

Povzetki

(odlomki)

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SEDIM ZA MIZO in pišem, da sedim za mizo in pišem, da sedim.

Pišem dnevnik o tem, kako je, ko berem svoj dnevnik spred tridesetih let.

Ves lajf spraviti na en fajl ...

Pred praznim ekranom je zaznaval takšno tesnobno svobodo, da bi ji najraje ubežal.

Michel Tournier pravi v *Drobnih prozah*, da je avtoportret klic iz slikarjeve samote. »Tako boren sem tukaj, tako nikomur mar.« Se lahko enako reče o pesmi, eseju, drobni pripombi, kakršna je tale?

»Avtobiografija, polna anahronizmov ...« (R. Qu.?)

»Veliko tremo imam, kadar sedam k pisanju, kajti vem, da utegne nastati kaj antologijskega, in nerodno mi je kar naprej delati zgodovino.«

Dan življenja dam za vsak dobro zašiljen stavek, se je dostikrat pomenljivo pridušal. Učakal je visoko starost.

Kako površni so tisti, ki nas hvalijo: naštejejo komaj polovico naših vrlin!

Če bi vedel, da se bo nekoč skušal čim več spomniti, bi živel bolj pozorno.

Če bi vedel, da se bo moral nekoč marsičesa spomniti, bi živel bolj pazljivo. (Mar res?)

Omnibus

Sedem dni življenja mu je preostalo. Vsak dan sme in mora posvetiti enemu naglavnih grehov. Torej je v sedmih poglavjih zaporedoma: bahat, pohlepen, pohoten, jezljiv, požrešen, zavisten in len. Zgleden romaneskni junak.

Omnibus II.

Sedem dni življenja mu je podaril dobri Bog, vsak dan bo namenil eni umetnosti. Torej bo v sedmih poglavjih drug za drugim: pisatelj, slikar, plesalec, skladatelj, arhitekt, igralec, virtuoz. Ko se bo osmi dan prebudil, bo spet nepismen, gluhi in barvno slepi.

Antidnevnik

Vsak dan zabeležiti, kaj se ti *ni* zgodilo, česa nisi naredil ali povedal, na kaj vse nisi pomislil in kje nisi bil.

Abstracts

(Excerpts)

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I AM SITTING AT THE TABLE and writing that I am sitting at the table and writing that I am sitting.

I am writing in my diary how it feels reading my own diary from thirty years ago.

An entire life in one file...

He felt such anxious freedom in front of the empty screen that he would rather flee from it.

In his *Petites Proses* Michel Tournier claims that the self-portrait is the painter's call from his solitude. "Oh, poor me, nobody cares for me." Could the same be said about a poem, essay, tiny observation such as this one?

"An autobiography full of anachronisms..." (R. Qu.?)

"I am really nervous whenever I sit down to write because I know that I might write something anthological and I feel uneasy about making history all the time."

A day of my life for each well-polished sentence, he would swear to himself meaningfully. He lived to a ripe old age.

How negligent are people who praise us: They enumerate only half of our virtues!

Had he known that one day he would try to remember as much as possible, he would have lived more attentively.

Had he known that one day he would have to remember many a thing, he would have lived more carefully. (Would he have?)

Omnibus

He is left with seven days of his life. He is allowed and obliged to devote each day to another deadly sin. So in the seven chapters he appears as: proud, greedy, lustful, wrathful, gluttonous and slothful. A model hero for a novel.

Omnibus II.

The good God gives him seven days of life, with each one devoted to another art. So in the seven chapters he appears as: a writer, painter, dancer, composer, architect, actor, virtuoso. When he wakes up on the eighth day, he will be illiterate, deaf and colour blind again.

Anti-diary

Daily entries revealing what did *not* happen to you, what you did not do or tell, what did not even cross your mind and where you did not stop by.

Translated by Breda Biščak