

## THE GHOST OF MY MOTHER

1.

Around 6:30 the winter ended.

2.

Have you heard the argument?  
Is there no offense in't?

3.

MOTHER

When you're anemic even the mosquitos won't bite you  
and your mother's not here  
gliding slowly across the sky, leaving a white trail  
in a big chair turned upside down while they're cleaning around you  
and you get a big marble...  
... as the phone line is your umbilical cord.

4.

...and they all talked about Joujou's orgasm.

5.

Smells like summer  
mild soft draft  
in which small scent hovers  
Smells like summer





6.

Superman & Robin Hood are still alive in Hollywood.

A folk song on Radio Ljubljana  
19-20. 6. 83

7.

On October 21, 83, around 4 AM I had this morbid dream. It was so scary I woke up. There were some people from life after death. I was afraid to go back to sleep, but also to get up. I started reading a book. I read a chapter from "Belgrade for Beginners" by Bogdan Tirnanic. I knew it was an upbeat book and it would cheer me up. Then I fell asleep.

21. 10. 83

8.

The object of war is not simply to kill, but to convince the survivors to submit.

9.

He kissed her and said:  
- "Politics",  
like the newspaper.

&

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master - that's all."

10.

UP TO 103

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11.

TASTES OF ROOMS

Some strange tastes  
of rooms  
come over me  
and pull me back  
to the childhood  
of huge things.

&

TOOTH, MOTH

What fear  
is  
so  
big  
to fill up  
a whole  
apartment?

&

Why does every room  
have to have  
twin-wardrobes?

12.

The attempt failed, but the autopsy gave interesting results.

&

Numerous substances provoke bitter taste in humans.

From a paper presented at the 22nd Congress of  
the Anthropological Society of Yugoslavia

13.

#### SUMMER STREET

Windows open outwards like butterfly wings.  
And people between them swimming in the hot air.

14.

There are two sects in this religion. According to one there is no God, while according to the other there is no God.

15.

### THE MANIFESTO OF THE CONCEPTUALISTS

This is the manifesto of the conceptualists.

Milco Mancevski, Emil Ansarov,  
Atanas Bogdanovski, Vanco Gjosevski,  
Hadzi-Angelkovski Gjorgji, Ljubomir Stojsavljevik,  
Miloje Radakovic, Sarkanjac, Dabic,  
Princevac Zanet, Vanja Ve, Peric Ljiljana,  
Petre Bogdanovski, A. Grcev, Pasoski Robi,  
Darka Stefanovska, Lidija P.,  
Ivan M., Tanja, Zorica Trpkovska, M, Polazar,  
J. Nikuljska

16.

Precisely with deference to these higher goals, an exceptional, insightful, highly original psychoanalytic study by Hugo Klain [The War Neurosis of the Yugoslavians](#), in which the author analyzes the behavior of our veterans since 1943 and after the war had the bitter fate of most critical works:



17.

With a shriek birds flee across the black sky, people are silent, my blood aches  
from waiting.

18.

I SAW A NUN BEGGING

I saw a nun begging.  
God, I saw a nun begging.

19.

With a poem  
instead of sperm.

20.

Nobody's young no more!

21.

### FEELING

Sometimes, at night, as I type in the empty apartment, my back to the door, I have a feeling there's someone behind me. Just like now.

22.

I am different.  
I can't stand pain.  
Pain hurts me.

23.

Bureaucracy is a new ruling stratum, 12-15 % of the population. Its main concern is to preserve the Status Quo at home and abroad. It favors change only if necessary to preserve its powers.

24.

#### NO POEMS

No poems  
for this world  
on this day  
of empty P.O. Boxes  
and C.O.D. air.

5. 4. 81

- I like the image of the world as forgotten by all, as waiting for a message that someone/something cares about it.
- It leaves a lot to your imagination.
- I like its simplicity, more images perhaps.
- Good rhythm. More poetic tension.
- Very different, but creative/imaginative.
- Probably the weirdest poem in the world, but I can relate to it.
- It makes me want to tear you into a hundred pieces and mail you C.O.D.



25.

### MARCUS' PORTRAIT

I hate sentimental novels, but Marcus' mother really died.

The entrance to our place was on the outside, up wooden stairs leading to a mini-porch, and through a screen door to a living room, then into two rooms, one of which was too small, and the other one on the way to the bathroom.

Marcus lived next door. He was letting us borrow coffee cups from his garage. His father was famous because he'd made the sculptures in front of the library, on the little hill, where I was taking pictures, not even knowing they were by Marcus' father. Marcus was helping me write the credits for my film - I wrote them with purple crayon on the back of the house like graffiti, then shot them, but didn't use them, I wanted something slicker.

Marcus was painting, and we were doing all kindsa things. There was also this lunatic who was following the girls and whistling after them, plus got inside their place. Even I saw him once. The house was packed. There was stuff belong to all of us. Two slept in the living room, two with a dog in the little room, and the two of us in the room on the way to the bathroom. I woke up and saw his pale face at the door. I thought I was sleeping, so I fell back to bed, but I got up right away. He was gone, but I knew he been there.

Marcus was painting his mother's portrait. I didn't like the portrait. Marcus was letting us use his phone. When I was looking for my lost passport, I used Marcus' phone a lot. Once even my not-meant-to-be professor was visiting with Marcus. Once later he asked me what's happened with Marcus, since he used to be friends with the parents, and now the boy was all alone. Frank Paine's question surprised me.

Marcus had black curly hair and blue eyes. He was, actually, a good friend, but who was noticing that then. I was cramming film theory.

These weirdos lived downstairs. One of them was working himself to death, had an eagle-nose and moss for beard. He was a perfectionist and very delicate. We thought he was a virgin. The other one was even weirder. He was a regular guy, but always sorta smiling and tricky. At one point they had a fight, so they cooked every man for himself. Neither one ate your typical steak and veggies

with milk.

I think Marcus knew them, but no way I can remember what their relationship was like. We were using their phone, too.

Marcus didn't finish the canvas with his mother's portrait. They knew she was gonna die, but I wasn't taking that seriously.

Later, Tori hung the unfinished portrait over the window, it fit nicely, but I still didn't like it.

11. 4. 1984

26.

Just how serious this activity can be is seen from the *Black Happening* of the poet Josef Honys (1919-1969), who arranged a fake funeral for himself as a "Mystification Event," invited his friends, and then in fact committed suicide unknown to the friends (23).

(23) \_\_\_\_\_

27.

Dialectical materialism, in the heat of the day, draws a pickax from its raincoat.

28.

### SPIRAL JETTY

The work "Spiral Jetty,"  
which is under water today,  
achieved mythical status.  
The jetty represents  
a work of art,  
while  
the film  
and  
the essay  
accompanying it  
are documentary-critical works.

Their existence creates  
the context  
for  
"Jetty,"  
and  
in a broader sense opens up the potential for this piece to function as a work of  
art.

-18. 6. 84

29.

Eternity's a Five Year Plan:

30.

## LOVE

I get up in the afternoon and light a cigarette which I'd quit long ago, while still in Skopje.

It's some kinda midnight. I smoke and get high in half an hour.

I watch MTV.

All I want is to watch MTV.

I smoke and get high.

I'm most active after midnight.

My life's dream is to watch MTV.

I watch MTV best when I get high and at night.

Sometimes I drink. Beer or gin. Instead of smoking. MTV remains. A constant.

I love MTV.

Sometimes, somewhere in the background, a desire to describe my love for MTV sparkles. Fortunately, that's where it remains.

Phew!

17. 6. 1984, Skopje



31.

## NIGHT MISSION

Around the battery there was barbed wire, and a guard behind it. The leader signaled, and a partisan ran out of the column. With a knife, he accurately hit the German, who fell down without a sound. With quick strides, they ran to the wires, cut them and entered. Suddenly, a machine gun sounded. After the general surprise, and after a few comrades' deaths, everyone ducked. The machine gun was mowing down.

# MOTHER

