

MAHALA

magazine



SARAJEVAN
MIRRORS,
SARAJEVAN
TAXI DRIVERS

OVER GRAVEL AND GRASS

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Letter from Kuma International

Dear reader,

This is the second issue of our magazine, a new editorial project by Kuma International, born in February after a great workshop about photojournalism with Italian photo reporter Enrico Dagnino.

Firstly, I would like to thank you for the fantastic support we have been receiving from you. Overwhelmed with all of the positive comments, we decided to continue the Mahala adventure. I hope you will enjoy all of the beautiful stories that are hidden in every mahala in Sarajevo and in the world. Because, for us, mahala is not a local thing. It is a worldwide state of mind and heart.

In this issue, you will find fresh and new stories that our contributors took around Sarajevo and a special section dedicated to Srebrenica and the 11th of July anniversary, as well as a feature story from Jerusalem and Palestine.

Also, Mahala won't stop with this issue. We are already planning the 3rd one, and we are excited to launch the first open call for submission (have a look at the last page). We believe that, by opening the doors of our redaction to all of you, we will not only receive great and inspiring stories but also, we will find great new friendships. Enough of us: now it is time for you to enjoy the magazine and smell the new fresh stories coming straight from the print!

P.S

This Kuma International's new editorial project may differ from all of the things you got used to during the years. It is hard to explain Mahala in one sentence, as it is hard to explain love, fear, joy... Maybe that's what happens with all the things that are bigger than us, hard to explain but still visible...

Claudia Zini
Your kuma



CONTENT:

Sarajevan Mirrors, Sarajevan Taxi Drivers.....	6
Knotted Identities Unraveling.....	10
Sarajevo in 35mm.....	18
Over Gravel and Grass.....	24
Just Call 011.....	30
The Right to Scream.....	34
Fildžans of Wisdom.....	36
Snakey Business.....	42
Searching for Space.....	54
The Ambush of a New Past.....	60
PUNK.....	72

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**SARAJEVAN TAXI DRIVERS,
SARAJEVAN MIRRORS.**



Na kraju svake epizode tv-emisije Leksikon Sarajeva književnik Valerijan Žujo poentira slijedećom rečenicom: Sarajevo je ozbiljan grad! Zapamtio sam tu rečenicu zajedno sa još jednom iz iste emisije: Sarajevo, između jablanova i čempresa. Dugo, dugo su mi te rečenice bile svojevrsni refreni prilikom čestog ruganja predstavi grada u čiju lažnu, izvikanu i licemjernu mitologiju nisam ni na početku svoga boravka ovdje mogao vjerovati (decembar ratne 95-te). Uvijek i iznova bih doživio iskren šok i zaprepaštenje kada bi mi neko sa strane, iz Zagreba, Rijeke ili Beograda počeo sa nesmiljenim žarom pričati i pjevati o gradu u kojem, uglavnom, provodim svoj život, što ponekad zna biti ravno služenju zatvorske kazne u ustanovi otvorenog tipa, budući je Sarajevo otvoren grad. Teško bi čovjek, slušajući hvalospjeve ovom gradu, mogao odoljeti pred snagom tih silnih argumenata: te grad je lijep – arhitektonski melanž kultura, te ljudi su srdačni i otvoreni, te hrana je super, čevape trebete staviti na zastavu, burek je ženerozan... Takve bi se haiku pohvale gradu mogle nizati u beskraj, i tada ne bih imao srca da ljudima razbijam sliku, koju su stvorili u glavama još prije nego su krenuli na hodočašće u naš mali grad. I još kad vam neko nasred ulice šapne, poput nekog nadrealiste: š’a je ba jarrrrane? To je već momenat u kojem morate i trebete pasti u najdublje metafizičko stanje sreće i oduševljenja kao što je onaj trenutak, kasno naveče, kad umorni sarajevski trgovac zadovoljno broji pare i, u sebi, tiho, da ga neko ne bi čuo, jebe majku kroz majku glupim turistima. Neko lukav bi se morao dosjetiti da u svakom gradu turističke atrakcije i artefakte prodaju kao muda pod bubrege. Tako se na Bašćaršiji prodaju male, srednje i velike bejzbol palice ukrašene poput ruskih babuški. Tu možete kupiti i originalne bosanske sloniće od materijala nalik na žad, te sve varijante i boje u kojima su nekada slonići ponosito gazili bosanskohercegovačke savane tako živopisne i sjajne nakon dugo čekane kiše kao u nacionalnom parku Etosha daleke crne Afrike. Lepeza domaćih suvenira je iznimno bogata, a posebno se ističu proizvodi od autohtone bosanske bukve koja je imported iz Kine, Indije ili majčice Turske. Ne smijem zaboraviti ni zastave i heraldičke elemente od kojih zavisi identitet svakog ozbiljnijeg i zajebanijeg naroda, jer bošnjački narod želi biti baš takav i srcu mu je mila, čija druga nego turska zastava. Da ne griješim dušu tu se nalazi i androgeno dizajnirana zvanična državna zastava, ali i barjaci sa ispisanim arapskim slovima meni nepoznatih država na štandovima gdje vebabije prodaju svjež pustinjski Islam iz Saudijske Arabije.

Posebna sorta ljudi u Sarajevu su taksisti. Oni zaslužuju čitavu knjigu, a ne paragraf ili dva, i to knjigu punu najgorih uvreda, psovki i preciznog (kao snajper) govora mržnje. Taksista u Sarajevu, to je isto da kažem kako postoji dobroćudan ratni zločinac: dobar je č’jek bio, al’ se malo od’o genocidu. Kad ulaziš u sarajevski taksi moraš biti tih, ponizan i puno ne zahtijevati, jer lako je moguće da je taksista nervozan i ljut što je morao ustati u šest ujutro na posao, pa ga vi još sad našli zajebavati svojom vožnjom od 1-1,5 eura. A svi znamo da ortodoksni sarajevski taksista mrzi kratku vožnju, jer je on navikao na kraljevske zarade, i jer je i sam nekad bio veliki gazda i dingospo u ona davna vremena, a sad, eto, mora papke i vlahе vozati po gradu, gradu koji je njegov, i samo njegov, a niko ga više i ne jebe, ni stranka za koju je grlo poder’o, ni grad lično i personalno kojeg je branio sa prvih linija odbrane negdje oko Vječne vatre (epicentar grada). Sigurno ima i dobrih taksista, ali mi je taksi-memorija prilično sakata, i pamtim samo bliske i blistave susrete sa dragim taksistima. Najviše volim one sa naglašenim religijskim afinitetima, one koji svoja vozila pretvore u pokretne džamijice, što mirišu na odvratna eterična ulja sa štandova, gdje se prodaje svjež Islam iz gudura Afganistana. Takvi taksisti su najiskrenija bića u Sarajevu, oni vas mrze i prije nego zakoračite u njihove mobilne džamijice. Obično čovjek tada dobije osjećaj ničim izazvane krivice, jer je unutar dizel

džamije sve tako postavljeno da vam budi onu vrstu kajanja i griznje savjesti kao nakon cjelonoćnog posmatranja alkoholnih vasiona na dnu pivske čaše. Netolerancija je najblaži hemijski element u zraku taksija. Nemojte zaboraviti, kada ulazite u sarajevski taksi, to vam je kao da ulazite u dnevni boravak taksiste, tu je on sultan i ćesar. bio veliki gazda i dingospo u ona davna vremena, a sad, eto, mora papke i vlahе vozati po gradu, gradu koji je njegov, i samo njegov, a niko ga više i ne jebe, ni stranka za koju je grlo poder’o, ni grad lično i personalno kojeg je branio sa prvih linija odbrane negdje oko Vječne vatre (epicentar grada). Sigurno ima i dobrih taksista, ali mi je taksi-memorija prilično sakata, i pamtim samo bliske i blistave susrete sa dragim taksistima. Najviše volim one sa naglašenim religijskim afinitetima, one koji svoja vozila pretvore u pokretne džamijice, što mirišu na odvratna eterična ulja sa štandova, gdje se prodaje svjež Islam iz gudura Afganistana. Takvi taksisti su najiskrenija bića u Sarajevu, oni vas mrze i prije nego zakoračite u njihove mobilne džamijice. Obično čovjek tada dobije osjećaj ničim izazvane krivice, jer je unutar dizel d’jamije sve tako postavljeno da vam budi onu vrstu kajanja i griznje savjesti kao nakon cjelonoćnog posmatranja alkoholnih vasiona na dnu pivske čaše. Netolerancija je najblaži hemijski element u zraku taksija. Nemojte zaboraviti, kada ulazite u sarajevski taksi, to vam je kao da ulazite u dnevni boravak taksiste, tu je on sultan i ćesar.

Sarajevo je ozbiljan grad! Ne smijete to zaboraviti, ne smijete to zanemariti čak ni kada vam vaš vodič priča o drevnom zajedništvu tri religije unutar sto metara trodimenzionalnog prostora. To je jedna od standarnih priča kojima će vam neko započeti besjedu o Sarajevu, i ne samo Sarajevu. Vizualne činjenice kažu da je to stvarno tako, i u ovom gradu zaista možete vidjeti tri različite bogomolje na prostoru manjem od fubalskog igrališta. Ova slika je čest motiv razglednica i trejlera za video spotove kojima se reklamira be-ha turizam. Jedinstvo ove tri religije je danas moguće jedino na ovim razglednicama i video radovima. Sve ostalo je laž i laž i laž. Tolerancija, razmijevanje i međusobno poštovanje su odavde odlepršali zajedno sa pticama koje su prve granate probudile iz uspavanih krošnji jablanova i čempresa.

Ja bih se svesrčano i odistinski založio da grad Sarajevo promijeni sadašnji grb, i da mjesto njega stavi retrovizor koji sam vidio pored prozora neke kuće na Kovačima tačno preko puta šchidskog mezarja, gdje je ukopan i Alija Izetbegović – u mojoj memoriji zabilježen kao solidan krvnik vlastitog naroda. Taj retrovizor koji je zauvijek izgubio svoju prvobitnu upotrebu sada služi da dokonu posmatrač: stara žena, nana ili mlađa kona u šlafroku sa viklerima u kosi, ima cijelu ulicu i bližu okolinu pod svojom vizualnom komandom, te odatle može upratiti sva dešavanja u svojoj nanometarskoj mahali. Neponovljiv je taj retrovizor, i nije usamljen u svojoj namjeni. Ima ih mnoštvo u starim dijelovima grada, baš tamo odakle navodno potiče mitološka tolerancija i otvorenost, koja je itekako uočljiva u trometarski visokim zidovima koji razdvajaju komšijske avlije na porodična geta gdje caruje naci-autizam, mrak i mržnja. Moguće da je Sarajevo nekad bilo drukčije, ali to nije bilo u mome mandatu. Sarajevo svakog dana i u svakom pogledu postaje sve ozbiljniji grad. Dakako, između jablanova i čempresa.

English:

At the end of every episode of the TV show Leksikon Sarajeva, literate Valerijan Žujo makes a point with the same sentence: Sarajevo is a serious city! I memorized that sentence in a pair with another one from the same TV show: Sarajevo, between Lombardy poplars and cypresses. For a long, long time those two sentences were somewhat choruses for the mocking song I sang to the notion of the city, in whose fake, overhyped, and hypocritical mythology I couldn’t believe, even at the beginning of my stay here (December, war ’95). Over and over again I would experience sincere shock and awe when someone from the other side, from Zagreb, Rijeka, or Belgrade would begin to talk or sing with relentless fervor about the city in which I am, mostly, spending my life, which sometimes seems tantamount to serving time in a minimum-security prison, because Sarajevo is an open city. It would be hard for a person, listening odes about this city, to resist upon the strength of all those mighty arguments: the city is beautiful – architectural mélange of cultures, people are warmhearted and open, food is great, you should put čevapi on your flag, burek is generous... Haiku compliments like those could be strung to infinity, and even then I wouldn’t have the courage to break the picture in front of people, which they made in their heads before they went pilgrimaging to our tiny city. And when someone on the street whispers to you, like some Surrealist: yo what’s good, buddy? That is the moment when you are supposed to fall into a deepest metaphysical state of happiness and delight, like that moment, late at night, when tired Sarajevo merchant counts his money satisfied, and in his thoughts, silently, so that no one can hear him, laughs at the stupid tourists. Someone cunning should have remembered that in every city, selling tourist attractions and artifacts is monkey business. At Bašćaršija, small, medium, and big baseball bats are being sold, decorated like Russian babushkas. You can also buy original Bosnian elephants there, made from material that looks like jade, and all variants and colors in which Bosnian elephants were stomping Bosnian and Herzegovinian savannas in the past, so lively and sparkly after much-awaited rain, like in the Etosha National Park, in sub-Saharan Africa. The range of domestic souvenirs is extremely rich, but products from indigenous Bosnian beech trees are standing out, imported from China, India, or motherland Turkey. I must not forget to mention flags and heraldic elements on which the identity of every serious and tough nation depends, because the Bosnian people want to be just like that, and the flag is close to their heart, no other than the flag of motherland Turkey. Last but not least is an androgenously designed official state flag, but there are also flags with Arabic letters written in countries unknown to me on the stands where Wahhabis sell fresh desert Islam from Saudi Arabia.

Taxi drivers in Sarajevo are a special kind of people. They deserve an entire book consisted of the worst curses, insults, and precise (sniper-like) hate speech, not just a paragraph or two. A taxi driver in Sarajevo, it’s the same to say that there is a good-natured war criminal: he was a good man, but then he became involved in the genocide. When you enter a cab in Sarajevo, you should be as silent as possible, humble, and not ask for much, because it’s easily possible that the taxi driver is nervous and angry because he had to get up at six o’clock this morning to get to his job, and now everyone wants to fuck him over with asking for a short drive that cost 1-1,5 euro. And we all know that orthodox Sarajevo taxi driver hates short drives because he is used to his royal earning; he was a boss and gentleman in those long-gone times, and now, he must drive a bunch of nitwits and the Vlachs around town, a town that is his own, just his, and no one gives a fuck about him, not even the political party for which he tore his throat, not even the city whom he defended on the first lines of

defense somewhere around Eternal Flame (the epicenter of the city). Surely, good taxi drivers exist, but my taxi memory is pretty damaged, and I remember just close and glorious meetings with the dearest taxi drivers. I love the most those with overemphasized religious affinities, those that turn their cars into little moving mosques, that smell like gross essential oils from stands where fresh Islam from gorges of Afghanistan. Those kinds of taxi drivers are the most sincere type of beings in Sarajevo, they hate you even before you step into their little moving mosque. Usually, a person then gets a feeling of unprovoked guilt, because inside the diesel mosque everything is set up to arouse the kind of remorse, a type of remorse you feel after watching alcoholic heavens at the bottom of a beer glass all night long. Intolerance is the mildest chemical element in the air of the taxi. Don’t forget, when you enter the Sarajevo taxi, it’s like entering the taxi driver’s living room, there he is sultan and the emperor.

Sarajevo is a serious city! You must not forget this, you must not disregard it even when your guide is speaking about the ancient communion of three religions within a hundred meters of three-dimensional space. This is one of the standard stories with which someone will start a conversation about Sarajevo, and not only Sarajevo. Visual facts say that this is the case, and in this town, you can see three different religious places of worship, in a place smaller than a soccer field. This picture is a frequent motif of postcards and trailers of videos that market Bosnian and Herzegovinian tourism. Unity of these three religions today is possible only on those postcards and videos. Everything else is a lie and a lie and a lie. Tolerance, understanding, and mutual respect flew away from here together with the birds that were awakened by the first grenades from the dormant canopies of Lombardy poplars and cypresses.

I would wholeheartedly and truly pledge for Sarajevo to change its coat of arms, and instead of it, to put a rearview mirror which I saw next to the window of some house at Kovači, exactly across Martyr’s graveyard, where Alija Izetbegović was buried - in my memory noted as a solid executioner of his people. This rearview mirror, which has lost its original use forever, now serves to please the observer: an old woman, a grandmother, or a younger neighbor in her housecoat with rollers in her hair, to have the whole street and near surroundings under her visual command, and from there can follow all events in her nanometer neighborhood. That rearview mirror is unique, and it is not alone in its purpose. There are many of them in the old parts of the city, right where the mythological tolerance and openness allegedly originates, which is indeed very noticeable in the three-meter high walls that separate the neighboring courtyards into family ghettos where Nazi-autism, darkness, and hatred reign. It might be possible that Sarajevo was different back in time, but it wasn’t during my mandate. Sarajevo is becoming an increasingly serious city every day and in every way. Of course, between Lombardy poplars and cypresses.

~~KEMIL BICALOVIC (01.07.1997)~~

KEMIL BEKTEŠI

~~KEMIL BEKTEŠI (01.07.1997)~~

~~СРПСКИ СЛИКАР~~

KEMIL BEKTEŠI (01.07.1997)

~~BOSANSKO HERCEGOVAČKI~~

SLIKAR

KEMIL BEKTEŠI (01.07.1997)

SLIKAR

?

KNOTTED IDENTITIES UNRAVELLING

The ever-lasting question of youth voices failing to echo loudly enough throughout our society, remaining unrepresented, holds a special position and value amongst the many problems this country faces. The majority of young people, as has even become common sense, find or imagine, their five minutes of fame, somewhere else, far away from their birth places. But, as the truth is usually somewhere in between, a fair amount of our youth opt-in for a life, or at least, a chance at it, in the surroundings in which they grew up.

Such is the case of a young artist from Sarajevo - Kemil Bekteši. Bekteši's latest solo exhibition, titled "Bekteši," opened in Brodac Gallery - one of the few art galleries housing young, local artists, during the ending days of May. The opening of the exhibition not only marked a break in the long-lasting pause in events such as art exhibitions, but also signified the opening act of a greater project named "5 under 25", which is to represent young artists from across the whole of B&H (luckily not few).



The plants have been pulled out and the dirt thrown out. Roots thrown across the gallery floor. Bekteši, through the use of everyday objects (flower pots), plays around with the idea of being "without roots."

Kemil's biography tells of his "rootless" upbringing, the representation of which is the main point of the works he exhibited. What is to be made of this "rootlessness"? As the young in B&H seek their life opportunities far away from the Balkan region, imagining the

crucial day when they finally set off on the long roads towards the "Fortress," Kemil's childhood years were marked by the same wandering but in the scope of the Balkan region's long and winding roads.



For some, the exhibition, and the questions raised by the author, may bring about negative emotions and associations of the post-war period, in which many families were forcefully moved or departed. For others, it might cause a nostalgia trip to the pre-war lives of fre

quently moving military personnel and their families, from which many known artists emerged. Kemil comes as an artifact of these long passed times and customs. But these questions are nonetheless actual, more so than ever.



Behind the many linguistic variants of the author's name is a picture of the author's face. His tired expression exposes an almost complete apathy. This work portrays his experience of dealing with the "human need of categorization" on a level of identity. This work, as well as many others, showcases the author's need for 'self-aestheticization,' in which he finds himself to be the prime example of a modern man, entangled in the dialectics of postmodern identities.

Bekteši speaks about the symbol of an eagle being the central motive of the exhibition. He defines it as a symbol of "a bird flying out of the cage of monoidentism". The symbol of an eagle, especially portrayed in a hand gesture, which is usually filled with controversies in the region. But Bekteši commits to transpassing out of the dominating semiotic relations established by ethno-deterministic politics in which he is literally pulling out the bird from the cage of these crude relations into the highlands and clear skies of personal freedoms of determining one's own identity.



Even though Bekteši's exhibition is conceptually built on the basis of his personal biography, i.e. biography of a particular individual, it nonetheless speaks to modern-day issues of identity: on both the regional level of ethno-political categories and their workings based upon the ideology of "blood and earth" and the personal level of identity issues and their psychological effects--the latter achieving its foremost expression in the exhausted facial expression barred behind letters, the letters which constitute our names, the names which in many cases serve as the starting point of the ethno-political tendency to identify ourselves and those of around us.

Text:
Damir Deljo

Photography:
Ajla Salkić





muzej
optičkih
iluzija



muséum
of optical
illusions

OTVORITE UM I PREKORAČITE GRANICE!



DOBRODOŠLI U NEISTRAŽENI SVIJET ILUZIJA!
DOBRODOŠLI U MOI SARAJEVO!



SARAJEVO IN 35MM

Photomanipulation and text.
Amina Babić
Selver Učanbalić

In a meadow above Sarajevo, in its golden period, we find a hero with a golden mind during Golden Hour. Dino is different from the other boys in Mahala, which we can already tell from the colorite of his clothing. Leaning on a pole in dark red trousers, listening to the West's latest ideological import, Dino thinks about the potential of hypnosis to change the world with a complete ideology for each individual.

In many respects, this is a film that introduced Sarajevo and its cultural idiosyncrasies to the rest of Yugoslavia. As strange as it may sound, before "Dolly Bell," Sarajevo was, culturally and - to some extent - otherwise, the big unknown to the rest of Yugoslavia; with Kusturica's film, Sarajevo exited its 'dark age.'

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SJEĆAŠ LI SE, DOLLY BELL

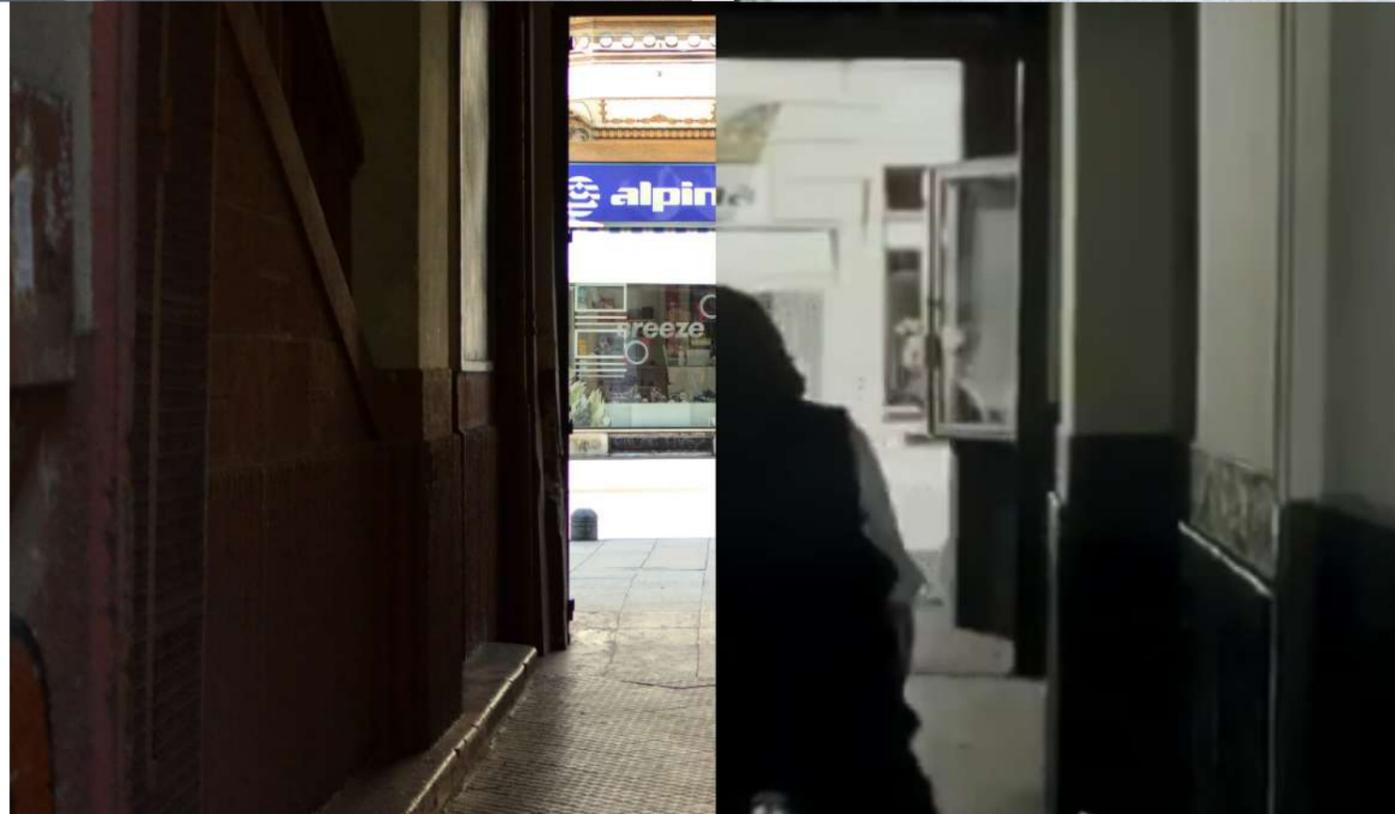




VALTER BRANI SARAJEVO (1972)

That a movie made as ideological propaganda ended up being Sarajevo's most representative movie either overthrows the whole idea of propaganda or proves its effectiveness. Many critics see "Valter" as the originator of 'partisan westerns' because it was inspired by the sudden wave of spaghetti westerns entering Yugoslavia at the time. Bosnia's first action movie, some will tell you, inspired the great Steven Spielberg's 'Saving Private Ryan.' Rumors to the side, one thing is definitely true: you feel that rush of pure action every time you see it.

If the movie was shot today, our superhero from the mahala would definitely have awesome gadgets like today's comic book superheroes. But there's one difference between a mainstream superhero and Valter: he's a communist. So, when you take a better look at the streets, you'll understand the meaning "Das ist Walter."



NAFAKA (2006)

This film carries a glimpse of the reality that lies within the unreal presentations of the Bosnian war by adopting a delicate perspective - that of the ordinary person living in a besieged city, struggling to survive, to find new values and preserve old ones. These are the people we can learn from - how to live, how to fight, and how to forgive.

"Nafaka" is perhaps a new page that illustrates life in the aftermath of failed hopes and dreams, the challenges of coping with a new reality, and the simultaneous hope and fear of looking towards the uncertain future of that particular collective spirit of the "Bosnian raja".



KOD AMIDŽE IDRIZA (2004)

Saying this film is about Fuke visiting his elderly uncle and aunt, Idriz and Sabira, to help fix their broken water-heater makes it seem like the most boring movie ever. Nothing could be further from the truth.

It is as dreamy as the early Italian new wave, but with the fragrance of Iranian films, the two moods brought together in this fantastic movie about feelings and not action. The movie will make you think about the feelings projected without a word ever being said. This is not sex-filled-bomb-blast-car-chase kind of film. This is a film about the rhythm of life. It allows you to float into the steady current of their quiet lives and be touched by the love they have for each other.

SAVRŠENI KRUG (1997)

Imagine Sarajevo just after the war: the whole city is a fantastic scenography for a story about life, humanity, and being a hero of the mahala. The film's main character is an artist, the lonely poet, Hamza, whose wife and daughter are leaving Bosnia and Herzegovina. Hamza is a selfless man who feels the suffering of others, he is a poet who strives to understand and explain a world that has turned upside down, trying to give it meaning.

The perfect circle that Hamza struggles to draw stands in opposition to the circle of fire formed around Sarajevo, it is a metaphor for many things: enclosing the space of freedom, protection, and the possibility of movement, opinion, an encounter with the other, the different.

OVER GRAVEL AND GRASS



Text and photography:

Gabrielė Žukauskaitė
Amer Duzić

www.skuter.ba

Early morning at the tram stop "Alipašin Most," last Thursday of June, 2021. The day is just 9 hours young, but the heat is pumping as if from an abandoned convection oven left switched on for days.

In this fierce landscape, we two young photography and tramway enthusiasts, almost transparent under the static sunlight, stand waiting for Tramway Number 544. It is coming to pick us up for a ride with Sadeta Mujagić, Sarajevo tramway driver, with whom we will circle the city, hearing her stories and feeling the viscerality of her memories weave an intricate mythology of being a person 'who brings the trams to sleep.'

Here it comes, our red tramway, Sadeta at the wheel. The doors swing open, on we get, and off we shake and rattle towards Ilidža.

Journeying across the city, we slowly photograph the lives embodied by each passenger carried through town, towards the next chapter of their daily matters. This is what Sadeta does every day - picking up and dropping off passengers along the same longitudinal line -- weaving their realities together, bridging those vital human connections without which the city could never be imagined.

Since her childhood, Sadeta has idolized trams and those who drive them. A dream to one day drive a tramway was a beacon of freedom and independence. She realized this dream in the midst of the Siege--an extraordinarily unusual and dangerous time to begin driving public transport. What was it like, we ask, to drive a tram at such an intense and high-risk time?

She recalls, in unexpectedly forgiving tones, that the worst part was the passage through the so-called "Sniper Alley," where in one instance, the tram in front of hers got hit by a shell, causing several casualties. Each transition through that spot meant great risk, which was only alleviated by "becoming darkness itself" -- turning all the lights off and hoping the tram wouldn't stand out. As stressful as it sounds, Sadeta looks back with a pure sense of appreciation and satisfaction to serve in her role at a time when, on top of other things, being a female driver was not considered as acceptable as nowadays. The sense of purpose made her stay in the position, and continue working without a break for all these years. Nonetheless, she looks forward to 'taking off her uniform' and journeying around the city solely as a passenger.

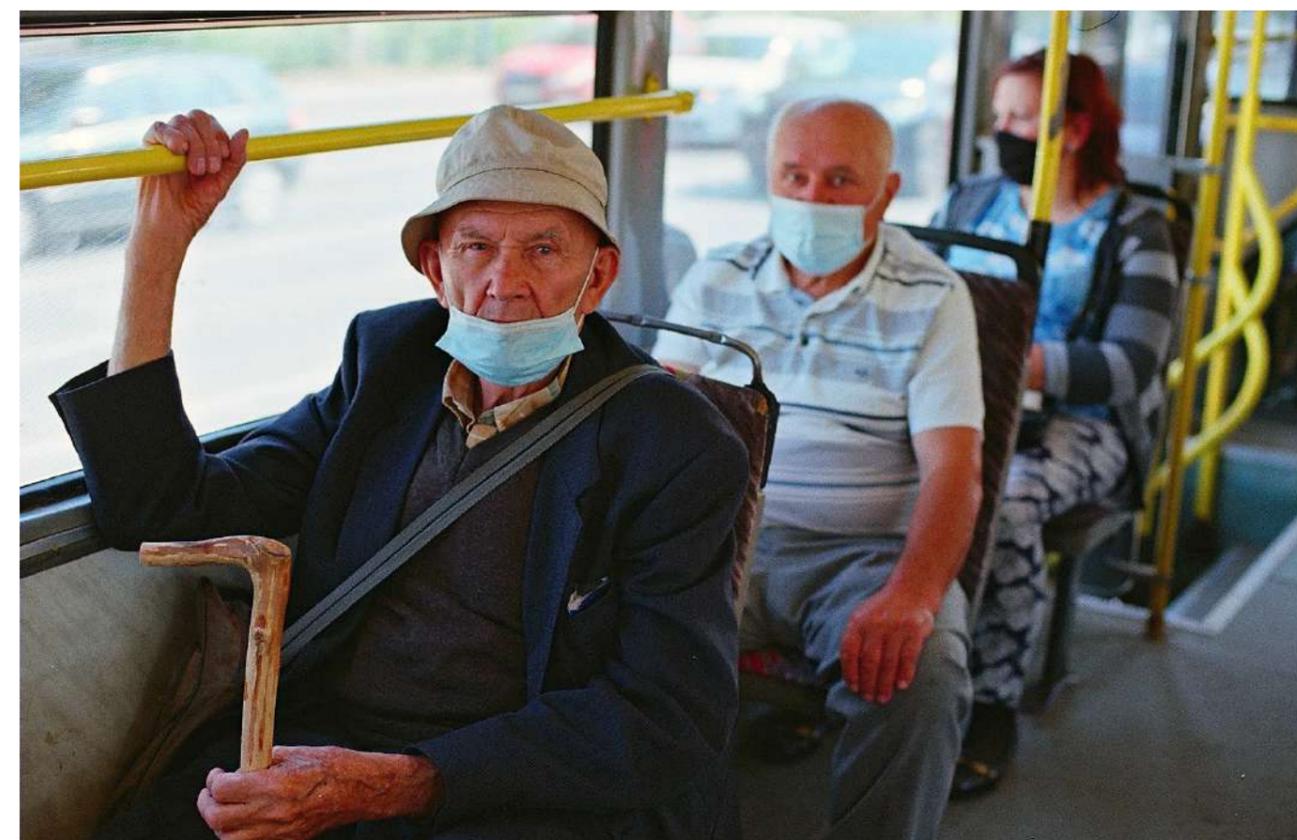
But would that ever even be possible for her? To just sit, relax, and enjoy the ride? Sadeta tells us that she's always aware of the situation on the road, looking at the mirrors, instinctually applying the brakes from her passenger's seat, thus indicating that once you're a tram driver -- you're always the driver, even if there is no steering wheel in front of you.

The tram is shaking. The noise heightens as more people flock in, marking their tickets, stumbling across each other to find an empty seat. Our journey is passing alongside The Jewish Cemetery. Riding the tramway in Sarajevo is a rumbling and chaotic adventure. However, anyone who comes to Sarajevo should experience it at least once; it is the ultimate way of immersing yourself in the stream of the city itself.

Riveted, we ask Sadeta if there is any difference between the experiences one can have riding a tram led by a woman, if at all. She agrees there is, and according to her passengers, the female drivers tend to be more gentle, caring for their safety while performing every move (even if 9 times out of 10 the move is to go straight forward). Sadeta finds personal fulfillment from knowing that her passengers arrived at their destinations safe and sound. Only then can she go home and enjoy the rest of the evening, or night, depending on her shift that day.

Sadeta believes the value of caring is missing in the behavior of other drivers on the road who tend to cut in the lane of the tramway and "don't respect the freedom of the tram." They forget this needle-like vehicle passing on the metal tracks cannot move sideways, only straight forward. To the local drivers who are reading this, this is your take home message for the day: respect the trams and the space in which they move. We are all part of one living organism -- the city of Sarajevo -- the better experience we create for others around us, the better we will feel ourselves.

As we slowly approach Baščaršija, and thus the end of our ride with Sadeta, there is one more thing we itch to ask her: What does she think this city would be like without tramways? We spot her shoulders move in amusement, like a person who's just been entertained by how incomprehensible this sounds. She informs us with a wide smile that without these shaky, rattling containers that haul and disperse our individual stories, this city "would be dead!" Just like red blood cells need to be circulated inside a healthy organism, so must the trams perform the same role.





When the trams were suspended due to the pandemic for several months, there could not have been a better indicator that something was extremely wrong.

Once the trams went back on the tracks – the life of the citizens went back into motion. Tumultuous, a little shaky, and yet a vital element of the Bosnian capital, trams have been a symbol of this city since 1885.



Trams and their drivers embody an urban imagination which drivers like Sadeta are responsible for sustaining, who see their job as a vocation, a sacred act of service to their city and their fellow person.

With that in mind, we hop off at our destination, wave our goodbyes, and stand in the clamorous, vibrating chaos that follows the shadow of a receding tram, slowly vanishing into its next circle along the tracks, indicating the city is alive and beating.



Text and photography:
Amna Hadžić

JUST CALL 011

It is the eighth of June, the year is 2021. This Tuesday in Sarajevo, the weather is changeable and almost forgetful for a day that should be anything but ordinary for this country. I am on my way to the BBI Center, where I will attend the public broadcast of the final verdict against war criminal R.M. I get into a taxi without much expectation other than that what follows will be painful, and that it will stir up the collective trauma and burden that has inevitably been inherited in this area for years. The burden that my generation also takes on, even though it did not influence the events of the 1990s. However, what I don't know is that expectations are one thing, and that reality will be much more painful than I originally thought. The taxi driver greets me warmly and asks where we are going. But where are we going?

These days, the media in Bosnia and Herzegovina are tirelessly, and who knows how many times, asking questions about whether this verdict of the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia will finally close a certain "door". With its establishment in 1993, one of the primary goals of that court was to prove that justice works, which would mean that one of the interpretations of "closing the door" in this case could refer to the establishment of justice and truth. There is also a lot of talk about how this is a historic verdict of great significance for future generations. Indeed, it is undeniable that today's verdict is important, but does that mean that the way we have lived so far has changed significantly concerning how we will live tomorrow, the ninth of June?



"How to answer briefly and clearly out of despair?", the taxi driver answers my question about what he expects from the verdict. It is a well-known fact that Sarajevo taxi drivers are friendly and almost always ready to share their opinions and stories on any topic. After a long detour of a direct answer to my question, he said "To make it better, people make decisions that are good but are not implemented, and then it is even a bigger defeat if we go deeper." He told me how he survived the war, about the loss of his closest family members, and most of all his dissatisfaction with the current situation. "It's exhausting, they're digging into our wounds, and justice has lost all sweetness." On the way to the clear destination to which I was being driven, our informal conversation lasted for fifteen minutes, during which we did not come to new conclusions except for one. The war that has long been a chapter of history has become just that: history.

On the way through the street, which was twenty-six years long, we came to the point where we realized that we were stuck in a dead-end and no one is much more interested in finding a way out of it. More than twenty years have been spent to determine how cruel, when, and where the events of bloody history of our state was written. Historical facts are not facts in the true sense either, because even today there is no one generally accepted truth. The continuing relativization of the war crimes, the glorification of criminals, and ethnic divisions indicate that all sides are still defeated. It is not worth talking about the parties at the moment. The taxi driver describes the moral defeat and failure of humanity over itself with the following analogy: "Let's say, I slap you - let's just say. This is incorrect and I say it is incorrect, but tomorrow I will go again and slap someone else. To forgive is beautiful, but one should also ask for forgiveness." That is why this story is not about the verdict of R.M. This is the story of two generations: one to which he belongs and which is lost, and the other which is mine and still has time to be saved.

The former waited painfully for more than twenty years for something to change, but only to realize that nothing changed in reality. Hoping to attend something that is "closing the door," I realized that the more painful reality of the past is that the imagined door remains only partially closed. Yet, waiting for everyone to accept one truth, we are all at a loss because we are losing a life. The room with the door partially closed to which we turn our backs is the opposite of life and still haunts us. It will cease to haunt us when we truly face the past or, better yet, when it ceases to rule our lives.

Trying to find a deeper meaning from the conversation with the taxi driver, I look out the window at Sarajevo, whose tissue has been destroyed many times throughout history, but which today lives and defies all open, closed, destroyed, and collapsed doors. But it is much more comfortable outside because life continues here outside the cramped room of the past. "Whenever needed, just call 011. Your Serbian family." The words are from the dedication in the book entitled "011", which I received three years ago in Belgrade as a gift from Ana, one of my best friends. The symbolism of the message lies in the fact that "011" is an area code for Belgrade. At this point, I don't remember those words necessarily because of the meaning of this day, but because I certainly like to remember them almost every day. Only sincere friendships and pure human connections like this can continue to build our future and not the nationalist policies or the gloomy past. Life without such friendship would be a loss to me.

It is the ninth of June, the year is 2021. Everything is the same as yesterday, except that life goes on one way or the other. And I will call 011 today, and countless more times after this day.

*Jer treba
Da život produžiš
Život na zemlji valja da produžiš.*

Uspavanka, Mehmedalija Mak Dizdar

THE RIGHT TO SCREAM

Here, where we sit, Quo Vadis, Aida? is more than a film, perhaps last of all is it a film.

From which it follows, of course, that this wasn't an easy review to write. In Paris or New York, I could disinterestedly watch and then dispassionately write; opine on plot and pacing and international justice—rate it out of five. To do so, sitting here in Bosnia, would be to ignore everything else the film has to be.

The first time I saw it, much of my immediate reaction was given to relief. Walking out of the cinema, I said something like:

Good that it was good for what it needed to be. It was important that it was.

Not much is clear from my rather poor take. Exactly how was it good? What did it need to be? For whom?

However, this move undersells the activists who've worked and exposed themselves in order to share their experiences. Speaking the truth about genocide is a political action because it changes the world in which we live. Denying that this ground is political amounts to pushing activists like these to the sidelines, as if their only purpose is providing fuel to be expended in the political battles of others.

Which directly raises a second problem: not everyone who calls what happened at Srebrenica 'genocide' is a good or right political actor. It means they are right about what happened, but that's a position which can flow quite naturally into Bosniak nationalism. There's no large leap from calling for justice to calling for revenge.

Someone had to make the Srebrenica movie, sooner or later. People remember and understand the past through film: a medium that, unlike any other, brings the quality of directness to our perception of unseen events. This power, for all its potential, could also have done real damage to the story of Srebrenica, and consequently the country, were it mismanaged or misused.

I was relieved because Jasmila Zbanić proved herself equal, not just to the responsibility, but to the several responsibilities she took upon her shoulders.

Quo Vadis, Aida? is a document, with its long and exhaustive title card attesting to the reality of events. It's for history teachers, both foreign and domestic, to show to their classes in the same somber way mine played Hotel Rwanda. As such, it's meant to be a weapon in the fight against genocide denialism by bringing filmic persuasion and emotional force to bear on contested history. There's also the clear feminist critique of war running through the film, which portrays masculine bellicosity through a matriarchal lens. At the same time, it's intention is to honor the victims of the genocide and their surviving family, to reveal and reify their painful experiences.

All this means that, above all, Quo Vadis, Aida? is a political intervention.

But there is another side, revealed in a simple question: Who the fuck am I (or you, or Zbanić) to judge? These are people, mostly women, who survived a genocide, whose families were murdered and ceased to exist in the space of a week. How shattering the never-healing impact? If someone still reeling says the People who caused their pain are monstrous, savage, depraved, abject, viscous, unforgivable... I have no warrant to tell a victim what they should and shouldn't say nor even to question what exactly is meant by 'People.'

I imagine Zbanić, still struggling with the screenplay or storyboard, coming across the following lines from a novel by Clarice Lispector:

What I write is more than mere invention, it's my obligation to tell about this one girl out of the thousands like her. And my duty, however artlessly, to reveal her life.

Because there's the right to scream. So I scream.

The event that Zbanić represents in Quo Vadis, Aida? creates, through unquieted resonance, an imperative to tell of what happened. Trauma, even if compatible momentary peace of mind, always threatens to end it. The question of whether to speak about Srebrenica has a forgone conclusion: one has no choice.

Where there is pain trapped in tension, needing release, to demand silence is inhumane. Indeed, an outcry that comes from pain, from trauma, is not something that can be legitimate or illegitimate, moral or immoral—it is a reaction, not a choice. A natural reaction: it soothes in its own strange way, produces an old form of justice that indicts those responsible and makes them feel guilty.

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These two principles, that one ought always speak responsibly and that one can always scream, do not cohere, they won't ever fit together. An reaction to pain is natural, necessary, and inevitable. Yet the screams of Bosnia's victims aren't released into a vacuum, they are broadcast on state TV. We must recognize that it is precisely the emotional, bodily bases of outpourings of pain that make them amenable to exploitation.

Zbanić's restraint helps her tell a collective story through only one set of eyes. This sort of storytelling is fraught, one has to aim for that uncomfortable balance between characters who are too plural to be real or too singular to be a mirror for others. Jasna Đuričić's Aida is singular enough, but nonetheless possesses the blankness necessary to simultaneously reflect thousands of irreducibly unique experiences.

Watching the film, you can see its director straining to create a vehicle capable of performing several noble and worthwhile functions at once. She had no choice but to countenance everything, being the one to make the film about Srebrenica. Quo Vadis, Aida?, standing at the confluence of all these obligations, ends up looking like it was made by a committee constantly in conflict but forced into good-faith compromises by their remit's gravity.

These difficult choices all had consequences. The need to show the historical circumstances and context took away from building Aida's character. In turn, the film's epilogue about returning to Srebrenica, which (politically) needed to be there, didn't emerge from Aida's character. A single line about wanting to teach again after the war does not a strong enough motivation make. There are more such tradeoffs than I could ever mention. And while any film is the result of thousands of choices, few filmmakers have had as many of their decisions made for them as did Zbanić.

The committee, of which Zbanić was the chair and most of the members, performed admirably. Balancing all the competing interests and agendas that I listed at the start of this essay was impossible—but Quo Vadis, Aida? comes just about as close as possible.

Please realize that achievement wasn't inevitable: the "right to scream" cuts through both artistic challenges and political quandaries, engendering an "obligation" to create and making space and excuses for the intrusion of "artlessness."

I am relieved that Zbanić was the one to make this film because she saw she could not fully exercise the right to scream.



Zbanić eases this dilemma through restraint. There is, in fact, very little screaming in Quo Vadis, Aida? The title character only breaks down once, at the end, as her husband and two sons are boarding the last buses to leave. That emotional climax lasts only a few moments; it's quickly cut away from, but hopes to show enough. For some, it won't have been enough, just as the lack of explicit violence leaves too gaping a hole in the narrative.

Text:
Adrian Pecotić

Photography:
Enrico Dagnino

Fildžans of Wisdom

With Aida Šehović



Text and photography:
Erin Brown
Gabrielė Žukauskaitė

How did you develop into this creative / politically engaged person? What does being perceived as such an artist mean to you?

To me being an artist means being awake - that means being really, really curious and interested about the world that's around us. The type of work that I am interested in doing is only trying to address some of the really difficult parts of our world, or being human. But I'm very mindful that I'm not offering a real solution.

I think my own past, what happened to me as a person, I experienced being persecuted from my hometown, being displaced, living as a refugee, then an immigrant, and having to adapt to the different cultures, societies and countries-- I'm not sure if I would have become an artist if that didn't happen. The questions that arose from those experiences are the questions I still have to this day, and, to me, it seemed that art allowed for not just a creative way to confront those questions, but also an absolute freedom in thinking about [them].

How does art address the gaps in healing and understanding? Is there a gap, let's say, between a victim that needs to heal and the perpetrator?

Art creates space for everybody. And I think really good art, in this case, creates space for the victims, as for the perpetrators, because they're not just that, they're also the children and/or the parents of the perpetrators. In the case of Što Te Nema, there is space for them as well. There's nothing that's in the way of you placing the cup down and filling it with coffee. The work doesn't exclude that, it invites that, and it doesn't point fingers. We know there's no confusion about what happened, but at the same time this space is open.

Why is it important for you to use art to heal trauma?

I would say it's a way of communicating across time, space and borders or anything that separates us. It gives you absolute freedom, both in terms of content and subject you want to focus on, but also how you want to approach something, think about it, and share it with the world. You make up your rules, your art practice.

In the beginning, it felt like Što Te Nema grew out of rage and anger and disappointment that I didn't want to accept, that I couldn't believe that the world could let something like that happen. It's completely incomprehensible to me that humans sit down and organize themselves and make a plan how to kill other humans and do that in such a brutal, brutal way. But I think that art allows us to see [genocide] for what it is, with all of its sides, and I think that art also allows us to remember the trauma.

Personally, art work helped me overcome that and sort of regain belief in humanity again, because it allows us to never forget that that's actually a human experience. Anybody can be a perpetrator, and anybody can be a victim. So there's a certain level of truth, uncompromising truth, and freedom in all of these things that art opens up when dealing with trauma. I think that because I believe that humans inherently have empathy and love for each other, and all the violence and hatred is a learned behavior.



“Što Te Nema” seems to be all about challenging indifference and maintaining memory: Can this kind of art ever be “too confronting”

To me, it is not confrontational as I am just showing or pointing to something that's already there. The genocide happened in Srebrenica. Genocides happen all the time. There are people directly and indirectly impacted by it. There are people profiting from it, people who participate in it, people who are denying it. And all of that exists even before the work comes. I would even go as far as to say that I'm not even confronting indifference, rather, I'm just reminding you of your own humanity. I also think that the societies that we live in, and the ways that we communicate are unfortunately adding to the lack of empathy and inducing indifference. I'm just refusing to accept that that's normal. It's not confronting, I'm just being human. You don't choose where you're born or what your name is. And that completely determines whether you can be a victim of genocide or not.

Who are the most important people (according to you) that take part in the commemoration?

I actually always think of it like concentric circles: if you throw a stone and then there's the first circle, then the next circle, and the next circle, and next circle. For me, the first circle is the families who are directly impacted by [the genocide], and they are the ones who collected the first cups. Everybody has been donating cups, but the first 923 cups were collected by Women of Srebrenica, so if the work didn't have their support and blessing from the beginning, I don't know if it could have come into existence. And then the next circle is like the Bosnians, or maybe their kids, you know, younger generations who have inherited that, and then this next circle are the Bosnians, and then you have the local community in whatever town/city the monument was in, and then the larger international community. So I don't know if there's any group that has preference or importance over the other. But I also think of the young people--it's you guys who are inheriting the world, so if the work of Što Te Nema is irrelevant to your generations, then we kind of failed, right?

How have the years spent with Što Te Nema affected your relationship with your own personal identity/ shaped your own development as an artist?

I think it defined completely who I am as a person and as an artist. It almost became like a model, a way of thinking for me as an artist which I'm grateful for. It hasn't been an easy path in any way or shape or form. And I say that not to ask for pity, but to recognize that all parts of it were difficult--for example, the decision to collect the cups, it would have been much easier for me to buy 1,000 cups, they're not that expensive, but instead I decided that I want to collect the cups. All the decisions and rules around what Što te Nema is I didn't make them to make it hard or difficult on purpose, I just thought that was necessary to create what needed to be created.

I feel really lucky that the project came at the beginning when I was very naive and innocent in terms of what being an artist is and how to make work, I had to become comfortable by making mistakes in public. Only maybe in the last few years, I recognize and embrace that path and I think I should be proud that it is beautiful and that it is changing, that I didn't wake up with some perfect idea. It's impossible to make that kind of work and approach this kind of subject matter assuming you have all the answers.

On a personal level, I saw that change from the beginning from a place of rage that 'nobody cares, to realizing that it's not true that people don't care, but more like that people don't know what to do. And that's precisely the problem of the world that we live in. That we are presented with this information, but it's not clear where there's room for us to engage or act upon that. And also, I must mention to all of those who will be reading this that you can really begin with zero. Because we began with zero. I know it sounds almost ideal--oh you can do anything. But you can. You can use the resources, whatever you have around you. I just used a cup. You just need to try.

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BRT, Story, klix

SNAKEY BUSINESS

Photography and text:
Denis Ruvic



In a dark room lit only by a few neon lights resembling the laboratories in films about Frankenstein, works a 32-year-old biologist named Adnan Zimić. Thousands of eyes peer down from the stacks of shelves, where they've been kept for more than a hundred years.

We are in the basement of the National Museum in Sarajevo, which hides one of the largest collections of reptiles and amphibians in Southeast Europe. It's not a place you could stumble upon by accident, down a few hallways and flights of steep stairs. Only then can you enter this dimly lit room that's crammed with over ten thousand samples of different species preserved in bottles and jars.

I primarily work with amphibians and reptiles, said Zimić. "They are lower vertebrates and this is the group for which I graduated and obtained my master's degree at the Faculty of Natural Sciences and Mathematics in Sarajevo, and I intend to get my PhD. I got a job at the National Museum two and a half years ago. My main task is the protection and conservation of this material, which includes reptiles, amphibians and fish.

The National Museum was founded in 1888, a decade after the Austro-Hungarian annexation of the country, and since then has been a research center for the collection of living specimens from the natural world of Bosnia and the whole Balkan region.

All the material collected by the Austro-Hungarians was stored in Sarajevo because Austria and Germany were too far away to transport samples to. Thanks to Stjepan Bolkey, the most important biologist from that period, many of the oldest samples in the collection are there.

Most of the material is from the Austro-Hungarian period," continues Zimić, "which has immense value because it tells us a lot about the conditions in which the animals lived, what they ate, who their predators were, parasites, etc. We can also isolate genetic material from their tissue samples and thus compare it with today's material of the same species. That way we can see the changes in the genome that have taken place in the animals.

Before the museum was founded and the building erected, a snake was caught - a Common Bosnian Viper from Mount Ozren. It's the oldest specimen in the collection, from 1888, and was the initiator of 'future faunal research' in the Balkans.

According to Zimić, analysing samples collected long ago is the best way to study specific species and the overall ecology, their genetics and evolution. The size of the specimens is one of the differences that he established by comparing the samples of animals from the Austro-Hungarian period with the ones from today. These changes tell us there used to be much less of an anthropogenic impact on animals, so they could live longer and thus grow larger.

As an example, Zimić brings up a particular sample from the collection, "We have the largest viper which was caught in Bosnia and Herzegovina and I think it is the largest viper ever caught in the wild, that is, it was not bred in captivity. The viper that we have here is from the area of Čapljina and is 90 centimeters long. Most of the vipers we find today are only 50-60 centimetres long."

Whether collecting new specimens or restoring old ones, the process of preservation is the same.

When I bring the material from the field," explains Zimić, "I first set the shape I want the animal to have, which depends on the container in which I will keep it. Then, I immerse the animal in formalin in order to fix the sample. It takes 24 hours for formalin to do its work and tighten the animal to a fixed shape. Next, I immerse the specimen in water to extract the formalin. Once it's soaked in water, I transfer it to the container in which I will store them, filled with a certain percentage of ethanol. For reptiles, the standard is seventy percent and for amphibians fifty-five percent.

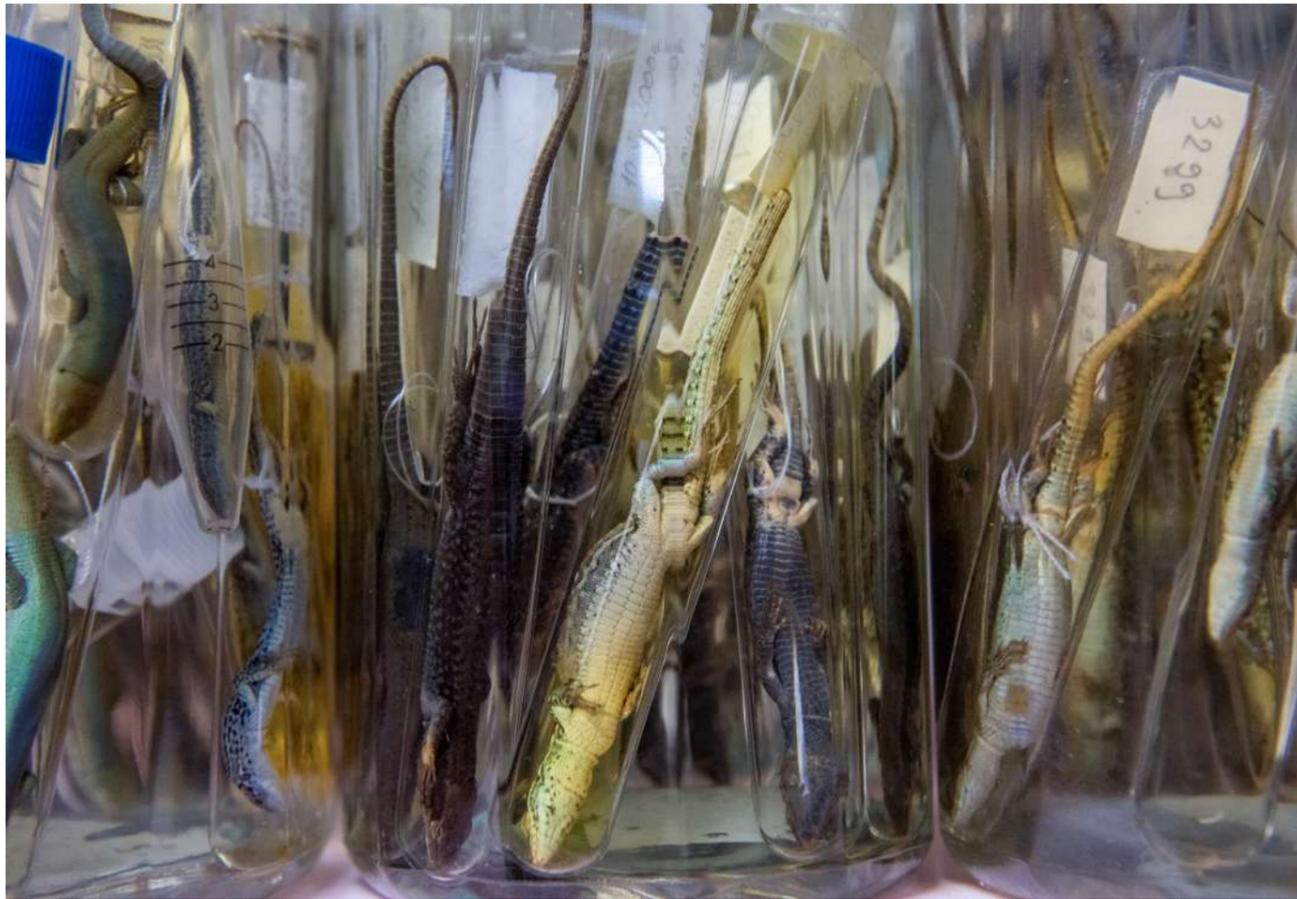
Each specimen gets a faunal card that records its Latin name, where and when it was found, and who found it.

Due to its geographical position, Bosnia and Herzegovina has very rich fauna. The fourteen species of snakes that live in our relatively small area place us in the top three countries in Europe in terms of biodiversity. Most endemic species (those that only live in one location) can be found in our mountains because, during the last ice age, the animals "fled" to the mountains and live on as a remnant of once widespread species.

Bosnia has the potential to be a paradise for biologists and researchers since much of its territory is yet to be explored. Unfortunately, a lack of funds and weak state support do not allow local biologists to do the research they would like to. It is only a question of when superior European faculties will send their students to make a list of our animal world.

"I have great respect for everything the Austro-Hungarians have done," concludes Zimić, "but I want to improve the collection. I want to compete with them and leave my mark by increasing the collection. I would like someone to research my material in a hundred years. I believe that in the future, the material I am collecting now will be invaluable, as the Austro-Hungarian specimens are today."





Сос.-херц. земалски музеј

broj 1.

Familia: *Familija — Фамилија* **Proteidae**¹

Gattung: *Rod — Род* **Proteus**

Art: *Vrsta — Врста* **anguinus**

Varietät	Geschl.	Fundort	Erworben durch	Datum	Anmerkung
Kazlika	Rod	Mjesto nalaska	Dobijeno	Datum	Primjedba
Разлика	Род	Мјесто наласко	Добијено	Датум	Примједба
2		Forstgarten Studenci b. Ljubuški	Loquenz	X 1896	✓
2		" " " " " "	" "	III 1895	✓
2		" " " " " "	" "	IV 1895	✓
2		Mostači b. Trebinje (Bunar)	Petihagic	Trifun 1907	✓ Vran/pamblaz
2		Lusci bez Bozn	" "	II 1906	✓
2		Palanka Sanski Most	" "	VII 1913	✓
2		" " " " " "	" "	VII 1908	✓
2		Trebežut b. Capljina	Matic	VII 1910	✓
2		" " " " " "	Luka Vego	X. VII 1914	✓



Fire Salamanders

As far as herpetology is concerned, the most valuable specimen is the Salamandra atra prenjensis. It was found on the mountain Prenj in 1968; at that time, it was thought that the species only lived on this one Herzegovinian mountain, but it was later also found on Čvrsnica and in a couple of other locations in Croatia and Montenegro.

This is the first specimen ever caught, on the basis of which the subspecies was first studied and described. The only way to describe a new species is to take it out of the wild and store it in a museum. It's the most valuable biological specimen a museum can have.

Green frogs

Adnan thinks that green frogs are among the most important pieces in his collection. These are frogs that are closely related--evolutionarily and ecologically--and look exactly the same. He says, "In Bosnia and Herzegovina, I've found five different species and a lot of hybrids."

Due to the fact that they cannot be identified based on their appearance, he had to rely on genetic analysis to find out that there are actually five species of green frogs. He published this discovery as a scientific work and thus officially introduced two more species of green frogs - Pelophylax kurmulleri and Pelophylax sqhiperica.

Extinct species

The collection also includes the Caspian Whipsnake (Dolichophis caspius), which is extinct at the regional level.

"It is assumed that this snake became extinct in BiH. There are two places where this snake was found, one is in the area of mountain Ivan the other near Derвента. These are the only two specimens of that snake. We conducted intensive research in that area but we could not find any, so that species is probably extinct."

Northern Darwin frog (Rahiderma rufum)

In a jar with a lot of frogs, Zimić found a small frog that no one really noted at the time of its preservation.

When I opened one of the jars full of frogs, I found a small frog. The identification card that was attached to his leg said that he was from Chile and that his name was Darwin's frog. There are two species of Darwin's frogs, the southern and the northern. After consulting with fellow herpetologists from Chile, we determined that this frog is a specimen of an extinct species - Rhinoderma rufum.



No one knows where this little white amphibian came from in this jar. It is assumed that the sample is from 1910, when most of the other samples were preserved.



Snakes and amphibians

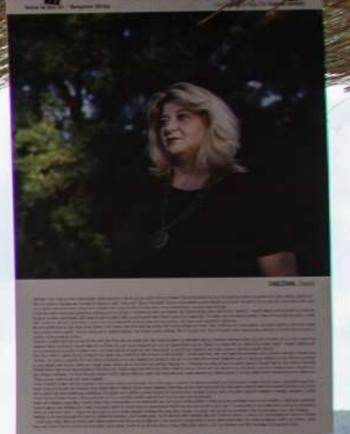
"There are fourteen species of snakes that live in Bosnia and Herzegovina, three of which are poisonous. The viper (*Vipera ammodytes*) is the only dangerous species, but it isn't aggressive. When it sees a human being, it usually runs away. The only case in which it bites is if it feels threatened, that is, if you stop, sit on it or if you prevent him from escaping in any other way."

Adnan believes that the biggest issue related to our understanding of snakes has to do with insufficient education. "We are taught to be afraid of snakes, that is not an innate fear. We need to learn to live with nature and it is about time that primary and secondary schools give more focus on animals that cause fear in humans. Snakes are afraid of man."

The museum's collection also includes the most poisonous fish in the region, the spider fish (*Trachinus draco*). According to many reports, it is even more poisonous than a viper. It has three thorns on its back and inexperienced fishermen who catch the fish sometimes stab themselves on the spines. Spider fish can also be found in the Adriatic Sea near Neum.

SEARCHING FOR SPACE

Photography and text:
Erin Brown



On 24 June, the night of the "Strawberry Supermoon," qSport--an LGBTQIA+ outdoors and environmental collective--brought their formed family together on the summit of Mt. Trebovic to watch the sunset and take in the power of the moon. Damir, tall and bearded, his zen-like quality immediately apparent, was amongst the group who trudged along one by one, like ants crawling in serene quietude.

Climbing back down the mountain in boustrophedonic fashion, turn after turn, head lamps shining into the abyss of the black night, Damir, turning inward into his own human abyss, tranquilly shed light on his feeling of liberation at being with qSport after the isolation of the pandemic.

Often ignored or actively stifled by media and the government, and vulnerable to discrimination and harm, Damir and other members of the LGBTQIA+ community are often left to search for acceptance and the ability to be their true selves in "safe spaces"--social environments that allow for freedom of expression away from judging and prying eyes. But when the COVID-19 pandemic hit, LGBTQIA+ people suddenly had many of their safe spaces pulled out from under them.

It was only in 2019, those pre-pandemic times, that BH Povorka Ponosa (Bosnian Pride March), organized the country's first ever pride parade, bringing together an astounding 3,000 attendees. Maida Zagorac, a member of the organizing committee, proudly proclaimed it was the first pride parade in the entire region without any instances of violence--an important accomplishment considering the burtality that anti-gay protestors inflicted on attendees of the 2008 Sarajevo Queer Festival.

Finding public safe spaces for the LGBTQIA+ community here in Sarajevo has always been difficult. Some bars/clubs and other venues publicly supported the community, such as Fis and Art Cinema Kriterion, closed before the pandemic, while G Point closed due to it. Afterwards, Sarajevo was left virtually devoid of public LGBTQIA friendly spaces, and without a second pride march in 2020.

Now, with the lifting of a majority of pandemic safety measures, more visible LGBTQIA+ organizations like Sarajevo Open Center (SOC) and Bosnian Pride March held events ushering the community back from online platforms, while individuals and smaller collectives did their part in gathering and supporting one another, from hiking under the full moon with qSport, to alternative art exhibitions with ODRON, a grassroots interdisciplinary artist and activist collective.

Damir found a safe space through pandemic times (and before) through qSport. Led by a spunky, charming, and delightfully pedagogic woman named Sabina, qSport has held over 1,000 events in the past 5 years alone, forming an endearing queer family along the way. In lieu of the 2020 pride march, qSport cycled around Sarajevo while waving rainbow flags, as passersby cheerfully honked their car horns. They didn't let the altered world stop them from reminding Sarajevo of their existence and gathering meaningfully.

The night of that hike had a very special significance to Damir--earlier that day he came out to his mother as bisexual. "That was a stressful experience," Damir relayed as we traipsed down the mountain, "but it ended up good. She just said, OK, I'm just shocked right now, but that changes nothing, you know I still love you and all that stuff. It meant a lot."

However, everyone's journey towards acceptance moves at its own pace, both within and outside the LGBTQIA+ community. Artist Amina Šatrović, petite and zestful yet down-to-earth, had three of her paintings exhibited at a Bosnian Pride March event. However, she expressed reservations about attending: "I have to admit, I was a bit nervous...even though I'm out to most of my friends and everything, I don't really know a lot of people in the LGBTI community."

Courage and communication go hand in hand, especially in the LGBTQIA+ community. Whether nerves about labels within the community or coming out, it is important to simply listen. In regard to the Bosnian Pride March's event, Zagorac articulated that "we are here to fight for human rights of LGBTIQ people. It is very important for us to be to hang out with LGBTIQ +people, to listen and to understand them."

At Kvirhana Festival, same sex couples couples kissed under dim dancefloor lighting, friend groups gleefully hollered and gyrated, and crowds threw up their hands and "whooped" at Dragoslavia drag performances.

The three day, publicly-advertised queer arts festival put together by the SOC, featured a photo exhibition, apropos panel discussions and documentaries, and more. Amina Imamovic, who coordinated the project, emphatically stated the goal was "to show the community that we can create something that is ours."

But creating safe spaces isn't easy, even from an internal perspective. Šatrović, said that "amongst [the LGBT community], we still have a lot of prejudice when it comes to different labels. I think we have to work a lot on this healthy environment." Nevertheless, Šatrović had fun at Bosnian Pride March's gathering, and is excited for upcoming LGBTQIA+ events in Sarajevo.

At the close-mouthed (one needed to message the organizers about location of the party) Bosnian Pride March event, old friends mingled and new friendships formed. Drinks flowed, cigarettes burned, voices and laughter cackled over the loudspeakers, carried off into the dimming sky. In the burgeoning darkness, colorful wall lights emerged, transforming the backyard into a small queer dance club.

Next to the lively DJ stand, Emma, seated and surrounded by friends, proudly exclaimed, "it's a good atmosphere--it's accessible and everyone feels safe. I'm very happy to be here."

Šatrović's paintings, expressions of growth, transformation and learning, commented on how we "as an lgbtiq community have a lot of obstacles to overcome and challenges to accomplish."

Art has always been a popular medium for people in the LGBTQIA+ community to express themselves and their journeys. Before the pandemic and up until current times, ODRON has been a vital source of art, activism, and refuge to the LGBT community, offering an inherently safe space since 2018. In its still young collective life, ODRON has hosted queer raves, jam sessions for musicians, cinema screenings, discussions, with a focus on arts, culture and politics. They'll be hosting an art exhibition in July.

Sitting in the kitchen of ODRON, a copy of the Mona Lisa watching over the colorful table and chairs, while string lights illuminated the tiled walls artistically littered with stickers, drawings, and powerful quotes, founder Kasija talks about ODRON's hushed but pervasive presence in Sarajevo. She explains it is "quite obvious" that ODRON is a queer friendly space. Leftist, progressive, queer and political--the whole point of ODRON is "creating culture that encompasses these identities," she says. It's all mutually inclusive.

Whether queer social nights, festivals, hiking excursions, grassroots art and activism gatherings and exhibitions, these nearly post-pandemic events, no matter the amount of people in attendance or scale of organization, show the resilience and necessity of this vital community to the heart of Sarajevo, Bosnia, and beyond.

Up on Trebević, Damir relished in releasing built-up stress and pressure after his emotional rollercoaster of a day. "Throughout the pandemic you're breathing in smoggy air, and you can only feel like the walls around you are claustrophobic," mused Damir. "This is a complete, opposite feeling" he says, addressing not only being in the great outdoors, but his newfound openness in himself.





KU
MID
INTERNATIONAL

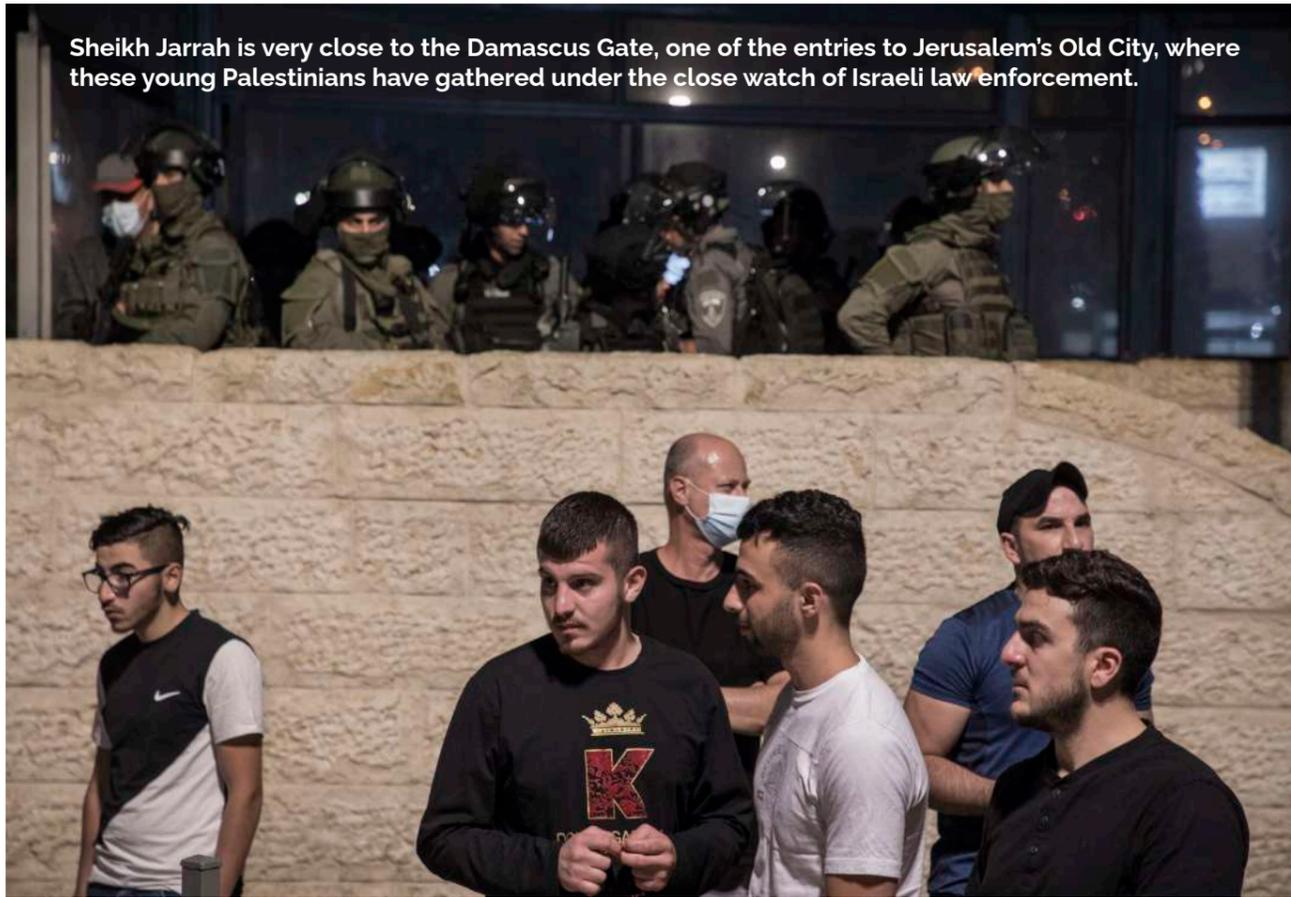
Laurent Van Der Stockt

THE AMBUSH OF A NEW PAST

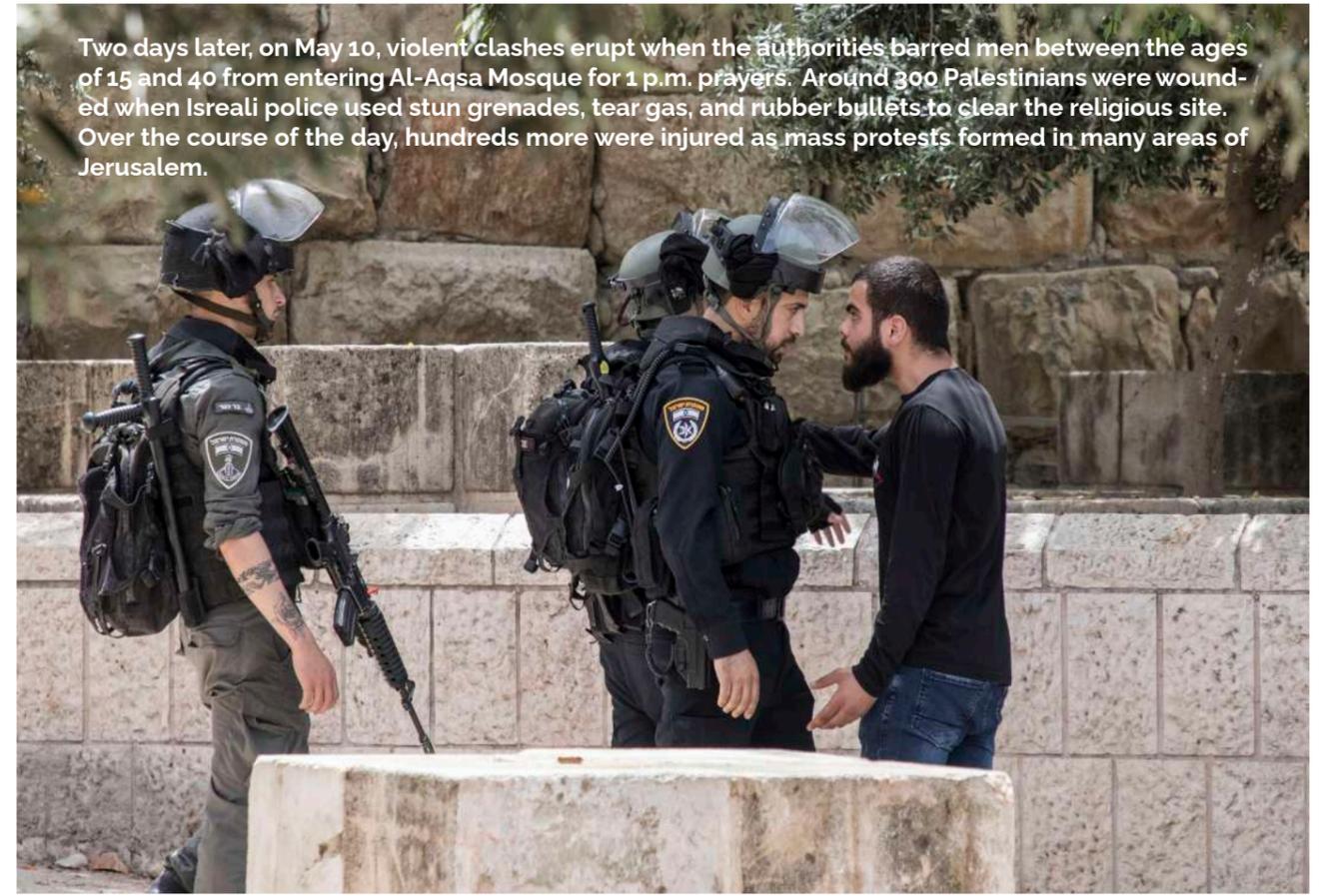


The Palestinian families of Sheikh Jarrah, an East Jerusalem neighborhood under Israeli occupation and the threat of settlement, celebrate Iftar in front of a house that was seized by settlers in 2009. Since then, more evictions have been carried out, with displaced families replaced by new, Jewish, residents.

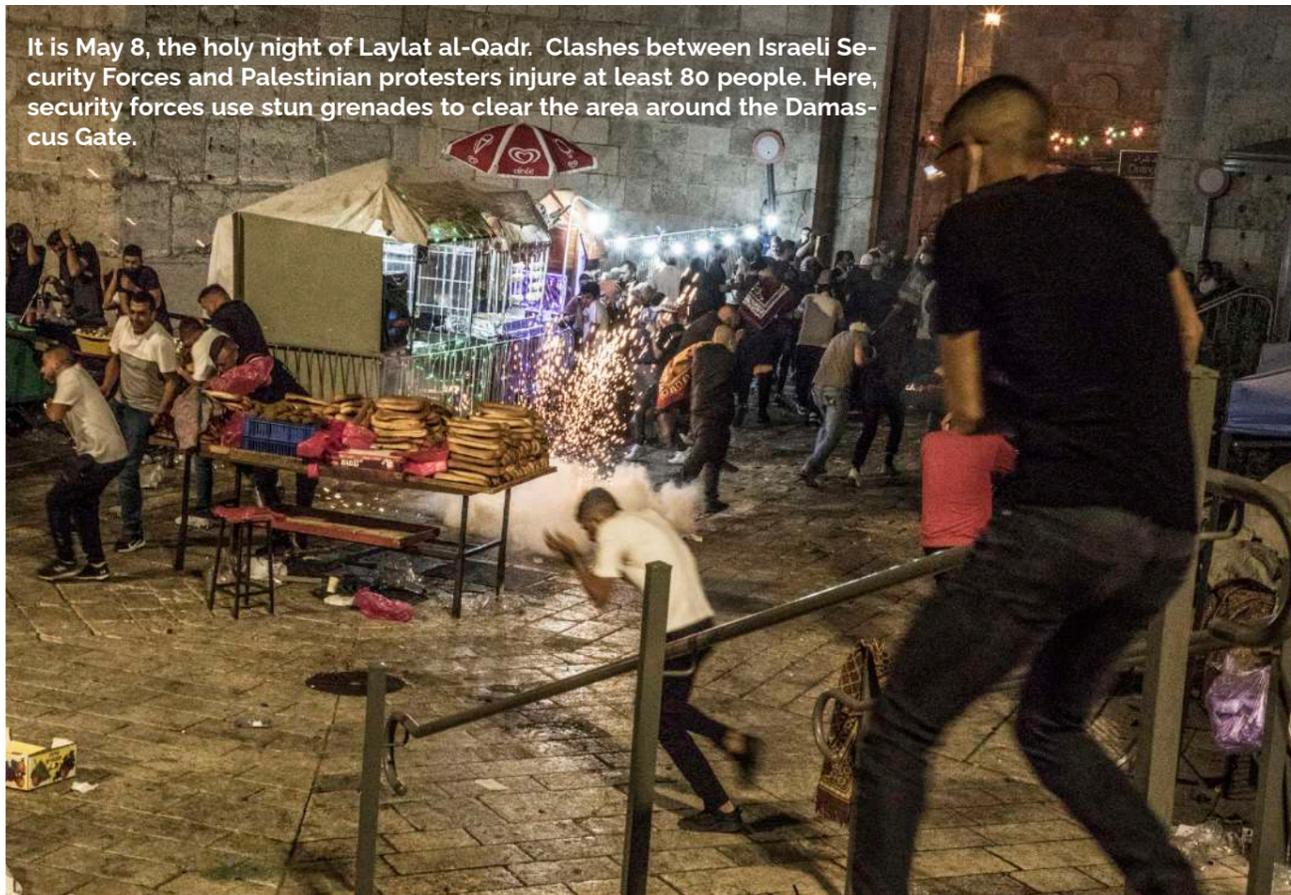
Sheikh Jarrah is very close to the Damascus Gate, one of the entries to Jerusalem's Old City, where these young Palestinians have gathered under the close watch of Israeli law enforcement.



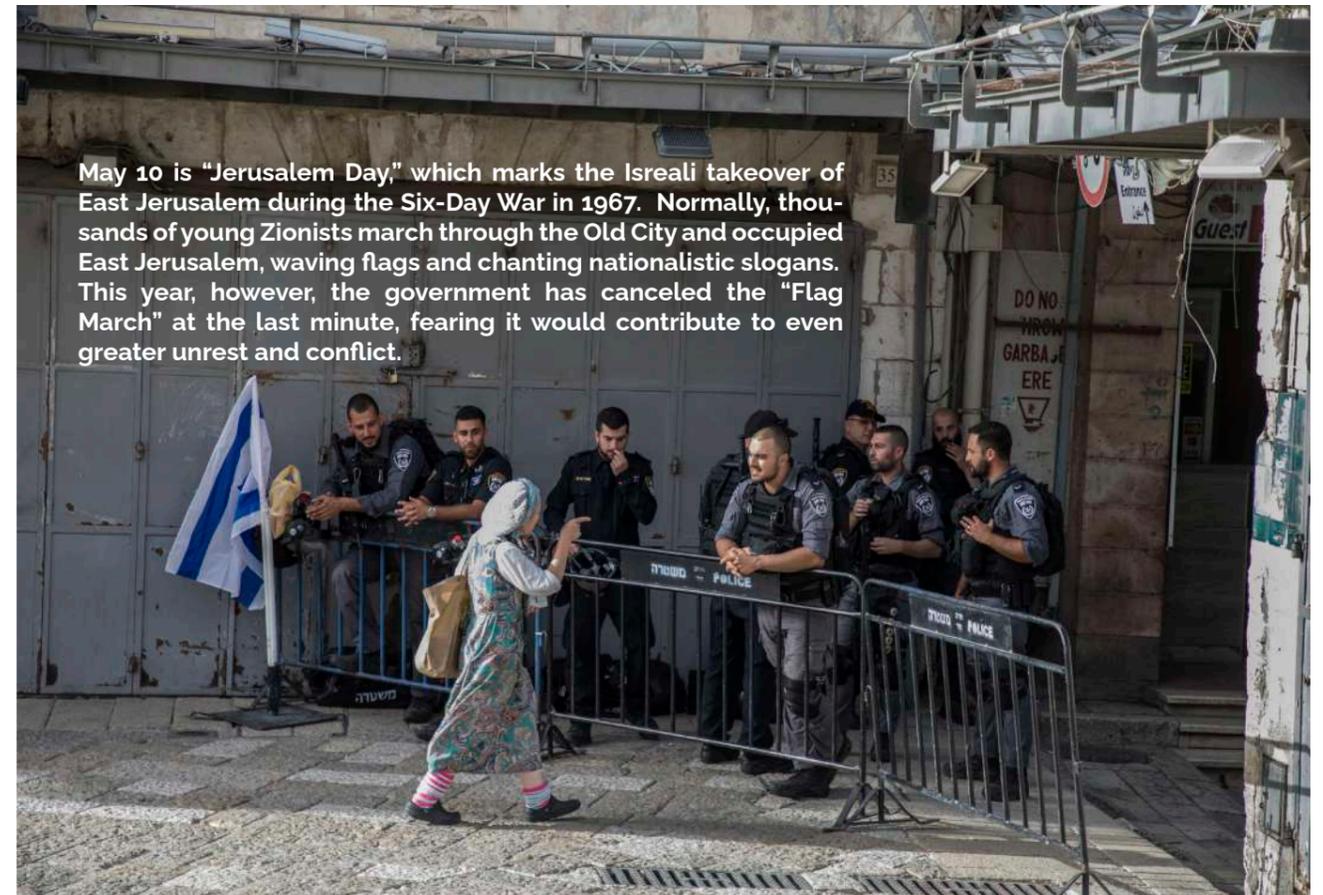
Two days later, on May 10, violent clashes erupt when the authorities barred men between the ages of 15 and 40 from entering Al-Aqsa Mosque for 1 p.m. prayers. Around 300 Palestinians were wounded when Israeli police used stun grenades, tear gas, and rubber bullets to clear the religious site. Over the course of the day, hundreds more were injured as mass protests formed in many areas of Jerusalem.



It is May 8, the holy night of Laylat al-Qadr. Clashes between Israeli Security Forces and Palestinian protesters injure at least 80 people. Here, security forces use stun grenades to clear the area around the Damascus Gate.



May 10 is "Jerusalem Day," which marks the Israeli takeover of East Jerusalem during the Six-Day War in 1967. Normally, thousands of young Zionists march through the Old City and occupied East Jerusalem, waving flags and chanting nationalistic slogans. This year, however, the government has canceled the "Flag March" at the last minute, fearing it would contribute to even greater unrest and conflict.



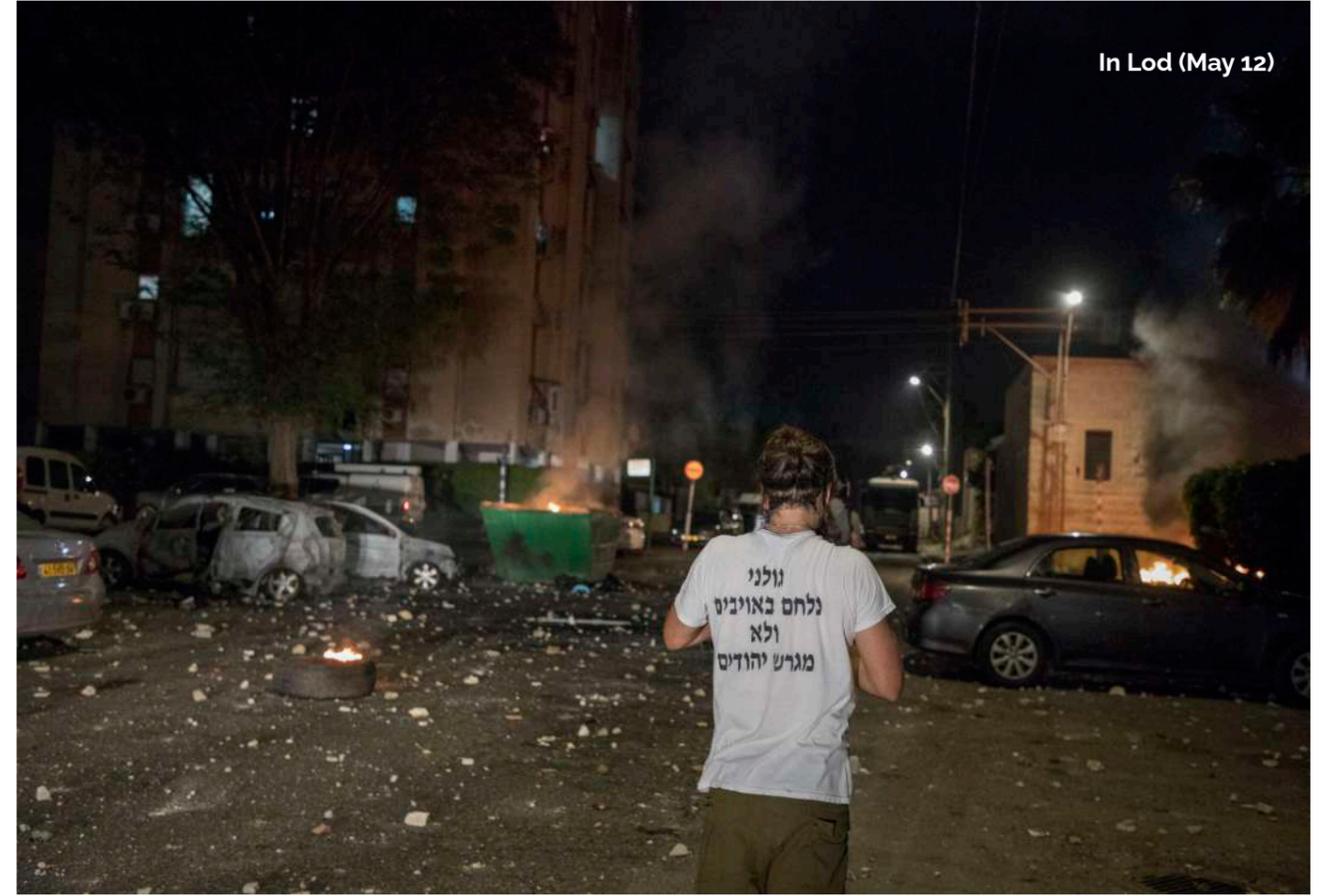


Even outside the major flash-points, police presence is heavy throughout the city, movement is controlled, and many disagreements ensue.

Despite the cancellation, hundreds of young Israelis gather outside the Damascus Gate. When police bar them from entering the Muslim quarter of the Old City, they continue to sing in the area adjacent to Shiekh Jarrah.



In Lod (May 12)



In Ramallah (May 18)



In Gaza City's Yarmouk Football Stadium, Hamas holds a ceremony for fighters killed by Israeli Air Strikes. Yahya Sinwar, Hamas' elected leader, said "what has happened is but a drill for what will come if Israel violates the Al-Aqsa Mosque" and "so-called 'Israelification' and 'coexi



PUNK

Na preporuku Orsona Wells-a, kao konačnu destinaciju za svoju mirovinu Prljavi Hari je izabrao jedan gradić u Bosni. Kažem gradić, jer kad bi ga smjestili u Svetu šumu bio bi veličine omanjeg grma. Nama je to, naravno, grad. Sve mu se činilo taman. Daleko od divljeg zapada, a istoku pred vratima. Da je hudnjak znao kakav ga scenario čeka ovaj put, ne bi micao dalje od Bronx-a.

Epizoda 1:

ON THE EDGE

Graničar (ugledao kadilak i američke tablice, muka mu, uzima nekakvo čage i čita): Velkam. Mej aj si jor dokjuments.

Prljavi Hari (uredno pruža passport bez mane): Here. I'm looking forward to live in your country.

Graničar: Aj dont anderstand. Hau long ar ju steing in d kantri.

Prljavi Hari: I am retired policeman, so I hope it will be forever. Hehe.

Graničar: Aj dont anderstand. Vič taun ju ar going tu.

Prljavi Hari: To Sarajevo. I bought an apartment there.

Graničar: Aj dont anderstand. D rizon of vizit to Bi Aj Ejč.

Prljavi Hari (???): What the fuck???. I told you already. Are you screwing with my head?

Graničar (dosadilo mu čavrljati): Aj dont anderstand. Ol rajt, ju ken go, tenk ju.

Prljavi Hari: Hvala, vidimo se!

Graničar (za sebe): Vidimo se malo sutra. Najedi se govana, mog'o si odma' reč da govoriš bosanski.

Kad se kadilak udaljio od graničnog prijelaza, Prljavi Hari je otvorio prozor i raširio pluća da udahne prvi bosanski zrak. Krajolik šarolik. Žena s krajolikom, nebo iznad krajolika... Biće dobra zamjena za malu kuću u preriji.

Epizoda 2:

BRONX

Zahvaljujući navigacionom sistemu, Prljavi Hari je stigao do adrese na kojoj je kupio stančić (jasno je zašto u deminutivu). Na zgradi je pisalo WELCOME TO BRONX, a on pomisli kako ovaj bosanski narod ima smisla za humor. Čuj Bronx, pored ovakvog krajolika, pa Bronx. Pred zgradom ga dočeka komšija kod kojeg su bili ključevi od stana.

Komšija: Bogami ti neće trebati ključevi.

Prljavi Hari: Kako to?

Komšija: Neko ti ga 'odradio'.

Prljavi Hari: Ko? Šta? Kako? Šta pričaš?

Komšija: Neko ti obio stan. Ja sad doš'o, kad ono stan obijen. Zvao sam policiju, eto i njih.

Prljavi Hari: I don't understand...

Stižu plavci.

Policajac: Ko je zvao za stan?

Komšija: Ja zvao, al' je njegov stan. On sad doš'o iz Amerike, ja mu donio ključeve i vidio da je stan obijen.

Policajac: Pa fali li išta iz stana?

Prljavi Hari: Ne znam. Nisam ni ulazio.

Policajac: Hajde ti lijepo pregledaj fali li išta pa da znamo šta ćemo dalje.

Prljavi Hari (komšiji): Hajde sa mnom. Ti si već vidio stan, znat ćeš bolje od mene.

Kad se komšija detaljnim pregledom uvjerio da je sve na svom mjestu, osim par ladica koje su svakako bile prazne, odahnu pa svoja zapažanja podijeli sa Prljavim Harijem, a onda i sa policijom.

Prljavi Hari (policajcima): I, šta ćemo sad?

Policajac: Ništa onda. To je super. Ja još u životu nisam vidio da su ušli, a da nisu napravili rusvaj u stanu. Da ti nisi nede usput u turbe ubacio koji dolar? Hahaha!

Prljavi Hari: Kako ništa?! Hoćete li istražiti ko je to uradio?

Policajac: Ma, ganjamo mi njih već neko vrijeme. Motaju se ovda. Već dva mjeseca 'operišu' po Bronxu. Glupavi su malo, ako ne promijene ulicu, mogli bi nam dopast šaka uskoro. Ništa se ti ne sekiraj, sutra nabavi blindirana vrata. Jes' da i njih znaju obit, al' im se sa njima mrsko zajebavat.

Ovakav početak Prljavi Hari nije očekivao, ali poučen starom američkom poslovičom da je svaki početak težak, odlučio je da ne brine mnogo. Naručio je dostavu čevapa, pa kad je slistio veliku porciju s lukom, legao je i zaspao snom pravednika.

Epizoda 3:

NIJE ODAVDE

Prvo jutro u Bosni. Kako divno jutro. Za savršen memoar potreban je još samo miris bosanske kafe, a pošto kafe u stanu nije bilo, Prljavi Hari se uputi u svoj prvi bosanski shopping. Ali kad je izašao iz zgrade i kročio prema parkingu, imao je šta da vidi. Zapravo, nije imao šta da vidi jer, na mjestu gdje ga je juče parkirao, više nije stajao njegov kadilak. Na betonu je crnim sprejom pisalo: Ameru, dobar ti kadilak!

Šokiran viđenim i vidno devastiran, Prljavi Hari se vratio u stan i natoči jedan dupli viski. Nije pošteno stigao ni da ga eksira, iz šok stanja ga trznu zvonjava telefona.

Prljavi Hari: Halo?!

Lopov: Slušaj me ameru! Kod nas je kadilak. Ako hoš da ga vidiš, donesi tri milje dolara. Čekamo te na Principovom mostu, tačno u ponoć. Budeš li se šta zajebav'o, oboriću te ocam!!!

Tu-tu! Tu-tuu!

Tuu... Tuu.. Tuu...

Prljavi Hari: Halo?! Je! policija?

Policajac: Jes'. Izvol'te!

Prljavi Hari: Prijavio bih krađu automobila.

Policajac: Samo malo. Koooleega!!! Za Vas je! Ukrali čöeku auto.

Kolega: Halooo, recite mi ime, adresu i šta je bilo.

Prljavi Hari: Ja sam Harry Callahan. Stigao sam juče iz Amerike, jutros kad sam izašao pred zgradu, nije bilo mog kadilaka.

Kolega: Aaa, kadilak, bogati?! Jeste li vidjeli ikoga?

Prljavi Hari: Nisam. Na betonu je bilo nešto napisano, a zvali su me prije minut i rekli mi da donesem tri hiljade dolara večeras, ako hoću da vidim auto.

Kolega (podviknu): Na kućni telefon te zvali???!?!!

Prljavi Hari: Da. Šta da radim?

Kolega: Pa nisi nas treb'o zvat, pod broj jedan. Hoš da te ubiju? Vidiš da znaju de živiš! Ništa. Ovako ti stvari stoje. To ti je ova ekipa što daju auto na otkup. Ako ne doneseš pare, auto odma sutra ide u dijelove. Tako da ti nema smisla čekat da ih ufatimo.

Ako stvarno hoš da vidiš auto, odnesi im fino lijepo pare i Bog te veselio. Ostalo je naša briga. Ufatićemo mi njih, pa da jebe jež ježa!

Prljavi Hari: Pa...

Kolega: Ništa pa. Uradi kako sam ti re'ko. Hajd sad, živio! (kolegi)

Pusti budalu, ba, nije odavde.

Tu-tu! Tu-tuu!

Epizoda 4:

PRINCIP

Ponoć već je prošla... Prljavi Hari stoji na mostu, u desnoj ruci stiše kovertu sa lovom, a lijevom rukom opipava svoj Magnum .44. Uskoro se na drugom kraju mosta ukaza neka kosata nakaza koja se brzo nacrtala pored njega.

Nakaza: Imaš li pare?

Prljavi Hari: Novac je tu. Gdje mi je auto?

Nakaza: Daj pare!

Prljavi Hari (lijevom rukom iza leđa prihvata pištolj): Ne dam ništa dok ne vidim auto!

Ali čim je ovo izustio, zacrni mu se pred očima. I to ne od mraka, nego od siline udarca kojeg mu je u glavu zadala ona nakaza. Kad je u neka doba došao sebi, pred očima su mu letale svijetle baje, a niz glavu tekao mlaz svijetle krvi. Kraj njega je stajao saobraćajac koji je prijavljivao uvidaj u Voki Toki.

Saobraćajac: Ej, momak! Ko te obori?

Prljavi Hari (kao da bunca): Chuck Norris.

Saobraćajac: Šta pričaš ba?

Prljavi Hari: Vidio sam njegovu facu. Chuck Norris!

Saobraćajac (upali mu se sijalica nad glavom): Aaa, pa to ti je Čake, ba!

Prljavi Hari: Hm???

Saobraćajac: Čake! On ima tetovažu Čaka Norisa na desnoj potkoljenici. Poznat nam je on. Tek je izaš'o iz zatvora. Odlež'o čöeka, buraz. Izb'o ga nožem jer mu nije htjeo dat kutiju cigara. Mora da te opalio nogom izokreta! Dobro si proš'o! Saće doć i hitna da te zašiju, a ti bih dotad treb'o dat izjavu.

Prljavi Hari (uplašeno i kategorično):

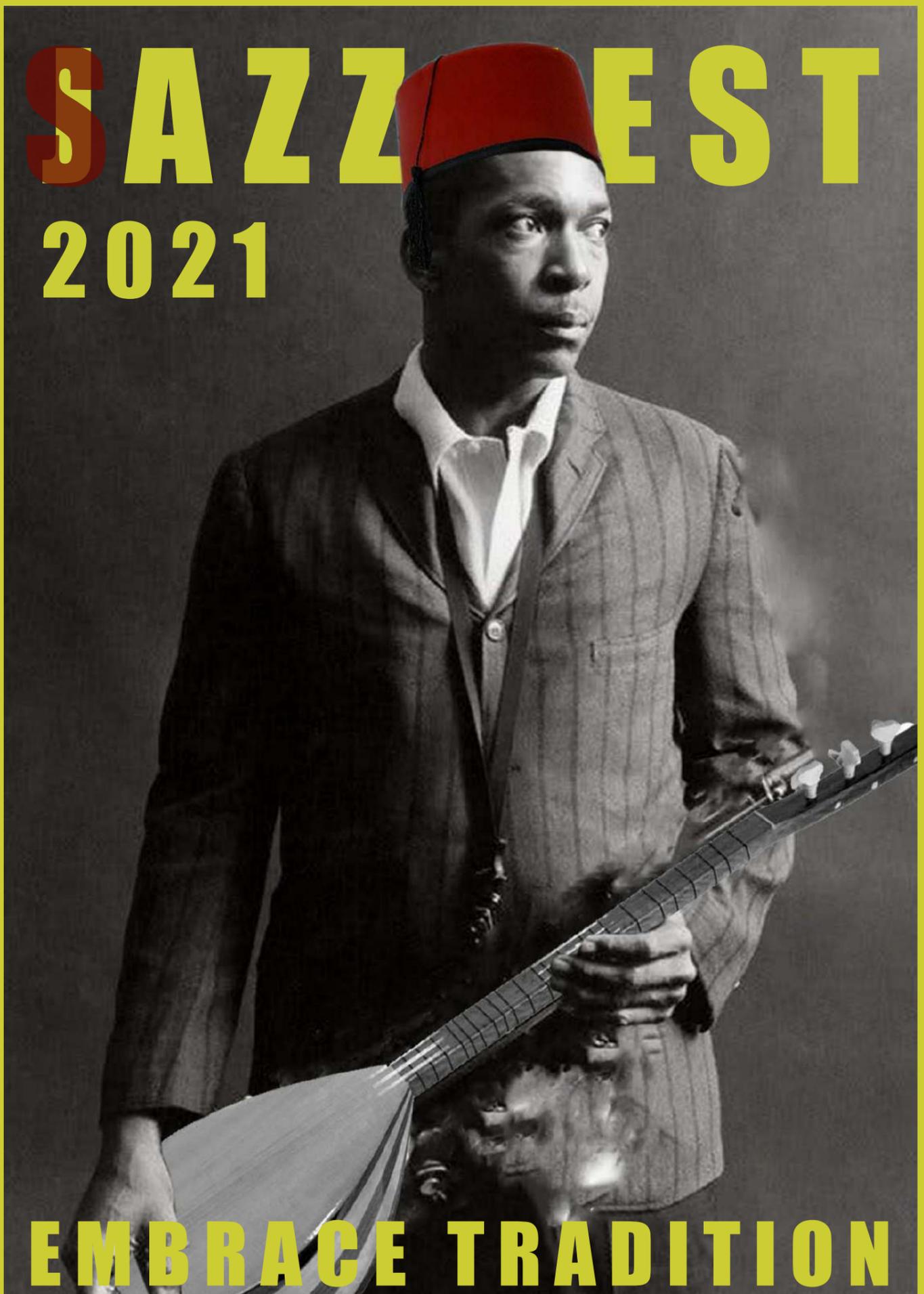
Oooo, NE BIH!!! Ja nisam odavde!!!

I dok su Prljavog Harija nosili u hitnu, on pogleda mjesec iznad sebe i reče: Oh God, should I stay, or should I go? U tom momentu, na nebu iznad krajolika, ukaza mu se slika i prilika Gavrila Principa, lično.

Gavrilo Princip (u ruci mu kubura koja je uperena prema Prljavom Hariju): You've got to ask yourself one question: 'Do I feel lucky?' Well, do ya punk?

NO END

SAZZEST 2021



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THE
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BAG
OF
THE
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