

A photograph of a paved sidewalk made of grey concrete slabs. A glowing orange trail, resembling a fire or a light effect, runs vertically down the center of the path. The text is overlaid on the image.

# **boczny tor 357**

**ślady podróży,  
której wyprze się pamięć**









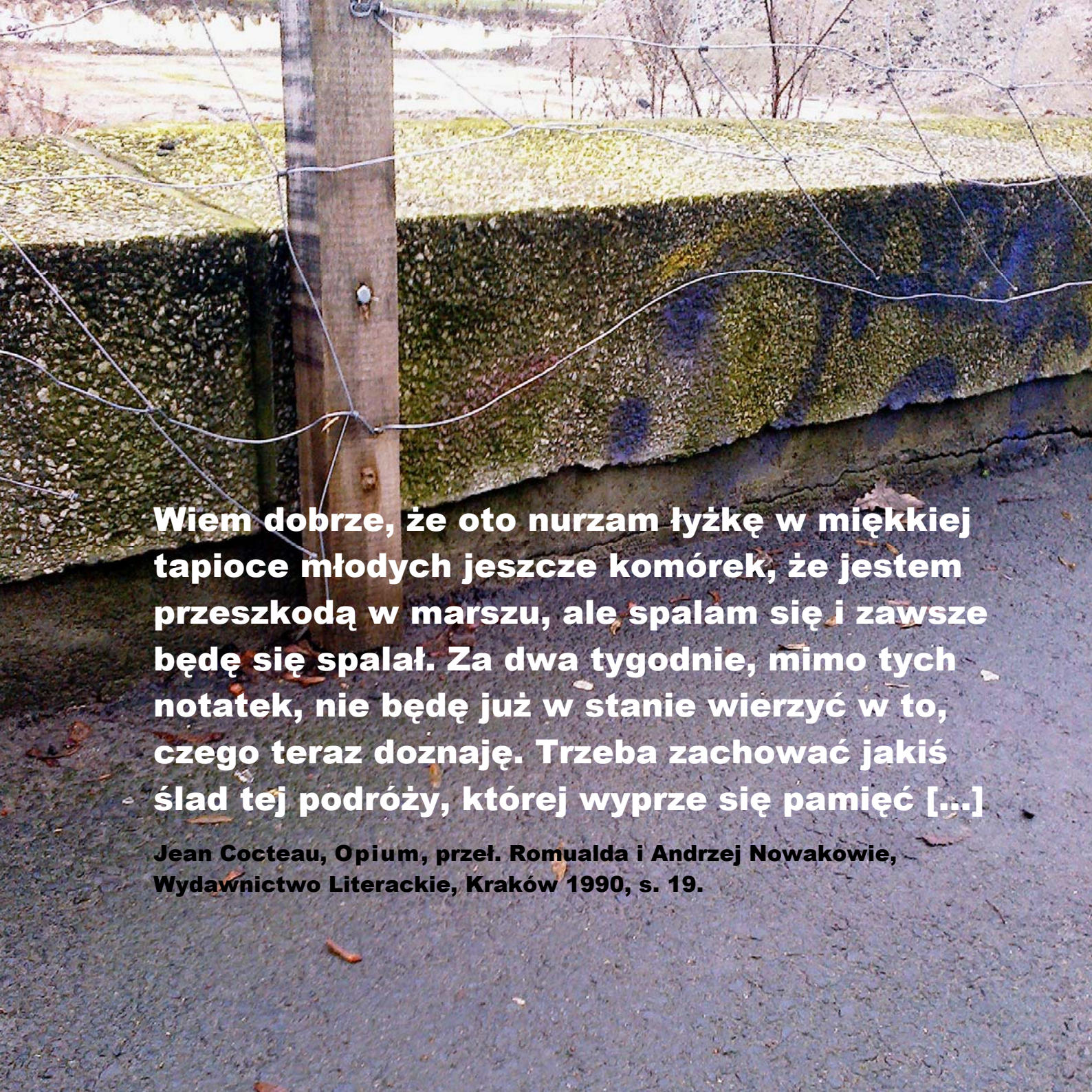










A photograph of a concrete wall covered in moss and lichen, with a wooden post and barbed wire in the foreground. The wall is made of large, rectangular concrete blocks. The moss is green and yellow, and the lichen is blue and purple. The wooden post is vertical and has a small hole in it. The barbed wire is made of several strands of wire. The ground in the foreground is dark and appears to be asphalt or concrete. The background shows a grassy area and some trees without leaves.

**Wiem dobrze, że oto nurzam łyżkę w miękkiej  
tapioce młodych jeszcze komórek, że jestem  
przeszkodą w marszu, ale spalam się i zawsze  
będę się spalał. Za dwa tygodnie, mimo tych  
notatek, nie będę już w stanie wierzyć w to,  
czego teraz doznaję. Trzeba zachować jakiś  
ślad tej podróży, której wyprze się pamięć [...]**

**Jean Cocteau, Opium, przeł. Romualda i Andrzej Nowakowie,  
Wydawnictwo Literackie, Kraków 1990, s. 19.**











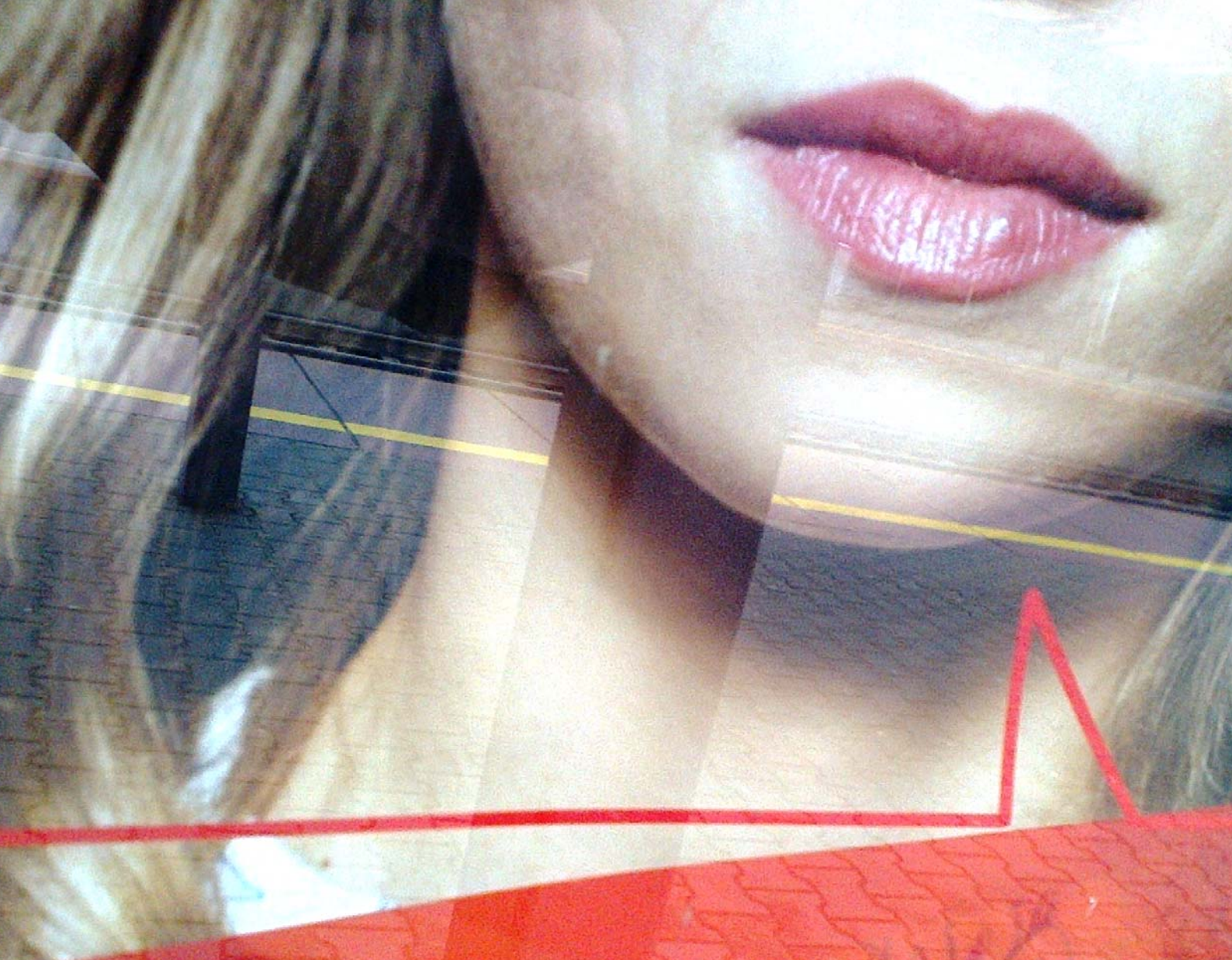


**Z ukosa kosa!**









**UWAŻAJ**























The Project Gutenberg eBook  
Martin Eden, by Jack London

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/1056/1056-h/1056-h.htm>

[...] Down, down, he swam till his arms and leg grew tired and hardly moved. He knew that he was deep. The pressure on his ear-drums was a pain, and there was a buzzing in his head. His endurance was faltering, but he compelled his arms and legs to drive him deeper until his will snapped and the air drove from his lungs in a great explosive rush. The bubbles rubbed and bounded like tiny balloons against his cheeks and eyes as they took their upward flight. Then came pain and strangulation. This hurt was not death, was the thought that oscillated through his reeling consciousness. Death did not hurt. It was life, the pangs of life, this awful, suffocating feeling; it was the last blow life could deal him.

His wilful hands and feet began to beat and churn about, spasmodically and feebly. But he had fooled them and the will to live that made them beat and churn. He was too deep down. They could never bring him to the surface. He seemed floating languidly in a sea of dreamy vision. Colors and radiances surrounded him and bathed him and pervaded him. What was that? It seemed a lighthouse; but it was inside his brain – a flashing, bright white light. It flashed swifter and swifter. There was a long rumble of sound, and it seemed to him that he was falling down a vast and interminable stairway. And somewhere at the bottom he fell into darkness. That much he knew. He had fallen into darkness. And at the instant he knew, he ceased to know.

W chwili, gdy się dowiedział,  
przestał wiedzieć.





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**fot. dast**