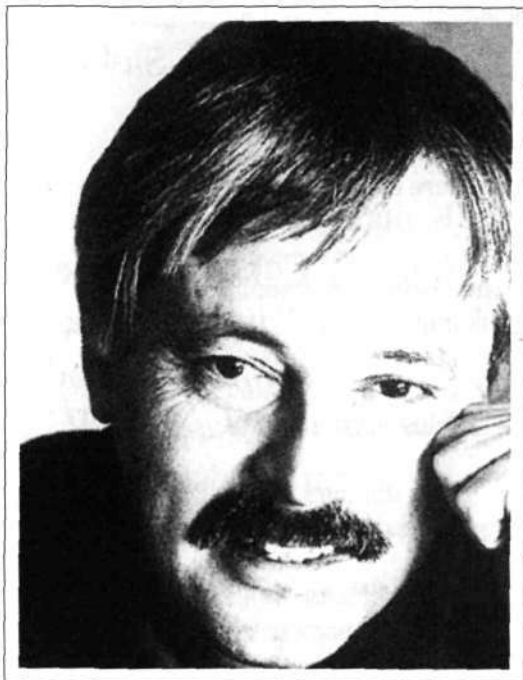


ŠNAJDER, Slobodan



Slobodan Šnajder (Zagreb, 1948) studied philosophy and English at the University of Zagreb. He was one of the founders and later long-time editor of the theatrical review *Prolog*. A major playwright, best known for *Croatian Faust* (1982). His plays have been produced in Split, Zagreb, Sarajevo, Vienna, Oslo, Rome, Frankfurt and elsewhere. No play of his has been produced in his native Croatia since 1990. His prose works have appeared in numerous magazines in Croatia, while his many essays and articles have been published by several German newspapers and magazines. He has worked as a columnist for *Borba* and *Glas Slavonije*, and since 1994 for the Rijeka periodical *Novi list* and Pula's *Glas Istre*.

Slobodan Šnajder (Zagreb, 1948) studirao je čistu filozofiju i anglistiku na Sveučilištu u Zagrebu. Bio jedan od pokretača i kasnije dugogodišnji urednik kazališnog časopisa *Prolog*. Njegove drame, od kojih je najpoznatiji *Hrvatski Faust* (1982), izvele su kazališne kuće u Splitu, Zagrebu, Sarajevu, Beču, Oslu, Rimu, Frankfurtu i drugim gradovima. Od 1990. njegove drame nisu izvođene u Hrvatskoj. Prozu objavljivao u različitim hrvatskim časopisima, a brojne eseje i članke u uglednim njemačkim novinama i časopisima. Bio je kolumnist *Borbe* i *Glasa Slavonije*, a od 1994 do danas je kolumnist riječkog *Novog lista* i pulskog *Glasa Istre*.

SLOBODAN ŠNAJDER

A Manual of Real Zoology

Contributions to the Phenomenology of the Small

THE FLEA

We're entertaining high-class guests at our house and the meal is drawing to a close. They're already sipping their coffee. Suddenly, one of them leaps to his feet, shoves his hand into his shirt and bolts for the saving isolation of the pantry. After he has been served by others, it is now his turn to serve. To be sure, not like Polonia who was devoured by worms. What's up with him? "He's got fleas!" answers a voice at the table. Even if this happened in the late 1950's, one could not draw the conclusion that our guest was living in cramped conditions. Anyone could have fleas. This black hopping creature, which loves blood to an excess, is a true democrat. A Jacobite; king, soldier, beggar; for the flea, blood is nothing but blood. Do you want blue blood, or do you prefer plebeian blood? Regardless of merit, without considering human or divine justice, notwithstanding the age, happiness or misery, but never without personal risk which accompanies every true passion.

Today one would say that only a dog has fleas. The flea has been banished to the realm of the anecdotal, to the province. But we live in a time when the anecdotal sphere is growing rapidly, not to mention the expansion of the province. We live in not particularly happy times when "history is happening." And anything that does not belong to history (which is, in the final analysis, everything), will be driven to the land of anecdotes.

Will the black jumper from the deserted regions, from the forgotten anecdotes, again tread on us, thirsty for blood like none other? Are we to scratch and groom each other "until we find your flea or our flea," in conditions of general poverty, crouching around cast iron stoves in which our books and our parquet flooring are burning? "Go then, please!" someone would say right

away, if only he could. "Now you're dragging out this story about the flea as if it was the Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse."

We have no intention of discussing the Apocalypse, that rather repulsive meteorological prediction. We, old hair-splitters, do not write epistles. This is an unusual genre, which used to demand prophetic zeal, while today the requirements are somewhat less ambitious. Our report on the flea is completely lacking ambition. We only wonder where have gone all those unfortunate fleas that very noble, even the highest-ranking guests used to bear, and which we would certainly nurture in our own most private hothouse, like domestic animals? We suspect that they could not have disappeared forever.

All in all, the flea is a creature that loves people like no other creature, including other people. It has no prejudices; it is the citizen of the world; it was precisely that much earlier than the Weimar Olympian. In this capacity, it accompanied every campaign of the universal spirit, including the most recent one.

In addition to its ardent love for us, the flea is quite smart and talented. What you can see in the flea circus, defies every description. The flea learns fast and remembers permanently. It was seen harnessed to a small chariot in which other fleas would sit. It can learn how to draw the sword, how to hurl a spear, of course, scaled down to proper proportions.

It is a gymnast supreme – a jumper of course.

What is in fact most important is that there is no difference between a highly schooled and an ordinary flea. They both love blood. Already a hundred years ago, people believed that fleas simply emerged from rubbish lying around on the ground. The flea would thus be a particularly good representative of what is born from the blood and the soil.

And since we have been alluding in this short account so often to the anecdotal, so that we would not have to think about history, here's one: There once lived an owner of a flea circus who fed his artistic staff with his own blood. He would stretch out his arm after the performance and serve up a sumptuous dinner to his artistes. One could say: He gave his own blood for his art. But there was another flea entrepreneur who went a step further: Not only did he feed his tiny black performers with his own blood, but, instead of charging admission, also required of everyone who wanted to enjoy the show to stretch out their arms.

This is how a steady flow of business was created: it is a blood relationship of the artist, the entrepreneur and the nation. An ideal arrangement!

A well-fed artist, a content entrepreneur and the people from whom just a few drops of blood are drawn. Is there anything else you need to be happy? The renewal of the spirit could therefore quite easily be the renewal of the flea.

THE WORM

The point of departure is, in this case, of utmost importance. If we start from the worm and move towards higher forms, the worm spells doom for these high forms. This happens if, for example, it settles in them or only appears in their dreams. On the other hand, if we start from the worm and move towards lower forms, such as all kinds of rot, decay and manure, the worm stands as a promise of higher forms. This is undoubtedly a happy moment for this phenomenology, because the image and idea of the overlooked worm encompasses every living thing, as if it were already dead; as if it were actually dead and will again become alive, when it springs from the grave in the form of a plant, for example.

Science simply did not make that creature happy, because the notion of the "worm" tries, in vain, to account for a definitely infinite array of phenomena. Language takes into account this fact, and for this reason, the worm co-operates in the many educational, or merely picturesque, proverbs like a true star of the proverbial wisdom. The contribution of this creature is also of great significance to literature. Thus, Job has a personal experience in the image of a worm squirming in the dust. In the relatively well-known play by William Shakespeare, a member of the royal court was served a dish of worms for supper so that, somewhat later, they could be found in the skull of some clown. The hero himself of this rather well-known play is considerably troubled by the worm of suspicion. On one occasion, he finds himself being forced to declare something like "to be or not to be," thereby, in fact, expressing the philosophical position of the worm in the world (*in-der-Welt-sein*). Indeed, the worm, by its very origin, is a creature that opted for a position between life and non-life, between being and not being, and it, like almost no other living thing, also persists in this position.

This by no means exhausts the associations between the worm and high-flying philosophy. In fact, the love between the worm and the book reaches back into ancient times when book covers were still made of wood. Later, however, it turned out that the worm can certainly eat anything that paper can bear as well. Worms equally relish books of the greatest blasphemers as well as those written by beautiful souls. In this, it appears, there is no deeper significance, just as there seems to be no significant difference between devouring and reading. In Königsberg, worms ate several copies of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* as the main course, and one very nice minor work on the mechanics of the heavens by the same author. But the worm of suspicion tortured that same author also in many other ways. His contemporaries set their watches by him as he appeared, every day exactly at the same moment, on the main square of Königsberg. It seemed to be a question of a vow, a wager on punctuality, or some other dark game of which Kant's fellow-citizens could see only the external manifestation, the phenomenon.

You'll think, *ecce homo*, here is a man who wound himself up like some kind of Nürenberg musical clockwork, which itself takes part in the divine order and system of things with its precise unwinding.

And then, and then...

Already during Kant's lifetime, worms began to eat his best books, and he himself was devoured by the worm of suspicion. That worm compelled him to doubt about the existence of Königsberg; about the existence of those in the main square who raise their hats as a sign of greeting; about the existence of their watches which they wind at that very moment; and what is certainly the worst, about his own existence – Immanuel Kant, book worm and professor.

The citizens of Königsberg considered their professor the guarantor of the world order, but they neglected to see the despair with which he, Immanuel Kant, sought proof of his own existence precisely in their winding of watches and in their looks, at times mocking, but most of the time full of awe.

But worms certainly squander the space of this exchange of credentials. They steadily gnaw at the foundations of civilisation, be it the supporting pillars of Venice, the furniture of the Trakošćani castle, the books or even their authors. Strange creatures: nothing created is good enough for them, and nothing that has decayed, has withered away forever.

In the works of Krleža, the worm is elevated to the honour of a dramatic role with its own lines of dialogue. The dignified creature refused this prestigious offer and continued to feast on the books of the great writer, as well as on the minor works of his opponents and followers. Alas, poor Jorič! Where is your Elsinore now?

Before being eaten, Polonius was victorious. Who would have thought so?

It is believed that the knocking of a worm in a table or cupboard announces death. However, this characteristic sound is heard because the little worm is knocking his head against the walls of the tunnels he had bored, in order to attract the attention of his sweetheart. Why on earth would a creature that has digested the *Critique of Pure Reason* announce something (i.e., death) that is anyway unavoidable?

Be it the downfall of the Monarchy, the downfall of the State, or the ruin of literature and language; be it the fact that the coil will spring out from the clockwork in the main square of Königsberg, the worm remains the image of steadfast stability in a world that is changing for better or for worse, it doesn't matter.

The comparison of someone working like a worm in stone is, however, confusing. In this way, the language tries to get revenge on the worm for its undermining activities. But to no avail! It is quite certain that there isn't a single word—except perhaps those that still remain unuttered—that doesn't have its worm.

It may be beautiful like Snow White's apple, but it is poisonous nevertheless. One certainly has the choice of saying nothing. But then, in silence, the only thing that we hear loud and clear is – the worm.

This always happens when something is coming to its end, but is without fulfilment.

THE RAINWORM

If the ant represents the unparalleled climax of the phenomenology of the small, then the rainworm is its underground. At this stage of development of our system, we are completely dedicated to that creature which will creep out of the underground after the rain, and pepper the ground and asphalt with its muddy tracks. Many a fine lady will flinch at the sight of the tiny snake. However, this creature is quite innocent, slimy and sublimely unperturbed towards being trodden upon. The rainworm presents no threat whatsoever to the *ego* of the squeamish fine lady. What is more, this philosopher wisely abandons its *ego* beforehand. The rainworm, split into two halves, underscores the success of schizophrenia. Cut into four parts or even more, it reminds us of the stability of change, of which the strange world of the small offers us many examples. The decapitated ant – this is proven by several independent professionally conducted experiments – continues to live for several hours without its head, which it otherwise needs. A similar experiment, involving Marie Antoinette, did not succeed, just as all the many other repeated experiments of a similar nature proved unsuccessful. Some of these experiments were, in fact, conducted far from the public's eyes. The lizard will grow a new tail in place of the severed one, but the Islamic legal system, for example, hardly relies on something similar being repeated in some of its cases. Things are quite different when it comes to the rainworm. It can very easily lose its head, and obtain a desired number of its own replicas. Is this a metaphor of the human being who, instead of turning into different people, creates a herd? Not a chance. Everything in phenomenology rebels against such abuse. Why, then, the metaphor? This phenomenology is, in the spirit of the times, completely post-modernist and decentralised. And if there is something that follows in the form of its scientific extract, then it simply proves that a human being *is not* the measure of all things. In other words: If we are talking about a metaphor, then New York is a metaphor of an anthill, and not the other way around. It's no use seeing a metaphor where there is simply an analogy.

If in this phenomenology – as in our discussion about the flea – we must allude to the human being; if, for example, the ant must suffer the comparison of its wars with the wars of Europe, or even world wars; then this only proves that reduction is not as strong as we would have wished. If in the protocol of the snail there appears the Father of the Fatherland himself (*in this article on the snail) – which is according to some slightly malicious critiques *relatively unexpected* – the phenomenologist must, at this point, reject all responsibility for this fact, and, naturally, defend the vantage point of the snail. The phenomenologist will also point out the fact that the Father of the Fatherland is the one who approaches, while the snail is simply there where he is, which means – in the vineyard.

Vondraček's monograph on the rainworm, entitled *The Rainworm*, a seminal work on this subject containing 71 pages, describes all the close and distant relatives of this strange creature, its inclinations and abilities – hidden and manifest. Had the rainworm played a significant role in world history, Vondraček would have known about it. And since there is no trace of this in his monograph, it is only proper to conclude that the rainworm did not contribute in any significant way to world history.

The following fact, which Vondraček could not have overlooked, and, indeed, did not escape him, has been brought to our attention. In 1851, precipitation – including rain – was particularly abundant, so that some reports – and in their wake, naturally, also Vondraček's report – noted an invasion of rainworms on the roads of the German countryside, as well as on the roads connecting German principalities.

Surprisingly, Vondraček fails to note that only three years later, in 1854, Robert Schumann threw himself into the Rhine.

The Rhine is, in fact, that river and so on.

THE MOTH

In the almanac of the British Royal Society for Exhaustive Studies, Sir William Battleby writes: "An objective reader of the final chapter of the *Phenomenology of the Small* may get the idea that the work is perhaps not quite objective. Indeed, as if its writer is not free of preconceptions regarding the phenomena of the small, that is, as if he considered all things small to be ugly and even harmful. Mr Šnajder sees ugly and small where there is only a question of small. But in the realm of the small, one may discover even something beautiful. Although we may immediately agree that ugliness or beauty, harm or usefulness, are human measures, a human being is naturally measured according to the English lord. We nevertheless have the courage to wonder: "A moth? And why not – a silk worm?"

Sir Battleby, whose scientific contributions we so greatly appreciate, will find the answer to his question in the Transitional and Final Provisions of this *Phenomenology of the Small*, where many other numerous comments, as well as friendly suggestions, are taken into account, even though we are not so foolish as to ever write about them. Regarding friendly suggestions, the expectations of the writer were not excessive, which turned out to be the proper attitude. Whoever deals in small things, risks isolation, even though rare are those who, like Sir Battleby, Member of the British Royal Society of Exhaustive Research, in addition to his main activity – which was and remains a dedication to exhaustive studies – is passionate enough to delve into the phenomena of the small. Smallness, it seems – at least there exists a kind of fear in this regard – is transferred to the person studying it. It is thus no

rare occurrence that those who deal with bacilli or bacteria simply disappear, while just an instant before they were sitting behind the eyepiece of their microscope. This fear is, therefore, not completely groundless.

The openness of our approach certainly compels us take into consideration the minutest of comments, as long as they still refer to the small. Many people, however, who have on their minds something small, come out with a big one. We persist, however, in the position that in small, as well as in big things, it is wise to stick to the topic.

The moth is in fact a kind of anti-creature to the silk worm. Basically, it is a butterfly, which proves that nature can often endow some lowly creature with a higher form. The butterfly, in every respect the image of tenderness, ephemeral beauty and the like, is humiliated in the case of the moth which burrows its galleries in our laundry. It is not in the least exclusive in its tastes, but likes wool best. It may feast on all kinds of rags, but it will only have problems with the emperor's new clothes, in which case the flea would cope with the situation much better. Observations have confirmed that the colour of the moth changes according to the colour of clothing it is eating at the moment. This means that the saying "the clothes make the man" should certainly be expanded to include also the one that is eating the clothing, not only wearing it. The moth cannot stand certain smells, while it is completely indifferent regarding colour. The former is used against it in a big way, while the latter serves it well, because it is quite resistant to the whims of fashion. Its polyglot orientation is borne out by the fact that it will eat a dress whether it be hanging in a French *garde-robe* or in a Croatian *rušnica*. No matter what sign you stick on the door of the cloak room, it would be wise to inspect it nevertheless.

The version of the moth called the book moth can feed on unventilated ideas, but it has been known to take on their colour, quite in the spirit of the times.

The moth thus appears be the image of stability, which is confirmed, not by resistance, but by perfect adaptation. In this respect, it is clear that, despite all the changes it adopts in conformity with what it is currently devouring, the moth remains true to itself. There are some who see in this a kind of higher sense. Are they not, after all, the ones who took on the colours and markings, and thereby also the very essence of the historical period, which raged above the heads? Are they not the ones who, in the moment of historical uproar, maintained that they were below the colours and markings and far from the essence of the time and remained such as they were before? Need we say directly – simple people? Indeed, only six million of these simple people have in fact disappeared; only moths, which turned out to be too sensitive to certain gases. But this was recorded in some other book, which was eaten by some other moths.

Within the next hundred years, the moths will devour the paper which is recording them as we speak, while the worms will eat away the shelves

containing the books on the phenomenology of the small. Long before the elapse of this time, worms will eat its diligent author, and, I daresay, also their liberal critic, Sir Battleby. So what is then the use of the small, if it is recorded in this manner?

Let us say defiantly, **NEVERTHELESS!**, because not even someone like Hegel had anything else to say in a similar situation.

THE SNAIL

"Nothing more at this time; I would only like to ask you again to accept my sincere gratitude for your patience and attention!" Ante Starčević ended his speech, amid elated approbation. The old man cast a sweeping glance as if to remember each and everyone in the hall, while the hand of a short-hand writer added the following note at this point: "And then it began to rain."

This is the moment when the rolling vineyards around the town of Zagreb come alive with snails.

Right after hibernation, the vineyard snail abandons itself to caressing the grass during the humid days of May and June. This epicure begins its love dance. In the ever-decreasing circles dances a pair of snails in love; one around the other, and the music accompanying this ritual could only be by Ravel. Then the two lovers press against each other with their feet (but the representatives have already left the Sabor – the Parliament – at this point), which twist and writhe – Brehm would say, undulate – in the pleasures of love. The sluggish lovers as well do their work, intertwining each other, sucking on each other, something that has already been likened to the love-making of pigeons on two occasions. But all of this pales before the fact that snails try to increase the pleasure with tools. The male and female, in fact, have at their disposal a "love arrow," like a stab with a limestone instrument, with which they stab each other in the body.

Alfred Brehm has observed this scene on countless occasions. Others who describe similar climaxes of lust, but on other material, such as Gabriele d'Annunzio, do not achieve his level of description. The latter remained at the level of parallels and metaphors, while Brehm abandoned himself to only one thing. The decadence celebrated by d'Annunzio has been overshadowed in every vineyard.

Seven years before this event, Brehm (it seems definitively!) parted ways with the Berlin aquarium, due to a disagreement, which we choose not to mention here, because this would only drag into the picture too many of those involved in this matter. Apart from that, his descriptions of the vineyard snail were produced before this unfortunate clash, at the time of his return from his second African expedition. But the examples given were German and European in every respect. This is surprising, considering the fact that the refined

lovemaking of the snails is completely oriental. Let us take into account that the proverbial sluggishness of snails in these matters is a great advantage.

The Germans, whom the Old Man did not like, cook the tender lovers, but there are nations which are satisfied with only a drop of lemon juice here and there. In this connection, the proverbial sluggishness of the snail is fatal. It is estimated that in every better year of the empire, about 4,000,000 snails saw their days cut short on the tables of the Monarchy. At the time of the Napoleonic wars, merciless battles were fought because of snails.

And it was precisely this thought that Starčević was trying to shake off, sitting in the carriage, which descended through Gornji grad in the middle of a rain shower, and meditating on some of the highlights of his speech. Some of the representatives are still waiting in the vestibules for the skies to calm down. Since he would have to lift his top hat every time, he withdraws into the depths of the carriage, to the sumptuous odour of humid leather upholstery. He in fact wanted to shake off one such banal thought as "In our country, everything's going at a snail's pace. The world, however, is advancing, always advancing. It is the year 1881 now, but only twenty years ago there was a man who walked along a rope stretched across the Niagara falls!"

Translated by Marjan Golobič

SLOBODAN ŠNAJDER

Priručnik realne zoologije

Radovi k fenomenologiji sitnog

Buha

Fini su gosti u kući, objed ide kraju. Već su kod kave. Kadli odskoči jedan, zavuče ruku u košulju, te odjuri u spasonosnu samoću ostave. Nakon što su služili njega, sad je on imao biti poslužen. Ne doduše kao Polonije kojega su pojeli crvi. Što je s njim? "Ima buhu!", čuje se za stolom. Još kasnih pedesetih ne bi se iz ovoga zaključilo da naš gost živi u skućenim prilikama. Buhu mogao je imati svak; taj crni skakač koji tako prekomjerno ljubi krv, zapravo je demokrat. Jakobiner. Kralj, soldat, prosjak: krv je njemu svagda krv. Hoćeš plavu, hoćeš plebejsku. Bez obzira na zasluge, na ljudsku i nebesku pravdu, na životno dob, bez obzira na sreću ili nesreću. Ali nikad bez osobnog rizika, koji prati svaku pravu strast.

Da ima buhu, danas bi se reklo samo o psu. Buha je protjerana u predjel anegdotalnog i u provinciju. Ali mi živimo u vremenima kad predjeli anegdota silno rastu, o širenjima provincije da se i ne govori. Živimo u ne osobito sretno doba kada je "povijest na djelu". A sve ono što u povijest ne stane, (na kraju to je upravo sve), bit će protjerano u anegdotu.

Hoće li nas ponovno pohoditi crn skakač, žedan krvi kao nijedan, iz naših napuštenih pokrajina, iz zaboravljenih anegdota? Hoćemo li se čohati, uzajamno trijebiti "do istrage vaše ali naše", u uvjetima općeg siromaštva, šćućurenjeni oko gusnatih peći u kojima će gorjeti naše knjige i naši parketi? "Ta idite, molim vas!", rekao bi tkogod smjesta kad bi samo mogao. "Vi ovdje raspredate o buhi kao da bi se radilo o petom jahaču apokalipse."

Ne želimo se baviti apokalipsom, tom prilično odvratnom meteorološkom prognozom. Mi, sitničari, ne pišemo poslanice. To je neobičan žanr, koji je negda nalagao proročki žar, dok su danas zahtjevi nešto skromniji. Naše je

izvješće o buhi krajnje neambiciozno. Mislimo si samo, kamo li su nestale te nesretne buhe koje su nam negda donosili i fini, najfiniji gosti, i koje smo na najvlastitijim rasadištima uzgajali gotovo kao domaće životinje. Slutimo tek da one nisu mogle nestati zauvijek.

Usve, buha je biće koje nas ljude ljubi kao malo koji drugi stvor, druge ljude uključivo. Nema nikakvih predrasuda, građanin je svijeta, a to je bila mnogo prije weimarskog Olimpijaca. Pratila je, kao takva, sve pohode svjetskog duha, ove najnovije uključivo.

Usto što nas tako žarko ljubi, buha je pametna i nadarena. Što se sve može vidjeti u cirkusu buha nadilazi svaki mogući opis. Uči brzo, pamti trajno. Znali su je upregnuti u malene kočije, na kojima su sjedile isto tako buhe; u stanju je naučiti kako se poteže mač, kako hitnuti se kopljem, dakako, sve u svom mjerilu.

Gimnastičar je bez premca, skakač naravno.

Ali u biti, u onom najvažnijem nema nikakve razlike između visoko školovane buhe i buhe buhe. Obje ljube krv. Još prije stotinu godina ljudi vjerovali su da se buha naprosto stvori iz smeća na tlu; pak bi ona onda bila osobit reprezentant onoga što se rodi iz krvi i tla.

Pa kad smo već u ovoj crtici toliko zazivali anegdodu, da ne bismo morali misliti na povijest, evo jedne: ima jedan zapis o vlasniku Cirkusa buha koji je svoje umjetničko osoblje hranio vlastitom krvlju. Ispružio ruku nakon spektakla i udijelio osoblju obilnu večeru. Može se reći: I krv je dao za svoju umjetnost. A jedan drugi buvlji poduzetnik otišao je čak korak dalje: Ne samo što bi on hranio svoje male crne umjetnike, već je umjesto naplate ulaznica tražio to isto, to jest da podmetnu ruku, od onih koji su u spektaklu htjeli uživati.

Tako se eto ostvaruje stanoviti promet; radi se na krvnoj zajednici umjetnika, poduzetnika i naroda. Kud ćeš ljepše?

Sit umjetnik, zadovoljan poduzetnik, i narod kojemu su gucnuli nešto krvi. Što je još potrebno za sreću? Obnova duha dakle, mogla bi komotno biti: obnova buha.

Crv

Polazište je u ovom slučaju od svega važnije. Ide li se od crva spram višeg oblika, onda mu on najavljuje propast. Primjerice, ako se u nj nastani, ili se pak samo u snu najavi. Obratno, ide li se od crva spram nižih oblika, kao što su svakojaka trulež ili gnoj, crv stoji kao obećanje viših oblika. To je bez sumnje sretan trenutak ove fenomenologije, jer se u slici i pojmu prezrenog crva daje obuhvatiti sve živo, kao da je već mrtvo, to jest upravo mrtvo kao da će opet biti živo, kad iz groba, naprimjer, sune biljka.

Znanost pak taj stvor nije usrećio, budući da se pojmom *crv* uzalud nastoji obuhvatiti gotovo nepregledan niz pojava. Jezik uzima u obzir ovu činjenicu,

pak otud crv sudjeluje u mnoštvu poučljivih, ili samo slikovitih izreka, kao prava zvijezda proverbijalne mudrosti. Doprinos ovoga stvora književnosti isto je tako vrlo značajan. Job tako doživljava samoga sebe u slici crva koji se zviđa u prašini; u prilično poznatoj drami Williama Shakespearea upravo crvima biva poslužen jedan dvorjanin kao večera, da bi, nešto kasnije, bili nađeni u lubanji jednog lakrdijaša. Samog junaka ove prilično poznate drame uvelike muči crv sumnje. U jednoj prilici ovaj se čak nađe prinuđenim izjaviti nešto kao biti ili ne biti, čime u stvari izreče filozofijsku poziciju crva u svijetu (in-der-Welt-sein). Crv je naime već svojim podrijetlom biće koje je odabralo poziciju između živog i neživog, između biti i ne biti, te on, kao rijetko koji stvor, na toj poziciji i istrajava.

Time ni izdaleka nisu iscrpljeni dodiri crva i velike filozofije. Ustvari ljubav između crva i knjiga seže u starije doba kad su ovoji knjiga još bili drveni. Kasnije se, međutim, ispostavilo da crv može pojesti gotovo sve ono što papir može podnijeti. Crvi se jednako goste knjigama najvećih hulitelja, kao i onima koje su napisale lijepe duše. U tome, kako izgleda, nema nekog višeg smisla, kao što se ne čini da opstoji neka bitna razlika između gutanja i čitanja. U Königsbergu crvi su pojeli nekoliko primjerka Kantove *Kritike čistog uma*, kao glavno jelo, te jedan vrlo lijepi manji spis o mehanici neba, od istog pisca. A i na razne druge načine mučio je tog istog autora crv sumnje. Njegovi su suvremenici po njemu namještali svoje satove, budući da se on svakoga dana, uvijek u isti hip, pojavljivao na glavnom königsberškom trgu, kao da bi se radilo o nekom zavjetu, okladi na točnost, ili nekoj drugoj mračnoj igri, od koje su Kantovi sugrađani vidjeli tek njezin pojavni oblik, fenomenon.

Ecce homo, pomislit ćete, eto čovjeka koji je sam sebe navio kao neku nürnbergsku igrariju, koja opet sudjeluje u božanskom redu i poretko svojim točnim odvijanjem.

A kad tamo, a kad tamo ...

Još za njegovog života crvi su stali jesti najbolje mu knjige, a i njega samoga jeo je crv sumnje, tjerao ga da zdvaja u pogledu toga opstoji li uopće Königsberg, opstojte li oni koji dižu šešire u znak pozdrava na njegovu trgu, opstojte li njihovi satovi koje upravo navijaju, te, što je sigurno najgore, opstoji li on – Immanuel Kant, knjiški crv i profesor?

Königsberški su građani uzimali svog profesora kao jamca svjetskog poretka, ali propuštali vidjeti njegov očaj kojim je on – Immanuel Kant, upravo u njihovu navijanju satova, u njihovim pogledima, kadikad podrugljivim, češće punim strahopoštovanja, tražio potvrdu svojega opstojanja.

Crvi pak, jamačno, rastaču prostor ove razmjene vjerodajnica. Oni postojano grizu osnove civilizacije, bilo to stupovlje na kojemu stoji Venecija, namještaj trakošćanskoga zamka, knjige ili pak njihovi pisci. Čudnovati stvorovi: Ništa stvoreno nije im dovoljno dobro, ali ništa od onog što je propalo nije propalo zauvijek.

Kod Krleže crv je uzdignut do časti dramskoga lica s replikom. Dostojanstveni stvor odbio je ovu uzvišenu ponudu, nastavio je hraniti se knjigama

velikoga pisca, baš kao i malim knjigama njegovih oponenta i adepata. O jadni Joriče! Gdje je sada tvoj Elsinor?

Prem pojeden, pobijedio je Polonije. Tko bi to bio pomislio?

Misli se da kuckanje crva u stolu, u ormaru, najavljuje smrt. Karakterističan zvuk, međutim, dolazi otuda što crvić glavom udara o stijenke izbušenih hodnika, da bi svratio nase pažnju odabranice svojega srca. Zašto, bi naime, takav jedan stvor koji je probavio *Kritiku čistog uma* najavljivao nešto (i.e. smrt) što je ionako neumitno?

Budi to propast Monarhije, propast Države, budi rasap književstva i jezika, ili se radi o tome da će opruga satnoga mehanizma sad-na iskočiti na glavnom königsberškom trgu ... crv je slika stamene postojanosti u promjeni, na bolje ili na gore, svejedno.

Zbunjajuća je, međutim, slika kojom se kaže da netko radi kao crv u kamenu. To se jezik nastoji osvetiti crvima za njihovo potkapanje. Uzalud! Gotovo da nema više nijedne riječi, osim možda uopće još neizgovorene, koja ne bi imala svojega crva.

Pa da je lijepa kao Snjeguljičina jabuka, ipak je ona otrovana. Može se, dakako, i šutjeti. Samo, onda se, u tišini, najviše i jedino čuju – crvi.

To je svagda tako kad nešto ide svome kraju, a bez ispunjenja.

Glista

Ako je mrav nikad poslije nedosegnuti vrhunac fenomenologije sitnog, glista je njezino podzemlje. Na ovome mjestu razvija naše sistematike, s punom predanošću mislimo na onoga stvora koji će izmiljeti iz toga podzemlja nakon kiše, te se usuditi blatnim stazama, tako isto i asfaltom. Mnoga će gospođica ustuknuti pred prizorom male zmije. No taj je stvor bezazlen, ljigav i uzvišeno ravnodušan spram svakojakog gaženja. Glista nimalo ne ugrožava *ja* gadljive gospođice. Štoviše, ovaj filozof mudro i unaprijed odustaje od svojega *ja*. Glista, presječena na dvoje, ukazuje na uspješnu shizofreniju. Presječena na četiri ili više dijelova posjeća nas *ona* na postojanost u promjeni, za koju nam čudnovati sitni svijet nudi brojne primjere. Dekapitirani mrav, što dokazuje nekoliko nezavisno protokoliranih poskusa, može poživjeti nekoliko sati bez te svoje glave, koja mu je inače potrebna. Sličan pokus s Marijom Antoinettom nije uspio, kao što nisu uspjeli ni svi drugi brojni ponovljeni pokusi sličnog tipa. Dio takovih pokusa proveden je doduše daleko od očiju svijeta. Gušteru će narasti nov rep na mjestu otkinutoga, ali šerijatsko pravo naprimjer ne računa ozbiljno s tim da bi se takvo što moglo ponoviti i u nekim drugim slučajevima. Sasvim drugačije stoji stvar s kišnom glistom. Njoj je lako izgubiti glavu, a potom sebe dobiti u po volji velikom broju primjera. Metafora za čovjeka, koji se, umjesto da se pretvori u ljude, stvara krdom? Niti govora. Sve se u fenomenologu buni protivu takve zloporabe. Zašto metafora? Ova je

fenomenologija, u duhu vremena, potpuno postmodernistički decentralizirana, te ako nešto slijedi kao njezin znanstveni iscjedak, a to onda upravo to da čovjek *nije* mjera svih stvari. Dakle, još jednom: Ako je riječ o metafori, onda je New York metafora mravinjaka, a ne obratno. Ne valja vidjeti metaforu tamo gdje se radi naprosto o analogiji.

Ako se u ovoj fenomenologiji, tako upravo u razmatranju o buhi, mora povremeno dodirnuti čovjeka, ako primjerice mrav mora otrpjeti usporedbu svojih ratova s ratovima evropskim, ili čak svjetskim, onda je to samo dokazom da redukcija nije još onako moćna kako bismo mi to željeli. Ako se u protokolu o pužu javi, kako se može čitati u nekim čak pomalo pakosnim kritikama: *prilično neočekivano*, i sam Otac Domovine (u tekstu *Puž*), fenomenolog mora na ovom mjestu skinuti svaku odgovornost za ovu činjenicu, te naravno braniti vizuru puža, pače ukazati na to da je Otac Domovine taj koji pridode, a puž je naprosto tamo gdje jest, što hoće kazati u vinogradu.

U Vondračekovoj monografiji o glisti *Glista*, standardnom djelu na ovu temu, koja obasiže 712 stranica, opisani su svi bliži i daljni srodnici ovoga čudnovatnog bića, njegove sklonosti, te sposobnosti, skrivene i manifestne. Da je kišna glista uzela nekog ušešća u svjetskoj povjesti, to bi Vondraček jamačno znao. Kako u tome u njegovoj monografiji nema nikakvog traga, bit će umjesnim zaključak da kišna glista u povijesti nije sudjelovala tako da bi se to moglo vidjeti.

Stanovito podozrenje budi međutim ova činjenica, koja Vondračeku dakako nije mogla promaći, pak mu i nije promakla: Godina 1851. bijaše obilna svakojakim padavinama, pače i kišom, pa neka izvješća, na njihovu tragu naravno i sam Vondraček, bilježe gotovo pa invaziju kišnih glista po seoskim putovima, pače i cestama što povezivahu njemačke kneževine.

No Vondraček začudo propušta notirati da se samo tri godine kasnije, upravo 1854., Robert Schumann bacio u Rajnu.

Rajna je naime ona rijeka, i tako dalje.

Moljac

U godišnjaku Britanskog kraljevskog društva za dubinska posmatranja sir Wiliam Battleby piše: "Nepristrani promatrač upravo će pri lektiri završnih poglavja *Fenomenologije sitnoga*, možda doći na pomisao kako ona ipak nije objektivna. Uistinu, kao da njezin sastavljač nije slobodan spram predrasuda u odnosu na sitne pojave, to jest kao da za nj ono sitno po sebi i ružno, ili čak štetno. Gospodin Šnajder vidi ružno i sitno, tamo gdje se radi možda samo o sitnom; a u svijetu sitnoga možda bi se moglo iznaći i štogod lijepoga. Čak i ako se na tren pristane da se ružnoća odnosno ljepota, šteta ili korist, mjere po čovjeku, a čovjek pak mjeri se po engleskom lordu, odvažujemo pitati se: "Moljac? A zašto ne – svilena buba?"

Sir Battleby, čije znanstvene doprinose mi uvelike cijenimo, naći će odgovor na svoje pitanje u Prijelaznim i završnim odredbama ove *Femenologije sitnoga*, gdje su ujedno uzete u obzir i mnoge druge brojne primjedbe, tako isto i prijateljske sugestije, iako mi nismo tako ljudi da ih ikada napišemo. Glede potonjih, očekivanja sastavljača ne bijahu pretjerana, što se dokazalo kao ispravan pristup. Tko se bavi sitnim riskira osamu, budući da su rijetki ljudi koji se, kao sir Battleby, član Britanskog kraljevog društva za dubinska promatranja, doduše uz svoju glavnu djelatnost, koja je bila i ostaje posvećena promatranjima po dubini, makar iz strasti bave sitnim pojavama. Sitnost kanda, ili barem opstoji neki strah glede toga, prelazi sa sebe same na onoga koji se njome bavi. Nije rijetka pojava, međutim, da oni koji se bave bacilima ili bakterijama jednostavno iščeznu, a još su hip prije sjedili za okularima svojega mikroskopa, pak ova bojazan, bit će, nije bez svake osnove.

Otvorenost našega pristupa nalaže nam, dakako, da uzmemo u obzir i najsitničave primjedbe, samo ako se one još uvijek dotiču sitnog. Mnogi pak, imajući na pameti nešto sitno, izvale koju krupnu, a mi stojimo na stanovištu da u malom, kao i u velikom valja držati se teme.

Moljac jest, točno je to, upravo kao neko protubiće svilenoj bubi. U osnovi pak, on je leptir, što se drži dokazom kako priroda često višim oblicima znade počastiti i neko niže biće. Leptir tako, u svemu slika nježnosti, ljepote u prolaznosti, itd., unižen je u prilici moljca koji ruje svoje hodnike po našem rublju. Nije nimalo ekskluzivan, ali najvoli vunu. Pogostit će se i bilo kakvim krpama, jedino će imati teškoća s carevim novim ruhom, u kakvoj se prigodi buha bolje snalazi. Opažanja potvrđuju da se njegova boja mijenja prema boji odjeće koju upravo jede, pak se izreka da odijelo čini čovjeka ima svakako proširiti i na onoga koji to odijelo jede, a ne tek nosi. Ne podnosi neke mirise, dok je spram boja posve ravnodušan; ono prvo uvelike se iskorištava protiv njega. Ovo drugo pak koristi njemu jer je otporan na promjene u modi. Da je orijentiran poliglotski dokazom je činjenica što će pojesti halju bila ona u francuskoj *garderobi*, ili pak hrvatskoj *rušnici*. Može se, dakle, na prostoriju naljepiti što se hoće, ali bi bilo važno provjetriti je.

U izvedbi knjiškoga moljca on se zna nahraniti i neprovjetrenim idejama, a zna poprimiti i njihovu boju, posve u duhu vremena.

Moljac bi tako bio slika postojanosti koja se potvrđuje, ne otporom, već savršenom prilagodbom. Pri tome je jasno da on, uza sve promjene koje nase prima u skladu s onime što trenutno jede, ostaje biti moljcem. Ima ih koji u ovome vide i neki viši smisao. Nisu li, napokon, svi oni koji su nase uzimali boje, znakovlje, u to i samu bit povijesnoga razdoblja koje je tutnjalo njima iznad glava, u trenutku povijesnoga loma u pravilu tvrdili da su ispod boja, znakovlja, i daleko od biti vremena, ostali kakvi su i bili? Da ne kažemo upravo – jednostavni ljudi? Doduše, upravo je bilo nestalo šest milijuna isto tako jednostavnih ljudi, upravo moljaca, koji su se pokazali preosetljivima na neke plinove, ali to stoji u drugoj knjizi, koju su pojeli neki drugi moljci.

Nadalje za idućih sto godina moljci će proždrijeti papir koji ih evo, bilježi, a crvi će rastočiti police gdje stoje knjige *Fenomenologije sitnoga*. Mnogo prije isteka toga vremena crvi će pojesti i njezina prilježnoga sastavljača, a bojati se valja, tako isto njegova liberalnog kritičara sira Battlebyja. I koja je onda korist sitnome što je ovako zabilježen?

Kažimo jedno prkosno IPAK!, jer nešto drugo nije na sličnome mjestu ni jedan Hegel imao reći.

Puž

“Dakle ovaj put ništa više, nego još jednom vas prosim, da primite moju najveću zahvalnost za ustrpljenje kojim ste me danas slušali!”, završio je svoj govor Ante Starčević, usred ushićenog odobravanja. Zaokruži Stari pogledom, kao da hoće upamtiti svakog ponaosob u dvorani, a rukom brzopisca ovdje se dodaje: “U to se kiša spusti.”

To je trenutak kad vinorodni brežuljci uokolo Zagreb – grada provrve puževima.

Odmah poslije zimskog sna predaje se vinogradski puž milovanju trava. Za vlažnih dana svibnja – lipnja otvara ovaj sladostrasnik svoj ljubavni ples: u sve to manjim kružnicama kruži par zaljubljenih puževa, jedno oko drugoga, a glazba s tim u vezi mogla bi biti jedino Ravelova. Potom se ljubavnici priljubljuju stopalima (ali zastupnici su u tom trenutku već napustili Sabor), koja se grče, Brehm kaže, talasasto, u ljubavnom užitku. Pipci tu također čine svoje, prepliću se, uzajamno sišu, što je već na dva mjesta uspoređeno s ljubljenjem golubova. Ali sve to blijedi pred činjenicom da puževi nastoje pojačati užitak priborom: I on i ona, naime, raspolažu jednom “ljubavnom strelicom”, nalik bodežu vapne-nastim instrumentom, koju jedno drugom zabodu u tijelo.

Alfred je Brehm nebrojeno puta promatrao ovaj prizor. Drugi, koji opisivahu slične vrhunce sladostrašća, ali na drugom materijalu, kao Gabriele d’Annunzio, ne dosežu njegovu razinu opisa. On je ostao na usporedbama i metaforama, tamo gdje se Brehm predao samoj stvari. Dekadencija koju je slavio d’Annunzio biva nadmašena u svakom vinogradu.

Sedam godina prije ovog događaja Brehm je (izgleda definitivno!) raskrstio s upravom Berlinškoga akvarija, zbog nesuglasica koje ovdje ne kanimo iznositi, jer bismo u ovu raspravu smjesta uvukli prevelik broj zainteresiranih. Uostalom, njegovi opisi vinogradskog puža nastali su prije ovog nemilog sukoba, negdje u doba povratka s njegove druge afričke ekspedicije, a dani su primjeri u svemu njemački i evropski. Ovo čudi, s obzirom da je ljubavnički rafinman puževa posve istočnjački. Uzmimo u obzir da je poslovična sprost puža u ovim stvarima velika prednost.

Nijemci, koje Stari nije volio, nježne ljubavnike kuhaju, no ima naroda kojima dostaje tek pokoja kap limunova soka. U toj je vezi poslovična sprost puža pogibeljna. Cijeni se da je na stolovima Monarhije skončalo oko 4.000.000

puževa svake od njezinih boljih godina. U vrijeme napoleonskih ratova oko puževa tuklo se nemilice.

A baš se te misli ushtio otresti Starčević u kočiji koja se, usred pljuska, spuštala niz Gornji grad, dok je unatrag razglabao neke naglaske svojega govora. Neki od zastupnika još stajahu po vežama, čekajući da se nebo smiri. Kako bi svaki čas morao dizati cilindar, on se povuče u dubinu kočije, u kojoj je raskošno mirisala vlažna kožna presvlaka. Htio se, naime, otresti jedne tako banalne misli kao što je ova: "Kod nas sve ide puževom brzinom. Svijet, naime, ide naprijed, uvijek samo naprijed. Sada smo u godini 1881; a još prije dvadeset godina jedan je čovjek hodao po konopu razapetom iznad slapova Nijagare!"