

&lt;CE-BГ-K1&gt;

Ružna reč: „oguglali” zapanjila me je svojom iznenadnom istinitošću.

– Nama se samo čini da se ne menjamo – rekoх rastužen iznenadnim otkrićem krhkosti naše mržnje pred hordama sa svih strana nadirućih ogavnosti, među koje je svakako spadao i Krsmanov predlog da Jelena, ili ja, da neko od nas dvoje napiše Stavrinu biografiju.

– Misliš da se menjamo? – upita Jelena, ne prestajući da kuca.

– Mislim da se čovek... da se i mi, Jejo, sramno lako navikavamo na najgore – rekoх, siguran da će Jelena razumeti da govorim o njenom pristanku na saradnju s Krsmanom. Ipak, nisam očekivao da će ponovo, s toliko odlučnosti, nastaviti da srlja, negde, tamo gde je naumila po svaku cenu stići.

– Završavam biografiju – reče.

Time je sve rekla. Svet mi se izmicao ispod nogu. Pipao sam nožnim palčevima da li je još tu. Pogrešna procena. Netačno sam protumačio kraj naše pijane svađe.

Ja, koji znam Jelenu bolje nego ikog drugog, i bolje nego iko drugi na svetu. Nije odustala.

Kada sam se pribrao, shvatih da ni ja ne mogu odustati, pa, istrošene svađalačke snage, odlučih da probam na pomirljiv način slomiti Jeleninu upornost. Na brzinu smislih rečenicu:

– Potop prostakluka po kome pluta Arka sa dvoje spasenih pravednika.

Šenim. Pretvaram se u toy-poodle. Ližem joj ruke i umiljato cvilim.

Rečenica, pažljivo smišljana i odmereno precizna, bila je, naime, jasan uvod u „igru književnih podvala,” koju smo Jelena i ja veoma voleli. Počeli smo je smišljati još u ranoj mladosti. Dugo nam je za igru bilo neophodno prisustvo trećeg, ili trećih.

Suština je u tome što rečenica mora biti sročena tako da se našoj gospođici

Melaniji, profesoru algebre i geometrije Stojiću, prijateljima koje hoćemo da izigramo, jednom rečju, da se „trećima” a to će reći: svima drugima – književni sklop učini nenadmašno lepim i dubokim, dok nas dvoje, obesno zabavljeni lukavošću našeg preduzeća, proničemo njegovu loše prikrivenu ispraznost i kičenu prostotu.

Kako smo rasli, igra se nije menjala, ali je s našim sazrevanjem postajala sve finija u prelivima, tako da nam, već godinama, nisu potrebni „drugi.” „Druge” pretpostavimo. Smejemo im se u odsustvu. Dovoljno nam je da „druge” zamišljamo kao nasamarenu stranku, koja za nas u tome času predstavlja ceo svet.

Slobodan Selenić: Ubistvo s predumišljajem

<CE-БГ-К1-4-01>

A foul word: "indurated" amazed me with its sudden truthfulness.

- It only seemed to us that we aren't changing - I said saddened by the sudden discovery of our hatred's fragility before the hoards from all sides of rushing revulsions, which certainly included Krsman's suggestion that Jelena, or I, that either of us write Stavra's biography.

Do you think that we are changing? - asked Jelena while typing incessantly.

- I think that a man... that we as well, Jeja, are ridiculously easy becoming used to the worst - I said, certain that Jelena would understand that I am talking about her agreeing to the collaboration with Krsman. However, I did not expect that she would again, with such determination, go on rushing, somewhere, to the point where she had decided to reach at any cost.

- I am finishing the biography - she said.

With this, she said it all. The world moved beneath my feet. I touched it with my finger toes to see if it was still there. It was a wrong estimate. I failed to understand the end of our drunk fight.

I, who knew Jelena better than anyone else, and better than anyone who knew her in the world.

When I pulled myself together, I realized that even I could not quit, so, with dissipated energy for quarrelling, I decided to try and crush her determination. I quickly came up with a sentence:

- The flood of rudeness in which Arka floats with two saved righteous men.

I was begging. I was turning into a toy-poodle. I was licking her hands and softly whimpering.

The sentences, carefully created and weighedly precise, had mainly been a clear introduction into a "game of literary frauds", which Jelena and I dearly loved. We started devising it as early as in our youth. Presence of a third, or three people had been necessary for a long time for our game. The key was that the sentence must be formed in such a way as to make its literary construction unmatchingly pretty and deep to our Mrs Melanije, to the algebra and geometry professor Stojic, to friends which we wanted to play out, to put it differently, to third people, that is, to everyone else, while both of us, wickedly amused by the cunningness of our undertakings, fathomed its poorly hidden shallowness and ornamented baseness. As we grew older, the game was not changing, but with our maturing it was becoming more refined in its stages, so that for years we did not need the "others", presumably. We laugh at them in their absence. It was enough for us to think of the "others" as a tricked party which for us in that moment represented the whole world.

<CE-БГ-К1-4-02>

The ugly word "indurated" stunned me with its sudden truthfulness.

- It only appears to us that we never change - I said saddened by the sudden discovery of fragility of our hatred before the hordes of swelling repugnances, among which was Krsman's suggestion that Jelena, or me, one of us write Stavra's biography.

- You think we are changing? - Jelena asked, constantly typing.

- I think people... we also, Jeja, get used to the worst with embarrassing ease. - I said, certain that Jelena would understand I was talking about her agreement to cooperate with Krsman. Still, I did not expect her to, again, with such determination, continue to surge, in some direction, where she had set her mind to arrive at, no matter what.

- I'm finishing the biography - she said.

She said everything by saying that. The world moved under my feet. I was feeling with my toes whether it still stood there. Misjudgement. I misjudged the end of our drunk argument.

I, who knew Jelena better than I knew anyone else, and better than anyone in the world knew her.

She wouldn't give up.

When I came to, I realized that neither I could quit, and, deprived of fighting ability, I decided to try to crush Jelena's determination in a peaceful way. In a rush I came up with a sentence:

- The flood of churlishness where Arka floats with two saved righteous men.

I was begging. I was turning into a toy-poodle. I was licking her hands and sweetly whimpering.

The sentence, carefully thought out and deliberately precise, was, namely, a clear prelude to the "game of literary pranks" which Jelena and I loved very much. We started creating it as early as our youth. Presence of a third person or third persons had long been necessary for our game. The point was to form the sentence in such a way to make its literary construction unsurpassably beautiful and deep to our Mrs Melanija, to algebra and geometry professor Stojic, to friends we wanted to trick, in other words to third persons, i.e. to everyone else, while the two of us, wickedly amused by the cunningness of our design, fathomed its poorly hidden shallowness and ornamented simplicity. As we grew older, the game did not change, but with our maturing it was becoming more refined in layers, so that we didn't need "others" for years, let's suppose. We make fun of them in their absence. It was enough for us to imagine "the others" as the deceived party, who represented the whole world for us in that moment.

<CE-БГ-К1-4-03>

I was amazed by the sudden truthfulness of the ugly-sounding word "desensitized".  
 - It only seems to us that we do not change - I said saddened by the sudden realization of the frailty of our hatred towards the atrocities surging in from all directions, certainly including Krsman's suggestion that Jelena or I, that either one of us write Stavra's biography.

- Do you believe we do change? - Jelena asked, still typing.

- I believe that man... that we too, Jejo, adapt to the worst with shameful ease - I said, certain that Jelena would understand that I was referring to her acceptance to work with Krsman. Still, I did not expect her to, once again, continue to rush with such determination towards some place that she had contrived to reach at any cost.

- I'm finishing up the biography - she said.

With those words she said it all. The ground was crumbling beneath my feet. I was pressing my toes down to check if it was still there. Wrong guess. I misinterpreted the end of our drunken argument.

I, who knew Jelena better than anyone else, and better than anyone else in the world did.

She didn't give up.

Once I collected myself, I realized that I couldn't give up either, so, with a drained argumentative spirit, I decided to try and break Jelena's determination by apologetic means. I quickly devised a sentence:

- A flood of vulgarity on top of which an ark with two rescued righteous people is floating.

I'm begging. I'm turning into a toy poodle. Licking her hands and squealing sweetly.

The sentence, carefully crafted and composedly precise, was, namely, a clear introduction to the game of literary pranks, which Jelena and I were quite fond of. We had started thinking it up in our youth. For a long time, we needed the presence of a third player or players. The point was for the sentence to be put together in a way that our Ms Melanija, our algebra and geometry teacher Stojic, our friends that we wanted to trick, in brief, all the "third players", that is to say: in a way that everyone else finds the literary construction incomparably beautiful and profound, while the two of us, pretentiously entertained by the slyness of our action, would fathom its poorly hidden vacuity and embellished vulgarity. As we grew, the game did not change, but with us maturing it became more and more refined in its layers, so that for years now we did not need "others". We imagined the "others". We laughed in their absence. It was enough for us to imagine the "others" as the deceived third party that we saw in that moment as the entire world.

<CE-БГ-К1-4-04>

An ugly word: "to indurate" bewildered me with its sudden truthfulness.

- It only seems to us that we don't change - I said saddened with the sudden revelation of the fragility of our hatred in front of hordes from all sides of the bubbling revulsions, among which certainly was Krsman's proposal that either Jelena or I, one of us, writes Stavre's biography.

- You think we should switch? - asked Jelena, without stopping typing.

- I think that Man... you and I, Jeja, shamefully easily get used to the worst - I uttered, confident that Jelena would understand that I was talking about her agreement to cooperate with Krsman. Though, I didn't expect that she would still, with so much determination, continue to rush somewhere, to where she was so intent on arriving, whatever the cost.

- I'm finishing the biography - she said.

With that, she said it all. The earth was slipping from under my feet. I used my big toes to touch it, to see if it was still there. Erroneous estimation. I wrongly construed the end of our drunken fight.

I, who knew Jelena better than anyone else, and better than anyone who knew her. She didn't quit.

When I pulled myself together, I realized that I too couldn't quit, so, with spent fighting endurance, I decided to try in a conciliatory way to break Jelena's determination. Swiftly, I thought of a sentence:

- The Ark with two saved righteous men floats on the Deluge of vulgarity.

I was going insane. I was turning into her toy-poodle. I was licking her hands and whining cuddly.

The sentence, carefully thought through and matter-of-factly precise, was, namely, a clear introduction into "the game of literary traps" which Jelena and I loved dearly. We started making it up in our early youth. For a long time, we needed a third person or persons to play the game. The essence is that the sentence must be spelled so that to our Miss Melanija, the algebra and geometry teacher Stojić, friends we wanted to play, in one word to "the others" and that is to say to all the others - the literary set is made immensely beautiful and profound, while the two of us, haughtily entertained by the cunningness of our company, pierce its poorly covert vanity and ornamented simplicity. As we grew, the game stayed the same, but as we matured it became finer in the nuances, so, for years now, we didn't need "the others". We assume "the others." We laugh in their absence. It is sufficient for us to imagine "the others" as tricked parties, which for us at that moment represent the whole world.

<CE-БГ-К1-4-05>

What an ugly word: "to google" I was stunned by its sudden truth.

"It just appears to us that we do not change", I said saddened by the sudden discovery of fragileness of our hate before the hordes of invading revulsion from all sides, among which was Krsma's suggestion that Jelena, or myself, that some of us write Stavra's biography.

"Would you like if we switched?", Jelena asked without stopping to type.

"I believe that a man... that we, Jejo, shamefully get used to the worst so easily", I said, being assured that Jelena would understand that I was talking about her consent to collaborate with Krsman. Still, I did not expect that she would again with so much determination continue to rush, somewhere where she was determined to arrive at any cost.

"I am finishing the biography", she said.

She said it all with those words. I could not feel the ground. I tried to feel it with my toes. Wrong estimation. I misinterpreted the ending of our drunk fight.

I, who knew Jelena better than any other person, and better than anyone knew her on the planet.

She did not give up.

When I composed myself, I realized that I could not give up either, so, with the wasted energy on fights I decided to break Jelena's persistence in a conciliatory way. I quickly thought of a sentence:

"The flood of vulgarity on which Arka was floating with two saved righteous men.

I am begging. I am turning into a toy-poodle. I am licking her hands and whining in a lovable way.

The sentence, carefully constructed and weighedly precise, namely, was the clear introduction to "the game of literary pretentious nonsense" which Jelena and I loved very much. We started inventing it in our early youth. For a long time we needed the presence of a third person or of three other people for the game. It is essential that the sentence is constructed in such a manner that it appears to our miss Melanija, to our professor of algebra and geometry, Stojic, to our friends we planned to trick, in one word, to the "thirds", meaning to the rest- that the literary composition is unsurpassedly beautiful and deep, while the two of us, arrogantly amused with slyness of our accomplishment, fathomed its concealed vanity and external simplicity. As we grew, the game remained the same, but with our maturing it became more and more refined in different shades, so for years we did not need "anyone else". "The others" we suppose. We laugh in their absence. It is enough only to imagine "the others" as a tricked party which represents a whole world to us in that moment.

<CE-БГ-К1-4-06>

I was astonished by the sudden truth value of a bad word phrase "to become indifferent".

- It only seems to us that we don't change - I said, disheartened by the sudden realization of the fragility of our hatred before the hordes of advancing revulsions surrounding us from every side, among which was Krsman's suggestion that Jelena, or I, that one of the two of us write Stavrina's biography .

- Do you think we change? - asked Jelena, knocking continually.

- I think that man... and we as well, Jejo, has shamefully and easily got used to the worst - said I, positive that Jelena would understand that I was talking about her acceptance to work with Krsman. Still, I didn't expect that she would again, with such determination, continue to go deeper, somewhere, where she had made up her mind to get at all costs.

- I'm finishing the biography - said she.

Saying that, she said everything. The world was moving away from my feet. I was touching it with my toes to see whether it was still there. Wrong conclusion. I had understood the end of our drunk quarrel wrongly.

I, who knew Jelena better than anyone else, and better than anyone else in this world.

She didn't give up.

When I pulled myself together, I realised I couldn't give up either, so, with no more strength to argue, I decided to try to make her relent/give in by being apologetic. I swiftly came up with a sentence:

- A stream of rudeness Arka was floating on with two saved righteous people.

I'm humbly begging. I'm becoming a toy-poodle. I'm licking her hands and tenderly whining.

The sentence, judiciously and precisely formulated, was, namely, a clear introduction to "the game of literary tales", Jelena and I really liked. We started planning it in our adolescence. We had needed a third member for the game for a long time, or many third members .

The point is that a sentence must be composed in such a way as to make its literary frame seem unsurpassably beautiful and deep to our Mis Melanija, the algebra and geometry teacher Stojić, friends we want to trick, in one word, to "the third members", and that is: to all others, while the two of us, wantonly entertained by the slyness of our company, are getting to the bottom of its badly concealed vanity and spruced crudity. As we grew older, the game didn't change, but it became more refined in its transitions with our maturing, so, for years now, we didn't need "others". "Others", let's assume. We are laughing at them in their absence. It is enough for us to imagine "others" as a befooled party, which at that moment is the entire world.

<CE-БГ-К1-4-07>

The ugly word: "<\*>" has stunned me by its immediate truthfulness.

- It only seems to us that we are changing - I said sick at heart because of the sudden discovery of how fragile is our hate in front of the hordes of disgust that are lurking form everywhere, including of course Krsman's suggestion that Jelena or me, one of us, should write Stavra's autobiography

- Do you think that we are changing? - asked Jelena, typing continuously.

- I think that a man... that we too, Jeja , are shamefully easy getting accustomed to the worst - I said, certain that Jelena would understand that I was talking about her consent for cooperation with Krsman. Nevertheless, I did not expect that she would again continue to <\*> somewhere where she intended to go at any cost, with so much determination

- I am finishing the autobiography - she said.

Uttering this, she said everything. The whole world was slipping under my feet. I was touching the ground with my big toes to see if it was still there. Wrong conclusion. I misinterpreted the end of our drunken quarrel.

I, who had known Jelena better than anybody, better that anyone else in the world. She did not give up.

When I collected myself , I realized I couldn't give up either, so I, with my used up strength for quarrelling, decided to try to break Jelena's determination in a conciliatory way. I quickly came up with a sentence:

- The flood of impudence on which Ark with two survived honourable persons was floating.

I'm going crazy. I'm becomming toy-poddle. I'm licking her hands and whining endearingly.

A sentence, carefully formed and appropriately accurate was, namely, a clear introduction to "the game of literary pranks" that Jelena and I loved so much. We had started inventing it at an early age. It had taken us a long time before we could play it without a third person, or third persons. The essence was that the sentence must've been formed in the way that Melanija, our algebra and geometry teacher Stojic, our friends who we want to fool, in a word, in a way that "third persons" and that meant: all others found the literary set incomparably beautiful and deep, while the two of us were penetrating into their poorly concealed emptiness and decorated primitiveness. As we were growing older, our game wasn't changing, however, as we became mature it was becoming more refined in its nuances, so that we didn't need "others" for years now. We presupposed "others". We were poking fun at them because of their absence. It's enough to imagine "others" as if they were deceived party, which represented the whole world in that moment.



<CE-БГ-К1-4-08>

The ugly word: "familiarized" has amazed me with its sudden truthfulness. "It just seems to us that we do not change," I said, saddened by the sudden discovery of the fragility of our hatred towards hordes of emerging foulness all around us, which certainly included Krsman's suggestion that Jelena, or myself, write Stavre's biography.

- You think we're changing? Asked Jelena, knocking ceaselessly .

"I think that mankind... that we, Jeja, are shamefully quickly accustomed to the worst," I said, sure that Jelena would understand that I was talking about her consent to cooperating with Krsman. Nevertheless, I did not expect that, with so many determination, she would continue to storm off to somewhere, where she was willing to reach at all costs.

"I'm finishing my biography," she said.

With that, she said everything. The ground has disappeared under my feet. I kept feeling out with my toes if it was still there. Wrong estimate. I misinterpreted the end of our drunken argument.

Yes, I know Jelena better than anyone else, and better than anyone else in the world.

She did not give up.

When I got it together, I realized that I could not give up as well, so, having ran out quarreling energy, I decided to try to break Jelena's persistence in a conciliatory manner. Rapidly I think of the sentence:

- A flood of volcanoes on which an Arc sailed with two saved righteous people.

I'm begging. I'm turning into a toy-poodle. I licking her hands and I endearingly whine.

The sentence, carefully designed and measured accurately, was, to be sure, a clear introduction to the game of literary pranks, "which Jelena and I really loved. We started thinking about it at an early age. For the game we have long needed a presence of a third, or thirds. The essence is that the sentence must be spelled so that our Madame Melania, our teacher of algebra and geometry Stojic, the friends we want to play a prank on, in one word, "thirds" meaning: all of them - make the literary construction incomparably beautiful and deep, while the two of us, delightedly entertained by the cunningness of our endeavor, find out its poorly hidden vanity and spruce simplicity. As we grew, the game did not change, but with our maturation it was becoming finer in the dressings, so we have not needed the others for years. "Others" we assume. We laugh at them in their absence. It is enough for us to imagine the "others" as a fooled party, which for us at that time represents the entire world.

<CE-БГ-К1-4-09>

The dirty word "to indurate" struck me with its surprising truthfulness.

- We only think that we're changing - I said saddened by the sudden realization of the feebleness of our hate before the hordes of vulgar things pouring in from all sides, among which definitely belonged Krsman's suggestion that either Jelena or I, that one of us, should write Stavra's biography.

- You think we're changing? - Jelena asked as she continued typing.

- I think that man... that we as well, Jela, get used to the worst in a shamefully easy manner - I said, certain that Jelena would understand I was talking about her consent to work with Krsman. Still, I did not expect her to once again, with so much determination, continue going head-first, somewhere, where she intended to get at all cost.

- I'm finishing the biography. - she said.

With that she said everything. The world was slipping away from under my feet. I was feeling with my toes if it was still there. Wrong estimation. I had erroneously assessed the ending of our drunken row.

I, who knows Jelena better than I know anyone else, and better than anyone else knows her in the world.

She didn't give up.

When I pulled myself together, I realized that I couldn't give up either, so, my energy for quarrelling having been exhausted, I decided to try to break Jelena's persistence in a reconciling manner. I quickly thought up a sentence:

- The flood of vulgarity on which floats Arka with two of the saved righteous.

I am begging her. I am turning into a toy-poodle. I am licking her hands and whining humbly.

The sentence, thought up carefully and gauged precisely, was, namely, a clear introduction into a game of literary pranks, which Jelena and I really loved. We had begun coming up with it in our early youth. For a long while we required the presence of somebody else, or the others for the game. The gist of it is that the sentence should be formulated in such a way so as to make our Miss Melanija, our algebra and geometry professor Stojic, our friends that we want to dupe, in one word, the others, that is to say: everyone else - think of the literary unit as unsurpassably beautiful and deep, while the two of us, mischievously entertained by the slyness of our enterprise, are discerning its badly concealed vanity and gaudy tastelessness. As we grew older, the game did not change, but with our maturing it became ever so finer in nuances, so that, for years, we haven't needed the others. We hypothesize the others. We laugh at them in their absence. It is enough for us to imagine the "others" as a deceived party, which, at that moment, represents the entire world to us.

<CE-БГ-К1-4-10>

The ugly word : "callous" surprised me with its sudden truthfulness.

- It only seems to us that we don't change - I said saddened by the sudden discovery of the frailty of our hatred in the face of hordes of foul things advancing from all sides, including, of course, Krsman's suggestion that Jelena, or I, that one of the two of us should write Stavra's biography.

- You think we are changing? - asked Jelena, without pausing her typing.

- I think that a man... that us too, Jeja, shamefully easy get used to the worst - I said, certain that Jelena would understand I was talking about her agreeing to collaborate with Krsman. Still, I wasn't expecting that she would again, with so much determination, continue going head-first, somewhere, where she intended to get, whatever the cost.

- I'm finishing the biography - she said.

- With it she said everything. The world was disappearing from under my feet. I felt around with my toes to see if it was still there. Wrong assessment. I incorrectly interpreted the end of our drunken argument.

I, who knew Jelena better than I did anyone else in the world, and better than anyone else in the world did.

She hadn't given up.

Once I regained my composure, I realised I couldn't give up either, so, with strength for arguing used up, I decided to try, in a reconciliatory manner, to break Jelena's persistence. I quickly came up with a sentence.

- The flood of profanity upon which floats the Ark with two righteous ones saved. I'm pandering. Turning into a toy-poodle. Licking her hands and whimpering sweetly. The sentence, carefully thought out and measured precisely, was, namely, a clear introduction into "a game of literary scams", which Jelena and I loved very much. We've started coming up with it in our early youth. For a long time we needed the presence of a third, or thirds, for the game. The point was for the sentence to be phrased in such a way that to our Miss Melanija, to the professor of algebra and geometry Stojić, to friends we wanted to trick, to the "thirds" in a word, that is: to everyone else - the literary structure seemed unparalleled in its beauty and depth, while the two of us, mischievously entertained with the cleverness of our endeavour, delved into its poorly hidden vacuity and ornamental primitiveness. As we got older, the game didn't change, but with our understanding it became ever more refined, so that, for years now, we haven't needed "the others". "The others" we assume. We laugh at them in their absence. It is enough for us to imagine "the others" as an outwitted party, which for us, in that moment, is the entire world.