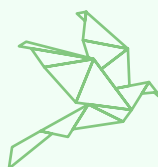


**56. MEDNARODNO SREČANJE ODBORA PISATELJEV IN
PISATELJIC ZA MIR**

**56th INTERNATIONAL MEETING OF WRITERS FOR PEACE
COMMITTEE**

**56^{es} RENCONTRES INTERNATIONALES DES ÉCRIVAINS
ET ÉCRIVAINES POUR LA PAIX**

**56° ENCUENTRO INTERNACIONAL DEL COMITÉ DE
ESCRITORES Y ESCRITORAS POR LA PAZ**



Posledice katastrof za mir: odziv pisateljev in pisateljic

**The Consequences of Catastrophe for Peace:
Writers' Response**

**Naviguer dans la catastrophe :
les écrivains dévoilent son impact sur la paix**

**Las consecuencias de las catástrofes para la Paz:
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Večkulturnost in dialog v književnostih na Balkanu

Multiculturality and Dialogue in Balkan Literature

Multiculturalité et dialogue dans la littérature des Balkans?

Multiculturalidad y diálogo en la literatura balcánica

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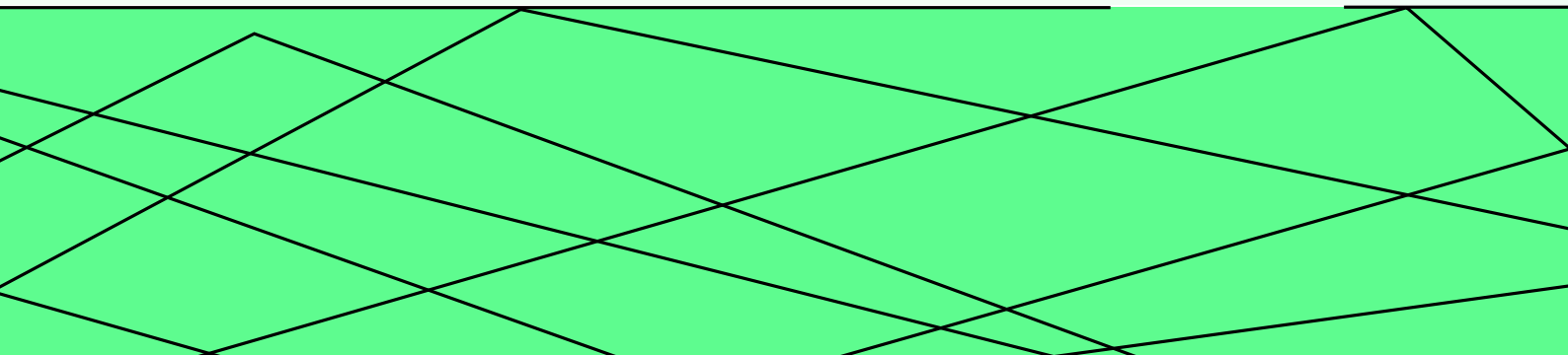
Bled, 2024

Odbor pisateljev in pisateljic za mir Mednarodnega PEN-a

PEN International Writers for Peace committee

Comité international des écrivains et écrivaines pour la paix

Comité de Escritores y Escritora por la Paz de PEN international



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56. MEDNARODNO SREČANJE PISATELJEV IN PISATELJIC ZA MIR

56th INTERNATIONAL WRITERS' FOR PEACE MEETING

56^{es} RENCONTRES INTERNATIONALES DES ÉCRIVAINS ET ÉCRIVAINES POUR LA PAIX

56^o ENCUESTRO INTERNACIONAL DEL COMITÉ DE ESCRITORES Y ESCRITORAS POR LA PAZ

Prispevki v slovenščini, francoščini, španščini in angleščini

Uli Rothfuss, Dessale Berekhet, Teresa Salema Cadete, Najem Wali, Philippe Pujas, Ruxandra Cesereanu, Hanan Awwad, Anton Peršak, Tanja Tuma, Milan Jazbec, Giorgio Siffler, Germán Rojas, Kim Echlin, Dimitris P. Kraniotis, Tarik Günersel, Bruno Mericer, Alix Parodi, Kern Carter, Darinka Kozinc, Vesna Mikolič.

Prevajalci

Marc Prior (Facing up to disaster with words), Guillermo Álvarez Sellán (Con palabras contra la catástrofe), Sally Qazi (The friends of today and tomorrow).

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Les 56^{es} Rencontres internationales du Comité des écrivains et écrivaines pour la paix sont placées sous le haut patronage de Mme Urška Klakočar Zupančič, Présidente du Parlement slovène.

El 56^o Encuentro Internacional del Comité de Escritores y Escritoras por la Paz se celebrará bajo el honorable patrocinio de Su Excelencia Urška Klakočar Zupančič, Presidenta del Parlamento de la República de Eslovenia.

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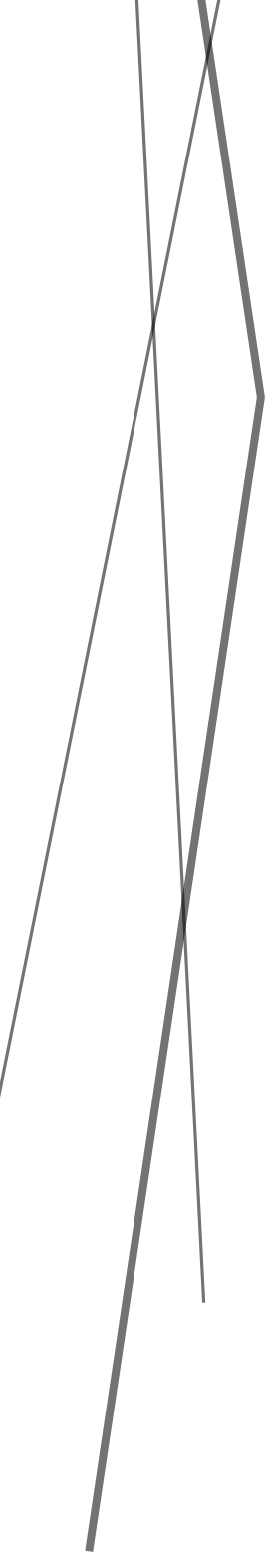
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**POSLEDICE KATASTROF ZA MIR:
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**LAS CONSECUENCIAS DE LAS CATÁSTROFES PARA
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Posledice katastrof za mir: odziv pisateljev in pisateljic

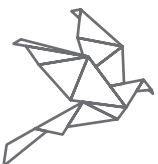
Številne katastrofe, s katerimi se sooča človeštvo, so naravne nesreče. Druge katastrofe, kot so vojne in kršitve človekovih pravic, neposredno povzročata človek. V obeh primerih nesreče pogosto vzbudijo tisto najslabše v ljudeh – bodisi pri vzrokih zanje (podnebne spremembe, krčenje gozdov, vojaški napadi itd.) bodisi pri odzivu nanje. Katastrofe pogosto udarijo v dele sveta, ki so že destabilizirani ali ogroženi zaradi konfliktov ali globalnega segrevanja.

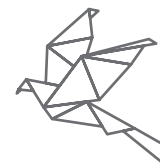
Književniki in književnice moramo opozarjati na nevarnosti s poezijo in prozo ter stanja ne zgolj dokumentirati, temveč spodbuditi človeštvo k sočutju z žrtvami in k ukrepanju za boljši jutri. Skozi oči pisateljev posledice katastrof ne ostanejo le zgodbe o obupu, ampak pripovedi, ki spodbujajo zavedanje in spodbujajo pozitivne spremembe.

The Consequences of Catastrophe for Peace: Writers' Response

Many of the catastrophes facing humanity are natural disasters. Other catastrophes -like war and violation of human rights- are directly caused by mankind. Often natural disasters are made worse by human actions - whether in the causes (climate change, deforestation etc.) or in the response. Often catastrophe strikes in parts of the world already destabilized by strife. Writers can draw attention to the dangers, use poetry and fiction to face disaster, and urge action.

In the face of these challenges, writers play a vital role. Their literary prowess can spotlight the perils, employ poetry and fiction to memorialize the impact of disasters, and passionately advocate for decisive action. Through the lens of writers, the consequences of catastrophes become not just tales of despair but narratives that inspire awareness and impel positive change.





Naviguer dans la catastrophe : les écrivains dévoilent son impact sur la paix

Parmi l'éventail des défis auxquels l'humanité est confrontée, les catastrophes prennent diverses formes, depuis les catastrophes naturelles jusqu'à celles provoquées directement par l'homme, comme la guerre et les violations des droits de l'homme. Nos actions exacerbent souvent l'impact des catastrophes naturelles, soit par le biais de causes contributives telles que le changement climatique et la déforestation, soit par des réponses fautives. Aggravées par les conflits existants, les catastrophes frappent souvent des régions déjà déstabilisées par un conflit.

Le rôle des écrivains et écrivaines est essentiel face à ces défis. Leur talent littéraire peut mettre en lumière les dangers, immortaliser l'impact des catastrophes grâce à la poésie et la fiction tout en prônant passionnément une action décisive. Grâce aux écrivains, les conséquences des catastrophes ne deviennent pas seulement des récits de désespoir mais des récits qui provoquent une prise de conscience et incitent à un changement positif.

Las consecuencias de las catástrofes para la Paz: Respuesta de los/as escritores/as

Muchas de las catástrofes a las que se enfrenta la humanidad son desastres naturales. Otras catástrofes -como la guerra y la violación de los derechos humanos- son causadas directamente por los seres humanos. A menudo las catástrofes naturales se agravan por la acción de los humanos, ya sea en las causas (cambio climático, deforestación, etc.) o en la respuesta. A menudo, las catástrofes se producen en zonas del mundo ya desestabilizadas por los conflictos. Los escritores y las escritoras pueden llamar la atención sobre los peligros, utilizar la poesía y la ficción para enfrentar las catástrofes e instar a la acción.

Ante estos retos, los escritores desempeñan un papel vital. Su destreza literaria puede poner de relieve los peligros, emplear la poesía y la ficción para recordar el impacto de los desastres y abogar apasionadamente por una acción decisiva. A través de los ojos de los escritores y escritoras, las consecuencias de las catástrofes se convierten no sólo en historias de desesperación, sino en relatos que llevan a crear conciencia y a impulsar el cambio positivo.

**FOR THE AGAINST. NOT A STEP TO THE RIGHT.
AGAINST INHUMANITY. AGAINST HATE. FOR
TOGETHERNESS.**

AN ESSAY

Finally. People are finally taking to the streets.

An incredible thing has happened; barely concealed plans to expel people who live in my country and with me, with us; the the superior men who want to dominate again, these 'upright' Germans, and take away people's right to live and exist here, in my country.

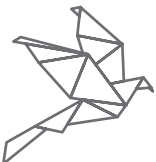
And as if the sleepwalkers were now waking up, they finally took to the streets en masse to protest against this almost unbelievable mixture of unworldliness, backwards-looking, embarrassing Germanism that has nothing to do with the reality of our world. Do I want that, do I want a country like that? And what does the protest on the streets mean? Are they being honest?

I have never understood this thinking in such limited boxes. And I was always horrified at how official politics tried to use this perfidious thinking for their own benefit; There are few upright people left in official politics, I thought back then, and I often think even more so today.

I was impressed today. Was in my small town, province in the Black Forest, in the southwest of Germany. Civil society has called for a demonstration against the increasingly blatantly expressed ideas of the new Nazis, who appear ever bolder and more open, who subtly work their way into people's hearts in order to make them accessible to the inhuman; yes, above all, it was the large Christian communities that called out, guided by the Christian view of the humanity of charity, the municipal authorities who know exactly the value of living together, and the people came in hundreds, perhaps a thousand, fifteen hundred to the market square of the small town, in the cold winter evening. There is no reason, not a single one, to vote for this so-called party of the new right, of inhumanity and intolerance personified in its representatives.

And instead, we need to do everything to counteract the evil, something that connects, that has the same and ever-growing effect: to strengthen the feeling for diversity, the attitude for tolerance, for the unifying aspect of humanity, in approaching one another, a stop sign against all hatred and against exclusion.

There are people who stand by, even if they then suffer attacks and intimidation. The perpetrators, the brown perpetrators, are cowardly, they shy away from the light; they operate in the twilight, secretly, and deviously. We should not be afraid if we stand together, if we expose them, make their plans public, if their swamp is dried up, and harshly expose those who want to overthrow our free order and prosecute them using the means of the constitutional state. No leniency, we had such a regime of inhumanity, hatred and murder in Germany, in my country; never again, that should be sealed in all of us, never again do we want to cause such suffering, never again exclude people, regardless of their origin. And set limits for those who try. In words, in legal actions, with the means of law enforcement. Consequence. Do not tolerate anything that encourages intolerance and exclusion in any form.



Let's be careful. Those who are thwarting our freedom act out of pure self-interest; they want to be the winners of the crises, the beneficiaries, with positions and posts, with their mouse bite into power. Let's counter this with words and with actions - by approaching each other, and if that doesn't work, with consistent resistance?

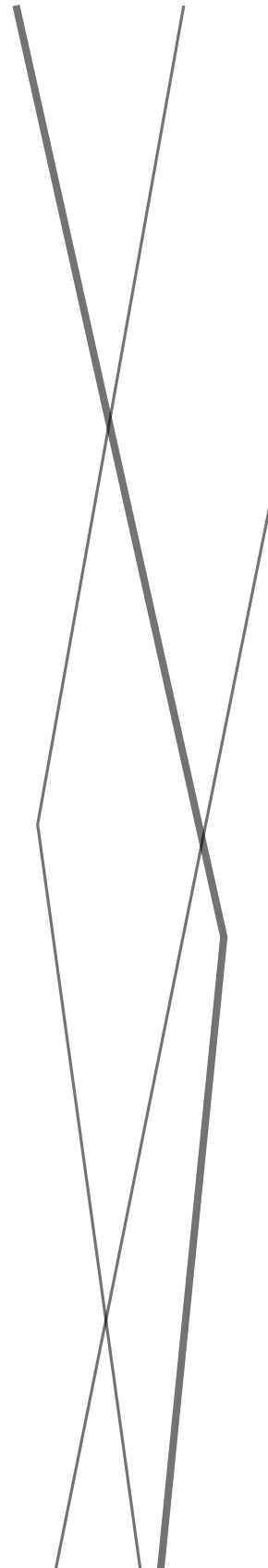
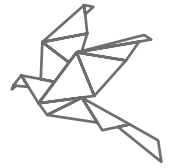
We don't want this, this exclusion of our friends; we want diversity, we want togetherness that is fruitful. Yes, let's fight for diversity. With words. With the act.

Yes, let's fight for our country, for the people, for everyone, for diversity. Let's always keep our approach to each other open.

January 28, 2024

Professor Uli Rothfuss

Writer, essayist and professor for cultural sciences. www.uli-rothfuss.de;
Board Member and Representative for the Writers-for-Peace-Committee of the
PEN-Centre Germany.



SEEDS OF PEACE: STRIVING TO ILLUMINATE THE PATH FROM DARKNESS TO DAWN!

Born into the tumultuous landscape of war-torn Eritrea, I was a product of a military organization hell-bent on shaping young minds into instruments of violence. Under the guise of education, the Eritrean People's Liberation Front (EPLF) sought to mold us into fierce warriors, instilling in us a curriculum of hatred and xenophobia. They spun distorted tales about our blood, leading us to believe that only our blood was red.

However, after over a decade of gradual healing, a group of us resolved to reverse this reality. We dared to dream of a different future, recognizing that if stories could breed violence, they could also be wielded as weapons of Peace. In the early 2000s, we embarked on a courageous mission to create two children's magazines in the main Eritrean languages – Fnan (in Tigrinya) and Sa'eyob (in Tigre) – as symbols of hope for a better tomorrow.

Embedded deep within our souls, we didn't view our magazines merely as publications; they were examples of light in a sea of despair, courageously confronting the oppressive regime and inspiring change. We held firm to the belief in the power of unrestricted thought and the dissemination of ideas to foster a society that is both safer and more inventive.

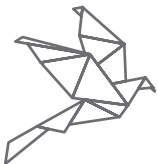
Yet, our dreams were swiftly crushed by the regime's iron fist. Our magazines became targets and our dreams were shattered. But even in the face of adversity, the flame of hope refused to be extinguished from our hearts.

Seeking refuge in the diaspora, we continued to strive for change, producing books for children that imparted the values of Peace and tolerance. Though far from the impact of our original dream, we refused to let go of the belief that someday, our stories would once again serve as seeds of hope.

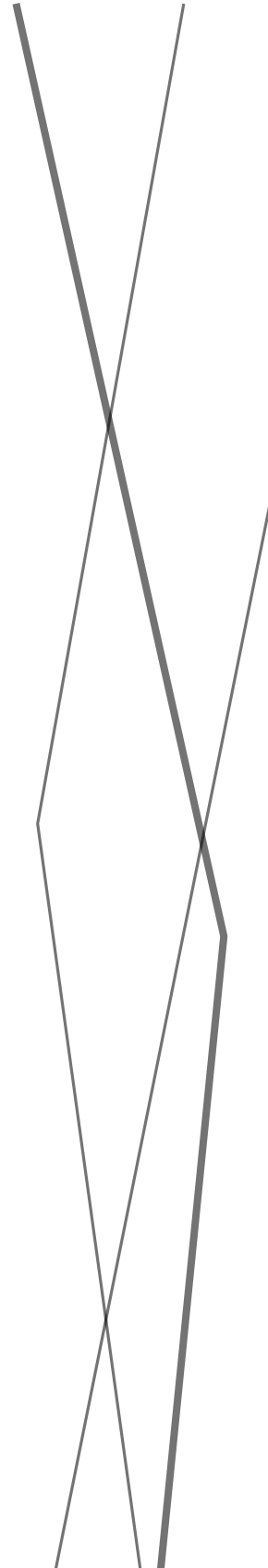
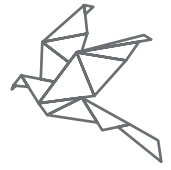
As a consequence of insidious propaganda, our youth have been thrust into the horrors of bloody conflict, including wars with our neighbors in the Tigray region. Yet, upon reflection, our differences seem tragically arbitrary, delineated by colonial borders that should never have existed. Like many other instances across Africa, we find ourselves as one people, divided only by lines on a map, while thousands of young lives are lost in hostilities they never truly understood.

However, amidst this gloomy reality, a glimmer of hope also emerges. Writers from our PEN Center in Exile, collaborating with counterparts from the Tigray region, have initiated a pioneering pilot project. Together, we are crafting books intended to be shared among the children of Eritrea and Tigray. Already, one such book is on the verge of publication.

Many times, people tell us to try to light the candle rather than simply cursing the darkness. But this endeavor symbolizes the planting of seeds of Peace in the fertile soil of our shared humanity. With each page turned, we sow the promise of understanding, compassion, and reconciliation. It is our fervent anticipation that these seeds will take root and flourish, nurtured by the collective efforts of all who believe in the transformative power of literature and the pursuit of Peace. Together, let us tend to these seeds with care, for in their growth lies the potential for a brighter, more harmonious future for generations to come.



In the words of Eleanor Roosevelt, "It isn't enough to talk about Peace. One must believe in it. And it isn't enough to believe in it. One must work at it." Let us continue to work, to strive, and to believe in the power of Peace, for it is only through our collective efforts that we can truly illuminate the darkness and usher in a new dawn of hope.



WAR TRACES, UPSTREAM AND DOWNSTREAM

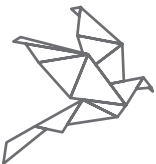
Is it merely my own fault that I can scarcely recall any relevant literary text without any kind of relationship, close or remote, with war, with violence, with catastrophe? Even if we do not talk of narratives focused on war times, and here I think of epic works like Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace* (1867) or Roger Martin du Gard's *Les Thibault* (1922), we cannot ignore the existence of traces of war, of violence, of catastrophe, in multiple forms of expression, in direct or indirect registers, in all relevant literary works.

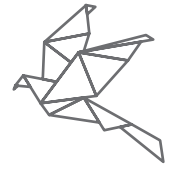
As a passionate reader, I always think that our inscriptions as writers are a substantial part of a huge eagerness to question the world, to decipher each small part of it. While writing, we reach out with our imaginary fingertips towards the limits of time and space, aiming to cross them, to keep trying to go beyond boundaries. By doing so, we also seem to be crossing all kinds of borders while suggesting the fragility of all frontiers. This is for me one reason why literature has always been and will remain as old as the world itself.

In this sense, I would rather reverse a well-known sentence and say that a word is thousand images worth. It is not difficult to explain or to exemplify this reversal within the theme that has been proposed by the Peace Committee. Let me therefore pick the simple word "war". Is there any imperative need to describe bloody and cruel battle scenes (I personally hate them and avoid to read them, or to see them on the screen, regretting the huge costs of such sequences, shutting my eyes in the movies or thinking of the whole machinery behind the camera) – or is it not thousand times better to sail upstream and downstream with our writing vessels, either towards the possible sources of a war situation, or to look at the deep scars of war wounds, or both issues – that means, what comes before and after all wars? In other words, I prefer all attempts to reach the tensions that lead to wars by displaying the violent contradictions of human nature, the suffering of the nurturing nature, the destruction of a long cultural heritage of habits, feelings, creations, overruled by the hubris of enthusiastic male destructive compulsions, syntonizing with warmongering interests of conflicting powers?

While writing these lines, I keep looking at the picture of a mother in Gaza giving her newborn baby a date to suck, instead of non-existent milk. Or at the image of Aaron Bushnell immolating himself in front of the Israel embassy in Washington. Should it not be enough to evoke all horrors of the ongoing colonization of Palestine by the Western powers and Israel?

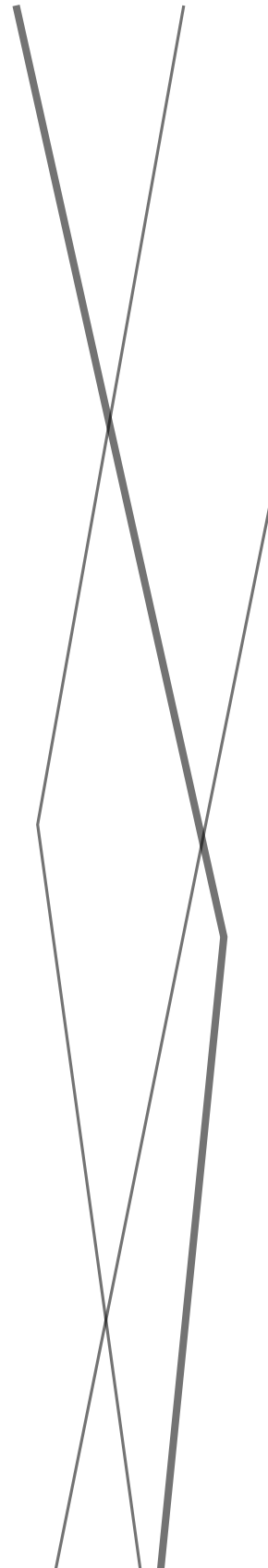
Let me give you another example of a fragmentary piece of literature that evokes the horrors of war. I mean the thirty pages of a novel by the Portuguese writer José Saramago (*Alabardas, Alabardas, Espingardas, Espingardas – Halberds, Halberds, Rifles, Rifles*, published posthumously 2014). In this unfinished project, our Nobel Prize winner sketches the story of a worker at a weapon factory, who reflects and researches about the implications of such products, after reading a novel that mentions the resistance of former workers who had boycotted the production by making not exploding bombs and leaving messages in the package. Such





examples of “sand in gear” can be seen as pieces of resistance against the profit machinery of warfare, that keeps moving millions and manipulating governments around the world.

We are aware that the task of presenting the huge picture of a war requires an amount of historical knowledge, and I assume that my preference for scenarios of war rumors (upstream) or war scars (downstream) may be regarded as literary and aesthetic choices. But I also can assure that direct war scenes of devastation are always present in all my researches and writings, as a haunting and a warning – as a sign of concern for real peace, on the ground of tragic memories.



FACING UP TO DISASTER WITH WORDS

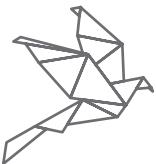
The World of Yesterday: Memoires of a European, written by the Austrian author Stefan Zweig between 1939 and 1941 in the final years of his exile in Brazil, and published in 1942, just one year after his death, describes numerous events, including Zweig's first encounter with "the enemy" during the First World War. The enemy: a group of Russian prisoners of war, whom he encountered somewhat by chance in the turmoil of the war. Zweig noticed that the Germans guarding the POWs did not carry out their duties particularly strictly. They sat about in a neighbourly fashion with their captives, although they were unable to understand each other's language. "They exchanged cigarettes and laughed at each other. A Tyrolese militia man was just taking some pictures of his wife and children out of a very old and dirty pocketbook and showing them to the "enemy," who passed them about amongst themselves asking the Austrian by means of their fingers if this child was three, or four," wrote Stefan Zweig.

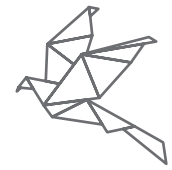
It was as if the guards and their prisoners had only just met and were sitting together in a café, rather than having fought against each other on the front. It is the storytelling that brings the enemies closer together and opens their eyes to the fact that the war is a catastrophe in the face of which they are equally defenceless, irrespective of which side they are on. The stories they tell each other bring home to them that they share the same fate and that their storytelling is a struggle to preserve the truth that all people share a common humanity. Humanity is the opposite of war, which turns people into enemies before they have even seen each other.

Such is war: human beings become enemies. Some are conscripted and sent to the front; others volunteer to fight for a cause, and to win. They will kill each other for this, despite never having argued personally about this conflict up to that point. Who knows how things would have played out had they met in person before the war? Perhaps they would have sat down together, smoked a cigarette, talked, enjoyed a cup of coffee or tea or a beer, shown each other photographs of their loved ones, and told their stories. Instead, they endure the dirt, fear and loneliness of the trenches, facing death by bayonet, drone or some other means on a daily basis.

At the same time there are those who incite war, raising their voices in parliaments or the media and calling for open confrontation. They are not limited to the nationalists, fanatics and war profiteers. These people all know each other well and can turn any conflict, no matter how great or trivial, into an even greater conflict. Later, when much blood has been shed, when the remains of those killed lie by the thousand in graves on each side of every front, the usual suspects sit down at the negotiating tables and divide the spoils of war among themselves.

The division of a community begins softly. Later, no one will be able to say exactly when and where it started, and when and where exactly a difference of opinion turned into a dispute and then into an armed conflict. Because even if people knew each other beforehand, as is the case in a civil war, the usual suspects do everything in their power to fuel conflicts further until people no longer recognize themselves, until even the very clothes they wear become alien to them. One morning, people in Cyprus, Lebanon, Yugoslavia, Rwanda, Iraq, Somalia, Ethiopia, Yemen





and elsewhere wake up and realize that they hate each other and that they have been living in a community riddled with enemies. Neighbours and workmates who until the day before sat together in a café, greeted each other in the street, perhaps even hugged and kissed each other on the cheek, suddenly give each other a wide berth. People who until the day before were part of the same family suddenly view each other as strangers, and it is only a matter of time before they take up arms against each other. Houses are set on fire, people are driven out of their homes, neighbourhoods and cities in which they have lived for generations, and suddenly our “world of today” has become a “world of yesterday”.

Literature has never tired of showing us such disasters, and never will. It sends out warning signals in the form of stories telling of hunger and distress, of death and expulsion, of dungeons, helplessness and despair and of all the horrors that war or any armed conflict brings with it. It is not uncommon for literature to discern that when a war breaks out, the poor are called up to defend their country; but when a war comes to an end, the rich convene to divide the spoils.

Stefan Zweig is not alone in observing this phenomenon: we can read the same in the works of Ivo Andrić, Nikos Kazantzakis, Erich Maria Remarque, André Malraux, Ernest Hemingway and many others.

In his essay, “The artist’s struggle for integrity,” the American James Baldwin wrote: “Poets (by which I mean all artists) are finally the only people who know the truth about us. Soldiers don’t. Statesmen don’t. Priests don’t.” And I believe he was right. The true writers, those who feel a social responsibility, don’t necessarily stand for election to office. They don’t absolve anyone, and we hope that they don’t take up arms. Their task should be to describe the truth unerringly: what they see, what they can bear witness to. They should look for words that may still be valid in a decade, indeed in the next century. If they feel that their novels, poems or texts are not sufficient to prevent or halt the catastrophe, they should choose a different medium, the “aesthetics of resistance,” to borrow a term from Peter Weiss. They should seek common ground with writers and artists on the other side of the conflict and endeavour to create a shared vision that serves peace and makes any war superfluous.

(translated by Marc Prior)

Najem Wali
Writers-in-Prison-Officer
Vice President PEN Germany

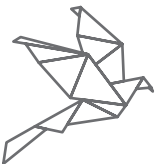
CON PALABRAS CONTRA LA CATÁSTROFE

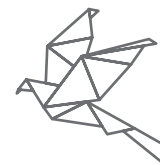
Stefan Zweig escribió *El mundo de ayer. Memorias de un europeo entre 1939 y 1941*, durante sus últimos años de exilio en Brasil. La obra se publicó un año tras la muerte del escritor, en 1942. En ella, Zweig describe entre otros muchos sucesos su primer encuentro con el “enemigo” en la Primera Guerra Mundial. Ese “enemigo” se le manifestó en forma de prisioneros rusos, un grupo de soldados con los que se cruzó de manera fortuita en el caos de la guerra. A Zweig le llamó la atención que los guardas alemanes no desempeñaban su labor con especial rigor. Pasaban largos ratos sentados entre los prisioneros, a pesar de la barrera lingüística que les dificultaba la comunicación. «Se intercambiaban risas y cigarrillos. Un soldado raso tirolés saco de su cartera, vieja y sucia, las fotografías de su esposa y sus hijos y se las enseñó a sus “enemigos”, que las iban contemplando una por una y preguntaban usando los dedos si este o el otro niño tenía tres o cuatros años». Así escribía Zweig sobre la guerra.

La escena no parecía sugerir que aquellos guardas y sus prisioneros hubiesen luchado en el frente en bandos opuestos. Intercambiaban biografías en actitud de encuentro casual en un café, personas ajenas acercándose. Es la narración la que permite a los enemigos acortar distancias y atisbar una verdad terrible: la guerra es una catástrofe a la que ambas partes se ven arrastradas sin remedio. Las historias que se cuentan les hacen entender que son compañeros de destino y que contar su historia es una lucha por el recuerdo. Por recordar que todas las personas son iguales. Ser persona es lo contrario a la guerra, que convierte a desconocidos en enemigos acérrimos.

Así es la guerra. Las personas pasan a ser enemigos por encima de todo. Algunos son enviados al frente, otros van voluntariamente para luchar y vencer por un objetivo. Por esos ideales se matarán unos a otros, aunque nunca hayan discutido cara a cara por ese conflicto previamente. Quién sabe cómo habrían sido las cosas, si se hubiesen conocido personalmente antes de la guerra. Quizás hubiesen compartido un cigarro, un café, un té o una cerveza y se hubiesen enseñado las fotos de sus seres queridos. Hubiesen contado sus historias. En lugar de eso se ven encerrados en una trinchera, rodeados de mugre, miedo y soledad, día a día bajo la sombra de la muerte, que los acecha en forma de bayoneta o dron. Al otro lado están los que atizan el fuego de la guerra, que vociferan en los medios y en los parlamentos y azuzan a la confrontación. No son solo nacionalistas y fanáticos, o grupos que sacan tajada de la guerra. Estas personas están interconectadas y utilizan cualquier conflicto, sin importar su magnitud, para hacerlo siempre más grande. Más tarde, cuando ha sido derramada mucha sangre, cuando yacen en miles de tumbas los restos mortales de los asesinados en ambas partes, son estas mismas personas las que se sientan en las mesas de negociación y reparten el botín de guerra entre ellas.

Las brechas que rompen una sociedad se abren de manera silenciosa. Nadie sabe decir, más adelante, dónde y cuándo empezó la rotura, cómo de una diferencia surgió una división y de ella un conflicto armado. Incluso si las personas se conocían de antes, como es el caso de una guerra civil, los señores de la guerra juegan todo lo que tienen en su mano para avivar la llama del conflicto y conseguir que las personas no se conozcan, que no reconozcan al final ni su propia vestimenta. Un día,





en Chipre, el Líbano, Yugoslavia, Ruanda, Irak, Somalia, Etiopía, Yemen y otras tantas regiones del mundo, las personas se despiertan y descubren que se odian unos a otros, que estaban viviendo en una comunidad que de repente parece estar repleta de enemigos. Vecinos y compañeros de trabajo, que hasta el día anterior tomaban algo juntos en el café, se saludaban por la calle y se daban un abrazo o quizás un beso en la mejilla, de repente se evitan al cruzarse. Familias desmembradas, llenas de desconocidos que acaban por abalanzarse unos sobre otros. Casas incendiadas, personas desplazadas de hogares, barrios, ciudades. Los lugares poblados en familia durante generaciones son abandonados y el “mundo de hoy” se convierte en un “mundo de ayer”.

La literatura nunca se ha cansado de recordarnos estas catástrofes. Envía señales de alarma en forma de historias, que nos hablan de hambre y penuria, de éxodo y muerte, de calabozos, impotencia y desesperación, los horrores que la guerra y todo conflicto armado provocan. Y la literatura observa a menudo la siguiente situación: al estallar una guerra, son los pobres los llamados a las armas; al acabarse una guerra, son los ricos los llamados a repartir el botín.

No solo Stefan Zweig hizo estas observaciones. Se pueden leer testimonios semejantes en Ivo Andrić, Nikos Kazantzakis, Erich Maria Remarque, André Malraux, Ernst Hemingway y muchos otros.

En su ensayo *La lucha del artista por la integridad*, el estadounidense James Baldwin escribía: «Los poetas (y con ellos me refiero a todos los artistas) son en última instancia los únicos que conocen la verdad sobre nosotros. Nadie más. Ni los soldados, ni los hombres de estado, ni los sacerdotes, ni los sindicalistas. Solo los poetas». Estoy de acuerdo. Personas que escriben con entrega genuina, que sienten una responsabilidad social y que no necesariamente tienen materialización política. No absuelven a nadie ni recurren (o así cabe esperar) a las armas. Su tarea debería consistir en describir las cosas de manera insobornable. Las cosas que ven y de las que pueden dar testimonio. Deben buscar palabras que no pierdan su vigencia y conserven su valor un siglo tras los sucesos descritos. Si tienen la sensación de que sus novelas, sus poemas, sus textos no bastan para evitar o detener la catástrofe, deben acudir a la “estética de la resistencia”, en términos de Peter Weiss. Deben buscar una base común con escritores y escritoras –artistas– pertenecientes a la otra parte del conflicto y esforzarse por una visión común que sirva para la paz y haga superflua toda guerra.

(Traducción de Guillermo Álvarez Sellán)

Najem Wali
Writers-in-Prison-Officer
Vicepresidente PEN Alemania

GAZA, L'AUTRE NOM DE LA CATASTROPHE

En ce printemps 2024, il semble que les catastrophes soient devenues l'état naturel du monde. Nous avons eu, pendant quelques mois, l'impression d'avoir, avec le Covid, touché ce que pourrait être la marche vers la catastrophe de trop pour l'espèce humaine, ou du moins un dernier avertissement avant la catastrophe finale, comme si la nature bonne fille ne voulait pas nous laisser périr sans nous prévenir. Et dans les chambres où nous étions reclus, nous avons beaucoup pensé et écrit sur la punition qui nous était infligée et sur les temps à venir. Trop écrit, même : un tombereau de textes pleins de promesses et de bonnes intentions. Livré à lui-même, l'écrivain avait écrit.

Il avait écrit sur les causes de la catastrophe, il avait écrit sur notre nécessaire nouveau rapport au monde, il avait écrit sur le monde à venir qu'il allait porter.

Et puis, le covid s'est fait plus discret, grâce non pas aux écrivains mais aux savants. Et alors ce que l'écrivain a écrit, et que sans doute quelques personnes ont lu, a été vite oublié. Oublieux, le monde s'empressait de faire comme si la catastrophe n'avait jamais existé : il s'est remis à consommer avec frénésie et à piller la planète comme si rien ne s'était passé. L'oubli est un des visages de la catastrophe.

Et puis, il s'est si vite passé tant d'autres choses. Spectateur de tremblements de terre, d'inondations et d'incendies gigantesques, mesureur impuissant des hausses de température, l'homme se souvenait vite que, par nature atavique, il est un loup pour lui-même. Et nous voyons prospérer les dictatures et les guerres. Nous comptons les dizaines de milliers de morts de la terre d'Ukraine et de la terre de Palestine, les massacres sauvages et les assassinats à petit feu. Et, pour ceux qui refusent de désespérer de la nature humaine, le défi est considérable et vital. Nous ne serions pas des écrivains du Pen club si ce combat-là n'était pas le nôtre.

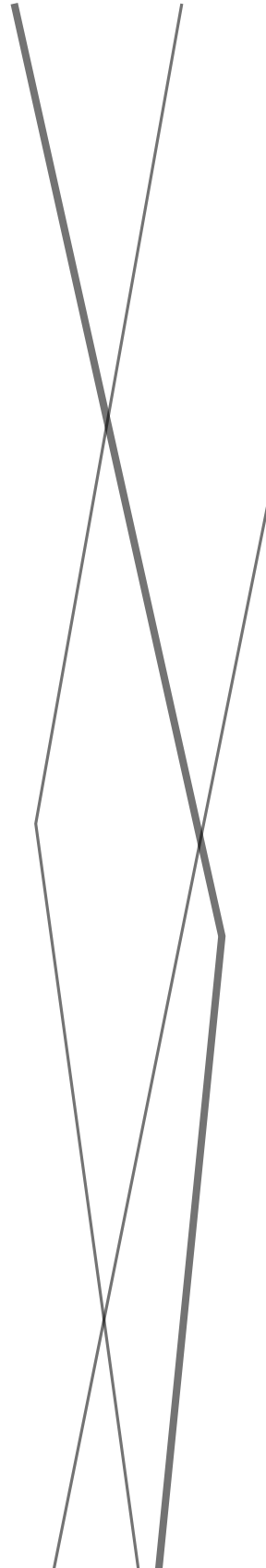
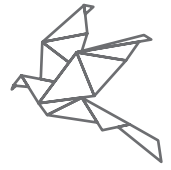
Mais sommes-nous à la hauteur ? Notre parole porte-t-elle, et suffit-elle ? Comment produire une parole forte, une parole qui porte devant l'abominable de la situation à Gaza, l'horreur des plus de 30000 morts, des villes détruites, des hôpitaux attaqués, d'un peuple condamné à la famine, des enfants tués, mutilés ou orphelins ? Nous qui sommes loin, nous qui ne vivons pas ces situations, nous nous devons de protester, mais nous devons aussi nous effacer derrière la parole des victimes, relayer les écrits et les témoignages des écrivains palestiniens, dans nos pays respectifs.

Notre premier impératif est de relayer aussi haut que possible la parole de ceux qui souffrent sous les bombes et les blocus. Mais qui peut le faire mieux que ceux, écrivains palestiniens, qui vivent dans leur chair cette tragédie ? À nous il revient de donner le plus large écho à leur parole, à leurs écrits, de faire que ces paroles soient rapportées dans le monde, à commencer chez chacun d'entre nous. Nous sommes ensemble un puissant réseau, et c'est la puissance de ce réseau que nous devons mettre au service de ceux qui souffrent : les accueillir, organiser des lectures, publier des textes, etc.



Et, comme nous sommes des hommes et des femmes de paix, nous devons aussi soutenir ceux qui, dans le camp d'en face, se refusent avec courage à l'escalade insensée de la violence et à la folie meurtrière de leur gouvernement. Nous devons être aux côtés de ceux qui ont pris sur eux pour surmonter le traumatisme de l'abominable 7 octobre, et faire écho à leur parole aussi. Souvenons-nous que c'est notre tradition, au Comité de la paix, d'être un lieu de médiation, et que nous n'avons jamais baissé les bras. Nous le ferons maintenant moins que jamais, avec l'obsession d'agir et pas seulement de parler.

Dans les églises, les temples, de petites lumières veillent. Il est arrivé à quelques-uns d'entre nous d'entrer au temple, d'y allumer une de ces frêles et vacillantes lumières. On les sait fragiles, mais on les a allumées parce qu'elles sont le symbole de l'espoir. Qui sommes-nous, dans nos centres PEN, et plus particulièrement au Comité de la paix, sinon ces modestes et déterminés allumeurs de fragiles lumières, attentifs à ce que l'une d'entre elles, au moins, soit toujours allumée ? Et si notre responsabilité était que jamais cette lumière ne s'éteigne ?



THE WRITER AS A CIVIC ACTOR

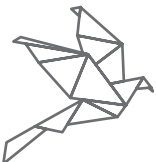
The writer's position as a civic actor is critical during conflict. I don't believe the writer should view his own (writing-reading) during the battle. The writer must act in a humanitarian and ethical manner. He or she must act, not merely talk or write. After the war, there will be more writing that is devoid of war.

Putinism (since, like Stalinism and Nazism, we can already talk about it); so, Putinism has become a -ism, a fanaticism. Putinism is a more serious and dangerous pandemic than covidism. So far, 6 million people have perished as a result of covid. But, since the Kremlin leader's war of aggression began, we've been hearing less and less about the plague. What could result in ruthless casualties (on top of the already established ones) is the Putinist pathology (especially at the nuclear level). Russia's military-managed fratricide in Ukraine reminds me more and more of the former Yugoslavia's civil war. But these events did not happen overnight. When Russia seized Crimea in 2014-2015, Euromaidan was a smack in the face to Putin and the Russian invaders who refused to accept that Ukraine is not Russia. And, yes, Ukraine is not Russia: its democracy is far from perfect, but it is democracy, not Putinism.

War also implies forcible removal, exile from one's home, and punitive exile. Putin has no qualms about turning Ukraine into a Syrian refugee camp for yet another people. I looked through photographs on the Internet of children refugees, women refugees, and people hiding from the horrors of Ukraine's war. A forlorn child is sometimes more symbolic than an exploding tank or a burning skyscraper. For one does not need an open wound, blood, or a body ripped apart to comprehend the horrors of war. All that remains is the visage of several youngsters cowering in an underground, for fear of bombs, in a shelter, gathered together, unable to comprehend why their lives have abruptly changed.

I doubt that the Western powers can bring Putin down through diplomacy. Words alone will not suffice. Putin's downfall will be just as violent as Ceaușescu's overthrow in Romania. Should that be the case. Throughout history, no demented or paranoid politician has ever been labeled as such until it was too late, and the dictatorship continued for many years, despite international protests and despite the population of the territory becoming increasingly aware of the dictatorship. I do not believe that Putin can be tamed. On the contrary, his rage (political and military) is growing, as is his refusal to stop until Ukraine is destroyed and conquered.

Peace is nowhere to be found in the world we live in. And it is for this reason that Pen International must steadfastly believe in peace and fight for it, while also doing justice to the underprivileged and not caving in to the oppressors.



A FAREWELL TO A BYGONE ERA

A farewell to a bygone era.
A poet in battle chant.

Engrave the text of the poem and melt
A cloud hanging at the edges of the sky,
Travel relay
And write the story of loss
In a space filled with smoke
No colours.

I caress my heartbeat
And go,
Not a single soul is left hanging
And no flowers gather their roots
No olive tree flaunts its branches
There is no language that sadness explodes in the universe
When universes disappear.

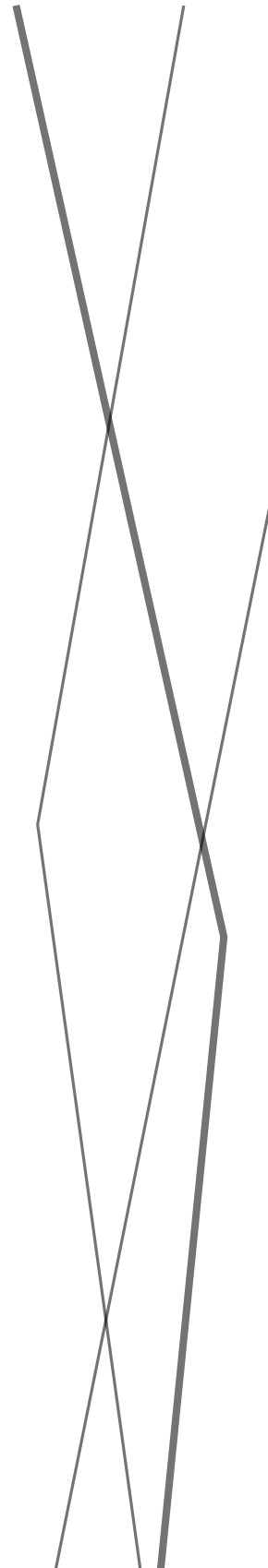
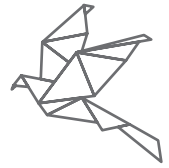
No captain drives my boat
Not a human being.

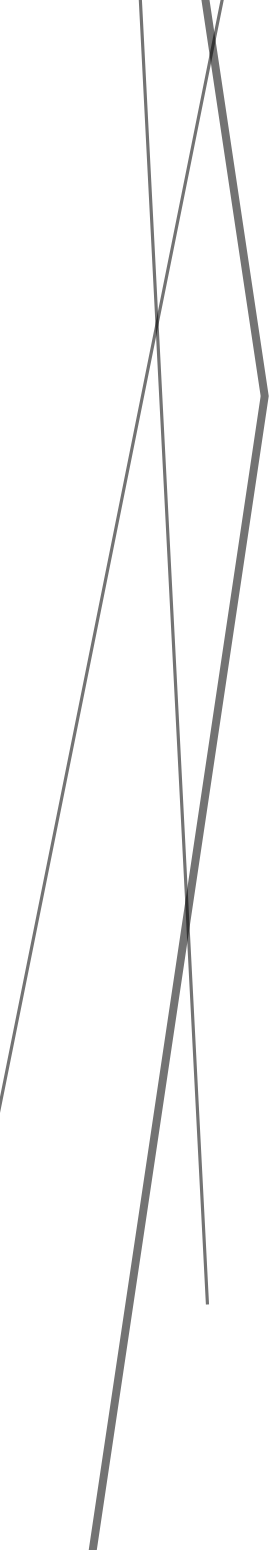
Doodling in a notebook
Its letters burn in flames.

Who am I calling?
The doors were closed
Windows were smashed
And ports
And the two beaches?!

I hide in the eyes of the night
Sunset
Tormented
Worried.
Fire is chasing me
Screams precede me
And my wound hurts
And bare.

There is no home to shelter me
No mosque
No prayer.





I'm trying to buy time
And serenity.
I try to silence time
In songs of loyalty.

The universe has become a desert
The homeland is stolen
And looted
The beaches are silenced by strangers.

Any language that transports me to a dream
To the sail.

At what pace do our boats move over the destruction?!
A time whose fires were ignited by the occupier
He only knows the language of shame.

A time marked by sorrow.

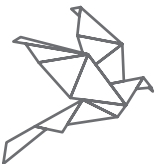
A child looking for a morsel of kasra
He doesn't see anything
Except the shrouds.

A woman hugs her bereaved
Scream
And bid farewell to the place.

I'm running out of time
And I am patient, gnawing on rocks
I walk on a stone
And corpses groaning
And the doctor held out and missed
In crowded corners.

This is our story!
Heroes were black
They bet
They didn't lose the bet.

And now..now
Death is present to us
There is no window
No door open
Except for wounds.
No volcano.

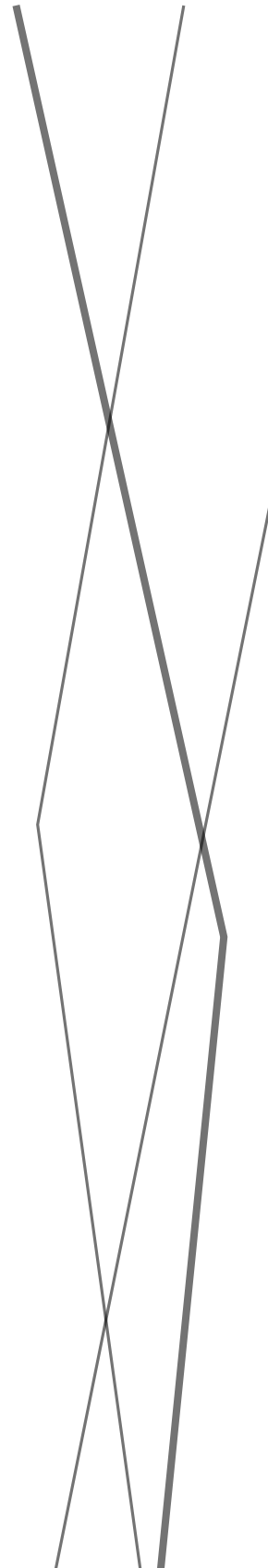
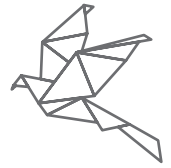


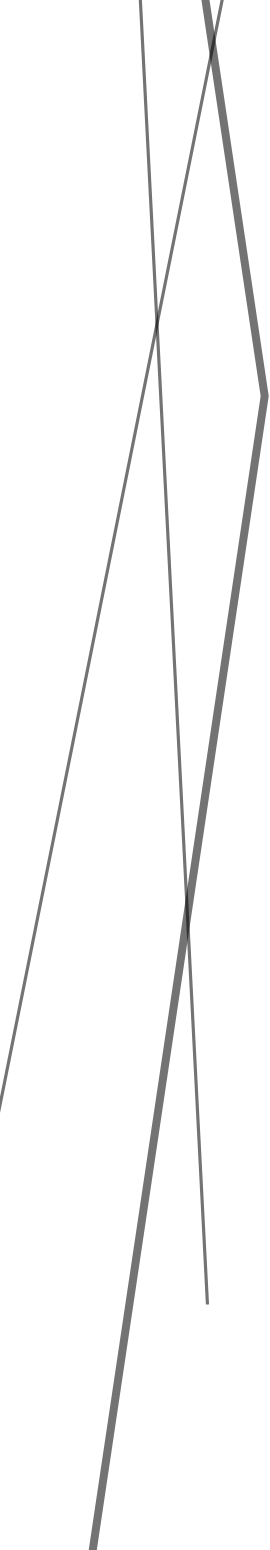
I'm alone
And Gaza carries me
A newborn
A martyr
A hawk
The martyr is the title.

Allah is the greatest. Allah is the greatest
Is there a miracle?
The explosion of the universe and tyranny.

Oh, we are alone when the sun goes down
The fire intensifies.

Oh, we are alone
Oh, we are alone.
In the flood.





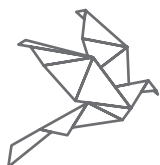
**VEČKULTURNOST IN DIALOG V KNJIŽEVNOSTIH
NA BALKANU**
**MULTICULTURALITY AND DIALOGUE IN BALKAN
LITERATURE**
**MULTICULTURALITÉ ET DIALOGUE DANS LA
LITTÉRATURE DES BALKANS?**
**MULTICULTURALIDAD Y DIÁLOGO EN LA
LITERATURA Balcánica**

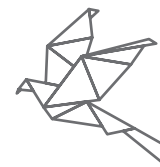
Večkulturnost in dialog v književnostih na Balkanu

Bogastvo balkanske književnosti je v njeni raznolikosti. Njeni jeziki pripadajo različnim jezikovnim skupinam s slovanskimi, romanskimi in celo germanskimi koreninami. V stoletjih jezikovnega prepletanja so nastale številne kulturne in narodne skupnosti. Po razpadu Jugoslavije in uničujočih vojnah v devetdesetih letih je nastalo večje število držav. Kljub procesu integracije v Evropsko unijo pa sovraštvo ni izkoreninjeno. Sovražni govor, poveličevanje vojnih zločincev, omejevanje svobode govora in napadi na pisatelje prepogosto polnijo novice in vzbujajo strah pred ponovnim izbruhom vojne. Pa vendar so bili v nekdanji Jugoslaviji medkulturni avtorji (vključno z Nobelovim nagrajencem Ivom Andrićem) tisti, ki so pripadali več kulturnim tradicijam. Njihova občutljivost in razumevanje mednacionalnih in medverskih vprašanj je bilo vodilo vsej jugoslovanski družbi. Je potem iz te raznolikosti mogoče ustvariti prostor za dialog? Lahko književnosti, ki so na Balkanu pogosto dajale prostor sodelovanju, presežejo sovraštvo?

Multiculturality and Dialogue in Balkan Literature

The richness of Balkan literature lies in its diversity. Its languages belong to various linguistic groups with Slavic, Romance, and even Germanic roots. Over centuries of linguistic interweaving, multiple cultural and national communities have emerged. After the breakup of Yugoslavia and the devastating wars in the 1990s, a larger number of countries were created. However, despite the process of European Union integration, hatred has not been eradicated. Hate speech, glorification of war criminals, restrictions on freedom of speech, and attacks on writers fill the news too often and raise fears that war could break out again. Yet in the former Yugoslavia, intercultural authors (including Nobel laureate Ivo Andrić) were the ones who belonged to multiple cultural traditions. Their sensitivity and understanding of interethnic and interfaith issues served as a guide for the entire Yugoslav society. Is it then possible to create a space for dialogue from this diversity? Can literature, which in the Balkans often gave space for collaboration, transcend hatred?





Multiculturalité et dialogue dans la littérature des Balkans

La richesse de la littérature balkanique vient de sa diversité car les langues parlées sur ce territoire appartiennent à divers groupes linguistiques aux racines slaves, romanes, voire germaniques. De nombreuses communautés culturelles ou nationales ont émergé au fil de siècles d'imbrication linguistique. Après la dislocation de la Yougoslavie et les guerres atroces des années 1990, de nouveaux États se sont créés. Et, malgré le processus d'intégration dans l'Union européenne, la haine n'a pas diminué. Les discours de haine, la glorification des criminels de guerre, les restrictions à la liberté d'expression et les attaques contre les écrivains font quotidiennement l'actualité et suscitent la crainte d'une nouvelle guerre. Pourtant, nombre d'auteurs, notamment le lauréat du prix Nobel, Ivo Andrić, ont vécu dans une Yougoslavie multiculturelle. La sensibilité et la compréhension des problèmes interethniques et interreligieux de ces auteurs ont servi de guide à la société yougoslave. Est-il alors possible de créer un espace de dialogue à partir de cette diversité ? La littérature qui a souvent été un moyen de travailler ensemble dans les Balkans peut-elle transcender la haine ?

Multiculturalidad y diálogo en la literatura balcánica

La riqueza de la literatura balcánica reside en su diversidad. Sus lenguas pertenecen a varios grupos lingüísticos con raíces eslavas, románicas e incluso germánicas. A lo largo de siglos de entrelazamiento lingüístico, han surgido múltiples comunidades culturales y nacionales. Tras la desintegración de Yugoslavia y las devastadoras guerras de los años 90, se creó un mayor número de países. Sin embargo, a pesar del proceso de integración en la Unión Europea, el odio no se ha erradicado. Los discursos de odio, la glorificación de criminales de guerra, las restricciones a la libertad de expresión y los ataques a escritores y escritoras aparecen en las noticias con demasiada frecuencia y hacen temer que la guerra pueda estallar nuevamente. Sin embargo, en la antigua Yugoslavia, los autores interculturales (incluido el premio Nobel Ivo Andrić) eran los que pertenecían a múltiples tradiciones culturales. Su sensibilidad y comprensión de las cuestiones interétnicas e interreligiosas sirvieron de guía a toda la sociedad yugoslava. ¿Es posible entonces crear un espacio de diálogo a partir de esta diversidad? ¿Puede la literatura, que en los Balcanes a menudo dio espacio a la colaboración, transcender el odio?

MULTIKULTURNOST IN DIALOG V BALKANSKI LITERATURI

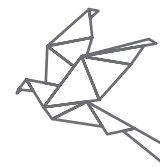
(teze)

Multikulturnost razumem kot bolj ali manj opazno prisotnost različnih, nacionalno ali razredno, idejno, estetsko ipd. opredeljenih tradicij, smeri znotraj kulture, ki nastaja v okviru določene skupnosti (nacije, narod, državljani ene države ali širše regije ...). Kot taka je multikulturnost danes (postmodernizem, postpostmodernizem ...) tako rekoč normalno stanje sleherne, kolikor toliko odprte in svobodne kulture. Res pa je, da danes kot multikulturnost razumemo tudi situacije, ko npr. znotraj neke države (nacije) nastaja in se svobodno razvija več različnih kultur, kar zadeva njihove nacionalne opredelitve, jezike, v katerih nastaja literatura itd.

Dialog med različnimi individualnimi ali skupinskimi poetikami, idejno estetskimi usmeritvami, lahko tudi med politično angažiranimi (posameznimi avtorji ali skupinami) v dovolj svobodni kulturi, kjer torej ni cenzure, več ali manj vedno poteka tako znotraj iste kulture, kakor tudi med različnimi kulturami nacij ali tudi komponent kulture glede na prej opredeljeno multikulturnost.

Za **Balkansko kulturo**, če je predpostavimo kot celoto, potemtakem kot zbir kultur vseh balkanskih držav, ki jih je, upoštevajoč najnovjšo politično situacijo na Balkanu potemtakem 13, najmanj 12 (vprašanje Moldavije?), je praktično vse od prazgodovinskih časov v bistvu multikulturna. Razlog zato je dejstvo, da so se vsaj vse do konca neolitika vse skupine prednikov današnjih Evropejcev, vključno z Neandertalci in kasneje več valov priseljevanja predstavnikov homo sapiensa oziroma »modernega človeka« priseljevale v Evropo po t.i. »balkanski poti« (gl. npr.: Johannes Krause in Thomas Trappe: Potovanje naših genov, MK, 2023), podobno kot tudi trenutno verjetno večina emigrantov iz Azije in vsaj dela Afrike. In vsa ta ljudstva so sooblikovala oziroma zapustila svoje sledi v kulturi Balkana skozi čas in tako, odkar se razvija, tudi v **literaturi Balkana**. To je že na prvi pogled opazno tudi iz večine jezikov balkanskih narodov, v katerih skoraj vseh najdemo ostaline preteklosti vse od keltskega jezika, če že ne, tudi katerega od starejših jezikov, tudi v slovenščini (npr. imena nekaterih rek, krajev itd.). Če potemtakem uporabim v svojem romanu ime reke Sava ali Drava, je to neke vrste fosil starodavne keltščine. To se mi zdi zanimivo omeniti, ker je jezik po mojem mnenju ključna, v bistvu najpomembnejša stvaritev vsake nacionalne kulture). Seveda gre pa še za veliko več in ne samo za vključenost ostalin celo že mrtvih jezikov v naše jezike, gre tudi za dediščino običajev, vrednot, mitov in obredov, kajti v večini primerov so za vsakim ljudstvom, ki je kdaj bivalo na tem območju, morda kasneje odšlo drugam ali se zlilo s kasnejšimi prišleki, številni posamezniki ali družine ostali tukaj ali pa se ljudstvo celo v celoti zlilo z ljudstvi, ki so na območje prišla kasneje, o čemer pričajo tudi genetske analize. Posledica tega je tudi ohranjanje raznorodnih kulturnih tradicij.

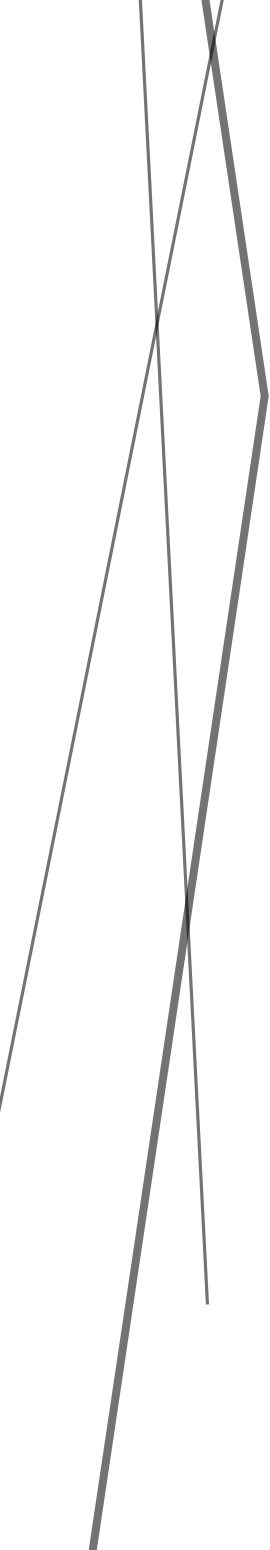
Drugače pa, kot rečeno, je multikulturnost za ta čas normalno stanje kulture tako nacionalnih kultur in v še večji meri kultur širših območij. Govoriti je mogoče celo o različnih vidikih multikulturnosti. Po eni strani, tudi v primeru Slovenije kot relativno majhne države in nacije, lahko govorimo, kar zadeva literaturo, o seveda



prevladujoči komponenti slovenske literature z vidika tradicije kot še vedno »narodno opredeljene književnosti s posebej poudarjeno pripadnostjo jeziku«, nadalje o manjšinski italijanski in madžarski literaturi v Sloveniji in vplivih te tradicije tudi v literaturi piscev, ki živijo na območjih, kjer živita ti dve narodni skupnosti, nadalje o bolj ali manj posebni komponenti književnosti, ki jo v slovenščini pišejo pisci, ki so sami priseljenci ali izhajajo iz družin priseljencev iz držav oziroma bivših republik Jugoslavije in je gotovo, vpliv te kulturne pripadnosti ali tradicije, četudi se avtorji identificirajo kot slovenski pesniki, pesnice ali pisatelji, pisateljice ter Slovenci in Slovenske, vseeno vsaj do neke mere opaziti v njihovem delu. Po drugi strani pa ne glede na tako opažene komponente sodobne slovenske (nacionalne) književnosti lahko to književnost beremo oziroma o njej razmišljamo kot o izrazito razplasteni glede na avtorske in skupinske poetike notranje glede na večjo ali manjšo stopnjo zvestobe narodno prebudni in afirmativni tradiciji in družbotvorni funkciji literature in kulture v celoti in v skladu s tem tudi glede na zavezanost ali nezavezanost tradiciji bolj ali manj realistične, socialno realistične ali tudi psihološko realistične poetike, po drugi strani pa o literaturi, ki izhaja in skuša nadgraditi izkušnjo modernistične literature druge polovice 20. stoletja ali pa v celoti izhaja oziroma vsaj v večji meri izhaja postmodernih predpostavk o nezavezanosti literature kakršnikoli zunajliterarni, naj bo socialni, naj bo politični ali katerikoli drugi entiteti. Čeprav hkrati zlasti v zadnjem času ob tem opažamo neke vrste vračanje h konceptu angažirane književnosti in v zvezi s tem dobesedno ciljno gledano na dele občinstva naravnane aktivistične koncepte, denimo feministično, t.i. »queerovsko literaturo, izrazito socialno angažirano ali tudi versko angažirano literaturo, nemalokrat tudi ciljno dokaj ozko usmerjeno na določene segmente literarnega občinstva.

Kot poseben zgodovinski in tudi kulturno zgodovinsko gledano zelo poseben fenomen pa je smiselno tudi s tega vidika misliti bivši jugoslovanski prostor, tudi še več kot 30 let po razpadu Jugoslavije v dokajšnji meri opredeljen po tej svoji posebnosti. Jugoslavija je bila fenomen posebne vrste tako v političnem kot v sociološkem, antropološkem in tudi kulturnem pomenu besede. Vsekakor v teh pogledih in z izhodišča vprašanja o multikulturalnosti to lahko rečemo veliko bolj upravičeno kot v zvezi z območjem Sovjetske zveze, kjer je tudi v tem pogledu bila represija neprimerljivo bolj prisotna skoraj čisto do razpada sovjetskega imperija.

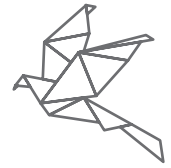
V Jugoslaviji je živelo 6 uradno priznanih narodov in ob teh še ena narodnost s skoraj enakimi pravicami, razen pravice do samoodločbe (od leta 1974 vpisane tudi v ustavo federacije) in poleg tega še vrsta uradno priznanih narodnosti (narodnih manjšin) s priznanimi jezikovnimi in še nekaterimi pravicami, ob tem pa še zelo veliko manjših skupnosti, ki jim sicer manjšinske pravice niso bile v enaki meri priznane, po drugi strani pa se je vendarle vedelo, da obstajajo. Ob tem velja omeniti še dejstvo, da so v Jugoslaviji bile priznane in strani oblasti na nek način spoštovane kot partnerke v dialogu štiri v zahodnem svetu največje verske skupnosti oziroma religije (katoliška, protestantska, pravoslavna ter muslimani). Ob tem velja povedati, da so bile tudi kulturne tradicije po republikah in narodih



zelo različne, da je bila ena priljubljenih tem v Jugoslaviji t.i. meja med vzhodom in zahodom, ki naj bi v velikem delu potekala po reki Drini oziroma po meji med Srbijo in Hrvaško itd. Vse to je pripeljalo do zanimiv kulturno teoretično in celo antropološko gledano zelo zanimivih fenomenov na področju literature; tako npr. do formalno in konceptualno gledano na pogled skrajno modernističnih pesniških zbirk, hkrati na nek način obremenjenih ali, bolje rečeno, zelo izrazito zavezanih mitskemu izročilu in iz tradicije izhajajočim predsodkom ter vrednotam okolja v katerem so dela nastala. In vse to je v literaturi držav (nacij), ki so nastale po razpadu Jugoslavije še vedno v določeni meri opaziti, ravno tako kot po eni strani nostalgijo po časih Jugoslavije kot po drugi strani averzijo in neke vrste zanikanje kakršnekoli smiselnosti jugoslovanskega eksperimenta za nazaj. Nesporno pa je, da je bilo obdobje Jugoslavije na nek način zelo plodno in inspirativno za književnosti narodov, ki smo živeli v Jugoslaviji, in da je bilo tudi sodelovanje med prostori literature (med založbami, revijami itd.) zelo razvito, in da smo več ali manj vsi čutili, da je prostor, ki nam je na nek na voljo in je naš, neprimerno večji kot je danes, ko so nekdanje druge republike za nas tujina, skoraj da enako kot npr. Avstrija, Italija ali Norveška.



WINDS OF DALMATIA (PASSAGE FROM THE NOVEL)



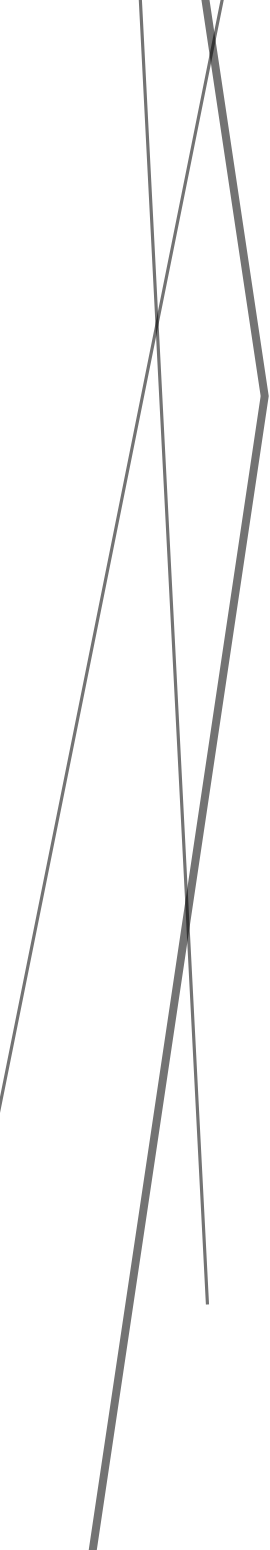
Chapter Ottomans, A.D. 1501 (passage from the novel)

Metkovići is still today the border between Bosnia and Croatia, a town on the banks of the Neretva river. A wild teenager girl Ayesha, the youngest wife of the aged Sultan and the only one who survived the plague to bear him a child, a descendant, escapes from the harem and falls in love with a Christian boy. They conceive a baby, she returns to the harem pregnant, the Christian boy is back with his family at Ston. Sultan will accept the baby, however, his eunuch Ibrahim has a sinister task to kill the young father and erase all proofs of forbidden love.

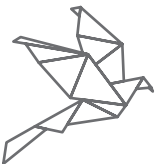
“After he had reached the banks of Neretva with dead Marin in his arms, he sat on the bank, watching the young man’s serene, still face. There were primroses and snowdrops flowering prematurely in the bushes. He pulled a yellow flower cluster out of the earth and cleaned the red soil away. He stuck the tender golden petals in the boy’s chemise. Then he lifted him and put him in the water as though he was putting a baby to sleep in his cradle. Marin’s pale angel face was shining in the sun. Slowly, his rigid body floated down the river towards the sea. Ibrahim stayed by the shore, deep in thought, long after the corpse had disappeared from his view. How beauty and youth passed away, either by the laws of nature or by those of men, or simply without any laws. His chest filled with melancholy and he thought of the Christian symbolism of colors, about which he had read somewhere long time ago. Yellow was the symbol of renewal, hope, it was the color of light and purity. It introduced the season of Easter, when their god Jesus was resurrected to eternal life. So, the yellow primroses, the tiny suns reflecting their creator in the sky in the dirty muddy soil below, were not there in vain. Ibrahim was a dreamer. His eyes filled with tears of regret and longing for the love and life in the family he had briefly spied upon at Hrvoje’s house the night before. His mind wandered to Fatima and all the children they had buried together in the terrible weeks of the ravaging plague. Sadness overwhelmed his soul. Only the poet Hafiz could express it in the ode he had written upon the death of his little son:

Little flower, the spring is here;
What if my tears were not in vain!
What if they drew you up again,
Little flower!

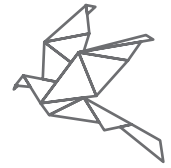
Ibrahim had to go on. He left the banks where he gave the boy to the Neretva river and continued his voyage upstream. After hours of riding at full speed, while the physical activity diverted his wounded mind and his spirits improved, once again ready to face the world, Ibrahim let the bridle loose and his horse was trotting more and more slowly. He had passed the border and he decided he should have a break before finding the spot to spend the night. As he jumped down from his saddle, his eye caught a rabbit, frozen by fear and immobile, staring at him from the bush. He did not hesitate for a moment and threw a knife at the animal, which was too frightened to flee. Hit! It would make a nice supper in the evening.



Ibrahim reached the banks where he took his bath only much, much later. He was still gloomy, but the pines freshened his breathing and brought life into his system again. He regretted that he had left his laudanum in the little boat at Ston. There was nothing to dissolve his heart's pain. Maybe it would be for the boy's family, to soothe their pain of loss. The father would get drunk on wine. The stout mother and the lively sisters would go high on tears and mourning. Yet, what will become of him, Ibrahim? Would he ever find peace at heart for what he had done? Is there any laudanum for the assassins of young innocent fathers? Like so many times before in Ibrahim's life, he shut the pain out of his heart. Life grew over it with tiny layers of rare happy moments. He locked his emotions in stone like a shell locks its pure white pearl inside its being."



LA CULTURE DE LA PAIX DANS LA PRINCIPALE REVUE LITTÉRAIRE EN ESPÉRANTO.



La revue bimensuelle “Literatura Foiro” (La Foire littéraire) dont le premier numéro fut imprimé à Milan en juin 1970 est la revue culturelle la plus ancienne depuis la publication de la première grammaire de la langue espéranto, en 1887. Cinquante-cinq collections et 328 numéros en avril 2024. Depuis 1991, la revue dirigée par Mme Perla Martinelli est aussi l’organe du Centre PEN Espéranto.

Cette année, les couvertures, œuvres d’un peintre bulgare, se focalisent sur le thème de la paix. Un thème qui devrait être particulièrement cher à la communauté espérantophone et qui est, en effet, présent dans la littérature à seulement dans cette diaspora unique, “groupe linguistique”, selon la Déclaration universelle des droits linguistiques, article 1, paragraphe 5.

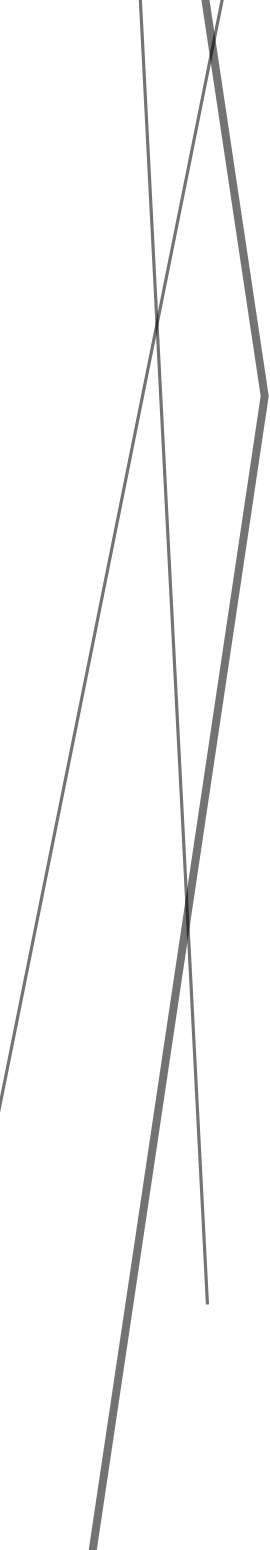
La culture de la paix caractérise surtout les cinquante premières années d’existence de l’espérantisme, avec cinq noms importants : Alfred Fried, prix Nobel : on peut voir deux lettres qu’il a écrites en espéranto dans la vitrine 3 du Musée de la Société des Nations à Genève. Pierre Ceresole, fils d’un président de la Confédération Helvétique et fondateur du Service Civil International, aussi enseignant d’espéranto. Edmond Privat, l’ami suisse du Mahatma Gandhi, précurseur du fédéralisme mondial, camarade de Ceresole et d’Hector Hodler. Ce dernier, fils du plus fameux peintre suisse au début du XXe siècle et fondateur de l’Association Universelle d’Espéranto. Et enfin Max Josef Metzger, prêtre pacifiste espérantophone, exécuté par les nazis en 1944.

Cette dernière figure est emblématique de la bipolarité de la communauté : la langue de la paix est une langue neutre, et la neutralité peut dégénérer en indifférence politique. Dans les années 20, Metzger fut le président d’un mouvement international catholique, pacifiste et espérantiste, **opposé** à un autre, plus loyal envers l’État et même le régime.

Mais quelles sont les racines du pacifisme espérantien ? La revue “Literatura Foiro” les dévoile peu à peu cette année.

On y parle de Lazare Zamenhof, le créateur de la langue, même si, pour lui, la question juive fut plus importante que la cause de la paix. Sa solution qui s’oppose à la *Haskalah* de Mendelsohn (assimiliste), au sionisme de Herzl (nationaliste), au socialisme du Bund, ne fait pas de lui un objecteur de conscience : il est prêt à partir à la guerre contre le Japon pour laquelle son frère Alexandre a été mobilisé comme officier ; ce dernier nous laisse une magnifique et terrible chronique en espéranto du siège de Port Arthur. La contradiction entre loyauté et idéal conduira Alexandre Zamenhof au suicide, pendant la Grande Guerre. Justement, “Literatura Foiro” propose une analyse intéressante de cette contradiction.

La première guerre mondiale est l’époque de l’affirmation du premier *Sprachraum* de notre littérature originale. C’est parmi les prisonniers de guerre en Sibérie, hommes de plusieurs nationalités, que se trouve un pionnier comme Julio Baghy, d’origine hongroise, qui transforme l’espéranto en une miraculeuse langue véhiculaire et écrit des textes sur la vie dans les champs ou dans les villages. La langue inventée par un prisonnier juif, qui la fait passer pour du persan à un officier nazi



dans un film récent, est l'espéranto du prisonnier hongrois, qui l'apprend à un capitaine russe : un compte d'humour vert et ouvert, tandis que l'autre est noir et sans espoir.

En 2024 "Literatura Foiro" choisit et publie pour la première fois en espéranto des fragments d'œuvres peu connues : c'est le cas de "La Ligue des Nations" de Italo Svevo, véritable prophétie en 1916, et du premier roman de Sándor Márai, il y a exactement cent ans : "Le boucher", sur les conséquences de la guerre sur une psyché faible. La guerre comme triomphe de la folie, dans l'opéra "Les Bacchantes".

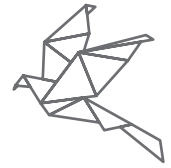
C'est une alternance de culture de paix et de littérature de guerre. Pour l'une, la réponse de Freud à Einstein ; pour l'autre, le roman de Orwell "1984". Pour l'une, "Pour la paix perpétuelle" de Kant ; pour l'autre, certains fragments de "Candide" de Voltaire, dans la traduction d'Eugène Lanti, oncle d'Orwell, qui s'inspira de l'espéranto pour le Newspeak de sa magnifique dystopie.

Et on arrive presque à nos jours, avec "Journal de nuit. Témoignage de femme dans la Croatie en guerre", de Spomenka Štimec. Elle l'a écrit en espéranto et publié à Vienne en 1993, mais jamais dans sa langue maternelle, le croate. Quand on lui a demandé pourquoi elle a répondu : On ne peut pas avoir des sentiments et les décrire dans la langue d'une armée. Et oui, l'espéranto n'a pas d'armée, même s'il a un lexique du militaire...

La paix : est-elle possible sans organisations internationales ? Ces organisations ont-elles, en partie, une responsabilité dans l'explosion des guerres ? Est-ce qu'elles ne sont qu'un palliatif, au lieu d'un antidote ? Notre revue va s'interroger sur la possibilité de bâtir la paix sans Société de Nations, sans Nations Unies, sans Union Européenne, sans Union Africaine... Une diplomatie nouvelle est-elle possible ?



SPEAK, SILENCE: A NOVEL



Introductory note:

In 2000 a landmark trial took place in The Hague. The Foča case was in response to the thousands of rapes that took place during the Yugoslav wars (1992-1999) in centres set up as rape camps.

Prosecutors needed six years to prepare for the trial. An international team of women lawyers and researchers travelled around the world to find women witnesses, now war refugees, who dared to testify. The trial lasted for nine months.

The International Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia (ICTY) was born out of Nuremberg's remnant hope for enduring international justice. Judges were appointed from 52 nations. Nine hundred people from around the globe worked in the courts. The ICTY was established in 1993 to contest violations of international humanitarian law. Many trials took place *during* the wars.

The Foča trial in 2000 asked us to agree that never again would a woman's body be used as a theatre of war. But always we say never again. To this day women are systematically raped as part of terror and war.

Important new jurisprudence came out of the Foča trial. The perpetrators were found guilty, not only of rape but of a crime against humanity. For the first time in 5,000 years of recorded history women were not spoils of war. Rape in war was no longer a crime against individual women but a crime against all of us.

Speak, Silence is an imaginative response, in fiction, to changing consciousness. Let us reimagine our humanity together.

From the novel:

They are still shooting, said Jacques Payac.

I'm going, I said. The borders are open.

I run a travel magazine, he said.

I will write a travel piece.

About war?

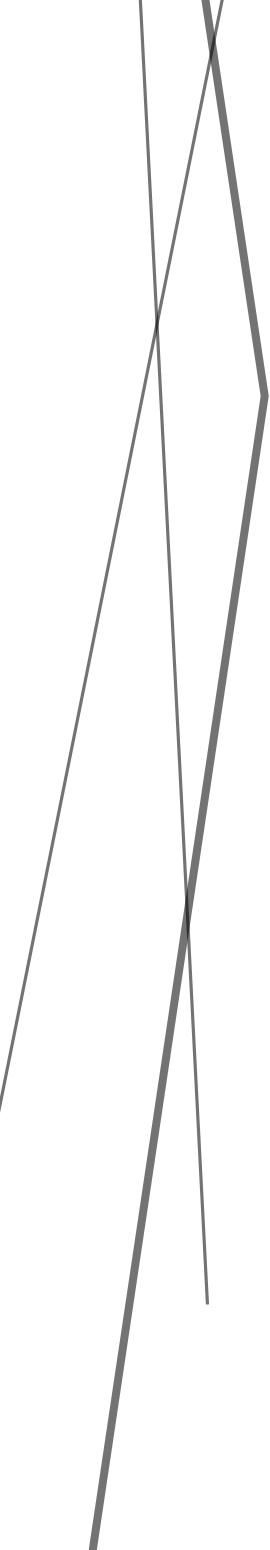
About film.

When the hell are you going to settle down?

Why should I settle down?

What are you hoping for?

I only want to know. To tell.



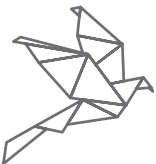
I had watched the war on television in Toronto for years. I watched life in a city under siege, saw people from a bread line bleeding on the ground. The cameras pulled back and I saw smoke and fire from apartment towers. My name is Gota Dobson. I saw these images on the same screen that I watched cartoons with my only child. Intolerable shame. To watch old women in good leather shoes hurrying over rubble along the edges of buildings. To watch boys and girls playing on tanks. To watch people falling like broken clay pigeons in skeet practice. To change the channel. To live in the unattended moment. To be where I was not.

There was the *Time* cover of a crowd of prisoners behind wire fences, their ribs like empty cages, with a caption in red: *Must It Go On?* The war did not abate and the news remained clear and constant and the world struggled to rouse itself.

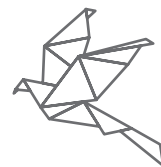
People knew. Still it went on. Year after year I watched. When my daughter was asleep at night and my work was put away for another day, I watched.

To know is not enough.

--excerpted from *Speak, Silence* (Penguin Random House Canada, 2021)
by Kim Echlin



VOJNA IN LJUBEZEN V ROMANU LUANA STAROVE “GENERAL IN METULJ”



Galičica, ki se razprostira visoko nad ohridskim in prespanskim jezerom, pa tudi med njima ter se spogleduje z njunimi odmevi in vibracijami, hkrati pa šepeta zgodbe o minulih časih, in ki se nahaja v sami jugozahodnem kotu makedonskih planinskih verig, je botanični paradíž. Neskončni travniki, polni visokogorskega cvetja in zato tudi, seveda, metuljev vseh vrst, med njimi sinji metulj. Ker je ta zelo redka vrsta in predvsem lokalnega porekla, je to pogorje njegova domovina. Celo več, pravijo, da je tu doma tudi najlepši metulj te vrste – sinja kraljica, čeprav jo je silno težko opaziti. Mali lepotici ni bilo nikoli mar za ljudi, njihove simpatije, napetosti in boje. Ti neskončni valovi trave, mehke, kot so človeške duše, njihov objem ti ostane za vedno odtisnjen v najglobljo bit, so bili vse, kar je imela, želela in se brigala za. Nebesa na zemlji.

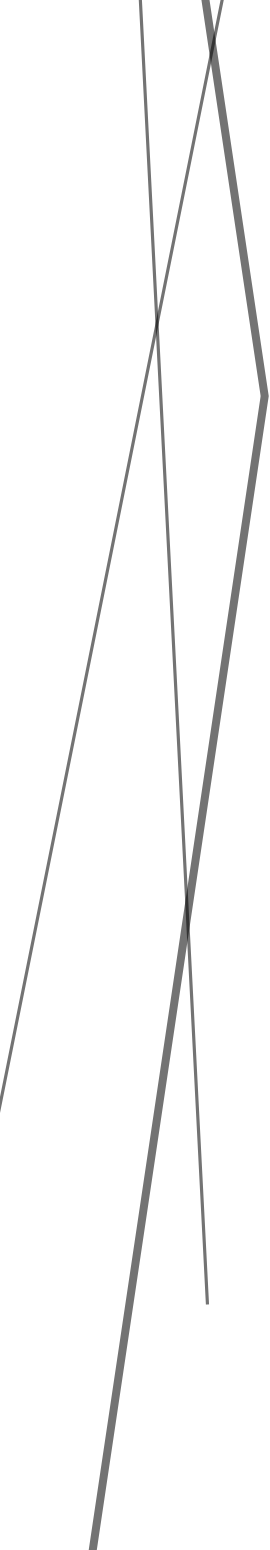
Ptice, živali, rastline, raznolikost vrst, ki obstaja skupaj z ravno tako raznolikimi človeškimi dušami, srci in umom, vsak od njih v svojem vesolju, skrit pred drugimi, medtem ko se njihove poti le redko križajo. Ali vsaj tako zgleda. Čudovit svet, poln kalejdoskopskih usod in upanj, in vse to v enem samem rajju.

Vsaka prava lepota ni samo nekaj svetega, ampak tudi zelo ranljiva, to je njena usoda. S travo objeta Galičica je bila vojaška demarkacijska linija med dvema vojskujočima se stranema v prvi svetovni vojni.

Luan Starova (1941-2022), diplomat, pisatelj, akademik, človek rahločutnega zaznavanja življenja in ljubezni, erudit, rojen v albanskem mestecu Pogradec, umrl v makedonski prestolnici Skopje (Shkup), poosebljen večjezični simbol regije, je spisal izjemen poklon Galičici in njenemu metulju v svojem zadnjem romanu »General in metulj« (2019). Za Luana (*lev* v prevodu iz albanščine) sem prvič zvedel, ko sem začel v Beogradu svojo diplomatsko kariero jeseni 1987. Med mnogimi depešami, ki so s stekale v ministrstvo z vseh strani, prebral sem vse, ki so mi bile dosegljive, so bile tudi tiste iz Tunizije, podpisane z njegovim priimkom. Tam je služboval kot jugoslovanski veleposlanik. Nekaj manj kot tri desetletja pozneje sem ga srečal kot šesti slovenski veleposlanik v Skopju. Bil je podpredsednik makedonske akademije znanosti in umetnosti ter ponosen, da je bil prvi makedonski veleposlanik v Franciji. Veliko sva imela skupnega in veliko je bilo tem za pogovore. In nikoli dovolj časa.

»To morda ni moj najboljši roman, je pa zagotovo najdaljši.« mi je pisal pozne jeseni 2020, nekaj mesecev po tistem, ko sem zaključil svoja makedonska leta. Obsega več kot 700 strani, v pravi maniri velikih francoskih realističnih romanov (z Romaninom Rolandom kot njegovim najljubšim piscem), ki jih je kot profesor francoske literature tako dobro poznal, z zgodbo, ki zajema iz v prvi svetovni vojni vrelega Balkana.

Nemški general (rezervni) Fritz Dagmar (alias Franz Theodor Doflein) je poslan na balkansko fronto, da bi kot zdravnik skrbel za vojake, obolele za malarijo. Toda ker je bil predvsem svetovno znani strokovnjak za metulje, je imel tudi skrito poslanstvo, ki ga je poznala samo še njegova soproga Felicia: ujeti najbolj znanega sinjega metulja. Navdušenemu znanstveniku to na pobočjih slikovite Galičice sicer uspe,



ampak ker se to zgodi na področju, ki so ga okupirale francoske enote, se tudi sam znajde v ujetništvu. A življenje je nepredvidljivo: francoski major Jean Buvar (alias Jacques Burkhardt) je bil prav tako svetovno znani strokovnjak za metulje, da ne govorimo o sinjih.

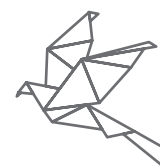
Sovražnikovo ujetništvo se tako spremeni v sveto kapelo, polno dialoga, ki bi ga zavidal celo sam Platon, in oba visoka častnika stopita na pot iskanja smisla življenja. Razglabljata o univerzalnih vrednotah, človeški usodi, oba humanista in pacifista, in zato je vojna za njiju nekaj najbolj naravno nepravičnega. Ljubezen v vseh mogočih oblikah in pomenih žari prek vesolja te čudovite zgodbe, mojstrskega dela Luana Starove, ki bi lahko samozavestno stalo na knjižni polici zraven njegov pisateljskih kolegov, kot so Balzac, Hugo, Stendhal in drugi. Roman prekipeva od svobode, lepote in miru v sožitju narave in človeka. Metulj, simbol življenja, je premagal komarja mrzličarja, simbola smrti.

Njegovi romani v ciklu Balkanska saga, z njegovo družino v osrčju, predstavljajo odo ljubezni in vsemu, kar tako močno pogrešamo in potrebujemo obenem. Izjemen opus obsega skoraj dvajset del in ta roman stoji na samem vrhu, kot bakla, ki razsvetljuje srednjeveško temo, prižgal pa jo je mehak, nežen, pronicljiv avtor, kolega veleposlanik in velik prijatelj, skromen v svoji veličini, ki sije daleč preko obzorja. Sije kot lev, ki je uporabil svojo moč, avtoriteto in prepričljivost, da nam pripoveduje o lepoti življenja in ljubezni.

Še ena globoka zgodba, ki jih je Balkan poln. Zaradi njenega humanega sporočila je ta roman med največjimi. Štiriindvajseti februar dva tisoč dvaindvajset je bil dan, poln solz in žalosti.



THE ISSUE OF WAR AND LOVE IN THE NOVEL “THE GENERAL AND THE BUTTERFLY” BY LUAN STAROVA



Galičica that stretches high up above and between the Lake of Ohrid and the Lake of Prespa, flirting with their echoes and vibrations, whispering stories of times long gone, in the very south-western corner of the Macedonian mountain chains, is a botanical paradise. Endless areas of grass and flowers, and hence also butterflies, among them the blue one. Being an extremely rare species and primarily of the local origin, this region is their homeland. And even more, they say, the queen blue butterfly houses there around, though very unusual to meet. The little beauty never cared about people, their sympathies, tensions and fights. This high plateau with endless waves of grass, soft as human souls that remain in your imprint forever, was everything it had, needed and cared for. Heaven on Earth.

Birds, animals, plants, a variety of species there as well exists a variety of human souls, hearts and minds, each of them within its own universe, hidden from others and only occasionally crossing paths of the rest. Or at least it may seem so. A magnificent world of kaleidoscopic destinies and hopes, all of them found in one paradise.

Each real beauty is not only something saint, but also very vulnerable, that's its destiny. The Galičica grasslands were the place of the military demarcation line between the two warring sides during the World War I.

Luan Starova (1941 – 2022), a diplomat, writer, academician, a man of subtle feelings for life and love, an erudite, born in the Albanian city Pogradec and died in the Macedonian capitol Skopje (Shkup), being a multilinguistic symbol of the region, paid a gargantuan tribute to Galičica and its butterfly in his last novel “General and Butterfly” (2019). I heard about Luan (the *lion*, in translation from Albanian) for the first time, when I started my diplomatic career in Belgrade in the autumn of 1987. Among numerous diplomatic reports that were pouring in, I read all of the available ones, were also those from Tunis, signed with his name. He served there as the Yugoslav Ambassador. A bit less than three decades later, I met him as the sixth Slovene Ambassador in Skopje. He was the Vice president of the Macedonian Academy of Science and Arts, and was proud to be the first Macedonian Ambassador to France. We had much to share and discuss. And never enough time.

“This is maybe not my best novel, but it is for sure the biggest one.” he wrote to me in late autumn of 2020, a few months after I finished my Macedonian years. Stretching over 700 pages, in the true manner of the great French realistic novels (with Romain Roland as his favorite author), which he as a professor of French literature knew so well, the story picks up a fragment from the World War I boiled up Balkans.

The German general (reserve) Fritz Dagmar (alias Franz Theodor Doflein) is sent to the Balkan front for medical reasons: to heal soldiers from malaria. But being above all a reknowned expert in butterflies, he also had a secret mission that he shared only his wife Felicia: to capture the most famous blue butterfly. His scientific eagerness drove him to the fulfillment of the ambition on the colorful Galičica heights. Alas, it happened on the French occupied territory, hence he was captured as well. Life is unpredictable: the French major Jean Buvar (alias Jacques Bur-



khardt) was a renowned expert on butterflies, not to mention the blue one, as well.

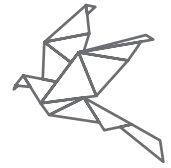
The imprisonment of the enemy turned into a dialogue's holy chapel, Plato would have envied it, and the two high ranking officers started their journey through the meaning of life. They contemplate universal values, human destiny, both humanists and pacifists, claiming so most naturally that war is something absolutely unjustified. Love in all the possible forms and meanings shines across the universe of this magnificent story, a masterpiece of Luan Starova that would fit perfectly on the bookshelf alongside with his colleagues by profession like Balzac, Hugo, Stendhal etc. The book vibrates with freedom, beauty and peace symbiosis between nature and people. Butterfly, a symbol of life, has won over mosquito, the symbolized death.

His novels, composing the Balkans saga with his family's story in the centre, present an ode of love and everything, what we miss and need so much. It is a colossal opus of almost twenty novels with this one at its peak, as a torch in the medieval darkness, lit by a soft, tender, lucid author, colleague ambassador and true friend, humble in his greatness, shining across the horizon. Shining of a lion that used his strength, authority and persuasiveness to tell us of beauty of life and love.

Another deep story that Balkans are full of. For its humanistic message, this novel counts among the greatest. February 24, 2022, was a day full of tears and sorrow.



TEACHING INTERCULTURALITY THROUGH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE FOR A BETTER WORLD



At a time when we are confronted with the violence of war in Europe and the Middle East, when violent school marches can be observed not only in the United States but also in Scandinavia and in countries around the world, when violent discourses dominate communication in the new media, it is time to think seriously about new approaches for young people who are most often the targets of all the social violence described.

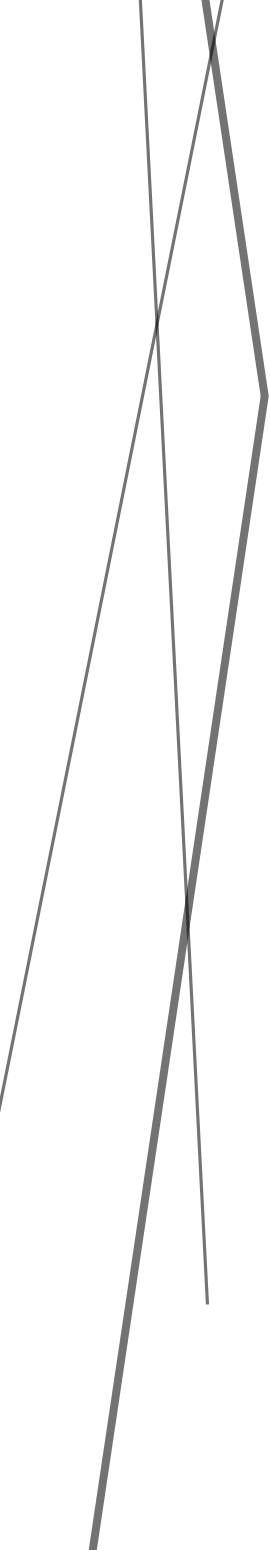
We have developed the TILKA learning model based on many years of research into intercultural communication and effective approaches to intercultural education, particularly in language teaching. TILKA is an acronym for »Teaching Interculturality through language and literature for conflict avoidance« and a Slovenian personal name for boys and girls, men and women. At the same time, Tilka is the title of a 19th century Slovenian short story about the marriage attempt of the clumsy and physically weak peasant boy Tilka. It is a great psychological sketch of a little man, which on the one hand warns of society's inappropriate attitude towards those who are different and on the other emphasises the importance of developing social skills for interpersonal contacts and coping with conflict situations. The TILKA teaching model also offers all of this.

The model was first introduced in my 2015 book entitled *Ethnic Identity and Intercultural Awareness in Modern Foreign Language Teaching*. Tilka model for avoiding ethnic conflicts. Aleš Debeljak, a now deceased well-known Slovenian poet, essayist and professor of cultural studies at the University of Ljubljana, said of the book: »Written in a compelling style, drawing on years of intercultural research and applying an original - and witty – research protocol, Vesna Mikolič's book offers a coherent analysis of the power relations that shape literary idioms and linguistic patterns. With its focus on the educational potential of literary works and the way it can be rationalised in the name of partisan interests, this book is at once informative and illuminating, and at times entertaining.«

It is important to me that the teaching model described in the book incorporates an intercultural and interdisciplinary approach that integrates language and literature teaching through research and activity as well as the principles and methods of transactional analysis. Such an interdisciplinary approach is urgently needed if we are to meet all the demands of education today. The TILKA model is thus an innovative interdisciplinary model developed on the basis of the following more or less well-known teaching approaches: communicative and constructivist approaches, intercultural education, simultaneous teaching of language and literature and the theory of non-violent communication, with a focus on the power triangle of transactional analysis.

The main objectives of the model are to develop intercultural communicative competence, reading motivation, critical awareness and non-violent communication skills for a culture of dialogue. Some specific methods that characterise the model are also derived from the objectives:

- Simultaneous teaching of language and literature,

- 
- Teaching literature and language on the basis of authentic material,
 - Methods for developing intercultural communicative competence according to Byram,
 - Application of Karpman's power triangle of transactional analysis to develop non-violent communication skills,
 - Teaching and learning through research, activity and digital tools.

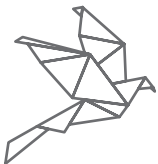
For those who are not familiar with the theory of transactional analysis, here are a few basic terms. From transactional analysis, the theory of personality and communication, I use the so-called triangle of power, which was developed by Karpman in 1968. It consists of three roles that are active during the conflict: the persecutor, the victim and the rescuer. None of these roles means that the communication participants approve of the others; someone is always not doing well, so these are conflictual roles. The solution is to find a way out of the triangle and out of the conflict. In our model, we try to find out whether the language of the three roles and non-violent communication can be recognised and learned.

Based on the above theories, objectives and methods, we can briefly describe the model as follows. Within this model, language and literature teaching is based on real-life situations and authentic materials. Fiction and non-fiction texts serve as a starting point for discussions and comparisons of different cultures and societies on very complex and problematic societal issues. In this way, students develop a critical cultural awareness on a cognitive, emotional and active level, which is developed simultaneously with communication and reading skills, allowing students to acquire intercultural communicative competence. Language is thus taught simultaneously with culture, including literature, regardless of whether it is the first or second/foreign language. In addition, learning language through literature allows students to recognise and acquire communication patterns that, according to the theory of transactional analysis, are essential for effective communication. This allows them to assess their own role in the interaction (the persecutor, the victim or the rescuer) and to stand out from harmful relationships in the power triangle. Each learning unit includes four steps: approaching the topic, a linguistic and stylistic part, deepening the topic and applying the topic.

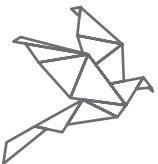
Based on the TILKA model, we have also created L1 and L2 textbooks for Slovenian, Italian, German and English. After initial trials with these methods and textbooks, we can conclude that the TILKA methods contribute to intercultural communicative competence because students consciously feel the need for it. It is therefore necessary to talk about communication, about the ability to communicate in intercultural relationships, using the appropriate patterns of non-violent communication.

Vesna Mikolič,

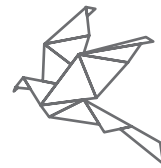
Institute for Linguistic Studies at the Science and Research Centre of Koper
and the Department for Humanities of the University of Trieste



PROZA IN POEZIJA
PROSE AND POETRY
PROSE ET POÉSIE
PROSA Y POESÍA



AMIGOS DEL HOY Y DEL MAÑANA



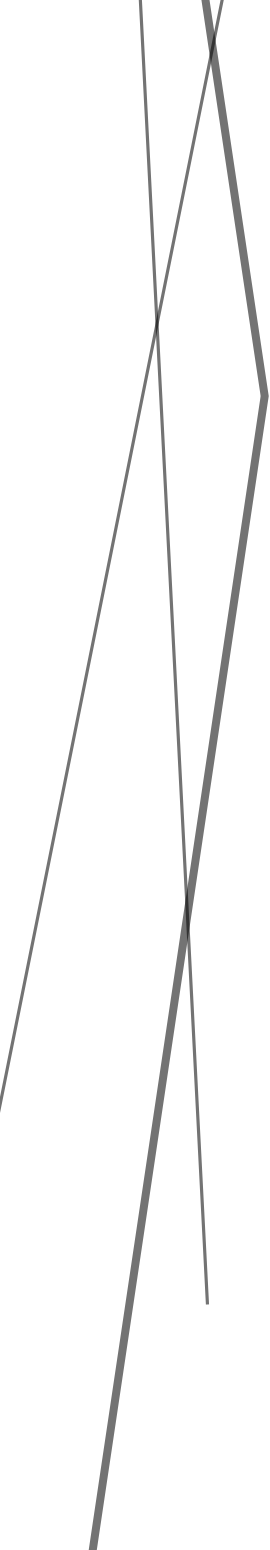
A Denise Veiga y Andrea Bianchini
en todo tiempo,
en todo lugar,
en cualquier circunstancia.

Hermano... Hermana...

Quiero hablarles desde las profundidades de la tierra,
desde esas piedras milenarias
de nuestra América encendida,
donde germinan mis raíces
que son también las vuestras.

Quisiera hablarles de mi país,
lámina de acero,
golpe a golpe forjada,
sideral caracola
donde susurra el amor
quedamente sus lamentos.

Recorrí sus geografías
de palmo a palmo
sin premura;
fui caminante peregrino
conocí todas las piedras,
hablé con cada grano de trigo,
repartí versos y esperanzas
entre fogoneros y albañiles,
canté con el campesino,
 el de rostro curtido y manos agrietadas,
descendí a las entrañas de la tierra
 a compartir un rayo de luz
 con los mineros de mi Patria,
y me detuve en todas las fábricas
 a charlar con los obreros
 del hoy y del mañana.



Y de todos ellos aprendí algo
entre cantos y banderas:
uno me dio una sonrisa
y el de más allá sus manos,
éste el maíz de sus hijos
y aquel la luz de su linterna;
todos ellos me dieron su amistad
sin pedir nada a cambio.

Esto sucedió sin prisa
hasta la alborada aquella
en que se nubló el cielo de mi Chile
e irrumpieron a golpes secos,
los sables y las balas,
quebrándolo todo a su paso:
 las espigas de trigo
 y los rayos de la luna,
 el celestial canto de los pájaros
 y también las esperanzas.

Solo quedo el fogonero,
 el albañil,
 el campesino
 y el minero.
Solos quedaron los obreros,
acompañados tal vez,
por mi soledad infinita y por mi canto.

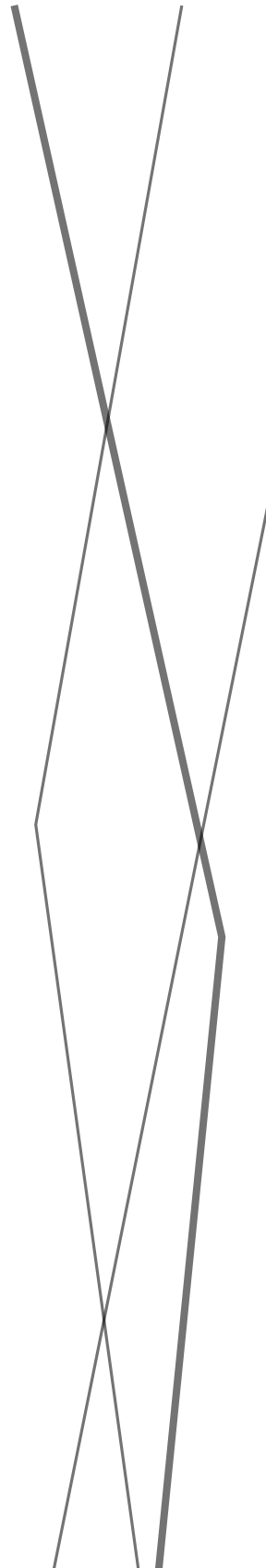
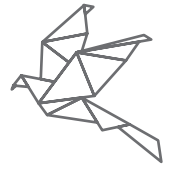
Fue entonces que corrí a refugiarme
entre quienes creí mis hermanos,
amigos de toda la vida,
amigos de mis juegos de infancia,
con quienes construí castillos de arena
y escalamos, en sueños, las montañas.



Al verlos nuevamente
no me di cuenta que todo había cambiado.
No más sueños ni playas milenarias,
sino pistolas y balas,
ya no más niños ni amigos,
sino hienas y chacales,
que llegaron devorándolo todo
para no dejar rastro
de nuestro paso por la tierra.

De mí no se recordaban
-eso dijeron
limpiándose la sangre fresca,
condecoraciones nuevas,
de sus uniformes vulnerados-
que era un terrorista,
un comunista,
un desalmado,
que no creía en Dios
ni en la familia,
ni en nada;
chicas les quedaban las bocas
para contener tanto odio
y virulencia ensangrentada;
hasta que no me dejaron hueso en su sitio
ni trozo de carne inmaculada
¡los despojos
a los cerdos
que ni para estiércol sirven!,
gritaban.

Y así fue que me tiraron
en el más oscuro rincón,
el único que no conocía de mi Patria.
Allí recogí con paciencia de orfebre
cada uno de mis huesos,
que coloqué lentamente
uno a uno en su sitio.
Las heridas se cerraron,
todo volvió a ser como antes,
menos el vacío del alma
que me dejaron los amigos
que en realidad nunca lo fueron.



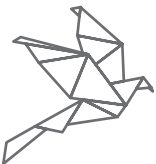
Salí a recorrer el mundo
en busca de una nueva casa,
caminé sin descanso
por mil tierras extrañas.
Fueron diez largos años
sin sonrisas
ni manos,
ni maíz
ni linterna,
ni amistad,
ni nada.

Hasta que un día en Italia,
de paso en busca de mi casa
los encontré a ustedes
hermanos míos del alma.
Fue entonces que ví la primera sonrisa
la primera mano hermana,
el primer pan compartido,
la primera luz de la alborada.

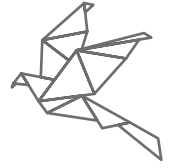
Sí; eran mis amigos
los entrañables de siempre,
los que producían la riqueza
igual que allá en mi Patria.

Quisiera regalarles el tesoro
más extremado de mis versos,
pero ya el sol ajeno
me ha secado el alma.
Sólo puedo decirles:
venid conmigo ahora
a compartir el pan de los obreros,
el vino rojo del labriego,
el fuego fuerte del negro fogonero,
el abrigo dulce del albañil ensimismado
y el metal duro por el minero trabajado.

Venid conmigo
que yo os daré todo,
os daré todo lo que tengo,
que no es más que un trozo azul de cielo mío,
que recorre de Norte a Sur,
mi Chile y mis anhelos.



THE FRIENDS OF TODAY AND TOMORROW



To Denise Veiga and Andrea Bianchini

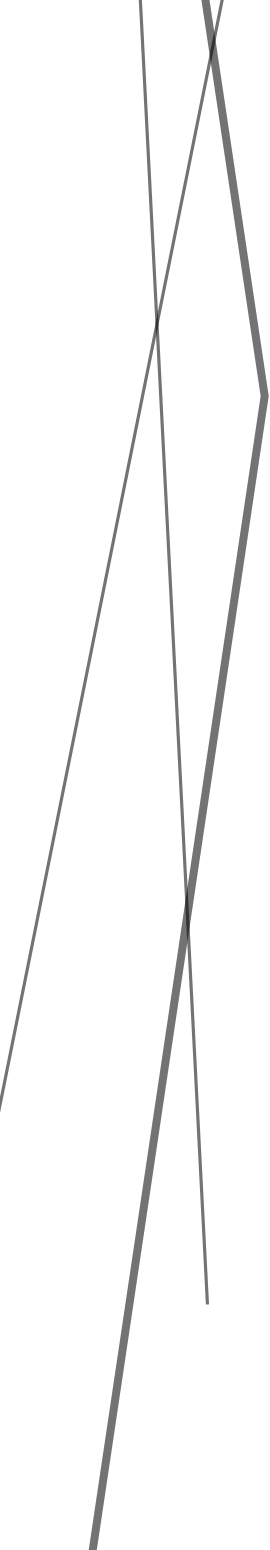
My Friends

I wish to speak to you from the depth of the earth,
from these thousand-year-old stones
from our America of fire,
where my origins have roots
which are even yours.

I wish to speak to you of my country,
blade of steel,
shaped blow by blow,
infinite shell
there where the sea confides
sweetly its complaints.

I went over my land
palm over palm
without hurry;
I became a lone ranger,
I touched every stone,
I talked with every grain of wheat
I shared poetry and hope
among stokers and masons
I sang with farmers
 with carven faces and wrinkled hands
I went down into the depth of the earth
 to share a ray of light
 with the miners of my nation,
and I stopped in all the factories
 to speak with the labourers
 of today and tomorrow.

And among songs and flags
from each I learnt something:
one gave me a smile
and another his hands,
this one his children's bread
and that one his lantern's light;
all offered me their friendship
without asking null instead.



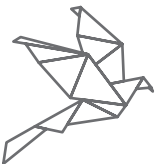
All this happened without hurry
until that morning
when the sky of my Chile darkened
and suddenly there erupted
the tanks and boots
overturning everything on their way:
 the ears of wheat
 the rays of the moon,
 the heavenly song of the robins
 and even our hopes.

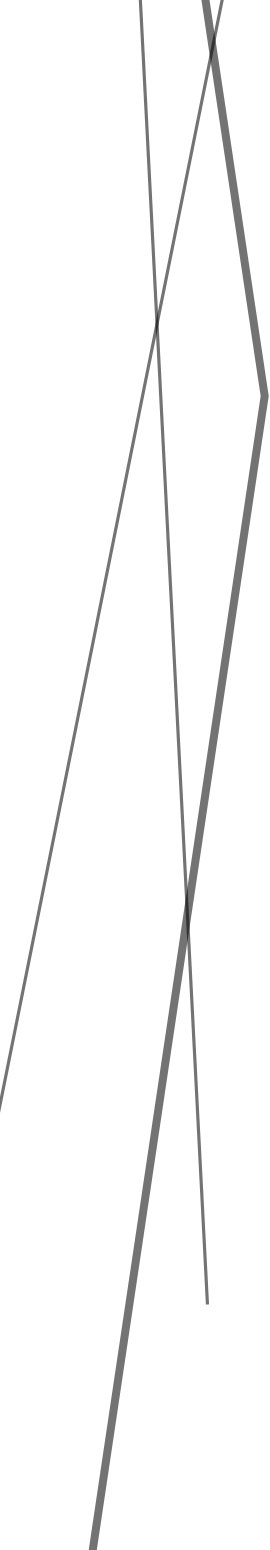
Alone remained the stokers,
 the mason,
 the farmer
 and the miner.
Alone remained all the labourers
accompanied mayhap
by my loneliness and my song.

It was then that I ran to hide myself
among those whom I believed to be my brothers,
life-long friends,
friends from my childhood games,
with whom I had built castles of sand
and in our dreams, climbed the mountains.

Seeing them again I didn't realise
that everything had changed.

No more dreams, no more thousand-year beaches,
but guns and lead,
no more children or friends,
but hyenas and jackals,
which arrived devouring all
not to leave trace
of our passing on earth.





Until one day in Italy,
 searching for a new home,
I found you
 brothers of my soul.

That was when I saw the first smile
the first friendly hand,
the first shared bread,
the first light of dawn.
Yes, you were my friends
my eternal brothers
those who created wealth
like back in my land.

I would like to sing to you my verses
the most beautiful today,
but this sun that is not mine
has emptied my soul.
I can only tell you:
come with me now
to share bread with the labourers,
the farmer's red wine,
the live fire of the black stoker,
the sweet refuge of the thoughtful mason,
and the hard metal worked by the miner.

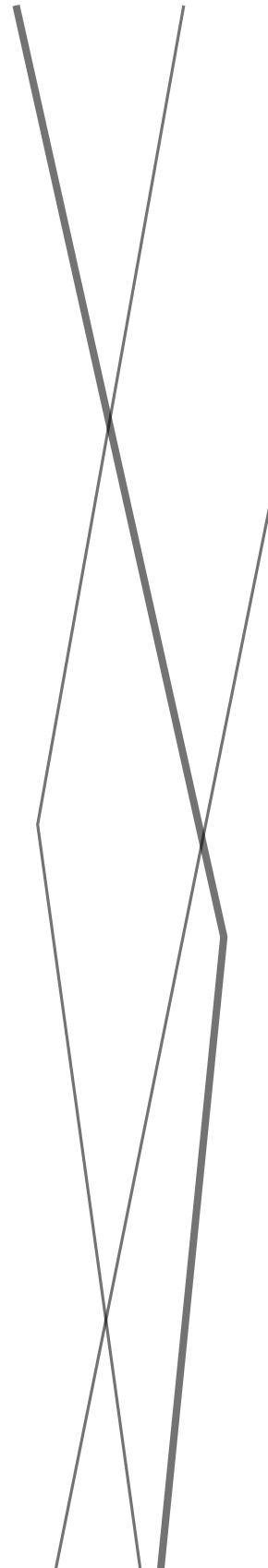
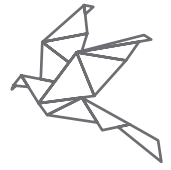
Come with me
that I will give you all
 I will give all that I possess
that is only a piece of blue of my sky
that crosses over from north to south
in my dreams
and in my Chile.



Translated by Sally Qazi

THE WORLD

The world we live in,
the world around us,
no dementia was ticked off in the mirror until it was too late,
sometimes the image of a downcast child is more crushing
than an exploding tank or a burning building,
we don't need an open wound or a torn body to understand,
just see old people hidden in an underground,
in a shelter, crammed into each other,
not knowing why their lives have changed,
the limit of harsh images is what is happening
and yet, images are necessary to be unfolded and seen.
Ignorance and indifference are harmful
and impotence is grinding,
savage images are overwhelming,
we look, we are shocked, disturbed,
we look, pause, and we look.
Difficult to write and talk about,
so much loss it's hard to process,
something terrible is happening,
and then something terrible is happening again.
Survivors begging for the corpses of their loved ones,
the pain was dull because it was so great,
what is frightening is that death no longer causes pain,
the impossibility to mourn
if the corpses are not returned,
living people afraid that the dead will be killed a second time.
Our human-inhuman world.



ODE TO THE PEACE HERO

Ode to the peace hero

You were born once
For a thousand revolutions
You died once
With a thousand resurrections

You enlightened eternal ideals
Into chests full of dreams
You blew poets' words
Into harmonious winds

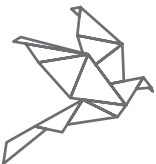
You got hurt by faceless wounds
And slapped injustices
You fought for freedom
And won for peace

Ode au héros de la paix

Jadis, tu es né
Pour vivre mille révolutions
Jadis, tu es mort
Pour vivre mille résurrections

Tu as éclairé des idéaux éternels
Dans des poitrines gonflées de rêves
Tu as soufflé les mots des poètes
Dans des vents harmonieux

Des blessures sans visage t'ont meurtri
Tu as giflé les injustices
Tu as combattu pour la liberté
Et gagné pour la paix

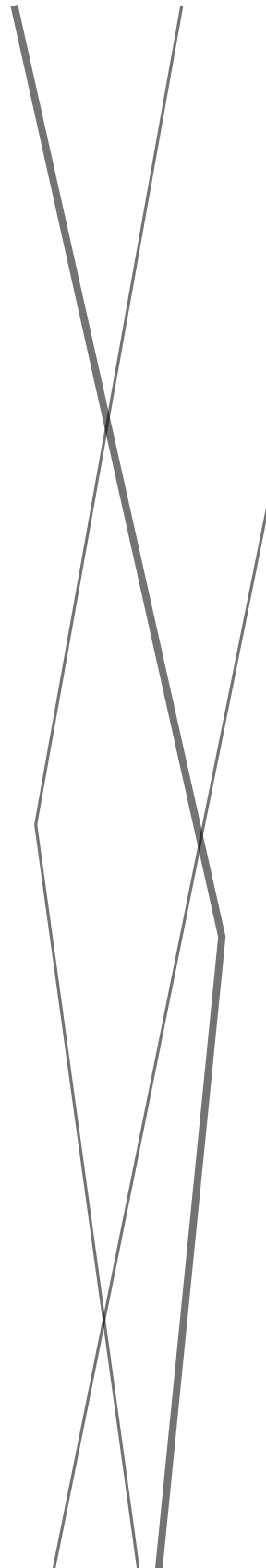
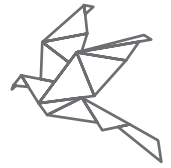


Oda al héroe de la paz

Naciste una vez
Para mil revoluciones
Moriste una vez
Con mil resurrecciones

Iluminaste ideales eternos
En cofres llenos de sueños
Soplaste palabras de poetas
En vientos de armonía

Te lastimaste por heridas sin rostro
Abofeteaste injusticias
Luchaste por la libertad
Y ganaste por la paz



WHISTLEBLOWER

A ruler secretly signs
a harmful pact full of mines.
An insider makes it public:

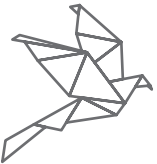
“Official nonsense. Truth has gone.
A despot’s rule is no fun.
Minds are weak due to hunger.
Is justice likely? I wonder.
That even time cannot tell,
as long as he has lies to sell.”

Accused of treason,
the whistleblower is in prison.

Honest people suffer in hell.
The despot is pleased and well.

In control of the media
fed by a post-truth encyclopedia,
his life might have a happy end.

Your life is his to spend.



FAIRE ÉCLATER

Staccato bleu blanc gyrophare.
Un opposant mis au violon
Fait éclater l'abcès de vérité.
Chutney de sang, de sérum.

Il dort, sans trou rouge au côté droit.
Au bal des endocrinés,
On se suit comme des moutons.
Paraître, ne pas être pour échapper aux purges.

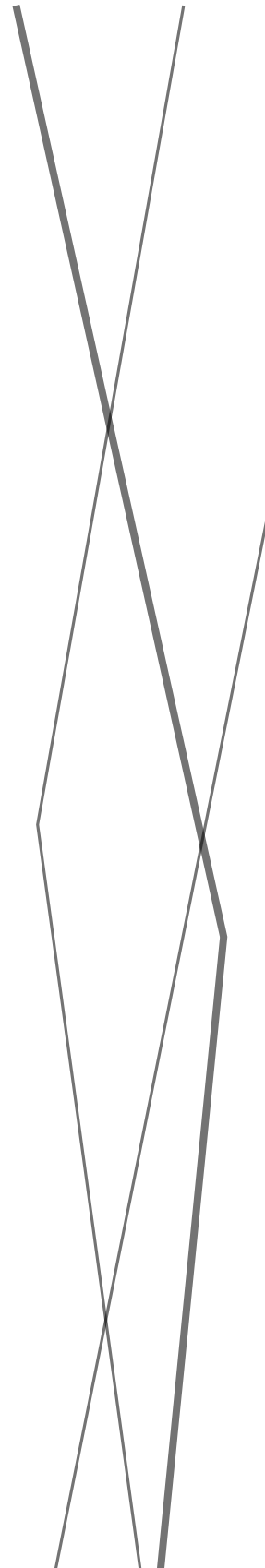
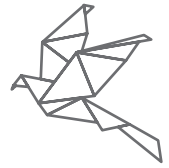
Des feux éteints de liberté
Se consomment au règne des apparences.
Comment affirmer tes choix
Quand triomphe l'hypocrisie ?

Être, c'est choisir ton genre,
L'audace de tes opinions,
Ton aversion de la guerre,
Et mourir en Sibérie, en catimini.

L'onglée des nuits de désert blanc
Fait moins mal que l'ultime décret
Imposé à la matraque
Le dimanche *Rue Tverskaïa* ⁽¹⁾.

Au bout du tunnel, te vois-tu
Nu sur un fatras de mensonges
Ou masqué ? Les devoirs brûlants
D'Alexeï, un bel héritage...

© Bruno Mercier, Lausanne 4.3.2024 ; à la mémoire d'Alexeï Navalny.



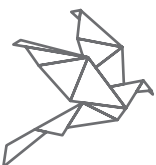
PEN ET *PENCIL CLUB*

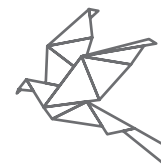
Quand est-ce que j'ai eu connaissance de l'existence de PEN ? Je dois avouer que jusqu'en 2008, malgré le fait que je sois « entrée en littérature » dès l'automne 1958 en Faculté des Lettres de Dijon, ai suivi mes parents et passé par plusieurs universités, arpenté le monde, Italie, Roumanie, Colombie, Suisse, France, Espagne, Tchécoslovaquie, Grèce, jamais je n'avais entendu parler de PEN !

C'est grâce à nos regrettées Mousse Boulanger, une de nos grandes auteures romandes et présidente du Centre PEN Suisse Romand à l'époque, (les femmes suisses ont eu le droit de vote tard, mais elles se sont vite rattrapées), et Laurence Deonna, membre d'honneur de notre Centre, une autre de nos grandes écrivaines romandes, journaliste et reporter de guerre, à l'époque, directrice du Club de la Presse, qu'un certain jour d'automne 2008, invitée dans ma fonction d'alors, à une interview d'une journaliste turque, au Club de la Presse, j'ai entendu parler pour la première fois, de l'existence de PEN !

Puis les choses se sont enchaînées très vite : après dix ans à la SGE (Société genevoise des écrivains), comme administratrice, j'étais libre, et Zeki Ergas, à l'époque Secrétaire général du Centre PEN Suisse Romand, m'a convaincue d'entrer à PEN et c'est que j'ai fait ! J'ai commencé, la première année, comme simple membre, puis suis devenue, jusqu'à la fin de son mandat, l'assistante de Glorice Weinstein qui était, à l'époque, la déléguée au comité de la traduction et des droits linguistiques de notre Centre, auprès de PEN international. Notre Centre a toujours eu, depuis un peu moins de vingt ans, un représentant à chaque comité de PEN international, mais ces deux années d'accompagnement de Glorice Weinstein, ont été pratiquement, les deux seules années où nous avons eu un délégué à un comité de PEN international, dans le cas présent, une déléguée, qui pouvait compter sur l'aide d'un membre ! À méditer !

Grâce à Zeki Ergas, qui m'a chaperonnée, j'ai pu petit à petit, comprendre ou disons plutôt, avancer dans ma connaissance de PEN, vieille organisation, à l'époque pas encore centenaire, mais complexe. Très vite, j'ai pu percevoir une sorte de conflit latent, sourd, inscrit dans une sorte de nébuleuse plus ou moins opaque, entre PEN et PENCIL Club ! J'emprunte ce terme de Pencil Club à un de nos jeunes membres « éclair », aussitôt entré que sorti, et qui illustre très bien la question : est-ce que PEN est une association d'écrivains qui projette sur la scène internationale, ses écrivains, d'où PENCIL Club ?, Ou bien est-ce une association de gens de plume, qui mettent leur ego de côté, et qui se donnent pour tâche, bénévolement, de défendre la liberté d'expression, les écrivains en péril, arrêtés, persécutés ou en prison, et par conséquent, aussi, la défense des langues, surtout minoritaires, des traducteurs, et des femmes écrivaines, puisque, hélas, dans bien des pays, les femmes n'ont pas le droit d'avoir accès à l'instruction, donc d'écrire, et que lorsqu'elles publient, encore maintenant, bien des femmes empruntent un nom d'homme, comme Georges Sand, rappelez-vous, l'a fait au XIXe siècle, pour être prises au sérieux, donc PEN ? Il me semble qu'en Occident, cette sorte de conflit ne devrait pas exister, et que le rôle du PENCIL Club, est celui des Associations d'écrivains. En Suisse Romande, six cantons, dont deux bilingues, pour environ





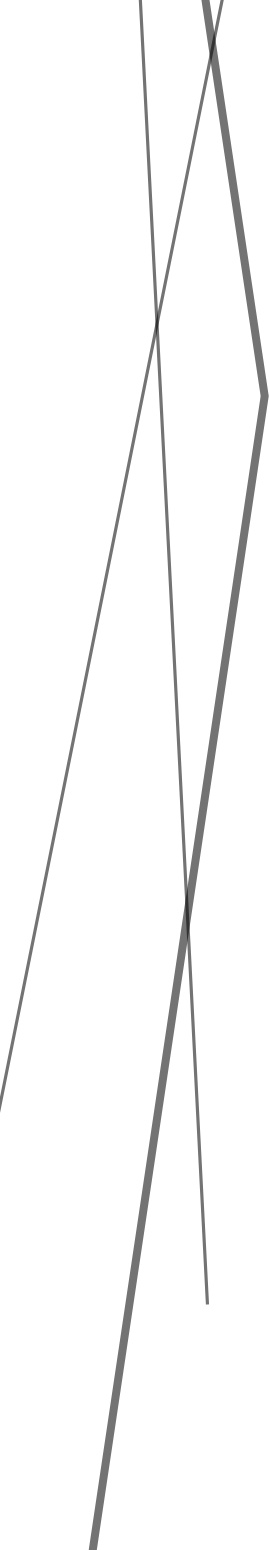
2 millions d'habitants, nous avons, entre autres, 5 associations d'écrivains francophones (le Jura et Neuchâtel n'en font qu'une), plus une germanophone en Valais, sans parler de l'association faîtière l'ADS, l'Association des Auteurs et Autrices de Suisse et diverses autres, environ une quinzaine !

Dans une plaquette du Centre PEN Suisse Romand, pour le 80^e anniversaire de PEN International, publiée en 2002, Alexis Koutchoumow, notre président à l'époque disait : « Il y a plusieurs façons d'agir pour arriver à un monde où il y ait davantage d'accueil de l'autre, plus d'hospitalité et de paix entre les humains et entre les peuples tel que cela est décrit dans la Charte du PEN. L'une est de travailler contre la guerre et ses conséquences ; une autre de travailler pour la paix ; une 3^e est d'œuvrer, je dirais, en littérature. » Notre Centre, sous la présidence de Claude Krul (encore une femme), a institué un rituel, « la journée de Rolle », au mois de juin, pendant laquelle nos membres sont conviés à la lecture de leurs écrits.

Depuis 2010, j'ai assisté à tous les congrès de Pen international, sauf à celui de Bichkek par faute de moyens, et à celui de Manille auquel notre Centre avait refusé d'aller, vu 3 présidents, John Ralston SAUL, Jennifer CLEMENT, et Bürhan SÖNMEZ, suivi toutes les assemblées du comité de la traduction et des droits linguistiques et eu la chance d'assister à l'élaboration du Manifeste de Gérone, de participer à la Déclaration de Québec sur la traduction littéraire, les traductrices et les traducteurs et enfin d'organiser à Biel/Bienne, en 2018, ladite assemblée, sous le titre « Plurilinguisme et création ». Au sujet des traductrices et traducteurs, je voudrais relever qu'il est impératif que l'on planche à nouveau sur leur statut, face à la montée de l'IA, l'intelligence artificielle. En outre, notre Centre a assisté à toutes les réunions de Bled, dans le cadre de la paix, à pratiquement toutes les réunions du comité des écrivains en prison et à celles des femmes écrivaines. Nous avons essayé d'être le plus près possible de PEN international, avons signé des pétitions, participé à des manifestations, écrit des lettres, mais force est de constater que cela n'intéresse guère les médias de nos jours ! Là aussi, nous devrions nous poser des questions !

Je ne présente pas toutes ces activités pour nous mettre en valeur, mais pour que l'on prenne conscience que, malgré tous ces efforts, PEN n'intéresse guère hors du cadre PENCIL Club, et encore ; lors des manifestations que nous organisons, la majorité du public vient d'ailleurs, manifeste un intérêt sur le moment qui sombre très vite dans l'oubli !

Est-ce que nos valeurs, notre Charte, pensées au début du XX^e siècle, parlent encore à la jeunesse en Occident ? Je me le demande ! Les jeunes poètes qui sont souvent slameurs ou rappers considèrent que leur écriture est une action directe en prise avec le réel et toute forme d'association les rebute et pourtant d'aucuns sont censurés, comme le rappeur anglais Digga D. star de la UK drill, qui doit désormais prévenir la police au moins 24 heures avant de sortir de nouveaux sons, et lui fournir les paroles et ceci en Grande Bretagne ! Cet exemple du XXI^e siècle qui a été présenté à la Télévision Suisse romande, nous montre une fois de plus, la force de la parole ! La Drill est souvent violente car elle reflète le quotidien de ses



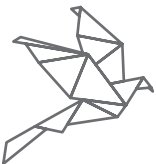
auteurs mais ne fait pas l'apologie de la violence, bien qu'elle puisse la susciter de façon plus ou moins distincte, comme un roman, une fiction, peuvent être considérés, aujourd'hui, comme une atteinte à la sécurité ! Il n'y a qu'à lire la Case list de PEN international pour s'en rendre compte ! La fracture sociale dans nos pays ne fait que s'aggraver, quel est le jeune écrivain qui peut se permettre d'aller à un congrès de PEN au Chili, alors qu'il tire le diable par la queue et qu'il doit voler des instants sur ses nuits, pour pouvoir écrire ! Tous les jeunes écrivains ne sont pas Joël Dicker, qui ne fait pas partie de PEN du reste !

Quand je relis les archives de notre centre, et je pense que c'est la même chose ailleurs, combien de conflits de personnes, d'ego surdimensionnés, s'affrontent, sur fond d'idéologies, alors que nous défendons la liberté d'expression ! Combien de projets prometteurs commencent et s'arrêtent en cours de route ? Je me souviens, qu'à un moment donné, PEN a été tout feu tout flamme pour créer un groupe de travail sur les discours de haine puis le feu s'est éteint bien vite... il y a eu le jumelage des centres, cela a disparu aussi vite que c'est apparu !

Par contre ce qui reste, là, bien là, concrètement, ce sont les écrivains persécutés, en prison, exilés, qu'il faut soutenir, aider, essayer de sauver et surtout ne pas abandonner dès que leur statut s'améliore, car les traumatismes sont toujours là !

C'est la tâche la plus importante à laquelle je consacre presque tout mon temps !

Et que le comité de la paix soit et reste un endroit de réflexion, de questionnement, hors toute idéologie, en mettant au centre et en exergue, le Manifeste de Bled !



I'M WRITING FOR MY LIFE

I go days without air touching my skin. When I settle in front of my computer every morning, no light is shining through the windows. A glass of water and a cup of tea are my only companions. This has been my routine since I first started writing for my life.

In many ways, I've been blessed. I've always known that I wanted to be an author. My mother told me I was fake reading magazines at three years old. By eight, I had written my first book. In high school, my friends would steal lines from my poetry and recite them to girls. In university, I'd call my girlfriend from my dorm room on quiet nights and read passages from whatever book I was reading. This is always who I was.

I was scared even though I had no doubt.

Turning down job offers because I wanted to focus on improving at my craft; because I didn't want to commit any excess time to "working" more than I needed to feed my family and keep us sheltered.

I was scared even though I had no doubt.

Even though I hadn't made a dollar and needed money for my daughter to play soccer, or do ballet, or learn to play the guitar. Something inside me knew I would get there, that I would get here. I was writing for my life, for the life that I dreamed of when I flipped the pages of those magazines or read *Beloved* for the first time and cried because I couldn't believe words can move people so deeply.

When I put my first book out, everyone thought it was a victory. They cheered because it looked like success. They didn't understand that I self-published. That even though I would sell a couple thousand books, it wasn't enough for the life I dreamed of.

I was still writing for my life.

But it was a start. A block to lift myself higher until I built another one, which I did. More people were paying attention. More people knew my name. I was one block closer but the sky was still so far away.

My friends told me they admired me, that they were proud. Putting out two books is cause for celebration. I didn't know how to respond without sounding ungrateful, so I'd smile and nod my head knowing deep down that I was still writing for my life. For the life I still dreamed of since I read that first book to my mother in third grade.

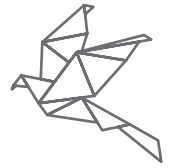
I know everyone writes for different reasons. Everyone's journey—personally and professionally—is defined by their ambitions. My professional ambitions have always been clear: I want to wake up and write books. That's it. Nothing else. Anything less than that means I haven't achieved my dream, my calling, my purpose.

I'm closer to that dream now than I've ever been and the years of fear and insecurity moving side by side with passion, patience and persistence are finally paying off. I'm not counting blocks anymore. I feel like I'm floating on the clouds and if I stretch my finger far enough, I'll touch the sky.

I'm still writing for my life.

Still, writing is my life.

Till I have no life.



THE LONG SHADOWS OF FASCISM (novel)

Preface

We often think that humanity has not made much progress towards humanism in its long journey of evolution, but the historic timeline does show some progress. The world is still restless: mothers crying for their lost sons, girls for their loved ones, children having no one showing them affection. War zones causing pain and despair are opening up all around the world, as always mostly triggered by the interests of the big and powerful. Today, Europe is a beacon of democracy. But Europe has also come a long way, despite it being pretty bloody, in recent history. Otherwise, from the comfort of our armchairs, we see all the futility of wars and wonder why they are even necessary? Have leaders within a certain period deliberately overlooked other alternatives for resolution? What about today's leaders?

The interests of individual states, of their leaders, of the people who have the power, unfortunately, still dominate decision-making to this day!

Clara was her name

OŠEVLJEK, GRADIŠČE 1939

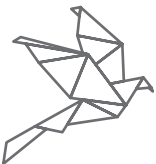
“Clara!” Her name was pronounced in a half-voiced whisper. She recognised the sound of his voice, which she would have recognised always and everywhere. That slightly guttural voice, reminiscent of a heavy, dark, Karst wine (Teran), that intoxicated her with happiness.

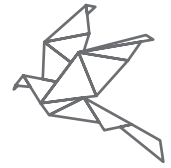
She leaned out the window, feeling him more than seeing him, as his figure in the darkness further blended with the darker shadow cast by the lime tree canopy.

“Can I come in? I have to hide!” he whispered.

“Wait,” she replied. “I have to find a way to get you inside.” The window of her room was not too high, but just high enough that Isidore could not reach it from the ground. She anxiously scanned the interior of the room with an investigator-like gaze, stopping at the chair at the foot of the bed. She tied a sheet to the back of the chair and released it down the window. The height of the chair was enough for him to pull himself up onto the windowsill and use it to crawl through the window into the room. She then pulled the chair and the sheet up and returned it to its prior spot at the foot of the bed. The springs on the bed gave way creakily under Isidore's weight. She lit an oil lamp, her eyes widening with fright. In the flickering light, Isidore looked out of sorts: dishevelled, blood oozing from a wound on his forehead, his jacket torn and his collar soaked with blood stains, blood also dripping from a cut on his arm. There was no time for questions, but with swiftness dictated by the urgency, she brought a bottle of homemade brandy, water in an enamel container and a few pieces of old sheets. She dipped the cloth in cold water and gently slid it over his face, carefully tapping over the wounds, the bruises, holding the cloth for a moment over his right eyelid, where the swelling had already appeared. After she had taken care of him, she lay down beside him, clutching him, and he moaned slightly. It was time for curiosity and questions.

“We got them good,” he said, playfully touching her cheek.





“Well, you also took a few,” she commented.

“That’s nothing. Just a few days and I will be as good as new,” he replied. “If we have Albin with us, we are invincible.” She sensed his smile in the darkness. “Where were you?” she said impatiently because of the long silence.

“We went to an inn, to Pahor’s, for a drink. There were five of us, five friends and my brother Albin, whose birthday we were celebrating, and we had a few more drinks than usual. And we also sang, gave a toast, and the toast was followed by another, then a third one, we sang Slovenian songs. We were joined by a few of our fellow villagers. The atmosphere heated up, we sang from our heart, loudly, with all our spirit, everything that was not allowed, everything forbidden came to the surface. Miro walked into the lobby of the inn and brought out a sheet of paper, which read as everywhere: Qui si parla soltanto Italiano. (in Eng. Only Italian is spoken here) He jumped on the table and slowly, while singing, tore it into tiny pieces and threw it into the air like a handful of snow. I don’t know if they heard us or if somebody called them, but they came in their black shirts, wearing their black caps with tassels, shouting, trying to drown us out. Their group was bigger than ours, and some of them had guns and batons. One of them fired in the air to scare us, and then Albin shouted: Light! There was a thump, and then darkness. We rushed at them, and an all-out brawl erupted. Swear words in Italian and in our language were flying everywhere. Albin was on my left, and I could hear bones cracking under his blows. If, like him, you swing a hammer in the forge from dawn to dusk every day, you build up muscles of steel and there was no one like him. I think he took care of half of the fascists by himself, leaving them there on the floor. We wiped the floor with them, but there was no time for celebration. We had to run away.

Naša zgodovina

Odbor pisateljev in pisateljic za mir je nastal v času, ko so pisatelji zelo težko sodelovali in se še težje srečevali preko meja. Ločeni so namreč bili z nevidno, a vedno prisotno železno zaveso, ki je Evropo in ves svet razdelila na dva bloka, ki sta se zdela nezdružljiva. Člani PEN-a sicer res govorijo številne jezike, prihajajo iz različnih krajev in okolij, so zelo enotni v svojih prepričanjih, svojem poslanstvu in svojem aktivizmu. Železna zavesa, ki je v času hladne vojne oteževala sodelovanje med vzhodom in zahodom, je bila torej le še ena politična ovira, ki jo je bilo treba premagati. Komunistična Jugoslavija, ustanovna članica Gibanja neuvrščenih, je predstavljala sivo cono med obema blokoma in je zato lahko gostila pisatelje z vzhoda in zahoda. 33. mednarodni kongres Mednarodnega PEN-a je potekal leta 1965 v jugoslovanskem, zdaj slovenskem mestu ob jezeru Bled. Dogodka so se prvič udeležili pisatelji iz Sovjetske zveze. Udeležili so se le kot opazovalci, vendar je bila njihova prisotnost jasen znak vse boljših medblokovskih odnosov med pisatelji obeh strani. Tokratni kongres je postal prvi v dolgoletni tradiciji srečanj na Bledu, ki jih gosti slovenski PEN.

Na mednarodnem kongresu leta 1984 v Tokiu je takratni predsednik slovenskega PEN-a Miloš Mikeln predlagal ustanovitev odbora Pisatelji za mir. Člane odbora je povabil, da se sestanejo na Bledu, s čimer se je začelo vsakoletno srečanje odbora pisateljev in pisateljic za mir na Bledu.

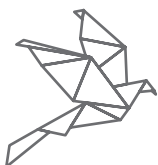
Our history

The Writers for Peace Committee was created during the time when writers found it very hard to collaborate and meet across borders; separated by the invisible yet omnipresent Iron Curtain which divided Europe and the entire World into two blocks that seemed incompatible. Even though PEN members speak a multitude of languages, come from different places and backgrounds, they are very much compatible in their beliefs, their mission and their activism. The Iron Curtain that made the collaboration across the East-West divide of the Cold War difficult, was just another political obstacle to overcome. Communist Yugoslavia, a founding member of the Non-Aligned Movement, represented a grey area between both blocs and was therefore able to host writers from East and West. The 33rd International Congress of PEN International was held in 1965 in the Yugoslavian, now Slovenian, lakeside village of Bled. Writers from the Soviet Union attended the event for the first time. They attended as observers only, yet their presence was a clear sign of the improving inter-bloc relations between writers of both sides. This Congress became the first one in the long tradition of meetings in Bled, hosted by Slovenian PEN.

During the 1984 International Congress in Tokyo, Slovenian PEN president Miloš MikeIn suggested the creation of a Writers for Peace Committee. He invited the committee members to meet in Bled, starting the yearly Writers for Peace Bled general assembly meetings.

Nuestra historia

El Comité de Escritores y Escritoras por la Paz se creó durante la época en que a los escritores, hombres y mujeres, les resultaba muy difícil colaborar y reunirse más allá de las fronteras donde vivían, ya que estaban separados por la invisible, pero omnipresente Cortina de Hierro que dividía Europa y el mundo entero en dos bloques que parecían incompatibles. Aunque los miembros del PEN hablan muchos idiomas diversos y proceden de lugares y entornos diferentes, son muy compatibles en sus creencias, su misión y su activismo. La Cortina de Hierro, que dificultaba la colaboración a través de la división entre el Este y el Oeste producida por la Guerra Fría, no era más que otro obstáculo político que había que superar. La Yugoslavia comunista, miembro fundador del Movimiento de Países No Alineados, representaba una zona gris entre ambos bloques y, por lo tanto, podía acoger a escritores de Oriente y Occidente. El 33º Congreso Internacional de PEN Internacional se celebró en 1965 en el pueblo yugoslavo, ahora esloveno, de Bled, a oril-



las de un lago. Escritores de la Unión Soviética asistieron al evento por primera vez. Sólo asistieron como observadores, pero su presencia fue una clara señal del mejoramiento de las relaciones entre los dos bloques de escritores. Este Congreso se convirtió en el primero de una larga tradición de reuniones en Bled, acogidas por el PEN esloveno.

Durante el Congreso Internacional de Tokio de 1984, el presidente del PEN esloveno, Miloš Mikeln, sugirió la creación de un Comité de Escritores por la Paz. Invitó a los miembros del comité a reunirse en Bled, dando comienzo a las reuniones anuales de la asamblea general de Escritores por la Paz.

Notre histoire

Le Comité des écrivains et écrivaines pour la paix a été créé à l'époque où les écrivains avaient beaucoup de difficultés à franchir les frontières donc à collaborer. Ils étaient séparés par un rideau de fer invisible, mais omniprésent qui divisait l'Europe et le monde entier en deux blocs qui semblaient incompatibles. Les membres des centres PEN sont très divers, ils parlent des langues différentes, proviennent d'endroits et de milieux différents, mais leurs convictions, leurs missions et leurs engagements sont tout à fait compatibles. Le rideau de fer qui a rendu la collaboration difficile entre l'Est et l'Ouest pendant la guerre froide n'était qu'un obstacle politique de plus à surmonter.

La Yougoslavie communiste, membre fondateur du mouvement des non-alignés, représentait une zone neutre entre les deux blocs et put donc accueillir des écrivains de l'Est et de l'Ouest. Le 33e Congrès de PEN International eut lieu en 1965 à Bled, ville yougoslave à l'époque, aujourd'hui slovène. Pour la première fois, des écrivains de l'Union soviétique participèrent à cet événement. Ils y assistèrent en tant qu'observateurs, mais leur présence était un signe clair de l'amélioration des relations entre les écrivains des deux blocs. Ce congrès marque le début d'une longue tradition de réunions organisées à Bled par le PEN slovène. Lors du congrès International de 1984 à Tokyo, le président du PEN slovène, Miloš Mikeln, suggéra la création d'un Comité des écrivains pour la paix. Il invita les membres du Comité à se réunir à Bled, où se déroulèrent d'abord des réunions annuelles de l'Assemblée générale du Comité des écrivains pour la paix à Bled.



Prispevki v slovenščini, francoščini, španščini in angleščini

Uli Rothfuss, Dessale Berekhet, Teresa Salema Cadete, Najem Wali, Philippe Pujas, Ruxandra Cesereanu, Hanan Awwad, Anton Peršak, Tanja Tuma, Milan Jazbec, Giorgio Sifler, Germán Rojas, Kim Echlin, Dimitris P. Kraniotis, Tarık Günersel, Bruno Mericer, Alix Parodi, Kern Carter, Darinka Kozinc, Vesna Mikolič.

Prevajalci

Marc Prior (Facing up to disaster with words),
Guillermo Álvarez Sellán (Con palabras contra la catástrofe),
Sally Qazi (The friends of today and tomorrow).

Častna pokroviteljica 56. mednarodnega srečanja Odbora pisateljev in pisateljic za mir je predsednica Državnega zbora Republike Slovenije gospa Urška Klakočar Zupančič.

56th international Writers for Peace Committee meeting will be held under the honorary patronage of her Excellency Mrs Urška Klakočar Zupančič, President of the Parliament of Republic of Slovenia.

Les 56^{es} Rencontres internationales du Comité des écrivains et écrivaines pour la paix sont placées sous le haut patronage de Mme Urška Klakočar Zupančič, Présidente du Parlement slovène.

El 56^o Encuentro Internacional del Comité de Escritores y Escritoras por la Paz se celebrará bajo el honorable patrocinio de Su Excelencia Urška Klakočar Zupančič, Presidenta del Parlamento de la República de Eslovenia.

Izdal Slovenski center PEN

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