

ISOLATION



ESTONIA

Vlado Franjevics Spiral Channel — ESTONIA



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**2004 Vlado Franjevic participated on the Art Symposium
POSTSOVKHOZ 4 in Mooste, Estonia.
The Topic of Symposium 2004 was ISOLATION**



With following Authors

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VLADOS IDEA

After this moment when Vlado knew that his Idea was accepted by the Organiser of the Symposium in Estonia, he invited all his Correspondents worldwide to send him the Textes to the Topic ISOLATION. With this collection of different views and Understanding of ISOLATION Vlado was going to

the Symposium. The Textes were translated in German, English and Croatian. In Mooste, in a Wood near to the small Lake Vlado dugged up his spiral Channel in the Ground. In the Presentation Night were there a Procession to the Channel, where Marcus Williams read Kaplans Letter!

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WHY SHOULD CROATIA STAY OUT OF A UNITED EUROPE AND NATO? by Dr. Emil Čić

The main reasons why Croatia should stay out of any military and Euro/Anglo-American integration lie outside of Croatia.

Firstly, the failure of predominant European states to protect us from the imperial aspirations of neighbouring states (i.e. Italy, Serbia, and more recently, Slovenia) who grab Croatian sea and soil and whose actions are deeply offensive, degrading and predatory.

Secondly, can it be possible that this Europe, clear-eyed and intelligent, does not see that sentences against Croatian generals, meted out by the Hague court, are juristically laughable, conducted without meaningful argument, and can be proved inaccurate and fallacious in the final analysis. If, on the other hand, Europe is capable of understanding and seeing the performance of injustice, is it possible that Europe serves the fallacious propaganda of Croatian enemies?

If either of these assumptions are true and both are true because, in fact, some do not care and others are lying, then it is clear that Croatia cannot and must not enter into such a Europe unless as a lamb to be savaged by wolves.

Since the time when Britain founded so-called Yugoslavia in 1918, many crimes have been committed against Croatia: as much on the British/Communist side as those committed by Serbian imperialists. Many offences against Croatia lie buried beneath the official historical record: untruths, recorded and repeated to become official historic statements of fact; offences which caused an innocent Croatian nation to be severely defamed and slandered and a burden of guilt placed on it at a time when it was, in fact, following a legitimate bid for national freedom and sovereignty.



How, then, can Croatia enter Europe, fathered on the 19th of September 1946 by Winston Churchill - that same person who presided over the United European Movement? How can we enter into a Europe where Britain in the period between 7th to 11th May 1948 at the European Congress, through the person of Churchill, pleaded for European integration, ² which British Imperialists never planned to participate in? Memoirs, written by Croatian political emigrants after WW II now tell us that Churchill was the person who gave the "necessary instructions" ³ on the treatment of the Croatian military prisoners to British general Alexander in 1945, instructions which ended with the general massacre of the Croatian military staff and hundreds of thousands of civilians at the hands of Serbian Bolsheviks. Where was the America then that exalted stories of democracy and national self-determination, and where was the noble Europe? Nowadays it is the same Britain who, by the hands of its judges at their military court in the Hague (founded by Britain in 1917) judges the Croatian generals who liberated Croatia in period 1991/1996!

How can we enter into a Europe founded by British imperialists who never intended be a part of it? How can we enter a Europe which is incapable of opposing any injustice, in these times when the British and American imperialists are looking for special treatment for their colonial politics and their military criminals? Where is the political interest of the equal partners, when we know that the President of the Czech Republic, Klaus V, said "threats to Czech democracy and freedom today do not represent communism, but less perceptual measures and more dangerous attempts to restrict human freedom under the guise of a newly formulated public interest, the so-called 'higher Interest' of Europe". Europeanism – not Communism is the danger now, said President Klaus! ⁴ Does Croatia, after a thousand years of imprisonment by empires and federations of one kind or another really needs one more ... to disappear like wax under the heat of the sun?

We remain very grateful for not having been accepted into recent membership of the EU. We are happy in the knowledge that we will never arrive there, because 'The New Masters of the World' aspire to control us directly, outside of any Union! And we will know how to resolve this problem.

Lecturer: Elaine Murphy

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PETAR by Drazan Gunjaca

«It is said that man was made in the image of God, that God made him in his image... But man gave him this image back...»

Voltaire

Petar was never part of the average, for as much as this term may vary from time to time in these harsh lands of the Balkans. As a boy he was one of the best students, one of those rare that could learn any subject very easily, but he was also an exceptionally shy child. They said that it was because his parents divorced very early and he was left in the care of grandmothers and other members of the immediate and extended family. He finished high school, then the university, and then came the war. He volunteered to defend his country, at least this is what they say, although others claim that one night, in a moment of inattention he was simply taken away and made to wear a uniform. Curiously enough, he got several medals for courage in the war, which, to be honest, no one had expected. After the war the state gave up on its heroes and knights very quickly and he turned inward even more, only to become his own judge one bleak autumn dawn, in a one-room apartment on the tenth floor of a shabby building where he lived and from which he hadn't come out for days. He ended his life with a shot in the temple.

I've known Petar all my life, and I will remember him for the words in his good-bye letter that, to my utter dismay, arrived in my mailbox a few days after the funeral. I carried it around for days, looking for the best moment to open it. There are no such moments for this kind of letters.

"Dear friend,

The first thing that crosses my mind are the words of Svjetlana Alilujeva, Stalin's daughter. She considered friendship to be madness and evil, a phenomenon that is harmful and a burden for people. My God, this sounds so frightening. So much for the influence of the environment, in this case her beloved father. I've met my father only a couple of times and as far as I remember, he did not have any coherent attitude to the matter. At least he didn't come out with it publicly, although some of his reactions and occasional reflections made me conclude that he was not far from Svjetlana. Love just happens, friendships are made, used to say my late grandmother. With hard work and out of nothing. Friendship is one of the rare and precious ornaments on the thorny necklace called life, full of obstacles, difficulties and anxiety, getting narrower every day, making the thorns go deeper and deeper in your unprotected tissue. Friendships help so that it doesn't suffocate you...

I was in the war. It sounds so shallow and pathetic at first. The wars are shallow and pathetic in their essence, stripped bare of sounding words and ideas. I've made a couple of friends in the war. Honest and strong. They didn't make it, but the friendship did. The others, who survived the war, were overtaken by the challenges of peace. Ironic, isn't it? This thing with friendships. They made it through the trials of war, even death, but couldn't make it in peace. What is the secret of friendship? Fear? Of what?

Do you remember when I spent two months in prison for having accidentally killed a civilian? Of course you do, you represented me. Some say that there is no accidental manslaughter, and even if there is, it is certainly not in wars. Perhaps they are right. Two months in a cell with a constantly lit, dirty light bulb, where even the shreds of the connection with reality disappear under this guttering light, have set me free from any fear. It was then that I realized for the first time what it means to be at the mercy of your destiny. Alone, with no visits, no friends...Finally, I lost myself there, or what was left of me after the war. Whatever it was.

I decided to try and adapt after that, to socialize. Adapting means realizing the requirements of your environment and coordinating them... I soon realized that I didn't know what it was I should adapt to. Which social values should I adapt my inner world to? The Constitution of any country, therefore ours too, clearly says in its introduction what these values are. I tried to identify them in reality and soon lost my way in a twilight zone. Some other "values", not mentioned in constitutions, were easy to spot. I gave up on the Constitution and took up the Bible. Faith. You've got to believe in something, don't you? After the second reading I finally realized that the problem was not in my individual alienation, my lack of adaptation, a fact that people have been reproaching me for my whole life, but in the fact that there is simply nothing I can adjust to any more. This realization, together with what I managed to adjust to, brought me to this letter. Who would have thought that it could sound so logical. Your friend Petar

p.s.

You are probably wondering why I sent it to you. You once told me that my file was still open. It's time to close it and I will try to explain to someone else how and why I fired that shot... Even if I don't manage to do it, where I'm going forgiveness is not a punishment as it is here."

I put the letter in the file and wrote a/a on it with my tired hand. Then I took the file, the Constitution and the Bible to that small room where I keep my archive and where I rarely go. Let them at least take a rest from me if cannot take a rest from them.



Spiral Channel — a Detail

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ANN'S SUNDAY by Evica Kraljić



It's Sunday.

God's day for everyone who believes in everlasting life – life for all eternity.

Ann is indescribably happy this morning. Today she is deeply in thoughts enjoying to be alone. The dance in her mind begins. She is in her world of imagination, the dance of imagination is in the front of her eyes.

Hidden feelings in her heart, hidden by people working in her office. Ann is fifty, she is not married, she hasn't got children. But everything started a long time ago when she was very young in the prime of youth.

She fell in love. He appeared like a bolt from the blue sky. Her heart was full of joy remembering the time when she was very happy.

Hidden love – fire burnt. The kiss is still burning on her lips. Even today.

Love – fire hasn't gone out yet in her fifties. And every Sun-

day alone in her flat, far away from everyone, she touches her winkled lips with her trembling hand. She feels the kiss, the only one. But it hurts.

Tomorrow HE will give the same kiss to another one, in another town. HE is the only passenger maybe giving a kiss to some other lonely girl, maybe giving something else and missing then. So HE disappeared from Ann's life, too. HE weighed anchor, he left forever. A kiss – a memory...

Even it was all over a long time ago.

During Sunday Ann was remembering every millimetre of his approach how exactly it was. But she wasn't sure if the rain started or not or it was only her imagination.

She wasn't aware was that her tears dropping on her face or the rain.

She was so deeply in love.

Every Sunday she was alone even feeling better at home. She wasn't thinking of the nervous time left in her stuffy office.

She could tolerate all gossiping during the week because she was with her happy thoughts at home on Sunday.

Young ladies from her office couldn't comprehend Ann's loneliness.

Mary said: "I don't want such empty life, Ann's life."

Eva added: "Ann doesn't know what is love."

Magdalena smiled and said: "I'm 25 years old but I've had more than one boyfriend."

Ann could imagine their judgement, their malice. She was painted to hear it, but that's life.

Only, on Sunday, she forgets bad memories.

Agony disappears.

It would be easier for her if she got some letters or contacted her relatives.

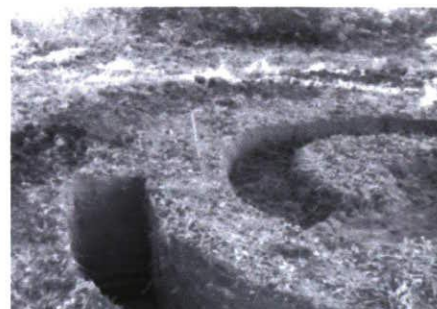
When the postman arrived at her door, her memories come to life.

She thought: "He is not with another girl. He is with his Mum. In vain he is looking for the girl with blue eyes and sweet lips."

It's Sunday again.

Ann's Sunday.

Translation: Prof. Marijana Sajter



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THE RAINBOW MAN by Friedeborg Stisser

He sat repeatedly at his place in his space. But he didn't know, what he did. He stood there, because he thought, that he was always there, all the time. He did everything like that's way is. But he got to prefer in doing anything else, just for fun. Soon he lost the pleasure in making fun. He wanted only fun, just for fun. But in living this way, it became him heavy and heavier, because he made it too easy for himself. And therefore he became a nincompoop. He didn't notice, that he had lost the ground under his feet. After all each step, which he did was too difficult for him. Because of that he couldn't breathe enough.

With every year more, he didn't aware, how he lived. By he held strong to all the things of the past, he couldn't notice it, because it wasn't pass for him.

The time changed the world and the life. But he strongly hold on in which he thought to live. That's the way he liked the habitation of the most and he didn't recognize how he became ordinarier. For that he preferred ordinaries as the best of all. because he thought that the everyday occurrence was his hold.

But once night all clocks in the world had being stopped for one second. The clock-time had being regulated with the earth rotation again.

But HE! What did he now? What was his regulation?

He fell out of his habitual life. He fell.....fell.....and fell. Nothing hold him. In his falling off, nobody could hear him.

He looked down into the dark abyss and he plunged into the depths, while a rainbow bridged the rig-out.

And in this moment he became the rainbow man.

To be used:

To be used at home
in the habitation
we became ordinarier
and we live
more and more
in the normality
normality is
our hold now!



WHY WE HAVE BECOME A PROVINCIAL NATION by Irena Lukšić

If you look up the word *provincial* in the *Croatian Dictionary of Foreign Words*, you will find that the lexicographer offers you two different meanings: the first is "relating to a province, an area away from a city (especially the capital)", while the second, figurative meaning is "unenlightened, backward, out of touch with world events, petty-bourgeois, rustic". The experience of encountering both levels of provincialism will lead us to accept this dictionary entry as satisfactory, but it may also encourage us to wonder how this concept came to be embodied both in the material world and in a certain state of mind, and whether the size of a territory and the greatness of a spirit have anything in common. There is a connection between territory and the spirit, numerous philosophers and men of letters have written about it, and it has perhaps been best expressed by Dostoyevsky in his novel *Poor People* in the sentence, "I have noticed that in cramped lodgings, it is too cramped even to think".

It is well known that space is one of the basic conditions for the existence of the entire material world. Our fate, the fate of our towns and cities, of our country, our culture and everything growing out of the soil depends on it. The provincial is created by the landscape. The landscape divides worlds into good and bad, happy and sad, small and great. An example of this is the fate of my town, the industrial centre of Duga Resa, which has been woven into a area bounded by four rivers, about fifty kilometers south of Zagreb. Duga Resa originated in its present-day suburb, Sveti Petar, the place where the town cemetery is located. "There was a town on the banks of the Mrežnica", it says in the old primary school album, "and the walls can still be seen in the river, especially in summer, when the water is shallow. The walls contain a large amount of brick and cut stone, and, as the inhabitants of Sveti Petar say, stone statues, pylons, door-posts, and window frames were taken out of the river in the past, but no value was placed on these antiquities and they were either built into various buildings or used as material for building roads". Scholars have named the former Roman settlement Romula Quadrata.

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Romula Quadrata was not an important centre, in spite of the fact that it was situated at the crossing of important roads between the coast and the mainland: the settlement sprang up on the fertile land beside the river Mrežnica and was surrounded by high hills narrowing the horizon and preventing freedom of movement. Another settlement, somewhat older, dating from the Neolithic, called Belaj, which had started to develop on the banks of the river Korana, dwindled for the same reason. Both settlements, Romula Quadrata and Belaj, were arranged in the form of a line along the river; the former was flooded when the Mrežnica changed its course, while the Korana moved away from the latter, leaving it wedged in among hostile hillsides. Settlements which grow up as lines end up as lines, becoming roads along which caravans have passed, leaving behind nothing but litter.

In the Croatian period, the fertile area around the Mrežnica is mentioned for the first time as late as the 13th century. The parish of Sveti Petar (St. Peter) in Mlaka (The Pool) or on Otok (the Island) is mentioned on the site of the Roman town; it may have been a place where spent horses were changed for fresh ones. The river, as we have said, had changed its course during the period between the decay of the Roman Empire and the arrival of the Croats. During the dry summer months, a careful observer will note that the Mrežnica has moved closer to the road leading towards the sea, thus narrowing even further the space available for the expansion of the settlement. In the 16th and 17th centuries, the area between the Korana and the Mrežnica was invaded by the Turks and by soldiers from the powerful stronghold of Karlovac. The Turks perpetrated much evil in these parts, that is beyond doubt, but it is less well known that the army, composed mainly of Orthodox warriors from Bosnia, who had penetrated into Croatia driven by the Ottomans and together with them, was just as notorious. Up to the mid-19th century no large settlement could develop in the area of present-day Duga Resa, no town which would stimulate art, scholarship or education, because another natural barrier was added to the rivers and the hills: the fertile stretch of land on the far bank of the Korana was settled by Serbs, frontiersmen of Krajina, people who ostensibly defended the civilized West from incursions by the Turks from the East, but who were in fact an obstacle to any healthy circulation of people, ideas, and goods. The frontiersmen of Krajina sang of themselves thus:

Frontiersmen, take up your muskets!
Your musket is your one true love,
Your backpack is your chest and wardrobe ...
A soldier has no home:
His cape is his house;
His sleeves are his chests and wardrobes;
His sabre is his brother and his sister;
His musket is his chief protection.

Time, as an integral part of space, leaves quite unforeseen marks on such line-shaped objects fated to be roads for the passage of caravans. At the window of the dignified railway station, for instance, which bears the original stamp of the painstakingly meticulous Austrian authorities, you can recognize the swinging sixties: the waiting room is filled with the proud working class, eating, drinking, and smoking, leaving behind kilograms of litter which there is no one to clean up, waiting for a train to take them to some rundown workers' boarding house on the Adriatic. The area facing the *Pamučna industrija*, the biggest textile mill in the western part of Croatia, jealously guards the spirit of the late fifties: many of the oldest employees, due to retire soon, often say that they can still smell the exhaust fumes from Tito's limousines, which rested here while their well-fed masters observed the development of the giant socialist factory with admiration. The seventies are symbolized by the nondescript Department Store in the centre of town, while the eighties have left behind the sheltered bus stops in Jelačić Street, the main street of Duga Resa.

Should anyone attempt to join together the points A, B, C and D, or the above mentioned pockets of time, with an imaginary centre on the main town square, he will discover what provincialism is, how it came about and how one can escape it. From its St. George's Square, Duga Resa can draw only a series of straight lines which will never meet, but will always represent, in any period of time, a line for the passage of caravans. Duga Resa will, it seems, always remain provincial, a small and cramped dwelling-place in which it is too cramped even to think. The symbols of its straight line were an arrow, a ray of light, a pillar, rain and a sword.

Provincialism is fate. The fate of space in time.

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ISOLATION AS POLITICAL DESTINY? by Drazen Pavlić

When you write about political isolation from Croatia, Estonia or the Netherlands, you are not writing about the same thing. Croatia is a candidate for entry into the European Union and is still isolated from Europe, while the other two countries are inside. Therefore, I can imagine that someone from these countries would view this question from significantly different perspectives.

After World War II and until the late 1950s, the former Yugoslavia existed without friends, under pressure from two military blocks. In the schools of that time, they taught us that this country is the most beautiful in the world, that it has mineral and other natural riches sufficient for independent existence. Economic textbooks presented the alleged truth that we have sufficient available bauxite, coal, steel deposits, abundant water potentials and fertile plains. They said that we have rivers and a sea brimming with fish, forests full of quality timber and wildlife, all of which would be transformed at the hands of the worthy workers, peasants and honest intelligentsia and soon yield abundance. However, this has still not happened. For example, Croatia still imports food. At that time, there was a song: "This land is beautiful, the dearest to me ..." This pleasing picture was developed for practical reasons because there was no other choice. Nonetheless, there was proud and self-satisfied talk about voluntarily remaining in a hole, but it would be the most beautiful hole in the world. Later, when the country opened to the world, in terms of standards and certain freedoms, the citizens jumped ahead of the countries of the Warsaw Pact, while the others remained in the isolation of a military and political warehouse.

Proponents of isolationism in politics speak of the preservation of national values: language, culture, economy etc. What you want now is important: the purity of the original national culture or interaction with other civilizations. If this communication with others takes place on an equal footing, i.e. if a community both receives and gives simultaneously, this would strengthen the self-awareness of the nation and individuals who belong to it. If the rich and powerful succeed in imposing their values and forms on those who are weaker, manage their economy and dictate political solutions to them, such cooperation would be undesirable for the weaker.

In actual politics, there are always those who think that it is good to blend into the world and those who are more cautious and want to maintain a distance. When there was talk in Croatia not long ago about the proclamation of a free fishing zone in the Adriatic, followed by pressure from Slovenia and Italy, who are inside the European Union demanding that Croatia desist from this proclamation if it wants their support for entry, when in Croatia it was perceived that this question would not be decided in a sovereign manner although there were all the international-legal prerequisites for this, there were people who said: "Good, when Europe behaves this way, condemns our generals, places us in the last row of national candidates etc., we do not have to enter such a Europe. We shall declare a free fishing zone and we shall eat fish to survive. Here again was another self-sufficient solution, similar to that from the postwar era.

If we peer a little deeper into history, we shall find an expression used by the Roman Popes to describe Croatia: the "bulwark of Christianity." Throughout the entire four-century Turkish siege of Europe, Croatia was the barrier behind which the countries of the Union developed their economies and democracies without interference, and colonized the newly discovered worlds. The Habsburgs defended Europe on the Croatian territories of Osijek, Vukovar, Slavonski Brod, Pakrac, Sisak, Karlovac and in the south to Knin, Senj, Nin and Dubrovnik. The same cities and territories bled then that were devastated during the Homeland War in Croatia from 1991 to 1995. Only this time, the Yugoslav Army came instead of the Turks, with the intention of restoring the former Turkish borders to the territory of Croatia. Can you imagine how the people in Croatia, aware of these historical circumstances, experience the righteous finger-pointing of unified and defended Europe, that accuses us of being a people who like to make war, hate our neighbors, oppose mixed marriages, and all in all behave in an uncivilized manner?

However, the dilemma concerning isolation as a political solution is not an exclusively Croatian, Albanian or Chinese specialty. During the two World (or European) Wars, the United States of America strenuously and for a long time refrained from entering the battle, due to the attitude among American voters that these were not their wars. The New World, due to its distance, had all the reasons to remain on the sidelines, protected from the horrors and destruction of war. However, forces and interests won out as significant political factors. British political isolationism, actually distance from Europe, was conditioned by its island position. However, even the particularly "English" football style has disappeared today. Closed unto itself, the cocoon of autism in politics and in psychiatry is not healthy. Without interaction with the surroundings it weakens, fails to learn and soon declines.

Therefore, the question is whether this is a solo song, duet or opera. Even the song of the lonely mountain shepherd makes an echo. In any case, it is more enjoyable to listen to a multitude of harmonious voices.

Translated and corrected by Casman Vuko Margaret

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THE EMPTINESS (Fragment) by Sanja Pilić

She sat in the room, shrivelled above a cup of tea, with her jaws always a little too much squeezed - one felt the tension also in the emptiness like at home. It seemed to her, as after an impact the next hits her, and every one was stronger and more penetrating, so that the simple moments of peace are nothing more than the beginning of atest, of the perseverance in the school of life. She waited for someone (who?) to give her a final blow, so that she would fall through the exam and spit out her teeth. For a good part, she consisted anyway of plastic and glue anyway! At last, she was just a simple retired Professor. She remembered nothing. Biology? Probably. Perhaps... In any case the emptiness grew, resounded in her, swoll up in immobility, collected itself in a sad sound of continuing sigh. As an old woman I give up this marathon race, she said to herself. She still spoke the juvenile language of her pupils, she was dying witty. But, she did not try to repair the life and to heal the wounds anymore, and to look for comfort, or to discover the strength in philosophic thinking and she felt, it was too late for new discoveries. She was settled with emptiness, naked in her illness like a patient whose head shines in the dark.

It seemed not to her to be cheated from the others, but by herself. She stared at her own indifference like a stranger and kept her cynicism in doing so. She examined her body in an almost scientific but cold manner. It was disintegrating. As if the emptiness sucked it in. Life, this passing life, seemed to her like a heap of mistakes: abandoned cities, broken centuries, tilted landscapes, changed ideas, many pieces of refuse, a museum full of oxidized iron and broken glass for any "modern" art, which attributed to a totem, a tribe bowing in front of the glass the natives do not recognize their own faces in its silver shine.

Considerations about the construction of life, about architecture, about logics and fatalism. Finally, life seemed to be only a better or worse performance, always tragic for the starring actors. She could feel the short period of years that she had lived through. They had disappered like an afternoon dream an stood now crowded on a souvenir shelf. The emptiness swallowed them systematically and in a disciplined manner. She had forgiven herself and the others all sins and in the term's report she wrote down "sufficient". Her living got a pass and it could have been developing further, but she was not interested anymore in this experiment. She let her soul go out of her body and knew with the fact that once the soul will be somewhere else and the shrivelled body will still sit on the bed and drink tea.

Translation: Vlado Franjević

REMIND ME WHAT THE ISOLATION MEANS... by Svetlana Volić

You've made the effort. You have reached utmost impossibility to sense me as a human being. Confinement. It's something that passes you by. That speaks. That laughs. That cries. It's something that pays attention. Something that gives you its hand that remains floating in the air as a mere fact... as a documentation of your impossibility. As a bluntness of the unfulfilled...

...Too much information.... I need to isolate myself. My system is not capable of processing that amount of impressions. My nerves quiver upon the lightest impulses. This disquiet lasts...

Two isolations, utterly different, exist in a third state of isolation. The space is restricted...

"I feel like having a coffee in Vienna".

"Why on earth in Vienna? What damn fool would take a plain for Vienna just in order to have a coffee?"

"I would (...) I am that fool. I need a visa. I need a visa for a fucking coffee."

"Nevertheless, you are travelling soon?"

"Yes, I am going to Mooste."

"I would like to go to Mooste, too. Where is Mooste?"

"In Estonia."

"Where is Estonia? Is it a nice place?"

"It is a nice place."

"You are dreaming."

"I have that dream."

"(...)"

"Two years ago in Paris I've met a lama from Nepal. He came from a remote village on the Himalayas. He saw a Westerner for the first time when he was twenty-five."

"Does he speak English?"

"A bit. He doesn't know to read or write. But one can see that his gaze speaks more.

He is open, yet an individual."

"(...)"



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"I still didn't manage to isolate myself as an individual."

"Why again such a heaviness of thoughts?"

"Well, I am still in a process of growing up, isolating myself against the world. Can't you see the states I am going through? From the total submission to you and the loss of my identity, to the total freedom and love of my entire being towards you."

"(...)"

"(...)"

"You are a brat."

"Of course, just forget my need to share all my thoughts with you, to show you my toys. And it is so funny that I need someone to hug me when I am frightened..."

"That tension, that fear – where do they come from?"

"I like you. My identity is now vulnerable. I need to isolate myself from you, to digest that vulnerability..."

"(...)That Estonian village, how many inhabitants it has?"

"Four hundred."

"Where are you going to be? In Rasina? Are there any people there?"

"I don't know...There will be two for sure – Peeter Krossman and myself."

"And?"

"And that is the "Document". Two isolated beings, in the isolated space, from two parts of the world, with the isolations that they carry within. ... and the possibility of spontaneous contact which could turn into creativity..."

"What kind of creativity?"

"A word, a painting, a drawing, a play, a performance...And maybe none of it, maybe just an experience?"

"It's silly to embark upon something just for the sake of experience."

"It's not if you have faith. Faith always brings creation."

"What do you believe in?"

"I don't know... I just always possessed that vast amount of faith... It sometimes gives me the perfect feeling of freedom, one that annihilates all kinds of isolation."

"We could make a book out of this. But...words are just words, and book is only a book...We wouldn't see each other any longer."

"No we won't. Physical isolation, and yet a presence. You are here. Fucking here. Damn it. And a word is not just a word but the materialisation of our thoughts, and that is an unconditional beauty that you are not aware of..."

"(...)"

"(...)"

"I am leaving. (...)"

"(...) Yes."

ISOLATION by Dr. Jadran Zalokar

In the context of thinking of a planetary polylog the phenomenon "isolation" belongs to the spiritual-social-existential pathology. The same thinking implies a planetary openness in repeated encounters of all religious traditions, polylogy in the process as a multi-voice of religious and cultural subjects. Polylogy is a spiritual network that substantially determines the spirituality of the third millennium. "Isolation", in any sense is not possible and if it will take place, it means a pathology of life. It reflects itself in different modes of mental retardation, ethno centralism and ethno egoism, like in schizophrenia among other things. It leads into the world of the lower life, into a world of violence which is the opposite of love, liberty and no violence. Love and no violence are the laws of life and not only spirituality! The isolation comes from ignorance and from fear and it raises further ignorance and even more fear. And leads into the Barbarisation of the life.

That fate of the earth is a polylogy dimension in its growth into a supra mental future. The polylogy as globalisation of ancient and utopian spirituality belongs to the teleology of the terrestrial essence and to the divination of humans. The spiritual evolution/involution expresses itself in the dimension of the mental one as polylogy. The terrestrial understanding prepares for a stronger activity of the cosmic mental energies. Also the human body in its cellular dimension. The requirements are made for the new species. The differences between today's human beings and a supra mental being will be larger than between homo sapiens and his ancestors. But this is not frightening. It belongs to the law of spiritual evolution/involution.

Contemporary art is an integrated part of the process of planetarisation as polylogy. Fine and verbal arts introduce a dimension of the spiritual liberty to the daily, deep materialistic intoned and saturated life.

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And it doesn't matter whether the basic intention of the fine art leads to the construct of the compression of the art forms or to the sketch or to the emptiness and to the substance of art to the crystallization of the pure form, or the basic intention of the verbal art leads to the free fable river or to its sublimation into a haiku verse - the important thing is, that the arts have a subtle and spiritual effect on our daily life, thus the spirit and the understanding express the wealth of the spiritual human being.

In arts, one can find intensions which lead to the seriousness of the substances in every kind of art, and in art generally. In the fine arts, it is what leads to a Proper Line: Haiga. In the verbal art it is what leads to a Clean Word: Haiku. Haiga is the substance of the substance both of education and literature.

The existence of art becomes the basic condition of existence of human beings, more than in all ancient eras. And the basic condition of future spiritual growth, growth into play and liberty.

Translation: Vlado Franjević

EVERYONE by Waltraud Weiss

everyone
who had a good word
for me
became my saviour
until
he became my hangman

then I found
the saviour
she was called:
me!

BLACK CROSSER by Sonja Viola Senghaus

exotik
unpined
with pointed pillars

world
wear your
crumpled nettle coat

black crosser
travel
without language

*Translation and Lecturer:
Helga Paas Baumann, M.A.*



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ISOLATION ISOLATION ISOLATION ISOLATION HOUSE by Bruno von Arx

Please cut out these 5 terms and place the isolations so that they mark an outline, like a fence, and then set the house carefully into the centre, so you already have ISOLATION. There it may sound like this:

Mummy, can Mary come to me into the garden?
What Mary?
Mary from next door.
Oh, what do you want to do in the garden?
Play with the dolls.
But be careful with the flowers.
Yes for sure, but we do not play with the ball.
However last time you hit the beautiful roses with the ball.
That was Peter. Can she come now or not?
Yes she can.
Mary, Mary you can come!

Mary admires the beautiful doll's house.

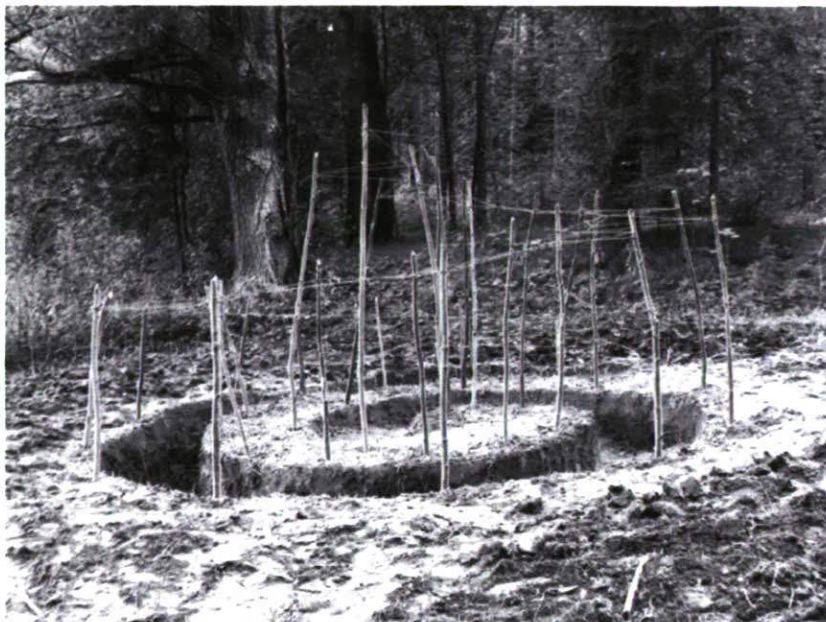
Who gave it to you?
You know, my grandfather rigged it up for me. If you like it, he'll probably make another one for you.

It sounds from the house:

What do you promise there again, you know that he mows our lawn and that he has always much to do. However, for Mary he sure has time. She is kind to me, she does not trouble me on the way to the nursery. Mary, would you like to have one?
Yes I would, but my mother would probably not agree, she wants that I do something useful.

Peter comes home.

It's nice that you are here, Mary. How do you like this hut?
This is not a hut, this is my doll's house, resists his sister.
Yes, Peter, at least I haven't seen a hut with such beautiful rooms, Mary added.
But it does not even have lights, Peter answers.
Look, Peter, this would be something for you, you surely find the necessary things in fathers workshop.
Then I'll have a look.
I've found it,, look at this, I have a battery, a supporting device with a small bulb, screws, and here two wires with clamps, screwdrivers, pliers and a hammer.
But, Peter, the wires are blank. Don't you have isolated ones?
What isolated wires?
You know. Those with a rubber layer over the wire, for the current leads from your battery to the bulb and doesn't make a short-circuit when the wires should touch themselves, Mary instructs him.
Go and have another look, you'll surely find some.
Yes, yes, I'm on my way already.
Here's a red and a blue wire. Are you glad now, Mary?
Now we'll see whether we are able to produce light. Give me the tool.
Hello Peter, what do you say now? Is it still just a hut with these lights?
No, you did it well, Mary.



THE MORAL OF THE STORY: ISOLATION CAN BE AN OBSTACLE IN HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS BUT, HOWEVER, IT IS NECESSARY FOR PRODUCING LIGHT.

Vlado Franjevic's Spiral Channel — ESTONIA

A LETTER by Jakob Kaplan

Tel Aviv, June 3, 2004. Dear Mr. Vlado Franjevic of the principal state of Liechtenstein! I read in the newspaper about your travel plans to Mooste, located in a beautiful area of south eastern Estonia, and today not so far from the borders anymore - those borders to that part of Estonia the Russians have been occupying until today! I hope so much that you also visit the Peipus lake like and Tartu, the culture capital of Estonia.

Very honoured artist! I am convinced that you will enjoy the hospitality of the people in southern Estonia, and the main thing is that the weather will be favourable! The beginning of August (Estonian - harvest month) is the most beautiful and best time there (and also in the brother country Finland - similar language, the same anthem, and so on).

I wish you any success. Yours sincerely, Jakob Kaplan.

P.S. About isolation one could write a lot, but I send you just a few examples. Despite the fact that in Estonia there is no family which was unconcerned by the occupiers, the folk staid good-natured.

To the topic "isolation" - in a social-political and personal sense - I want to send you a few words. For example, how the power was used by the dictators, particularly in Estonia, which was in total isolation, enclosed and cut off from the remaining world, so nationally, so personally, every word. Dates are the pure truth:

On June 14, 1941 - a few days until the completion of the first year of Soviet occupation, some 11.000 (eleven thousand) souls were arrested and deported. Up to railway cattle wagons they went among family heads and other men - afterwards the men a part of the women disappeared in the night and the fog - shot, died from hunger, and so on - and that took place in complete isolation - the surviving family members didn't know anything for many years. Further: At the end of March 1949, approximately 21.000 (twenty one thousand) were deported from suffering Estonia, mostly farmers, women, children and old men. At that time many farmer's sons of Estonia were stationed in Kronstadt doing their military service (right now the Russians celebrate Kronstadts 300th anniversary.) Kronstadt is less then 140 km away from Estonia - nobody there knew anything - the isolation functioned perfectly!

And furthermore: in the years 1948 until 1953 the Jews in the Soviet Union were endured - under a prohibition of their language(s). Many went to prison, became murdered, and so on. Me, a Jew, Hebrew-speaking, being- in the navy and then in detention, became deported to Narym (north-eastern Siberia and the north Urals) for unlimited time, I did not know anything until 1956!!! Again well isolated! Also about the death of the greatest mass murderer of all times - Stalin - (March 5, 1953) we got to hear only on March 9, 1953! It was a glad message - so far of isolation.

Translation: Vlado Franjevic

Isolation (The woman, the cat and the chosen homeland) by Anita Guerts

Not only physically, life in the north was lonely, isolated and cold. Cold the wind, damp the seasons, cold the landscape, frosty the northern population. But the sea was in the proximity. The endless sea with wild waves and stormy tidal changes had fascinated her already when she was a child. The iridisedgrey, the lightning-white foam crowns, the distance, the mysterious place behind. Far, wild and impetuous. Like she, on the boundary between childhood and being a young growing-up woman.

"When I'll grow up", she had dreamed as a child, "then I'll drive into a country where the sun shines always. Where the weather and the people will always be warm to me. And where never happens war".

How often had she regretted the immigrant workers from southern countries, far away from home, isolated in a country where not only the weather was unfriendly. Where one did not understand them, where one ignored their shy smile, where one did not have time for sentimentalism. Where only work and performance counted. That's why they called the immigrant workers into the country, isn't it? And nevertheless, their families at home in the far homeland, were they now also better? They should be glad that they were usefull here. And then she became also an immigrant worker. When the train drove out of the tunnel and the view released the majestic mountain world, she had to hold her breath. What a promising this view!

She snuggled happy in the warm sunbeams and knew immediately that she had made the right decision.

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She would love this country, here she would feel coming home. Mountains with snow-white tops, mysteriously glistening bluish green mountain lakes, clouds play in the valleys, melancholic sounds of the alp horns. The new homeland country was actually as magnificent as on the postcards. And then the chocolate. She had not seen so many sorts ever. And never eaten so much of it as within the first weeks after her arrival. So the paradise would look, she decided contently. Also, there had not been war here ever since. Not like in her far native country. She could feel this exactly.

After the first summer season and the first euphoria had gone by, she was drawn to another area of the picture book country. There, the rich and famous came for holidays, one lived luxurious, almost ostentatious, and compensated the lack of joy of life with consumption. Life here was pure luxury. However, this life was hectic, people ran past each other, everybody for himself, occupied only with themselves. Cold and faultless.

And above all, it was clean. Everything was cleanly regulated, cleanly planned, cleanly organized. Whether the use of the wash room, the disposal of waste or parking orders, everything had clear regulations. Those were kept strictly. Everything was punctual, the train, the streetcar, even visitors. If one invited people to his home - so against 7 o'clock -, then the visitors stood in front of the door at precisely 7 o'clock, not at a quarter past 7.

Friends? Well, yes. It took perhaps somewhat longer, but the acquaintances didn't remain as icy as the winter weather. And once became friends, it remained friendship for the life. The friends - they're rather called colleagues - thawed soon, appeared interested in other cultures and customs. Presupposed, the cultural differences were not too big. The more north the country of origin, the bigger the acceptance. Nevertheless, a cold breath of isolation let her shiver from time to time. Life in the big city remained rejecting.

Therefore the next attempt, now into the southern mountains. How peaceful life was there: Mountain like heaving waves, snow fields like white foam. Replacements for the missing, far-away ocean. Again a new language. *Un verre de blanc* was always at hand, as if one would have waited for it. The people were modest, racy of the soil, friendly, helpful. They lived for their small piece of land, where they preserved and maintained affectionately their grapes and apricots. Like their family and friends did. The life of the mountain inhabitants was not simple, in winter sometimes hard. But one lived consciously. Intensively. With a cheerful calmness.

And she? She burst into flower in spring like the alpine meadows with their white lilies of the valley and bright red poppy, in summer she bathed in small crystal-clear rivers and mountain lakes and soon hiked like a small chamois over hedge and ditch, from the highest snow summits down to the sunny valley.

In the pleasing warm Indian summer her reddish-brown curls competed with thousands of gold-shining larch trees. Isolation? Finally she had arrived at herself. Experienced quiet luck - a great word, often for one moment only, hidden at a tiny place.

Gradually, winter moved in. And also her old age. A rushed, half-wild and lonely cat came by shyly from time to time adopted her. Gladly, the cat enjoyed warm milk. However, it never let stroke itself.

Together, they sat leisurely in the mountain sun on the weathered wooden bench in front of the house, everyone in its corner. There, where the woman and the cat had found their homeland of choice.



Translation by Vlado Franjevic / Markus Krüger

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REPORT FROM WHERE THE CATS ARE GREY by Ernst-Edmund Keil

Back again I am from that realm where the sun never dies. Neither it does during the night, because when it is growing dark there will rise on the dark-blue firmament, in place of the only one, thousands and thousands of other suns. Along with the moon, who rounding herself up, is shining so much like silver that I can settle down in front of the door und start reading. There is brightness all over. And no need of having fear of anyone or anything. The whole world is plunged, bathed and rocked in luminosity. Mother Earth clasps me tight in her arms, smiling. Besides, she sometimes will sing o hum a lullaby, a day or a night song.

Nevertheless I've returned to the realm where all the days are as grey as the cats are over here, the air filled with the croaking of crows, the night as black as the mouth of the wolf, who in the fairy-tales of my childhood always caused an all-devouring mischief. It's a fog-bound realm, full of ghosts, gnomes, of imps and witches. Sometimes the fogs look snow-white, sometimes deep-grey. And if the storm is blowing they will madly dash along over my head, same as the Horsemen of the Apocalypse, so narrowly that my heart is beating like a drum. I can't go to sleep, convinced that I am being choked. How often must I get up at night, how often do I lie sleepless, listening so the wind and peering at the scarce light trickling cloudy and slushy like dishwater across the chinks of the blind.

I've returned, feeling myself without home, though back again in the country of my fathers long passed away, feeling myself without shelter, though locked up in a cell where I'm all alone by myself, feeling safe from wall to wall. This once must have been the feeling of the Irish monks when coming back from their long missionary campaigns into the grey monasteries of their island.

But ain't I another monk, sitting in his cabin, the pilgrim's hat on the wall, the cross around the neck? Reading or writing, writing or reading some syllables, words and sentences, by which I will kindle some internal light, so strong sometimes that they slip out of my mouth like flames, illuminating the dark and damp walls all around. There is no lion at my feet. What should I do with an animal? Now I know, however, I do know why I returned and wither. I really know. And that is all what matters.



Vlado Franjević's Spiral Channel — ESTONIA

AUTHORS — CV's

Dr. Emil Cic (Chitch): in 2003 has started to finish the doctorate at the University of Zagreb, Studia Croatica; 2003 – Freelance artist; 1996 – 1998 The unfinished doctorate at the Vienna University by prof. Herbert Seifert and Philipp Harnoncourt. Refused any scientific proofs: bad treatment of the doctorate for the political reasons. Pro-Yugoslav university (meaning of Mr. E. Cic); 1983 – 1988 The Viennese Academy of Music (Hochschule für Musik und Darstellende Kunst in Wien: on 22nd of June 1987 accomplished composer). Student by prof. Otmar Suitner, the study of conducting the orchestra; 1982 – 1983 starting the study of music in Graz (Hochschule für Musik und Darstellende Kunst in Graz): composition and conducting (Milan Horvat); 1978 - 1982 Academy of Music in Zagreb (University in Zagreb); 1980 – 1982 Unfinished study of the theology for lays, by the Jesuits 1973 – 1978 High school for musicians: studied the bassoon and theory of music. Certificate in the theory of music. The professional experience: 2003 Freelance artist and journalist; 2000 - Music critic; 1999 – 2000 Piano player at the ballet school; 1995 Editor at the journal "Narod"/ "The Nation" ; 1992 – 1994 The Teacher of music at the music and high schools; 1990 – 1994 Music critic in the "Croatian Herald": Also continuously present by the different journals "The Croatian Soldier", "Daily Herald" ("Vjesnik", as polemicist), "Matica"/ i.e. "Matrix" of the Croatian Diaspora; 1993 – 1994 also collaborator of the Croatian radio; 1988 – 1990 The teacher at the high school. Chitch conducted the different choirs; 1982 – 1985 Freelance journalist for "Vjesnik", "Danas"/"Today", freelance correspondent from Austria. Membership: 2002 The founder and the president of The Croatia – Ireland Society; 1997 The Society "Lucius": cofounder on 15. 11. 1997.: research of the Croatian history; 1995 Member of the Croatian – Austrian Society; 1995 The St Hieronymus Society: the Croatian literary Society; 1992 The Croatian Musicological Society, cofounder; 1991- 2000 The Croatian Journalists Association: resigned for their massive support in favor of the recycled communists. (Indoctrinated society). Mr. Emil Cic (=Chitch) is the musician, musicologist, composer, philosopher of the history, and the author of some thousand different articles. He wrote also a lot of texts for radio. He composed the Requiem, Rhapsodies and music for choirs etc...

Drazen Gunjaca was born 1958 in Sinj, Croatia, where he finished the primary school. After that he finished the military school in Split. He was ten years long the officer of the Yugoslav navy. In this time he finished his study at the juridical faculty in Rijeka. After that he withdraws from the Yugoslav Folk's Army. The last ten years he is active as a successful lawyer in Pula. He published the numerous anti-war works, like the novel "The price of the homeland (parting at the Balkan)" and like the drama "Balkan-Roulette", several times translated and awarded works.

Evica Kraljić was born 1952 in Nova Gradiska, Croatia. Since a very long time she is occupied with the writing of Novels and Poetry. She published several novels and collections of poems. Their texts were published also in numerous Anthologies and literature magazines. For her works she received several awards.

Friedeborg Stisser was born 1946 in Goettingen, Germany. Membership: the community of interests of German authors (IGdA e.V.). Publications: 1991 the fairy-tale novel "A glass ball" and 2000 the novel "What do you think, when you with me talk?"

The authoress and Critic **Irena Luksic** was born in Duga Resa, Croatia 1953. There she lives also. She got the diploma and doctor title by the philosophy faculty in Zagreb. She published several books with Prose, translations from the Russian and a drama. Some of her narrations were published also on Slovenian and Turkish. She participated in more than twenty scientific symposiums, she published in domestic and foreign specialized publications about one hundred works over the Russian literature.

Drazen Pavlic was born 1958 in Zagreb. He graduated at the faculty of the political sciences in Zagreb where he is today active as a director of a the biggest company for carpet wholesale in Croatia. Before it, he was a librarian and director of a bank branch-office in the Croatian town Bjelovar where he lives now. He wrote many newspaper contributions and column for different Croatian newspapers.

Sanja Pilic was born 1954 in Split, Croatia. She terminated the Prime school and school for the applied art in Zagreb, the capital of Croatia. There she lives today as a free lance artist. She published 15 Romans and Novels. Their texts were published in the different newspapers and magazines. For her works she received several awards.

Visual artist **Svetlana Volic** was born 1974 in Belgrade, Serbia. 1999 she graduated at The Academy of Fine Arts in Belgrade, painting department. 2002 she spent two months in Institutuon "Cite International des Arts", Paris, France. She studied Multidisciplinary Postgraduate Programme MA Course in Scene Design, University of Art, Belgrade. Works in different artistic media: painting, photography, installation, performance... Since 2000 she is Member of ULUS (Fine Artist's Association of Serbia). From 1999 – 2003 she took part in several international multimedia workshops in Greece, Serbia, FYR Macedonia and Hungary. She was one of the initiators of the site-specific workshop Krstac, in September 2003. in village Krstac, Montenegro and also the artistic director and one of designers of the CD ROM presentation "Krstac". The workshop was conducted by professor Tomaš Žižka (DAMU, Prague, Czech Republic). From 1997 – 2004 she exhibited in Solo or Group exhibitions in Serbia and Montenegro, Greece, Hungary FYR Macedonia and Canada.

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AUTHORS — CV's

Dr. Jadran Zalokar was born 1947 in Ljubljana, Slovenia. He is a doctor of the philosophical sciences (the Schopenhauer thesis), Haiku poet, painter (mirror-image-ritual painting), religious Zen and Tantra teacher and librarian. 1990 inauguration in Rijeka - thinking about the Planetary Polylogy. Until 2000 he held ten lecture cycles. He lives and works in Rijeka, Croatia.

Waltraud Weiss was born 1939 in Leverkusen, Germany. Since 1962 she lives in Cologne. She is an authoress of numerous books - Poems and Prosa, many contributions in Anthologies, calendars, newspapers and magazines. Since 1991 she leads one woman publishing house "wort and mensch" / word and human. Memberships: C.A.T.S. Germany (children alliance for tradition and social commitment - particularly for children in Egypt), Else Lasker pupil society in German Wuppertal and the community of interests of German authors (IGdA e.V.) She is the Referent of the KFD (catholic German women).

The Poetry and Novels Authoress **Sonja Viola Senghaus** was born 1948. She lives and works in Neulussheim, Germany. Memberships: VS - Writer federation Baden-Wuerttemberg; VS - regional Group Heidelberg; GEDOK – Heidelberg, IGdA - Community of interests of German authors. Publications: "Free spaces" in the self-publishing house, 3. Edition 2001; "Light-Wings-Shadow", poems in the Marsilius publishing house; different Lyric and Prosa Anthologies, literature magazines, InterNet editions and reviews.

Bruno von Arx was born 1935 in Olten, Switzerland, where he finished also his schools. He became psychiatry male nurse and transacted in the hospital. Since 1960 he is married with Martha von Arx. With her he has four daughters. 1984 he decided to dedicate himself completely to his art, as musicians, and also as a painter. 1991 he exhibited in the art museum in Olten. Since 2000 he is concerned in his work mainly with applied geometry.

Jakob Kaplan was born 1927 in Tartu, Estonia as first grandchild of the last heads of the Jewish municipality - in a very wealthy and well educated family. Today he lives in Tel Aviv, Israel. 1941 with approx. eleven thousand other Estonian citizen he was deported to northern Siberia. 1945 working camps in Tomsk; 1946 escaped to Estonia; 1947 summoning in the military; 1947-1951 navy infantry of the Baltic fleet, Leningrad (Kronstadt). 1968 removal to Israel. Kaplan wrote from time to time for the newspapers and published two simply books.

Anita Guerts is an Dutch-Swiss journalist. Born 1944 in Maastricht, Holland, where she finished her study for journalism. 1966 she moved to Switzerland where she is correspondent of the Netherlands daily paper TROUW and writes for the NZZ, Neue Zürcher Zeitung.

Ernst-Edmund Keil born 1938 in Duisburg Huckingen. Abitur in Duesseldorf. Study in Bonn (Germanics and English studies). Professor for German literature at the University of Valencia (Spain). Since retirement resident in Sinzig-Bad Bodendorf. Member in the VS and VdÜ. Publications of Lyrik and telling books, last pro SA contributions in four Anthologies of the edition Ponte Novu (2003/2004), essays, translations from the Spanish and English. Public Recitations of classical and modern literature. Own CDs and videos. 5 literary awards, last 2003 (Poeticus Lyric competition).

NEXT ISSUE: VLADO FRANJEVICS SPIRAL CHANNEL— SERBIA 2005

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EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE GOOD!

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TESTIMONIALS

Al' Leu, Switzerland: „Vlado Franjevic is a remarkable artist personality who had not only a large artistic potencial, separate he is also particularly suitable as a cultural mediator.“

Dr. Thomas E. Wanger, Liechtenstein/Austria: „Vlado Franjevic born 1963 in Martinac, Croatia, since 1993 working in Liechtenstein ranks among the most salient of the art-creative of the country.“

Lukas Wyrsh, Switzerland: „Vlado is an outstanding artist and painter and he also has this Croatian creativity that contributed Nikola Tesla to the world! Vlado also is a friend who lives, works and paints in one of the smallest countries, the Principality of Liechtenstein. I can recommend Vlado as an extraordinary artist who has a great potential that he may develop during his career! Vlado is also a friend of mine who still needs some strong supporters who help him organize exhibitions and help him develop his incredible flow! And last but not least, he is a cultural ambassador to the Principality of Liechtenstein!“

Sudhir Sharma, India: „Art is all around us, Nature is pure art, but it needs a child's eye to enjoy it and purest of hearts to show it to others, I find a Childlike delight in Vlado Franjevic eyes which is very infectious, I wish all of us human beings grew like Vlado to see delight in life around us and spread it to those around you.“

Vladimir Gutenmaher, Rumania: „Your words and paintings are so warm that I love to look at them every day! Even over the internet wings they fly as hot as a summer wind! You have friends here in Romania, our ideas will bring you here to share your wonderful glimpses of the World!“