

There is nothing or nobody any more, although the same iron rods, concrete blocks of flat and metal fences are left.

I am becoming more and more silent, as if something was evaporating from me, as if I were shrinking; at dawn, I take photos at weird places and in the evening, I watch long-unseen Kieślowski's.

...how funny - emigration.

I feel overwhelmed with the so-called freedom.

I have really learnt to keep my distance here. Je m'en fou - this is the phrase that I utter most often.

We missed Paris in the same way, and now it is within your reach.

Bossi was given the award yesterday and I felt like some famous boxer's or actor's fiancée at the award-giving ceremony in Cannes.

Obtuse, thoughtless spitting.

On a tiny surface, white shirts were dancing with black coats in this frenzy.

People sit facing each other, but at a large distance or with their backs to each other.

The gay says that all the people consume one another here. They eat and spit out. They spit out sperm everywhere around.

It is interesting how long these men can stand or sit over one glass of wine or a cup of coffee. I wonder what they are thinking about, if they are thinking about anything at all.