samo she lepa prihodnost. In tako je tudi prav. Po njeni dolgi mukotrpní odsotnosti je lepa prihodnost spet na obzorju in naj lepo sije. Chim bolj lepo bo sijala, tem manj bomo rabili preteklost in tudi zdajshnost. In schasoma bosta ti dve kategoriji chasa lahko izginili iz večnosti. Lep pozdrav. Pozdravlja te Novi bivshi odgovorni Zagrenchichnik.

(Zagorchnik zmagoslavno odide.)

Shus (jezno sam sebi): Taka je torej ta rech. Vodil je debato po vnaprej pripravljenem scenariju, meni pa se she sanjalo ni. In k je vidu, da drugih ne bo shlo, sploh ni bil uzhalen, she oddahnu si je. Sm kar zinu, onemel. Zagulena diskutabilna diskusija, sm mislu, si domishlov, da jo vodim jaz. In kakshen zakljuchek, za konec mi (na)vrzhe she enga mojih najbolj priljubljenih sogovornikov izven chasa v glavo, in gre, kar odide.

Kronist Shus (uzhaljen, vidno prizadet si mrmra): Ne, tako se ta rech ne more konchati, al pa nisem noben kronist.

»Res chudna združba« (si je pripomnil Shus), »vendar vseeno sodelujemo, in to, kar se da svobodno, spontano. Vendar neka minimalna institucionalizacija je le nujna, neizogibna.«

(Za zdaj Shusu ni padlo v glavo nich pametnejshega, kot da se zopet potopi v endofazijo, ravno tisto nekaj, kar je Zagorchniku shlo tako zelo na zhivce.)

Opomnja ali zabelezhka avtorja: Na sestanku so spet manjkali drugi neizogibni spielverderberji iz kroga Revije SRP: odgovorni urednik Hanzhej Lumski je bil na simposionu sociologov v Portorosu (imel je nespregljivo zapazhen referat o dejstvih socialne restratifikacije, ustno seveda, zanj so se zanimali celo v kabinetu samega predsednika Küchanosha, vendar se je rahlo za bat, da ne bodo prevech navdushen, k ga bojo prebral v reviji, sam kaj ko s chlankom za revijo spet zamuja); zamolchani in izgnani pisatelj v emigraciji Löwen Detel (tudi Löwenmut) je bil itak dopisni chlan in ni hodil na sestanke, poleg tega pa je imel obilo dela s pripravo Kocbekove knjige za zamejstvo seveda (izgnani pisatelj, doma oz. v svoji domovini she vedno ni dovolj spregledan, je po Njih mnenju t.j. slonovenetskih mo(dro)gotcev moral ostati zunaj, samo zato, ker so Oni nezmotljivi); graver in arhechronos Juraj Demitrov, ki je imel toliko dela z rachunalnishkim skeniranjem tekstov in slik in she oblikovanjem teksta revije, da je delal cele nochi (graverju smo rekli tudi arhechronos, zato ker je arhéviral (arhiviral) revijo, jo ohranjal in shiril v chasu, t.j. morebitnim zanamcem, ki se ne bodo ozirali le na trzhnost revije); deontolog Dubl M. Fegoshy, ki je spet sprehajaje oz. to pot kravsaje, koval nov intrvju (to je namrech lahko pochel le sprehajaje, pohajkujoch, minerja-deontologa bo nashel na cesti ali v parku ali pa v bolnici. Zaslovel je namrech po miniraju oz. preplahih, ki jih je povzročil v odvisni reviji Nearhetinktura.

Zagorchnik (ignores him and recites a pre-prepared quote): So we find ourselves on a new stage of eternity. There is no past and no more present. There is only beautiful future. And that is as it should be. After its long insufferable absence, the beautiful future is on the horizon again; let it shine beautifully. The more beautifully it shines, the less need we will have for the past and also present. In time, these two categories of time can disappear from eternity. Farewell, greetings from the New Former Managing Editor Sourgorichnik.

(Zagorchnik victoriously exits.)

Shus (angrily to himself): So that's how it is. He conducted the debate to a pre-prepared scenario, and I had no idea. And when he realized it won't go for it twice, he wasn't even offended but actually relieved. My jaw dropped, I was dumbfounded. What an arduous disputable discussion; I thought, I flattered myself, that I was leading it. And what an exit, he closed by throwing one of my favourite out-of-time conversation partners in my face and then went and just left.

Chronicler Shus (offended, visibly hurt murmurs to himself): No, this can't end like this, or I am no chronicler.

»A truly peculiar company« (Shus commented to himself), »yet we collaborate, quite freely and even spontaneously. But some minimal institutionalization is still necessary, it's unavoidable.«

(For now Shus had no better idea than to immerse himself in endofasia once more, the very thing that was so annoying to Zagorchnik.)

Author's comment or note: Other unavoidable spoilers of the game in the SRP circle were missing the meeting again: Managing Editor Hanzej Lumski was at a sociological symposium in Portoroso (holding a visibly noticed paper on the facts of social re-stratification, orally of course, he even commanded interest at the Cabinet of President Küchanosh himself, but there's a slight concern they wouldn't be overly thrilled to read it in the journal. But he's late with his submission again); the withheld and expelled emigrant writer Löwen Detel (also Löwenmut) was a corresponding member anyway and didn't attend meetings; he was also very busy preparing Kocbek's book – for the foreign audience of course (the expelled writer is still not 'withheld' enough at home in his native land; in accordance with Their – Slonewendian wise men(gnates)' opinion he had to stay abroad, just because they are infallible); the engraver and archaeochronos Juraj Demitrov, who had so much work computer-scanning texts and images as well as designing the journal, that he worked through nights (we called the engraver 'archaeochronos', because he archaevd (archived) the journal and kept and disseminated it through time, i.e. to potential future audiences, who will not focus merely on its marketability), deonthologist Dubl M. Fegoshy, who was abumlatingly – this time hobblingly ironing out a new interview (he could only do it walking, rambling around; he will find a deonthologist bomber on the street or in a park or hospital. He gained fame through blowing up or scares he caused in the dependent Non-Archetincture journal.

Izbrskal je za malo dezhelo, kot je Slonovovenija, prav neverjetno dosti neoseb t.j. osebnosti, ki so se jih pomembni Slonovovenci v imenu in za dobrobit vseh ostalih pravočasno in temeljito odrekli. Na enem od ustvarjalnih pohodov je tako nesrečno padel, da si je nalomu kolk); svobodni literat Ant Ivich je sicer prishel, a z veliko zamudo, do zadnjega je gledal tele-vizhn in si belezhil dosezhke za TV belezhke, pa ni she chisto skoval zadnjih epigramov (sicer pa je bil zelo predan slonovenetskemu stripu, pa she zhvet je moral od nechesa, kdo bi mu lahko to zameru, cheprav svobodni umetniki za prezhitvetje kar se da mal rabjo); eminentni kritik Maras Kremplgauner (Kernmauer) je itak pogojeval sodelovanje z edinim, a brezpojnim pogojem, da se ga nikoli, ampak res nikdar, ne pokliche na sestanek (bil jih je za vselej do grla sit, brezplachni prispevek pa je le obljubu); edini ustavobranitelj (zaustavnega dvorishcha) Misha Krovic pa je garal celo prejsnjo in she eno predprejsnjo noch, ker je pisal locheno mnenje. Klicati ga na sestanke zaradi takih rechi, to bi res ne bilo primerno, nepredsednika t.j. ustavobranitelja bo ob priliki, ko bo imel kanchek chasa, obiskal na njegovem domu na Sav (nepredsednik so mu rekli, ker bi v Samovi drzhavi in tudi v Karantaniji bil predsednik, v Slonoveveniji ali Slonovovenetiji pa ne, ker je bil prevech principielen oz. samosvoj); izgnani Atlant (oz. Atlant v izgnanstvu) Andreas Luman ni maral gostilnishkih oz. barskih sestankov, raje si je dopisoval s prijatelji in prijateljicami (dost jim je blo tga, da zjutraj, ko se dan zachne, v poshtnem nabiralniku pobirajo sam reklame, pa propagandni material vseh sort, zato so si raje izmenjavali pesmi in kratko prozo, skratka nekaj zhivega, osebnega). Shusu pa se je milo storilo, ko se je spomnil na zlate chase Mesing-bara, k je v Vòlanverkaf-u Plavcu kishte raskladov, pa bicikle in gumilezumge prodajov, pa zmír prekratke shlahuhshchke za ventilchke, pa pumpe, k so jih zhenske reklamirale, chesh, da se pr pumpanju prevech segrejejo. Zhe res, da je bil zmatran, a pir se mu je velik bl prlegu k dons. Pomembni sozarotniki oziroma, pravilneje recheno, sopodporniki spielverderberjev: romantichni tiskar Vitalus Div, scenografoslikar Jovani Spacolini in vsi, ki so vsaj dvakrat nastopili na spolzki sceni paralelne stvarnosti, pa se teh in takih iger znotraj kroga niso udelezhevali oz. so se le, che je bilo na dnevnem redu kaj konkretnega (kak konkreten posel) za njih. Vsi ostali pishochi sodelavci iz kroga mrzke revije pa so se urednishtva t.j. Opera bara izogibali, vechinoma iz strahu, da jih ne bi takoj vpregli v urednishki odbor, res pa je, da nekateri tudi zato, ker ne prenashajo cigaretnega dima in alkoholnih hlapov in barskega zhivzhava nasplloh.

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Opomba: Sledi Endofazijski epilog: Na Rodos; Nazaj v navadno stvarnost, ki je povzet v prispevku O vrednotah (v) stvarah.

V Ljubljani, oktobra 1997

For a small country like Slonewvenia, he was able to dig up an incredibly great number of non-persons, i.e. personalities, who were timely and thoroughly denied

by the important Slonewvenians in the name and for the benefit of all others. At one of his creative hikes, he took such an unfortunate fall that he fractured his hip); free author Ant Ivich actually made it but was very late, he had been watching tele-vision and jutting down the accomplishments for TV notepads, and he hadn't quite finished coining the final epigrams (generally, he was very dedicated to Slonewvenian graphic novels, and he had to make a living somehow; who could blame him, even if free artists need very little to survive); eminent critic Maras Krempлгаuner (Kernmauer) based his collaboration on the single mandatory condition that he never, but truly never ever, be called to a meeting (he was entirely fed up with them, but he did promise to pay the free contribution); the only defender of the constitution (of the const(op)ititutional court) Misha Krovic was hard at work the entire night before and the previous one and the one before that, writing a separate opinion. To call him in for meetings for such matters would be truly inappropriate; he will visit the non-president, i.e. defender of the constitution in his home on Sav. (They called him Non-president, due to the fact that he would be president in Samo's Empire and Carantania but not in Sloneveina or Slonewendia because he was too principled or too distinct); expelled Atlantian (or Atlantian in exile) Andreas Luman, disliked meetings at inns or bars, he preferred corresponding with friends of both genders (they've had it with only receiving advertising and propaganda of all sorts in their mailboxes in the morning when the day starts, so they opted to exchange poetry and short prose instead, something living and personal). Shus was moved when he thought about the golden age of Mesing-bar, who unloaded boxes and sold bicycles and tube patches in Vòlanverkaf Blue along with valve rubber tubing that was always too short and bicycle pumps that were returned by women saying they got too hot during pumping. He was tired, sure, but beer tasted better to him then than now. Important co-conspirators, or to put it better, co-supporters of the game-spoilers: romantic printer Vitalus Div, scenography painter Jovani Spacolini and everyone who took at least two runs on the slippery scene of parallel reality never took part in these games of the circle or their like; or they did only when there was something concrete on the agenda (some tangible business) for them. All other contributing collaborators from the circle of the hated journal kept clear of the editing office, i.e. Opera Bar, most out of fear they would be roped into the editorial board immediately; it's true though, that some did so because they couldn't tolerate cigarette smoke or alcohol fumes and general bustle of the bar.

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Note: An Endofasian epilogue follows: 'To Rhodos; Back to Ordinary Reality, which is summarized in the contribution titled 'On Values (of) Things' [O vrednotah (v) stvarh.].

Ljubljana, October 1997

Translated from Slovenian by Jaka Jarc





Svojskost *LiVeS Journala – Revije SRP*

Vodilo *LiVeS Journala – Revije SRP* so tri vrednotne orientacije individua, tega ne nepomembnega drobca v sistemu institucij.

Te vrednote so: Svoboda, Resnica, Pogum. Pomembne so, vsaka od njih posebej, pomembno je prezhemanje teh vrednot.

Tak namen ima tudi uredništvo Revije SRP, ki izhaja v posodobljenem prvotnem slovenskem chrkopisu bohorichici, katere utemeljitev predstavlja *Zbornik 2001 Boborichica*.

### Individuality of the *LiVeS Journal*

Guidelines of the *LiVeS Journal* are the three values of the orientation of the individual, that irrelevant shred in the system of institutions.

These values are: Liberty (freedom), Verity (truth), and Spirit (courage) Each of them is important in its separate way, the infusion of these values is important.

This is also the intention of the LiVeS Journal editorial board, which is published in an updated version of *Bohorichica* – the primary Slovenian alphabet, the argumentation behind which is presented in *Zbornik 2001 Bohorichica*.

Sama ustvarjalnost in avtonomija,  
njuna utemeljenost v raziskovanju,  
nachelno in splošno nista vprashljivi,  
nihče, skoraj nihče ne bo nasprotoval  
takim usmeritvam. Problem se pojavlja  
shele na konkretnem nivoju, kot tak je  
nerazviden in skrit ali zhe prikrit  
in s tem tezhko reshljiv.

Problem ukinjanja ustvarjalnosti  
(in avtonomije) se kazhe v shtevilnih,  
a na videz nepomembnih malenkostih.  
Lahko jih ne vidimo ali pa se moramo  
spustiti na nivo konkretnosti, to je  
na nivo ukvarjanja z malenkostmi  
in postati malenkostni.

Institucija brez spomina je  
kakor podjetje brez knjigovodstva,  
mochni in mogochni v njej  
pochno, kar jih je volja,  
ker vse, kar pochno, utone  
v pozabljivi zavesti chasa.

...

a ne gre za chas, ampak za dejstva zavesti,  
kjer chasa ni, je samo trajanje,  
obche vrednote so neposredna dejstva zavesti,  
vsakomur dojemljive, preverljive,  
nihče jih chloveku ne more ne dati ne vzeti,  
ne sistem ne institucija ne propaganda, tudi kulturna ne,  
samo che to sam hoche, jih bo nashel  
le v sebi, sebstvu svojem.

Creativity and autonomy themselves,  
their justification in research,  
are in principle and generally not questionable,  
no one, or next to no one will oppose  
such an orientation. It is not until concrete action is undertaken  
that the problem will occur, and it is therefore  
unevident and hidden or even already concealed  
and thus difficult to solve.

The problem of abolishing creativity  
(and autonomy) presents itself in numerous,  
but seemingly irrelevant details.

We can either leave them undetected or  
drop down to the tangible level, in other words –  
become preoccupied with trifles –  
and grow petty.

An institution with no memory  
is like a company without accounting,  
its strong and its mighty  
do what they please,  
because all they do is doomed to drown  
in the forgetful awareness of time.

...

but it is not a matter of time, but a matter of the facts of awareness,  
where time does not exist, there is only length,  
general values are direct facts of awareness,  
understandable to all, verifiable,  
no one can bestow them or take them away,  
neither system, nor institutions nor propaganda – not even a cultural one,  
only if one so desires, will one find them  
only within oneself, in one's own self.

»Torej vsako bitje, ki občuti svojo eksistenco,  
občuti zločin pokorjenosti in težji k svobodi;  
če se še zivali, ki so udomachene za sluzhenje chloveku,  
lahko podrede shele potem, ko jim zatro nasprotno zheljo,  
kakshna nesrecha je to lahko za chloveka,  
ki je edini resnichno rojen zato,  
da zhivi svobodno.

Napravila ga je nenaravnega do te mere,  
da je izgubil praspomin na svoje prvobitno stanje,  
in na zheljo, da ga ponovno ozhivi ...  
Vedno pa se najdejo eni, srechnejshi od drugih,  
ti, ki so rojeni pod srechno zvezdo,  
ki občutijo težho jarma in ne morejo vzdrzhati,  
da bi ga ne stresli, ti, ki se nikoli ne navadijo na jarem ...

*Ko bi bila svoboda povsem izgubljena,  
zunaj tega sveta,  
bi jo ti ljudje ozhivili v svoji predstavi,  
občutili bi jo v **svojem duhu** in jo she vedno uzhivali.*

Suzhenjstvo nikakor ni po njihovem okusu,  
celo ko je to okrasheno, ne! ...«

*Étienne de La Boétie*

»So every being that feels its existence,  
feels the crime of submission and strives for freedom;  
if even animals that are tamed to serve man,  
do not submit until their opposing desires are crushed,  
what misfortune can this be for man,  
who alone is truly born,  
to live freely.

It made him so unnatural,  
that he forgot the memory of his primeval state,  
and the desire to again revive it ...  
But you always find some who are happier than others,  
the ones who are born under a lucky star,  
who feel the weight of the yoke and cannot stop themselves,  
from shaking it off, the ones who never grow accustomed to the yoke ...

*If liberty were to be completely lost,  
out of this world,  
then these people would revive it in their imaginations,  
they would feel it in **their spirit** and continue to enjoy it.*

Servitude is by no means to their taste,  
not even if it is adorned! ...«

*Étienne de La Boétie*

## OPOMBA UREDNISHTVA

LiVeS Journal (in *Revija SRP*): <http://www.livesjournal.eu> (<http://www.revijasrp.si>)

Internetna uporaba *Revije SRP* je brez omejitev; enako velja za *LiVeS Journal*, ki mu je z vzporedno dvojezičnostjo namenjena širša dostopnost, tudi za izseljenske korenine. Predvideno je, da bodo med novimi sodelavci tudi prevajalci, ki bodo postopoma dodajali prevode iz *Revije SRP* v »globalnem jeziku« (za globalni zgodovinski spomin), danes v angleškem (britanskem ali ameriškem). Izvirnik vsakega teksta je avtorski unikat, prevodov pa je lahko vech, zato bo v internetni izdaji *LJ* kak prevod lahko tudi dodan k predhodnemu ali pa ga bo nadomestil.

## EDITORIAL NOTE

LiVeS Journal (and *Revija SRP*): <http://www.livesjournal.eu> (<http://www.revijasrp.si>)

Internet use of *Revija SRP* is without limits; the same is valid for *LiVeS Journal*, for which the wider accessibility is intended by the means of two parallel languages, even to the roots of diasporas. It is expected that the new translators among the contributors gradually will add new translations of the texts from *Revija SRP* in the »global language« (for the global historical memory), today in English (British or American). Every original text is unique as a fact of authorship, but translations may be several, so in the Internet edition of *LJ* new translations also could be added to the preliminary ones, or those could be replaced.