



Thomas Stearns Eliot

- Born in St. Louis, Missouri, 1888, d. 1965
- Nobel Prize, 1948
- Poetry: *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* (1911-5), *The Waste Land* (1922), *Ash Wednesday* (1930), *Four Quartets* (1943)
- plays: *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935) and *The Cocktail Party* (1949)

As a literary device practiced in avant-garde movements such as Cubism, Futurism, Dadaism, and Surrealism, montage refers to the conjoining of heterogeneous discourses in a given text. /.../ Literary montage, moreover, favors disembodied discourses linked to the impact of modernity: the languages on which it draws are those of bureaucratization, commercialization, and serialization, among others. Contrasted with more character driven narrative strands, these discursive montage elements question the agency of the modern subject. Montage literature tends to playfully dissect language itself, breaking down traditional syntax and semantics in the process. It favors ambiguity, irony, and paradox over narrative unity or totality.

While montage theories in silent cinema drew inspiration from literature, modernist literary montage derives from the visual montages of Futurism and Dadaism. From these artistic movements, montage literature adopts formal liberties such as syntactic contractions and breaks, or visualizations through an emphasis on typography and the exhibition of words as images and sound /.../ The historical trajectory of such literary experiments encompasses modern poetry, including T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* with its citations and multilingual insertions, Gertrude Stein's experimental prose, the deliberate contractions and visual form of futurist poetry by Filippo Marinetti, and dadaist collage and sound poetry.

(Kerstin Barndt)

----- [S. Ejzenštejn: Battleship Potjemkin \(19:14\)](#)

- modernist literary montage derives from the visual montages of Futurism and Dadaism.
- montage refers to the conjoining of heterogeneous discourses in a given text
- adopts formal liberties such as syntactic contractions and breaks, or visualizations through an emphasis on typography and the exhibition of words as images and sound /.../
- it favors ambiguity, over narrative unity or totality ...
- ... to the extent that it questions the agency of the modern subject

April is the cruellest month, breeding
 Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
 Memory and desire, stirring
 Dull roots with spring rain.
*Winter kept us warm, covering
 Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
 A little life with dried tubers.*
 Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
 With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
 And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
 And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
 And when we were children, staying at the arch-duke's,
 My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
 And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
 Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
 In the mountains, there you feel free.
 I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

*Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
 You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
 A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
 And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
 And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
 There is shadow under this red rock,
 (Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
 And I will show you something different from either
 Your shadow at morning striding behind you
 Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
 I will show you fear in a handful of dust.*

*Frisch weht der Wind
 Der Heimat zu
 Mein Irisch Kind,
 Wo weilest du?*

*“You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
 “They called me the hyacinth girl.”
 —Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth
 garden,
 Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
 Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
 Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
 Looking into the heart of light, the silence.
 Oed' und leer das Meer.*

Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,
 Had a bad cold, nevertheless
 Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
 With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she,
 Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,
 (Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)
 Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,
 The lady of situations.
 Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,
 And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,
 Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,
 Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find
 The Hanged Man. Fear death by water.
 I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.
 Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,
 Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:
 One must be so careful these days.

Unreal City,
 Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
 A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
 I had not thought death had undone so many.





The Journey of the Magi:

- perspective and stylistic cuts (predecessor of fully employed montage in the Waste Land)

... cuts usually signify different perspectives in description and/or changes of associative material in the description

... »and« as one of the main means in constructing the perspective cuts & at the same time an element of rhythmic continuity



The Journey of the Magi:

- myth & inversion of myth

“A **cold** coming we had of it,
Just the **worst** time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the **weather sharp**,
The very ***dead of winter.***”
And the camels galled, **sore-footed**, refractory,
Lying down in the melting **snow**.
There were times we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling
And running away, and wanting their liquor and women,
And the night-fires going out, and the **lack of shelters**,
And the **cities hostile** and the towns **unfriendly**
And the villages **dirty** and charging high prices:
A **hard time** we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel all night,
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
That this was all ***folly.***
Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
Wet, below the **snow line**, smelling of vegetation;

With a running stream and a water-mill beating the darkness,
And three trees on the low sky,
And an old white horse galloped away in the meadow.

Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.
But there was no information, and so we continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon
Finding the place; it was (you may say) satisfactory.

All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: ***were we led all that way for
Birth or Death?*** There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, *like Death, our death.*
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
*I should be glad of another **death.***

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NO REAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WINTER AND SPRING/SUMMER, DEATH AND BIRTH



The Journey of the Magi:

- myth & inversion of myth

---> images of coldness, sharpness, hardship, and esp. of death subvert the original Christian myth of birth and salvation

---> man remains in doubt, alone in the world

--- > while geminations and the narration still work as a unifying principle of the poem building, the world is shattered to pieces and the man remains without meaning



The Journey of the Magi:

- > the poem is a rather radical expressions of modern nihilism
- > unlike here Eliot sometimes tries to incorporate nihilism into external myth or religious schemes (esp. in Four Quartets) or at least to »soften« it
- > alternative interpretations (<https://literariness.org/2020/07/04/analysis-of-t-s-eliot-s-journey-of-the-magi/>)
 - failing to grasp the meaning of the mystery
 - it seems individual is unable to recognise the source of »light« (meaning), so he shall die in a world without coherent belief
 - still believes in the required renewal and replacement of the old with the birth of the new

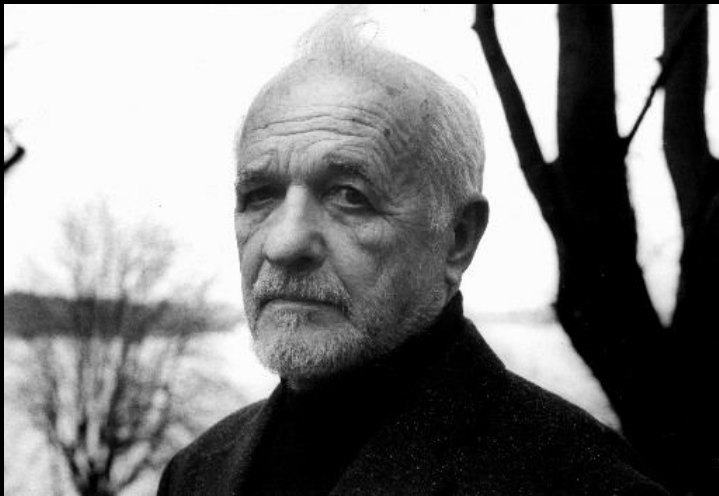


The Journey of the Magi:

---> we can thus interpret the poem in two ways:

- in a radical fashion (there is only death and no meaning – total nihilism)
- in a less radical fashion (there is a premonition of a possible new order, yet only after the old order is dead and replaced)

---> the second interpretation resembles the German Expressionism, as well as the Italian Futurism

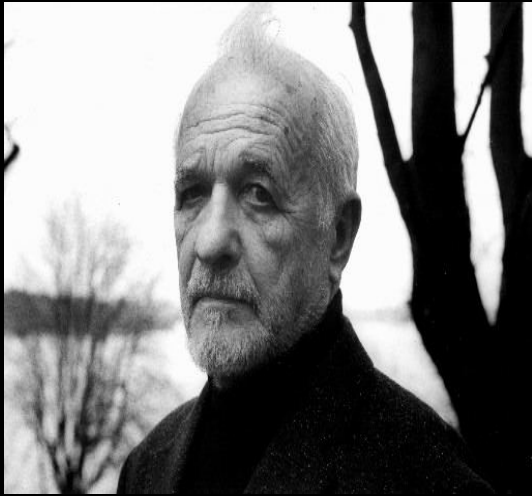


Dane Zajc



Gregor Strniša

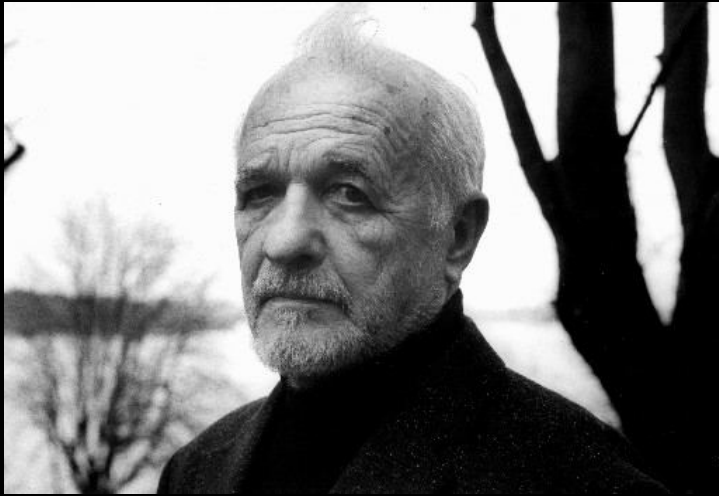
- predstavnik 2. povojne pesniške generacije (modernizem)
- sodelavca in sodobnika avtorjev, ki so se združevali okoli revij *Beseda*, *Revija 57*, *Perspektive* (novi filozofski tokovi in literarne smeri – eksistencializem, absurd idr.)
- sodelujeta v *Odru 57*; sta dva izmed najpomembnejših avtorjev t.i. poetične drame (forma)



Murder in the Cathedral

--- (G. Troha): The main characteristic of European twentieth-century poetic drama is the coexistence of two realities, i.e., the empirical reality vs. a transcendent reality, which is more real and is reminiscent of the disappearing metaphysics. In order for both realities to coexist, poetic drama introduces symbolism and dramatic characters of special sensitivities, the so-called holders of intuition.

- sodelujeta v *Odru 57*; sta dva izmed najpomembnejših avtorjev t.i. poetične drame (forma)



SKUPNE ZNAČILNOSTI IN RAZLIKE:

- specifičen odnos do **pesniške oblike** (pesniška forma, ritem)
- **eksistencialistične in absurdistične ideje** (smrt, ne-smisel, groza itn.)
- **modernistični odnos do mita**: aluzije, prosto kombiniranje različnih mitov, nihilistična prevotlitev

Gregor Strniša: cikel **Gora**

- objavljen v Strniševi drugi zbirki ***Odisej***
- v zbirki je del razdelka, imenovanega **Inferno**, ki ga sestavljata dva cikla: *Pustinja* in *Gora*
- je tipičen primer Strniševe *formalne oblikovanosti* pesmi

formalna oblikovanost Strniševih pesmi od *Odiseja* naprej

- standardna oblika pesmi: 4 x 3
- standardna oblika ciklov: 4 x 3 x 5
- raba asonance, v kombinaciji z rimo (prim. S. Makarovič)
- medbesedilne navezave znotraj cikla, a tudi znotraj zbirk

mitološke navezave

- na kaj nas spomni ime nadnaslova, katerega del je cikel *Gora*, tj. *Inferno*?
 - umeščeno v zbirko »Odisej« (kako bi opredelili Odiseja?; kako je Odisej opredeljen v Peklu?)
 - na glavno mitološko navezavo namigujejo podobe v obeh ciklih *Inferna* ter zlasti v III. in IV. pesmi cikla *Gora*
- katere?

Pustinja

- Pustinja v vseh petih pesmih cikla sledi anonimnemu popotniku oz. popotnikom (motiv odisejstva!), ki gredo onkraj vsakdanjega
- iskanje »nečesa«, soočenje z neznanim
- prevladujejo negativne podobe popotništva: samota, prividi

II. del: Gora

I

Vrhova oista nikoli zakrita od meglic.
Najvišje skale so razločno vidne.
Kdo ve zakaj pa se vseeno zdi,
kot da vso goro zmeraj ovijajo meglice.

Nebo je modro, brez najmanjšega oblaka.
Pesek rumen. V soncu motno žari.
Puščava okrog je vse do obzorja čisto ravna.
Gora je črna kakor vonj prsti.

Štrli iz tal kakor pest velikana,
ki sam globoko v pesku pokopan leži,
v večernih sencah pa se zdi kot bikova lobanja
s širokim čelom in votlimi očmi.

II

Vsa je gol črn kamen. Skoz ostre zaseke
tu in tam slepeča sončna svetloba lije.
Koraka po pobočju, zdaj ves oblit od sence,
zdaj spet do pasa v soncu zablešči se.

Gre s kratkimi koraki. Včasih se zazdi,
kot da je od temna do stopal v oklepu,
kakor da nese pred seboj kopje in ščit
in mu v ritmu hoje niha šop peres na šlemu.

Nacnkrat se odpre v pečini temen vhod.
Splazi se vanj s težkimi gibi, kot živ kip.
Takrat se zasliši prirajen, oddaljen grom,
kakor bi v stcu gore zarjovel orjaški bik.

Pustinja

- v zadnji pesmi tega cikla, tik preden se začne »Gora«, popotnik »**stopa naprej kot živ kip**«, dokler v daljavi ne zagleda gore in ga ne objame njena senca
- pol živ pol lutka, pol živ pol mrtev

III

Veter je h gori kakor volk priklenjen,
v njeni notranjosti poje tišina.
Kdor vstopi, hodi slepo tipaje predse
skoz dolge, tesne rove labirinta.

Veliko jih zaide v slepih hodnikih.
Pod nizkim stropom od lakote in žeje umro.
V predsmrtnem boju se vsak zgubi v prividih.
Zazdi se mu, da spet živi naprej, kakor некоč:

s prijatelji prireja gostije, z rosnega drevja
trga velike, hladne krogle sadja.
Zadnji odmev njegovega lastnega smeha
mu pade na mrtvi obraz, kot bela maska.

IV

Veter je h gori kakor volk priklenjen.
Na nebu ni nikoli najmanjše meglice.
Vendar se zdi, da zmecraj letijo sence
oblakov čez pobočja in pečine.

Kdor ne zaide, kdor ne obleži v hodnikih,
pride do votlega srca blodnjaka.
Takrat некоč v temi tih glas zasliši
in zdi se mu, da od vseh strani prihaja.

Kdor gre naprej, kdor ne umre od žeje,
se некоč zave, da ga iz daljave že vso pot
spremlja v tišini suho, ritmično šuštenje,
kot da si velika žival ob kamnu brusi rog.

Odisej IV.

Na daljnih potovanjih je srečal starca z volkom.

(...)

/Starec/ Zbežal je v goro in se vso noč z volkom boril.
V snegu je ležal pod zverjo in strmel v vrhove meglene.
Ukrotil je volka, ki zdaj zmeraj hodi za njim.

Bil je star mož. Žival je bila stara, s sršečo dlako,
z mižečimi očmi. Ko sta odhajala v rastoči večer,
se je v varljivem mraku zdelo, da ima *starec dolgo ozko glavo,*
s koničastimi ušesi in volčjimi zobmi.

---> v *Pustinji Strniša* za privide uporabi tale opis:
»možje s progasto poltjo tigra, s črno kožo kače«

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----> *V. pesem nas bo privedla v osrčje gore.*

---> *KATERA JE »ŽIVAL«, KI BIVA V OSRČJU GORE?*

V

V globini gore, v njenem srcu daljnem,
v zadnji, najožji jami labirinta,
v mraku visokem stoji Minotaver.
Blodna pošast: mož s temno glavo bika.

Kar se zgodi, se odigra v tišini –
stečanje v kraju, kjer je zmeraj mrak,
hipen spomin na davno jutro, belo od snega,
oko, ki te zagleda, in ga ti ne vidiš ...

V te kraje pride samo malokdo.
Noben pa se še ni vrnil iz gore.
Eni v blodnjaku od lakote in žeje umro,
druge nasadi Minotaver na rogove.

Blaznost I (prva pesem v zbirki Odisej)

Prihaja s trdimi, grabečimi koraki
Po okroglem stolpu možgan,
Kjer lepotic misli za nizkimi vrati
Žde ob majhnih kolovratih sanj.

Z golo roko lomi čeljusti zapahov
In vstopa kot gospodar.
Vsaka misel ljubko skloni glavo
Z visoko kapo sanj.

Razbil je lepoticam luči in zrcala.
V mraku visokem stoji sam.
Gol in resničen kot skala,
Bleščeč, teman.

Pustinja uvaja *Inferno* z verzom
»Samo malo jih zaide v te kraje« (!)

Gora sklepa Inferno z verzi
»V te kraje pride samo malokdo,
nobeden pa se še ni vrnil iz gore.«

---> tema torej zopet smrt in brezmiselnost česar koli v svetu; v tem primeru tudi brezmiselnost drznosti ali akcije.

»V te kraje pride samo malokdo,
nobeden pa se še ni vrnil iz gore.«



*We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.*

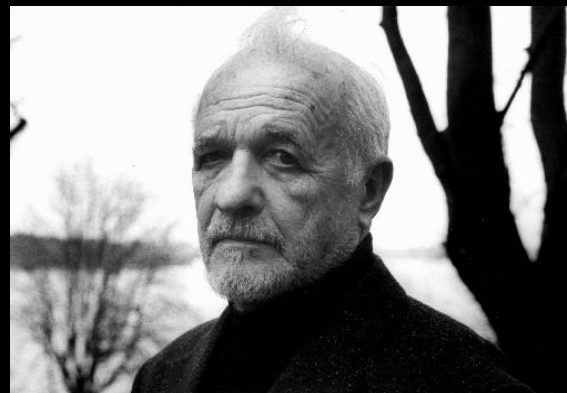
VELIKI ČRNI BIK

Veliki črni bik rjove v jutro.
Veliki črni bik, koga kličeš?
Prazni so pašniki.
Prazne so gore.
Prazne so grape.
Prazne kot odmev tvojega klica.

Veliki črni bik rjove v jutro.
Kot da bi brizgala težka črna kri
pod vršičke temnih smrek.
Kot da bi se nad gozdom na vzhodu
odpiralo v jutro
krvavo bikovo oko.
Veliki črni bik, koga kličeš?
Je slast poslušati,
kako ti vrača odmev
tvoj zamolkli klic?
Veliki črni bik, brezkrvno je jutro.

Tvoj glas pada v grape
kot razcefrana jata
črnih vran.
Nobeden ne sliši tvoje samote.
Nikogar ne napojiš
s črno krvjo svojega glasu.
Umolkni, veliki črni bik.

Veliki črni bik rjove v jutro.
Sonce na vzhodu brusi
bleščečo mesarsko sekiro.



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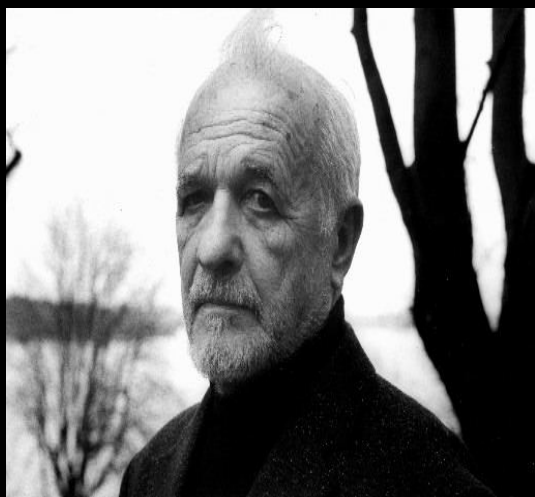
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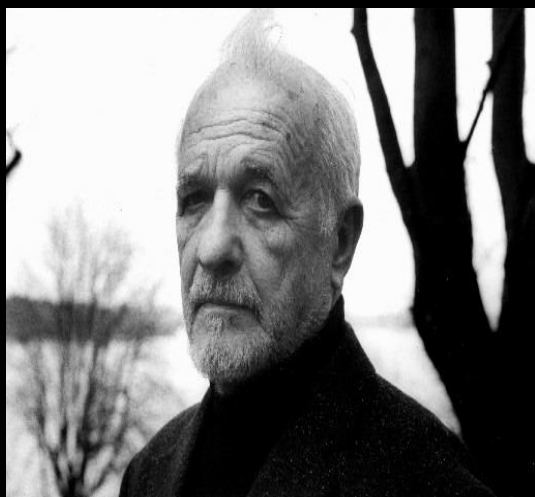
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uporaba formalnih oblik

prosti verz, ne da bi se popolnoma
odpovedal ritmičnim clustrom ali variacijam
metruma

izrazit ritmični impulz
s ponavljanji, refereni,
glasovnimi figurami

prosti verz, pogosto
precej neritmičen, a
poln asonanc +
štirivrstičnice



uporaba mita, mitoloških oz. religioznih obrazcev

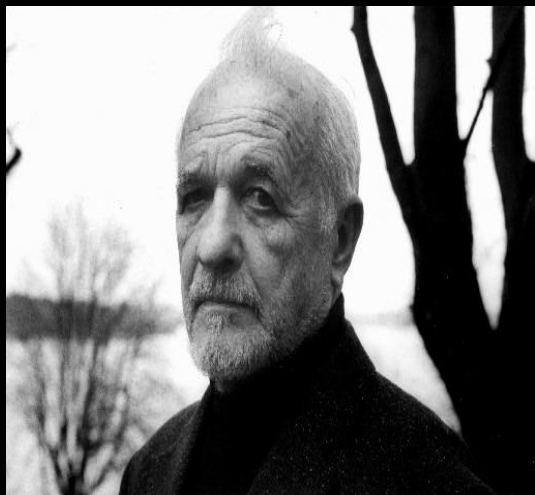
pogoste subverzije mita in prikaz nihilizma, a tudi raba mita kot poenotujoče sheme in prinašalca vsaj delne gotovosti (4 Quartets)

subverzija mita z namenom prikaza absurdnosti bivanja

subverzija mita s prikazom nihilizma in »unheimlich«

posledica napredujočega nihilizma v 20. stoletju, predvsem pa vdora filozofije eksistencializma in absurda po 50. letih vsaj delne gotovosti

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uporaba mita, mitoloških oz. religioznih obrazcev

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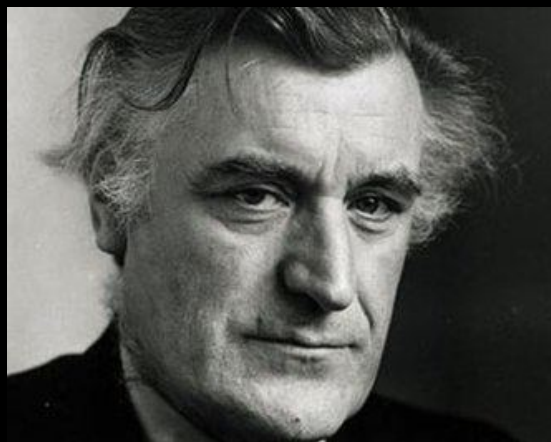
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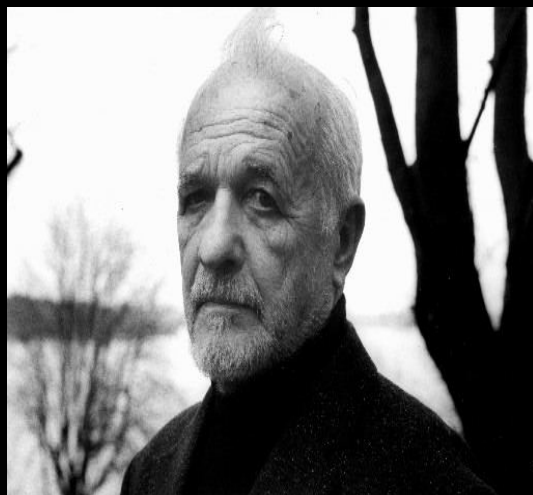
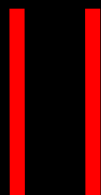


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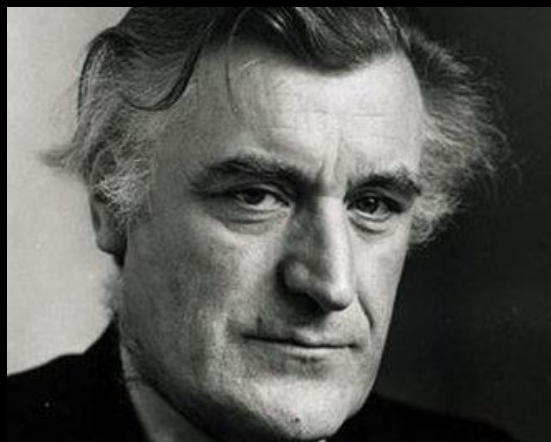
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Ted Hughes
(1930-1998)

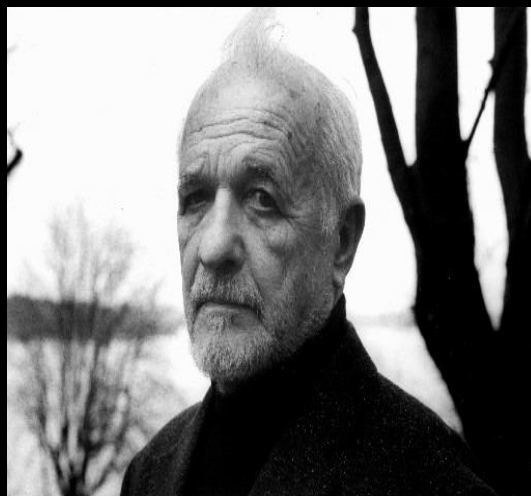


Dane Zajc
(1929-2005)



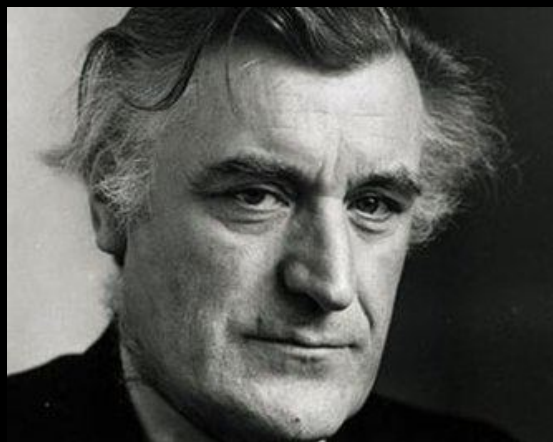
When God hammered Crow
He made gold
When God roasted Crow in the sun
He made diamond
When God crushed Crow under weights
He made alcohol
When God tore Crow to pieces
He made money
When God blew Crow up
He made day
When God hung Crow on a tree
He made fruit
When God buried Crow in the earth
He made man
When God tried to chop Crow in two
He made woman
When God said: "You, win, Crow,"
He made the Redeemer.

When God went off in despair
Crow stropped his beak and started in on the two thieves.



Teči, teči, teči,
z žametnimi stopinjami,
s prožnimi divjimi nogami,
teči tiho kot neslišni sivi dub,
teči po kletki, po gnilem listju,
teči naprej, teči nazaj,
z odprtim gobcem, z rdečim jezikom.
Teči kot siva senca, siva tiha senca
sovraštva,
siva senca prezira. V kletki.
Teči, teči, teči.
Tuliti. Tuliti divje in sovražno.
Tuliti. Tuliti divje in sovražno.

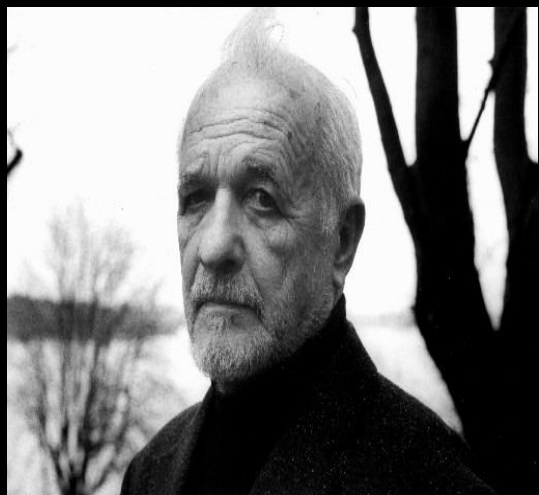
Kje so svobodne volčje tolpe,
kje je krdelo sivih duhov,
ki plava v mleku mesečine kot jadrno
vražja čreda,
kje so mehki ovčji vratovi,
o, goltati sladko ovčjo kri,
o, tuliti, tu-li-ti.
Zakaj si zatulil volk?
Kot da bi zatulila zemlja, ki jo
pritiska gora skal.
Zakaj si zatulil volk?
Zakaj si zatulil, kot da bi imel zadrte
v goltanec dolge črne trnje?



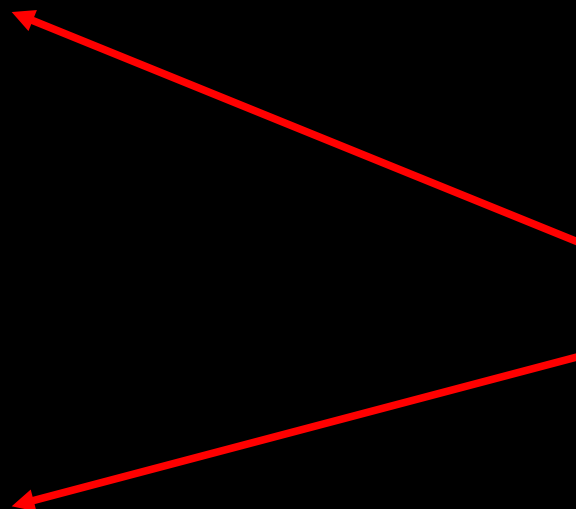
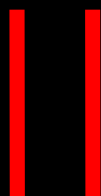
Ted Hughes
(1930-1998)

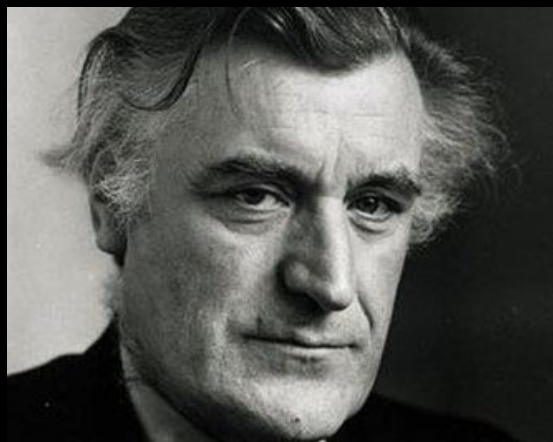


Vasko Popa
(1922-1991)



Dane Zajc
(1929-2005)

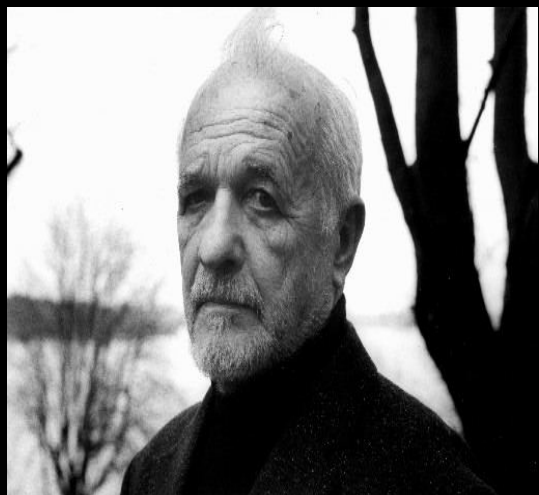




Ted Hughes
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Dane Zajc
(1929-2005)

Svadbe