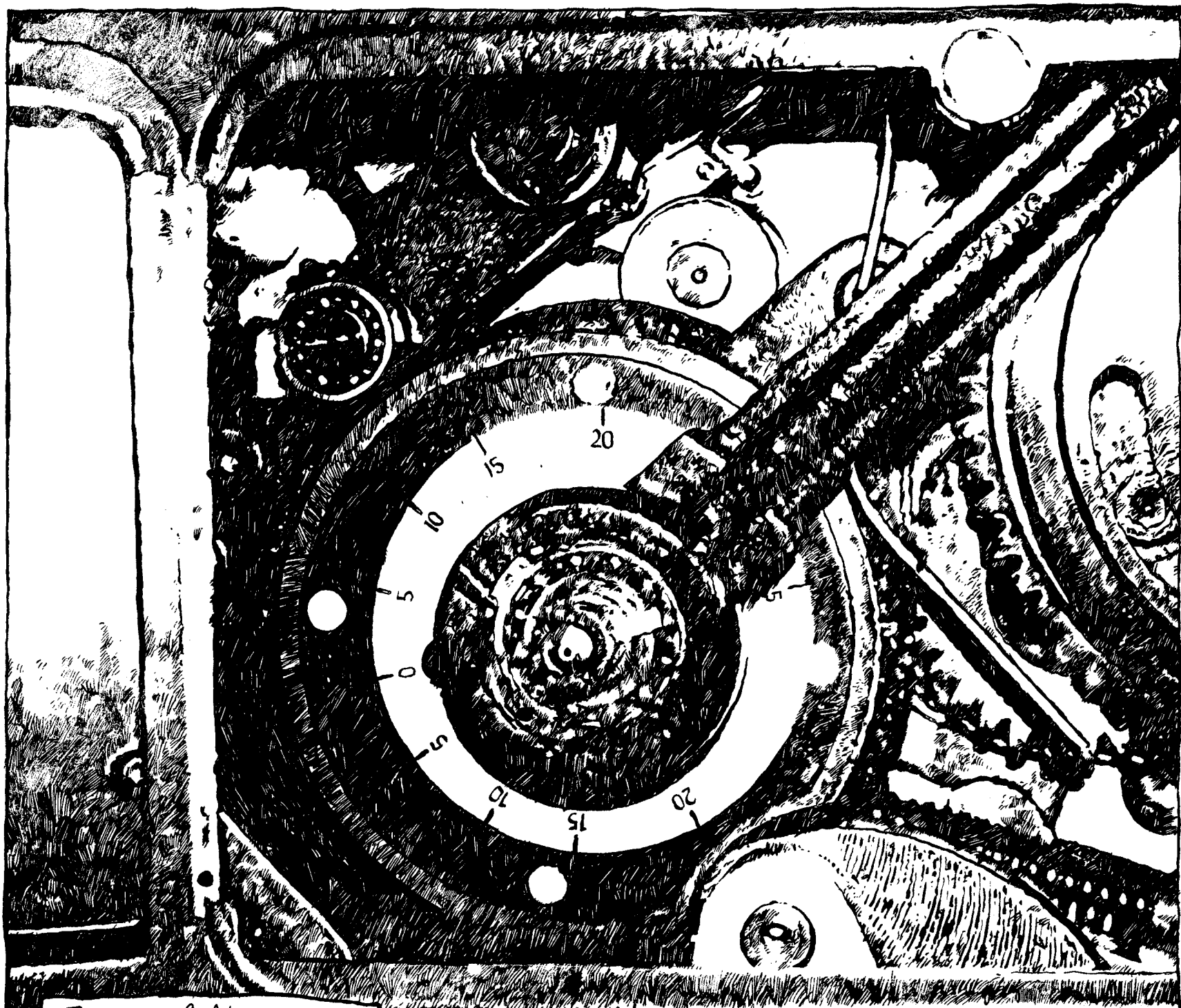
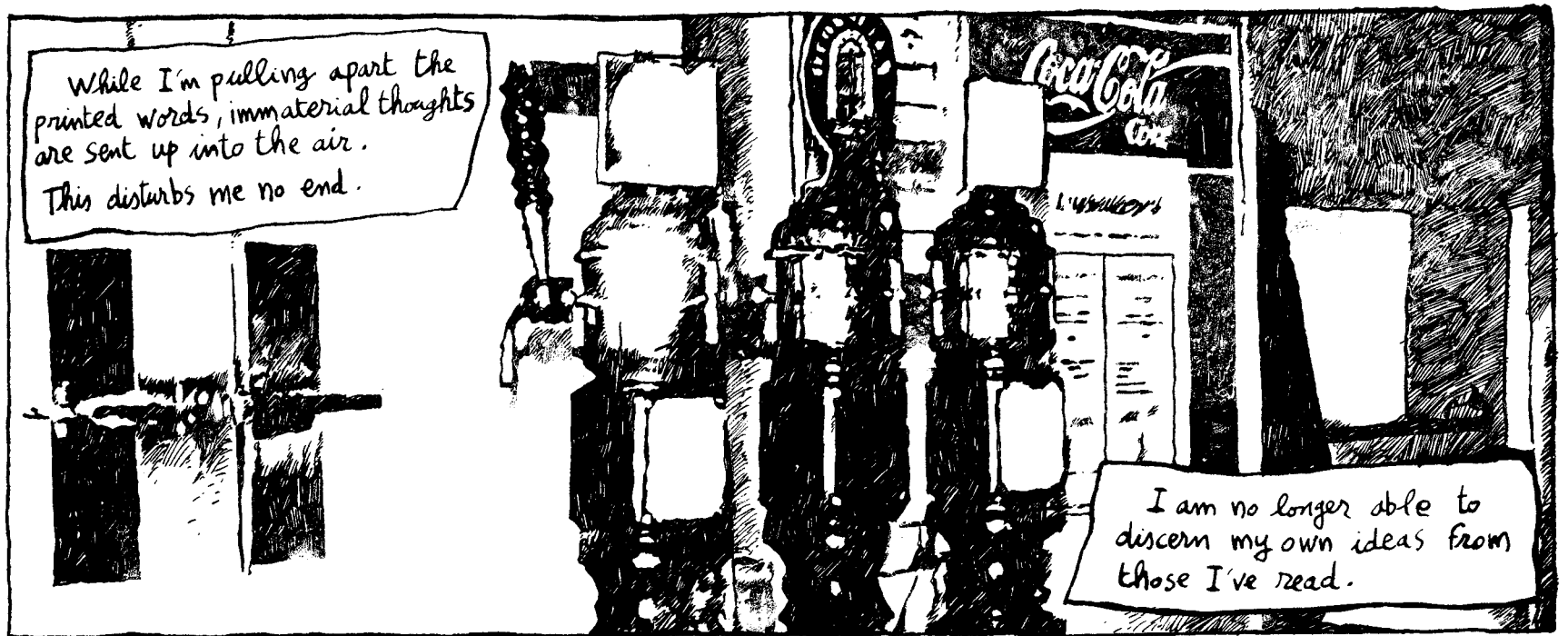




The green light goes on and the dolly of my press moves forward; when the light turns red it moves back — the fundamental movement of the world.

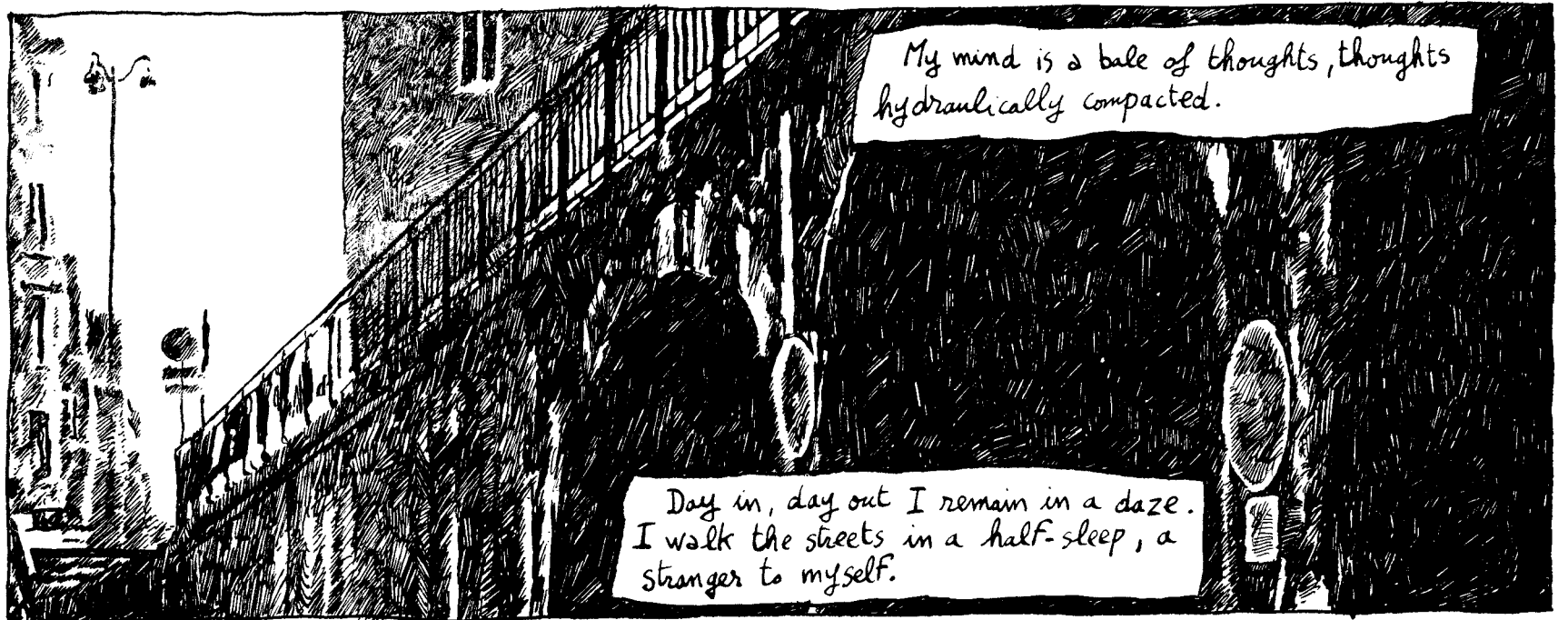
For thirty five years I've compacting books and wastepaper: my entire love story. To collect the strength needed for that work, I have drunk so much beer over the past thirty five years that it could fill an Olympic pool.

You have no idea of the violence of the task. When I'm compacting books in my press, the crunch of human bones can be heard.



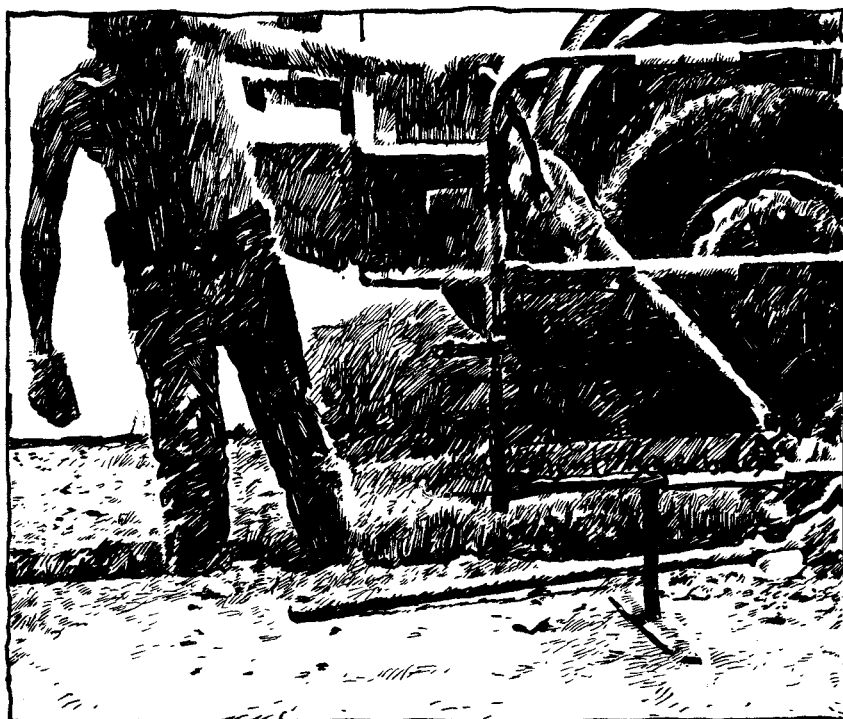
While I'm pulling apart the
printed words, immaterial thoughts
are sent up into the air.
This disturbs me no end.

I am no longer able to
discern my own ideas from
those I've read.



My mind is a bale of thoughts, thoughts
hydraulically compacted.

Day in, day out I remain in a daze.
I walk the streets in a half-sleep, a
stranger to myself.



I like these people.

I could spend hours
watching them.



Hurry up
Hanta, you're
late!

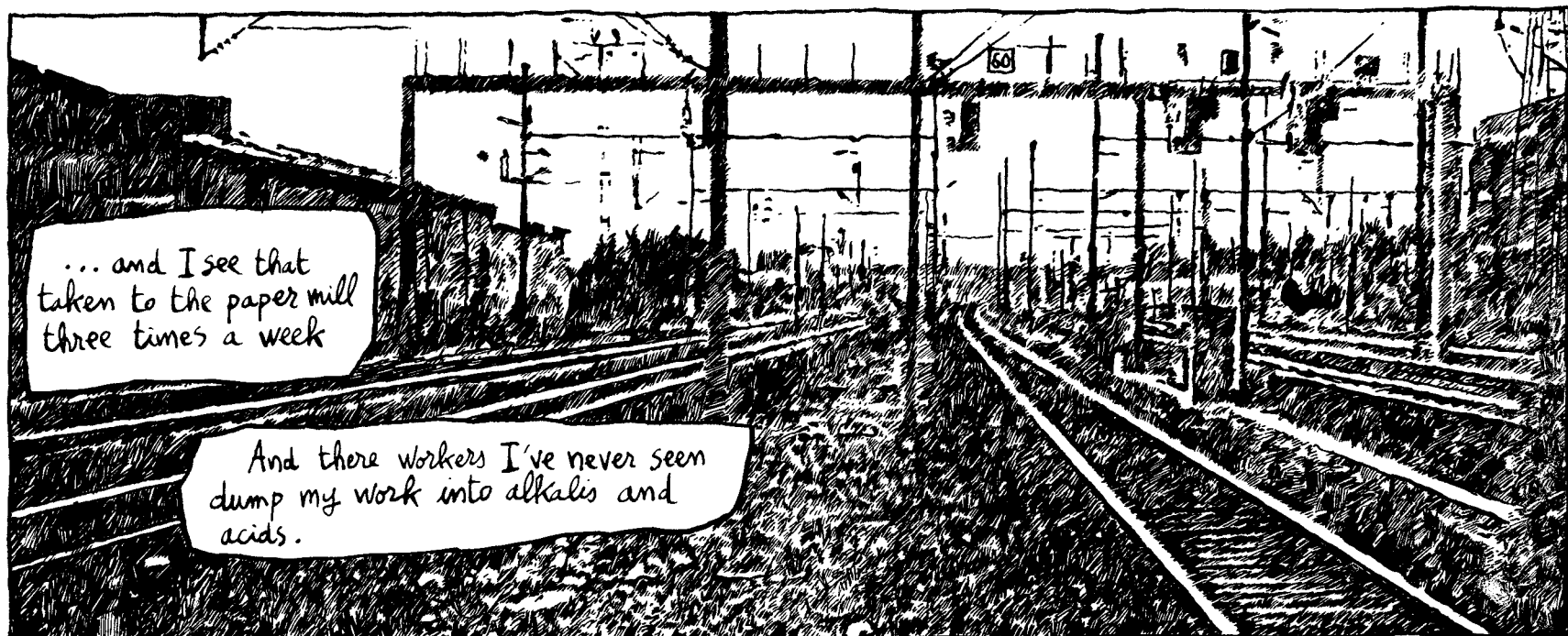
This world is caught in a process of
neverending construction. Progressus ad Fu-
turum, regressus ad originem...

Bulk packaging, old
theater programs and used
tickets, ice-cream wrappers,
spoils spattered with paint.



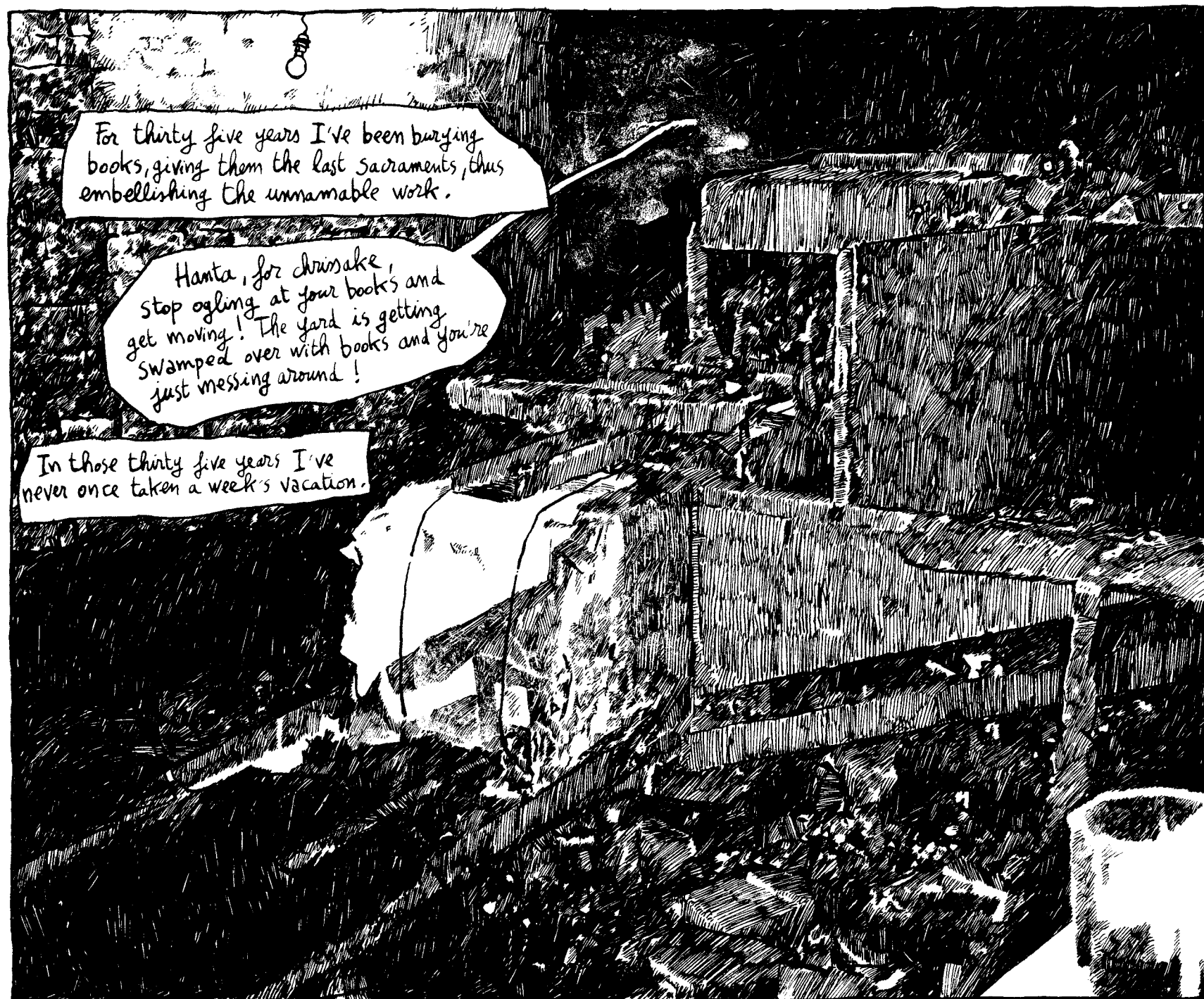
Moist, bloody papers from
the butcher's, razor-sharp bits
of celluloid film, the insides
of administrations' wastepaper
baskets, sometimes even a fune-
ral wreath.

For thirty five years I've been compacting all that



... and I see that
taken to the paper mill
three times a week

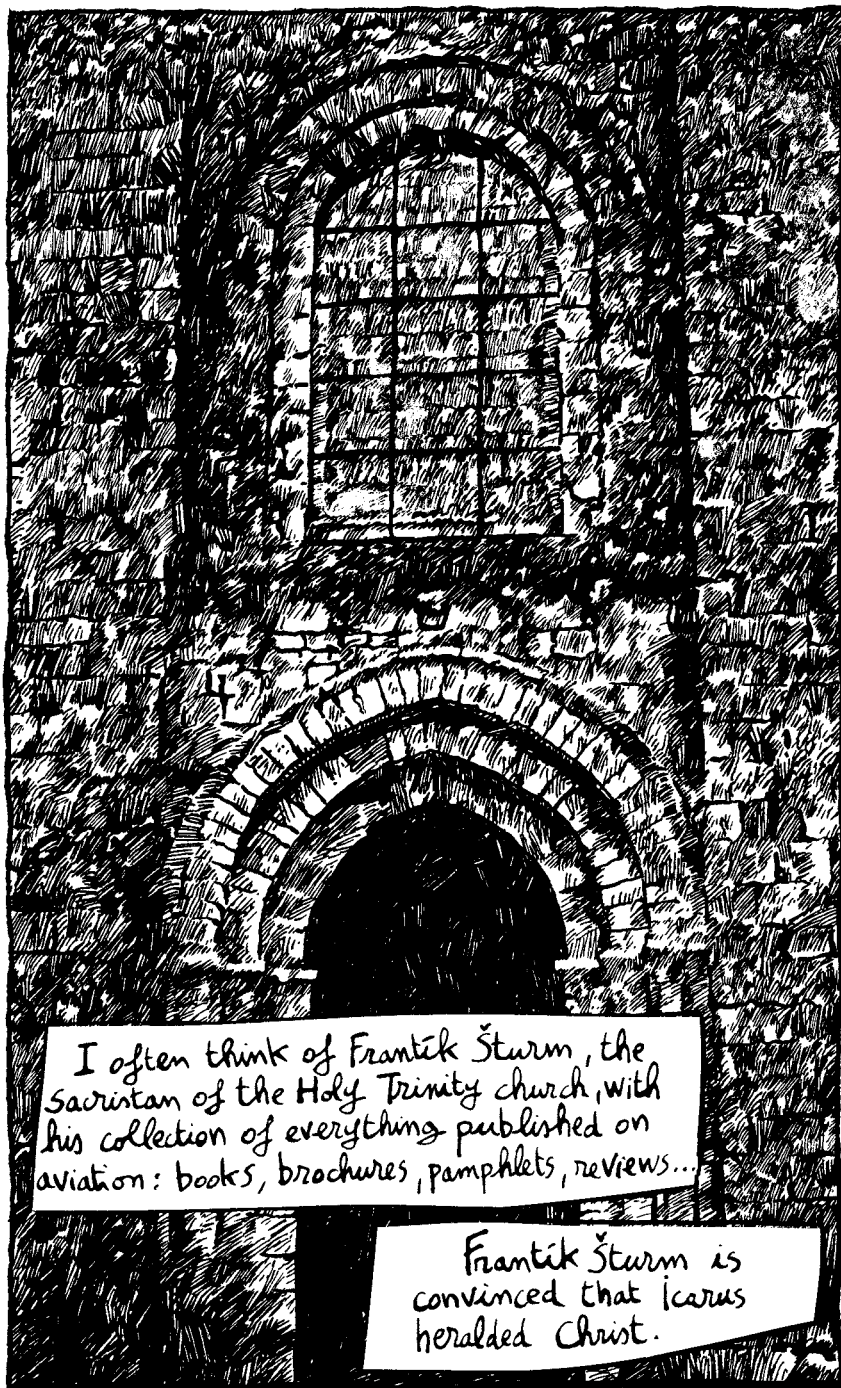
And there workers I've never seen
dump my work into alkalis and
acids.



For thirty five years I've been burying
books, giving them the last sacraments, thus
embellishing the unnamable work.

Hanta, for chrissake,
stop ogling at your books and
get moving! The yard is getting
swamped over with books and you're
just messing around!

In those thirty five years I've
never once taken a week's vacation.



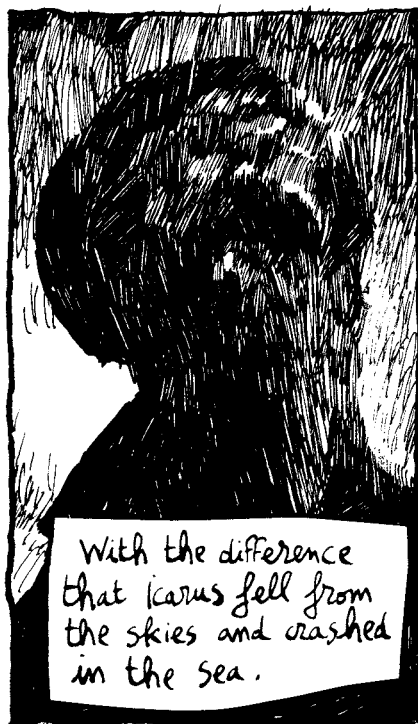
I often think of Frantík Šturm, the sacristan of the Holy Trinity church, with his collection of everything published on aviation: books, brochures, pamphlets, reviews...

Frantík Šturm is convinced that Icarus heralded Christ.



Would you be Mr. Frantík Šturm?

If you say so it must be me then.



With the difference that Icarus fell from the skies and crashed in the sea.



While the Atlas space rocket, with its eighty ton thrust, launched Jesus into orbit around the earth where he is still reigning today.

I've been packaging waste-
paper for thirty five years.

To do this job properly, it
would have taken some
university training.

Over those thirty five years
I've discovered the world
through the books I was
saving, teaching myself
unwittingly.

I've never read to enjoy myself or to kill time, even less so
to lull myself to sleep.

When I'm reading, I swallow a nice sentence and sip
it like liqueur...

... until the idea dissolves in me.

I drink for the book to keep me from sleeping
for ever, for the book to make my hand tremble.