



ZOLTAN G. ERDEI

# GLOOMY SUNDAY

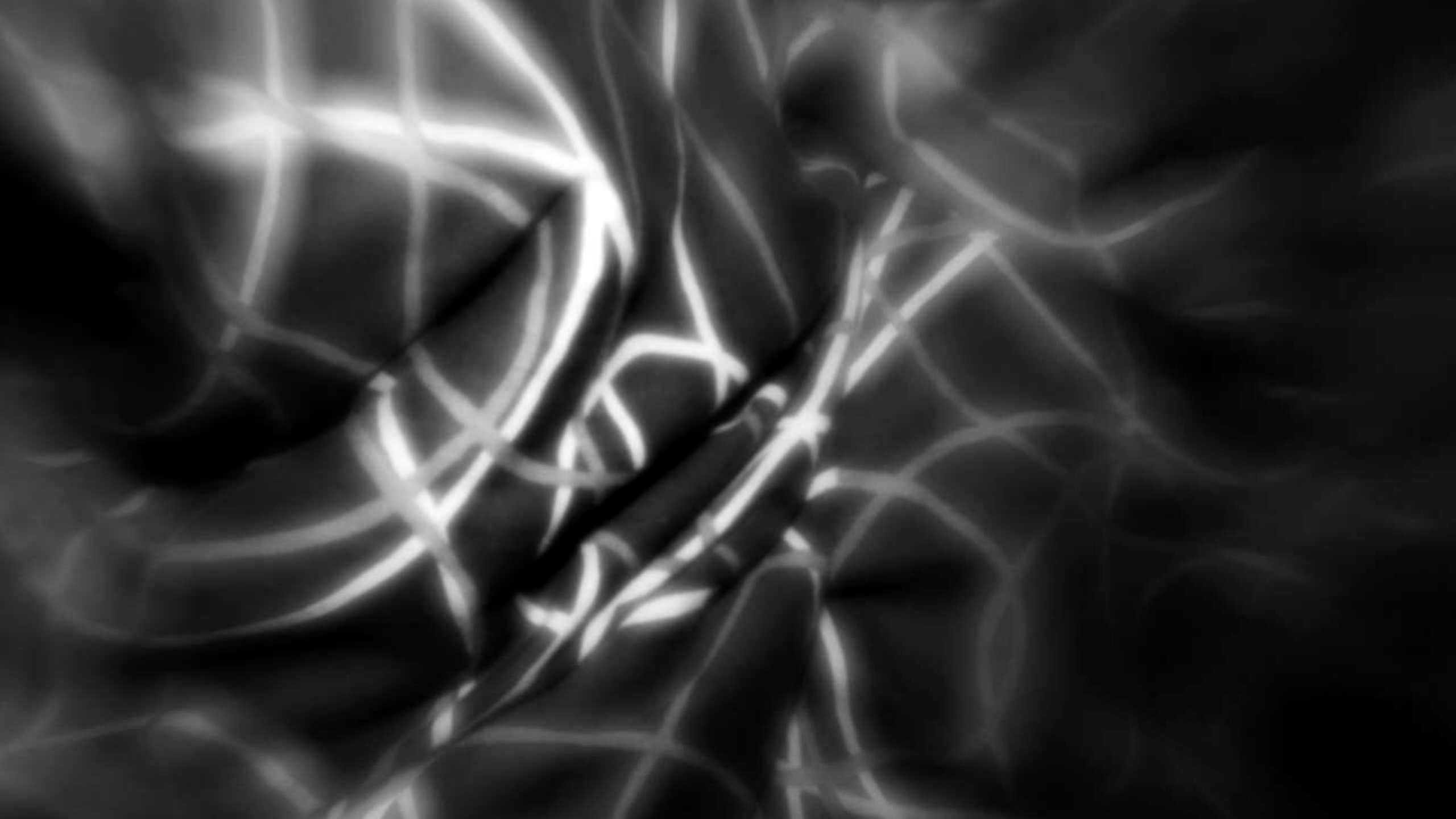
BAGATELLO BOOKS



"SUNDAY IS GLOOMY



MY HOURS ARE SLUMBERLESS



DEAREST THE SHADOWS

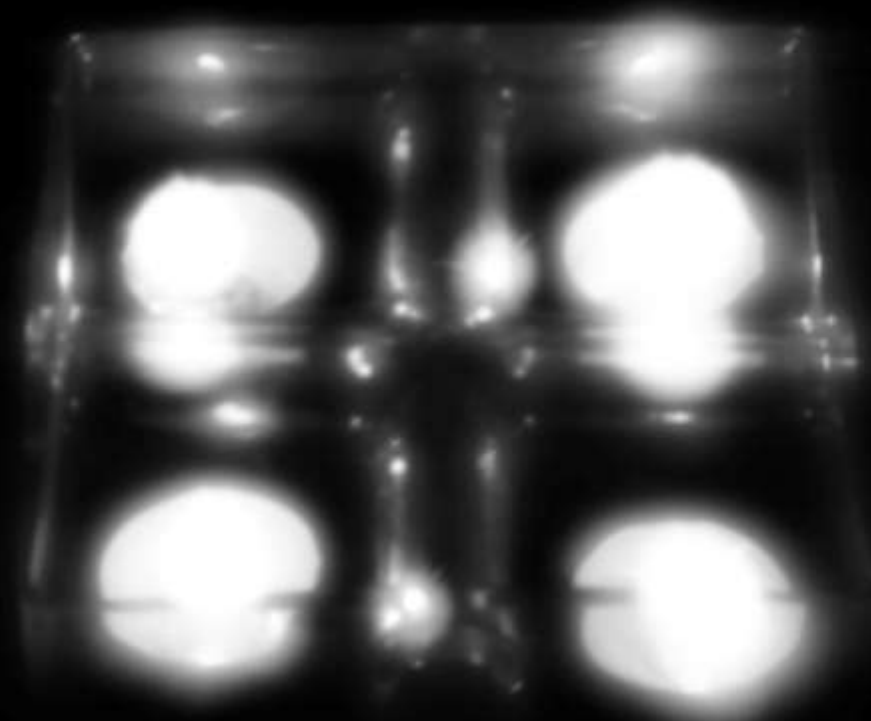




I LIVE WITH ARE NUMBERLESS



LITTLE WHITE FLOWERS



WILL NEVER AWAKEN YOU



NOT WHERE THE BLACK COACH

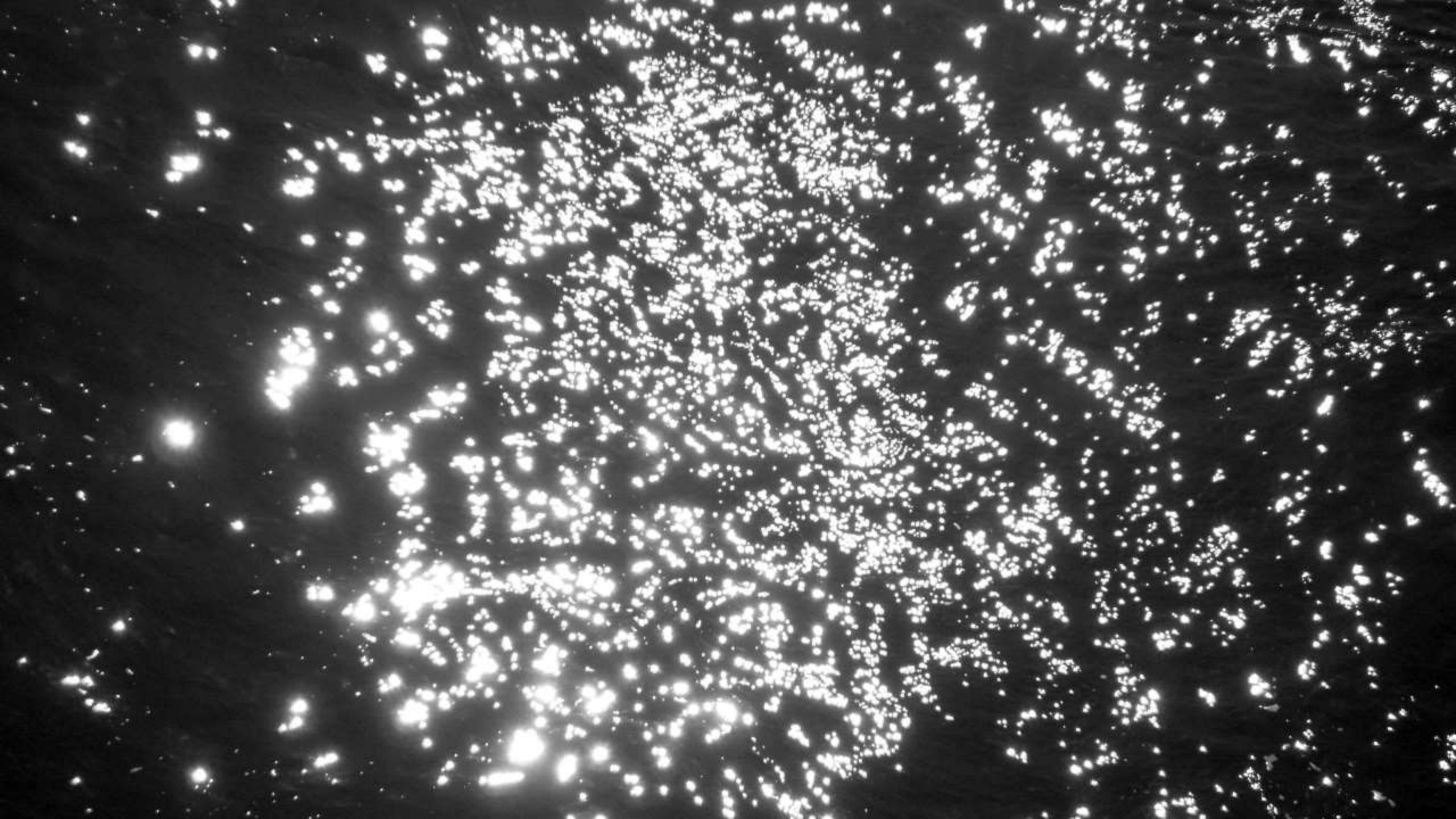




OF SORROW HAS TAKEN YOU



ANGELS HAVE NO THOUGHTS



OF EVER RETURNING YOU



WOULD THEY BE ANGRY





IF I THOUGHT OF JOINING YOU



GLOOMY SUNDAY

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GLOOMY IS SUNDAY

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WITH SHADOWS I SPEND IT ALL





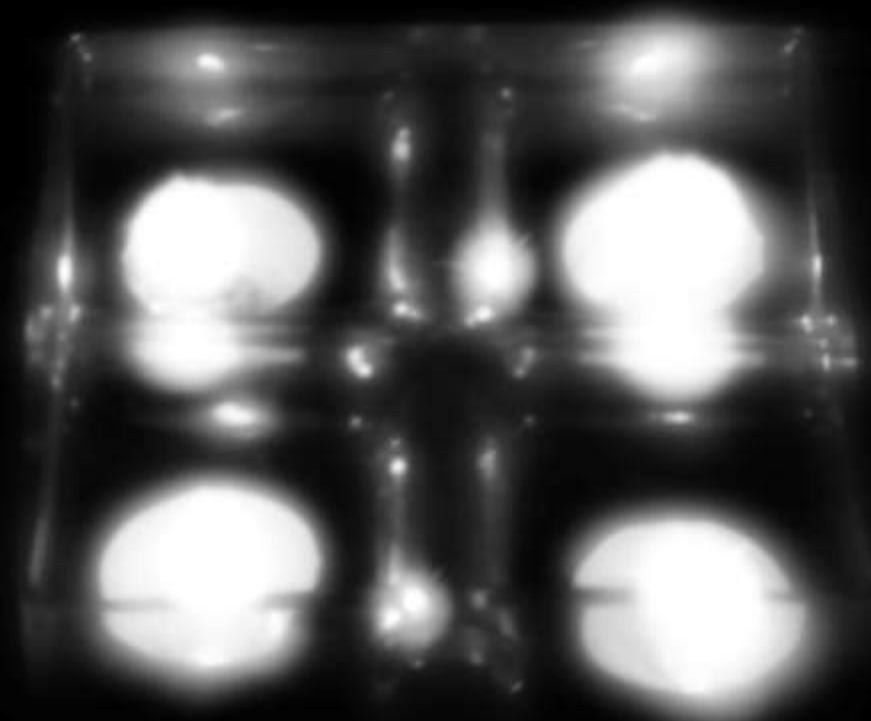
MY HEART AND I



HAVE DECIDED TO END IT ALL

BAID

SOON THERE'LL BE CANDLES



AND PRAYERS THAT ARE SAID I KNOW





LET THEM NOT WEEP



LET THEM KNOW THAT I'M GLAD TO GO



DEATH IS NO DREAM



FOR IN DEATH I'M CARESSIN' YOU





WITH THE LAST BREATH OF MY SOUL



I'LL BE BLESSIN' YOU



GLOOMY SUNDAY



DREAMING, I WAS ONLY DREAMING





I WAKE AND I FIND YOU ASLEEP



IN THE DEEP OF MY HEART HERE



DARLING, I HOPE



THAT MY DREAM NEVER HAUNTED YOU





MY HEART IS TELLIN' YOU



HOW MUCH I WANTED YOU



GLOOMY SUNDAY"



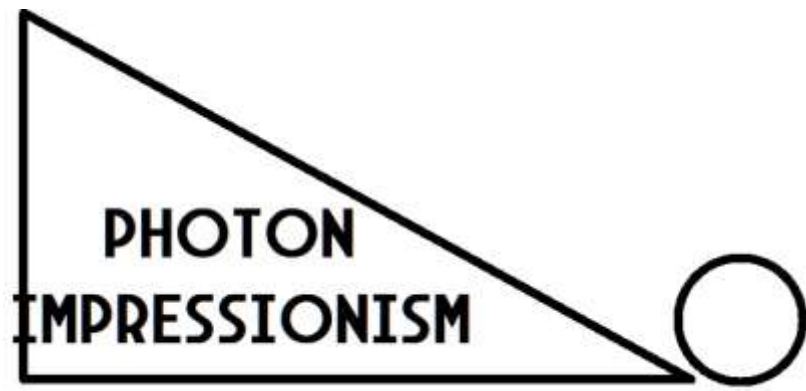


# APPENDIX



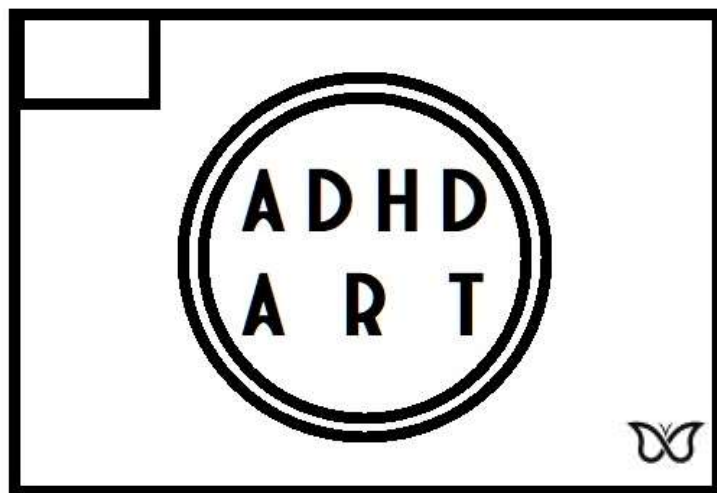
**Hommage  
à  
Rezső  
Seress**







Bagatello  
BOOKS





# MANIFESTO

I AM A PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE OVERLOOKED. I SAVE THE MOMENTS THAT OTHERS IGNORE. THE MUNDANE, THE FORGETTABLE, THE BAGATELLO. MY FOCUS IS NOT ON WHAT'S IMPORTANT TO OTHERS BUT ON WHAT IS IMPORTANT TO ME. A CRACKED SIDEWALK, A FADED SIGN, A SHADOW ON A WALL. THESE IMAGES TELL STORIES THAT RESONATE IN SILENCE. MY ART EMBRACES THE GRAY ZONE OF LIFE. I CHOOSE MOMENTS DEEMED INSIGNIFICANT AND MAKE THEM SIGNIFICANT THROUGH MY LENS. I INVITE REFLECTION. I CHALLENGE THE NOTION, THAT ONLY THE MONUMENTAL HAS VALUE. I AM LOOKING FOR THE FOCAL POINT OF EXISTENCE SO THAT WHOLENESS IS BORN. THIS IS MY MANIFESTO.

THIS IS BAGATELLOGRAPHY.

ZOLTAN G. ERDEI



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