

Those strange English

„Englezi su svet ćutanja. Taj svet ćuti i kad u London, i kad iz Londona putuje. U železnicama, i pod zemljom, i nad zemljom, putnici ćute i ne brbljaju i ne zapitkuju.“

But if you ask them something they will respond kindly. Only the upper class is arrogant where strangers are never welcome. In the war, they have pity for everyone except for Russians. They try to turn every newcomer into them.

They don't have a good memory and they don't really care what you wear. You can be walking around the street dressed like a clown and nobody will tell you anything.

“Bračni parovi se, jednog dana, ćutke, napuštaju, pa se, posle razilaska, vide, tek na samrti. Roditelji se napuštaju; deca, godinama, za roditelje i ne pitaju. U porodicama u Londonu nešto, već odavno, nije u redu. Čak ni to, kad se zapale ognjišta uveče i plamen osvetli kuću, ne znači sreću; znači samo da je Sunce zašlo i da je zahladilo.”

They don't pay enough attention to their closest relatives; they can live for years without seeing their family and meet with them only at funerals. Kids don't visit their parents before they are on their deathbed.

However, English women are very delicate, but over forties are dangerous years for them. You don't ever address a woman; you wait for her to start a conversation and after a few words she studies and finds pros and cons if she wants to go deeper in talk with you.

In between all those people, they feel lonely like they are strangers in their own city. People work very hard just so they can run away to small villages with their little rooms around the fireplace. Around holiday nobody has in mind to stay in London and if they didn't need to come back, they wouldn't.

„Gomile u tim vozovima putuju nemo. Stešnjene su. Kao sardine u limenoj kutiji, naslagane su jedno kraj drugoga, pojedinačno, nemo. Ipak se čuje ono što misle i ono što šapću. Sami sebi. Te gomile ulaze u voz kad u London idu, licem prema Londonu, a kad se, uveče, vraćaju, sa rada, - leđima okrenute prema Londonu.”

„Voz se brzo puni. I već posle dve-tri stanice dupke je pun. Kao što su kutije sardina pune sardina, ležećih, tako su ti vozovi puni, -pre devet, ujutru, i oko šest popodne, - ljudi, stojećih, u vagonu. U London ulazi, i vraća se, iz Londona, uveče, svaki dan, milion putnika, a često i više.”

Metro in London is fast, so fast that people can't even meet in the meantime. Over million passengers travel silent, crumpled up like sardines in the can.

„Prolaznici, međutim, prolaze kraj njega, kao u nekom ogledalu, koje umnožava i njega. Pretvorio se u jednog od tih nemih prolaznika, koji nikog ne gledaju i nis kim ne govore. Prolaze kao reka. Styx. Reka radnika, radnica, činovnika, kalfi, prodavačica, čistaca stepeništa, a sve to protiče, čini mu se, nečujno, kroz njega, ne oko njega. A sva ta reka sastoji se iz bezbroja lica, noseva, očiju, šešira, glava, nogu, a sve se to razilazi, rasipa, raspada.”

Rjepin has a feeling that he doesn't walk around those streets, he swims through. London is infinite, blurry, dirty water which carries you around and you don't even know where. Everybody tries to swim out and escape London to some coast, but older people get tired in that process and become forever stuck in London.

Even if there isn't point in getting early on a crowded train and coming back late at night and your life passing in that lifestyle, millions of English people and refugees live in that lifestyle.

„Kakva to ima smisla? A eto, tim i takvim životom žive milioni u Londonu.”