

GORANOVIĆ, Pavle



Pavle Goranović, born in 1971 in Nikšić, Montenegro, graduated from the Faculty of Philosophy. He writes poetry, prose and essays. He has published two books, *Ornaments of the Night* and *Reading the Silence*. His poems have been translated into several languages. Secretary of the Independent Association of Montenegrin Writers. He is also on the editorial board of the renowned journal for literature, culture and social questions, ARS. He devotes much of his time to literary criticism and the problems of contemporary aesthetic theories.

Pavle Goranović, rođen 1971. godine u Nikšiću, Crna gora, diplomirao je na Filozofskom fakultetu, odsjek za filozofiju. Piše prozu, poeziju i esejistiku. Objavio dvije knjige: *Ornamentika noći* i *Čitanje tišine*. Pjesme su mu prevedene na nekoliko svjetskih jezika. Sekretar Crnogorskog društva nezavisnih književnika. Član redakcije uglednog časopisa za književnost, kulturu i društvena pitanja ARS. Posebno se bavi književnom kritikom i problemima savremenih estetičkih teorija.

PAVLE GORANOVIĆ

Sabato's Photograph

On my table – shapes of letters, a few quotations and a recent photograph of Ernesto Sabato. There he is, smiling and with a raised eyebrow walking towards the lense. (Even so, we don't see each other.) Then, notes for a short essay about a new edition of *Tunnel*, written for the next issue of our weekly. While watching the elderly face and unrealised eyes, I actually think of the one and only reader. More or less the same people are going to read the prose I'm talking about, and my poem, which I'm writing right now. The same people, this one man, have read this somewhere else at least once – in some other form, signed by others, and – which happens most often – with a different order of words, if not already similar to this. The same people have, in different places, found the meaning, or failed to notice it – in essays, poems, in everything that's ever been written. Even so, I go on writing; like this, I may sometimes surpass reality. I also set sail towards this sin, my good Juan Pablo!

A Dizzy Spell of Søren Kierkegaard

I

I was born of those who have the courage
to come to terms with their own ignorance.
A man of virtues and too many
obvious faults, I'm an unfinished cosmos.
I, Victor Eremita, dare think that in time
I will be called when skills are discussed.
I preach. I claim I'm revealing nothing new,
but they watch me with disbelief.
I tell them that epochs are finished,
that everything has been named a long time ago.
Still, they reproach me with some sort of originality.
In my really worthless thinking, I merely
copy forms, dealing in
apparent understanding. All I can do
is wait for a movement that will pass judgement.

VI

I know of the sound of carriages in summer evenings.
And I know the meaning of their movement. Man's
destiny and sin I also know. This is the legacy
I have been left, which denies my species
the privilege of a new beginning, new way. To some documents
– perhaps unjustly – I attribute meaning.
I think of unwritten poems, of what has not been created.
And so, from the atmosphere, I gather doleful lyrical gleanings:
I am a poet who doesn't write verse!
I also know of the serenity of Socrates,
and I know that I shall never manifest it myself.
Our languages are too small to enable us to self-realise,
and yet some of us dare ascribe to the world
our personal trifles. I, too, keep a diary about marginal things,
paradox prepares me for life.
Too little or too much – it's not up to me to judge.
Mostly I have written about homeland and woman –
look on that as my only legacy.

P.S. It is high time for us to grow older in order to understand Greek, and understand it in a way the Greeks themselves would have understood it if they had Christian suppositions

Regina Olsen

A man never suffers from spiritual vertigo when he thinks of only one thing – and I think only of you – nor of physical vertigo when he fixes his eyes on only one object, and all I look at is you ...

K. Konstantinus

I entrusted myself to you, on nights like this one, never having an explanation. And this parting, (which tears you apart, I see) is as though it were happening to someone else. I don't really know why you've been left. For months I have guarded your image, like some kind of memory of life. But now, when I should be beyond my senses, I know that my thoughts have mastered your gentle being. I don't understand your sorrow. You don't understand my intention – everything else is a played-out love. You have remained a living statue, which from behind the garden gate slowly changes idleness to death. And I, I am the knight of perfect flight, whose painful reason won't allow him to love. And here the kingdom crumbles. My rather wretched kingdom!

Lost manuscripts

I don't deny it: I write untruthful, deceitful lines. The method is the same from text to text.

However, here and there it's possible to find a line or two with a worrying degree of truth. Not long ago, looking for completely different texts, I found among rare manuscripts the following words:

The most important cities are those already buried – new ones are not worth founding. The best languages have died out – there is no point in inventing better ones.

The most respected schools were situated in gardens now abandoned.

The most interesting manuscripts are lost ...

It is worth discovering, them. For us, surviving members of the Babylonian library.

Great Preparations

Unquestionable are the holes in the ozone layer.
Tomorrow's day, too, is, to a good extent, unquestionable.
The printing of this poem, weekly results
of matches of the Primera division, a handful of small
and large events – they're for sure unquestionable. At least as much
as the smell of coffee and the colour of my jacket.
Profane things possess a special certainty,
the kind we usually don't pay attention to.
Here I have always especially respected a number
of side-certainties. It is unquestionable that little George
had skillfully grappled with English.
Rotation of the Earth is, probably, unquestionable.
And then, many place names, our names
and driving along dusty roads. We need to talk
only of unquestionable things. Things not praised
by poets. Fear of happiness is certain,
death – most certain. Lonely people know this
– at receptions, in cold hotel rooms
and automobiles. Contemporaries of Martin Heidegger.

Translated by Evald Flisar

PAVLE GORANOVIĆ

Sabatova fotografija

Na mom stolu – forme pisma, par citata i skorašnja fotografija Ernesta Sabata. Eno ga gdje, nasmijan i sa podignutom obrvom, korača prema objektivu. (Ipak, jedan drugog ne vidimo.) Onda, bilješke za kratak esej o novom izdanju *Tunela*, spreman za naredni broj ovdašnjeg nedjeljnika. Dok gledam staračko lice i neostvarene oči, ustvari, razmišljam o jednom jedinom čitaocu. Bezmalo isti ljudi pročitae tu prozu o kojoj Vam govorim i moje stihove što, u ovom času, nastaju. Isti ljudi, taj jedan čovjek, tu su već negdje makar jednom pročitali – u nekim drugim oblicima, sa drugim potpisima, i – što je najčešće – sa izmijenjenim rasporedom riječi, ili već nešto slično tome. Isti ljudi su, na različitim mjestima, pronašli značenje, ili ga nijesu uočili – u esejima, pjesmama, svemu što je nekoć napisano. Ipak, pišem; desi se da tako nadmašim stvarnost. Otisnem se i ka tom grijehu, dobri moj Huan Pablo!

Vrtoglavica Serena Kjerkegora

I

Od roda sam onih koji imaše hrabrosti
da se pomire sa sopstvenim neznanjem.
Čovjek sam sa vrlinom i sa odveć
uočljivim manama, jedan nedovršeni kosmos.
Ja, Victor Eremita, usuđujem se da na čas
budem pozvan kada se razmatra o vještinama.
Propovijedam. Tvrdim da ne otkrivam ništa novo,
pa opet, gledaju me sa nevjericom.
Govorim da su epohe okončane,
da su sva imenovanja odavno iskorišćena,
Uzalud, prebacuju mi nekakvu izvornost.
U svom odista ništavnom mišljenju, ja tek
preslikavam oblike, bavim se
tobožnim razumijevanjem. Mogu samo
da čekam na pokret koji će presuditi.

VI

Znam za zvuk kočija u ljetne predvečerje.
I smisao njihovog kretanja znam. Čovjekov
usud i grijeh, takođe poznajem. To je već
ono što mi je ostavljeno, što mom rodu uskraćuje
privilegiju početka i novog puta. Nekim hartijama
– možda nepravdano – dodjeljujem značaj.
Mislim na nenapisane pjesme, na ono što je neostvareno.
Iz atmosfere, dakle, skupljam tužne lirske pabirke:
ja sam pjesnik koji ne piše stihove!
Još znam i za smirenost Sokratovu,
pa i to da je nikada neću ispoljiti.
Suviše su mali naši jezici da bismo sebe ispunili,
a ipak neki od nas se usude da svijetu pripišu
svoje tričave stvari. I sam vodim dnevnik o marginalijama,
paradoks me priprema za život.
Premalo ili odviše – nijesam pozvan da ocijenim.
Uglavnom, pisao sam o zemlji, o ženi –
smatrajte to mojom jedinom zaostavštinom.

P. S. Krajnje je vrijeme da se postaramo da razumijemo grčki, i to da ga razumijemo onako kako bi ga razumjeli sami Grci kad bi imali hrišćanske pretpostavke.

Regina Olsen

Čovjek nikada ne pati od duhovne vrtoglavice kada misli samo na jedno, a ja mislim samo na tebe – ni od tjelesne vrtoglavice, ako prikuje oči samo na jedan predmet, a ja samo tebe posmatram ...

K. Konstaninus

Povjeravao sam ti se, u noćima poput ove, nikada imajući objašnjenje. I ovaj razlaz, (koji te razdire, vidim) kao da se nekom drugom dešava. Što si ostavljena, ja, zapravo, i ne znam. Tek, mjesecima sam tvoju pojavu čuvao, kao neko sjećanje na život. A sada kad bi trebalo da sam izvan svojih čula, znam da su moje misli savladale tvoje nježno biće. Ja ne razumijem tvoju tugu. Ti ne razumiješ moju namjeru – sve ostalo je izigrana ljubav. Ti si ostala živa statua, što iza baštenske kapije dokolicu polako pretvara u smrt. A ja, ja sam vitez jednog savršenog bjekstva, kome mučni razum ne dopušta da ljubi. I tu se ruši kraljevstvo. Moje prilično bijedno kraljevstvo!

Izgubljeni rukopisi

Ne krijem: pišem neistinite, prevarantske redove. Postupak se ponavlja iz teksta u tekst. No, gdje gdje se može naići i na stihove sa zabrinjavajućom mjerom istine. Nedavno sam, tražeći sasvim druge tekstove, među rijetkim rukopisima, pronašao i sljedeće riječi:
Najznačajniji gradovi su oni koji su već pokopani – ne vrijedi osnivati nove. Najbolji jezici su izumrli – ne vrijedi bolje osmišljavati. Najpoštovanije škole su se nalazile u sada već zapuštenim vrtovima. Najzanimljiviji rukopisi su izgubljeni ... Vrijedi ih otkriti. Nama, preživjelim članovima Vavilonske biblioteke.