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(SELF)TRANSLATION AND CENSORSHIP:

A STUDY BASED ON DIARIES OF JASMINA TEŠANOVIĆ

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To my brother Andrej

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Summary

Continuing the research in the field of self-translation which started with the master's project, this doctoral thesis focuses on the analysis of two case-studies: the diaries called *Matrimony* and *The Diary of a Political Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade*, originally written in English, translated into Spanish by Anna Inés Borges and later on self-translated into Serbian by the author Jasmina Tešanović. The investigation was based on the concepts of translation studies, hoping to bring innovation and significant contribution to these studies, and in particular, to the studies of self-translation, analysing diary as a medium between translation and self-translation. The literary form/subgenre of diary (that the author also publishes in the form of essay) appears to be inseparably linked with the subjectivity and ideology of the author/self-translator Jasmina Tešanović; it is the main tool in getting her message across, reflecting her life and her standpoint. During the investigation, the first, English versions of the diaries are treated as originals and thus, as self-translation or translation *in mente*. The contrastive analysis that has been done between English and Serbian texts tries to reveal the moments where this happened in the course of (self)translating the diaries into her mother tongue, as well as the differences that the passage of time brought about. Regarding these two versions of her diaries and the third one, translated into Spanish, we have then contrasted the differences, i.e. elements that show the influence of (self)censorship, as well as political and cultural references between these distant languages, primarily related to the expectations and knowledge of the readership but also the author's sensibility.

Key words:

Self-translation, Censorship, Diary, Jasmina Tešanović, Feminism, Political Idiot, Matrimonium

Introduction

Self-translation, though going back at least to the Middle Ages, has only come into the spotlight at the beginning of this century; consequently, it is a branch of translation studies that still has not been studied thoroughly. Many theoreticians or investigators in this field from the late XX and early XXI century mention self- or auto-translation as something rare, exceptional, something that very few authors have done. In this regard, Helena Tanqueiro (2000: 50) claims that *“while it is true that throughout history there have been many writers who wrote in more than one language, such as for example, Paul Celan, Derek Walcott, Samuel Beckett, Primo Levi, Jorge Semprún, Antonio Tabucchi, it is nevertheless interesting to see that only a few, very few indeed, actually translated their own work, despite the fact that all of these, and other important writers such as Hölderlin, Ezra Pound, Valéry, and so on, devoted much of their lives to translation...”*

That is one side of it, and even if there is a large number of bilingual writers who had or have never turned to translating their own work, our research has shown that there is just as impressive number of writers and scholars throughout history who did turn to self-translation, ever since the Jewish author and (self)translator Flavius Josephus in the first century BC via prominent medieval translators Moses Sephardi and Ramon Llull, XVI century authors Thomas More and John Calvin, to XX century prominent literary figures such as James Joyce, Rabindranath Tagore, Samuel Beckett, Hannah Arendt, Vladimir Nabokov, Karen Blixen and many others. The list of the people in the latter group is endless, which only brings us to conclude that there is an ever-growing yet non-documented corpus of texts translated by their own authors. (Santoyo 2005)

That said, it is important to further mention the fact that the studies of self-translation realised have, until very recently, been based mainly on bilingualism, whereas this doctoral thesis approaches self-translation from the point of view of translation studies. Moreover, many more examples of self-translation have been found in Western than in Eastern cultures and similarly, numerous examples of self-translation can be found between languages that are etymologically close, for instance French and Spanish, Italian and

Spanish or Portuguese and Spanish; and as such have been studied by AUTOTRAD investigation group of the Autonomous University of Barcelona. In this regard, this doctoral thesis contributes to the work of AUTOTRAD group by analysing two self-translated works, done between two distant languages, English and Serbian while at the same time juxtaposing them with the translation into Spanish done by a different person/translator.

The interest in this particular line of research came primarily from the fact that, coming originally from Serbia, the author of this thesis wanted to inspect the situation in the literary world regarding self-translation in the Balkans, knowing of so many prominent authors in the region – Danilo Kiš, Miloš Crnjanski, Milorad Pavić, Biljana Srbljanović, then the Nobel Prize winner Ivo Andrić, to name just a few – who all spent a significant part of their life abroad, working both as writers and translators. Nonetheless, our research has shown, to our surprise, that not many of them ventured into applying their bilingualism to their own work. Be it for the feeling of nostalgia or patriotism, added to the experience of wars, asylums and other political conflicts in this South-East European region, yet the life situations they found themselves in drove these authors to write exclusively in Serbo-Croatian, or today's Serbian (or Croatian) language. An extensive search of Serbian authors and translators revealed the name of Jasmina Tešanović - born in a Communist family in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, raised in Cairo and Milan, yet nowadays residing in her Serbia-Italy-USA triangle. We chose her work because it showed an abundant field for deeper insight and investigation in terms of self-translation and translation theory studies. What is more, Jasmina works with the combination of languages that is interesting for us and AUTOTRAD, as mentioned, being a self-translating between distant languages, such as English and Serbian, and belonging to different language roots, Germanic and Slavic, respectively.

Further interest for choosing to investigate on this author and her work came from the fact that she deals with contemporary issues of our country, mine and hers, and all the things we went through, one way or another, politically or socially, with endless wars and pre- and post-depressions that have been going on in this region for a long time and of which each of us got a share. Her books speak in the name of all us that happened to live in this “conflict region” in the last century. Then again, while creating, Jasmina is influenced by her private and political side of life, which is reflected in her books. In relation to this, the

prominent element of her writing is the question of censorship and self-censorship, one of the most interesting topics when talking about translation / self-translation. The major part of censorship is imposed indirectly by the character of her mother, mostly while she was alive but not only then. The most particular detail is the reason of Jasmina's writing in English – she desperately wants to avoid being despised by the one she loves. Only once her mother is dead, does Jasmina dare to (self)translate it into her/their mother tongue, Serbian, but even then not daring to utter absolutely everything that she was able to reveal by writing it originally in English. This motif can be noticed in all of Jasmina's work.

We focused on the abovementioned factors already during the master project, analysing Jasmina's book *Me and My Multicultural Street/ Ja i moja multikulturalna ulica*, where the contrastive analysis was done between the English and the Serbian version, mainly highlighting the question of censorship. During that project we also started dealing with the questions of ideology, time lapse, diary as a genre - which we now tried to elaborate and to draw conclusions that contribute to the research of AUTOTRAD group and to the translation theory studies in general.

During the course of doctoral studies, the primary interest remained the same yet the focus switched to other works of Jasmina Tešanović, the diaries called *Matrimony* and *The Diary of a Political Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade*, originally written in English, translated into Spanish by Anna Inés Borges and later on self-translated into Serbian by Jasmina herself. Interesting for their form, these diaries follow the inner and the outer world of the writer upon the death of her mother and upon the death of her state or its part as she knew it. Her inner censor is her mother, her outer one is the political scene in Serbia; yet, they are one.

The diaries were written in English in 1998/1999 (*The Political Idiot*) and 1999/2000 (*Matrimony*); only the former has been published so far, while the latter is still to be published. Their self-translations appeared in 1999 and 2004, and translations into Spanish were published in Barcelona in 2000 and 2003, respectively. These are all facts that gave way to profound investigation in the process of translation/self-translation. With AUTOTRAD group in mind, it has been interesting to investigate whether the translator other than the author follows the universe of the book, or applies certain censorship, and whether that censorship corresponds to that of the author-translator. Also, the contrastive analysis applied had to do with the differences produced in the Spanish and Serbian

translations, respectively, in relation to the original text in English; and all this woven into the form of diary/essay, which is still a novelty regarding genres in self-translation.

In the research, we analysed both books entirely, namely all the chapters/diary entries, highlighting the differences. This contrastive analysis is also to serve for the better understanding of the process of self-translation. The starting point for our investigation and analysis was the hypothesis that was to answer the question,

to which extent is the translation of a self-translator privileged and to verify the moments and themes in which (self)censorship occurred.

Namely, we have been able to observe that the translator other than the author tries to follow the inner universe of the writer and her book while translating as much as possible, whereas the author-translator changes her original text influenced by the omnipresent censor(s).

To confirm the hypothesis set, the first phase of the research was dedicated to the reading of both books and their three respective translations and self-translations, collecting the material related to them, studying the bibliography compiled and doing the interviews with the author. The second phase consisted in re-reading and elaboration of the data collected, thorough analysis and extrapolation of the results. The third phase encompassed organisation of all the outcomes on paper and presenting the thesis. All of the phases have been supervised by prof. Dr Helena Tanqueiro, who also supervised my work during the master project, and on whose theories this thesis has been based to a great extent.

This doctoral thesis is divided into 5 chapters:

Chapter 1 defines the theoretical framework, placing the investigation within translation studies, as well as the analysis. It introduces the point of view and progress done so far in this innovative field, self-translation, and contribution that I hope to give to it with this research project. We also give the aspects of the theory that are included in this work.

Chapter 2 describes the object of our investigation – Jasmina Tešanović and her diaries *The Diary of a Political Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade* and *Matrimonium*¹, specially focusing

¹ From this point on, we will be mostly referring to the book as *Matrimonium* (and not *Matrimony*), as it is the title of the published versions of this diary.

on the form/genre of the books, Jasmina's life, work and ideology, as well as her personal (self)translation theories. This chapter has several subchapters: in the first place, we talk about the form of diary, being an innovation in this field, as well as the contribution that its analysis can bring to this field of study; then we give the insight into the life and work of Jasmina Tešanović, focusing mainly on her ideological principles, as a woman writer, feminist, opponent of the political regime, and above all, as a translator of her own works (almost all of them). Finally, the last subchapter gives the context of the story of her essays, gathering both the superficial and the deep personal reasons for writing/self-translating it.

Chapters 3 and 4 both explain the contrastive analysis applied in the study, so here we identify and display the crucial differences between the source text (ST) in English and the target text (TT) in Serbian, add the corresponding extracts in Spanish to provide a better insight (without going into deeper analysis of the modifications in the Spanish edition) and analyse the modifications in ST or TT with regard to the publisher and the author/self-translator, describing the techniques and strategies that they chose to apply.

This chapter pays special attention to the issue of self-censorship and what provokes it, to cultural references (having in mind the translation between distant cultures) and also to time references, as a certain passage of time exists between the two versions (although in some cases it is just the matter of several months up to one year). The examples in the analysis will be sorted out according to the factors influencing the changes and not in their order of appearance. The examples chosen will be given in English and Serbian (and in Spanish in between), whereas in the Appendix there will be an extensive list for each diary showing all the differences juxtaposed.

The Spanish editions of Jasmina's diaries have been included in this analysis for two reasons: 1) when contrasting the differences, the examples given in Spanish contribute to the better understanding of those in Serbian, as in this way we can reach a wider audience, using a more international language; 2) in order to show that the translation done by a person other than the author was based on the manuscripts in English, in both cases (as indicated and provided by the author herself). Moreover, in the case of *Diary of Political Idiot*, even if the first publication was in the English language, the Spanish translation confirms that the original would actually match the book in Serbian.

Chapter 5 provides the conclusions drawn during the research, in order to prove our initial hypothesis, after the completed observation and the analysis period.

In Appendix sections I and II, as mentioned, we display the whole contrastive analysis of the three versions of both diaries, respectively, in order to observe all the changes in detail.

Owing to the good relationship with the author herself, Appendix III contains the interviews that we have carried out with Jasmina Tešanović, which helped a lot in the investigation, displaying her thoughts and viewpoint as the author and self-translation in general as well as referring to this particular work.

Appendix IV, which is presented as a separate volume, for practical reasons, contains the original manuscripts of both *The Diary of a Political Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade* and *Matrimony* written in English and never published as such. They are there to give a precise insight into the instances when both editorial policies/censorship and self-censorship apply. It is evident that, had it not been for the analysis of the said manuscripts, our final conclusions would have differed. This material ensured objectivity and allowed us to analyse in detail the matter related to our initial hypothesis, i.e. the factor of censorship in self-translation.

Having in mind great personal motivation of the author of this thesis, coming from the geographical area that the books describe, with this work we hope to bring many unknown historical and political issues closer to general public, to point out the truth, the history and the (false) stereotypes of our country, language and culture, for which purpose the work of Jasmina Tešanović can undoubtedly serve.

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1. Theoretical framework

Our investigation has been based on a *case study*, with the empirical-observational focus on the translation done on one side by the translator other than the author, and on the other side by the author herself. Factors to be taken into consideration were self-censorship, ideology, cultural sensibility and multilingualism of the author/ translator. English original was taken as a starting point, in order to compare it with its translations into Spanish and Serbian. This research relies on the definition of Helena Tanqueiro of a self-translation being a “privileged translation” (Tanqueiro, 1999) in contrast to the traditional literary translation. In relation to this, in this case-study, by analysing the original, and the two translations, we tried to reveal all the moments where the self-translator limits herself, or stops limiting, and how it is different from the translation done by another person. To see how strong the censorship is and whether it stops with the physical disappearance of the “censor”. To achieve that, we have analysed the elements that mark the difference of the text versions in order to prove the above stated hypothesis.

Our investigation is leaning on the research of the group AUTOTRAD of the Faculty of Translation and Interpreting, of Autonomous University of Barcelona and their investigation of self-translation within translation theory, with Helena Tanqueiro as the head investigator. This group ventured into this fairly unknown research field, to cast a new light on translation studies and translation theory. The definition of the term self-translation that is generally taken is that of Mona Baker (2000:17), which states that “the term auto-translation and self-translation refer to the act of translating one’s own writing or the result of such an undertaking.”

By analysing various case studies, they came to the conclusion that self-translation is considered a “privileged translation” (Tanqueiro, 1999), as opposed to the traditional literary translation, where author and translator are not the same person. Tanqueiro explains this by the fact that, as a privileged translator, a self-translator has great authority and he will never misinterpret his own work (Tanqueiro, 2000:59); he or she has more freedom to recreate and modify their own texts, while still preserving the linguistic

universe of the source language. In the case study done for this thesis, we were able to notice examples of this author-turned-translator liberty – paying special attention to the equivalents that the self-translator gives, that are frequently understood as “the greatest possible correspondence between source text and target text.” (Nord, 1991:22) The outcomes of Helena Tanqueiro and her group show that on many occasions, a self-translation is not presented to the public as such, but as the true original, not mentioning the source language. In this case we deal with the existence of two parallel literary systems, both of which are to be shown as originals, and with it, we are dealing with the question of the status of self-translation (Fitch, 1988).

Some of the conclusions drawn by the AUTOTRAD group in their research are that a self-translator, as well as the translator other than the author, by translating, pays more attention to the linguistic universe of a work than when creating one. However, the author-turned-translator does it mostly instinctively, leaving the fictional universe intact, but clarifying and rectifying linguistic or semantic errors, using techniques such as expansion, reductions, substitution, omission, etc (Tanqueiro, 2000).

On the other hand, Tanqueiro states that these translations can sometimes be taken as originals, since the gap between the author as a creator and himself as a self-translator, who is thus making a new creation, is unclear. This aspect goes along with the hypothesis set in this research, trying to prove that *the translation of a self-translator is a privileged one*. This standpoint is noticeable throughout the entire work of Jasmina Tešanović, and it starts with the realisation that the first, English versions of her diaries were written in Serbia. This leads us to another type of translation, that Tanqueiro (2007) defines as “translation *in mente*”, which is again revealed by various references when analysing the original. It leads us to see that, by writing originally in English, and not in her mother tongue, about the issues of her country, Serbia, that the Western readership is not so familiar with, Jasmina is performing a role of a cultural mediator, directly weaving into the English version the cultural references that in her opinion require further explanations, due to the lack of knowledge of and among the cultures in question.

The AUTOTRAD group in their research look into topics such as self-translation and ideology, which are both present in this case study and which lead us to the topic of censorship, that is defined as a “limitation that one imposes on oneself, by translating from one culture into another” (Tanqueiro, López L.-Gay, 2008). In our analysis in particular,

there is a great interest for the aspect of self-censorship. Analyses of case studies regarding this issue shows that an author limits him/herself, filters his/her words by writing first in a foreign language, only later to translate it into mother tongue. This is exactly what we are presented with on many occasions when analysing Jasmina's diaries in Serbian juxtaposed with their English originals, which goes in line with our aim of *verifying the moments and themes in which (self)censorship occurred*.

As Helena Tanqueiro highlights that a self-translator is seen as a “privileged” one, one of the essential things for the investigation (and for the translation studies) is also the analysis of the decision-making process of an author-turned-translator. The aim of such research is to inspect, by analysing the target text, what the techniques and strategies used by the “privileged translators” are, and how they are applied in certain contexts. In respect to this, Tanqueiro makes a distinction between the self-translations done between distant languages, and others realised between close ones. Thus, we could argue that with translations done by the author him/herself, the stress is on surpassing the problems of translating cultural references. This again is prominent in the works of Jasmina Tešanović and our analysis of it, being the self-translation that occurs between distant languages, and that being a case that AUTOTRAD has not investigated much. We have observed what occurs in the mere process, what the choices done by the author while translating are and the moments where she considers the alterations necessary. It has been interesting to find out if and how she expands certain passages or narrows them down, and the reasons for doing so.

Two types of self-translation are defined by the theorists of translation studies, according to the timeline of their (re)creation; they talk about “simultaneous auto-translations” (that are executed while the first version is still in process) and “delayed auto-translations” (published after completion or even publication of the original manuscript) (M. Baker, 1998:20). The factor of time certainly enhances the interest in the decision-making process of a privileged translator. The two diaries as our object of study here cover both these terms, *The Diary of a Political Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade* being a simultaneous self-translation, while *Matrimony* was self-translated years later, hence being a delayed self-translation. Our detailed analysis of these diaries gave us enough references to note the passage of time that we now occurred between the given versions of some texts and the

modifications done by the author herself when taking on the role of a translator after a certain period of time.

2. Object of investigation

Our investigation involves, as mentioned before, a contrastive analysis of two books, two diaries of a Serbian writer - Jasmina Tešanović - *Matrimony* and *The Diary of a Political Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade*, originally written in English, translated into Serbian by the very author but also translated into Spanish by Anna Inés Borges and published in Barcelona (a detailed context is given in a subchapter to come). This case study, thus, deals with the recreation that Helena Tanqueiro calls a “privileged translation”, destined to the readership belonging to different and distant cultures, and naturally, languages. Moreover, it also deals with the decision-making process, as here we observe the author-translator’s solutions when “translating the cultures”. The fact that the self-translation is done between distant languages gives way to the analysis of examples of translating different cultural and social aspects of a given universe, and the techniques and strategies that the privileged translator uses in dealing with them. In that regard, we would like to emphasize the fact that Jasmina Tešanović is not only a bilingual, but also a bicultural (or even multicultural) person, in relation to which we can quote A.Hurtado-Albir (2001:29) when she states that “el traductor necesita una competencia de comprensión en la lengua de partida y una competencia de expresión en la lengua de llegada; el bilingüismo no es, por tanto, una condición *sine qua non* para ser traductor.” This seems to be close-knit with the self-translating work of Jasmina Tešanović, possessing more than one culture, language and method of expression.

Furthermore, this object of study is not just any book chosen among the many; it is a rarity, coming from the region where not many self-translations are being done, and certainly no investigation or theories about the process are being developed. We chose it for its unique position, since Jasmina Tešanović is one of the rare writers in the Balkans, and especially in Serbia, who takes up the role of translating her own work. Being raised abroad and educated in English-speaking schools, yet Serbian being her mother tongue, she is a true

bilingual and bicultural person. Moreover, her literary opus includes the combination of languages that has not been studied before, in terms of self-translation studies. The languages in question belong to the different branch of Indo-European language group: English coming from the Germanic roots, and Serbian from Slavic ones, being a part of the South-Slavic branch. Even though in many parts of the book, we can find adequate literal translations, instances where we note the variables due to differences in style, syntax, semantics, grammar, as well as extra-linguistic ones: history, culture, geography, society norms are numerous.

Although she claims she does not take up any particular theoretical standpoint concerning translation and self-translation, in her work we are looking for confirmation of almost all the aspects of the self-translation process that the AUTOTRAD investigations group highlights in their research, such as ideology, censorship, translation *in mente*, and so on.

2.1. Diary/essay: form and content

AUTOTRAD investigation group have based their research on different case-studies, works written exclusively in prose, both fictional and non-fictional, which led them to the significant conclusions in the field of self-translation. However, in this particular case-study, we are faced with a somewhat different non-fictional literary form – *a diary*; different in terms of the fact that has only recently started dealing with the analysis of this form, specifically with the doctoral thesis of Valentina Mercuri and her study of Carlo Coccioli's *Piccolo Karma* (Mercuri 2010). In that regard, this project has aimed at widening the group's corpus of self-translated works being analysed.

Analysing the work of Jasmina Tešanović, the first thing we see is the form of her expression. Her writing is autobiographical and her outlet of words is an essay, a collection of essays or a diary. Although essay and diary are not the same thing, in Jasmina's opus they are overlapping, so that we felt obliged to look into both forms in terms of theory and see how they fit in with her work.

Autobiography, whose name is based on three lexemes of Greek origin *αυτοζ* - self (reflexive), *βιοζ* - life and *γραφη* – writing, dates back to IV century, when *The Confessions of Saint Augustine* was first published, although it has not been classified as a specific literary genre until as far as XVIII century. Many scholars have focused their research on the study and definition of autobiography, seeking to give it a more specific meaning. For Philippe Lejeune (1989:4), autobiography is “retrospective prose narrative written by a real person concerning his own existence, where the focus is his individual life, in particular the story of his personality”. In order for any work to be regarded as autobiography, according to Lejeune, it needs to fulfil the following four categories:

1. *Form of language:*

a) *narrative*

b) *in prose*

2. *Subject treated:*

Individual life, story of a personality

3. *Situation of the author:*

The author (whose name refers to a real person) and the narrator are identical

4. *Position of the narrator:*

a) *the narrator and the principal character are identical*

b) *retrospective point of view of the narrative*

The French author Serge Doubrovsky has come up with a term “autofiction”, justifying that:

Autobiographie? Non, c'est un privilège réservé aux importants de ce monde, au soir de leur vie, et dans un beau style. Fiction, d'événements et de faits strictement réels; si l'on veut, autofiction, d'avoir confié le langage d'une aventure à l'aventure du langage, hors sagesse et hors syntaxe du roman, traditionnel ou nouveau. (Doubrovsky 2004:72)

Linda Anderson sees autobiography as “a form of witnessing which matters to others” (2001:126), and “a public exposure of the private self,” (2001:7) the definitions which go in line with the analyses of the diaries of Jasmina Tešanović.

Diary, namely, as a subgenre of autobiography, has been defined by the *Diccionario de términos literarios* (1999:286) as “escrito autobiográfico en el que se mezcla el discurso narrativo y el descriptivo, y en el que el autor deja constancia de los acontecimientos, relativos a su persona y a su entorno, ocurridos en cada jornada, a lo largo de un determinado periodo de su vida.”

However, Lejeune does not consider a diary to be fulfilling all of the conditions to make it autobiographical, seeing it as *non-narrative* (Lejeune, 2009:170). In fact, he considers the true diary to be:

- *Discontinuous*
- *Full of gaps*
- *Allusive (personal writing acts as a mnemonic sign for the person writing, “that way I’ll remember”—but remember something other than what is written about). Every written page holds in suspense, but only for the person who wrote it, an entire “reference” that the person can access solely through that writing but that is nonexistent for any other reader. “I understand myself”—like photos, etc. The exact opposite of literary communication.*
- *Redundant and repetitive (the perfect exemplar of singular narrative, taken to an insane extreme, incapable of summary, of subsuming related material under one heading, etc., stuck in the madness of repetition that is life itself)—(the fascinating thing about the personal diary is that it repeats in writing the very thing that writing should save us from: it is tragic by its very nature).*
- *Non-narrative: of course, each sequence tells something, etc., but it is not constructed like a story with a beginning, a middle and an end. There is no sequentiality [...] it is written without knowledge of the ending, and the tragic part is that it is always read with knowledge of the ending, which can often be, quite simply, death. (Lejeune, 2009:170).*

On the other hand, Silvia Kohan (2000) classifies diaries into 3 subcategories:

- *De confesiones íntimas y pensamientos (en los que prevalece lo que el narrador siente)*
- *Sentimental o amoroso (forma parte del diario confesional, aunque se refiere sobre todo a la vida amorosa del narrador)*
- *De registro (prevalece el gusto por registrar y de paso recordar) (Kohan 2000:37)*

Then again, the subgenre of a “private diary” is seen by Kohan (2000) as both chaotic and organized in character. And this is where we place our corpus. Even if in Jasmina’s diaries there is an overlap of public and private – she wants to spread the ugly truth around the world, in paper and e-format, while still believing some thoughts are just hers and she is whispering them into the book only, not thinking that she is making the flute that will reveal Emperor Trojan’s secret². Her confessions are political, they are philosophical, yet they are intimate. Just like described by Anderson (2001) and mentioned above.

Finally, we felt the need to pay some attention to the form of an *essay*, which throughout history has been defined as a form of expressing one’s thoughts, whereas some dictionaries define it as a short piece of writing on a particular subject. Its etymological roots can be found in the Latin word *exagium* implying the act of thinking, later to be established through French, that define it as an attempt to express one’s thoughts, to put them on paper (fr. *essayer* – try, attempt), today also adopted in English in its formal usage, with the same meaning of a *trial*. A Portuguese theorist, Helena Carvalhão Buescu (1997) points out that “o termo ‘ensaio’ tem suscitado não só diferéssimas interpretações e aplicações, mas também distintas teorizações, de modo que pode dizer-se que nos encontramos face a uma forma cujos contornos e especificidades continuam abertos a debate e a práticas entre si por vezes bastante diversas.” *Diccionario de términos literarios* (Calderón, 1996) gives the definition of essay as “un escrito en prosa, generalmente breve, de carácter didáctico e interpretativo, en el que el ensayista aborda, desde un punto de vista personal y subjetivo, temas diversos, con gran flexibilidad de métodos y clara voluntad de estilo.”

² “The Goat’s Ears of the Emperor Trojan” is a South-Slavic fairy tale that can be found in Andrew Lang’s *The Violet Fairy Book* (1901). It tells a story of a barber who, in order to save his life, whispers the secret about the emperor having goat’s ears into the hole in the ground. However, when someone makes a flute from a tree that grew from that hole, the only thing the flute plays on and on is “*The emperor Trojan has goat’s ears*”.

In that sense, Jasmina Tešanović chooses this literary form as well to communicate her ideological standpoint to the public. Apart from its *reflective* (and certainly *narrative*) character, essay is also considered a *spontaneous* form of expressing (Gómez-Martínez, 1981:66), which speaks for the easy switch and modifications of paragraphs in Jasmina's self-translated work. She uses this short form to express certain events as they influence her life and opinion. They are marked with the omnipresent ideology of the writer, and are easily collected into a single work. Later, in the self-translating process, she has no difficulty to turn to certain strategies that may and do alter the original text, since the form of essay contributes to preserve the overall universe of the text as a whole, whatever changes are made. According to this, we can say that essay also has a *subjective* character; the author expresses the opinions, the thoughts, the feelings and the brainstorming, which later, on translating and most probably with a certain passage of time, can be replaced, or better to say, adjusted to the feelings and opinions of the present day.

We would like to point out that Jasmina's choice to write about the topics that we mentioned by using the form of essay, reflects all the characteristics of this form given by Gómez-Martínez in the abovementioned dictionary, where the essay is assigned:

1. *brevedad*
2. *carácter sugeridor e interpretativo (al lector)*
3. *cárcater confesional (subjetivo)*
4. *intención dialogal (comunicar con los lectores)*
5. *carencia de una estructura prefijada (sin orden lógico y sistemático)*
6. *variedad temática (surge de la realidad cotidiana)*
7. *voluntad de estilo (donde aparecen otras formas de expresión: carta, diálogo, confesión, diario, etc.) (1996:326-328)*

Even if Jasmina uses the form of an essay to reflect on things in her life and share it with the world, at the same time she turns to the form of a diary to talk about private matters on a day-to-day scale. She feels to need to confess her fears and her hopes and to put them black on white, and she achieves it through her diary entries. Both in essays and in diaries it is customary to use the pronoun "I" to tell the story, especially when it is

autobiographical. This expression in the first person singular emphasizes the subjectivity, bringing the author closer to the readers, speaking to them in terms of friends and comprehensive companions, stepping out of the written lines to make a direct contact with the audience.

2.2. Jasmina Tešanović: her life without her

Serbia on one side, and Egypt, Italy, the UK, the United States on the other – all of her countries, as yet neither of them “her“ enough to be emphasized as her nationality. It is somewhat because of the long-gone utopian meaning of the term *Yugoslav*, but mainly because of the toponyms that became her residence at some point of her life. She calls herself *stateless*, with the lack of a mother tongue or the feeling of homeland.

Jasmina was born in Belgrade on March 7th, 1954, in the country whose name at that time was formulated as Socialist Federative Republic of Yugoslavia (SFRY, her republic today being Serbia). Yet, she lived in the country of her birth just for a few years of her childhood, before she started school. After starting primary school she was already in Cairo, where she will spend the next four years in The International Port Said School, continuing her education in International School of Milan in Italy, where she will obtain her GCE Both of these institutions were English schools, all of which from the very beginning gave the fair ground for her multiculturalism. After twelve years of English-system education, she enrolled the *Università Statale di Milano*, where she studied Modern Arts (Lettere Moderne), which included literature, philosophy and art; having great interest in the cinema, and graduated in 1976 with a thesis on a film of Andrei Tarkovski.

Jasmina continued with her love for the cinema in Rome, where she was working together with the film director Umberto Silva, as a co-writer of the script for the film *Difficile morire* (1977) and as his assistant director on a film by Ital-Noleggio Cinematography. She had the same posts in 1975, on making a film by Miklós Jancsó *Vizi private, pubbliche virtù* (*Private Vices, Public Virtues*); and in 1983 in the film of a Serbian director Živojin Pavlović *Zadah tela* (*The Odour of the Body*). While living in Rome, she was working for four years as a foreign correspondent for various radio stations and newspapers.

In 1978, Jasmina, together with two other women, organized in Belgrade the first feminist conference in Eastern Europe at that time, named “*Drug-ča žena*”³. Here, in her hometown, she started making short artistic films and video art performances; also translating books from Italian and English and writing books of fiction.

Coming back to Serbia, she wrote for the newspapers such as *Nin*, *Naša borba*, *Vreme*, *Demokratija*; here we get the notion of her ideology, all of these papers being the regime-opponent, democratic and pro-European press. In 1994, in the times of the great crisis and inflation in Yugoslavia, provoked by the previous secession of SFRY into separate republics, she founded the first women’s publishing house named *Feministička 94* (*Feminist Publisher 94*). At that time, as Jasmina herself states, her books and translations were all the funds she had for the publisher. From 1993-1998, she was teaching Creative Writing at Woman’s Studies in Belgrade. Furthermore, in the period 1991-1997, she has attended various summer schools and writer programs, such as those in Norwich, Krakow, Budapest, Helsinki, Iowa, etc. Today she is considered one of the most prominent writers in Serbia.

Regarding her personal life, she was in a relationship with a well-known Serbian writer David Albahari before she married to a Serbian poet Raša Livada, with whom she has a daughter; with the birth of her daughter in 1984 and the fact that Raša didn’t like travelling, Jasmina completely moved to Serbia. Her second marriage was with Dušan Veličković, a prominent Serbian writer, journalist and translator, who like many other people from the media, felt on his own skin the severe regime of the 90’s. Since 2005, she has been married to the American science fiction writer Bruce Sterling. They have lived a couple of years in Los Angeles and Belgrade, before they moved to Turin in 2007. Bruce shares Jasmina’s passion for writing and wandering, so they travel around a lot for the conferences. When asked where she had met her present husband, she said: “*On the internet.*”

Jasmina not only translates her own work, but also the stories that her husband writes, “*because she feels that no one would do it as precisely as she does, since they have been*

³ “*Different Woman*” (note: In Serbian, it represents a word-pun: *drukčija* means different, whereas *drug* means friend, so the expression *drug-žena* implies also the expression *A woman as a friend*)

inventing together many words and scenes.”⁴ A while ago she wrote her “fake” autobiography in English, called *My Life without Me*, which has been since co-translated into Serbian and Italian. At first she thought she wouldn’t be taking the task of self-translating it, but apparently, her friends always convince her that she can do it best.

Her last project was a musical album called *Hacking War Songs*. Instead of answering the “stupid” question often posed to a Serbian writer as she is: was Gavrilo Princip a terrorist or a patriot, she decided to make a pacifist album in occasion of the 100th anniversary of the First World War. That question reflects the schizophrenic state of mind of the world politics today: they don’t want to speak about the third way, to be a pacifist. Those twelve songs are internationally famous war songs from different countries she rewrote from a woman’s point of view and performed with musicians from all over the world and in different genres. “*Music, film or words, it is all the same to me when I have something urgent to say*”, she told me in one of our online conversations.

2.3. Jasmina Tešanović: author, editor, translator

2.3.1. Writing

It is hard to believe in the above-cited words, when we think of this author, of this woman of many cultures, languages, skills... Apart from the work in the film industry, that has been her passion since school years, Jasmina found herself as a writer as well. The collection of her fiction and non-fiction works is enormous, so for this project we will only point out some of them, that go along with her ideology that we discuss here. *In Exile* (1994), *A Woman’s Book* (1996) and the novel *The Mermaids* (1997), for which she was given Borislav Pekić Award, were one of her pioneers regarding her personal “philosophy”, as she calls it. *The Suitcase: Refugee Voices from Bosnia and Croatia* (1997), *The Diary of a Political Idiot* (1999), *Me and My Multicultural Street* (2001), *Matrimony* (2004) and *The Scorpion Trials* (2008) are just one of the many of her non-fiction works, that deal with conflicts, regarding people, regimes, cultures, politics, language, history, and above all that try to explain, to fight or to annihilate the war, or

⁴ See: Appendix III

better to say the wars. The wars written by the author who survived them, destined to the audience that recognizes them and the other one that is to learn about them.

The 1990's were the "dark Middle Age" period for our country, under the reign of the former president Milošević, when any attempt for the freedom of speech was suppressed by the nationalist propaganda. All the media were controlled by the omnipotent regime, manipulating and "dosing" the information. During the latest Kosovo war in 1999, Jasmina was in Serbia (at that time still carrying the name of Federal Republic of Yugoslavia), trying to open the window to the world for this closed-and-chained country. That was when she made her war diary, *The Diary of a Political Idiot*, writing it in an online format. This diary was a predecessor of what in 2006 would become a *blog*, started by one of the legendary radios, B92. This radio, as one of the rare (if not only) non-controlled media, during the whole period was opposing to the dictatorship, emitting independent news. In the post-war Serbia, people were unfamiliar with the practice of blogging; however, Jasmina's blog has very soon become the most read, as well as the most dangerous public place. *The Diary* was translated into twelve languages. According to the author's words, this online diary helped her go through the war; she was getting out, onto the streets, to inform, protest and communicate, and on the other side, she was opening the Web window, expressing herself and getting friendly support. In addition she was changing the official literary language by writing from a woman's perspective.

When we talk about Jasmina Tešanović, as a feminist and a political activist, we must inevitably mention *Woman in Black*, an organization founded in 1988 in Israel. It started as the Israeli women's peaceful protest after the Israeli occupation of Gaza and the West Bank. Until the middle of the 90's, it spread to Canada, Australia, USA, Italy, Iraq, Spain, India, Belgium, Philippines, the former Yugoslav republics and many others. The exact number of the separate groups today cannot be stated exactly, yet most of the EU countries joined as vigils, as well as Mexico, Maldives, Azerbaijan, Turkey, Japan... These world-wide groups may have different approach and formula of their action; thus, some groups act silently, observing, other use costumes and a louder propaganda, then there are those who process actively, visiting the war zones. However, they all have the same name, translated in language of their country, and the same manifest; these women are peacemakers, they publicly oppose to war, injustice, militarism, chauvinism, sexism, and any other kind of violence. In some countries, not threatened by war, the accent is also on

the violence in everyday life, such as homophobia, misogyny and racism. Their feminist approach opposes to the male violence against women, but also supports men who refuse to use force and fight in wars. Their action is recognizable: when they stand in the streets, they wear black clothes, as in some cultures, black is the symbol of mourning – these women mourn for the victims of the wars in this world ruled by men, they mourn for the system that gives war a purpose. Their original pacifist principle is to fight in the first place against their own military: Don't be fooled by your own. Their banners are not aggressive either, carrying inscriptions such as “*We refuse to be enemies*”, “*End the Occupation*”, “*Time for Peace*” and so on.

Women in Black received many awards for propagating peace throughout the world. In 2001, this organization was awarded the *Millennium Peace Prize* by the UN agency for women. Furthermore, the group of Women in Black from the former Yugoslav region, i.e. Belgrade, together with the Israeli group, was nominated for the *Nobel Peace Prize* on various occasions.

The Serbian branch of the organization, called *Žene u crnom* (which is a literal translation), was incited by the turbulence during the disintegration of “great” Yugoslavia. With the help and support of Italian activists who had visited the region, in October 1991 the movement was established in Belgrade, gathering numerous Serbian feminists who have been opposing to the male violence and nationalism in this mainly traditional country ever since. In this context, Jasmina Tešanović, as well as the other members of the group, goes out in the streets for regular vigils In Republic Square, writes, publishes, participates and organizes the seminars, workshops and international meetings. In the book that this project is about, a part of this activity is displayed to us by some of her essays in the form of correspondence between the members. She clearly reveals to us her standpoint regarding the country/people she describes, that contain all the elements against which she fights, as a member and as a person. Her essays reflect a cry for the end of nationalism, dictatorship, sexism, militarism, and all the evil that made its way to the 21st century.

2.3.2. Publishing and Editing

Her publishing work stands in close relation to her translations. Living in a country with such a bad economy as Yugoslavia in its downfall years was, Jasmina decided to found a publishing house in order to bring, in the first place, non-nationalist books and her own books into public. The examples of those are her fiction works *In Exile* (1994), *A Woman's Book* (1996) and the awarded novel *The Mermaids* (1997), published by her *Feministička 94 (Feminist Publisher 94)*. In the recent years, she published the very subject of this project, the collection of essays *Me and My Multicultural Street*, having in firstly translated into Serbian and then published in 2001 as a bilingual edition; the non-fiction work *Matrimony* was published by *Feministička 94* in 2004, after being published by *Planeta*, in Spain in 2003. Karen Blixen's *Ehregard and Other Stories* in 1994, and Italo Calvino's *Le città invisibili* (1995) were the books translated by her and also published by her *Feministička 94* publishing house.

Regarding her editorial work, she edited the anthologies *The Modern Italian Short Story* (1990) and the *Short History of a Book. Critics' choice on a Lexicon Novel in 100.000 words "Dictionary of the Khazars" by Milorad Pavić* (1991). It represents a collection of critics' writing about one of the most significant and internationally-recognized books of Serbian literature. It may be worth mentioning that Milorad Pavić, a prominent writer and a translator, uses unconventional techniques to introduce nonlinearity in his writing – one of Jasmina's preferences when translating/editing a book.

2.3.3. Translating

Having spent many years living in Italy, she did a significant work in bringing Italian authors closer to the Serbian audience; thus, in 1984, she translated *Amado mio* by P. Pasolini, and in 1986 *L'isola d'Arturo* by Elsa Morante. Jasmina also translated into Serbian some works of Aldo Busi, such as *Vita standard di un provvisorio venditore di collant* (1988) and *L'amore é una budella gentile* (1989). The works of the Italian writer Italo Calvino have been considered very difficult to translate; however, translating his books *Le lezione americani* (1988) and *Il castello dei destini incrociati* (1998), Jasmina claims that she finds him very easy to translate, in fact easier than other authors with more linear and rational thoughts. Regarding the English opus, we would point out just

some of the books she translated from English into Serbian, such as Joseph Brodsky's *Less than One* (1988) and Hannah Arendt's *Men in Dark Times* (1989). In her translating work, she made the greatest contribution in bringing Italian authors closer to the Yugoslav readership – in 1988 she made the most significant anthology of Italian literature; the majority of those authors were translated into our language for the first time, only to become famous afterwards.

2.4. Jasmina Tešanović as a self-translator

*When I write in English, beside the freedom of speech, I feel a certain preciseness that I lose in Serbian...the language runs ahead of me...*⁵

As we have mentioned before, Jasmina was raised in many cultures and educated in many languages – primarily in British English. She often refers to herself as “a fake Brit”. It is reflected in her work by the fact that she writes in English, Italian and Serbian, also translating in all the directions among the three. Her books have been published and/or translated in Austria, Hungary, Italy, USA, Spain, Albania, Portugal, Uruguay and naturally, Serbia.

The *Feminist Publisher 94* founding was the very trigger for Jasmina's practice of translating the works she herself wrote. Thus, it was related to the financial side of life, but also to the social one – she was asked by her friends, students and readers all over the world to do so. As she states: “*Everything I write, I do it for personal, emotional reasons. I don't have any theorists or literary models; although I grew up with books and films, I never classified myself to their tradition. My writing (translating) goes very deeply, evoked by profound personal and emotional impulses*”⁶. Hence, according to the motives, the act of self-translation came spontaneously, since Jasmina is not a kind of person who sticks to a certain theory or a direction in her literary work. She is free – free of genre, free of country, free of language.

⁵ See: Appendix III

⁶ Id.

On the other side, however, her books sometimes show quite the opposite – in her essays *Me and My Multicultural Street*, as well as in *The Diary of a Political Idiot* and *Matrimony*, we get a clear picture of her fixation – a fixed grief for the suffering of the country “*she does not feel as hers*”, the form of essay as the best way to express what shouldn’t be said and what comes out randomly, a constant despise towards the stereotypes and retrogressive standpoints of the society. In this respect, Jasmina’s principles remind of those of Hannah Arendt, the 20th century writer, (self)translator and political theorist, who based her work on the concepts of freedom. In spite of Jasmina Tešanović’s claim that she represents the very opposite of Hannah Arendt, one being a feminist and the other a theorist, respectively, they both deal with the issues of power, politics, regimes and equality. Hannah Arendt, being a Jewish writer in Germany who fled to the USA, wrote her works in German, later to translate them into English, and in some cases, after a certain period of time, again to German. Jasmina Tešanović followed her steps, by writing in Serbia, in Italy and in USA - all of the three her homes, and yet none enough – and translating herself from/into Serbian, Italian and English. Hannah was a theorist; Jasmina uses theory to make a mockery in her feminist fights. Jasmina translates and interprets Hannah’s work (*Men in Dark Times*), and claims to pervert and misuse her language and theories. Even if not a model, but certainly we can conclude that Hannah’s opus had a significant influence on Jasmina’s writing, and in that, self-translating practice. Jasmina often quotes Arendt when speaking to her editors and translators in various languages: “*You can alter everything you need to, but please don’t change the meaning of what I am saying.*”

At the very beginning of the book we have taken for this case-study, we may notice the reference to the place where it was written: Belgrade, Serbia; yet the original text is in English. There are many reasons we can state for Jasmina’s choice to write her books primarily in a foreign language; writing in hard times in terms of the political situation, her truth-fighting thoughts have to be destined outside the country – she opts for expressing herself in English both in Serbia and abroad; she was educated in English schools, never actually residing for long in Serbia in her childhood – English in that sense serves as the alternative or adopted mother tongue; English is spoken world-wide – she makes it available for the people to know the truth she is trying to expose, or simply, to be within reach for everyone, etc. Yet, above the pleiad of motives for turning herself into a self-

translator, the one that prevails is the character of *her mother* – in life and in fiction. What contributes to confirm this is the fact that she writes in English, as a way of limiting herself, a method to censor her own words, before her mother does it. In Jasmina's essays *Me and My Multicultural Street*, we find out that her mother was a pre-war communist, a tough woman with strict ideals, even though they proved to be wrong decades ago. Her mother was her censorship. In her book *Matrimony*, a sort of a diary that talks about the family, mostly mother-daughter relationship, it becomes even more evident; the author confesses that she wrote it first in English because "*I felt sick when trying to write some words in our common language [Serbian]...That language brings me bad memories and I fear to write. It is that language in which people that I love judge me...It is the language of the censorship and self-censorship. It is a patriarchal and patrimonial language. Only in English I can tell your secret.*" (Tešanović, 2003:167) We have to point out that both of these books were published long after her mother had died. The author goes further into revealing that her mother was suppressing her freedom, that she was the interiorised censor to her ideas although she was a big support to her otherwise. Both her mother and her writing existed in Jasmina's life; now that the mother has gone, she will free to write, free to talk.

The coincidence did it that her mother's life disappeared together with the reign of "omnipotent" Milošević and the communism in Serbia, the ideology that she lived and died for. "*I even lost my mother as a late victim of the war: she had a stroke and died because of lack of antibiotics speaking of Kosovo and not of me, her only daughter, nor of my daughter, her only granddaughter.*" (Tešanović, 2001:67) So, she condemns the political system that finally fell apart and, at the same time, she condemns her mother for believing in it so firmly, to let it influence their lives and set them apart. Milošević's communism is the nationalism that Jasmina opposes in her work; communism is Milošević and his state, distorted communism is her mother.

Until now, she has translated many of her books herself - *The Diary of a Political Idiot/O normalnosti: moralna opera jednog politickog idiota, Me and My Multicultural Street/ Ja i moja multikulturalna ulica, Matrimony/ Matrimonium, The Scorpion Trials/ Sudenje skorpionima, Nefertiti Was Here/ Nefertiti je bila ovde*. Nevertheless, in the interview done with Jasmina, she points out she will not do it anymore, not only because of "*the lack of nerves and the tremendous effort invested – since I feel like writing the same thing twice –*

*but also because by this “re-writing”, I am correcting it, updating, choosing words...In the end, I make it even worse, or at least shorter than the original. I censor it like my mother would.”*⁷ She mentions the situation of some other Serbian-speaking author who gave up from translating the work principally done in English. She does not think of herself as a bad translator, but surely she is a great censor; in her opinion, *“the story was good and useful while it lasted; now I don’t have time to repeat myself.”*⁸

At the moment, she is writing the book titled *La Clandestina* and set in Turin, the exoteric city of black and white magic. It is a book about mysterious murder of women which Jasmina resurrects. She is writing it parallelly in English and Italian and Serbian, for the first time in her career. The plan is to eventually blend the book in all three languages, but it is a long run.

Jasmina Tešanović is a translator and a self-translator; above all, she is a writer. She is writing, to be heard; she is translating, to widen the eco of her voice. Her motivation for self-translating is, above all, personal, taking into consideration both public and private life. The purpose of her self-translation goes from individual to universal. As we have mentioned before, Jasmina turns to the form of diary/essay to make herself heard, to get closer to the audience.

Jasmina’s words once more confirm the point of view of other self-translators, as well as of the group AUTOTRAD, in their description of case-studies done between close languages; that is, the case study of the self-translation done between distant languages also proves that distinctive factor usually called freedom of a self-translator, which corresponds to the processes that he/ she uses, i.e. they have the intention and the reason for doing so. This should be applicable to the self-translator as much as to the translator different from author.

2.5. Jasmina’s diaries: the context

⁷ see: Appendix III

⁸ see: Appendix III

*“[A diary] is written without knowledge of the ending,
and the tragic part is that it is always read with knowledge of the ending,
which can often be, quite simply, death.”*

Philippe Lejeune

Lejeune’s quote above sums it all up before we even start. When Jasmina decided to write a diary, a war diary, also war essays and a blog, death was all around her. The year was 1998 and her country, Yugoslavia (with its official names and size varying every few years), was going through another crisis – political, economic, emotional. It was one of the hardest periods for Yugoslavia (now Serbia) on the even of the new century.

If we want to understand Jasmina’s writing, and self-translating in particular, we need to go back into the past, and visualize the beginning of the conflict in Kosovo in 1998, even before the war officially started; to see the 10-year-long (self)destructive regime both in that region in southern Serbian and the rest of the country; to try and listen to the national TV channel news that hide more than they show, to sit for 78 days in basements and improvised shelters in 1999 together with your family and your neighbours that you didn’t speak to, but now they have no basement adapted for emergency so you are sharing; to count the people queuing in front of the embassies every day, and then to shake hands with the lucky ones who go out with the visas in their passports, to climb a bulldozer and join the 5 October Overthrow. Maybe we should go even further in our time machine, to observe the forming of Tito’s great Utopia - the country called Socialist Federative Republic of Yugoslavia, then its disintegration in the early 90’s, the incessant flood of refugees and genocide victims on all sides of *Bratstvo i jedinstvo* (Brotherhood and Unity) as they named the slogan that kept our states together, and finally Milošević shaking hands with Richard Holbrooke in Dayton in 1995. When that film is over, we can start reading Jasmina’s diaries again. Once we know the political background story, we might realise they are not about politics. It is the bare necessities, the humankind at its worst and survival at its best. It is the literary ghost within her that needs to get out and tell the truth to the world. The truth that national TV broadcasters would never show, but the Internet can.

Jasmina, in her search of an escape from the ugly reality, discovers the freedom of speech on the web, as there is none in the paper or on TV in her country, or probably not even in

the whole region. So, she starts posting daily entries on the blog of B92 a television broadcaster known as a force behind many demonstrations against the regime in those days, as well as an outlet for Western news and for their support of human rights fighters. The story started as an initiative to attack the publishing (long before it went on a spree and the power of the Internet buried the publishing). She also shared her essays on different forums and mailing lists. She is in Belgrade, writing primarily in English for easier distribution worldwide. She cannot write in Serbian, because she will be suspicious, or processed, or at least not published locally. “I wrote [...] in Belgrade, and exactly because of that in English, it is the language that always gave me more freedom to talk about “Serbian” things.”⁹ Then, shortly after NATO started bombing Yugoslavia on March 24, 1999, Jasmina receives an email from a friend in Sweden asking how she is doing. With no time for long talks, Jasmina replies to her sending a few entries from her diary started a year before, when it was clear that something bad was coming. These words begin to circulate quickly, by e-mails, blogs, forums. Jasmina becomes the first war blogger in the world, long before that word even gets coined. Before she herself even knew it, considering that the initial entries posted without her knowledge were not signed. The diary of an anonymous woman from Belgrade had become everybody’s diary (Tešanović 2000).¹⁰ It was first partially published by the popular magazine *Granta* in the UK that also offered a large sum of money to buy rights for all the languages. It meant preventing her from posting entries online, though, so Jasmina refused. She saw the future of online visibility as a writer, feminist, artist – being multilingual and multicultural but without homeland, the Internet was all she had. She could not give up on that. It was only 1999 and she was the pioneer in what she was doing – now we know she got it right.

That is how *Normality: A Moral Opera of a Political Idiot* saw the light of day in summer 1999. The book follows her inner and outer world from March 1998 to July 1999, showing the intimate details that trouble her before, during and right after the NATO bombing of Yugoslavia and the outbreak of the conflict in Kosovo. Jasmina took up a role of a translator into Serbian, as well as a publisher, so the Serbian version named *O normalnosti: Moralna opera jednog političkog idiota* was published by her own house Feministička 94 in autumn 1999. The book was then renamed into *The Diary of a Political*

⁹ See: Appendix III

¹⁰ Note from the Publisher

Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade, (re)edited and published by Cleis Press in 2000 in San Francisco, USA. Meanwhile, Jasmina’s e-mail friend and translator Ana Inés Larre Borges from Uruguay started translating the diary while the work was still in progress and the Spanish version named *El diario de Jasmina (Testimonio íntimo de una mujer sobre la Guerra de Kosovo)* appeared in 2000 in Barcelona by Plaza & Janés Editores, S.A. Up to now, this diary has been translated in 13 languages and was named a PEN selection for Serbian writers. The film made out of the book has been screened at the 56th International Venice Film Festival.

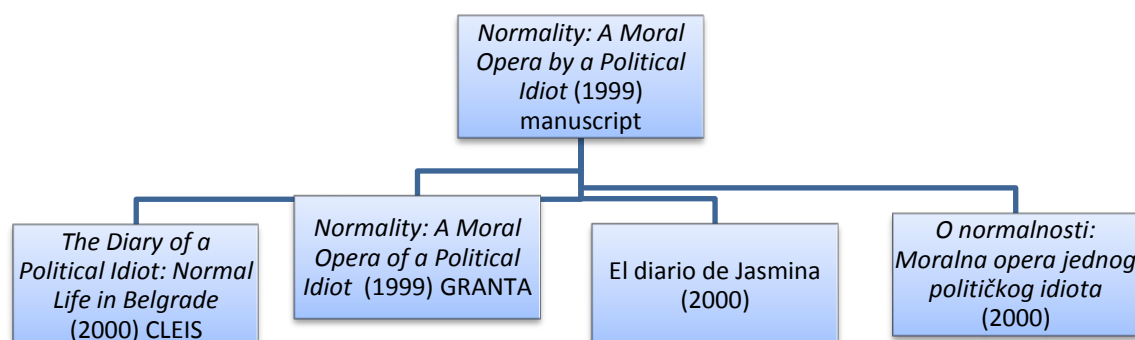


Table 1. Manuscript in English from 1999 was the base for all the translations. The Spanish translator used both Jasmina’s unpublished original and Granta’s edited publication whereas Jasmina was not paying attention to the edited versions when self-translating, just herself.

The other diary – or *diary/essay*, as the author herself calls it – was named *Matrimony* and originally written in English between November 1999 and November 2000, following the death of her mother and the grieving process. Beside (or together with) the political regime, her mother is another beholder of the movements of her pen, her greatest censor in life and in writing. Jasmina is disarmed in front of her; she cannot express her point of view in the language that her mother understands. She finds another way; she uses English to let out all she might have said if she had been writing in Serbian, then she polishes her words and leaves the text acceptable for her mother, even if dead. Her mother is omnipresent and her father is still alive. Some things have to remain untold, at least in Serbian.

Matrimony has not been published yet, but its separate entries have been published online, followed by a large number of readers. However, her Uruguayan friend Ana Inés Larre Borges translated this book as well, and it was published in Barcelona by Ediciones del Bronce in 2003. This time Jasmina did not translate her own book immediately – the wound was still bleeding. She found strength to do it only in 2004, 4 years after the original was written. It was named *Matrimonium* (same as in Spanish) and published by Feministička 94 again.

Both diaries are written in the first person singular, as expected; Jasmina approaches the reader by opening up her mind, exposing herself to the world. She considers herself a *political idiot* (one of the key words of her work in general) - on one side, as a person whose feelings, thoughts and values are anti-political, anti-war (i.e., female, in its emotional sense), and on the other, referring to the Greek origin of the term, as someone who is deprived of any information (which encompassed all women and most men). There are several entries in her diaries that are actually essays, views on her life and life in general, interior monologues fighting despair, helplessness, illness, lack of provisions,

watching those who “know all and fear nothing”, bring misery to her people, her life, her future.

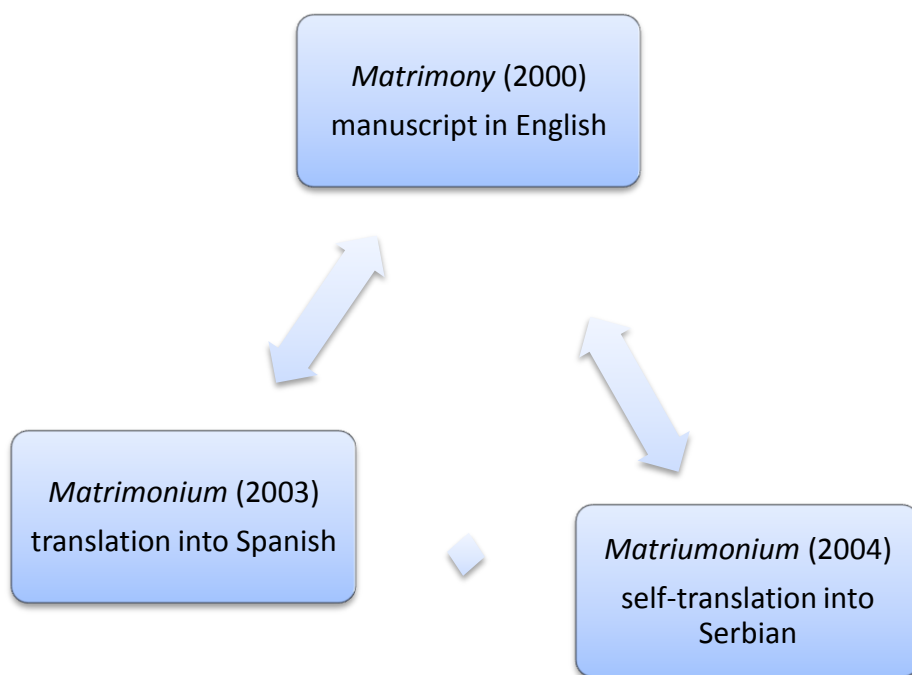


Table 2. The original written in English between 1999 and 2000 has not been published yet, but we have had the manuscript at our disposal. From it, the Spanish translation was done in 2003 and the self-translation into Serbian in 2004.

3. Contrastive analysis of *The Diary of a Political Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade*

As shown in Table 1 above, the translation process within the corpus in question was not linear. Just after Jasmina Tešanović finished her original in English, it was published as series of articles in *Granta* issue 67 in the UK in 1999, counting with substations number of readers. The USA published then used the already edited UK version, tailored it for the American market some more, and published in San Francisco in 2000. Then again, Ana Inés Larre Borges used both the unpublished original and the UK edition when translating the diary into Spanish. And finally, Jasmina self-translated it into Serbian, without paying attention to any of the changes in the other editions.

This was quite interesting for our study as the English version has undergone heavy editing, while the translations were based mostly on the unedited version, thus varying a lot in Spanish and in Serbian from the source text. During our research, we have drawn a parallel among three versions of the book:

- *The Diary of a Political Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade*, Cleis Press, San Francisco, 2000
- *El diario de Jasmina*, Plaza & Janés Editores, S.A., Barcelona 2000
- *O normalnosti: Moralna opera jednog političkog idiota*, Feministička 94, Belgrade 1999

We have used the American edition of the diary, and not the British one, *Normality: A Moral Opera of a Political Idiot* (*Granta*, London 1999), mainly because we had easier access to it and more importantly, because it was published as a whole, not as separate articles. Also, the books we choose as our object of investigation were given as a present by the author herself. As mentioned, the American edition was already a second recreation,

so to speak, but fortunately, thanks to the contact we kept with Jasmina Tešanović, we had access to the initial manuscript which helped us understand the big differences among certain parts of the text.

This contrastive analysis consists in comparing the source text *The Diary of a Political Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade* with the target text *O normalnosti: Moralna opera jednog političkog idiota*, on one side, and with *El diario de Jasmina* on another. We have identified and highlighted the modifications realised in the self-translated version as well as those changes done by the translator other than the author. Here we can observe the changes done due to “biased” starting point of the author-translator. She discusses the topic in English; she gives it a personal touch in Serbian – she serves to her audience the amount they expect to get. During our extensive research commenced already during the Master’s project and up till now, we have been able to notice in Jasmina’s work that her Serbian self-translations can be seen (and are seen by the author-translator) as the original, and vice versa and that she acts as a cultural mediator, using certain techniques to ascertain the comprehension of one culture written in a language of another, just like Helena Tanqueiro describes:

“Die Autoren, die (...) in ihren Werken eine ihren Lesern fremde Kultur widerzuspiegeln, repräsentieren also einen besonderen Fall, einen Fall sui generis von Selbstübersetzern: Sie stehen vor der Notwendigkeit, parallel zur Schaffung ihres fiktiven Universums, die Bezüge auf konkrete Aspekte der fremden Kultur mental zu ‘übersetzen’, um ihren Lesern das Verständnis zu erleichtern und ihnen die Kultur unverfälscht näher zu bringen...” (2007:588)

However, our main focus in this investigation is the question of censorship, not of cultural mediation. There are numerous examples to show that the author turns to self-translating in order to restrain herself and filter her words – both in political and private context – which are shown in this analysis. Furthermore, due to the place and time of the respective publications, we can also observe the limitations in the target text conditioned by the knowledge of the readership, their expectations, and naturally, updates of facts that changed due to the natural passage of time.

In this chapter we display the examples that are taken as the most representative of certain differences, also put in groups as such. For the reasons of space, the complete list of differences is given later in the Appendix, arranged in chronological orders of diary entries. The samples are given in English, Spanish and Serbian, and Serbian is followed by

its literal translation into English (done by the author of this thesis), for the better understanding of the changes. The examples are also given with an additional comment.

3.1. Changes related to the editorial policies

Within the scope of differences identified between the source text in English and the target text in Serbian, we were able to identify those induced as a result of publisher's policies, some due to the market-specific censorship applied and others caused by the omission of personal matters of the author deemed irrelevant by the publisher in question. Although the second group comprises numerous political thoughts and statements, their omission in the published English text is seen as the censorship applied with the end reader in mind.

3.1.1. Changes related to censorship

As this diary was published in the USA, the publisher edited it so that it does not contain any words considered taboo or politically-incorrect or anti-American on a local level, such as in:

Example 1

EN:

Ø

ES:

No sigo ninguna dieta, no tengo ninguna ambición relacionada con las dietas, la belleza o la salud. La única manera de mantenerse cuerdo es aceptar el cuerpo que nos corresponde según nuestra edad y nuestra naturaleza. No es sencillo con los estándares inhumanos que impone Estados Unidos.

SR:

Bez dijeta, bez ambicija vezanih za dijete, izgled, zdravlje. Jedini način da čovek ostane čitav je da ostane u svom ljudskom, prirodnom obliku, u tesnoj vezi sa samim sobom i svojim godinama. A to nije lako dok Amerika traži i nameće visoke standarde.

No diets, no ambitions related to diets, looks, health. The only way to stay sane is to stay in your human, natural shape, related to you and your age. And that is not easy with America demanding and imposing inhuman standards.

(March 22, 1998)

Example 2

EN:

I refuse the culture of mother, whom I consider a fanatic.

ES:

... yo reniego del fanatismo de mi madre...

SR:

... spalila sam biblioteku moje majke koju smatram **komunističkim** fanatikom

*I burnt down my mother's library, whom I consider a **communist** fanatic.*

(April 15, 1998)

Example 3

EN:

The referendum was yesterday. One of my friends said, now they'll come shoot us because we didn't vote. I told her she was just being paranoid.

ES:

Ayer se celebró el referendun. Una amiga me dijo que ahora vendrán a buscarnos y nos matarán por no haber ido a votar. **Ayer también fue el aniversario del holocausto judío. Puedo percibir una simetría entre estos hechos; no una verdadera simetría, pero al menos su parodia. Otros contenidos, otros tiempos, pero los mismos disparos inútiles.** Le dije a mi amiga: “No seas tonta, no va a pasar nada, estás paranoica.” “No estoy paranoica, soy mujer – me dijo -, cada vez que hago algo arriesgo mi vida, ¿por qué habría de arriesgarla cuando no hago nada? Los hombres se arriesgan cuando se vuelven invisibles; las mujeres cuando tratan de ser visibles.”

SR:

Juče je održan referendun: moj drug je rekao, sada će da nam dođu na kuću i poubijaju sve nas koji nismo glasali. **Juče je bila godišnjica jevrejskog holokausta. Vidim neku paralelu, smešnu, ne paralelnu paralelnost. Druga značenja druga vremena, ali ista ubijanja bez razloga.** Rekla sam mom drugu: ne budi glup, to se neće dogoditi. Paranoičan si. Ja nisam paranoična, ja sam žena. Mene inače proganjaju, ja inače sve vreme svoj život dovedim u opasnost, čim nešto uradim, zašto bih ga onda rizikovala kad nešto ne uradim. Muškarci rizikuju kad padnu u nevidljivost, žene kad pokušaju da budu vidljive.

(April 24, 1998)

The omission of the title before a diary entry in the example below reveals political censorship.

Example 4

EN:

Ø

ES:

Epílogo: Primer día bajo el totalitarismo

SR:

PRVI DANI TOTALITARIZMA ili POSTSKRIPTUM

(May 26, 1998)

The political censorship in several examples below was possible to detect only thanks to the original manuscript provided.

Example 5

EN:

This is a war between us and our parents, between political idiots (like me) and political criminals (like them)...

ES:

La guerra con nuestros padres todavía persiste, **es una guerra parricida y filicida**, entre sobrevivientes y patriarcas, entre idiotas políticos (como yo) y criminales políticos (como ellos).

SR:

Rat naših roditelja još uvek traje, **oceubistvo/čedomorstvo između nas i naših roditelja**, između preživljavača i velikih patrijarha, između političkih idiota (kakva sam ja) i političkih kriminalaca (kakvi su oni).

A war of our parents is still going on, a patricidal/infanticidal war between us and our parents, between survivors and big patriarchs, between political idiots (as I am) and political criminals (as they are).

(May 29, 1998)

Example 6

EN:

Today is a state holiday, something to do with the Second World War.

ES:

Hoy es una especie de día festivo oficial aquí; se conmemora algo relativo a la Segunda Guerra Mundial...

SR:

Danas je neki vrsta državnog praznika, **neko falskifikovanje istorije**, nešto vezano za Drugi svetski rat.

*Today is some kind of state holiday, **something to do with falsifying history**, with the Second World War.*

(July 7, 1998)

Example 7

EN:

Yesterday, in the queue to pay new taxes – for the war to come...

ES:

Ayer, en la cola para pagar los nuevos impuestos para sostener la guerra **en Kosovo...**

SR:

Juče, dok smo čekali na red da platimo nove poreze za rat – za rat **na Kosovu...**

(October 10, 1998)

Example 8

EN:

Ø

ES:

He aquí algunos ejemplos de los grafitos y eslóganes que pueden encontrarse hoy en Belgrado: “El puente ha caído, larga vida al puente; Adolph Goebbels Clinton; Clinton, Serbia no es tu Mónica; OTAN, chúpamela; Quiero ir a la escuela; Sólo tu

cerebro es invisible; Aquel que canta no tiene malos pensamientos; Clinton, aprende cómo se canta en el barro; Organización Terrorista Americana Nueva; Somos los mejores”...

SR:

Evo nekih grafita i bedževa: most je srušen, živeo most, Adolf Gebels Klinton, Srbija nije tvoja Monika, NATO trupe poljubite me u dupe, hoću u školu, Samo tvoj mozak je nevidljiv, Ko peva zlo ne misli: Klintone nauči da pevaš, NATO u blato, Nova Američka Teroristička Organizacija, Mi smo jednostavno najbolji...

(April 1, 1999)

Example 9

EN:

I'd like to say something about **the bombing** of the Chinese Embassy.

ES:

Quiero decir también algo sobre **el bombardeo** a la embajada de China

SR:

I hajde i ja nešto da kažem o **slučajnom bombardovanju** kineske ambasade...

*I'd like to say something about **the accidental bombing** of the Chinese Embassy.*

(May 9, 1999)

The originally used sarcastic comment has been omitted because it probably sounds politically disapproving and destined at the aggressor.

3.1.2. Changes related to (ir)relevance

The following set of examples has been chosen in relation to the changes made by the publisher – the extracts omitted were not politically sensitive, but they told stories and reflected on things that the author deemed relevant, but the editorial practice does not.

Example 1

EN:

My father was an engineer who became a businessman and my mother a pediatrician who gave up her career to follow him.

ES:

... mi madre, que era médica, dejó su profesión para seguir a mi padre a los distintos destinos adonde lo llevaba su carrera de ingeniero y hombre de negocios. **Al principio se sintió frustrada, pero luego se acostumbró. Me tenía a mí, pero cuando empecé mi educación en un internado inglés, enfermó de asma. También se acostumbró a eso: a su soledad y a su asma.**

SR:

... moja majka je pedijatar koja je prestala da radi da bi pratila karijeru mog oca koji je postao biznismen. **U početku je bila u depresiji ali se onda navikla, imala je mene, ali kad sam krenula u englesku celodnevnu školu dobila je astmu. Ali se i na nju navikla: na samoću i astmu.**

(March 17, 1998)

Example 2

EN:

They think I am wise and beautiful and sincere. And so I was - I was fine last night.

ES:

Me admiran, piensan que soy sabia, bonita y sincera. Antes lo era. Anoche lo pasé bien. **Siempre me mimetizo con quienquiera que esté; no puedo evitarlo.**

SR:

One misle da sam mudra, lepa i iskrena. I bila sam. **Kao neki medijum postajem onakva s kim sam, neka je dobro, neka je zlo, neka je to nešto što želim, ili ne.** Bilo mi je dobro sinoć.

(March 22, 1998)

As confirmed on multiple occasions by the author, the US editorial policies tend to exclude pensive thoughts about life, normality, state of mind, war or death from the original manuscript:

Example 3

EN:

They say the mind never dies; well I think the mind dies first, if you are harassed enough.

ES:

Siento como si mi universo se hubiese vaciado de líquido amniótico. Me estoy secando y sofocando, privada del amor, la seguridad, y los sentimientos. No soy valiente, no soy feliz, no tengo opiniones. Eso no es normal, es estar fuera de una vida que tampoco te necesita y de una historia que no te toma en cuenta. Mi futuro es un muro contra mi cara, mi pasado es un abismo. Así pues, estoy aprendiendo a bailar sin moverme, a bailar con la mente. Dicen que la mente nunca muere; yo creo que la mente muere antes si uno está devastado. Para preservar la mente hay que defender todo lo que contribuye a conformarla. ¿Y qué es eso? ¿Es la libertad, el amor, la belleza? ¿Es la democracia, la compasión, el arte? ¿O es otra cosa, un centro invisible, una energía que gira eternamente? No sé dónde está ese centro. No sé dónde estoy: el afuera invade el adentro.

SR:

Osećam kao da mi je plodova voda istekla iz kosmosa. Sušim se, gušim bez ljubavi, sigurnosti i jakih i konačnih zaslepljujućih osećanja. Nisam hrabra, nisam srećna, nemam mišljenja. To nije normalnost, to je biti izvan života i zbivanja koja te ne uzimaju u obzir. Ja ne uzimam njih u obzir, oni mene ne uzimaju u obzir. Moja budućnost je zid vrlo blizu mog lica, moja prošlost je ambis. Tako da učim da igram u mestu, da igram u glavi. Kažu da um nikad ne

umire, ja misim da um prvi umire, ako te maltretiraju. **Tako da ako hoćeš um da sačuvaš moraš da braniš sve od čega je um napravljen. Ali šta je to? Da li je to sloboda, ljubav, lepota? Da li je to demokratija, da li je to saosećajnost, ili umetnost? Ili je to nešto drugo, sve zajedno, neki nevidljivi centar, beskrajno rotirajuća kugla energije. Ne znam gde je ta lopta. Ne znam ni ja gde sam: ono spolja silom preuzima ono unutra.**

(March 25, 1998)

Example 4

EN:

Ø

ES:

Hoy, mi deber moral es sobrevivir y decir la verdad sobre mi muerte. Pensé en escribir un ensayo teórico, un libro filosófico, o un simple libro de ficción como los de Carver. Pero soy demasiado ansiosa, mi universo de palabras está hecho de urgencias cotidianas, tragedias, noticias, de falta de dinero, de comida y de amor entre las personas.

SR:

Dakle, moj moralni zadatak je da preživim i da ispričam istinu o svojoj smrti. Mislila sam isprva da pišem teorijsku knjigu, filozofsku knjigu ili jednostavnu prozu ala Karver. Ali sam suviše anksiozna, moj svet reči napravljen je od svakodnevnih briga, tragedija, vesti, nedostatka novca, hrane i ljubavi među ljudima.

(March 27, 1998)

Example 5

EN:

Ø

ES:

Cuando tuve a mi hija no podía comprar pañales ni comida para bebés, y ni siquiera había vendas y medicamentos en las salas de maternidad de los hospitales. Debíamos conseguirlos nosotros mismos del extranjero. Eso fue antes de la guerra. Luego llegó ésta, y con ella las sanciones, y hasta tuvimos operaciones sin anestesia. No necesitábamos una guerra exterior para comprender nuestra guerra invisible y cotidiana con los estándares de normalidad que una vez tuvimos. Lo que realmente me aterroriza es que algo cambia cada minuto, y de hecho nada palpable me sucede.

SR:

Kada sam rodila dete, nisam mogla da kupim pelene, nisam mogla da kupim hranu za bebu, čak ni u porodilištu nisu imali vatu ili lekove. Morali smo sami da nabavljamo iz inostranstva. To je bilo pre rata. Rat je došao, sankcije, i onda su nas operisali bez anestezije, bez lekova. Nije nam ni bio potreban spoljni rat da bismo razumeli naš svakodnevni nevidljivi rat po standardima normalnosti koje smo nekad imali. Ono što me zaista plaši do ludila je da se svake sekunde sve pokreće a zapravo se meni ništa vidno ne događa.

(March 24, 1998)

Example 6

EN:

They talk of blood and of pride, but I am losing my mind because of a lack of love and understanding. All our instincts are focused on dying or surviving.

ES:

Hablan de sangre, de castas, de orgullo, de derechos, de visiones. Pero yo estoy desposeída, terriblemente desposeída. Estoy perdiendo el juicio por falta de amor y comprensión, por falta de diversión y risas. **No puedo estar pensando las veinticuatro horas del día en el miedo y en la posibilidad de una muerte inminente. Pensar en la muerte es ya la muerte. La muerte verdadera es tan sólo una sensación física que mi mente puede evitar.** Pero hoy vivimos inmersos en una cultura de la muerte basada en el instinto de morir o en el de sobrevivir. **No**

quiero oír a mis instintos todo el tiempo. Quiero tener el control y dominar mis instintos básicos para poder sentirme bien y libre. ¿Es eso lo normal? Lo perdí hace tanto tiempo y de forma tan gradual que me resulta difícil saber cuándo y cómo. Fue una pérdida invisible de una categoría invisible. No puedo recordar, sé que existió, aunque no se lo pueda probar a nadie aquí.

SR:

Govore o krvi, o soju, o ponosu, o pravima, o vizijama. Ali meni nešto nedostaje, meni nešto strašno nedostaje. Gubim razum zbog nedostatka ljubavi i razumevanja, zbog nedostatka zabave i smeha i lakoće. **Ne mogu da razmišljam 24 sata dnevno o strahu i smrti iza ugla. Razmišljanje o smrti je dovoljno smrti. Prava smrt je samo fizičko osećanje koje moj um može i da propusti.** Mi danas ovde živimo u kulturi smrti zasnovanoj na instinktima umiranja ili preživljavanja. **Ne želim da pratim svoje instinkte u svakom trenutku. Želim da kontrolišem i upravljam svojim osnovnim instinktima da bih se osećala slobodno i dobro. Da li je to normalnost? Davno sam je izgubila i tako postepeno, da jedva mogu i da se setim kada i kako. Bio je to nevidljiv gubitak jedne nevidljive kategorije. Nedostaje mi, znam da je postojala iako to više ne mogu nikome ovde da dokažem.**

(April 7, 1998)

Example 7

EN:

Ø

ES:

Tisma, una escritora serbia, dice que en Serbia los escupitajos son la marca de territorio de los machos. Si se tratase de razones fisiológicas, las mujeres también escupen, como los hombres; son las mujeres urbanas las que no escupen. Al inicio de la guerra con Croacia teníamos incursiones nocturnas, sanciones, falta de comida y medicamentos, además de los bombardeos de la OTAN. Era una guerra invisible, una guerra dentro de nuestras mentes aunque estuviésemos fuera del campo de batalla. Pero era una situación

soportable. Pensábamos: Todavía estamos todos aquí, y si nos vamos dejaremos nuestra ciudad y nuestro campo a merced de aquellos que han hecho esta guerra para obligarnos a partir. Pero entonces me dije: ¿Esto es mi vida? ¿Ésta será la vida de mis hijos? Y como si fuera algo importante pensé: ¿Llegará mi hija a escupir en la calle? Si alguna vez abandono mi país, será porque no puedo soportar los escupitajos, sea lo que fuere que signifiquen. Disparos sí, escupitajos no.

SR:

Tišma, srpski pisac, kaže da je pljuvanje mačo način obeležavanje teritorije. Da je pitanje fiziologije, i žene bi pljuvale. Ali ipak, žene sa sela pljuju, baš kao i muškarci, žene u gradu ne pljuju dok muškarci u gradu još uvek pljuju. Na početku rata sa Hrvatskom muškarci su u toku noći bivali mobilisani, nije bilo hrane ni lekova, i plašili smo se da će nas NATO bombardovati. To nije bio vidljiv rat: bio je to rat u našim glavama, a materijalno smo bili izvan poprišta. Ali to je još uvek bila situacija koja se dala izdržati, misleći kako smo još uvek svi tu, a ako odemo ostavićemo našu zemlju onima koji prave rat da bi nas oterali. Ali onda sam sebi rekla, zar je to moj život, zar će ova situacija koja se razvija postati život moje dece? I upitala sam se, kao da je to nešto veoma važno: da li će moja kćerka pljuvati po ulici? Ako ikad napustim svoju zemlju, biće to zato što ne podnosim pljuvanje, šta god ono značilo. Pucanje da ali ne i pljuvanje.

(April 14, 1998)

The example above is talking about the times of war and NATO bombing, and behaviour of people in the streets... The published thought this would not be interesting for their readers.

Example 8

EN:

Ø

ES:

Qué hermosa fecha, no sé por qué, quizá porque en dos días será el aniversario del nacimiento de Karen Blixen. En una época yo celebraba los cumpleaños de mis muertos favoritos, aquellos que hacían posible mi vida en un espacio y un tiempo diferentes. Ahora estamos atascados en el presente como en una gota de aceite; cada segundo dura siglos, repleto de dolor y de sentido. El cambio es la regla en esta tierra que llaman los Balcanes. También es mi vida. Cada pocos meses cambia el valor del dinero y de las cosas, las necesidades varían con la escasez, y con ellas todo el sistema de valores. La filosofía de la necesidad se impone sobre cualquier otra filosofía.

SR:

Kakav divan datum, ne znam zašto, možda zato što će za dva dana biti rođendan Karen Bliksen. Nekad sam slavila rođendane mojih omiljenih mrtvih, onih koji čine moj život mogućim na nekom drugom mestu, u nekom drugom vremenu. Sada smo ukopani u sadašnjosti kao u nekoj mrlji ulja, svaki sekund traje vekovima, bolno i značajno. Promene su tako brze u mom životu na ovom području pod imenom Balkan, da je zapravo promena jedino pravilo. Umetnost življenja je brzina i spremnost, probijanja novih pravila, kršenja zakona... preživljavača. Svakih nekoliko meseci vrednost novca i dobara se menja, potrebe se menjaju s obzirom na nestašice, propisujući nov sistem vrednosti. Nijedna filozofija ne može duže da opstane od filozofije potreba.

(April 15, 1998)

Example 9

EN:

But normally, if you take one of their parking places, they'll take away your car and you'll never see it again. The police work with them, it's obvious.

ES:

Normalmente, si aparcas tu automóvil en el lugar habitual, se lo llevan y no vuelves a verlo. **Me lo dijeron una vez. Su lugar es de ellos, y si no te gusta, mala suerte. ¿Y la ley? De eso no se habla. Aunque nadie lo diga, todos saben que la policía**

trabaja para ellos. No puedo decir que me guste mi calle; en verdad, nunca me gustó. Aunque es una calle verdaderamente bonita con hermosos edificios que ya nadie mira, tiene demasiada realidad. En mi calle la realidad mata igual que las balas.

SR:

Obično ako im zauzmeš njihovo parking mesto, odneće ti auto i više ga nikad nećeš videti. **Tako su mi rekli. A njihovo mesto za parking je njihovo jer su oni tako odredili. Zakon? To se i ne pominje. Policija je u dosluhu sa njima, oni to neće da kažu ali mi svi znamo. Ne mogu da kažem da mi se dopada moja ulica, zapravo nikad i nije, iako je to jedna lepa ulica sa lepim zdanjima koja narod više ne primećuje. Stvarnost ubija kao metak u mojoj ulici.**

(April 21, 1998)

Example 10

EN:

The cheapest photocopying shop in town is on my street. To reach it, you have to climb a narrow staircase...

ES:

Solo una escena en la tienda de fotocopias más barata de la ciudad, en mi calle. Son rápidos y eficientes, pero están instalados en un viejo local ubicado en el patio de un gran edificio clásico. Para llegar allí, hay que subir por una escalera angosta...

SR:

Samo jedna scena: najjeftinija fotokopirnica u gradu je u mojoj ulici. Vrlo su moderni, brzi i profesionalni. Ali smešteni su u prizemnoj staroj kući u dvorištu klasične kuće. Da bi se do njih stiglo, moraš da se popneš uskim stepenicama...

(June 4, 1998)

In the example above, the editing process included removal of descriptive phrases in this extract, seen as irrelevant.

Example 11

EN:

It is the fourth murder on my street in three years, not counting the two bombs in a restaurant.

ES:

En tres años, éste ha sido el cuarto asesinato en mi calle, sin contar dos bombas que estallaron en un restaurante. **Es una calle corta, pero debe de tener la mayor proporción de muertes en el mundo.**

SR:

To je već četvrto ubistvo za poslednje tri godine u mojoj ulici, plus dve bombe u kafani; **moja ulica nije dugačka, kao takva ima verovatno najveći stepen smrtnosti na svetu.**

(June 10, 1998)

The publisher decides to remove the author's comment above, although it would have been relevant for the readers.

However, in the example below, the US publisher sees it as relevant to specify that it is about the alleged criminal, as per the local law and media standards; the translator and self-translator on the other hand, don't feel the need to be careful about it:

Example 12

EN:

The Serbian **alleged** war criminal who destroyed a city in the war with Croatia, killing many people, committed suicide in the Hague.

ES:

Se ha suicidado en La Haya el criminal de guerra serbio que asesinó y destruyó una ciudad durante la guerra de Croacia.

SR:

Srpski zločinac koji je uništio čitav jedan grad u ratu sa Hrvatskom izvršio je samoubistvo u Hagu.

(July 5, 1998)

There are several examples throughout the edition in English, where, as below, the self-denomination of Jasmina as a political idiot has been omitted, which seems odd given the fact that it corresponds to the very title of the book:

Example 13

EN:

And I got angry. Let's find the murderer.

ES:

Me invadió la furia: busquemos al asesino, **me dije. Las conciencias de la gente corriente se vuelven políticas cuando pierden su vida normal. Hasta a los idiotas políticos como yo les ocurre.**

SR:

I onda sam se naljutila. Da pronađemo ubicu. **Svest običnog sveta postaje politička kroz normalnost, gubitak normalnosti. Čak i političkih idiota kao što sam ja.**

(September 30, 1998)

Example 14

EN:

Last night we once again we sat on the terrace, drank wine...

ES:

Hemos vuelto a nuestras reuniones en la terraza. **Somos un grupo de idiotas políticos en la misma trinchera;** bebemos vino...

SR:

I opet, sedeći na terasi, **mi politički idioti iz istog rova,** pili smo vino...

(May 9, 1999)

Example 15

EN:

Young people are stronger and smarter than I am.

ES:

Los jóvenes son más fuertes y sabios que yo; **no son idiotas políticos.**

SR:

Mladi ljudi su jači i pametniji od mene **i nisu nimalo politički idioti.**

(June 6, 1999)

Example 16

EN:

People were unsurprised and depressed.

ES:

La gente parecía indiferente y deprimida. **Saben demasiado del mundo y de sus líderes para esperar soluciones fáciles.**

SR:

Svet je deprimiran ili ravnodušan kad čuje takve vesti o miru. **Možda i nisu na kraju krajeva politički idioti već političke žrtve. Znaju da štagod oni osećali neće ništa promeniti. Zašto uopšte nešto osećati.**

*(People are indifferent and depressed when hearing such news of peace. **Maybe, after all, they are not political idiots, but political victims. They know very well that it will be the same, whatever their emotions. Why to feel anything at all then.**)*

(May 7, 1999)

In the following example, we can assume that the published tried to avoid showing Jasmina's critical, feminist point of view:

Example 17

EN:

... which is what Seselj, the vice-president of the Serbian government, promised **us traitors.**

ES:

... como prometió Seselj, el vice-presidente del Gobierno serbio, que haría **con las Mujeres de Negro, con las mujeres y con los traidores.**

SR:

... kao što je potpredsednik vlade Šešelj obećao **Ženama u crnom, ženama kao izdajicama.**

(October 10, 1998)

Example 18

EN:

On 24 March, 1999, NATO begin air strikes on Yugoslavia

ES:

El 25 de marzo de 1999 la OTAN inició los bombardeos sobre Yugoslavia (*N. de la T.*)

SR:

Ø

Examples such as the one above were introduced before certain diary entries exclusively by the publisher, to place the readers in time and location. Interestingly enough, the Spanish translator opts for the footnote instead of headings. Jasmina doesn't see the need to even mention it to her Serbian readers, and she is right.

Example 19

EN:

... the world in which **a USA congressman** estimates twenty thousand civilian deaths as a low price for peace in Kosovo...

ES:

... un mundo en el que **la OTAN** estima que veinte mil civiles muertos es un precio aceptable si con eso se logra la paz en Kosovo...

SR:

Kada **NATO** procenjuje da je 20000 civilnih žrtava mala cena za mir na Kosovu...

(March 26, 1999)

Finally, in this example it is the Publisher who actually changes the information found in the manuscript. They found it relevant to clarify the fact, as they were probably familiar with the data in question.

3.1.3. Changed related to structure

We have been able to identify many entries that have been placed under a different date in the diaries in English and Serbian, respectively. Had it not been for the manuscript provided, we might have thought it was due to the freedom of the author; however, its analysis showed that it was the publisher who changed the structure of the published edition in English.

Example 1

EN:

Everything is falling apart, no pensions, no cash on the streets, and in the shops, no sugar or oil. Foreigners are deciding our fate, without much knowledge or goodwill, but with energy and anger. Wild Serbs make the world go wild, they say. I wonder if we will have public soup kitchens in a few months' time and coupons for buying clothing, as my parents did after the Second World War. Normality is a myth by now. (*7 July 1998*)

ES:

Todo se derrumba: no hay dinero, falta el azúcar y el aceite en las tiendas. Lo que sobran son pesadillas. Ahora las decisiones importantes las toman las misiones extranjeras, sin mucha sabiduría o buenas intenciones, pero con furia y energía. Los salvajes serbios hacen que el mundo se vuelva loco. Me pregunto si dentro de unos meses tendremos que recurrir a la sopa boba, como cuentan mis padres que ocurrió durante la Segunda Guerra Mundial. Todo está tan cerca y tan lejos como esta anormalidad. Una vida normal es hoy mi utopía, mi canción, mi plegaria, la plegaria de una atea. (*9 July 1998*)

SR:

Sve se raspada: nema penzija, nema gotovine na ulicama ni u radnjama, nema šećera, nema ulja. Ali gomila loših snova: unutarne vrenje u spoljnom haosu.

Stranci sa svojim misijama koji nešto odlučuju, bez mnogo znanja ili dobre volje, ali sa energijom i besom. Od divljih Srba podivljaće ceo svet. Pitam se da li ćemo uskoro imati javnu kuhinju i tačkice za nužne potrebe, kao što su mi pričali roditelji da je bilo posle Drugog svetskog rata? Tako je sve blizu a tako daleko, kao i sva ova ab-normalnost. Normalnost je sad već mit, moja lična pesma, molitva jedne ateistkinje. (*9 July 1998*)

Example 2

EN:

I have to fight for my computer. It's the only one at home and everybody in the family wants it. I've always hated computers but now I use it whenever I can. Writing during war is not like writing during peace, though for me it's always been a biological necessity, a way of easing the pain of living. (*30 March 1999*)

ES:

Peleo por mi ordenador cada día, a cada hora, todos en mi familia me lo piden – es el único que hay en casa – para jugar, para estudiar, para comunicarse. Siempre he detestado los ordenadores, pero ahora lo utilizo siempre que puedo, para escribir y enviar mis ideas al exterior. Me debato entre las ansias de escribir y lo poco animada que me siento para hacerlo. No es lo mismo escribir en tiempos de paz que en tiempos de guerra, aunque yo siempre lo he sentido como una necesidad biológica que me alivia del duro oficio de vivir. (*28 March*)

SR:

Borim se svakodnevno za svoj kompjuter, sat za satom, svi u mojoj porodici hoće moj kompjuter, jedini u kući, za igranje, za učenje, za komuniciranje. Uvek sam mrzela kompjutere ali ga sada koristim za pisanje i slanje u svet svojih poruka. Borim se između potrebe da pišem i potrebe da ne pišem, pisanje u ratu nije kao pisanje u miru, iako je za mene pisanje oduvek bilo biološka potreba da izbegnem bol. (*28 March 1999*)

Example 3

EN:

A complete blackout over most of Serbia. (*21 May 1999*)

ES:

Sin electricidad otra vez, un apagón afecta a casi toda Serbia. (*22 May 1999*)

SR:

Opet nemamo struje, gotovo u celoj Srbiji. (*22 May 1999*)

Example 4

EN:

I dropped by the women's center. A friend asks if I've heard what the policemen are doing in Kosovo. We continuously receive e-mails. They rape, they kill, the same as in 1992 in Bosnia. On television we only hear about the Serbian people's centuries of suffering. An American woman asks me if I want to go to Kosovo and see for myself. But I don't have to. I can imagine how it is. (*20 June 1999*)

ES:

En fuego en mi estómago no cede. He ido al Centro de Mujeres. (...) En el Centro, una amiga me pregunta si me he enterado de lo que nuestros policías están haciendo en Kosovo. Recibimos *e-mails* continuamente: violan, matan... igual que en Bosnia en 1992. En nuestra televisión sólo se habla de terrorismo y de los siglos de sufrimiento del pueblo serbio. En la televisión las bajas todavía tienen nombres. Una norteamericana me pregunta si quiero ir a Kosovo para verlo con mis propios ojos. No es necesario, lo sé todo. (*23 June 1999*)

SR:

Kugla u stomaku ne prestaje da me muči: svratila sam u Ženski centar. Drugarica mi kaže, jesi li čula šta radi naša vojska na Kosovu, stalno dobijamo e-mailove: siluju, ubijaju... isto kao '92. u Bosni. Mi ovde, sad već na svim televizijama samo

čujemo o teroristima i vekovnim stradanjima srpskog naroda. Tu žrtve još uvek uglavnom imaju imena! Amerikanka mi kaže: hoćeš na Kosovo, da sama vidiš? Ne moram, sve znam. (23 June 1999)

3.2. Changes related to readership

Being multilingual and multicultural, Jasmina shows great cultural sensibility in her work, and she makes the best of her position of a “privileged translator”. The author uses expansions, omissions and reformulations, as well as adapts specific cultural features to the target readers. Tmodifications in the source and/or target text are based on their knowledge and expectations, in English as well as in Serbian. We can observe that in numerous examples given below:

Example 1

EN:

The woman who helps me with my housework is a refugee from Knin, **Croatia**.

ES:

La mujer que me ayuda en las tareas domésticas es una refugiada de Knin, **en Croacia**.

SR:

Žena koja mi pomaže da spremam kuću je izbeglica iz Knina...

(June 18, 1998)

Example 2

EN:

Not even **the conceptual artist Marina Abramovic in her latest performances** could be that good.

ES:

Ni siquiera Marina Abramovic **en sus últimas performances** conseguía un impacto similar.

SR:

Ni Marina Abramović se nije toga setila.

Not even Marina Abramovic remembered that.

(June 23, 1998)

Example 3

EN:

I watch Jamie Shea at the **NATO** press conference.

ES:

Veo a Jamie Shea en la conferencia de prensa **de la OTAN**...

SR:

Gledam konferenciju za štampu Džejmija Šija.

(March 28, 1999)

Example 4

EN:

My father used to dream of bombing long after **the Second World War** ended.

ES:

Mi padre soñaba con bombardeos hasta mucho después de terminar **la guerra**...

SR:

Moj otac je uvek sanjao bombardovanje dugo pošto je prošao **rat**...

(March 30, 1999)

In all the examples above, the author knows that the Serbian well know the people, places and historical events in question, so she uses omission for in English she explains the things properly.

Example 5

EN:

... by the "criminal aggressors," as **TV Serbia** calls NATO.

ES:

... durante la agresión criminal, que es como **la televisión serbia** se refiere a las acciones de la OTAN.

SR:

... od strane kriminalnog agresora, kako **RTS** naziva NATO.

(April 8, 1999)

In the example above, the TV station is more explanatory in English and in Serbian rather specific, as it is a well-known abbreviation of the name of the main broadcaster in Serbia. The same goes for the following:

Example 6

EN:

Last night, the building which formerly housed **the Central Committee of the Communist Party** in Novi Belgrade was hit.

ES:

Anoche en Novi Belgrado bombardearon el edificio que antes albergaba al **Comité Central del Partido Comunista**, donde hoy está el nuevo poder, la nueva televisión, los nuevos partidos, los nuevos negocios.

SR:

Sinoć je bombardovan Novi Beograd, zgrada bivšeg **CK-a, bivše komunističke partije**, današnje nove vlasti, novih televizija, novih firmi...

(April 21, 1999)

The following three examples refer to specific areas in Belgrade, that everyone in Serbia knows, whereas the English readers probably don't, hence the expansion, to better explain the context:

Example 7

EN:

My friend from Rakovica, **a badly damaged part of Belgrade...**

ES:

Una amiga que vive en Rakovica, **una zona de Belgrado especialmente afectada por los bombardeos...**

SR:

Moja prijateljica iz Rakovice...

(April 24, 1999)

Example 8

EN:

I watched a program on TV about a woman who works as a registrar for marriages **in central Belgrade.**

ES:

La mujer que aparece en la televisión trabaja en el Registro Civil, **en el municipio más poblado del centro de Belgrado.**

SR:

Matičarka **u opštini Stari Grad** govorila je na televiziji.

(I watched a woman on TV who works as a registrar for marriages in the municipality of Stari Grad.)

(May 15, 1999)

Example 9

EN:

Today we went to film in a very dangerous zone near **a part of Belgrade which is hit on a regular basis.**

ES:

Hoy fuimos a filmar a un lugar peligroso, cercano a **una zona de Belgrado que es atacada periódicamente.**

SR:

Danas dok smo snimali, ušli smo u opasnu zonu kod **Batajnice.**

(May 26, 1999)

In the example below, the self-translator refers to her cousin as “sister” which is customary in Serbia for close relatives:

Example 10

EN:

I see my dying **cousin** every day.

ES:

Todos los días voy a ver a mi **prima bella** y morbunda.

SR:

Vidam svoju umiruću **prelepu sestru** svaki dan.

(September 30, 1998)

3.3. Changes related to the passage of time

Considering the fact that we are dealing with simultaneous self-translation, both written around the time of NATO bombing and a bit after (English original also a bit before), we have detected only few examples of the modifications made due to the passage of time. The first example here is seen as a Post Scriptum note at the time of writing, but later on, while editing the text, the publisher modified it to still give information but not to look as a quick side note.

Example 1

EN:

I just heard that the people in the TV building were warned by NATO about the air strikes but apparently decided to follow orders and stay. My guess is not all of them had a free choice.

ES:

P.S. Acabo de oír que la OTAN había advertido a los de la Televisión de Belgrado que serían bombardeados, pero decidieron atenerse a las órdenes que tenían y permanecer en sus puestos. Supongo que no todos. **No creo que_órdenes, no creo en heroísmos, siento que esconder algo desagradable y que inevitablemente sucede, sobre todo a quienes creen en el heroísmo y en las órdenes.**

SR:

P.S. Upravo sam čula da su ljudi u zgradi televizije bili upozoreni od strane NATO-a da će biti bombardovani ali da su imali naredenje da ostanu. Ne verujem svi. **Ne verujem u naredenja, ne verujem u heroizam. Uvek u svemu vidim nešto**

drugo, nešto ružno koje se iza toga obavezno dešava, i to uglavnom onima koji veruju u heroizam i naređenja.

(April 24, 1999)

The next expansion is the typical case of time lapse, as the author clarifies the time reference; her perspective is not changed looking back to the past:

Example 2

EN:

It's already lasted sixteen hours, but I **think** it **will** last for good.

ES:

Ya llevamos dieciséis horas así, pero creo que durará para siempre.

SR:

Trajalo je 16 sati, **u vreme kad sam pisala**, ali **mislila** sam da se **desilo** zauvek.

*It's already lasted 16 hours, **at the time I was writing this**, but I **thought** it would last for good.*

(May 3, 1999)

Another correction by the self-translator is shown below, as the facts about the number of her translated books have changed over time. Instead of 6, the Serbian text says “several” languages (12 at present actually):

Example 3

EN:

...published in papers, **magazines: it has been translated in at least 6 languages (that I know of)** and I have had numerous letters of support...

ES:

... publicado en periódicos y revistas. **Hasta donde yo sé, fue traducido a seis idiomas** y me ha traído muchas cartas de solidaridad, aliento y ayuda.

SR:

...**na više jezika**, objavljivani po novinama: dobijala sam pisma podrške i ponuda...

(July 1, 1999)

3.4. Other changes made for various reasons

According to Jasmina, she sometimes lets herself change the text, in order to depict to the foreigners literally things they don't know about her life or her people. So here she adapts the text to the audience:

Example 1

EN:

I grew up abroad, **first in Egypt and then in Italy.**

ES:

Vivimos en **Egipto y en Italia...**

SR:

Odrasla sam u inostranstvu...

I grew up abroad...

(March 17, 1998)

In the example below, the Serbian text is the same as the Spanish one, for instance and very similar to the English one, but for the extra “they” at the beginning, which sounds judgmental:

Example 2

EN:

Today the nationalists passed a new law against the autonomy of the university.

ES:

Los nacionalistas que nos gobiernan aprobaron hoy la nueva ley para la universidad. **Es una ley que abiertamente atenta contra la autonomía universitaria.**

SR:

Oni, nacionalisti na vlasti, sproveli su nov zakon o univerzitetu. **Nov zakon je otvoreno protiv autonomije.**

(May 26, 1998)

The following example also seems to express the author's criticism of the society, which the publisher chose to omit:

Example 3

EN:

They're not upset. Their minds are on tomorrow's football match between Yugoslavia and Germany.

ES:

Pero la gran mayoría no tiene opinión. No la tuvieron antes, ni la tendrán mañana, ¿por qué habría de ser diferente ahora? No están deprimidos, están pensando en el partido entre Yugoslavia y Alemania que se juega mañana.

SR:

I onda velika većina onih koji ne misle ništa. Nisu mislili ni ranije ništa, ni sutra neće misliti ništa, kako onda danas da misle nešto? I ne nerviraju se, i misle kako će sutra gledati utakmicu Jugoslavija-Nemačka, i kako će piti pivo uz utakmicu sa kumovima i kako neće ići na letovanje jer nemaju para, ali nema veze, mogu da se ožderavaju, to im je jedino preostalo...

*Then there is the greater majority who don't think anything at all. They didn't think anything earlier, they won't think anything tomorrow, so how will they think of something today? They don't get upset. They think about watching the match between Yugoslavia and Germany tomorrow **and drinking beer with relatives and go on holidays because they are broke, but never mind, they can drink themselves to death, that's the only thing they have left...***

(June 20, 1998)

Example 4

EN:

And that sense of coziness in the cold world...

ES:

Y esa sensación de ternura en medio del frío, antes de las pérdidas. Sentirse poderosa sólo por estar viva, sentirse única sólo por ser quienes somos, con todos nuestros defectos y dolores...

SR:

I to osećanje bezbednosti u hladnom svetu, pre primarnog gubitka, kao da nikakav gubitak ne može da dodirne tu toplinu i bezbednost, to osećanje da si bogat zato što si živ, i da si jedinstvena upravo zato što si takva kakva jesi, sa svim manama, sa svim bolovima... **I to nije bilo pitanje stomaka: to je bilo pitanje uma. Moj um bio je bezbedan zbog svih velikih stvari koje su ga čekale.**

*And that sense of coziness in the cold world, before the primary loss, as if no loss will ever touch that warmth and coziness, that sense of being rich because of being alive, and being unique because of being as one is, with all one's faults, and all one's pains... **And it wasn't a question of stomach: it was an issue of mind. My mind was cozy because of the big things awaiting it.***

(July 18, 1998)

The Serbian example above is similar to the Spanish one, except for the extra sentence that the author adds while doing the self-translation. This is one of those moments when she feels like saying something more due to the sentiment, the fact that her readers are Serbian and/or the freedom she has, bring the creator of the text.

Example 5

EN:

She smiled at me, and I didn't dare cry. I just wanted to faint. Who cares about bombs or earthquakes if you have even a chance to stay alive? She has none.

ES:

Me sonrió y no me atreví a llorar, sólo quería desmayarme. Deseé morir en su lugar. ¿A quién le importan las bombas o los terremotos cuando tienes oportunidad de seguir viviendo? Ella no tiene ninguna. Sólo las penas de amor se parecen a esto.

SR:

Nekada je bila wunderkind, prelepa devojka a i sada je najlepša pacijentkinja na odeljenju za SIDU. Ljudi su tamo bez lica, kreću se na čvrstim nogama, ili su veoma mršavi ali aktivni. (...) Smeši mi se. Ne plačem, ne usuđujem se da plačem **na njen osmeh i šapat**. Hoću samo da padnem u nesvest. Hoću da umrem umesto nje. Koga briga za bombe, za zemljotrese, ako postoji šansa da ostaneš živa. Ona je nêma. Samo ljubav i bol od ljubavi su slični ovom bolu.

She was a wunderkind, a lovely girl, and now she is the most beautiful patient in the AIDS department. People there are without faces, moving on stable legs, or very thin but active. (...) She smiles at me. I don't cry, I dare not cry **at her smile or whisper**. I just want to faint. I want to die instead of her. Who cares about bombs, about earthquakes, when you have a chance to stay alive. She has none. Only love and love pain comes close to this pain.

(September 30, 1998)

These emotions that Jasmina adds in her self-translation are taken as a confirmation of the writing and self-translation practices of the Spanish writer Jorge Semprún (López L.-Gay, 2008), who first writes in a foreign language to keep the distance and curb his feelings, but then he is not able to do it when self-translating; conclusions drawn not only from the analysis but also from the words of Jasmina Tešanović herself. In this sense, the English manuscript is her cage where she can safely keep her emotions from escaping, while in Serbian they would easily get out.

4. Contrastive analysis of *Matrimonium*

The analysis of the three versions of Jasmina's diary *Matrimonium* was somewhat easier, in the sense that there aren't several editions in the same language, and also due to the fact that the English original is yet to be published, for which reason we were not focusing on editorial censorship in the English-speaking market, but only in the Serbian one. Table 2 shows that the Spanish translation of *Matrimony* (written in 1999-2000) was done first, published in 2003 in Barcelona, only to be translated by the author herself in 2004 and published in Belgrade, Serbia.

On this occasion we could notice there was no heavy editing, as Spanish editorial does not require it, and the Spanish edition does not differ a lot from the source text, which is the manuscript in English. For this analysis, we have used these versions of the book:

- *Matrimony* [written in 1999-2000, yet to be published]
- *Matrimonium*, Ediciones del Bronce, Barcelona 2003
- *Matrimonium*, Feministička 94, Belgrade 2004

These books and manuscripts were once again provided by the author herself, which made our work much easier.

The contrastive analysis here consists in comparing the unpublished source text *Matrimony*, written in English, with the target text *Matrimonium*, in Serbian. The Spanish edition of *Matrimonium* is used for better understanding of the differences, given that Serbian is not widely spoken in the area where our work has been done. We were aware of the impossibility to highlight elements of editorial censorship in English, yet we have identified the changes that Jasmina made when doing the translation into Serbian herself, four years after she wrote the diary in English. Her self-translation is particularly interesting for us, being a personal diary, it reveals a lot of moments of self-censorship; it is something that is noticeable throughout the whole book, whereas the Spanish translator has no need and does not do that. Moreover, due to the passage of time, the author gives herself the right to modify entries as she sees fit. In Spanish, on the other hand, what we

can notice are the changes due to the knowledge of the readership and even some minor changes (or even errors) due to the misunderstanding of the context; these changes, however, are not the object of study of this thesis and remain for future analysis. Jasmina introduces changes into her work due to the knowledge of readership in question, be it English – where she needs to expand and/or explain certain terms, or Serbian, where she omits things, assuming that people with the same cultural background as hers know it. Finally, on translating her own book, Jasmina made certain changes that do not fall into any of the aforementioned categories – they seem to be related with the author wanting to correct herself, slightly altering certain sentences and entries, given the freedom she has as an author.

In this chapter, much like in the previous, we show extracts that are the most prominent examples of certain differences, classified by their type. The extensive list of differences is given in the Appendix as well, arranged in chronological orders of diary entries. The samples here are given in English, Spanish and Serbian, Serbian being translated into English for better transparency. The changes shown have additional comments to it.

4.1. Changes related to (self)censorship

Jasmina Tešanović, when writing her personal diary, tends to expose her private self to the public, as defined by Anderson (2001) when talking about autobiographical work. She feels the need to make things public – things about her mother, father, family circle, secret things and untold stories. But she cannot do this in Serbian, the language of her loved ones. She writes the diary entries in English first, where she can express everything that is bothering her, and this is where we can observe the moments of the self-imposed censorship in the Serbian text, whereas in English there is none. Her mother has just passed away, yet she is still with her as her main listener, like in the example below:

Example 1

EN

Please leave me alone, everybody, you too, I am tired of being abused by my own emotions that you implanted in me, love, desperate love, obedience to that love, blind obedience. You never loved me half as much as I will you forever. Set me free, Mother, now that you are gone, set me free from my father, he is eating me in order to stay alive and survive your death. Fathers do that, you offered your body to save me from him but he is ruthless, he would eat anything on his way to eternity.

ES

Quiero estar sola, por favor. Dejadme todos, tú también. Estoy cansada de que abusen de mis emociones, de esas que tú depositaste en mí, amor, amor desesperado, ciega obediencia a ese amor. Nunca me amaste como te amaré yo desde ahora y para siempre. Madre, déjame ir, ahora que tú te has ido, líbrame de un padre que me está devorando para sobrevivir a tu muerte. Los padres hacen eso. Aunque tú ofrendaste tu cuerpo para salvarme de él, él es despiadado y devorará todo lo que encuentre en su ambición de ser eterno.

SR

Ø

(February 8th, 2000)

Example 2

EN

It is some kind of magic or magic tricks, what mothers do. As long as it lasts, the magic, your magic Mother, your love and working and taking care of life instead of me. The longer the better. The magic of your love and working and taking care of life lasted only as long as you did, all that remains is a trick.

ES

La tarea de las madres se parece a los trucos de magia. Mientras dura la magia, mientras dura tu mágica madre, ella se encarga del amor y del trabajo y de cuidar de la vida. Y cuanto más se prolongue, mejor será. Y la magia de tu amor y de tu trabajo y de tu cuidado de la vida duró sólo lo que duraste tú, lo que queda es sólo una ilusión.

SR

To je neka vrsta magije ili magičnih trikova, ono što majke izvode. Ali mi u nju verujemo kao u Deda Mraza.

*It is some kind of magic or magic tricks, what mothers do. **But we believe in it like in Santa Claus.***

(October 28, 2000)

The censorship in the first example is done by omission, whereas in the second one by correction or simplification of words to be made public. These changes can be attributed to author's feelings at the respective moments of writing. The issue is rather emotional - on one side Jasmina needs to talk to her mum now that she is gone, yet on another, it hurts her to do so, even after certain time has passed.

At the same time, Jasmina is confessing her father's intolerable behaviour and expectations now that he is a widower, and there are numerous examples throughout the book showing the omissions in the Serbian edition (her father being alive and all).

Example 3

EN

I am not sure I want you back **Mother, I am not even sure that I would prefer to have you instead of him, a bad woman instead of a bad man, I only wish you had stayed together somewhere far away from me, so that he couldn't tell me as he did today: you must...**

ES

No estoy segura de querer que vuelvas, **madre, ni siquiera estoy segura de preferir tenerte a ti en lugar de a él, a una mujer mala en vez de a un hombre malo. Sólo me gustaría que hubierais permanecido juntos en algún lugar lejos de mí. Y que de ese modo él no hubiese podido decirme lo que me dijo hoy: "Tú debes..."**

SR

Nisam sigurna da želim da se vratim unazad.

I am not sure I want to go back.

(February 15, 2000)

Example 4

EN

... his home is not our or your home anymore. **After only two months it smells of Herzegovina sheep, it follows a different language and I do not visit it**

anymore. It is not barren, it is full of squatters and heirs of something that belonged to you. And again you make me cry...

ES

... su casa ya no es nuestro hogar. **Sólo dos meses después ya huele como las ovejas de Herzegovina. Ahora se habla otro lenguaje allí y yo ya no voy de visita. No es que esté vacío, está lleno de intrusos y herederos de algo que te perteneció.** Y una vez más me haces llorar...

SR

... njegov dom nije naš niti tvoj više. I opet mi suze nadolaze...

...his home is not our or your home anymore. And again you make me cry...

(February 1, 2000)

Example 5

EN

Now listen to this mother: father is behaving as if your house is his, we hardly can move there without his strict surveillance and orders. Until the very last I will fight for your house with perfumes against the smell of sheep from Herzegovina. Afterwards I will have to take up heavier weapons. The war between he and I is open now. He is most cruel to me and next to my daughter, your granddaughter, the creature you loved more than me. I see that many of my wishes are fading as time goes by...

ES

Escúchame bien, madre, él se está comportando como si tu casa fuese suya. Apenas si podemos dar un paso allí sin estar bajo su estricta vigilancia y bajo sus órdenes. Pero yo pelearé hasta el final para que tu casa conserve tu aroma y no el hedor de las ovejas de Herzegovina. La guerra entre él y yo ha sido declarada. Es posible que más adelante tenga que utilizar una artillería más pesada. Él es cruel conmigo y con mi hija, tu nieta, la criatura que amaste incluso más que a mí. Descubro que muchos de mis deseos se disuelven con el paso del tiempo...

SR

Moje želje jednostavno odumiru kako vreme prolazi.

My wishes are fading as time goes by

(February 20, 2000)

Example 6

EN

I find myself turning against my Father more every day: is it the fact that he survived you that makes me mad at him, the fact that he is considering the possibility of surviving me too, and my daughter, with the same lament as he did you, his peer: my main wish is to be survived and buried by those I love best...

ES

Cada día me descubro más enfrentada con mi padre. ¿Es el hecho de que te haya sobrevivido lo que me enfurece? ¿El hecho de que piensa en sobrevivirme a mí también? Y a mi hija, aunque repita la misma queja que usó contigo: que su deseo es el de que aquellos que más ha amado lo sobrevivan y lo entierren a él...

SR

Ø

(February 21, 2000)

Example 7

EN

Mother I was in your home today: the family is different without you. Father is speaking a different language, his own. Oh don't worry he is OK, he just isn't himself anymore, the guy we both knew, my father, your husband. Remember when you said: he is building a shell around himself, he is becoming a snail, and he wants to live forever. You saw it on your death bed. Too many things to say and yet it is too little, I can hardly go on this way. I guess you are becoming somebody else, not only My Mother.

ES

Madre, hoy he estado en tu casa. La familia es diferente sin ti. Padre habla otro idioma, el suyo propio. Oh, no te preocupes, está bien, sólo que ya no es el que solía, no es el que conocimos antes, mi padre, tu esposo. Recuerda cuando tú misma dijiste que él estaba construyendo una coraza para protegerse, que estaba convirtiéndose en un caracol y planeaba vivir eternamente. En tu lecho de muerte lo advertiste. Son demasiadas cosas para decir y aun así siempre será poco lo que se diga. No puedo seguir por este camino. Creo que ya no eres simplemente mi madre, creo que te estás convirtiendo en alguien diferente.

SR

Ø

(June 21, 2000)

Example 8

EN

The contempt that showed in your face, seeing my Father's big fear before your little death, must have been loneliness. He dared not come into your room. I guess that was exactly your marriage, and that is what is left of your marriage today, of Matrimony. Him giving away your things, him surviving shamelessly, him speaking of you as if you have been dead for ages, him using two young women in your place, him eating my daughter and I emotionally instead of you. Not that I blame him, not that I judge him, I love him, I want him alive at any cost, he is my last bridge to you and our times... It wouldn't have been that way if you survived had him. I can imagine that life, we lived it so many times with him dying, threatening dying. Faking death, emotionally blackmailing and surviving us all without a tear of pity... I wonder about the price of staying alive under certain circumstances... I wonder if I am as lonely...

ES

El desprecio que se pintó en tu cara cuando viste el miedo que tenía mi padre frente a tu muerte pronto hubo de convertirse en soledad. Él no se atrevía a entrar en tu habitación. Creo que así debió de ser siempre tu matrimonio, y así es lo que ha quedado de él. Ahora, mi padre regala tus cosas, te sobrevive vergonzantemente y habla de ti como si te hubieses muerto hace mil años. Para reemplazarte necesita de la ayuda de dos mujeres jóvenes. También para reemplazarte nos devora emocionalmente a mi hija y a mí. No lo culpo, no lo juzgo, lo amo y quiero que siga vivo a cualquier precio porque él es mi último puente hacia ti. Si hubieses sido tú la que lo sobrevivieses a él, todo habría sido distinto. Puedo imaginar la vida que llevaríamos en ese caso, ya que la ensayamos muchas veces antes. La vivimos cada vez que él moría o nos amenazaba con su muerte. Fingía morir o nos chantajeaba emocionalmente, pero al final nos sobrevivía a todos sin derramar una lágrima de piedad... Me pregunto cuál es el precio de mantenerse vivo bajo algunas circunstancias... Me pregunto si estoy tan sola...

SR

Pitam se da li sam i ja toliko usamljena...

I wonder if I am as lonely...

(August 9, 2000)

Example 9

EN

My father always expected me to be a genius outside in the public sphere and somebody who will do the simplest jobs for him. **At home to prove to him that he is my master. Today, when he asked me to obey him, ten months after you died, I just turned him down. He used you up and you went, now it is his turn to go.**

ES

Mi padre ponía todas sus expectativas en mi éxito en la esfera pública, donde apostaba a que yo fuera un genio, pero al mismo tiempo esperaba que yo hiciera las tareas más elementales por él. **En casa debía probarle que él era el amo. Hoy, diez meses después de tu muerte, me pidió que le obedeciese, pero yo sencillamente no le hice caso. Él te usó hasta que te fuiste, ahora es su turno de marcharse.**

SR

Moj otac je oduvek iščekivao da budem genije u javnoj sferi a neko ko će najskromnije poslove raditi za njega u kući.

My father always expected me to be a genius outside in the public sphere and somebody who will do the simplest jobs for him at home.

(September 22, 2000)

Example 10

EN

My father has fallen and is hurt, but I feel nothing, not even a sense of guilt or duty to take care of him. He has women to take care of him instead of you, but I should feel something, or do something. I realized that since you died I am waiting for him to die too...

ES

Mi padre se cayó y se hizo daño, pero yo no siento nada, ni siquiera culpa o la obligación de cuidarlo. Hay quien se ocupa de él ahora que tú no estás, pero yo debería sentir algo, hacer algo. Me doy cuenta de que desde tu muerte estoy esperando que él muera también...

SR

Ø

(October 26, 2000)

She is telling her (dead) mother about her (living) father. She is passing the blame from her to him and vice versa. While writing this diary, i.e. doing the self-translation *in mente*, as per the definition of Dr Helena Tanqueiro mentioned earlier, Jasmina relieves her anguish and expresses severe criticism while translating it into Serbian requires self-censorship, even 4 years later. This is while there are omissions in English and expansions in Serbian. In some instances, though, rather than omitting what should have been said, the author opts for rephrasing or disguising the original thought, like in this example, where she prefers to publicly refer to her own death than her father's:

Example 11

EN

I don't want to see anybody's death again, **least of all his.**

ES

No, yo no quiero ver la muerte de nadie nunca más, **la de él menos que ninguna.**

SR

Ja ne želim da gledam više ničiju smrt, **ni sopstvenu.**

*I don't want to see anybody's death again, **not even mine***

(February 15, 2000)

In these examples we get the impression that she sees her mum as an ally against her father. And she does, but she also condemns her for leaving her alone with him, as if that wasn't the part of the deal. This feeling is noted in examples where she criticises her mother, not only for "leaving" her but also for certain choices in life, political views, and educational principles:

Example 12

EN

Now my mother was killed, as was President Kennedy, **by the bad guys, or just the historical consequence of her own deeds, depending on how you judge death as personal or collective moment of life.**

ES

Ahora mi madre ha sido asesinada **por los malos de la película** igual que el presidente Kennedy. O **quizá simplemente la mataron las consecuencias históricas de sus propios actos.**

SR

... moju majku su ubili kao i predsednika Kenedija **loši momci, ili dobri, u zavisnosti od toga čiju verziju prihvatate.**

bad guys, or good ones, depending on whose version you accept

(March 12, 2000)

Example 13

EN

You were all wrong, no doubt of that... But what about me, mother, **I who was all right?**

ES

No hay duda de que estabas equivocada en todo. ¿Y conmigo qué, madre? **¿Qué hacía yo que tenía la razón en todo?**

SR

Ti si u svemu grešila, u to nemam sumnje... Ali ja, majko?

You were all wrong, no doubt of that... But me, mother?

(May 8, 2000)

Example 14

EN

I was your little doll in your doll's life. **Were you Nora, was I Nora, were we all Noras at some time of our lives? I still have the movements of a doll,** my hands posed like a model in the window...

ES

Yo he sido una pequeña muñeca con la que jugaste en tu pequeña vida de muñeca. **¿Quién era Nora? ¿Yo o tú? ¿O todas nosotras hemos sido Nora en algún momento de nuestras vidas? Yo todavía me muevo como una muñeca,** mis manos posan como las de una modelo en el escaparate...

SR

Bila sam tvoja lutkica u tvom životu lutke, ruke sam držala kao lutka u izlogu...

I was your little doll in your doll's life. my hands posed like a model in the window...

(September 13, 2000)

Comparing her mother with Henrik Ibsen's Nora¹¹ gives us a clear idea of placing the blame. She feels that her mother abandoned her husband and her child just like in the plot of *A Doll House*; so she says it originally out loud, but then she conceals it again.

Family secrets appear to be another trigger for self-censorship identified already in the English manuscript and then in the Serbian self-translation as well. She wants to tell them all, but she resorts to English, in order to avoid hurting people, or being judged by them; or both. This example tells the secret of a family friend, so not even a relative, but still someone connected to her father:

Example 15

EN

You see, it seems, that my father's so-called friend was involved in all this. **He is, among other things, the father of a woman who left the country because of his career and who has had a very hard life because of his job... I never knew what his job really was until now. He is not exactly James Bond, but not far from that image: good-looking, from a rich family, well-educated, very eloquent, tender and caring, he was like a second father to me and obviously my assassin, too.** I guess our lives here are more those of actors than of writers: other people should write about us instead of us, since we miss the obvious.

ES

Porque lo que ocurrió y ahora se ha descubierto es que al parecer un supuesto amigo de mi padre estaba involucrado en todo esto. **Entre otras cosas, este hombre es el padre de una mujer que se exilió por culpa suya, ya que su vida se complicó a causa de las actividades de su padre. Yo no sabía cuál era su trabajo. No puede decirse que sea exactamente un James Bond, pero algo de eso hay. Apuesto, proveniente de una familia rica, culto, elocuente, tierno y amable, era para mí como un segundo padre y, obviamente, también mi asesino.** Se me ocurre que nuestra vida se parece más a la de unos actores que a la

¹¹ Main protagonist in Henrik Ibsen's play *A Doll House*. Nora Helmer is married and a mother of three but she leaves her family in order to discover herself.

de los escritores. Si somos capaces de pasar por alto hechos tan evidentes, merecemos que otros escriban nuestra historia.

SR

Vidiš izgleda da je u sve to umešan takozvani prijatelj mog oca. Izgleda da su naši životi na ovom tlu više glumački nego spisateljski, drugi ljudi bi o nama trebalo da pišu s obzirom da mi sami propustimo najočiglednije.

You see, it seems, that my father's so-called friend was involved in all this. I guess our lives here are more those of actors than of writers: other people should write about us instead of us, since we miss the obvious.

(October 31, 2000)

In line with this, most of the omissions produced in the Serbian edition come from the fact that the secret thoughts and events in her parents' past are to be said only in a foreign language; not so foreign to her, knowing her background, but foreign enough to distance herself and the local readers.

In the following two examples, it is the unpleasant stories about her father that Jasmina reveals in English (only):

Example 16

EN

You are everywhere and nowhere, like a missing person. Yesterday Father was behaving again as a spoiled old man, I guess he missed you too in his way...

My understanding of fear comes from the image of my father having a fit. He is a big choleric man. He was a commander who was always ordering his troops to retreat and shooting in the air above the targets. A choleric big frightened man. Well, this guy is the image of fear in my life. When I was very small, you worked on night shifts and he took care of me. But he didn't know how to do it without getting anxious, nervous and finally violent. The genesis of all wars. Then he would threaten me with his belt. I was four and trembling. He went through the rituals of spanking me for my own good: I had to take off my clothes, lie down and as he stood over me taking off his belt. But it never happened. I remember the household screaming. A good man with bad temper. And I remember him screaming at you and saying, I will hit you. He would never dare. He would die first. But my fear of big choleric men is rooted in this serious threat when you left me in his hands.

ES

Estás en todos lados y en ninguno, igual que una persona desaparecida. Ayer mi padre estuvo comportando otra vez como un viejo malcriado. Supongo que es su manera de echarle de menos...

Mi idea del miedo se moldeó sobre la imagen de mi padre cuando le da un ataque de furia. Es un hombre colérico. Fue siempre el tipo de comandante que continuamente está ordenando la retirada de sus tropas y apuntando al aire por encima de sus objetivos. Un hombre grande, irascible y asustado. Y aun así, él encarna la imagen del miedo para mí. Cuando era muy pequeña y tú tenías que hacer guardias nocturnas, él cuidaba de mí. Sólo que no sabía hacerlo sin ponerse ansioso, nervioso y finalmente violento. Y ésa es la génesis de toda guerra. Entonces me amenazaba con su cinturón. Yo tenía sólo cuatro años y estaba temblando. Él montaba todo el ritual de que me iba a golpear por mi propio bien. Yo tenía que quitarme la ropa y acostarme y él permanecía de pie y comenzaba a quitarse el cinturón. Pero nunca ocurrió nada. Recuerdo toda la casa conmocionada. Un hombre bueno y de mal carácter, eso era. Recuerdo cuando te gritaba diciendo: "Te pegaré." Pero nunca se habría atrevido. Se moriría antes de hacerlo. Pero mi miedo a la ira de los hombres nace de la experiencia de una amenaza cierta cuando de niña me dejabas en sus manos.

SR

Ø

(October 4, 2000)

Example 17

EN

You told me that my father made you stop working, that he was often jealous when you earned more money than he did or when you came home late from a night shift in the hospital. You also said that you didn't mind stopping working so you could spend more time with me and your family, as well as have time for yourself. You also said more than once that you got your asthma because of my father, and that made him really angry. Nevertheless you kept repeating it and when you died I believed you at once: he survived you and at once took two young women to take care of him as you did alone for all those years. He stared sadly and in wonder at your small dead body saying: all these years and she looks just like a little girl. He did take care of you, he did love you, and you both lived in a different time than now. You knew how to appreciate his often rough way of loving and returned his love tenderly, not as the monster but as a man of your dreams: clean and hard-working, as you used to praise him, as if he were a true prince. But still you got asthma. You died in silence, as a little

girl. Sometime I am angry with you for that, but most of the time I admire you.

ES

Tú me dijiste que fue mi padre quien te hizo dejar de trabajar. Que se ponía celoso si ganabas más dinero que él o cuando llegabas tarde a casa por alguna guardia en el hospital. También me dijiste que no te importó dejar de trabajar, que pensaste que así podrías disponer de más tiempo para mí, para la familia y para ti misma. Decías, también, que mi padre tuvo la culpa de que enfermases de asma. Si te oía decir eso, se enfurecía. Aun así, tú no dejaste de repetirlo una y otra vez. Cuando tu muerte, pude comprobar lo cierto que era. En cuanto quedó solo tomó a dos muchachas jóvenes para que lo cuidasen como habías hecho tú sola todos esos años. Recuerdo cómo miraba tu pequeño cuerpo muerto, triste, sorprendido, diciendo: "Han pasado todos estos años y se ve todavía como una niña." Es verdad que cuidó de ti, que te amó, y que pertenecisteis a un tiempo diferente al de hoy. Sabías apreciar su forma de amarte, tantas veces brusca, y le correspondías con ternura, como si en lugar de un monstruo fuese el hombre de tus sueños, un hombre trabajador y limpio, solías decir, como si se tratase de un verdadero príncipe. Pero aun así enfermaste de asma. Has muerto en silencio, como una pequeña niña. Algunas veces me enfado contigo por eso, pero la mayor parte del tiempo te admiro.

SR

Ø

(June 2, 2000)

Then there are clandestine activities and arguable decisions of both her parents and their parents and relatives that cannot be uttered in Serbian, not even in a million years:

Example 18

EN

Stiff in your bosom, big and square under your checked jacket, you smuggled money for the Yugoslav government, instead of for my father. Everybody did it, it was the rule of the game to make money but nobody used a bosom of a small woman as a vehicle. My father's business made its fortune on your bosom. Me too as a baby, the motherland.

ES

Bajo la rígida apariencia de tu chaqueta a cuadros, bajo tu abultada pechera, contrabandeabas dinero para el gobierno yugoslavo en lugar de hacerlo para

mi padre. Todos lo hacían, hacer dinero era parte de las reglas del juego, pero nadie usaba la pechera de una mujer pequeña para transportarlo. Mi padre hizo se fortuna a costa de tus pechos. También yo cuando pequeña, eras la madre tierra.

SR

Sva zategnuta u grudima, velikim i četvrtastim ispod svog kariranog sakoa.

Stiff in your bosom, big and square under your checked jacket.

(March 21, 2000)

Example 19

EN

They wanted to suffocate you and bury you in their famous rose garden. **(My great aunt actually did it to her baby, being unmarried and poor and her mother went to jail instead of her because she was under age. She bore 18 more children when she got married, a witch they called her, because some children she loved some she didn't, some were extremely good tempered and some plain bad).**

ES

Habrían querido asfixiarte y enterrarte en su famoso jardín de rosas. **(Mi tía abuela, siendo soltera y pobre, hizo literalmente eso con su criatura. Como era menor de edad, encarcelaron a su madre en su lugar. Después se casó y dio a luz otros dieciocho niños. La llamaban “la bruja” porque amaba a algunos de sus hijos y a otros no, y algunos eran buenos y juiciosos y otros decididamente malos.)**

SR

Hteli su da te zadave i sahrane u čuvenom ružinom vrtu.

They wanted to suffocate you and bury you in their famous rose garden.

(June 1, 2000)

Example 20

EN

My grandmother was a Herzegovina peasant married to a Serb who worked as the manager of the Austro-Hungarian prison. **In order to marry her, he kidnapped her. She had 13 children and later took care of 17 grandchildren by smuggling tobacco through the frontlines for enemy soldiers, to keep her babies from**

starving. She was regularly beaten by her husband, a violent alcoholic who lived in the city, according to my father's story. Whilst the official version was that he was a model citizen, an extremely respectable and well-off member of the community and his name even today is used as a symbol of better times. She was an enormous and very pretty woman.

ES

Mi abuela era una campesina de Herzegovina casada con un serbio que trabajaba como director en una prisión austrohúngara. **Él la raptó para casarse con ella. Tuvo trece hijos y luego cuidó de diecisiete nietos. Contrabandeaba tabaco a través de las líneas de soldados enemigos para que sus nietos no se muriesen de hambre. Periódicamente, su marido la golpeaba. Según mi padre, él era un alcohólico violento que vivía en la ciudad. Aunque existe una versión oficial que lo pinta como un ciudadano modelo, un respetado miembro de la comunidad, cuyo nombre pervive hasta hoy como un símbolo de los viejos tiempos en que todo iba bien.** Ella era una mujer bella y enorme.

SR

Moja baka je bila seljanka iz Hercegovine udata za Srbina koji je radio u austrougarskom zatvoru. Bila je ogromna i neobično lepa žena.

My grandmother was a Herzegovina peasant married to a Serb who worked in the Austro-Hungarian prison. She was an enormous and very pretty woman.

(June 2, 2000)

Jasmina likes mentioning her ancestors, but the tone and the information revealed in Serbian are quite different, as seen in the example above.

Finally, in terms of secrets being the reason behind the self-censorship, we come to the big hush-hush story from her mother's past, which is first hinted at when Jasmina says:

Example 21

EN

There is another story to your love life, but I will tell it the next time: **it is not related to my father.**

ES

Hay otra historia referida a tu vida sentimental, pero no la contaré ahora **ya que no tiene que ver con mi padre.**

SR

Ima još jedna priča o tvom ljubavnom životu, ali ću je drugi put ispričati.

There is another story to your love life, but I will tell it the next time.

(February 24, 2000)

She definitely got researchers' attention here. Digging deeper into the story, we found substantial amount of diary entries referring to her mother's love life. As expected, they all exist only in the English manuscript (and the Spanish translation) – the author goes for omissions, she is not able to tell on her greatest censor, she cannot betray her. Some examples include her father too:

Example 22

EN

When you refused to have a sex life with him many years ago, was it a divorce or a preservation effort? Out of spite, revenge or self punishment?

ES

Hace algunos años decidiste dejar de tener sexo con él. ¿Se trataba de un divorcio o de mero instinto de preservación? ¿Lo hiciste por rencor, por venganza o por autocastigo?

SR

Ø

(June 15, 2000)

Example 23

EN

When you married you thought you had made a mistake. You wanted a divorce during the first two years because my father was unbearable. Wild, demanding, unbending. As he is now becoming with me, day by day. He is losing all of your influence on him: his tenderness is sinking deep beneath his narcissism, his caretaking of me is turning into macho terrorism of the old and ruthless. I am telling you the truth about yourself and what you made of us, that is, a life.

ES

Cuando te casaste pensaste que habías cometido un error. Durante los dos primeros años de matrimonio pensaste en divorciarte porque descubriste que

mi padre era insoportable. Dominante, absorbente, rígido. Y así es como se muestra ahora conmigo. Está perdiendo toda tu influencia benefactora. Su antigua ternura se ahoga bajo su narcisismo y los cuidados que me dedicaba antes se han convertido en un despiadado terrorismo de macho. Quiero decirte toda la verdad sobre cómo eras y cómo modelaste nuestras vidas.

SR

Ø

(February 24, 2000)

Other love story examples do not include her father. They are the biggest secret of all and they are crucial element in the process of censorship. They have to be told, in a way that does not hurt too much, or at least not those involved.

Example 24

EN

I want to tell your love story all the time, the love story of your youth, that I do not know how. I do not dare to make it profane, banal or mine, I also have a mysterious feeling concerning your love story, I am afraid of discovering something behind it I already know but do not want to know. Your love story hurt not only you but my father and me. It doesn't belong to us, maybe your granddaughter would understand it better...not us, the two cloned monkeys, sheep...

ES

Todos estos meses he estado queriendo contar tu historia de amor, pero no sé cómo hacerlo. Se trata de una historia de amor de tu juventud y no me atrevo a profanarla, a banalizarla o a apropiarme de ella. Tengo además un extraño presentimiento sobre esta historia, temo descubrir algo que ya sé pero que no quiero saber. Tu historia de amor no sólo te hirió a ti sino también a mi padre y a mí. No nos pertenece, quizá tu nieta sea capaz de comprenderla mejor... pero nosotros no, los dos monos clonados, las ovejas...

SR

Ø

(April 9, 2000)

Example 25

EN

... you managed to have a **forbidden wild love story as a very young girl: in front of their blind eyes, a secret. Nothing I know for sure, it is just a wild guess, that you never denied nor confessed, making my father crazy with your proud and absolute silence. Maybe there was really nothing to it but your proud silence stirred my imagination and his jealousy. Now that you are gone, I could make novels, poems, Wuthering Heights, Romeo and Juliet, out of your matrimonial silence...**

ES

Frente a sus ciegos ojos, tuviste tu amor secreto. No sé nada con certeza, es una arriesgada apuesta que tú nunca confesaste ni negaste. Volviste loco a mi padre con tu silencio orgulloso e impenetrable. Quizá en verdad no había nada allí, pero tu altivo silencio atizaba mi imaginación y sus celos. Ahora que has muerto yo podría tomar tu silencio y crear sobre él novelas y poemas, crear Cumbres borrascosas o Romeo y Julieta...

SR

... uspela si nadam se da negde doživiš Orkanske visove, Romea i Juliju, iz tvog matrimonium ćutanja...

... I hope that you managed to live your Wuthering Heights, Romeo and Juliet somewhere, from your matrimony of silence...

(June 1, 2000)

These most intimate and untold details, once told, are extremely helpful to understand Jasmina's writing and translation process, but she made it even easier for us with the thoughts displayed below:

Example 26

EN

Why am I writing in English again...I tried to write a few words of you in our language, in my mother tongue, Matrimony words and I felt sick...That language brings me bad memories and fear when I write it. It is the language in which I am judged by my loved ones, insiders, accomplice. It is the language of censorship and self censorship. It is a patriarchal and Patrimonial language.

And since your secret will be in English I will write it: As a young communist, with a thin waist, tiny feet and big violet eyes, you hid in your house during the Nazi persecution of communists a famous, very handsome revolutionary. You fell in love with him and his ideas... He was older and actually very mean and a womanizer. But he loved you in his way. That is probably why he left you. You were left with his love letters, poems, and a broken heart, ready to die, if

not to marry the first man you met who didn't care about fancy stuff like love and emotions. And that was my Austro Hungarian, rational, clean, hard-working and honest father.

You married him and never regretted doing it, but you banned love from our lives, the romantic personal. Only political ideology was permitted. I can only imagine how good you felt living with your secret. It was as if having an affair, a parallel life without taking any risks.

Well this guy came back into your life one day. As an alcoholic, a secret police killer, war profiteer, communist big boss and abuser... all the worst you could get from such times. Abusing young girls, alcohol... My father, by some twist of fate, had to deal with him: he hated him, hated that kind of person, hated giving him money and credit but was obliged to do so, by his communist country and by the silence of his wife. He suspected but never wanted to know the truth. Who knows what the truth really was?

After all, I am just a daughter and a fiction writer: a capital sentence for a mother and for truth. My defense, of course, is not the truth but the need to speak out.

ES

¿Por qué escribo en inglés otra vez?... He tratado de escribir unas pocas palabras sobre ti en nuestra lengua, he tratado de escribir sobre el matrimonio en mi lengua materna, y me sentí enferma... Ese lenguaje me trae malos recuerdos y siento miedo mientras escribo. Es el idioma en el que soy juzgada por las personas que amo, por mis cómplices y mis íntimos. Es el lenguaje de censura y la autocensura. Es un lenguaje patriarcal y patrimonial.

Sólo en inglés puedo decir tu secreto. Cuando la persecución nazi, tú, que eras una joven comunista de fina cintura, pies pequeños y grandes ojos violeta, escondiste en tu casa a un famoso y guapo revolucionario. Te enamoraste de él y de sus ideas... Él era mayor que tú y en realidad un mal tipo y un mujeriego. Pero en su modo, él también te amó. Y ésa fue probablemente la razón por la que te dejó. Te abandonó, te dejó sola con tus cartas de amor, sus poemas y un corazón destrozado. Te dejó lista para morir o para casarte con el primer hombre que encontrases, a quien no le importasen esas cosas refinadas como el amor y las emociones. Y ése fue mi austrohúngaro, racional, limpio, trabajador y honrado padre.

Te casaste con él y nunca te arrepentiste de haberlo hecho, pero desalojaste para siempre el amor romántico de nuestra vida. Sólo la política y la ideología estaban permitidas. Me imagino lo bien que te sentirías viviendo con tu

secreto. Era como tener un romance, una vida paralela, sin los riesgos que esa aventura comporta.

Pues bien, hubo un día en que este tipo volvió a tu vida. Regresó convertido en un alcohólico, un matón de la policía secreta, un oportunista de la guerra, un gran capo comunista y un abusador... todo lo peor que podía sacarse de esos tiempos. Andaba abusando de las jovencitas y emborrachándose... Alguna vuelta del destino hizo que mi padre hubiera de tener tratos con él. Lo odiaba y odiaba todo lo que él representaba. Detestaba darle dinero y darle crédito, pero se vio obligado a hacerlo, obligado por su país comunista y por el silencio de su esposa. Sospeché algo pero nunca quiso saber la verdad. ¿Quién sabe cuál fue la verdad?

Después de todo, yo soy sólo una hija y una escritora de novelas. Soy una sentencia de muerte para una madre y para la verdad. Mi defensa está, claro, no en la verdad, sino en la necesidad de decir mi versión.

SR

Zašto pišem na engleskom opet... pokušala sam da napišem nekoliko redova o tebi na našem jeziku, na mom maternjem jeziku, Matrimonium reči i pozlilo mi je... Taj mi jezik donosi ružne uspomene i strahove kad ga pišem. To je jezik na kome mi moji voljeni sude: insajderi, saučesnici... To je jezik cenzure i autocenzure. To je patrijarhalan jezik Patrimoniuma.

Why am I writing in English again...I tried to write a few words of you in our language, in my mother tongue. Matrimony of words and I felt sick...That language brings me bad memories and fear when I write it. It is the language in which I am judged by my loved ones: insiders, accomplices... It is the language of censorship and self censorship. It is a patriarchal and Patrimonial language.

(September 10, 2000)

Everything we were suspecting, Jasmina confirms in that paragraph above: she cannot make herself write in a language of the people who might judge her for it, it is painful to reminisce and narrate, about past and present, in Serbian where everything relates to something – too many memories and too much impediment.

4.2. Changes related to readership

Just like we concluded in the analysis of Jasmina’s war diary, the modifications in the source and/or target text of her personal diary are also based on the knowledge of the English/Serbian readership, and her awareness of it. On this occasion, we may add that it is where the translation *in mente* can be noticed as well. By means of expansions, omissions and reformulations, the author explains and adapts specific cultural features to the readers in question.

In the first example below, the word “faculty” is omitted in Serbian, which is common when talking about studies:

Example 1

EN

... you took your last exam at the **medicine faculty**.

ES

... presentaste tu último examen en la **Facultad de Medicina**.

SR

... imala si poslednji ispit na **medicini**...

*you had your last exam at “**medicine**”*

(March 7, 2000)

In the next example, the Serbian translation does not include the word “international” as it is not only to celebrate women workers, but also mothers in Serbia, and as such it has a warmer, less formal tone to it:

Example 2

EN

International Women’s Day

ES

El Dia **Internacional** de la Mujer

SR

Dan žena

Women's Day

(March 8, 2000)

The following modifications show expansions during the translation *in mente* process, which means omissions in the Serbian edition. The Serbian audience knows which war and which party section it meant back in those days:

Example 3

EN

... as a young communist risking her life in **World War II**...

ES

... como la joven comunista que arriesgaba su vida en **la segunda guerra mundial**...

SR

... kao komunistkinja koja rizikuje svoj život u **ratu**...

... *as a communist risking her life in **the war***...

(July 13, 2000)

Example 4

EN

...you decided when you were seventeen **to join the clandestine communist party of Youth**...

ES

Quando tenías diecisiete años decidiste **unirte a las juventudes del Partido Comunista, entonces clandestino**...

SR

...ti si sa sedamnaest godina rešila **da budeš komunistkinja**...

... you decided when you were seventeen to be a Communist...

(May 26, 2000)

Then, we came across extracts in ST and TT which differ in only one word, an attribute, which in the Serbian text is implied. The context is enough for the readers to get the tone right:

Example 5

EN

I know that nobody ever listened to her, the youngest child, **the wife of an authoritarian husband**...

ES

Sé que nunca nadie quiso escucharla, era la hija menor, **la esposa de un marido autoritario**...

SR

Znam da je niko nikad nije slušao, najmlađe dete, **žena muža**...

*I know that nobody ever listened to her, the youngest child, **the wife of her husband***

(Day 8)

In another set of examples, we notice that Jasmina uses a more general term in English, whereas in Serbian she specifies it as it is something well-known in the Serbian culture. This once again goes to show that the diary in Serbian would in fact be the original:

Example 6

EN

...last year at the time you were still alive making **my chocolate cake**...

ES

...el año pasado por esta época ya estabas pensando [...] en hacerme **mi tarta de chocolate favorita**.

SR

... kako si prošle godine dok si još bila živa mesila **šarlot tortu**...

*...last year at the time you were still alive making **the Charlotte cake***...

(February 21, 2000)

Example 7

EN

... do you want it with eggs, or with **cream**, or both?

ES

“¿La quieres con huevos o con **crema**, o con las dos cosas?

SR

... hoćeš da bude sa jajima ili bez? Sa **pavlakom**?

... *do you want it with eggs or with **sour cream**?*

(April 30, 2000)

Example 8

EN

Today I am preparing dinner for **a Saint**, in your dress.

ES

... prepare la cena en honor a **un santo**.

SR

... danas spremam večeru za **slavu** u tvojoj haljini.

... *today I am preparing dinner for **the patron saint's feast day**, in your dress.*

(November 21, 2000)

In Serbian culture, that cake is traditionally made for celebrations, that specific type of (sour) cream is used in the kitchen daily and slava*** is a unique saint's feast day. They are all particular cultural things that would probably mean nothing to an English-speaking reader, thus the generalisation.

Other examples of adaptations to the target readership can be seen below, where the self-translator changes one term for another that she considers its counterpart, giving “more meaning” to it, or a cultural touch, if you wish:

Example 9

EN

I do not consider **TV novellas** kitsch anymore...

ES

Ya no creo que las **telenovelas** sean cursis...

SR

Ne smatram više da su **španske serije** kič...

*I do not consider **Spanish series** kitsch anymore...*

(February 28, 2000)

Serbian language does have the word “sapunice” for telenovelas or soap operas, but the denomination she uses is more usual to hear, due to the language spoken in them, not the country of origin.

Example 10

EN

Your beloved dictator the one you called, my little doll, is repressing us and giving all your good old fashioned **Stalinist** speeches.

ES

Tu amado dictador, ese a quien tú llamabas “mi muñequito”, nos reprime y nos perpetra todos esos manidos discursos **estalinistas** pasados de moda.

SR

Tvoj voljeni diktator, koga si nekad zvala lutkica, vrši represiju i drži one tvoje omiljene staromodne **fašističke** govore.

*Your beloved dictator the one you called, my little doll, is repressing us and giving all your good old fashioned **Fascist** speeches.*

(May 22, 2000)

Jasmina opts for the Stalinist/Fascist adaptation, in order to give her statement the corresponding pejorative connotation in both cultures equally.

Example 11

EN

... her son, whom she called her **eagle**...

ES

... su hijo, a quien ella llamaba “su **águila**”...

SR

... njenog sina, koga je nazivala **sokolom** svojim...

... *her son, whom she called her **falcon**...*

(June 2, 2000)

Another adaptation done by the author in TT, hinting at Serbian denomination of manliness and grandeur, which would be lost if “eagle” had been used.

Nonetheless, we were able to spot a place in this diary where the author uses a culture-specific Serbian word, yet gives no explanation for it when originally writing in English. It leads us to suppose that she does not consider it necessary at that point, she prefers to leave it intact, with her Serbian audience in mind, who all well know what it means.

Example 12

EN

We plan the food at your grave, **the rakija**, the food at home, as if you were there.

ES

Planeamos la comida en tu tumba, **la rakija**...

SR

Planiramo hranu na tvom grobu, **rakiju**, hranu kod kuće, kao da si i ti tu.

(November 18, 2000)

She could have paraphrased it as a traditional Serbian brandy or similar, but the sentences is left with just the name of the drink. It is culture-specific and reader-specific.

4.3. Changes related to the passage of time

We have already mentioned that Jasmina started this diary (or diary/essay, as she calls it) right upon her mother's death, in autumn 1999, while she took up the task of translating it later on in 2004. This period of time of 4 years that elapsed between the original manuscript in English and the self-translation in Serbian, even though not significant in numbers, influenced the process of self-translation; therefore, the contrastive analysis indicated several differences between ST and TT provoked by the mentioned passage of time. The changes in questions are seen as omissions, expansions and reformulations in the delayed translation, namely *Matrimonium* in the Serbian language.

The first set of examples displayed here has to do with the change of perspective of the author-turned-translator caused by the natural lapse of time, so that a thing that was current is in the self-translation seen as past, and the period of days altered for months, as follows:

Example 1

EN

But they wouldn't have let me go without a passport, not a Serb in Budapest **under** sanctions, **during** wars.

ES

Sin embargo, nunca me habrían dejado partir sin un pasaporte, no a una Serbia en un Budapest **bajo** sanciones, **en tiempos de** guerra.

SR

Ali mene niko ne bi pustio bez pasoša, ne Srpkinju u Budimpešti **posle** sankcija i rata.

*But they wouldn't have let me go without a passport, not a Serb in Budapest **after** sanctions and wars*

(January 29, 2000)

Example 2

EN

Just a few **days** ago I met the widow of the journalist **in Turin**.

ES

Hace sólo unos **días** estuve **en Turín** con la viuda del periodista.

SR

Pre samo nekoliko **meseci** srela sam udovicu **ubijenog** novinara...

*Just a few **months** ago I met the widow of the **assassinated** journalist...*

(October 31, 2000)

When writing this specific diary entry, Jasmina is in Greece, travelling somewhere. When translating it, she is not travelling anywhere, so she doesn't see the need to include the place reference, due to the time passed in the meantime:

Example 3

EN

Somewhere in Greece, on the road

ES

En algún lugar de Grecia. En el camino

SR

Ø

(July 24, 2000)

Then we found examples of places in the target text where Jasmina gets free with the text, and with the passage of time becomes more subjective and even critical – something she couldn't afford 4 years before:

Example 4

EN

I guess that is what **time** does: a good and a bad job.

ES

Supongo que eso es lo que el **tiempo** hace, un trabajo bueno y malo a la vez.

SR

A šta drugo i može **porodica**: da obavi jedan dobar i jedan loš posao.

*what else can a **family** do: a good job and a bad job*

(Day 2)

Example 5

EN

Her disappearance from my life coincides with the gradual fall of the Milosevic regime and communism in Serbia, the ideology of her life ...

ES

Su desaparición coincide con la caída de Milošević y del comunismo en Serbia, la ideología de su vida...

SR

Njen nestanak iz mog života podudario se sa padom Miloševićevog režima i komunizma u Srbiji, ideologijom njenog života... **nestala su moja dva diktatora: unutarnji i spoljni.**

*Her disappearance from my life coincides with the gradual fall of the Milošević regime and communism in Serbia, the ideology of her life... **my both dictators disappeared: inner and outer***

(Intro)

There is evidence of changes done in the Serbian text by the author who tends to correct herself, as if with the time passed, her feelings have become more profound and the facts confirmed:

Example 6

EN

I had a strong urge to keep her body before me to be sure it didn't come back to life before being burnt.

ES

Necesitaba tener su cuerpo conmigo para asegurarme de que no resucitaría antes de que la incinerasen.

SR

Imam jak nagon da držim njeno telo ispred sebe i da se uverim da opet ne oživi pre no što je spale **kao što je tražila.**

*I had a strong urge to keep her body before me to be sure it didn't come back to life before being burnt as **she had asked***

(Day 7)

Another example of the modifications in relation to the feelings is when Jasmina specifies certain facts in the target text, in this case giving impression that she feels helpless when looking back in time:

Example 7

EN

Though your death was a disgrace for all of us...

ES

Aunque tu muerte sí que fue una desgracia para todos nosotros...

SR

Iako je tvoja smrt zaista bila sramotna za sve nas... **pustili smo te tek tako da odeš.**

Though your death was a disgrace for all of us... *we let you go just like that.*

(July 14, 2000)

She may alter and specify information for different reasons, though, so in the following we see that she corrects herself over time, as she realizes that she has done many things in life and that those she had done back then did have a reason or a purpose:

Example 8

EN

I was a rebel child, that is my script of a rebel, **without knowing the cause.**

ES

He sido una hija rebelde y, **aunque ignore las razones**, considero que eso es lo que indica el guión que debería hacer.

SR

Bila sam pobunjeno dete, a to je moj skript buntovnice, **naravno s razlogom.**

*I was a rebel child, that is my script of a rebel **with a reason, of course***

(January 14, 2000)

The example to follow reveals that the author, by the time she starts the translation of her own diary, has reached a conclusion and now knows the result of the event previously uncertain. Regardless of the choice of translation into Spanish concerning the doer of the action in this example, the importance of this lies in the realization of a fact and change of opinion, induced by the mentioned time lapse:

Example 9

EN

I am caught, run for your lives, if they torture me, I am sure to speak...

ES

“Me han atrapado, huid vosotros, porque si me torturan estoy seguro de que hablaré.”

SR

...uhvatili su me, bežite, ako me muče, progovoriću... **ali nije progovorila.**

*I am caught, run for your lives, if they torture me, I am sure to speak... **but she didn't speak***

(May 26, 2000)

And finally, in Jasmina's self-translation work there seem to be place for generalisation as well. Although her original story is placed in Egypt and tells about Egypt, seeing it from the distance and years after, Jasmina projects the idea to something wider, to the whole world which needs the thing that once Egypt only might have needed:

Example 10

EN

... and now they are making up **a fair world in Egypt.**

ES

... y estaban construyendo **un Egipto más justo.**

SR

... i da još pokušavaju da naprave **bolji svet.**

*...and they are still trying to make a **better world**.*

(August 26, 2000)

4.4. Other changes made for various reasons

During our analysis of *Matrimony* versus *Matrimonium*, a significant number of differences came up that we were not really able to attribute to censorship, readership or time. There are places in the target text where the freedom of the author/translator is revealed, and more so when we see that the Spanish translator follows the original manuscript literally.

Such changes are details omitted as most probably insignificant, as they are clear in the target language, if not to the readers then at least to her, the creator:

Example 1

EN

Tomorrow at 7.20 a.m. it will be 7 weeks that you are gone. **I was born at 7.55 a.m. on a Sunday.** I am taking your things rapidly from your closet...

ES

Mañana a las 7.20 hará siete semanas que te fuiste. **Yo nací un domingo a las 7.55.** Estoy llevándome tus cosas de tu armario...

SR

Sutra u 7.20 je tačno sedam nedelja kako te nema. Brzo vadim tvoje stvari iz ormana...

Tomorrow at 7.20 a.m. it will be exactly 7 weeks that you are gone. I am taking your things rapidly from your closet...

(January 16, 2000)

Her interlocutor in the example above is her mother, and her mother knows when she was born. No need to repeat it in Serbian.

Other corrections with the similar reason of irrelevance and thus omission in the target text are:

Example 2

EN

...when reading him I thought he was crazy **but an interesting writer. Now I think the opposite, he wasn't crazy at all but also not so interesting.**

ES

... cuando lo leí pensé que estaba loco **aunque me resultase un escritor interesante. Ahora pienso lo contrario, ni estaba tan loco ni era tan interesante.**

SR

...dok sam ga čitala mislila da je lud.

when reading him I thought he was crazy

(July 31, 2000)

Example 3

EN

... my friend Laura Betti, **Pasolini's friend...**

ES

... mi amiga Laura Betti, **amiga de Pasolini...**

SR

... moje prijateljice **iz Rima** Laure Beti...

my friend from Rome, Laura Betti...

(November 2, 2000)

Example 4

EN

My husband was followed. He is the only eyewitness as well as the one who can guarantee the authenticity of the document, thus the order of murder by the secret police of Milošević (**my husband the editor in chief of the main opposition weekly**).

ES

... mi esposo fue seguido y vigilado. Es el último testigo y es quien puede ratificar la autenticidad del documento y probar la responsabilidad de la policía secreta de Milošević en el asesinato. **Mi esposo es jefe de redacción del principal semanario de oposición.**

SR

Mog muža su pratili. On je svedok kao i neko ko može da potvrdi autentičnost dokumenta, kao i naredbu za ubistvo od strane Miloševićeve tajne službe.

My husband was followed. He is the eyewitness as well as the one who can guarantee the authenticity of the document, thus the order of murder by the secret police of Milošević.

(October 31, 2000)

Jasmina knows who her friends are, she knows what her husband does for a living and she knows what she thought of certain artists. She sees no need to repeat herself here.

Next, we found an example of correction made in the Serbian text that we would label as autocorrection. The first toponym was misspelt and the Spanish translator followed the drift, but Jasmina realizes the accidental slip when having another look and corrects the information:

Example 5

EN

Cora nights

ES

Noches de Cora

SR

Noći na **Krfu**

Corfu nights

(July 31, 2000)

The places in the text where in English she talks about her dying cousin are found in the Serbian self-translation mostly with just the name of the girl. This leads to the conclusion that, doing the self-translation *in mente*, narrating to another reader about things involving her own culture and language, Jasmina uses the general denomination of the relative, while

in Serbian she mentions the actual name, as it had been explained before in the story and Serbian readers can easily understand who it is.

Example 6

EN

I didn't have enough time with **my cousin**...

ES

Yo no tuve ese tiempo con **mi prima**...

SR

Ja za to nisam imala vremena sa **Biljanom**...

*I didn't have time for that with **Biljana**...*

(April 25, 2000)

The set of examples that we label as diverse, with no unique justification for the modifications, contains as well the following example:

Example 7

EN

The fate of **the go between**.

ES

Es el destino de **quienes están en el medio**.

SR

Sudbina **pobednika**.

*The fate of **the winners***

(June 6, 2000)

The only thing we can say here is that changes have been made in TT that are assigned to the freedom, the privilege of the author, without seeing a deeper reason for it.

5. Conclusions

“Everything that contains the objective crutch words is more easily translated than the personal language of the author.”

Jasmina Tešanović

The results from this case-study have proven to be in line with our initial hypothesis set to analyse the influence of (self) censorship in the work of Jasmina Tešanović as an author and translator of her own words. Her literary opus in both these aspects goes beyond the corpus studied here, however, we have done our best to gather and display significant factors in this field of investigation that has not been yet fully developed, that is self-translation and its relation to multifaceted censorship.

At the beginning of this research, it was clear that Jasmina’s work could be approached from many perspectives. In that sense, we have noticed the presence of translation *in mente*, where the author treats her original English text already as translation and the Serbian text as original. We were also able to conclude that the author chooses to express herself originally in a foreign language (English) in order to keep herself within the borders of the socially acceptable; that is, to curb her own words (and thoughts) -writing them down only in the language/culture that will not judge her for them. Similarly, these freely expressed thoughts in English were later omitted “by default” in the process of self-translation into Serbian. A different limitation of thoughts and public opinion was shown to come from the editorial sphere of literary: in those editions of Jasmina’s diary that are published for the Anglo-Saxon readers we found countless examples of “heavy editing” as Tešanović calls it – they led us to find the reason for it in either political censorship of the publisher or common practice for omission of the information considered irrelevant for the target readership. Finally, a large number of examples emerged has to do with the transformations the author herself made when taking up the task of self-translation, guided by her knowledge of both ST and TT cultures. These transformations were identified as adaptations, generalisations, particularisations and other changes that aim at appropriateness with the end reader in mind. In addition, numerous occasions where we detected expansions in the Serbian text when compared to the corresponding English entry

were labelled as mere privileged translator's freedom in terms of sentiments or the need to correct herself when looking at her work again.

Although at first it looked like the same types of modifications were to be found in the two diaries we had singled out for our research, very soon it became obvious that we were dealing with two different kinds of diaries – even if both have an intimate tone to it, the purpose of *The Diary of a Political Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade* concerns the public sphere of life much more than *Matrimonium*, which deals with the clandestine, private life of its creator. Adding this to the fact that Jasmina's war diary has already been published in English, while the other one has not, in the end we were faced with quite diverse triggers for the modifications found in each of them. This is why it may be best to display the conclusions from each analysis separately.

Firstly, the analysis of *The Diary of a Political Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade* has given way to the following conclusions:

- a) The Serbian self-translation was published in 1999 in Belgrade, shortly after its creation in English. Granta did the first editing and included entries from this war diary already in autumn 1999 in London, but the actual book was published in 2000 in San Francisco, the same year the Spanish translation appeared in Barcelona;
- b) The English edition was published according to the expectations of the English/American market, which gives us data on the Anglo-Saxon publishing polysystem;
- c) The author based her own translation on her manuscript in English, and so did the translator into Spanish (who had Granta's edition at disposal but does not seem to have much impact on her translation);
- d) A large number of differences identified between the source text in English and the target text in Serbian as a result of publisher's policies, having to do with either political correctness or common practices in the Anglo-Saxon market. As the author reveals, the British and American readers are not particularly interested in a pleiad of political thoughts and statements in her diary, so that those are omitted. Taboo and anti-American phrases have also been excluded from the English edition.

e) Another large set of modifications indicates the changes concerning the target readership, so that these are mostly seen as omissions, expansions or adaptations related to the social, cultural and historical context of the intended audience.

f) We have not found many examples where the passage of time affected the self-translation process (at least not as many as in *Matrimonium*) but there were still some indications that the author took it into consideration.

g) There are transformations we found in the target text that do not have a common denominator, but represent places where the author felt like altering her way or amount of information given, while still preserving the idea and the wholeness of the Serbian text. We have attributed those changes to the author's emotional state, the need to fill in gaps left before, the need to connect with the local audience she knows so well or a simple oversight; the last one is supported by the author's statement of having worked in surreal conditions at the time the self-translation was done.

h) With regards to the length of the Serbian entries, another conclusion that was drawn during the analysis was that Jasmina (much like Jorge Semprun and his views mentioned above) writes in a foreign language curb her feelings, but then she is not able to keep the distance when self-translating;

h) The Serbian self-translation and the Spanish translation are significantly longer than the publication in English. This was caused primarily by the aforementioned editorial censorship; nonetheless, we could conclude that the form of a diary that Jasmina wrote in helped to preserve the integrity of her book. For the mere fact that the text is divided into separate diary entries by date, the reorganisation, omission or expansion of its extracts induced (mostly) by the publisher do not affect it greatly.

Secondly, the analysis of *Matrimonium* has brought forth the following conclusions:

a) The original manuscript in English between autumn 1999 and autumn 2000 has not been published yet; it is online, though, within the blog entries of Jasmina Tešanović and has a large number of online readers. The translation into Spanish was done by the same translator of Jasmina's war diary and published in Barcelona

in 2003. The Serbian self-translation had not been done until 2004 (in Belgrade), as the author had an emotional crisis after the death of her mother and was not sure if she wanted to go through the whole process again during the self-translation.

b) The Spanish translation is based on the English manuscript, which contains significantly more data (than the Serbian version) and reveals the author's self-censorship and, in the case of English, the lack of it, as it was not necessary, being written in a foreign language. This has been confirmed on many occasions during the interviews with Jasmina Tešanović .

c) The self-translation is censored by the very author, and according to her, would have been modified even further (had it not been for her friend, in the publishing house in Serbia who prevented it);

d) It has been confirmed over and over again throughout the analysis of *Matrimonium* that Jasmina sees her mother, family and country as her greatest critics. This fact is the reason behind the evident changes in the Serbian text in relation to the English manuscript (and the Spanish edition). It is evident to us that, while writing in English, she tells everything that is on her mind and troubling her; in Serbian, on the other hand, she feels impotent and paralysed, and resorts to a series of omissions, adaptations or reformulations (paraphrasing) to avoid the exposure.

e) Regarding the readership, Jasmina's self-translation into Serbian contains omissions in Serbian and explanations of terms in English (also assigned to the translation in mente); we see generalization in English as opposed to particularization in Serbian, we notice adaptations to the target culture and lack of paraphrasing in the source text if she does not feel the need to elaborate it.

f) Furthermore, we have highlighted many examples of modifications in relation to the passage of time, having in mind that 4 years have passed between the English and the Serbian book. This factor caused the adaptations to appropriate time or place references as well as the change in the author's perspective – there are certain occasions where it looks like Jasmina is completing her thoughts or even altering her opinion, as she has gained a different insight in the meantime.

g) Finally, just as with *The Diary of a Political Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade*, we have traced miscellaneous differences between *Matrimonium* in Serbian and its manuscript in English, where Jasmina benefitted from her position of a privileged translator, and decided to introduce modifications in the TT for external reasons. Those are found mostly as omissions of details she does not see as relevant for readers in Serbia, or are not to be repeated if the interlocutor is her mother; or a simple correction of a name or a place she accidentally got wrong when first writing the book.

but represent places where the author felt like altering her way or amount of information given, while still preserving the idea and the wholeness of the Serbian text. We have attributed those changes to the author's emotional state, the need to fill in gaps left before, the need to connect with the local audience she knows so well or a simple oversight; the last one is supported by the author's statement of having worked in surreal conditions at the time the self-translation was done.

After this, we could say that the key elements that influence Jasmina Tešanović's work, are:

- Censorship - induced by editorial practices, herself or other people, present in things both public and private;
- Ideology – her standpoint of a feminist and a human rights activist is in close connection with the issue of censorship, as well as with the target text readership;
- Multiculturalism – supported by her tricultural background, and shown in the examples when she acts as a mediator between the cultures (as well as the languages, yet not the object of our study) of the source and the target text.

We would like to refer once again to the convenience of a diary as a tool of Jasmina Tešanović's expression. She is constantly taking up the "I" role, speaking to the invisible other. Jasmina's stories show a lot of digressions, switches of ambient and form, while maintaining the coherent monologue. Major modifications in the target text that do not damage it; they do not break the inner order and coherence of the text. The general idea given in these diary entries is left intact, altering only the elements in relation to the audience it is intended for, to the personal viewpoint due to the time passed or the lack of

necessity to explain things that had already happened and been recorded in another language. In addition, both her diaries abound in thematic variety, as they deal with the topics of everyday life, both real and abstract: war, militarism, family, life, death, politics, feminism, philosophy, etc. which further helps to observe the application of censorship in certain spheres and topics in the literary world.

As a conclusion, we can say that Jasmina Tešanović, with her role of an author-turned-translator, confirms the formulation of Helena Tanqueiro and the group AUTOTRAD which denominates self-translation and self-translators as “privileged” ones. Furthermore, this case-study expands the conclusions drawn from the case-studies done among the self-translations between closely related languages and applies them to the field of self-translations between distant languages as well. It also furthers the investigation of AUTOTRAD of diary as a subgenre in self-translation. With this thesis, we have confirmed fundamental facts, already investigated by AUTOTRAD between languages and cultures that are close, as well as those about self-translator as a cultural mediator who uses appropriate techniques and strategies and does not abuse his/her privileged status. Concerning this, we were also able to conclude that the first edition does not always represent the true original; that there is a growing number of authors who choose to write in their adoptive language, going through the process of the translation *in mente*; that the self-translated work may well be considered the original in the author’s native language, namely Serbian (and not English, as a first book to have appeared).

However, this research does not stop here; this is still work in progress, being the first study of (self)censorship, particularly in self-translations between distant languages and cultures. The only related topic so far has been the research undergone by Helena Tanqueiro and Patricia Lopez Lopez-Gay from the group AUTOTRAD and apart from their article “Censorship and the Self-Translator“ (TANQUEIRO, H., LÓPEZ L.-GAY, P. 2008), there are not any major references to be found thereof.

The object of research presented here is new in the field of literary self-translation, hence it is, in our opinion, of relevance to the Literary Translation Theory and Translation Teaching, and it represents an important contribution in interdisciplinary terms for, for instance Literary Studies or Compared Literature. It is also implied that this study helps us conclude that the literary genre has wide influence on self-translation (as different factors act in the form of a diary form, for instance, a novel) and raises the question, to what limits

we can apply this conclusion, that is – to what point the genre influences to the field of studies of literary translation and translation studies in general.

The analysis of Jasmina Tešanović 's work has offered abundance of resources and starting points for different studies, in terms of focus. For instance, even if we saw evidence of linguistic changes between ST and TT, the scope of our research left no place for deeper insight into that. Then again, even if we have extracted differences in the translation of the diaries into Spanish, extrapolating them in detail would have drifted away from our starting hypothesis, and so it remains for future research. In line with the fact that this work can be a starting point for various studies in the future, with the permission and infitutive support of the author Jasmina Tešanović , we have annexed both her original manuscripts to this doctoral thesis.

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Appendix I

List of modifications

The Diary of a Political Idiot: Normal Life in Belgrade

17 March 1998

EN:

Why do my legs tremble as if an electric current is passing through them?

ES:

Estoy temblando: ¿por qué me tiemblan las piernas como atravesadas por una corriente eléctrica?

SR:

Osećam se kao junakinja žrtva “Belog hotela”: zašto mi drhte noge kao da neka struja kroz njih prolazi u krug?

EN:

I fear not being able to imagine the future.

ES:

Temo no ser capaz de imaginar algún futuro posible.

SR:

Plašim se svoje nemogućnosti da zamislim bilo kakvu budućnost, **čak ni ručak u kome bih mogla da uživam.**

EN:

Once, when I was a little girl **and lived with my family in Cairo**, I was supposed to give him flowers...

ES:

Una vez, cuando era niña **y vivía en El Cairo junto a mi familia**, fui elegida para entregarle unas flores...

SR:

Jednom, kao mala, trebalo je da mu predam cveće...

EN:

I grew up abroad, **first in Egypt and then in Italy**.

ES:

Vivimos en **Egipto y en Italia**...

SR:

Odrasla sam u inostranstvu...

I grew up abroad...

EN:

My father was an engineer who became a businessman and my mother a pediatrician who gave up her career to follow him.

ES:

... mi madre, que era médica, dejó su profesión para seguir a mi padre a los distintos destinos adonde lo llevaba su carrera de ingeniero y hombre de negocios. Al principio se

sintió frustrada, pero luego se acostumbró. Me tenía a mí, pero cuando empecé mi educación en un internado inglés, enfermó de asma. También se acostumbró a eso: a su soledad y a su asma.

SR:

... moja majka je pedijatar koja je prestala da radi da bi pratila karijeru mog oca koji je postao biznismen. U početku je bila u depresiji ali se onda navikla, imala je mene, ali kad sam krenula u englesku celodnevnu školu dobila je astmu. Ali se i na nju navikla: na samoću i astmu.

EN:

I grew up switching between languages and cultures, speaking Serbian at home, going to an English school while the world around me spoke Arabic and then Italian.

ES:

... yo iba a un colegio inglés, hablaba serbio en casa mientras el mundo que me rodeaba hablaba árabe o italiano. Era algo más que una esquizofrenia; cada día alternaba tres idiomas, tres culturas... pero como mi madre, también terminé por acostumbrarme.

SR:

Išla sam u englesku školu, govorila srpski kod kuće a svet oko mene je govorio isprva arapski a potom italijanski. To je bilo više od šizofrenije, svakog dana sam prelazila sa tri jezika iz jednog u drugi, živela u tri kulture...i, kao i moja majka, navikla sam se.

20 March 1998

EN:

The killing has started again, **this time in Kosovo.**

ES:

La masacre ha vuelto a comenzar **en Kosovo.**

SR:

Ubijanje je opet počelo.

22 March 1998

EN:

Someone gave me **some vitamins from California** to make me stronger, but they made me feel drugged with useless, mindless energy.

ES:

Hoy podría sentirme muy bien si no fuese por **unas vitaminas prodecentes de California** que estuve tomando la semana pasada.

SR:

Zar nije čudno, danas se dobro osećam kao da pre nedelju dana nisam doživela užas. I sve to je bilo i zbog **California Fitness vitamina** koje sam uzimala.

EN:

Ø

ES:

¿Se trata de Europa contra América, o soy y osola frente a las potencias del mundo?

SR:

Da li je to Evropa protiv Amerike, ili sam to samo ja, sama protiv svetskih sila, protiv sveta kao takvog?

EN:

Ø

ES:

No sigo ninguna dieta, no tengo ninguna ambición relacionada con las dietas, la belleza o la salud. La única manera de mantenerse cuerdo es aceptar el cuerpo que nos corresponde según nuestra edad y nuestra naturaleza. No es sencillo con los estándares inhumanos que impone Estados Unidos.

SR:

Bez dijeta, bez ambicija vezanih za dijete, izgled, zdravlje. Jedini način da čovek ostane čitav je da ostane u svom ljudskom, prirodnom obliku, u tesnoj vezi sa samim sobom i svojim godinama. A to nije lako dok Amerika traži i nameće visoke standarde.

EN:

Ø

ES:

De lo contrario, me extraña que el mundo siga andando, que sigan naciendo niños... ¿Cómo sería posible si todas las vidas fuesen tan superfluas como la mía? Pero entonces descubro que en el guión que me ha tocado, la vida siempre estaba en otra parte. En mi guión estaban prohibidos el talento, el éxito y el dinero. Ni mis padres ni mi país querían verme vivir y triunfar. Nos prohibieron ser diferentes, ser personas. Estaban siempre asustados y se suponía que nosotros debíamos heredar ese miedo. Y así lo hicimos. Al menos yo. Estoy esperando las bombas, estoy esperando el castigo, mi única fuerza está en mi capacidad de resistir.

SR:

Inače se pitam, ako je svakodnevni život tako suvišan i beskoristan kao moj, šta to pokreće svet, zašto se deca rađaju. I tada shvatam da je u mom skriptu život uvek bio negde drugde, kao i talenat, novac, uspeh. U mom skriptu, bilo mi je zabranjeno da živim i uspem: moji roditelji i moja zemlja to nisu želeli. Zabranili su nam da budemo pojedinci, uspešni, drugačiji. Sve vreme su živeli u strahu, a trebalo je i mi taj strah da nasledimo. Zaista smo

umrli. Bar ja jesam. Čekam na bombe, čekam kaznu, i moja snaga leži u mom otporu, u mom preživljavanju.

EN:

They think I am wise and beautiful and sincere. And so I was—I was fine last night.

ES:

Me admiran, piensan que soy sabia, bonita y sincera. Antes lo era. Anoche lo pasé bien. **Siempre me mimetizo con quienquiera que esté; no puedo evitarlo.**

SR:

One misle da sam mudra, lepa i iskrena. I bila sam. **Kao neki medijum postajem onakva s kim sam, neka je dobro, neka je zlo, neka je to nešto što želim, ili ne.** Bilo mi je dobro sinoć.

24 March 1998

EN:

Will I have to spend the rest of my life washing dishes in exile?

ES:

... ¿tendré que lavar platos en el exilio por el resto de mi vida para sobrevivir? **A mi edad, ¿vale la pena, con mi pasado de princesa? ¿Y si fueran precisamente esos cambios y cataclismos los que hacen interesante la vida, y no la continuidad y la paz?**

SR:

Da li ću morati da perem sudove u egzilu do kraja života da bih preživela? **I da li je to vredan izbor, u mojim godinama, sa mojim “kraljevskim” poreklom? I da li tako konačno moj život postaje zanimljiv, s obzirom na uspehe i padove, s obzirom na propasti umesto kontinuiteta i mira?**

EN:

Ø

ES:

Cuando tuve a mi hija no podía comprar pañales ni comida para bebés, y ni siquiera había vendas y medicamentos en las salas de maternidad de los hospitales. Debíamos conseguirlos nosotros mismos del extranjero. Eso fue antes de la guerra. Luego llegó ésta, y con ella las sanciones, y hasta tuvimos operaciones sin anestesia. No necesitábamos una guerra exterior para comprender nuestra guerra invisible y cotidiana con los estándares de normalidad que una vez tuvimos. Lo que realmente me aterroriza es que algo cambia cada minuto, y de hecho nada palpable me sucede.

SR:

Kada sam rodila dete, nisam mogla da kupim pelene, nisam mogla da kupim hranu za bebu, čak ni u porodilištu nisu imali vatu ili lekove. Morali smo sami da nabavljamo iz inostranstva. To je bilo pre rata. Rat je došao, sankcije, i onda su nas operisali bez anestezije, bez lekova. Nije nam ni bio potreban spoljni rat da bismo razumeli naš svakodnevni nevidljivi rat po standardima normalnosti koje smo nekad imali. Ono što me zaista plaši do ludila je da se svake sekunde sve pokreće a zapravo se meni ništa vidno ne događa.

25 March 1998

EN:

They say the mind never dies; well I think the mind dies first, if you are harassed enough.

ES:

Siento como si mi universo se hubiese vaciado de líquido amniótico. Me estoy secando y sofocando, privada del amor, la seguridad, y los sentimientos. No soy valiente, no soy feliz, no tengo opiniones. Eso no es normal, es estar fuera de una vida que tampoco te

necesita y de una historia que no te toma en cuenta. Mi futuro es un muro contra mi cara, mi pasado es un abismo. Así pues, estoy aprendiendo a bailar sin moverme, a bailar con la mente. Dicen que la mente nunca muere; yo creo que la mente muere antes si uno está devastado. Para preservar la mente hay que defender todo lo que contribuye a conformarla. ¿Y qué es eso? ¿Es la libertad, el amor, la belleza? ¿Es la democracia, la compasión, el arte? ¿O es otra cosa, un centro invisible, una energía que gira eternamente? No sé dónde está ese centro. No sé dónde estoy: el afuera invade el adentro.

SR:

Osećam kao da mi je plodova voda istekla iz kosmosa. Sušim se, gušim bez ljubavi, sigurnosti i jakih i konačnih zaslepljujućih osećanja. Nisam hrabra, nisam srećna, nemam mišljenja. To nije normalnost, to je biti izvan života i zbivanja koja te ne uzimaju u obzir. Ja ne uzimam njih u obzir, oni mene ne uzimaju u obzir. Moja budućnost je zid vrlo blizu mog lica, moja prošlost je ambis. Tako da učim da igram u mestu, da igram u glavi. Kažu da um nikad ne umire, ja misim da um prvi umire, ako te maltretiraju. Tako da ako hoćeš um da sačuvaš moraš da braniš sve od čega je um napravljen. Ali šta je to? Da li je to sloboda, ljubav, lepota? Da li je to demokratija, da li je to saosećajnost, ili umetnost? Ili je to nešto drugo, sve zajedno, neki nevidljivi centar, beskrajno rotirajuća kugla energije. Ne znam gde je ta lopta. Ne znam ni ja gde sam: ono spolja silom preuzima ono unutra.

27 March 1998

EN:

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ES:

Aunque estemos en el siglo XXI, quise titular esta divagación mía “Una ópera moral”¹ ¿Era Leopardi un posmoderno aunque escribió su ópera moral en el siglo XIX? Al fin y a la postre, ¿qué me importa a mí la posmodernidad? Ella no se ocupa de mis dilemas morales, y es por eso por lo que debo ser más moral que el Papa. He dejado de tener un alma, se ha roto en mil pedazos. En su lugar tengo un diamante con artistas afiladas y

cortantes que hacen sangrar mi estómago. Pero el diamante brilla, a veces sólo para mí, a veces para todos a través de mí. Depende de la luz y la transparencia.

¹Originalmente la autora había titulado este diario “Sobre la normalidad: una ópera moral escrita por una idiota política” (N. de la T.)

SR:

Moralna opera je naslov mog trućanja, iako je skoro 21. vek. Da li je Leopardi postmoderan, iako je svoju moralnu operu napisao u 19. veku? Uostalom, šta me briga za postmodernu? Nju nije briga za moje moralne dileme, i zašto ja moram da budem moralnija od Pape. Više nemam dušu, razbijena je u hiljadu delića. Na njenom mestu stoji jedan dijamant sa oštrim ivicama od koga mi krvari utroba, gotovo sve vreme, kad se pomeram, kad mislim. Ali dijamant sija, nekad samo meni, nekad svima kroz mene. Zavisi od svetlosti i vidljivosti.

EN:

This is another politically-correct war rather than a moral one. **I have seen it in Bosnia, in Croatia, and now in Serbia.** Americans are being Americans and politically correct, which is painful for anyone who is not American and who is politically correct in a different way. Americans don't get it.

ES:

Ésta es una guerra políticamente correcta, pero no es una guerra moral. No estamos siendo éticos, nadie lo es, ni siquiera los pacifistas. **Lo he constatado en Bosnia, en Croacia y ahora en Serbia, que supuestamente es mi patria.** Los norteamericanos son norteamericanos y políticamente correctos, lo que resulta doloroso para todos los que no son norteamericanos y son políticamente correctos de una manera diferente. Los norteamericanos no entienden.

SR:

Rat se nastavlja a mi smo politički korektni, što je mučno za svakog ko nije Amerikanac i politički korektan na drugi način. Amerikanci ne shvataju...

EN:

Ø

ES:

Hoy, mi deber moral es sobrevivir y decir la verdad sobre mi muerte. Pensé en escribir un ensayo teórico, un libro filosófico, o un simple libro de ficción como los de Carver. Pero soy demasiado ansiosa, mi universo de palabras está hecho de urgencias cotidianas, tragedias, noticias, de falta de dinero, de comida y de amor entre las personas.

SR:

Dakle, moj moralni zadatak je da preživim i da ispričam istinu o svojoj smrti. Mislila sam isprva da pišem teorijsku knjigu, filozofsku knjigu ili jednostavnu prozu ala Karver. Ali sam suviše anksiozna, moj svet reči napravljen je od svakodnevnih briga, tragedija, vesti, nedostatka novca, hrane i ljubavi među ljudima.

29 March 1998

EN:

My parents are ashamed of me, ashamed of my choices. They suffer with every word I utter and rejoice at every word I don't. They want me silent and obedient. They say, "We gave you everything. Don't question it. Just keep this wonderful world we made going." The truth is, my generation won't have time to change much of anything. They are such brave parents, ready to sacrifice my life for their country. But I am a coward child, not ready to die for any country or to fight a war for any just cause. They and people like them fought all those Balkan wars, produced all these leaders who are ready to appeal to people to fight in more wars, for land, for graves, out of pride, out of prejudice. What I resent is that they never told me the truth about their lives. They never told me about their wars, or about how they survived hunger and killing to make their country perfect. Did they kill? Did they see people being killed? Was it all worthwhile?

ES:

Son heroes, hablan la lengua de los héroes, y yo soy un héroe fracasado. Un héroe caído porque no cumplí con mi deber y traicioné la educación que me dieron. Se avergüenzan de mí; todavía me aman, pero no como antes, ya no con su sangre, su orgullo, sus huesos. No quieren tener nietos míos porque temen que el mal se propague. Esos padres que nunca han llorado, nunca me han dicho lo horribles que son el hambre y la muerte, estoy segura de que sí lloraron y sufrieron durante la guerra. Dicen que soy cobarde y por eso nunca me dirán la verdad. Mi madre jamás me dijo lo doloroso que es tener un hijo porque soy sobarde, porque temo al dolor. Muchos años después me enteré de que cuando yo nació ella gritó y montó un escándalo, quería darse por vencida, quería abandonar a su bebé. Y yo era ese bebé. Yo, en cambio, no grité, sufrí sola porque temía que se notase que era una cobarde. Alguien sin heroicidad, una mujer, eso soy. Una persona frágil, sufriente y neurótica que trata de evitar el dolor y el sufrimiento y que sólo quiere alegría. Mis padres, que quieren que yo cumpla con sus sueños, creen que alguien semejante es incapaz de convertir los sueños en realidad. Así son los locos, los bufones y los poetas. Gente que no merece escuchar la verdad. Y la verdad era todo lo que yo necesitaba. No quería dinero, gloria ni poder, sólo la verdadera historia de sus vidas, de mi vida. Ellos no hablan, no escriben. Yo lo hago por ellos, con amor y con odio, con la impotencia de una generación repudiada y maltratada. A veces me burlo de la historia que me cuentan. Hacen caso omiso de mí. No prestan atención a cobardes que no quieren pelear ninguna guerra, que no creen que exista algo como **una guerra junta**. Ellos y otros como ellos pelearon todas estas guerras en los Balcanes, las nuevas y las antiguas. Fueron sus ideas y su poder lo que hizo posible que hoy existan esos ridículos gobernantes que invocan las muertes antiguas. Aquí la muerte está en todas partes. Está en la vida más que en la muerte, en los que respiran más que en los que ya dejaron de respirar. Ya no culpo a políticos y gobernantes por las guerras y tragedias que padecemos, sino a todos los que hacen posible a esos gobernantes. Eso me incluye, a mí y a mi impotencia para arrancarles la verdad a mis padres.

SR:

Oni su heroji, govore jezikom heroja, sve ove godine, a ja sam promašeni heroj. Pali heroj, nisam ispunila svoj zadatak, obezvređila sam njihovo obrazovanje. Stide me se, još uvek me vole ali ne kao nekad, svojom krvlju, ponosom i telom. Ne žele od mene slaviti jer se plaše da se zlo ne proširi. E pa ti roditelji nikad nisu plakali, nikad se za ruke nisu držali, nikad mi nisu rekli koliko glad i ubijanje mogu da budu strašni. A ubeđena sam da jesu

plakali, držali se za ruke i patili u ratu. Ja sam kukavica, kažu mi, i zato mi nikad neće reći istinu. Moja majka mi nikad nije rekla kako je bolno rađati, zato što sam ja bila kukavica, plašila sam se bola. Čula sam mnogo godina kasnije da je vrištala dok se porađala sa mnom. To sam ja bila, hej... Ja nikad nisam vrištala, bila sam sama i bilo mi je teško, zato što sam se plašila da pokažem nešto što su svi vrlo dobro znali. Da sam kukavica. Jedno neherojsko biće, jedno žensko biće, eto šta sam. Krhko, bolno, neurotično biće koje se posvetilo izbegavanju bola i patnje, koje želi samo smeh i radost i dobru maštu. Oni veruju, moji roditelji koji žele da im se snovi kroz mene ostvare, da takvi ljudi ne mogu nikakav san da ostvare. Takvi ljudi su budale, dvorske lude i pesnici. Takvi ljudi ne smeju da vladaju niti im se sme reći istina. Zato što ni u jednom ratu nisam htela da se borim, zato što nikad nisam nosila visoke štikle, zato što nikad nisam verovala u Apsolutnu Istinu, neće da mi ispričaju Svoju priču. Šta sam drugo mogla od njih da tražim: oni su samo moji roditelji. Ne novac, ne slavu, ne moć, htela sam samo njihovu jednostavnu istinitu životnu priču. Oni ne govore, ne pišu. Ja to činim umesto njih, sa ljubavlju i mržnjom, sa nemoći obespravljene i zloupotrebljene generacije. Ponekad pevam, a ponekad se rugam njihovoj priči. Gledaju me belo. Zapravo ih baš briga za kukavice koje ne žele da se bore ni u jednom ratu, koje ne veruju da postoji nešto kao **pravedan rat**. Oni su se borili u svim tim balkanskim ratovima, starim i novim. Njihova moć i ideje terali su ljude u smrt, i stvorili su ove smešne vođe koje zagovaraju staru smrt. Smrt je svuda oko nas. Ima je više u životu nego u smrti, više u ljudima koji još uvek dišu nego kod onih koji su prestali. Više ne krivim političare i vođe za ratove i tragedije: sve drugo je stvorilo te vođe. I tu se i ja ubrajam, i moja nemoć da izvučem istinu od svojih roditelja.

7 April 1998

EN:

Can it really be so simple? Here we have a ruthless dictator convincing us that we are the "Wild Serbs" we are not. He falsifies our thoughts, our roles, our desires, our history. We are drafted into a war we don't understand and don't want by cowards who are afraid to negotiate because they can't be rational.

ES:

¿No es una burda simplificación? Estoy hecha para dudar: no sé cómo son los dictadores, no sé cómo son los serbios, no sé qué es la política. Sé que siempre dudo de las buenas intenciones cuando no se ven claras desde el comienzo. En la capacidad de destrucción de nuestro dictador veo mi propia autodestrucción: el que no hayamos sido capaces de enfrentarnos a él, ni yo ni mis compatriotas. Pero entonces me dicen que todo se reduce a su ambición por el dinero, el poder y la buena vida. Y eso que él obtuvo es, sencillamente, lo que todos perdimos. Son cosas que él no hubiera podido alcanzar en condiciones de vida “normales”, a través del trabajo y la leal competencia. Para poder sentirse normal y bueno necesita que todos suframos. Conozco ese guión, lo he observado a pequeña escala en la vida diaria. He aquí un individuo salvaje e inmaduro, que nos tiene presos en una jaula. Prendió fuego a nuestro alrededor y nos escondió el espejo como a una Cenicienta en cenizas, para convencernos de que somos los serbios salvajes que no somos. Está falsificando nuestros pensamientos, nuestros deseos y nuestra historia. ¿Es él una torpe y malvada madrastra mientras nosotros somos ángeles?, ¿o somos parte de su esencia, responsables de su poder y persistencia? Hemos sido embarcados en una guerra que no comprendemos y no queremos por unos cobardes incapaces de raciocinio que tienen miedo de negociar.

SR:

Ja sam osoba koja sumnja: ne poznajem diktatore, ne poznajem Srbe, ne znam šta je dnevna politika. Znam da oduvek sumnjam u dobre namere koje nisu jasne od samog početka. Njegovu autodestruktivnost osećam kao svoju. Činjenica je da ne mogu da mu se suprotstavim, ni ja niti moji sugrađani. Ali onda, kažu mi, u pitanju je novac, u pitanju je vlast, reč je jednostavno o lagodnom životu. A upravo je to ono što smo svi mi izgubili, pored merila “normalnosti”, i upravo ono što je on dobio što ne bi mogao u uslovima “normalnog” života, to jest radom i fer igrom. Tako da je moja normalnost u njegovim rukama, koristi je kao isključivo svoju normalnost. Da bi se osećao normalnim i dobrim potrebno mu je da svi mi patimo. Poznat mi je skript, videla sam ga u svakodnevnom životu više puta u malom. Da li je to tako jednostavno? Imamo jednu nezrelu, razmaženu, divlju osobu koja nas drži u kavezu, paleći vatru svuda oko nas, krijući nas od ogedala kao Pepeljugu u pepelu, ubedjući nas da smo divlji Srbi koji zapravo nismo, falsifikujući naše misli, uloge, želje, istoriju. Da li je on prostodušna, pokvarena maćeha a mi anđeli, ili smo mi deo njegove suštine, odgovorni za njegovu moć i za otpor? Uvućeni smo u rat koji ne

razumemo i ne želimo, zahvaljujući kukavicama koji se plaše da pregovaraju zato što ne umeju da govore ili racionalno razmišljaju.

EN:

Ø

ES:

¿Alcanza una sola pistola, un solo hombre armado, para guiar a la muerte a miles? He visto una pintura de la Segunda Guerra Mundial donde un solo soldado lleva a las cámaras de gas a cientos de personas temerosas. Si uno solo corria, lo mataban, pero si todos corrian al mismo tiempo, nadie hubiese muerto. ¿Si simplemente alguien le hubiese arrancado la pistola de la mano! Nuestro dictador blande una cuchara de madera, es demasiado cobarde para portar un arma. Es un actor, y nosotros lo espectadores en la jaula.

SR:

Da li je jedna puška, jedan naoružani vojnik dovoljan da povede hiljadu ljudi u smrt? Sećam se slike iz Drugog svetskog rata, jedan jedini vojnik vodi u gasnu komoru na stotine ljudi koji se tiskaju zajedno, uplašeni da se odlepe jedan od drugog. Ako jedan potrči, umreće, ali kad bi svi potrčali u isto vreme, niko ne bi poginuo. Kad bi samo neko zgrabio pušku iz njegove ruke! Naš diktator maše drvenom varjačom. On je isuviše kukavica da bi nosio pušku. On glumi samog sebe a mi smo gledaoci iz kaveza.

EN:

They talk of blood and of pride, but I am losing my mind because of a lack of love and understanding. All our instincts are focused on dying or surviving.

ES:

Hablan de sangre, de castas, de orgullo, de derechos, de visions. Pero yo estoy desposeída, terriblemente desposeída. Estoy perdiendo el juicio por falta de amor y comprensión, por falta de diversión y risas. No puedo estar pensando las veinticuatro horas del día en el miedo y en la posibilidad de una muerte inminente. Pensar en la muerte es ya la muerte. La muerte verdadera es tan sólo una sensación física que mi mente puede evitar. Pero hoy

vivimos inmersos en una cultura de la muerte basada en el instinto de morir o en el de sobrevivir. No quiero oír a mis instintos todo el tiempo. Quiero tener el control y dominar mis instintos básicos para poder sentirme bien y libre. ¿Es eso lo normal? Lo perdí hace tanto tiempo y de forma tan gradual que me resulta difícil saber cuándo y cómo. Fue una pérdida invisible de una categoría invisible. No puedo recordar, sé que existió, aunque no se lo pueda probar a nadie aquí.

SR:

Govore o krvi, o soju, o ponosu, o pravima, o vizijama. Ali meni nešto nedostaje, meni nešto strašno nedostaje. Gubim razum zbog nedostatka ljubavi i razumevanja, zbog nedostatka zabave i smeha i lakoće. Ne mogu da razmišljam 24 sata dnevno o strahu i smrti iza ugla. Razmišljanje o smrti je dovoljno smrti. Prava smrt je samo fizičko osećanje koje moj um može i da propusti. Mi danas ovde živimo u kulturi smrti zasnovanoj na instinktima umiranja ili preživljavanja. Ne želim da pratim svoje instinkte u svakom trenutku. Želim da kontrolišem i upravljam svojim osnovnim instinktima da bih se osećala slobodno i dobro. Da li je to normalnost? Davno sam je izgubila i tako postepeno, da jedva mogu i da se setim kada i kako. Bio je to nevidljiv gubitak jedne nevidljive kategorije. Nedostaje mi, znam da je postojala iako to više ne mogu nikome ovde da dokažem.

14 April 1998

EN:

... and spitting on everybody.

ES:

... y nos salpicaban a todos. **Tisma, una escritora serbia**, dice que en Serbia los escupitajos son la marca de territorio de los machos. Si se tratase de razones fisiológicas, las mujeres también escupen, como los hombres; son las mujeres urbanas las que no escupen. Al inicio de la guerra con Croacia teníamos incursiones nocturnas, sanciones, falta de comida y medicamentos, además de los bombardeos de la OTAN. Era una guerra invisible, una guerra dentro de nuestras mentes aunque estuviésemos fuera del campo de batalla. Pero era una situación soportable. Pensábamos: Todavía estamos todos aquí, y si nos vamos dejaremos nuestra ciudad y nuestro campo a merced de aquellos que han hecho

esta guerra para obligarnos a partir. Pero entonces me dije: ¿Esto es mi vida? ¿Ésta será la vida de mis hijos? Y como si fuera algo importante pensé: ¿Llegará mi hija a escupir en la calle? Si alguna vez abandono mi país, será porque no puedo soportar los escupitajos, sea lo que fuere que signifiquen. Disparos sí, escupitajos no.

SR:

... i pljuvali po svima. **Tišma, srpski pisac**, kaže da je pljuvanje mačo način obeležavanje teritorije. Da je pitanje fiziologije, i žene bi pljuvale. Ali ipak, žene sa sela pljuju, baš kao i muškarci, žene u gradu ne pljuju dok muškarci u gradu još uvek pljuju. Na početku rata sa Hrvatskom muškarci su u toku noći bivali mobilisani, nije bilo hrane ni lekova, i plašili smo se da će nas NATO bombardovati. To nije bio vidljiv rat: bio je to rat u našim glavama, a materijalno smo bili izvan poprišta. Ali to je još uvek bila situacija koja se dala izdržati, misleći kako smo još uvek svi tu, a ako odemo ostavićemo našu zemlju onima koji prave rat da bi nas oterali. Ali onda sam sebi rekla, zar je to moj život, zar će ova situacija koja se razvija postati život moje dece? I upitala sam se, kao da je to nešto veoma važno: da li će moja kćerka pljuvati po ulici? Ako ikad napustim svoju zemlju, biće to zato što ne podnosim pljuvanje, šta god ono značilo. Pucanje da ali ne i pljuvanje.

15 April 1998

EN:

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ES:

Qué hermosa fecha, no sé por qué, quizá porque en dos días será el aniversario del nacimiento de Karen Blixen. En una época yo celebraba los cumpleaños de mis muertos favoritos, aquellos que hacían posible mi vida en un espacio y un tiempo diferentes. Ahora estamos atascados en el presente como en una gota de aceite; cada segundo dura siglos, repleto de dolor y de sentido. El cambio es la regla en esta tierra que llaman los Balcanes. También es mi vida. Cada pocos meses cambia el valor del dinero y de las cosas, las necesidades varían con la escasez, y con ellas todo el sistema de valores. La filosofía de la necesidad se impone sobre cualquier otra filosofía.

SR:

Kakav divan datum, ne znam zašto, možda zato što će za dva dana biti rođendan Karen Bliksen. Nekad sam slavila rođendane mojih omiljenih mrtvih, onih koji čine moj život mogućim na nekom drugom mestu, u nekom drugom vremenu. Sada smo ukopani u sadašnjosti kao u nekoj mrlji ulja, svaki sekund traje vekovima, bolno i značajno. Promene su tako brze u mom životu na ovom području pod imenom Balkan, da je zapravo promena jedino pravilo. Umetnost življenja je brzina i spremnost, probijanja novih pravila, kršenja zakona... preživljavača. Svakih nekoliko meseci vrednost novca i dobara se menja, potrebe se menjaju s obzirom na nestašice, propisujući nov sistem vrednosti. Nijedna filozofija ne može duže da opstane od filozofije potreba.

EN:

They came from Herzegovina and are now scattered all over the world.

ES:

... proceden de Herzegovina y se han desparramado por todo el mundo; son buenos para la supervivencia y para los cambios abruptos del destino. No soy uno de ellos, yo crecí en el entorno de mi familia materna, una antigua familia serbia, con la que sin embargo no me identifico. Eran creyentes: en Dios y en las tradiciones. Pensé que mi familia paterna era violenta y mi familia materna, decadente. Yo pertenezco a mis pasiones y mis fantasías, las que supe fabricarme con **el duende de** Karen Blixen e Italo Calvino.

SR:

... oni su iz Hercegovine ali raštrkani svuda po svetu, vrlo uspešni u preživljavanju i u naglim preokretima sudbine. Nikad im nisam pripadala, podigla me je majčina porodica, ali ni njima nisam pripadala. Oni su verovali u boga i tradiciju. Prvi su za mene bili nasilni a ovi drugi dekadentni. Ja sam pripadala svojim strastima i maštarijama napravljenim od Karen Bliksen, Itala Kalvina, **vila i veštica**.

EN:

This time all the Kosovo Serbs will come here. My city will change once more. But then I doubt it is really mine. I don't feel safe here, or happy, or free. I'm a refugee in my own city.

ES:

Ahora sí vendrán todas a Belgrado. No son demasiadas, pero precisamente por eso vendrán. Belgrado hizo que perdiesen sus vidas. Mi ciudad volverá a cambiar. Yo dudo de que sea mi ciudad; soy una refugiada en mi ciudad igual que esos refugiados en la calle. Mi habitación es como la calle, ya no me siento segura, ni feliz, ni libre en ella. He dado la espalda a un futuro que no existe, no puedo ser feliz estando a la luz, me asusta, temo que delate que soy diferente.

SR:

Ovaj put će doći u Beograd. Nema ih mnogo i upravo zato će i doći. Beograd je učinio da izgube svoje živote. Moj grad će se promeniti opet. Sumnjam da je ovo i dalje moj grad, ja sam izbeglica u mom gradu kao te izbeglice na ulici. Moja soba je samo jedna ulica, ne osećam se ni bezbedno ni srećno ni slobodno u njoj. Leđima sam okrenuta ka budućnosti, svetlost me ne čini srećnom, plaši me, plašim se da se ne primeti moja različitost.

EN:

I refuse the culture of mother, whom I consider a fanatic.

ES:

... yo reniego del fanatismo de mi madre...

SR:

... spalila sam biblioteku moje majke koju smatram **komunističkim** fanatikom

18 April 1998

EN:

Tomorrow is Orthodox Easter.

ES:

Mañana es la Pascua ortodoxa.

SR:

Sutra je pravoslavni uskr **ili tako nešto.**

EN:

The pensioners are being told they have to vote "yes" in the referendum in order to get their pensions and be able to buy bread or anything else. The result of our referendum is already pretty certain.

ES:

Hoy he visto a unos viejos que perseguían al cartero para que votase por sus listas. Los jubilados han sido amenazados con que si no votan por el "sí" en el referéndum podrían perder sus pensiones, esas que necesitan para comprar su pan y con suerte alguna otra cosa. Por eso persiguen al cartero que representa al Estado y al poder. Es un hombre simpático nuestro cartero; les dice: "No os preocupéis amigos, estaré allí, sólo aseguraos de estar vosotros también." El resultado de nuestro referéndum ya es de dominio público...

SR:

Danas sam videla stare ljude kako jure za poštarom da im dâ glasački listić. Penzionerima je zaprećeno da moraju da glasaju kako valja da bi zadržali penzije, da bi mogli da kupe hleb i možda još ponešto. I jure poštara koji predstavlja državu, vlast: fin čovek, naš poštar. Kaže, ne brinite narode, ja ću doći samo vi budite kod kuće. Rezultat našeg referenduma je već javan...

19 April 1998

EN:

Ø

ES:

SR:

Danas je pravoslavni uskrs. Hemičar iz Ukrajine koga sam pre neko veče srela koji živi i radi u Engleskoj, Brajtonu, rekao mi je: Sloveni se drže zajedno, mi smo braća. Pomislila sam, ja sam sestra, pre svega. Ali me je zatim izraz njegovog lica obeshrabrio. Bila sam zapanjena da on koristi jedan politički kliše za koji sam ja mislila da je lokalna patriotska propaganda: da Rusi stoje iza Srba. Zato što to nije istina, niko ne stoji iza Srba, zašto bi, to je kao da stojiš iza najgoreg dela sebe. Moja vrlo osetljiva prijateljica iz grada Ajove mi piše: nisam sanjala da vi u Beogradu imate neke probleme, mi ovde slušamo samo o Albancima na Kosovu, nikad o drugoj strani. Druga strana, pomislila sam, zar postoji nešto kao druga strana u ovoj politici nacionalizma? Druga strana bila bi ne-nacionalna, ne-etnička a prema tome, nevidljiva strana. Moja prijateljica nudi pomoć ili utehu: njeni humanitarni instinkti bude se povodom mojih patetičnih pisama. To mrzim, ali moram da pišem, da bih ostala normalna, da bih shvatila da li postoji nešto kao što je normalnost. Nije bitno da li sam u pravu ili nisam, dobra ili zla, patetična ili ubedljiva. Ovo nije književnost, ovo je život. Prijatelj iz Sent Luisa hoće obavezno ovde da dođe i sâm da vidi šta se dešava. Mislim da mu je stav ispravan i pošten. I ne razmišlja o nama kao mestu gde se može napraviti karijera kao što to čine neki američki novinari. On želi da dođe ovde, zato što je to Evropa, zato što su belci u pitanju, koji se ponašaju drugačije od ostalih belih ljudi u Evropi: nemamo crnce a boje konstruišemo. Moja prijateljica iz Njujorka doći će da fotografiše Normalni život: **jutros nije bilo mleka. Upravo pre šest godina kad je počeo rat nestalo je mleka, simbolično. Poruka je: smrt deci.** Prijateljica iz Tuzle me je juče zvala telefonom, iznenađena da imamo neke probleme. Govorimo istim jezikom kao i ranije, ali sam osetila da je strankinja, da živi u inostranstvu. Ona nije to osetila. Pozvala me je da emigriram u Bosnu. Palo mi je na pamet da sam Srpkinja i da bi mi život bio težak tamo. Ovde mi ne pada na pamet da sam Srpkinja i da je život za sve nas težak. S tim mogu lakše da izađem na kraj.

20 April 1998

EN:

This morning I couldn't buy milk. Just as six years ago, when the war started, it started with milk, a symbol of maternal need. The message is: death to the children.

ES:

Esta mañana no he conseguido comprar leche; fue así que se inició la guerra hace seis años, con la falta de leche, un símbolo de maternidad. El mensaje es claro: muerte a los niños.

SR:

Ø

21 April 1998

EN:

But normally, if you take one of their parking places, they'll take away your car and you'll never see it again. The police work with them, it's obvious.

ES:

Normalmente, si aparcas tu automóvil en el lugar habitual, se lo llevan y no vuelves a verlo. **Me lo dijeron una vez. Su lugar es de ellos, y si no te gusta, mala suerte. ¿Y la ley? De eso no se habla.** Aunque nadie lo diga, todos saben que la policía trabaja para ellos. **No puedo decir que me guste mi calle; en verdad, nunca me gustó. Aunque es una calle verdaderamente bonita con hermosos edificios que ya nadie mira, tiene demasiada realidad. En mi calle la realidad mata igual que las balas.**

SR:

Obično ako im zauzmeš njihovo parking mesto, odneće ti auto i više ga nikad nećeš videti. **Tako su mi rekli. A njihovo mesto za parking je njihovo jer su oni tako odredili. Zakon? To se i ne pominje.** Policija je u dosluhu sa njima, oni to neće da kažu ali mi svi znamo. **Ne mogu da kažem da mi se dopada moja ulica, zapravo nikad i nije, iako je**

to jedna lepa ulica sa lepim zdanjima koja narod više ne primećuje. Stvarnost ubija kao metak u mojoj ulici.

24 April 1998

EN:

The referendum was yesterday. One of my friends said, now they'll come shoot us because we didn't vote. I told her she was just being paranoid.

ES:

Ayer se celebró el referendun. **Una amiga** me dijo que ahora vendrán a buscarnos y nos matarán por no haber ido a votar. **Ayer también fue el aniversario del holocausto judío. Puedo percibir una simetría entre estos hechos; no una verdadera simetría, pero al menos su parodia. Otros contenidos, otros tiempos, pero los mismos disparos inútiles.** Le dije a mi amiga: "No seas **tonta**, no va a pasar nada, estás paranoica." "No estoy paranoica, **soy mujer – me dijo** - , cada vez que hago algo arriesgo mi vida, ¿por qué habría de arriesgarla cuando no hago nada? Los hombres se arriesgan cuando se vuelven invisibles; las mujeres cuando tratan de ser visibles."

SR:

Juče je održan referendun: moj drug je rekao, sada će da nam dođu na kuću i poubijaju sve nas koji nismo glasali. **Juče je bila godišnjica jevrejskog holokausta. Vidim neku paralelu, smešnu, ne paralelnu paralelnost. Druga značenja druga vremena, ali ista ubijanja bez razloga.** Rekla sam mom drugu: ne budi glup, to se neće dogoditi. Paranoičan si. Ja nisam paranoična, ja sam žena. Mene inače proganjaju, ja inače sve vreme svoj život dovodim u opasnost, čim nešto uradim, zašto bih ga onda rizikovala kad nešto ne uradim. Muškarci rizikuju kad padnu u nevidljivost, žene kad pokušaju da budu vidljive.

EN:

That is why he makes me weep.

ES:

SR:

Zato mi suze nailaze na oči. Pre nekih desetak godina, kada je Gorbačov bio zbačen sa vlasti i kad su ga opet vratili da dovrši svoj veliki čin, suze su mi takođe išle na oči. Napisala sam priču: Gorbačov i ja, dva velika naroda. I tada sam mislila da on liči na mog oca. Nekoliko godina kasnije pročitala sam kako je jedna spisateljica na prozaku takođe plakala zbog Gorbačova: i ona je žena koja zna vrlo dobro da njen plač nema nikakve veze sa samim muškarcima na vlasti, već sa činjenicom da je ona žena na prozaku koja se bori sa svojom teškom depresijom. Ali ona je bila na Harvardu dok je plakala a ja sam ovde bila na Balkanu čuvajući bolesnu decu, i to nas upravo spaja i čini da se ponekad borimo na istoj strani, ili da razumemo svet takav kakav jeste dok nam se ruga i nama vlada. Žene sa Kosova se bore sa svojim muškarcima. Ja plačem za svojim muškarcima zato što su surovi i glupi, zato što hoće da vladaju svetom, ne samo mnome. Ali ako Elizabet Vircel sa Harvarda deli moje suze straha, radosti i opet straha, sigurna sam da su i žene sa Kosova sa nama. Upravo to što smo žene daje nam slobodu da budemo politički idioti i da primetimo nešto što niko drugi ne vidi: činjenica da nikad do kraja nismo u svojim kožama već samo u svojim ulogama čini mogućim da napustimo ulogu i da je ismejemo. Činjenica da nikad nismo nosile oružje čini mogućim da mi zaustavimo ratovanje, kao da iskočimo iz nekog filma i upalimo svetlo. Jedini tračak optimizma danas, posle lažiranog patriotskog referenduma dolazi mi iz činjenice da sam žena. U suprotnom to mi je društveno najslabija tačka osim kad zaista postane opasno.

30 April 1998

EN:

We spent yesterday evening with an American friend.

ES:

Anoche nos sentamos a hablar con una amiga americana (...) **Su anfitriona serbia no quería que fumásemos ni bebiéramos, pero lo hicimos de todos modos.**

SR:

Sedeli smo sinoć sa našom američkom prijateljicom (...) **Njena beogradska domaćica tražila je da zbog nje ne pušimo i ne pijemo, ali je mi nismo poslušali.**

EN:

Our friend was afraid her plane wouldn't leave. She asked me what the sanctions were about, what our lives would be like. I said, I don't know. I can't control my life anymore. I feel utterly depressed, absolutely lonely.

ES:

Ella temía que no saliese su avión y le preocupaba el que no pudiésemos hacerle llegar las fotografías que habíamos tomado esa noche. A mí también me preocupaba el que su avión no pudiese salir, pero sabía que las fotografías llegarían bien. Me preguntaba cómo se verían allá, desde una perspectiva políticamente correcta. Mi amiga quiso saber en qué consistían las sanciones y cómo cambiarían mi vida. Le dije: "Ya no me preocupo por mi vida y tampoco quiero tu vida. No quiero sobrevivir, no quiero exiliarme, no quiero repudiar a mis amigas porque se han vuelto nacionalistas, no necesito amigas políticas. Estoy deprimida, sola y angustiada. Mi infelicidad no tiene deseos. Debes entender, bienintencionada amiga americana, que ya no puedo discutir, ni hablar, ni luchar. Quizá haya personas que todavía pueden ser aconsejadas, educadas, redimidas, pero ya es demasiado tarde para mí."

La mayoría de los norteamericanos que conocemos guardan silencio. Como dijo Hannah Arendt, "si yo soy un judío y tú, mi amigo, un alemán en la Alemania nazi, el silencio no alcanza". Pero también ofenden las palabras que no van acompañadas de actos, porque el dolor que nace de la impotencia esta más allá de las palabras.

SR:

Brinula se da nećemo moći da joj pošaljemo fotografije koje smo te večeri napravili. Pitala sam se kako će izgledati s tačke gledišta političke korektnosti. Pitala me je šta su zapravo te sankcije, i kakav će naš biti život? Rekla sam joj da me nije više briga za moj život, ali da ne želim ni njen život. Ne želim da preživljavam, ne želim da idem u egzil, ne želim da ignorišem svoje prijatelje zato što su nacionalisti, ne želim političke prijatelje. Deprimirana sam, usamljena, emocionalno rastrojena. Moja nesreća je bez želja. Da li to možeš da shvatiš, ti dobronamerna američka prijateljice, ne mogu da se svađam, da razgovaram, da argumentišem više, za mene je zaista prekasno. Možda neki drugi ljudi još uvek mogu da se obrazuju, menjaju, savetuju, da im se veruje. Za mene je prekasno.

Većina Amerikanaca koje sretnem samo ćute. Kako je negde napisala Hana Arent, kada sam ja Jevrejka a ti moj prijatelju Nemačkinja u nacističkoj Nemačkoj, ćutanje nije dovoljno. Takođe, reči bez dela vređaju jer bol iz nemoći je mimo reči.

6 May 1998

EN:

Today I went to a **meeting of the Women in Black**.

ES:

Hoy he asistido a un **encuentro de la asociación Mujeres de Negro por Kosovo**.

SR:

Imali smo **sastanak o Kosovu**: radionicu.

EN:

But we did all that six years ago and nobody listened to us, so why would they listen now?

ES:

Estamos comenzando a actuar, pero todas sabemos que nadie nos escuchará. Aunque asisto esporádicamente a las reuniones y casi no participo de las movilizaciones, participo en el

movimiento de las Mujeres de Negro.⁶ Todas somos mujeres de luto, también yo aunque me vista de blanco. Cuando las Mujeres de negro hicieron una protesta en la plaza de la República, en Belgrado, les escupieron y las insultaron: putas, traidoras, locas...

Nada nuevo bajo el sol patriarcal. Ni siquiera el lenguaje (la única cosa viva de la humanidad que no puede matarse con violencia) cambia cuando se trata de matar mujeres usando las palabras como armas.

⁶La asociación Mujeres de Negro comenzó como movimiento en Israel y pronto se expandió por el mundo. Realizan protestas y manifestaciones por la paz, generalmente en lugares públicos, vestidas de luto. (Nota de la T.)

SR:

Počinjemo da delamo. Ali smo svesne daleko više nego pre šest godina da nas niko neće slušati. Narod je poludeo, ne pojedinci. Iako retko idem na sastanke i ja sam žena u crnom. Svi smo mi žene u crnom, ljudi kao ja, i ako smo muškarci i ako se oblačimo u belo kao ja. Na Žene u crnom koje su stajale na Trgu republike u Beogradu pljuvali su prolaznici i naravno vređali ih: kurve, izdajice, ludaje...

Ništa novo, u ratu ili miru, pod patrijarhalnim suncem. Čak i jezik, jedini živi deo čoveka koji nasilje ne može da ubije, ne menja se kad dođe do ubijanja žena oružjem ili rečima.

9 May 1998

EN:

I was in the marketplace where people were talking about prices and inflation, but the hole in the middle of their sentences represented their knowledge of what had happened.

ES:

He estado en el mercado; la gente hablaba de otras cosas, de precios, de inflación. Como si no supiesen por qué pasan las cosas. Pero **la manera en que evitaban “su nombre”**, ese agujero en el medio de sus frases, **el impronunciable nombre de nuestro dictador**, delataba que sí saben. **Los individuos no son estúpidos: los pueblos sí que lo son. Cada**

individuo lleva dentro de sí un universo en potencia. Todos nacemos iguales y completos. El curso de la vida hace que algunos desarrollen al máximo sus potencialidades – cuerpos perfectos, mentes perfectas – y otros no. Algunos no desarrollan nada, a otros los matan justo cuando estaban acercándose a la perfección potencial a la que apelo cuando les hablo.

SR:

Bila sam na pijaci, ljudi su pričali o drugim stvarima, o cenama, o inflaciji. Kao da ne znaju odakle sve to dolazi. Uzgred rečeno, nisu izgovarali IME, ali rupa usred njihovih rečenica svedočila je da znaju o kome govore. **Naravno da pojedinci nisu glupi: narod je glup. Svaki pojedinac ima u sebi čitav univerzum kao potencijal. Svi se radamo savršeni, istovetni. Ali, kako život napreduje, neki razvijaju nešto više od drugih: apsolutni sluh, apsolutno telo, asolutni um – neki razvijaju daleko manje. Neki ništa ne razvijaju, neki bivaju ubijeni dok postaju savršeni. U svakoj osobi vidim savršenstvo, potencijalno savršenstvo, kome se obraćam dok s njim/njom opštim.**

16 May 1998

EN:

Through my belly, my mind works; my anxiety and my fear come out of instinct.

ES:

Mi ansiedad y mi miedo son instintivos, mi vientre domina mi mente. **Tal vez porque soy una mujer, tal vez porque soy moderna, no creo en el intelecto, creo en el vientre y en su dolor. Mi mente puede imponerse a mi vientre, pero sólo mi vientre puede detectar el verdadero peligro.**

SR:

Moj um dela kroz moj stomak; moja strepnja i strah proizilaze iz instinkta. Možda zato što sam žena, možda zato što sam moderna žena. Ne verujem u intelekt, verujem u stomak i bol u mom stomaku. Moj um može da prati moj stomak, ali moj um ne može da otkrije pravi problem, samo moj stomak.

EN:

We are entering the long tunnel of fascism, fascism with a domestic face, that of your neighbor who beats his wife when she disobeys, and pisses on the staircase when drunk. The face of a funny big man who is dangerous because he doesn't know his or your boundaries.

ES:

Nos internamos en el largo túnel del fascismo, **un calabozo de vida santificada sin vida. Lo vi en España, en Italia;** es el rostro doméstico del fascismo, el del vecino brutal que golpea a su mujer porque lo ha desobedecido y orina borracho en las escaleras. El rostro de un hombre grande y ridículo que es peligroso porque no conoce cuáles son sus límites.

El rostro de un Estado-Padre que comete incesto con sus hijos-ciudadanos. El rostro de un Estado patriarcal, una farsa *pater*-padre en un Estado farsante. Está podrido y apesta: pero estarán limpias las casas, impecables las sábanas donde la gente hace el amor o sufre, cocina sus pasteles o se muere de hambre, bebe *rakija*⁷ o veneno. No se preocupen, la gente no cambia, sobrevivirán. Al menos algunos. Para el Padre-Estado el número cuenta menos que la obediencia, la belleza menos que la obediencia, la felicidad menos que la obediencia. ¿Está contento nuestro Padre-Estado? Con nosotros sí; nunca consigo mismo. Él siempre puede ser mejor, como un padre todopoderoso, como un Estado todopoderoso.

De pronto, el miedo y la ansiedad cambian abruptamente sus lugares dentro de mi mente perturbada. Dejo de temer las enfermedades, los problemas económicos, los golpes de la mala suerte. Temo por mi salud mental, que es precaria, dócil y se refleja en las caras de mis compatriotas que, preocupados por su mala dentadura y su sexo insatisfecho, no tienen tiempo de pensar. Mi inteligencia ha sido mi bendición y mi condena. Algunos escritores apostaron todo a la literatura, al talento, por eso yo no me considero una verdadera escritora aunque mi mundo sea la literatura. Pero es mi mente lo que nadie puede quitarme: conozco todos los números, todos los colores, todos los perfumes, las verdades y las mentiras. Desde que era una niña mala que sabía demasiado oculté mi inteligencia a los otros. Pero si mi mente se hace pedazos, se fragmenta, estaré acabada. Mi verdad interior se desmoronará, y con ella el mundo entero.

⁷Bebida alcoholica popular en Yugoslavia, hecha a base de ciruelas. (N. de la T.)

SR:

Ulazimo u dugačak tunel fašizma, **podrum blaženog života bež života. Videla sam to u Španiji, videla sam u Italiji:** to je fašizam domaćinskog tipa, s licem tvog primitivnog suseda koji tuče ženu kada ga ne sluša, i zapišava stepenice kad je pijan. Lice smešnog velikog čoveka koji je opasan zato što ne poznaje svoje ili tvoje granice.

Lice Oca/Države koji pravi incest pred svojom decom/podanicama. Lice patrijarhalne države, farsičan pater/otac u farsičnoj državi. Trulo je i smrdi: ali narod u čistim kućama između čistih čaršafa vodi veliku ljubav ili patnju, peče kolače ili gladuju, pije rakiju ili pije otrov. Nema veze, narod je uvek isti, i on će preživeti. Bar neki. Za Oca/Državu broj je manje bitan od poslušnosti, lepota manje od poslušnosti, sreća manje od poslušnosti. Da li je naš Otac/Država srećan? Da, sa nama. Ali nikad sâm sa sobom. Uvek može on i bolje, kao moćan Otac, kao moćna Država.

Strah i strepnja iznenada menjaju mesta u mom poremećenom umu. Osećam bolest, probleme sa novcem, ne više loše obrte sudbine. Brinem se za svoje mentalno zdravlje. Ono je krhko, nežno, ono se ogleda u licima mojih sunarodnika koji, zabrinuti zbog pokvarenih zuba i lošeg seksualnog života, ne razmišljaju o svojim umovima. Moj um bio je moj dar i kletva. Za neke pisce on je književnost, talenat. Zato sebe i ne smatram pravim piscem iako pripadam književnosti. Niko ne može da mi oduzme moj um. Znam sve brojeve, znam boje, mirise, istine i laži. Moj um je sakriven, još od kada sam bila mala devojčica koja je znala previše. Ali ako moj um počne da se raspada, da se kida, gotova sam. Moja unutarnja istina će se srušiti a sa njom i ceo svet.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Epílogo: Primer día bajo el totalitarismo

SR:

PRVI DANI TOTALITARIZMA ili POSTSKRIPTUM

EN:

Today the nationalists passed a new law against the autonomy of the university.

ES:

Los nacionalistas que nos gobiernan aprobaron hoy la nueva ley para la universidad. **Es una ley que abiertamente atenta contra la autonomía universitaria.**

SR:

Oni, nacionalisti na vlasti, sproveli su nov zakon o univerzitetu. **Nov zakon je otvoreno protiv autonomije.**

29 May 1998

EN:

Ø

ES:

Mis sueños necesitan descansar. Yo sólo necesito una palabra amable cada día, pero mis sueños piden más, son los peores sueños del mundo. De esos sueños nunca saldrá un mundo mejor. No me sirven; mis sueños me hacen peor y a veces pienso que no debería dormir para de ese modo conseguir que se marchen de este mundo y se vayan al infierno, que es de donde vienen. Estoy agotada, físicamente cansada, y necesito un descanso sin sueños.

SR:

Mojim snovima potreban je odmor. Potrebna mi je nežna reč, makar na jedan dan, ali mojim snovima potrebno je više, to su najgori snovi na svetu. Ne može da se rodi dobar svet iz takvih snova. Čak i ja postajem gora od mojih snova i ponekad pomislim da je bolje

da ne spavam, jer će oni tako napustiti ovaj svet i otići u pakao gde i pripadaju. Umorna sam, fizički sam umorna i potreban mi je odmor bez snova.

EN:

This is a war between us and our parents, between political idiots (like me) and political criminals (like them)...

ES:

La guerra con nuestros padres todavía persiste, **es una guerra parricida y filicida**, entre sobrevivientes y patriarcas, entre idiotas políticos (como yo) y criminales políticos (como ellos).

SR:

Rat naših roditelja još uvek traje, **oceubistvo/čedomorstvo između nas i naših roditelja**, između preživljavača i velikih patrijarha, između političkih idiota (kakva sam ja) i političkih kriminalaca (kakvi su oni).

3 June 1998

EN:

Yesterday, his last letter to his parents was published in the paper. He couldn't have written anything more direct, cruel and true, "Just stop it, all of you who think you are doing something right, just stop it." I could imagine what his parents felt. I could have been his mother.

ES:

La última carta que escribió a sus padres apareció publicada ayer en el periódico. Parecía sincera, cruel y verdadera. Así era su vida en ese momento. **Ninguna literatura ni ninguna política es capaz de expresar una idea como él lo hizo, ninguna decisión puede ser más justa que la que pedía:** "Sólo deténganse; todos los que crean que están

haciendo algún bien, paren esto.” **Están matando a los jóvenes, y ellos lo saben pero no pueden evitarlo, son chicos que acaban de salir del instituto y están cumpliendo el deber tradicional de servir al Estado, a cualquier Estado, como siempre a lo largo de la historia.** Puedo imaginar a los padres de ese chico, yo pude ser su madre. **Puedo imaginar todos los pensamientos posibles: desde “en qué me equivoqué” hasta “ha muerto como un héroe”.**

SR:

Njegovo poslednje pismo roditeljima objavljeno je juče u jednom dnevnom listu. Zvučalo je iskreno, surovo i istinito. Kao i njegov život u tom trenutku života i smrti. Nikakva književnost, nikakva politika ne mogu biti direktniji, nijedna odluka ispravnija od: **PRESTANITE, SVI VI KOJI MISLITE DA ČINITE NEŠTO ISPRAVNO, PRESTANITE.** Mladi ljudi bivaju ubijeni, oni znaju da ih ubijaju ali ne mogu ništa da učine, oni su samo dečaci tek izašli iz škola koji vrše svoju tradicionalnu obavezu prema državi, bilo kojoj državi u svakoj istoriji. Mogu da zamislim roditelje tog dečka, mogla bih da budem njegova majka. Mogu da zamislim sve njene misli; od “da li smo mogli nešto da učinimo” do “umro je kao heroj”.

EN:

Mothers, I thought, traitors to the nation, traitors to their men, bearers of life and death, but never able to decide it. Mothers are like court jesters. They tell the truth but it has no impact.

ES:

Madres, pensé, madres, traidoras a las naciones, traidoras de sus hombres, sosteniendo la vida y la muerte, aunque nunca puedan decidir sobre la vida y la muerte. **Patriarcado y política, pensé, crean una sociedad un la que** las madres actúan como bufones: dicen la verdad, pero el mundo ignora esa verdad. **Las mujeres podemos cruzar los campos de batalla y atravesar los territorios en guerra bebiendo vino con los soldados, hablando de la vida y la comida. Algunos creen que esto es un privilegio, yo digo que es un callejón sin salida.**

SR:

Majke, pomislila sam, majke, izdajice nacija, izdajice svojih muškaraca, nositeljke života i smrti, ali kojima nikad nije dozvoljeno da odlučuju o životu i smrti za života. Patrijarhat i politika, pomislila sam, prave društvo u kojem su majke kao dvorske lude: govore istinu ali ona nema nikakav uticaj na svet realnosti. Mi žene prelazimo bojna polja i teritorije u ratu pijujući vino sa vojnicima, pričajući o životu i hrani. To je jedini način da se preživi, sa imalo zdravlja, u ovom velikom svetu u kome smo otpisane. Neki kažu da je to privilegija: ja kažem da je to ćorsokak.

4 June 1998

EN:

The cheapest photocopying shop in town is on my street. To reach it, you have to climb a narrow staircase...

ES:

Solo una escena en la tienda de fotocopias más barata de la ciudad, en mi calle. **Son rápidos y eficientes, pero están instalados en un viejo local ubicado en el patio de un gran edificio clásico.** Para llegar allí, hay que subir por una escalera angosta...

SR:

Samo jedna scena: najjeftinija fotokopirnica u gradu je u mojoj ulici. **Vrlo su moderni, brzi i profesionalni. Ali smešteni su u prizemnoj staroj kući u dvorištu klasične kuće.** Da bi se do njih stiglo, moraš da se popneš uskim stepenicama...

EN:

They all drink and make scenes, swearing, cursing and making fun of passers by.

ES:

Se pasan la vida bebiendo y montando escenas en la calle, jurando y maldiciendo o burlándose de la gente que pasa. (...) **Viven como pordioseros y pagan siempre sus cuentas y sus tragos.**

SR:

Svi piju i prave javne scene na ulici, psujući, ili ismejavajući ljude koji prolaze (...) **Sada imaju i mobilni telefon (...) Oni žive i od kontejnera i uvek plaćaju redovno svoje dugove za piće, ostavljajući za sobom i napojnicu.**

7 June 1998

EN:

Ø

ES:

Un grupo de padres de Zrenjanin, **en Vojevodina**, que en mucho tiempo no han tenido noticias de sus hijos, que están como soldados en Kosovo, firmaron una petición para que se informe públicamente sobre lo que está ocurriendo allí. También recopilaron las cartas que les escriben sus hijos. Los chicos cuentan con detalle cómo son sus condiciones de vida: toda la confusión, el peligro y el maltrato que padecen. A uno de esos chicos lo mataron justo después de haber escrito una carta muy simple: “Esto es horrible – decía -, pero parece que así es la vida.”

SR:

Grupa roditelja iz Zrenjanina, čiji sinovi služe vojsku na Kosovu i koji ih već duže vremena nisu čuli, potpisali su peticiju u kojoj traže informacije o svojoj deci na Kosovu. Takođe su skupili pisma svojih sinova u kojima dečaci u detalje opisuju kako žive i šta su im naređenja: svu zbrku, maltretiranje i opasnost. Jedan od njih je ubijen upravo pošto je napisao jedno vrlo jednostavno pismo: grozno je kaže, ali izgleda da je takav život.

EN:

Some of them were in traditional Muslim dress, others were in jeans, like women elsewhere in Yugoslavia.

ES:

Algunas vestían como es tradicional **en sus aldeas**, con sus trajes y velos musulmanes, y otras llevaban tejanos como en el resto de Yugoslavia.

SR:

Skidale bi svoju muslimansku nacionalnu odeću **kad bi izašle iz svojih sela**, i oblačile farmerke u drugom delu Jugoslavije, **Vojvodini, gde se održavala letnja škola, da bi se opet u povratku vratile u svoju tradicionalnu odeću.**

10 June 1998

EN:

It is the fourth murder on my street in three years, not counting the two bombs in a restaurant.

ES:

En tres años, éste ha sido el cuarto asesinato en mi calle, sin contar dos bombas que estallaron en un restaurante. **Es una calle corta, pero debe de tener la mayor proporción de muertes en el mundo.**

SR:

To je već četvrto ubistvo za poslednje tri godine u mojoj ulici, plus dve bombe u kafani; **moja ulica nije dugačka, kao takva ima verovatno najveći stepen smrtnosti na svetu.**

EN:

He has been arrested more than once in big Western cities during his performances.

ES:

Ya lo han arrestado varias veces por hacer sus *performances* en las grandes ciudades del Occidente. **Es un optimista. Comprendo el sentido de su trabajo mejor que el del mío: comparto sus ideas pero me falta su coraje.**

SR:

On je optimista koji je hapšen više puta u većim evropskim prestonicama za vreme svog performansa. **Njegov rad razumem bolje nego svoj, mom nedostaje njegova hrabrost ali su ideje slične.**

18 June 1998

EN:

The woman who helps me with my housework is a refugee from Knin, **Croatia.**

ES:

La mujer que me ayuda en las tareas domésticas es una refugiada de Knin, **en Croacia.**

SR:

Žena koja mi pomaže da spremam kuću je izbeglica iz Knina...

20 June 1998

EN:

They're not upset. Their minds are on tomorrow's football match between Yugoslavia and Germany.

ES:

Pero la gran mayoría no tiene opinión. No la tuvieron antes, ni la tendrán mañana, ¿por qué habría de ser diferente ahora? No están deprimidos, están pensando en el partido entre Yugoslavia y Alemania que se juega mañana.

SR:

I onda velika većina onih koji ne misle ništa. Nisu mislili ni ranije ništa, ni sutra neće misliti ništa, kako onda danas da misle nešto? I ne nerviraju se, i misle kako će sutra gledati utakmicu Jugoslavija-Nemačka, **i kako će piti pivo uz utakmicu sa kumovima i kako neće ići na letovanje jer nemaju para, ali nema veze, mogu da se ožderavaju, to im je jedino preostalo...**

EN:

I dropped by the women's center. A friend asks if I've heard what the policemen are doing in Kosovo. We continuously receive e-mails. They rape, they kill, the same as in 1992 in Bosnia. On television we only hear about the Serbian people's centuries of suffering. An American woman asks me if I want to go to Kosovo and see for myself. But I don't have to. I can imagine how it is.

ES:

Moved to 23 June entry

SR:

Moved to 23 June entry

21 June 1998

EN:

Ø

ES:

SR:

Od vesti do vesti: čekajući NATO. Kako će se odraziti uspešna utakmica jugoslovenske reprezentacije na NATO, možda napadnu, a naši istom merom uzvrate? Zanimljivo je bilo biti na ulici u vreme utakmice. Zašto se meni to uvek dešava? Kao neki skript. Baš taj dan u to vreme dok se pripadnost meri gledanjem utakmice, ja u suprotnom smeru, po oluji idem da se nađem sa Amerikankom koja dolazi sa Kosova i nastavlja za Sarajevo. Pre nekoliko godina zajedno smo napravile knjigu izbegličkih priča "Kofer". Od tada se nismo videle, sve do ove utakmice. Jedva smo se razumele od buke televizora iz kafića, od oluje, od istorije. Setila sam se mog skripta u drugim prilikama: kada je Tito umro, ja sam prespavala tu priliku, kao i niz godina svog života koje su Titu pripale. Kad god bih ga videla na TV-u kako nam maše, mislila sam da mi je neki rođak, deda. Kad je pre neko veće čovek upucan u glavu ispod mog prozora, nisam opet mogla da se probudim. Što kaže moj majstor Stamenko, povodom poslednjeg glasanja: više ni za sebe ne bih glasao. Mislim da se ne bih probudila ni u mene da su uperili pištolj.

EN:

Ø

ES:

SR:

Volim granične dane između horoskopskih znakova, kao što je danas, iako u horoskope ne verujem ali s njima se silno provodim. Kao i sa svakom drugom verom. Ima mnogo načina da se opiše jedan dan; po onome što radiš, po onome što misliš, po osnovnom osećanju koje nosiš. Ja uvek mislim da sam mogla hiljadu različitih oblika da budem, stvorim... A onda ni dve stvari uporedo ne mogu da izvedem. Danas sam, kuvala rižoto sa lignjama dok sam završavala tekst "Žene i rat" za neki američki časopis. Ovaj put je rižoto stradao a ne tekst: ta će me greška vremenski više koštati. A jedino ozbiljno osećanje koje u sebi nosim je rat, rat, rat, jedan od onih arhetipskih strahova kao od porođaja, smrti, u kojima prestajem da budem pojedinka i postajem sve ono od čega sam nastala, meni nepoznato. Mislim da su te stvari u mom životu mogle i bez mene da se odigraju: u tom smislu

detinjstvo je najgore: postoje samo ta stanja. Zato se ne sećam svog detinjstva. I dalje se pitam, kako ljudi mogu da idu ulicama kao da se ništa ne dešava i u kompulzivnom patriotizmu da kliču nekim fudbalerima koji žive u inostranstvu već godinama i za koje je Jugoslavija folklorno obeležje. Kao da je instinkt istine i pravde izumro, sve dok neki fudbaleri ne šutnu loptu, i tada srpski narod postaje kolektivno biće sa istorijom. Moji prijatelji nemaju novca da plate struju, da se prehrane i naravno neće da idu u rat. Osećam grižu savesti i osećanje krivice i dužnosti u odnosu na naše konstruisane neprijatelje Albance i moje prijatelje koji ovde odumiru. Ali ja još manje znam šta da radim: pišem dnevnik i popujem, čekajući NATO.

23 June 1998

EN:

Not even **the conceptual artist** Marina Abramovic **in her latest performances** could be that good.

ES:

Ni siquiera Marina Abramovic **en sus últimas performances** conseguía un impacto similar.

SR:

Ni Marina Abramović se nije toga setila.

EN:

She's drenched in blood. "Police! Help me!" she shouts. "They tried to kill me." Then she gives us a long speech about life, love, war and simplicity. She does this more and more frequently. Every day, I feel as though the social and emotional space between her and me is becoming smaller. When she sees me she says "Hello sweetie."

ES:

Está empapada de sangre. “¡Ayuda, policía – grita –. Han tratado de matarme...!” **Su hijo intenta sacarla del camino mientras el esposo está de pie estoicamente frente a ella y sus nietos, dos criaturas que ni siquiera lloran.** Suelta un largo discurso sobre la vida, el amor, la guerra, la humildad. Cada día siento que es más pequeña la distancia emocional y social que me separa de ella. **Sé por qué hace lo que hace, y ella sabe por qué yo no lo hago. Ella es una mujer gitana; yo soy una mujer blanca.** Cuando me ve me saluda con un “hola, cariño”. Es la única persona que todavía me habla con ternura.

SR:

Ona ima duge monologe o životu, ratu, o ljubavi, o prostoti. **U poslednje vreme sve češće. Mi Molerovci, marginalci i kriminalci (nova struktura stanovnika ove ulice), gledamo sa prozora i onda pozovemo hitnu pomoć: za sat vremena sedeće na stepeniku blažena.** Svakim danom osećam kako se smanjuje društveni i emotivni prostor između mene i nje. **Znam zašto i kako ona radi to što radi, i ona zna zašto ja to ne radim. Ona je Romkinja, ja sam Belkinja.** Zove me “maco” na ulici, još jedina osoba koja mi tepa.

EN:

Moved to 20 June entry

ES:

En fuego en mi estómago no cede. He ido al Centro de Mujeres. (...) En el Centro, una amiga me pregunta si me he enterado de lo que nuestros policías están haciendo en Kosovo. Recibimos *e-mails* continuamente: violan, matan... igual que en Bosnia en 1992. En nuestra televisión sólo se habla de terrorismo y de los siglos de sufrimiento del pueblo serbio. En la televisión las bajas todavía tienen nombres. Una norteamericana me pregunta si quiero ir a Kosovo para verlo con mis propios ojos. No es necesario, lo sé todo.

SR:

Kugla u stomaku ne prestaje da me muči: svratila sam u Ženski centar. Drugarica mi kaže, jesi li čula šta radi naša vojska na Kosovu, stalno dobijamo e-mailove: siluju, ubijaju... isto

kao '92. u Bosni. Mi ovde, sad već na svim televizijama samo čujemo o teroristima i vekovnim stradanjima srpskog naroda. Tu žrtve još uvek uglavnom imaju imena! Amerikanka mi kaže: hoćeš na Kosovo, da sama vidiš? Ne moram, sve znam.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Hoy, un policía en traje de paisano casi me mata con el coche como si estuviese en el frente. Lo he mirado espantada, pero ni siquiera se ha fijado en mí. Ésa es la relación entre los policías y la población civil de este país. No me cuesta imaginar cómo debe de ser en Kosovo.

SR:

Danas jedan policajac u civilu samo što me nije ubio vozeći svoj auto kao da je na frontu. Nije me ni pogledao, ja sam njega gledala zapanjeno, ali zanemela. Takva je stvarnost policije i građana u ovoj državi, mogu da zamislim kako je na Kosovu! **Iz Haga me zovu da idem na Kipar septembra da držim predavanje o Kipru, ili da smislim neki nov politički ugao o Beogradu iz Beograda. Nemam emotivne snage da nešto tvrdim: ja nisam intelektualac, ja nisam pisac, ponavljam, ja sam žena koja gleda i ponekad nešto napiše.**

5 July 1998

EN:

So there is a permanent civil war going on between uniforms and civilians.

ES:

Uniformados y civiles vivimos en guerra permanente. Nunca sentí que esos uniformes estaban allí para protegerme, sino que en cualquier momento vendrían a encarcelarme por mis ideas feministas, por no ser una buena esposa y madre, por no ser normal.

Todas las noches tengo pesadillas. Al despertar mi primera reacción es decir: “Ya ha pasado, tranquila.” De ellas sólo me queda una sensación fría y aterradora; no sabría decir en qué consisten esas pesadillas, pero sé que están allí.

SR:

Stalni građanski rat između civila i uniformi se odigrava: nikad nisam imala osećanje da me te uniforme štite. Kao da sam neki kriminalac uvek sam osećala da će me te uniforme jednoga dana pojuriti zbog mojih skrivenih misli feminizma, zato što nisam dobra supruga i majka. Zato što nisam normalna.

Da, govorimo o normalnosti i kako je sačuvati. Loši, loši snovi, veoma loši snovi svako veče. Ujutru ustajem i prva misao mi je: sve je gotovo. Hladna, užasavajuća misao. Ne znam šta je gotovo.

EN:

The Serbian **alleged** war criminal who destroyed a city in the war with Croatia, killing many people, committed suicide in the Hague.

ES:

Se ha suicidado en La Haya el criminal de guerra serbio que asesinó y destruyó una ciudad durante la guerra de Croacia.

SR:

Srpski zločinac koji je uništio čitav jedan grad u ratu sa Hrvatskom izvršio je samoubistvo u Hagu.

EN:

People are talking about him as if he was a hero.

ES:

Ahora se refieren a él como a un héroe. Muchas de mis amigas también son nacionalistas y se muestran agresivas. Ya no podemos hablar de nada, de modo que las evito. Las opiniones políticas han reemplazado a los cotilleos sociales. Me gustan los cotilleos, es la política lo que me molesta.

SR:

Govore o njemu kao heroju. Mnogi moji prijatelji su takođe nacionalisti, i agresivni su. Izbegavam te prijatelje jer više ni o čemu ne možemo da razgovaramo; političko mišljenje postalo je kao trač partija. Verujem u trač, politika je ta koja mi smeta.

7 July 1998

EN:

Today is a state holiday, something to do with the Second World War.

ES:

Hoy es una especie de día festivo oficial aquí; se conmemora algo relativo a la Segunda Guerra Mundial...

SR:

Danas je neki vrsta državnog praznika, **neko falskifikovanje istorije**, nešto vezano za Drugi svetski rat.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Esto es el fin: siento que mi vida ha acabado. Ya no puedo soportarla. Creo que haré todo lo que nunca hice porque pensaba que tenía una vida por delante, tiempo...

SR:

Mislim da je sve gotovo: gotovo je sa životom. Ne mogu više da izdržim. Gotovo je. Mislim da ću raditi sve one stvari koje se nikad nisam usudila da radim zato što sam imala osećanje da je život preda mnom, vreme...

EN:

I feel sick, I can't **breathe** because of all the dirt and sadness.

ES:

Siento náuseas, la mugre y la pena casi no me dejan **respirar**. Siento que todo ha terminado, ya he cruzado la frontera de lo que es una vida normal. El arte y la literatura sólo son un marco para la muerte.

SR:

Muka mi je, ne mogu da **jedem** zbog prljavštine i tuge. Za mene je gotovo, ja sam sada s one strane normalnog života. Umetnost i književnost su okvir za moju smrt, **ali umetnost i književnost ne postoje više kao smisao i lepota, samo su kovčezi.**

EN:

Everything is falling apart, no pensions, no cash on the streets, and in the shops, no sugar or oil. Foreigners are deciding our fate, without much knowledge or goodwill, but with energy and anger. Wild Serbs make the world go wild, they say. I wonder if we will have public soup kitchens in a few months' time and coupons for buying clothing, as my parents did after the Second World War. Normality is a myth by now.

ES:

Moved to 9 July entry

SR:

Moved to 9 July entry

EN:

Ø

ES:

SR:

Jedna Srkinja sa Kosova rekla je: mi ovde nismo slobodni da tražimo ili pružamo pomoć. Svi sumnjamo jedni u druge. Mislila je na Albance. Trebalo je da kontaktira jednu žensku albansku grupu za pomoć, ali je zvala ipak Beograd. Solidarnost među ženama je zabranjena u patrijarhalnom društvu, one moraju da se drže muškarčevih klanova i ciljeva. Ali solidarnost među ženama je kao solidarnost među robovima, prirodna je kao što je njihovo stanje neprirodno. Niko te ne može povrediti ili ti pomoći kao druga žena iz neprijateljskog polja. Kada govorim o ženskoj solidarnosti, znam da je to utopija ali postaje stvarna onog trenutka kad je pogledaš. To je vizija koju vidim sve vreme kao smisao koji stoji ispod površne igre žena koje stoje uz svoje muškarce. Možda grešim, ali se sećam sveg onog vremena kada sam taj plan zanemarivala kako sam još više grešila. Zaključak je: u pogrešnoj situaciji ne može se biti u pravu.

9 July 1998

EN:

Moved to 7 July entry

ES:

Todo se derrumba: no hay dinero, falta el azúcar y el aceite en las tiendas. Lo que sobran son pesadillas. Ahora las decisiones importantes las toman las misiones extranjeras, sin mucha sabiduría o buenas intenciones, pero con furia y energía. Los salvajes serbios hacen que el mundo se vuelva loco. Me pregunto si dentro de unos meses tendremos que recurrir a la sopa boba, como cuentan mis padres que ocurrió durante la Segunda Guerra Mundial. Todo está tan cerca y tan lejos como esta anormalidad. Una vida normal es hoy mi utopía, **mi canción, mi plegaria, la plegaria de una atea.**

SR:

Sve se raspada: nema penzija, nema gotovine na ulicama ni u radnjama, nema šećera, nema ulja. Ali gomila loših snova: unutarne vrenje u spoljnom haosu. Stranci sa svojim misijama koji nešto odlučuju, bez mnogo znanja ili dobre volje, ali sa energijom i besom. Od divljih Srba podivljaće ceo svet. Pitam se da li ćemo uskoro imati javnu kuhinju i tačkice za nužne potrebe, kao što su mi pričali roditelji da je bilo posle Drugog svetskog rata? Tako je sve blizu a tako daleko, kao i sva ova ab-normalnost. Normalnost je sad već mit, **moja lična pesma, molitva jedne ateistkinje.**

12 July 1998

EN:

There was pandemonium - women screaming and rushing inside, men moving chairs and tables out of their way.

ES:

Las mujeres gritaban: “Nos dejarán los brazos y las piernas cubiertos de marcas.” Mientras tanto, los hombres trasladaban diligentemente las mesas y las sillas.

SR:

Žene su počele da vrište: povrediće nas, noge će nam izujedati, ruke, a muškarci su pomerali stolice i stolove, ponašajući se odgovorno i razumno, **kao spasitelji i ratnici.**

EN:

I thought if a single bomb landed here by mistake...

ES:

Pensé que si por error caía allí una bomba **de Kosovo**...

SR:

Pomislila sam, kad bi samo jedna bomba **sa Kosova** slučajno ovde pala...

EN:

... their nationalism would vanish. Their proud Serbian nationalist small talk would fizzle out like air from a balloon. (...) The nationalists left all their food behind on the terrace as if it was free. It reminded me of those stories about the Russian aristocracy during the October Revolution, but a cheaper version.

ES:

... arrasaría también todos sus comentarios **chovinistas** de serbios orgullosos. (...) Los nacionalistas abandonaron sus platos en la terraza como si todo fuera gratis, como si nadie hubiese trabajado para preparar la comida. Parecía una de esas historias de aristócratas rusos durante la Revolución de Octubre, **o de nobles franceses cuando la revolución en 1789, o de soldados egipcios cuando la guerra de los Seis Días**. Sólo que mucho más vulgar: **el nacionalismo serbio tiene aristas de fascismo aristocrático, pero fascismo al fin.**

SR:

... čitav njihov nacionalizam bi nestao. (...) Razmaženi nacionalisti ostavili su svu hranu za sobom na terasi, kao da je besplatna, kao da niko za nju nije radio. Podsetilo me je na priče o ruskoj aristokratiji za vreme oktobarske revolucije, **o francuskoj aristokratiji za vreme francuske, i o egipatskim vojnicima za vreme rata od šest dana**. Ali sve to mnogo prostačkije. **Srpski nacionalizam podseća na aristokratski fašizam. Ali je to ipak samo fašizam.**

18 July 1998

EN:

And that sense of coziness in the cold world...

ES:

Y esa sensación de ternura en medio del frío, antes de las pérdidas. Sentirse poderosa sólo por estar viva, sentirse única sólo por ser quienes somos, con todos nuestros defectos y dolores...

SR:

I to osećanje bezbednosti u hladnom svetu, pre primarnog gubitka, kao da nikakav gubitak ne može da dodirne tu toplinu i bezbednost, to osećanje da si bogat zato što si živ, i da si jedinstvena upravo zato što si takva kakva jesi, sa svim manama, sa svim bolovima... **I to**

nije bilo pitanje stomaka: to je bilo pitanje uma. Moj um bio je bezbedan zbog svih velikih stvari koje su ga čekale.

EN:

Everywhere you turn, people are talking obsessively. Money, the weather, survival; there is no music, no joy. I avoid people.

ES:

Allí donde se mire la gente está hablando obsesivamente: de dinero, del tiempo, de cómo sobrevivir; no hay música, no hay alegría en la gente, en las calles, en las tiendas, en las escuelas y universidades, en los parques. Evito a la gente y trato inútilmente de evitarme a mi misma. Me siento vacía. Yo he sido mi primera pérdida, y soy quien llora esa primera pérdida. Mi mente recuerda imágenes de felicidad y espera su muerte. Nada muere, dice la Biblia, sólo cambia. Este cambio, sin embargo, no es natural, es un asesinato. Asesinato de la felicidad, de las imágenes de la felicidad; asesinato de toda actividad mental.

SR:

Svuda gde god da se okreneš narod priča opsesivno o novcu, o vremenu, šapuću o preživljavanju, nema muzike, nema radosti u ljudima na ulici, u ljudima po radnjama, u ljudima po školama, univerzitetima, parkovima. Izbegavam ljude, i sebe izbegavam s obzirom da sam i ja ti ljudi. Ja sam u vakuumu primarnog gubitka. Ja sam primarni gubitak u tuzi nad primarnim gubitkom. Moj um radi na mom primarnom gubitku, sećajući se slika sreće i čekajući na svoju smrt. Ništa ne umire, verovatno kaže biblija, samo se menja. Ova promena nije potpuno u skladu sa vremenom ili prirodom, u pitanju je ubistvo. Ubistvo sreće, slike sreće; ubistvo rada uma.

31 August 1998

EN:

Ø

ES:

Vuelta a la normalidad: ya no funcionan los semáforos en nuestras calles, y los que funcionan no pueden verse porque ya nadie se molesta en podar los árboles y las ramas ocultan las luces a los conductores. Hoy un coche ha estado a punto de matarme. No me enfadé; no era su culpa. No es culpa de nadie lo que estamos viviendo: **lavado de cerebros, violencia, lavado de cerebros**. Dicen que han descubierto una fosa común donde cientos de serbios habrían sido **asesinados** por los terroristas albaneses... Suena terrible, imposible. Alegan que iban a matar al presidente Milosevic de la misma forma que a la princesa Diana: ¿los dos pacifistas de este mundo? Suena imposible y ridículo...

SR:

Opet normalnost: semaforska svetla na ulicama i bulevarima ne funkcionišu, sakrivena su iza granja i niko o tome više ne brine. Gotovo da me je ubio danas vozač koji nije mogao da vidi semafor od lišća. I nisam ni bila ljuta što me je gotovo ubio. Nije bila njegova krivica, ja sam bila kriva, nije ničija krivica sve ovo što nam se dešava: **ispiranje mozga...** Kažu da je otkrivena srpska masovna grobnica, gde je zakopano na stotine Srba **maltretirano, silovano, ubijeno** od strane albanskih terorista... Zvuči strašno, zvuči nemoguće, nemoguće, strašno... Kažu predsednik Milošević je trebalo da bude ubijen u isto vreme na isti način kao princeza Dajana: dva mirotvorca na svetu? Nemoguće, ludački...

30 September 1998

EN:

She smiled at me, and I didn't dare cry. I just wanted to faint. Who cares about bombs or earthquakes if you have even a chance to stay alive? She has none.

ES:

Me sonrió y no me atreví a llorar, sólo quería desmayarme. Deseé morir en su lugar. ¿A quién le importan las bombas o los terremotos cuando tienes oportunidad de seguir viviendo? Ella no tiene ninguna. Sólo las penas de amor se parecen a esto.

SR:

Nekada je bila vunderkind, prelepa devojka a i sada je najlepša pacijentkinja na odeljenju za SIDU. Ljudi su tamo bez lica, kreću se na čvrstim nogama, ili su veoma mršavi ali aktivni. (...) Smeši mi se. Ne plačem, ne usudujem se da plačem na njen osmeh i šapat. Hoću samo da padnem u nesvest. Hoću da umrem umesto nje. Koga briga za bombe, za zemljotrese, ako postoji šansa da ostaneš živa. Ona je nêma. Samo ljubav i bol od ljubavi su slični ovom bolu.

EN:

During the night I hold my child tightly, trying to repair the bliss of childhood, but it is no use. There is no bliss in it.

ES:

Por la noche abracé con fuerza a mi hija, tratando de recobrar aquella felicidad de mi niñez, pero ya no es posible. **Ahora soy una madre con responsabilidades, debo hacer que el mundo siga andando, velar por la normalidad y proteger a otros de los terremotos y las bombas.** Esa felicidad se perdió.

SR:

Noću držim čvrsto za ruku moju kćerku da bih osetila to blaženstvo iz detinjstva, ali nema svrhe. **Drugačije je to, ja sam majka sa odgovornošću da svet funkcioniše, da brinem o normalnosti, o bombama i zemljotresima.** Nema blaženstva u tome.

EN:

I see my dying cousin every day.

ES:

Todos los días voy a ver a mi prima **bella** y morbunda.

SR:

Viđam svoju umiruću **prelepu sestru** svaki dan.

**SR close-knit familiar term for calling cousins “sisters/brothers”which they indirectly are.*

EN:

I feed her as when we were kids. I say, stay alive. She says, I have no place to go. I say, stay alive for me, I will find you a place. Her eyes sparkle, she takes hold of my hand feebly. She still has beautiful hands. I say, promise.

ES:

Le doy de comer como cuando éramos pequeñas. Le digo “no te mueras”. Contesta que no tiene adonde ir. Le pido que viva para mí, que yo le encontraré un lugar. Le brillan los ojos y me toma la mano débilmente; sus manos todavía son hermosas. Se lo prometo, **sin atreverme a decir que no hay a donde ir después de las bombas y los terremotos. Cuando salgo del hospital lloro, pero cuando estoy con ella me siento feliz.**

SR:

Hranim je kao nekad kad smo bile deca, **ona mlada, ja starija, ali obe deca, same u blaženom svetu, dok smo brinule jedna o drugoj. Ona je moja terapija i terapeutkinja. Ona to zna.** Kažem joj, izvuci se. Ona kaže, nemam gde da odem. Ja kažem, izvuci se mene radi, naći ću ti neko mesto. Oči joj sijaju, ona me slabašno hvata za

ruku. Ima još uvek prelepu ruku. Ja kažem, obećavam. **Ne usuđujem se da joj kažem da nema više mesta gde može da se ode, zbog bombi, zbog zemljotresa. Ali obećavam. Plačem ispred bolnice, ne unutra s njom. S njom sam srećna.**

EN:

... abandon all hope. But then all hospitals here have had this kind of atmosphere for the past five or six years.

ES:

... abandonad toda esperanza. **No es el mejor lugar para morir, pero ni siquiera esos hospitales fueron hechos para morir.** Éste ha sido el clima en Belgrado durante los últimos cinco o seis años.

SR:

... napustite sve nade. **Teško je tu umreti, ali ni ove bolnice nisu namenjene za smrt.** Poslednjih pet šest godina u Beogradu vlada ta atmosfera.

EN:

It wasn't a question of money, but of sanctions: no pacemakers for Serbs. And he got it.

ES:

El problema no era el dinero sino las sanciones: no había marcapasos para los serbios. Pero él lo obtuvo. **Personas más jóvenes murieron porque sus ocupaciones o su dignidad les impedían dormir en los escalones de la entrada.**

SR:

Nije bilo pitanje novca, već sankcija, nema pejsmejкера za Srbe. I dobio ga je. **Mladi ljudi, čije dostojanstvo ili obaveze im nisu dopustili da spavaju na stepeništi nisu ih dobili.**

EN:

And I got angry. Let's find the murderer.

ES:

Me invadió la furia: busquemos al asesino, **me dije. Las conciencias de la gente corriente se vuelven políticas cuando pierden su vida normal. Hasta a los idiotas políticos como yo les ocurre.**

SR:

I onda sam se naljutila. Da pronađemo ubicu. **Svest običnog sveta postaje politička kroz normalnost, gubitak normalnosti. Čak i političkih idiota kao što sam ja.**

10 October 1998

EN:

Yesterday, in the queue to pay new taxes – for the war to come...

ES:

Ayer, en la cola para pagar los nuevos impuestos para sostener la guerra **en Kosovo...**

SR:

Juče, dok smo čekali na red da platimo nove poreze za rat – za rat **na Kosovu...**

EN:

... I just see them as people who haven't had a chance to be better.

ES:

... sólo lo veo como un pueblo que no tiene la oportunidad de ser mejor. Yo soy mujer y soy cobarde, y hasta mis hijos temen mi miedo. Quieren que me aleje de la guerra y los deje tranquilos con sus amigos en el clima amistoso de los refugios, cerca de las discotecas.

SR:

... vidim ga samo kao narod koji nema šansu da bude bolji. Ja sam žena i kukavica: čak se i moja deca plaše zbog mog straha za njih. Hoće negde da me pošalju daleko do rata, daleko od njih, oni hoće da su mirni i bez svesti, zajedno sa svojim prijateljima u nekoj prijateljskoj atmosferi, u skloništu, pored neke diskoteke.

EN:

Yesterday night, I went with the Women in Black to demonstrate in the Square of the Republic.

ES:

Ayer por la tarde hubo una manifestación de las Mujeres de Negro en la plaza de la Republica. **En un lado, estábamos protestando las Mujeres de Negro; en el otro, estaban los de la oposición, en pequeños grupos y dando vueltas como si se tratara de una reunión social.**

SR:

Sinoć su Žene u crnom demonstrirale na Trgu Republike. **S jedne strane stajale su Žene u crnom, u protestu; s druge strane svet iz opozicije u malim grupicama kružeći kao na koktelu.**

EN:

... which is what Seselj, the vice-president of the Serbian government, promised **us traitors.**

ES:

... como prometió Seselj, el vice-presidente del Gobierno serbio, que haría **con las Mujeres de Negro, con las mujeres y con los traidores.**

SR:

kao što je potpredsednik vlade Šešelj obećao **Ženama u crnom, ženama kao izdajicama.**

11 October 1998

EN:

Can anything be as bad as this feeling that imminent death is a lottery? Last night we had a birthday party. We couldn't get drunk, yet we couldn't stop laughing. It was the kind of behavior I've observed at funerals.

ES:

Peor que pensar en la muerte es este sentimiento de que la muerte puede llegar a ser tan arbitraria como una lotería. (...)

Anoche celebramos un cumpleaños. No pudimos emborracharnos, no tuvimos resaca y no pudimos parar de reírnos. Fue el mismo tipo de comportamiento que suele darse en los funerales.

SR:

Čini mi se da moja razmišljanja o smrti nisu tako teška kao ovo osećanje skorašnje smrti kao pitanje lutrije, ruskog ruleta. (...)

Sinoć smo slavile rođendan. Nismo mogle da se napijemo, nismo bile mamurne, ali nismo mogle da prestanemo da se smejemo. Isto takvo ponašanje me spopadne na sahranama.

13 October 1998

EN:

Ø

ES:

Estoy paralizada, en estado de shock. Puedo razonar que ya no estamos bajo el inminente peligro de las bombas, pero ha dejado de importarme. Vivo amenazada de muerte, condenada. No puedo embriagarme, no puedo dormirme... ¿y si la muerte me atrapa desprevenida? **En la noche del sábado** firmarán el tratado de no agresión.

SR:

Nêma sam, u stanju šoka. Shvatam glavom da nismo više u neposrednoj opasnosti od bombardovanja ali mi više nije bitno. Živim na vremenskoj granici smrti, imam rok. Ne mogu da se napijem, ne mogu da zaspim, šta ako me smrt uhvati nespremnu? Sporazum o nenapadanju biće potpisan **u subotu**.

EN:

... I thought about buying pills for temporary and even permanent sleep - in case I lose my strength to survive or want to keep my children from realizing how senseless and unjust life can be.

ES:

... he pensado en comprar píldoras para dormir, por un tiempo o eternamente, por si acaso me abandonan las fuerzas y no soy capaz de evitar que mis hijos sepan que la vida puede ser injusta y carecer de sentido. **Como toda madre sé que el mayor deber de una madre es hacer la vida de sus hijos menos dolorosa y absurda. El resultado será un niño feliz, un adulto feliz capaz de conservar la infancia dentro de sí, y que por eso se convertirá a su vez en una “madre”. Pero cuando estamos en una situación límite ya no es posible disimular. Los hijos se transforman en padres y los padres en cobardes:**

escondidos en un refugio sin agua ni comida pero con un enorme sentimiento de culpabilidad.

SR:

... pomislila sam da kupim kutiju tableta za privremeni ili večni san. U slučaju da izgubim snagu, i da nadživim i svoju decu koju nisam u stanju da zaštitim od nepravde i besmislenosti života. **I svaka majka zna duboko u svom srcu ceo svoj život: dužnost joj je da prikriva deci bol i besmisao života. Rezultat je srećno dete, srećno odraslo dete koje takođe postaje majka. Ali izvan nekih granica čovek više ne može da se pretvara. Deca postaju roditelji a roditelji postaju kukavice. U skloništu bez hrane i vode ali sa jednim ogromnim osećanjem krivice i obaveze.**

15 October 1998

EN:

Ø

ES:

En el centro de Belgrado he visto a la gente esperar la llegada de los extranjeros, **de las tropas de paz que se dirigen hacia Kosovo.**

SR:

Videla sam konačno u centru Beograda svet koji očekuje strance... **Štagod to značilo.**

EN:

I am not sure many people will come.

ES:

No creo que venga mucha gente. **¿Dónde está la gente? Caminando por la acera soleada, trapicheando en el mercado negro, teniendo hijos, haciendo el amor, ¿peleando por tonterías para evitar los grandes temas?**

SR:

Nisam sigurna da će mnogo ljudi doći: **gde je taj narod, da li šeta po sunčanim ulicama, da li je na crnoj berzi, da li prave decu, ili se svadaju oko sitnica da bi izbegli Veliki Govor?**

13 November 1998

EN:

... deal with it, through evasion. When I left the hospital I went for a long walk.

ES:

... buscan ocultarlo y evadirse. Salí del hospital y me fui a caminar.

SR:

... pristupaju stvari: kroz okolno pitanje. **Rekla sam SIDA, rekla sam AIDS – francusku i englesku verziju – a onda sam ponosna otišla.** Posle bolnice sam dugo šetala.

I said SIDA, I said AIDS -- the French and English version -- and then I proudly left.

EN:

On January 15, 1999, Serb Interior Ministry troops invaded village of Racak in Kosovo and murdered forty-five people. Most were shot through the head, and some were decapitated.

ES:

Ø

SR:

Ø

19 January 1999

EN:

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ES:

El 7 de enero, día de la Navidad ortodoxa y un día después de su cumpleaños, mi madre se cayó y se rompió el brazo. La operaron y sobrevivió a duras penas. Querían amputárselo, pero ella se opuso. Así que se prepara para una nueva operación sin un pronóstico claro...

SR:

Moja majka je pala u kući **na pravoslavni božić**, jedan dan posle svog rođendana i polomila ruku nezgodno. Operisali su je i jedva je preživela. Hteli su da joj amputiraju ruku: odbila je. Zato se sprema na novu operaciju bez prognoze...

EN:

She wants to say goodbye to me, but she dares not, she says.

ES:

Quiere despedirse de mí, pero no se atreve, dice: “Me doy por vencida, no quiero que me operen.” Al principio dije a los médicos que no se haría; ahora he aceptado, porque mi madre miente y tengo que decidir por ella. Le pregunté al médico si tenía alguna posibilidad de sobrevivir; primero respondió que no, y después que sí, que había muchas...

SR:

... hoće da mi kaže zbogom, ali se ne usuđuje, kaže, odlučila sam se za operaciju, prvo sam rekla “ne” a sada kažem “da”, zato što sam odlučila. Laže, ja sam odlučila u njeno ime, pitala sam lekara, doktore, da li ona ima izbora, on je rekao, nema, a onda je rekao, postoje mnogi izbori...

EN:

She mutters to herself. She can't stand the humiliation of being washed by me. My father looks away. We all wish you well, he says. Will I end this way too? At least my daughter has not been brought up to take care of me; somebody else will wash my body.

ES:

Mi padre se comporta como si el asunto no tuviese mayor importancia: es un hombre y se supone que los hombres son fuertes, pero él también llora, piensa que ella va a morir, y le dice: “Todos deseamos que te mejores.” Yo le grito a mi madre: “No te des por vencida, debes alimentarte bien, tienes que mover las piernas... Debes sobrevivir.” Está enfadada conmigo porque le grito, protesta para sí; murmura: “Mi cuerpo y yo...” Sé que quiere vivir para ver a su nieta otra vez, pero también sé que no puede soportar la humillación de estar sucia, de que yo le bañe... desnuda. Claro que he pensado que yo también terminaré así, pero me alegra saber que al menos no eduqué a mi hija para que tenga que cuidarme; algún otro lo hará. Yo podría cuidar a cualquiera anciana sucia, pero no a mi madre, que siempre ha sido la mujer más ciudadosa del mundo, mi ángel de la guardia.

SR:

Moj otac gleda na drugu stranu, on je muškarac, muškarcu moraju da su jaki, i on plače, on misli da će ona umreti, kaže joj, želimo ti sve najbolje, sve najbolje. Ja vičem na nju, saberi se, moraš da jedeš, piješ, moraš da hodaš... Hoću reći, moraš da preživiš. Ona je ljuta što vičem na nju, sama sebi govori u bradu, moje telo moja volja... Znam da želi da živi, da opet vidi svoju unuku, ali znam da ne može da istrpi poniženje da bude prljava, da je ja perem, голу... Naravno, pomislila sam, i ja ću tako završiti, barem moja kćerka nije

vaspitana da se na ovaj način o meni brine, neko drugi će to raditi. Lakše bih to uradila bilo kojoj prljavoj starici ili starcu nego mojoj majci koja je uvek bila najčistija žena na svetu, moj anđeo. **Ne plaćemo...**

EN:

She smiles at me, meaning, you know nothing about life—but unfortunately I do.

ES:

Le digo que los médicos son unos cobardes y me sonrío porque ella también es médica. Sé lo que esa sonrisa significa: “Tú no sabes nada de la vida.” Lamentablemente sí que sé, **aunque ella crea lo contrario.**

SR:

Ja kažem, lekari su kukavice, a ona mi se smeši, jer je i sama lekar. Znam da to znači, ništa ti ne znaš o životu, **ali ona ne zna da**, na žalost, znam.

EN:

We wait for a taxi, and he speaks of how lonely he will be without my mother.

ES:

Él está tranquilo gracias a mí. Mientras esperamos un taxi habla de lo solo que se sentirá sin mi madre, **sin detenerse a pensar lo sola que quedará ella sin su vida. Hombres.**

SR:

On je miran. Čeka taksi, priča kako će mu nedostajati moja majka, **ne pominjući kako će njoj nedostajati njen život. Opet muškarci.**

EN:

On 24 March, 1999, NATO begin air strikes on Yugoslavia

ES:

El 25 de marzo de 1999 la OTAN inició los bombardeos sobre Yugoslavia (N. de la T.)

SR:

Ø

26 March 1999

EN:

26 March, 5:00 P.M.

ES:

26 de marzo de 1999

SR:

26. mart 99, 17 sati

EN:

I hope we all survive, but that the world as it is does not...

ES:

Espero que todos sobrevivan, pero no este mundo tal cual es...

SR:

Nadam se da ćemo svi preživeti, ali ne i ovaj svet takav kakav jeste. **Nadam se da ćemo uspeti da ga skrhamo: zovi to demokratijom, zovi ga diktaturom.**

EN:

... the world in which a **USA congressman** estimates twenty thousand civilian deaths as a low price for peace in Kosovo...

ES:

... un mundo en el que **la OTAN** estima que veinte mil civiles muertos es un precio aceptable si con eso se logra la paz en Kosovo...

SR:

Kada **NATO** procenjuje da je 20000 civilnih žrtava mala cena za mir na Kosovu...

EN:

... or in which President Clinton says he wants a Europe safe for **American schoolgirls**.

ES:

... o en el que el presidente Clincon declara que quiere una Europa segura para **los escolares estadounidenses**.

SR:

... kada predsednik Klinton kaže da hoće da Evropa bude bezbedna za **američke đake**...

EN:

When **Milosevic** says we will fight to the very last drop of blood...

ES:

Cuando **el presidente serbio** dice que peharemos hasta la última gota de sangre...

SR:

... **srpski predsednik Milutinović** kaže da ćemo se boriti do poslednje kapi krvi...

EN:

Ø

ES:

Y todos se transforman no sólo en enemigos sino en bestias, lobos, pasando de las políticas económicas y el discurso sobre democracia y los derechos humanos a cálculos sobre la cantidad de sangre a invertir, como si se tratara de combustible.

SR:

I onda svi oni ne postaju samo meni neprijatelji, već zveri, vukodlaci, koji prelaze sa ekonomske politike na demokratska ljudska prava preko količine krvi potrebne (kao gorivo) da se to ostvari.

EN:

The green and black markets in my neighborhood have adapted to the new conditions...

ES:

He ido al mercado. En mi vecindario los mercados están animados otra vez, se han adaptado a las nuevas condiciones...

SR:

Danas je drugi dan posle. Otišla sam na pijacu i crnu berzu, na Kalenić. Opet je živnula, adaptirala se na nove uslove, nove potrebe...

EN:

We all sit together and share what we have.

ES:

Ahora nos sentamos juntos y compartimos todo eso.

SR:

Sedimo zajedno i delimo stvari koje imamo. **Solidarnost i nežnost budi najbolje crte kod Srba. Konačno: znala sam da nešto volim kod mog naroda...**

EN:

Ø

ES:

Una amiga alemana que vive en Belgrado me llama para decirme que no se ha ido del país, que tampoco ha enviado fuera a sus hijos y ni siquiera al nieto que acaba de nacer. **Está harta de todo y quiere tener el control de su vida.**

SR:

Moja prijateljica Nemica koja živi u Beogradu zove me telefonom, kaže, nisam napustila zemlju, nisam izvela decu, čak ni tek rođene unučiće. **Dosta mi je svega, hoću da vodim svoj lični život.**

I am fed up with everything, I want to lead my personal life.

EN:

I think of our Albanian friends in Kosovo. They must be much worse off than we are, and fear springs up at the thought.

ES:

Pienso en mis amigos albaneses en Kosovo: han de estar peor que nosotros. Me invade el miedo ante este pensamiento, **pues significa que todavía no hemos llegado al final.**

SR:

Razmišljam o Albancima na Kosovu, o svojim prijateljima i njihovim strahovima, znam da im je gore nego nama; strah se u meni budi na tu pomisao, **znači da još nije kraj.**

EN:

Ø

ES:

La víspera de los bombardeos vi, finalmente, *La vida es bella*, la película de Benigni. Al día siguiente nosotros vivíamos el mismo drama. Quizá no debí haberla visto, pero ya es tarde para arrepentirse. Descubro que en cada juego de guerra que organizan **los hombres malos** es siempre mejor estar entre las víctimas.

SR:

I konačno, gledala sam Beninijjev film “Život je lep” veče pred bombardovanje. Sledećeg dana, i nama se sve desilo. Možda nije trebalo da ga gledam, ali sada je prekasno: i shvatam da je u svakom ratu koji vode **Veliki Muškarci** najbezbednije mesto žrtve.

EN:

The sirens are interrupting me, a terrible wailing up and down.

ES:

La alarma, con su dramática sirena que suena de forma intermitente, **durante un largo minuto**, acaba de interrumpirme... **Es mi censora y mi cronómetro.**

SR:

P.S. U ovom času sirene prekidaju moje pisanje... **sirene su moj cenzor i moja obaveza.**

EN:

NATO steps up air strikes over Yugoslavia.

ES:

Ø

SR:

Ø

28 March 1999

EN:

... though we are not really starving yet, at least not keeling over.

ES:

... todavía no pasamos hambre, **pero quienes han sufrido una tercera fase de intervención de la OTAN dicen que todo puede empeorar.**

SR:

... nismo zapravo gladni, nismo zapravo pali na leđa, **ljudi koji su prošli drugu i treću fazu NATO intervencije tvrde da može sve mnogo gore da bude.**

EN:

The shelters are crowded.

ES:

Los refugios están llenos...

SR:

Skloništa su pretrpana, **živahna i tužna. Deca se ponašaju kao vojnici, ozloglašena nevaspitana srpska deca, u poređenju na primer sa italijanskom ili engleskom.**

EN:

The gypsies and the adolescents are the most frightened. The gypsies have been persecuted for centuries; the adolescents want their lives back.

ES:

... quienes se muestran más asustados son los adolescentes y los gitanos. **Los gitanos con sus niños en brazos gritan que los van a matar, que los van a destruir.** Los gitanos han sido perseguidos por siglos; los adolescentes quieren recuperar su vida normal, **sientes que en los refugios están desperdiciando su vida. Los demás nos comportamos como si dispusiésemos de tiempo para congelarnos en el refugio mientras hacemos un recuento de nuestras vidas. Deseamos que todo termine, no importa cómo, pero que termine.**

SR:

Mladi su najuplašeniji i recimo Romi, **Romi sa bebama na sisi, na leđima, plaču, ubiće nas, sve će nas pobiti.** U poslednjih nekoliko vekova bili su na meti, dok se mladi bune: hoćemo normalan život, **ne možemo da protraćimo mladost u skloništima, prve ljubavi, uzbuđenja. Iako to drugačije kažu, nepristojnije, sa psovka, ipak se svede na romantiku. Mi se ostali ponašamo kao da imamo vremena, vremena da budemo zamrznuti u skloništu nedeljama i da nastavimo sa našim životima ili onim delom koji preostaje: samo neka se završi, odmah, nije bitno kako, sve su ostalo detalji.**

EN:

I watch Jamie Shea at the **NATO** press conference.

ES:

Veo a Jamie Shea en la conferencia de prensa **de la OTAN...**

SR:

Gledam konferenciju za štampu Džejmija Šija.

EN:

We've heard from our friends from Kosovo.

ES:

Hemos tenido noticias de nuestros amigos de Kosovo...

SR:

Čuli smo se sa našim prijateljima **Albancima** sa Kosova...

EN:

... I think it's part of the local propaganda, to keep people from coming out and making trouble.

ES:

... creo que forma parte de la propaganda del Gobierno, al que le conviene tenernos prácticamente inmovilizados. **Es por eso que una amiga mía ha decidido salir cada vez que suena la alarma.**

SR:

... mislim da je to deo lokalne propagande da se ljudi drže pod zemljom i da se mnogo ne misli o njihovim pokretima, **da se svedu na elementarne potrebe. Kada zasvira sirena, ja namerno izađem na ulicu, kaže jedna moja prijateljica.**

** ... I think it is part of the local propaganda to keep people underground, not to worry about their moves and more than elementary needs. When the sirens come on I deliberately go out on the street, says a friend of mine.*

EN:

... but I'm even more afraid of obediently staying underground for the next twenty years.

ES:

... pero más me asusta la idea de quedarme aquí durante los próximos veinte años, sin salir nunca, viviendo sumisamente bajo tierra. **Al fin y a la postre no es mucho lo que pasa fuera; es dentro de nosotros donde suceden las cosas.**

SR:

... ali se još više plašim da ostanem narednih 20 godina poslušna pod zemljom, šta god da se napolju desi. **I ne dešava se mnogo toga, većina se stvari dešava u našim glavama, u našim ličnim podzemljima.**

EN:

Ø

ES:

He visto a una mujer rica y de aspecto esnob ocupar un sucio compartimiento de tren junto a su bebé. Pensé en saludarla, pero desistí; no entiendo ni justifico que haya ocupado ese lugar que otros necesitan más que ella; en verdad pienso que sufre algún tipo de locura política.

SR:

Vidim jednu bogatu snob ženu sa malim sinom u prljavom kupeu. Htela sam da je pozdravim ali sam se onda zaustavila. Nisam ni razumela ni odobravalala što je ona tu: mogla bi da bude bilo gde, to što je ovde znak je političkog ludila koje ne odobravam.

29 March 1999

EN:

I still can't believe we're living in war. In a few hours my life has changed completely, everybody's has. I think we're all becoming different people.

ES:

Me cuesta creer que estemos en guerra: **es una guerra de nadie, pero tiene el falso heroísmo y la falsa gloria de todas las guerras.**

Hoy no he salido de casa en todo el día; en los tiempos que corren, asomarse se ha convertido en un acto de coraje. En pocas horas mi vida y la de todos ha cambiado por completo. Creo que nos estamos convirtiendo en otros, **con circunstancias distintas y complicidades diferentes.** Estoy haciendo acopio de fuerzas para enfrentarme a estos cambios. Los niños están ansiosos y acusan las consecuencias de la obligada reclusión, encerrados entre cuatro paredes todo el día. Como en *La vida es bella*, de Benigni, nos exigen que seamos creativos aun en estas circunstancias. Como siempre, el arte nos ayuda a comprender y nos cura; pero sólo puede hacerlo después de que hemos contraído la enfermedad, no antes. No hay prevención para lo que vivimos.

SR:

Još uvek ne mogu da poverujem da živim u ratu, **živimo u ničijem ratu ali ništa zato manje surovom i pravom i u skladu sa pravom suštinom rata, lažnim herojstvom i lažnim uzbuđenjem.**

Danas nisam izlazila. Čula sam da neki moji prijatelji svih ovih dana nisu uopšte izlazili. Kao što rekoh, čin izlaženja postao je čin hrabrosti. U nekoliko sati život mi se potpuno promenio, svačiji ali ipak mislim da u ovom trenutku postajemo različiti ljudi, u različitim situacijama, u različitim savezništvima. Skupljam snagu da budem jaka i podnesem promenu. Deca se menjaju, okružena strahom, anksioznošću i sa četiri zida; moramo biti kreativni i u ovim uslovima, kao u Beninjijevom filmu "Život je lep". Kao i obično, umetnost stiže kao savet, kao lek, i to samo pošto se razboliš, nikad unapred.

30 March 1999

EN:

My father used to dream of bombing long after **the Second World War** ended.

ES:

Mi padre soñaba con bombardeos hasta mucho después de terminar **la guerra...**

SR:

Moj otac je uvek sanjao bombardovanje dugo pošto je prošao **rat...**

EN:

I feel sick both emotionally and physically.

ES:

Siento como si una enfermedad saliese de mi cuerpo, una fiebre larga, histórica, una ansiedad enterrada que he heredado por ser serbia, hija de un serbio de Herzegovina. Otros de estos miedos ocultos son temor a pasar hambre y el de tener hijos no deseados. En cuanto a los beneficios de esa herencia, básicamente consisten en precisas técnicas de supervivencia – nunca te des por vencida, si te empeñas lo lograrás – y un lenguaje agudo apto para las ironías.

Se nos ha inundado el edificio, quizá a causa de las bombas o tal vez sencillamente por un descuido. ¿Habré sido yo? Como quiera que sea me siento culpable, ahora más que nunca, y como siempre, impotente.

Me siento enferma, emocional y físicamente...

SR:

Osećam kao da isterujem iz sebe neku bolest, dugu istorijsku groznicu, zakopanu anksioznost koju sam nasledila pošto sam rođena Srпкиnja od srpskog oca iz Hercegovine:

ostali zakopani strahovi su glad ili neželjena deca. Ali dobre strane su jake tehnike preživljavanja i dosta oštrog i duhovitog jezika: nikad se ne predaj, kad postaneš tvrdoglava, nesavitljiva, ili mekana, gotova si.

Imali smo poplavu u zgradi, možda zbog bombardovanja a možda je neko bio rasejan, možda sam ja za sve kriva. Osećam se inače kriva i odgovorna, više nego ikad, ali nemoćna.

Osećam se nekako bolesna: emotivno i fizički...

EN:

My best friend says it's the only way she can stay sane. I'm different.

ES:

Mi major amiga dice que la única manera de mantener cierta cordura es ayudar a quienes se encuentran en una situación peor que la nuestra. **Ella está ayudando a las mujeres albanesas a salir de Prístina.** Yo lo siento de manera distinta...

SR:

Moja najbolja prijateljica kaže, samo pomažući onima koji su u gorem stanju nego ja mogu da zaustavim nervni slom. **Druga pomaže albanskim ženama da izađu iz Prištine.** Ja sam drugačija.

EN:

I have to fight for my computer. It's the only one at home and everybody in the family wants it. I've always hated computers but now I use it whenever I can. Writing during war is not like writing during peace, though for me it's always been a biological necessity, a way of easing the pain of living.

ES:

Moved to 28 March entry

SR:

Moved to 28 March entry

EN:

... the only way I can get rid of my emotions is by writing.

ES:

... sufro estas fuertes emociones y me libero de ellas a través de la escritura. **Las palabras coren delante de mí, y sólo después, cuando las leo, cobran sentido. La gente me dice que lo que escribo es muy claro, pero soy tan estúpida... Lo sé, mi escritura es tan sólo la aceptación honesta de mi estupidez.**

SR:

Ja dobijem te jake emocije i vizije koje mogu samo pisanjem da isteram iz svog tela. **I bez razumevanja šta pišem, reči idu ispred mene, razumem ih tek ako uspeju da opet prodru do mog tela. Pišem tako jasno, svi kažu, ali sam tako glupa, to znam, moje pisanje je samo pošteno priznanje moje glupoće.**

EN:

I dare not hope.

ES:

No quiero hacerme ilusiones, aunque la esperanza es lo que más necesito. Permanezco inmóvil y cada día busco establecer cuál es la nueva realidad, la compongo, la congelo y actúo en consecuencia.

SR:

Ne smem da pobrkam svoju nadu sa svojom potrebom za nadom. Stojim nepomična u nekoj realnoj tački pokušavajući svaki dan iznova da je postavim, da je fiksiram, prikucam.

31 March 1999

EN:

Is it possible that we are all going to be sacrificed for somebody's lack of political judgment, or worse, madness?

ES:

El miedo ocupa mi mente. Ya no sé si me atrevo a pensar en qué hacer; no puedo hacer frente a la realidad; ¿será posible que todos seamos sacrificados por la falta de juicio político, o peor aún, la locura de uno solo? Casi tengo miedo de pensar por mí misma, miedo de que lo sepan, me juzguen y me ejecuten.

SR:

Strah mi je ušao u glavu: ne znam da li se usuđujem da mislim to što mislim, ne mogu da izađem na kraj sa stvarnošću: da li je moguće da će nas sve žrtvovati zbog nečijeg pomanjkanja političkog rasuđivanja, ili još gore, zbog ludila. Cenzurišem svoje misli plašeći se da razmišljam u ličnim tonovima, da me ne čuju, da me prosuđuju i smaknu.

EN:

... rescuing Albanian women and their families from Pristina in flames and terror, risking their lives, **as usual...**

ES:

... están arriesgando **otra vez** sus vidas para rescatar a las mujeres albanesas y a sus familias del terror y las llamas de Prístina. Esta mañana tengo el presentimiento de que la guerra llega a su fin.

SR:

... spašavaju albanske žene sa porodicama iz Prištine u plamenu i užasu: rizikuju svoje živote, **kao i uvek, kao i u prethodnim ratovima**. Da, novo osećanje koje imam ovog jutra je da će se ipak završiti, mora i tako će i biti, sa nama ili bez nas, takozvanih detalja...

1 April 1999

EN:

Actually, it's a private house with a good cellar next to the underground station where I spent the first night of bombing.

ES:

En realidad, se trata de una casa particular con un buen sótano y está cerca de la estación de metro, donde pasé la primera noche de bombardeos.

SR:

Zapravo to je jedna privatna kuća sa dobrim podrumom i vrlo blizu duboke podzemne železnice u kojoj sam provela prvu noć kad je bombardovan **Beograd, u kojoj uglavnom sada žive Romi i majke sa sitnom decom**.

EN:

Ø

ES:

SR:

Čuli smo da je centar Beograda trebalo da bude bombardovan sinoć: nije, znači opet moramo da čekamo. Moji susedi, izbeglice iz Knina rekli su: tako bismo želeli da je noćas,

da možemo sutra da se ispavamo, žena je rekla: ako se nešto desi mojim sinovima, ubiću ga, on, moj muž nikad nije hteo da idemo u inostranstvo, hoće da bude Srbin među Srbima. I evo nas sada, već nas drugi put bombarduju u smrt. Ja sam rekla, ali nije sada isto, a ona: za mene jeste. Shvatila sam, da za nju jeste, njen istorijski skript ne zna ni za šta drugo do istrebljenje. Nije to paranoja, nije nedostatak informacija. To je njen život, ko može njen život da negira u ime istine.

EN:

My friend, **a half-Albanian, half-Serbian Yugoslav**, phoned from New York.

ES:

Me llama mi amiga de Nueva York, que es **mitad albanesa y mitad serbia...**

SR:

Moja prijateljica, **polualbanka, polusrpkinja, Jugoslovenka** koja živi u Njujorku, zove me telefonom...

EN:

I think I would prefer suicide.

ES:

Antes de eso preferiría suicidarme. Creo estar preparada para el suicidio, en el caso de que... Pero supongo que el suicidio es un lujo en determinadas circunstancias, y que necesita de una estrategia.

SR:

Pomislilim da ću se pre ubiti nego to preživeti. Da, sada sam spremna na samoubistvo, u slučaju da... u izvesnim slučajevima.... Ali pretpostavljam da je samoubistvo u izvesnim slučajevima luksuz, čovek mora da isplanira taj luksuz. Ja to činim.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Me piden que escriba un análisis de nuestra situación para *The Guardian*. Ahora mismo soy incapaz de hacerlo, quién no lo es, seguramente todo el mundo. Creo que nunca lo podría hacer porque no tengo la capacidad de prever lo que sucederá; si tuviese esa habilidad como tengo las del canto o la danza, no me encontraría aquí hoy.

SR:

Traže mi analitički komentar iz Gardijana: ne mogu u ovom trenutku, ko bi mogao, verovatno niko. Ja mislim da ja to inače ne bih mogla jer ne verujem u svoju sposobnost da mislim unapred; da sam je imala kao što imam neke druge sposobnosti, kao što su da igram i pevam, ne bih sada bila ovde.

EN:

I heard that the French, German, American cultural centers in the middle of Belgrade have been completely destroyed by a mob of vandals.

ES:

He oído que en represalia por los bombardeos grupos incontrolados destruyeron los institutos culturales de Francia, Alemania y Estados Unidos en el centro de Belgrado.

SR:

Čula sam da su **britanski**, francuski, nemački i američki kulturni centri u srcu Beograda potpuno demolirani...

EN:

Ø

ES:

He aquí algunos ejemplos de los grafitos y eslóganes que pueden encontrarse hoy en Belgrado: “El puente ha caído, larga vida al puente; Adolph Goebbels Clinton; Clinton, Serbia no es tu Mónica; OTAN, chúpamela; Quiero ir a la escuela; Sólo tu cerebro es invisible; Aquel que canta no tiene malos pensamientos; Clinton, aprende cómo se canta en el barro; Organización Terrorista Americana Nueva; Somos los mejores”...

SR:

Evo nekih grafita i bedževa: most je srušen, živeo most, Adolf Gebels Klinton, Srbija nije tvoja Monika, NATO trupe poljubite me u dupe, hoću u školu, Samo tvoj mozak je nevidljiv, Ko peva zlo ne misli: Klintone nauči da pevaš, NATO u blato, Nova Američka Teroristička Organizacija, Mi smo jednostavno najbolji...

2 April 1999

EN:

The age limit for volunteers has been raised to seventy-five for men.

ES:

El límite de edad para los voluntarios se extendió hasta los setenta y cinco años para los hombres. **¿Y qué ocurre con las mujeres? No hay límite de edad, pero muchas veces su patriotismo es más apasionado.**

SR:

Gornje starosno doba za dobrovoljce podignuto je na 75 godina za muškarce. **Šta ćemo sa ženama, nema starosne granice, a one su često još glasnije u svom patriotizmu.**

EN:

NATO targets its bombing campaign on Belgrade.

ES:

Ø

SR:

Ø

3 April 1999

EN:

I am pleased by NATO's accuracy. But I feel at the mercy of those young pilots, responsible for hitting military targets without harming a single newborn baby.

ES:

Me siento aliviada, incluso feliz ante la precisión que demostró la OTAN, aunque estaba lloviendo, pero me siento a merced de esos pilotos jóvenes que tienen la responsabilidad de destruir un edificio militar sin herir a un niño recién nacido. Me alivia saber que los bebés y sus madres estaban en refugios, igual que yo. Todo este asunto de la vida y muerte me recuerda un parto, mi parto, por lo de ser valiente y llorar al mismo tiempo.

SR:

Laknulo mi je zbog preciznosti NATO-a, čak je i kiša padala. Ali se osećam vidljivo, eksponirana tim mladim odgovornim pilotima koji nose svoj tovar pitajući se da li će

uspjeti da pogode vojni cilj a da ne povrede tek rođenu bebu. Svi su bili u skloništima, majke sa bebama, a ja plačem, laknulo mi je, sva ova pitanja života i smrti, podsećaju me na porođaj, moj prođaj, kako sam bila hrabra ali kako sam sve vreme ipak plakala. **Pitam se koje to reči mogu da opišu olakšanje što ne samo da si ostala živa već nisi ni osakaćena ili ogorčena, već fizički i emotivno integralna.**

**I wonder, which words can describe the relief of staying not only alive but not crippled or bitter, but physically and emotionally integral.*

EN:

I heard from a friend who lives in a small village on the Danube **near Belgrade...**

ES:

Me he enterado por una amiga, que vive en un pequeño pueblo del Danubio, **en Vojvodina...**

SR:

Čula sam kako u selu na Dunavu **u Vojvodini...**

EN:

They have organized themselves into a **guerrilla** group like the partisans sixty years ago.

ES:

Se organizaron algo **pomposamente** en grupos similares a los partisanos de hace sesenta años.

SR:

Organizovani su u “**svi protiv svih**” taktici rata, partizanskoj **gerila akciji, smešnoj i krajnje ozbiljnoj**, kao pre nekih 60 godina **ili kao na filmu**.

EN:

Some would give him food and preach about the situation in Serbia—mostly the grown-ups; while the children would feed him and hide him in a cellar.

ES:

La mayoría de los adultos contestaron que le darían comida y tratarían de explicarle cuál es la situación en Serbia; los más jóvenes dijeron que le darían alimento y lo esconderían en un sótano. **¿Esconderlo de quién?, quise saber. De todos, como si se tratara de un juguete favorito.**

SR:

Neki bi ga nahranili i popovali mu **o velikom srpskom narodu**, odrasli, dok bi ga deca nahranila i sakrila u podrum. **Od koga, pitam. Od svakoga, kao omiljenu igračku.**

EN:

On the BBC, CNN, Sky News, commentators are already talking about the war as a chess game.

ES:

Todos los analistas políticos – en la BBC, la CNN, la SKY TV – hablan de la guerra como de una partida de ajedrez.

SR:

Na BBC, CNN, SKY televizijama komentatori već govore o ratu kao šahovskoj igri **između vrlo talentovanog ljudskog bića, Jugoslavije i ogromne humanizovane ali**

nesavršene mašine, NATO, hvaleći veštine ljudskog bića sve vreme kao i nalazeći mane u visokoj tehnologiji, zahvaljujući ljudskom neprijatelju. A zatim izbeglice, i naše teške noći, ali niko zapravo ne pokušava da celu sliku sastavi.

EN:

What a virtual, playful, cruel war.

ES:

Qué guerra más virtual, más divertida, más cruel.

SR:

Kakav je ovo virtuelan, zaigran i surov rat. **Mogu da postoje ratovi koji se proživljavaju bilo spolja bilo iznutra: kao pitanje lične mašte ili epske istorije. Ili može oboje sve vreme.**

EN:

... when a drunken customs officer harassed us at the Slovenian border because we were Serbs.

ES:

... cuando un oficial de aduanas borracho nos maltrató en la frontera eslovena porque éramos serbios. **Todavía existía, sin embargo, la Federación Yugoslava.**

SR:

... na slovenačkoj granici kad nas je pijani carinik maltretirao zato što smo bili Srbi **iz još postojeće federacije po imenu Jugoslavija.**

EN:

I feel solidarity with anybody who has ever lived through a war - we receive e-mails from such people all over the world.

ES:

Me siento solidaria con cualquiera que haya pasado por la experiencia de una guerra, recibo mensajes de todo el mundo **en los que gente a la que no conozco me cuenta sus historias. Las estadísticas dicen que la mayoría de las personas han vivido alguna guerra alguna vez. Ahora es nuestro turno.**

SR:

Osećam solidarnost sa svim narodima u ratu, **u svim vekovima.** Dobijamo e-mail poruke iz celog sveta od takvih ljudi, **ljudi u ratu ili koji su bili u ratu. Ali, ko i nije, sada je na nas red. Loš, loš je ovaj svet.**

EN:

I am supposed to go to Budapest with my daughter to settle some business matters and to work as if there wasn't a war. I keep thinking that perhaps we shouldn't come back until the bombing stops. I don't know how to pack our suitcases - for two days or two years.

ES:

Debo viajar a Budapest con mi hija para ocuparme de unos asuntos, como si la guerra no existiese, pero no dejo de pensar que quizá no deberíamos regresar hasta que terminen los bombardeos. Al hacer las maletas dudo si guardar en ellas cosas para dos días o dos años...

SR:

Trebalo bi da idem u Budimpeštu sa svojom kćerkom.

EN:

... who will I be able to turn to when we get there.

ES:

... si podré recurrir a alguien cuando llegue allí. ¿Me verán como a una serbia o como a una persona con un rostro y una historia propios?

SR:

... kome mogu da se obratim, **biću samo Srpkinja ili jedno lice sa pričom.**

4 April 1999

EN:

Two **more** bridges have been hit and the railway line to Montenegro has been destroyed by SFOR [NATO-led Stabilization Force] troops **in Bosnia.**

ES:

Las bombas han destruido dos puentes en la carretera de Hungría y las tropas internacionales inutilizaron las vías férreas que van a Montenegro.

SR:

Još dva mosta su pogodena ka Mađarskoj kao i pruga ka Crnoj Gori, **na bosanskom tlu** od strane SFOR-a.

EN:

We're bad, wild Serbs from **the fourteenth century**, disguised in jeans, speaking English...

ES:

Aquí están los malos y salvajes serbios del **siglo XIII**, algunos disfrazados con tejanos, la mayoría habla inglés, pero aun así son diferentes, *aliens*.

SR:

Divlji loši Srbi iz **14. veka**, neki preobučeni u farmerke, većina govori Jezik (engleski naravno), ali su i dalje različiti, tuđinci.

EN:

Well, I cried like a baby yesterday when I heard thousands of people on the Square of Republic singing "Tamo daleko" ("**There, far away is Serbia...**") during the daily concert. It's a beautiful old song which Serbian soldiers sang in the First World War when they retreated from Thessaloniki. Only a few came back, and my grandfather was one of them.

ES:

Bien, pues yo no soy un bebé, pero ayer lloré cuando oí a miles de personas en el concierto de la plaza de la República cantar *Tamo daleko* ("**Lejos de Serbia**"). Es una hermosa y triste canción de la Primera Guerra Mundial, cuando los soldados serbios fueron a Grecia, a pelear en Tesalónica, y muy pocos regresaron. Mi abuelo fue uno de ellos.

SR:

E pa, ja nisam beba, ali sam juče plakala kao luda, slušajući pesmu "Tamo daleko". I moj deda je bio Solunac, kao svačiji deda.

EN:

But I couldn't sing yesterday - it's not my song anymore, it's not my Serbia. I am in exile in my own country.

ES:

Pero ya no puedo cantarla, ya no es mi canción, ni ésta es mi Serbia, **por la que mi abuelo luchó. Lejos, muy lejos está mi Serbia; ahora estoy enjaulada y exiliada en mi propio país.**

SR:

Ali ja više nisam mogla, ovo više nije moja pesma, ovo više nije moja Srbija, **nije to ta Srbija za koju se borio moj deda. Tamo daleko daleko od moje Srbije, usred Srbije, svoje zemlje sedim u kavezu i egzilu.**

EN:

Maybe this is the route to my Serbia now.

ES:

Quizá así consiga reencontrarme con Serbia.

SR:

Možda ću tako naći **svoju sobu, svoju domovinu**, svoju Srbiju: **u sopstvenoj glavi.**

EN:

My parents are only fifteen minutes away by foot, but since the war started I haven't managed to see them. Their street seems distant and dangerous.

ES:

Mis padres viven cerca de mi casa, a sólo quince minutos andando, pero desde que comenzó la guerra, no he ido a verlo. Su calle parece lejana y peligrosa, **como si estuviera en otra ciudad.**

SR:

Danas idem da posetim svoje roditelje, stanuju samo na 15 minuta od moje kuće, **u centru Beograda**, ali otkad je rat počeo nisam uspela da ih obiđem. Deluje daleko i opasno, **kao da su u nekom drugom gradu, ne samo opštini.**

EN:

Ø

ES:

SR:

Jugosloveni su imali dobar život, išli na skijanje u Austriju, putovali su svuda po svetu bez viza. Mi želimo da opet bude tako, samo da režim promene. Ali ja ne želim da živim kao što su nekad živeli Jugosloveni, to je bila velika laž, prevara, iluzija, a ja sam kao Ibzenova Nora koja je ceo svoj svet izgubila u sekundi istine i sada počinje život iz početka, surov kakav mora da bude.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Oigo que la gente dice: “Me asustan más las sirenas que las bombas; ya no las soporto.” Mi vecino, que antes se quejaba si poníamos la música alta, se queja ahora de que sea la música del agresor extranjero. Hubo un tiempo en que vivimos una vida que no supimos apreciar, peleábamos y nos quejábamos, nos hacíamos sufrir los unos a los otros. Ahora nos unen el amor y el sufrimiento. Sé que el dolor está presente, ¿pero el amor?

SR:

Čujem ljude kako govore, ne plašim se bombi, već sirene ne mogu više da podnesem. Moj sused koji se žalio na glasnu muziku sada se žali što je to strana i agresorska muzika. **Rupa u vremenu: povratak u bućnost, u pedesete? Na sekund sam zaboravila šta nam se desilo. Sledeće sekunde setim se jednog opšteg mesta: imali smo život koji nismo umeli da cenimo, svađali smo se, bunili, terali na patnju jedni druge a sada su svi velovi spali, zajedno smo u ljubavi i patnji. Bol sigurno jeste, ali da li je to i ljubav?**

6 April 1999

EN:

Today is the anniversary of the **Nazi bombing** of Belgrade in 1941

ES:

Hoy es el aniversario del **bombardeo nazi** a Belgrado en 1941.

SR:

Danas je godišnjica **Hitlerovog bombardovanja** Beograda 1941.

EN:

... the major damage to the city was done at the end of the war by Allied bombing...

ES:

... el mayor daño que sufrió esta ciudad ocurrió al final de la guerra en ocasión del bombardeo aliado, **cuando cayeron las así llamadas bombas libertadoras o británicas.**

SR:

... najveća šteta je napravljena u savezničkom bombardovanju Beograda 1944, **britanskom ili oslobodilačkom.**

**... the major damage to Belgrade happened from the allies bombing, the so-called liberation or Britain bombs.*

EN:

But our war, whether for the past **ten or fifty years**, has always been lived in invisible horror.

ES:

Pero nuestra guerra, la de hace **diez o** la de hace **cincuenta años**, ha sido siempre esta especie de horror invisible.

SR:

Ali naš rat je uvek, za poslednjih **10-15 godina** bio ova vrsta nevidljivog rata...

7 April 1999

EN:

Running to the shelter with food, running out of the shelter to buy food.

ES:

Nos precipitamos en el refugio con comida, salimos para comprar más comida. **Ha llegado la primavera, pero a quien le importa.**

SR:

Trčimo u sklonište sa hranom, trčimo iz skloništa da kupimo hranu. **Proleće je, kakve veze ima.**

EN:

What a pity for all those wasted innocent lives.

ES:

Tantas vidas inocentes malgastadas y perdidas...

SR:

Žrtve? Ne znam, kakva šteta za sve te bačene nevine živote samo zato što nekolicina ljudi nije mogla da nađe zajednički jezik...

8 April 1999

EN:

Last night we sat on the terrace making bets. After a few big explosions, I went deaf in my right ear.

ES:

Anoche nos sentamos a esperar en la terraza... Oíamos fuertes detonaciones. Quedé sorda del oído derecho, **me dolía como cuando viajo en avión. Empezamos a hacer apuestas sobre dónde iban a caer las bombas. Gané gracias a mi oído bueno; también me ayudó mi cuerpo de mujer, que es como un mapa del dolor del mundo.**

SR:

Sinoć smo sedeli na terasi i čekali... Čuli smo nekoliko jakih detonacija. Zbolelo me je desno uvo i ogluvela sam, **kao u avionu. Počeli smo da se kladimo, moj aposlutni sluh pobedio je, i naravno moje žensko telo kao mapa bola sveta...**

EN:

Anyway, good, we're done with that. We've been waiting for it for days.

ES:

De todas formas, **los que nos encontrábamos en el centro de Belgrado** habíamos estado esperando durante día que sucediese; ahora ya pasó.

SR:

U svakom slučaju, dobro, završili smo s tim, čekali smo na to danima, **mi iz centra Beograda.**

EN:

... by the "criminal aggressors," as **TV Serbia** calls NATO.

ES:

... durante la agresión criminal, que es como **la televisión serbia** se refiere a las acciones de la OTAN.

SR:

... od strane kriminalnog agresora, kako **RTS** naziva NATO.

EN:

I wonder what British people would be like **in these conditions?**

ES:

Me pregunto cómo se comportaría el pueblo inglés **en las condiciones que padecen los albaneses y los serbios.**

SR:

... pomislila sam kakav bi bio britanski narod **u srpskim ili albanskim uslovima.**

EN:

My old friend Mica, the gypsy woman from the basement...

ES:

Mi vecina, la gitana que vive en el sótano, mi vieja amiga...

SR:

Ciganka iz podruma, moja stara drugarica...

EN:

She speaks calmly, no more foul language.

ES:

Habla ahora de manera sensata, han acabado las escenas, las maldiciones, los insultos. En lugar de asistir a una conferencia en la Universidad Alternativa de Belgrado – sobre las causas de la agresión de la OTAN a Yugoslavia – me quedé a escucharla a ella, Mica. El título grandilocuente de la conferencia parecía una amenaza; Mica, en cambio, sabe mezclar las grandes palabras con las más sencillas.

SR:

Govori su joj sada umereni i mudri, nema psovki, bogohuljenja, ličnih uvreda. Umesto da idem na predavanje na alternativnom univerzitetu “Razlozi NATO agresije na Jugoslaviju” slušala sam nju, Micu, sa prozora. Nije mi se dopao naslov predavanja, dok ona koristi velike reči zajedno sa malim.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Un chico gitano me pidió una moneda; le dije que acababa de dársela a mi chica. Me preguntó cuándo íbamos a decorar nuestros huevos de pascua. Le contesté: “Soy atea, pero voy a teñirme el pelo para la Semana Santa; ha encanecido sorprendentemente estos días.”

SR:

Ciganče mi traži dinar, rekla sam mu da sam ga dala mojoj devojčici. Pitao me je kad ćemo da farbamo jaja za Uskrs. Rekla sam, ne znam, ja sam ateistkinja, ali ću zato ofarbati kosu za Uskrs, baš je iznenada pobeležila poslednjih dana.

10 April 1999

EN:

The hairdresser next door is working his usual hours...

ES:

Hoy me he propuesto poner orden en la casa. El peluquero de al lado ha abierto su local y atiende en el horario habitual...

SR:

Danas sam rešila da spremam kuću. Frizer pored nas je otvorio i radi po starom radnom vremenu...

11 April 1999

EN:

Ø

ES:

Un pequeño pensamiento pascual: si hay alguien que está matando, violando, aplicando la limpieza étnica a los albaneses, ¿puedo permanecer ajena a ella? Tengo una amiga, una persona muy honesta, que no puede creer que esas cosas estén sucediendo. Yo, en cambio, me lo creo todo.

SR:

Jedna mala uskršnja misao: ako neko ubija, siluje, etnički čisti albanski narod, zašto ja da budem pošteđena? Moja prijateljica, jedna veoma pristojna osoba, ne može da veruje da se to dešava: što se mene tiče ja verujem u sve isuvuše.

EN:

At the same time, the rock concert was raging on the Sava bridge, packed with patriots who believe fervently in their own power rather than God's.

ES:

Al mismo tiempo, en el puente sobre el Sava, el concierto de rock, música folclórica o lo que sea, bramaba; la gente se enfadaba, patriótica, convencida de su poder, no del de Dios.

SR:

Ø

EN:

The fridge makes a terrible row, worse than **air raids**...

ES:

Mi nevera hace unos ruidos terribles, peores que los de **los aviones**...

SR:

... moj frižider pušta neke grozne zvuke, gore od **aviona**...

12 April 1999

EN:

All these weeks I've put off using **drugs** to stay sane, but I realize that it's impossible to stay sane **in Belgrade** without them.

ES:

Todas estas semanas había estado posponiendo la decisión de tomar **drogas** porque quería mantenerme normal, pero compruebo que nadie puede mantenerse normal **aquí** sin la ayuda de drogas.

SR:

Sve ove nedelje sam odlagala da koristim **pilule** da bih ostala normalna, ali sada vidim da nijedna normalna osoba ne može da ostane normalna bez pilula, ako hoćeš **ovde** da ostaneš.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Durante el día vivimos la guerra serbia: nuevos documentos de identidad, caminatas por los puentes, solidaridad con los heridos... Durante la noche tenemos la guerra de la OTAN: explosiones, disparos, refugios...

SR:

U toku dana živimo naš srpski rat: nove lične karte, šetnje po mostovima, solidarnost među povređenim ljudima... U toku noći imamo NATO rat: detonacije, plamenove, skloništa...

EN:

Yesterday, a newspaper editor was shot in front of his house in the center of Belgrade in the middle of the day.

ES:

Ayer mataron a un periodista en el centro de Belgrado, frente a su casa, en pleno día. **¿Esto también es la guerra? ¿La de quién?**

SR:

Juče je **poznati** novinar ubijen u centru Beograda, ispred svog stana, usred dana. **Da li je i ovo rat i čiji?**

EN:

... in Pancevo and Novi Sad, two towns which for the past few years have been full of Serbian refugees from **Croatia** and Bosnia.

ES:

... Pancevo y Novi Sad, dos ciudades cuyos habitantes son pacíficos y simpáticos, y que en los últimos años acogieron numerosos refugiados de **Croacia** y Bosnia.

SR:

... Pančevo, Novi Sad, oba grada zapravo imaju najmirovnije stanovništvo koje sam videla, i prepuni su izbeglica iz proteklih ratova, iz Bosne i **Krajine**.

EN:

NATO planes hit a civilian passenger train near Leskovac, south of Belgrade.

Ten people are killed

ES:

Ø

SR:

Ø

EN:

An Albanian refugee convoy on a road outside Prizren in southern Kosovo is hit by NATO planes. At least seventy two-people are killed.

ES:

Ø

SR:

Ø

15 April 1999

EN:

Yesterday, more than a thousand people attended the funeral of **Slavko Curuvija, the newspaper editor** who was found with three bullets in the back of his head...

ES:

Ayer asistieron más de mil personas al funeral del **periodista que fue asesinado** de tres balazos en la nuca...

SR:

Juče je na pogrebu **ubijenog novinara** bilo više od 1000 ljudi: ubijen sa tri metka u potiljak...

16 April 1999

EN:

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ES:

Un amigo, que es **profesor** de química en la universidad y que ha viajado mucho, ha dicho: “No conozco otro lugar en el mundo que tenga un microcosmos tan maravilloso como **Belgrado**, ni ninguno que tenga un macrocosmos tan terrible.” Otro **amigo** afirma: “Espero que esta guerra no afecte la atmósfera de Belgrado; ya la salvamos una vez en

1992, desarmando a todos violentos uniformados de la ex Yugoslavia con el clima de distención que caracteriza a esta ciudad.”

SR:

Moja prijateljica, profesorka hemije na univezitetu koja je dosta proputovala kaže: ne poznajem nijedno mesto na svetu koje ima tako dobar mikrokosmos a tako grozan makrokosmos, kao što je **Beograd, Jugoslavija**. Druga moja **drugarica** kaže: nadam se da će rat da poštedi beogradsku atmosferu, već smo je jednom spasili '92, razoružavajući uniformasani nasilan narod iz cele Jugoslavije ovom opuštenom beogradskom atmosferom.

EN:

Yesterday, we went shopping. We called it the Last Shopping.

ES:

Ayer fuimos de compras (...) Dijimos que era la última vez que salíamos de compras. **Siempre he oído comprar ropa, pero ayer disfruté mucho haciéndolo, quizá porque creía que era la última vez.**

SR:

Juče smo išli u šoping (...) Nazvali smo ga poslednji šoping. **Uvek sam mrzela šoping ali juče sam uživala, možda zato što je poslednji.**

17 April 1999

EN:

An American journalist on TV quoted **an Australian aid worker** in Kosovo...

ES:

Un periodista norteamericano ha citado las palabras de **un australiano que presta ayuda humanitaria** en Kosovo...

SR:

Američka novinarka citirala je **humanitarnog radnika** na Kosovu...

EN:

Thousands of Kosovar Albanians attempt to cross the border with Albania and Macedonia.

ES:

Ø

SR:

Ø

18 April 1999

EN:

We have been living the same day ever since the war started.

ES:

... desde el comienzo de la guerra llevamos viviendo el mismo día. **Cada mañana, como en la película con Bill Murray que vi hace poco, los mismos rituales, inamovibles como la eternidad. Tratamos de encontrar un intersticio, evitar alguna circunstancia desagradable, pero aun así hoy será exactamente como ayer, como mañana...**

SR:

... živimo jedan te isti dan još od samog početka rata. **Svakog jutra, kao u jednom filmu koji sam nedavno gledala sa Bil Marejem, isti rituali, fiksirani u večnost. Pokušavamo**

da nađemo neki međuprostor, da izbegnemo neke male neprijatne detalje, ali ipak, dan će biti isti kao juče kakav će biti sutra...

EN:

Last night three factories in Pancevo were hit again, including the chemical factory, where there was an acid leak.

ES:

Anoche bombardearon tres fabricas en Pancevo, a pocos kilómetros de Belgrado, “la peligrosa”, como también la llamaban en la estación de metro desde las primeras noches de bombardeos. Se produjo un escape de ácido...

SR:

Sinoć u Pančevu, opet su gadane fabrike; i ona opasna, kako su je nazivali onih prvih noći bombardovanja koje sam provela u skloništu i kad je neki gas stigao do Beograda.

EN:

... we were lucky once more.

ES:

... otra vez tuvimos suerte, pero no creo que estos avatares de la fortuna constituyan una opción recomendable sobre la cual construir mi vida.

SR:

... opet smo imali sreće, ali ne bih zasnovala svoj život na kockarskoj sreći, da imam neki izbor.

EN:

And then he let her go in and she never came out.

ES:

... la dejé ir; nunca volvió.” **Sé por experiencia lo difícil que es tener niños mimados cuando comienzan los bombardeos. Les da vergüenza que coloquemos cinta engomada en las ventanas, les da vergüenza vernos hacer algo tan humillante como sobrevivir.**

SR:

... i kad sam je na kraju pustio, nikad više nije izašla. **Znam po sebi koliko je to strašno imati razmaženu decu za vreme bombardovanja: stide se da lepe trake po prozorima, stide se nas što radimo na preživljavanju...**

19 April 1999

EN:

There is an increasingly strong feeling here among ordinary people that nobody really wants us anywhere, not even here.

ES:

Desde que se inició esta guerra ha ido acentuándose la sensación de que ya nadie nos quiere en ninguna parte, quizá tampoco aquí. **Es una sensación extraña para los jóvenes y los adultos, pero que los viejos aceptan con resignación. Se trata de algo más que de una depresión, es el sentido común que se asemeja a la depresión.**

SR:

Osećanje koje ovde raste među običnim svetom **od početka ovog poslednjeg rata** je da nas zapravo više niko nigde neće, možda čak ni ovde. **To je veoma čudno osećanje za mlade ljude ili ljude srednjih godina, dosta često kod starih ljudi, ali ne i kod onih**

koji su još uvek fizički jaki. To je više od depresije, to je zdrav razum koji podseća na depresiju.

EN:

Yugoslavia closes its border with Albania, and tens of thousands of refugees are turned back into southern Kosovo.

ES:

Ø

SR:

Ø

20 April 1999

EN:

Which cross should I bear—NATO bombs or **Serbian killings?**

ES:

Ahora, cuál es mi cruz: las bombas de la OTAN, **los patriotas serbios muertos.**

SR:

Evo šta je moj krst: NATO bombe, **srpska patriotska smrt.**

21 April 1999

EN:

Last night, the building which formerly housed **the Central Committee of the Communist Party** in Novi Belgrade was hit.

ES:

Anoche en Novi Belgrado bombardearon el edificio que antes albergaba al **Comité Central del Partido Comunista**, donde hoy está el nuevo poder, la nueva televisión, los nuevos partidos, los nuevos negocios.

SR:

Sinoć je bombardovan Novi Beograd, zgrada bivšeg **CK-a**, bivše komunističke partije, današnje nove vlasti, novih televizija, novih firmi...

22 April 1999

EN:

The government channel shows pictures of the destroyed villa in silence. **It wasn't even his house but a residence confiscated by Tito from the owners many years ago: and of course our President wasn't there. Our Downing street is destroyed.**

ES:

¿Es que a alguien le interesa mi comentario? La televisión oficial está pasando imágenes de la vivienda destruida en un ominoso silencio; **la televisión extranjera lo toma como algo personal. Una vez más los idiotas políticos cobramos una dimensión significativa. De inmediato pensé en la madre de una amiga, una mujer ya anciana que vive sola en su vecindario en una hermosa casa pero sin ningún otro recurso, ni siquiera refugios. Conozco su historia, la familia tenía esa casa en una próspera zona residencial y todos los que llegaban al poder intentaban sacársela, pero por cuatro generaciones la familia se las ingenió para conservarla, contra todos, y ahora, finalmente, contra la OTAN. Deseo que mujeres como ella ganen todas las guerras.**

SR:

Zar zaista neko želi bilo kakav komentar? Zvanična televizija daje slike srušene vile u dugoj mučnoj tišini, strane televizije shvataju to lično. Opet mi, politički idioti, tu imamo jednu specifičnu dimenziju. Odmah sam se setila majke moje prijateljice koja živi u inostranstvu, stare žene koja sama stanuje tu u blizini. Ona je sigurno bila u svom stanu, nema ona skloništa ili druge opcije. Znam njenu priču, zato što je nasledila kuću u rezidencijalnoj zoni moći. Svako ko je dolazio na vlast želeo je da je otera. Ali je sada već četvrta generacija kako njena porodica uspeva da sačuva kuću, protiv svih i sada i protiv NATO-a. Volela bih da žene kao što je ona pobede u svim ratovima.

23 April 1999

EN:

We are all OK, but the TV workers sacrificed their lives.

ES:

Todos estamos bien, a excepción de los sacrificados trabajadores, **simples empleados que no tenían una opinión sobre cómo debía ser la programación. Yo estaría bien si no fuera por la tristeza de la gente en el mercado esta mañana; todos estaban afligidos porque no atinaban a entender lo que está pasando. Ayer pensé que ahora todos están peleando por salvar nuestras almas, por nosotros, los serbios descarriados, todas esas televisiones, tanto locales como internacionales: si hasta de los aviones nos llueven panfletos en los que se nos dice cómo somos... Ni siquiera los adolescentes asesinos de Colorado pudieron restar atención al programa educativo que han puesto en marcha para nosotros.**

SR:

Nama je svima dobro osim žrtvovanim radnicima na TV-u, **tehničarima koji nisu imali nikakav uticaj na vrstu programa. Meni je sve razumljivo ali ljudi na pijaci su vidno potreseni nerazumevanjem zbivanja. Baš sam juče pomislila, evo sada se svi bore za naše duše, sve te televizije, lokalne i internacionalne, prepiru se oko zastranelih Srba:**

**ćak nam padaju ameriĉki leci iz aviona koji nam priĉaju o nama na lošem srpskom...
Ni tinejdžeri u Koloradu nisu odvratili ameriĉku pažnju od našeg prevaspitanja.**

EN:

Some of the foreign journalists who arrived yesterday are afraid for their lives.

ES:

Los periodistas extranjeros que llegaron para informar sobre el hecho temen por sus vidas. **Yo temo por mi alma, y por mis hijos que caminan por el centro de Belgrado, cerca de donde estaba el edificio donde todavía hay bombas que pueden explotar.**

SR:

Neki od stranih novinara koji su juće stigli da izveštavaju plaše se za svoje živote. **Ja se bojim za svoju dušu, i naravno za svoju decu koja šetaju centrom grada, pored zgrade televizije. Kažu da ima još neeksplozivnih bombi okolo.**

24 April 1999

EN:

... it was as surreal as our **lives here.**

ES:

Era tan surreal como nuestra **realidad de idiotas políticos bajo las bombas. El mundo que la OTAN dice que está protegiendo no es tan duro y grave como sostienen los analistas. Rehenes de ambos bandos, y del mal tiempo, nos quedamos en casa y contemplamos la vida de los Otros por televisión; la pantalla va y viene, dependiendo de qué bando tiene el control militar en ese momento.**

SR:

Bilo je nadrealno kao i naša stvarnost ovde, **političkih idiota pod bombama. Nije strog i ozbiljan, kao što komentatori tvrde da je postao svet koji NATO čuva, već je smešan, nadrealan i opasan. Taoci obeju strana i lošeg vremena, mi sedimo kod kuće i gledamo život Onih Drugih preko tevea, kako se pojavljuje i nestaje na malom ekranu, u zavisnosti od toga koja vojna strana pobeđuje.**

EN:

My friend from Rakovica, **a badly damaged part of Belgrade...**

ES:

Una amiga que vive en Rakovica, **una zona de Belgrado especialmente afectada por los bombardeos...**

SR:

Moja prijateljica iz Rakovice...

EN:

Ø

ES:

Creo que dejaré de escribir por un tiempo, mi vida se repite como un teleteatro.

SR:

Mislim da ću prestati da pišem na kratko, moj život, osim što se ponavlja, postao je i život sa malog ekrana.

EN:

I just heard that the people in the TV building were warned by NATO about the air strikes but apparently decided to follow orders and stay. My guess is not all of them had a free choice.

ES:

P.S. Acabo de oír que la OTAN había advertido a los de la Televisión de Belgrado que serían bombardeados, pero decidieron atenerse a las órdenes que tenían y permanecer en sus puestos. Supongo que no todos. **No creo que órdenes, no creo en heroísmos, siento que esconder algo desagradable y que inevitablemente sucede, sobre todo a quienes creen en el heroísmo y en las órdenes.**

SR:

P.S. Upravo sam čula da su ljudi u zgradi televizije bili upozoreni od strane NATO-a da će biti bombardovani ali da su imali naređenje da ostanu. Ne verujem svi. **Ne verujem u naređenja, ne verujem u heroizam. Uvek u svemu vidim nešto drugo, nešto ružno koje se iza toga obavezno dešava, i to uglavnom onima koji veruju u heroizam i naređenja.**

25 April 1999

EN:

Last night I watched a film **with Jeff Bridges...**

ES:

Acabo de ver una película **de Peter Weir en la que el personaje que encarna Jeff Bridges...**

SR:

Upravo sam gledala film **Pitera Vira sa Džefom Bridžisom...**

EN:

Ø

ES:

Creo que todos sufrimos un trauma parecido al suyo: aún no podemos decir “yo pasé por esto”, porque todavía no lo hemos superado.

SR:

To je moja priča, ne mogu da kažem da je to bila moja priča, to je priča koja još uvek traje. Sada znam konačno, svi smo u toj priči, čak i oni koji još uvek nisu, biće vrlo uskoro, padaju nam odbrane, jedna po jedna.

26 April 1999

EN:

... which I later learned was extremely radioactive.

ES:

... sin saber que ella había estado muy expuesta a las radiaciones. Cuando lo supe deseé morir o matar a alguien. También recuerdo que mucha gente pensaba que estaba loca por tomarme todo tan en serio: igual que hoy, la mujer loca en el ático. Desearía que mis temores no se volvieran siempre realidad: desde 1991 que temo por este presente de bombas y guerras en nuestro territorio, y yo como la loca en el sótano, sin fe ni espacio. Ahora soy la loca en el ático, que mira los aviones y sueña con la seguridad del sótano.

SR:

... a kasnije sam saznala da je to bila vrlo radioaktivna kiša. Sećam se kako sam čekala da umrem ili nekoga da ubijem zbog toga. Takođe se sećam kako me je običan svet nazivao ludom zato što to sve shvatam tako ozbiljno, kao i danas: ludakinja na tavanu. Volela bih da se moji strahovi ne obistine. Još od '91. plašila sam se današnjeg dana, bombi i rata na svojoj teritoriji. Tada sam bila ludakinja u podrumu, bez vere ili mesta, sada sam ludakinja na tavanu koja posmatra avione, i sanja o bezbednom podrumu.

EN:

I don't feel safe without schools, universities, or libraries against highly technological NATO countries.

ES:

No me siento segura frente a los avanzados países de la OTAN cuando carecemos de escuelas, universidades, bibliotecas. **Ya no tengo miedo; estamos más allá del bien y del mal, pero mis piernas tiemblan cuando oigo los aviones de la OTAN, o cualquier otro avión cargado de bombas por encima de mi cabeza.**

SR:

... ne osećam se sigurno bez škola, fakulteta, biblioteka, protiv visokotehnoških NATO zemalja. **Ne plašim se, ne više, mi smo izvan dobra i zla sada, ali moje noge jednostavno drhte, kada čujem NATO ili bilo koje druge avione sa bombama iznad glave. Neka su i naše.**

27 April 1999

EN:

Last night we got the same program on ten channels; the same news the whole day.

ES:

Anoche, en la television, echaban el mismo programa en diez canales: **la información oficial sobre el edificio que fue destruido por la OTAN; las mismas noticias durante todo el día. Entre los noticiarios, pasan películas que son diferentes en cada canal, pero de vez en cuando repiten las mismas imágenes de la guerra.**

SR:

Sinoć sam upalila TV: na svih deset kanala imali smo isti program, **zvanične vesti, one čiju je zgradu NATO bombardovao: iste vesti po ceo dan. Između vesti imali smo filmove i muziku, različite na različitim kanalima, ali su se svi ujedinjavali u određenim trenucima sa istim slikama rata.**

EN:

... checked we were alive, and went to bed.

ES:

... para confirmar que estaban vivos y nos fuimos a acostar: **como dicen los generales de la OTAN, nos sentimos seguros bajo los bombardeos o, como dicen nuestros políticos, bajo las bombas debemos trabajar más duro.**

SR:

... proverili da su živi i otisli u krevet: **kako kažu NATO generali, osećamo se bezbedno sa regularnim bombama. Naši političari kažu da moramo još više nego obično da radimo pod NATO bombama.**

28 April 1999

EN:

... and heavy rain. We all went to sleep together in one big bed with the children's toys and lots of cushions.

ES:

Llovía mucho y creo que también había luna llena. Nos fuimos a la cama todos juntos, una cama grande llena de juguetes de niños y almohadones, y nos dormimos. **Una cándida semblanza de la muerte...**

SR:

... sa velikom kišom. Mislim da je bio i pun mesec. Svi smo otišli zajedno u krevet, jedan veliki sa dečijim igračkama i sa mnogo jastuka i zaspali. **Pretpostavljam da se može nazvati snom: bledom slikom smrti.**

EN:

Petrol has been rationed to twenty liters a month. Petrol prices on the black market have doubled.

ES:

Ahora la gasoline está racionada: veinte litros por mes; en el Mercado negro cuesta el doble. **El mercado negro está lleno de todo tipo de artículos, gente vendiendo y gente comprando, todavía hay dinero. En todos estos años, y mucho antes en la ex Yugoslavia, aprendimos a dominar esta economía de guerra.**

Acabo de enterarme por mi padre de qué fue lo que bombardearon anoche: la casa Marshall's. No sé ni qué es ni para qué sirve, sólo sé que está cerca del Palacio Blanco, que es la sede de **nuestro Gobierno.**

SR:

Sada su sledovanja benzina 20 litara mesečno. **Pijace su pune raznih artikala, ljudi svašta kupuju i prodaju, još uvek ima gotovine. Ovu smo ratnu ekonomiju savladali dobro poslednjih desetak godina a i pre.** Cena benzina na crnoj berzi se udvostručila.

Otac mi kaže šta je sinoć pogođeno: takozvani Maršalat, ni ne znam šta je to, čemu služi, znam da je pored Belog dvora, radnog mesta **kraljeva, predsednika...**

EN:

... where we can share our fears and where our children can play together.

ES:

...podrémos hablar de nuestros miedos y nuestros hijos jugarán en el polvo con otros niños iguales a ellos. **Es la única solución digna para los que padecemos la guerra de otros.**

SR:

... gde se deca igraju u prašini, jedu zajedno, i otvoreno pričaju o svojim strahovima. **To je jedino pristojno rešenje za nas koji smo pretrpeli tuđi rat.**

EN:

Ø

ES:

Toda clase de gente, intelectuales, vendedores ambulantes, raxistas, especulan sobre lo que ocurre en las altas esferas políticas: quién se rendirá, quién ganará, tanto dentro como fuera del país, aquí o en el inmenso mundo. En la incertidumbre en que vivimos creo que cualquiera puede estar en lo cierto, aunque no lo sepa. Amigos de Belgrado y de todas partes del mundo quieren leer mi diario; para poder llorar un poco, dicen.

SR:

Sve vrste ljudi, intelektualci, ulični prodavci, taksisti spekulišu o tome šta se zbiva u visokoj politici: ko će se predati, ko će pobediti, u zemlji, napolju u velikom svetu. Pretpostavljam da je situacija interegnuma, tako da su možda svi u pravu a da to i ne znaju. Moji prijatelji iz Beograda i svuda iz sveta traže mi dnevnik da bi mogli da plaču: to najčešće kažu...

EN:

No more vegetables and fruit, only tinned food and bottled water.

ES:

... basta de ensaladas, verduras, frutas... sólo comida enlatada y agua embotellada. **¿Qué va a ocurrir con el Mercado, el único lugar vital en toda esta guerra?**

SR:

... ne valja jesti salatu, povrće, voće, samo konzerve i piće iz flaše. **Šta će biti sa pijacom, najvitalnijim mestom u ratu?**

29 April 1999

EN:

... as they did in ancient Greece, singing, gossiping, and laughing, with kids running all around us.

ES:

... como en la Grecia Antigua: cantando, chismorreando, riendo, con niños corriendo alrededor **como en una pastoral de Karen Blixen.**

SR:

... kao u staroj Grčkoj: pevajući, ogovarajući, smejući se, dok deca trče oko nas **kao u nekoj pastoralu Karen Bliksen.**

30 April 1999

EN:

"They'll kill us eventually," somebody said, "**either psychologically or physically.**"

ES:

Alguien dijo: "Van a matarnos de todos modos."

SR:

Neko je rekao: pobiće nas sve, **fizički ili biološki**, kad tad.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Los viejos se han deprimido durante años a causa del declinar de sus vidas: sin fuerzas, sin emociones, sin dinero, sin medicamentos. Pero ahora se levantan de entre los muertos: junto a nosotros y junto a los jóvenes, todas las mañanas, todos juntos, nos levantamos de entre los muertos.

SR:

Stari ljudi, već godinama u depresiji zbog redukovanog života, bez snage, emocija, novca ili lekova, sada se dižu iz mrtvih, zajedno sa nama, mlađima: svakog jutra mi svi zajedno ustajemo iz mrtvih.

1 May 1999

EN:

All of us are living from day to day.

ES:

Vivimos el presente, todos nosotros: el Mercado está más lleno que nunca, las tiendas sólo cierran durante los bombardeos, algunas ni siquiera entonces. Pero la mirada de las personas ha cambiado, ya no es la de hace unas pocas semanas: esto es la verdadera guerra. He sobrevivido a los temblores de mi casa, esperando morir junto a mi familia, tomados de la mano.

SR:

Živeći iz dana u dan, svi mi: pijaca je puna kao nikad ranije, radnje više nisu zatvorene osim za vreme bombardovanja, neke ni tada. Ali pogledi ljudi su drugačiji, ne oni od pre nekoliko nedelja: ovo je sada pravi rat. Ja sam preživela da mi se kuća ljulja sa jedne strane

na drugu, čekajući da umrem u krugu porodice, držeći se za ruke. Valjda to isto vidim i u očima drugih ljudi.

EN:

Everybody thinks their place is the safest in the world, whether out of superstition or some rationale.

ES:

... todos, por alguna razón, piensan que su lugar es el más seguro sobre la tierra, bien por superstición, bien basándose en argumentos racionales. **No os preocupéis, todo está permitido para ganar esta guerra, que no se libra contra la OTAN o cualquier otra fuerza milita, sino dentro de uno mismo.**

SR:

Svako iz nekog razloga smatra da je njegovo najbezbednije na svetu, iz sujeverja ili sa nekim vrlo racionalnim argumentima. **Nema veze, sve je dozvoljeno da se pobedi u ovom ratu, ne protiv NATO-a, niti bilo koje druge vojne sile, već u sebi.**

2 May 1999

EN:

I went to the video shop...

ES:

Soy incapaz de aprender chino tan rápidamente. Fui al videoclub...

SR:

Ne mogu da naučim tako brzo kineski, zato bolje da odem u video klub.

EN:

... it was a NATO leaflet, in **bad** Serbian ...

ES:

... se trataba de un panfleto de la OTAN escrito en un serbio **defectuoso**...

SR:

... to je letak NATO-a na srpskom ...

EN: We will be an island.

ES:

Seremos una isla. **La gente se muestra suspicaz, confunde por las entrevistas en chino y los panfletos norteamericanos...**

SR:

Bićemo ostrvo. **Ljudi su u neverici, običan svet zbunjen kineskim programom i američkim lecima.**

3 May 1999

EN:

It's already lasted sixteen hours, but I think it will last for good.

ES:

Ya llevamos dieciséis horas así, pero creo que durará para siempre.

SR:

Trajalo je 16 sati, **u vreme kad sam pisala**, ali mislila sam da se desilo zauvek.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Creo que hemos entendido el mensaje: jamás tendremos la seguridad de una ciudad moderna. ¿Era ése el mensaje de la OTAN? Bien, pues nunca antes tuvimos seguridad. Teníamos restricciones, apagones que duraban días en los tiempos en que Tito contaba con la anuencia del mundo. Nosotros, los idiotas políticos, somos recompensados y castigados de la misma forma: con apagones. Y reaccionamos como perros amaestrados.

SR:

Mislim da je poruka stigla do nas, nikad nećemo imati sigurnost modernog društva. Da li je to NATO poruka? E pa, nikad ni ranije nismo imali sigurnost. Imali smo restrikcije, nestanke struje danima u vreme Titove potpune otvorenosti ka svetu. Mi, politički idioti, smo hvaljeni ili kuđeni na isti način: sa prekidima u struji. I reagujemo kao izdresirani psi.

EN:

When will this end? For most people bets are off, the war should have ended already.

ES:

Nuestra conclusion ha sido que lo peor son los aviones, las bombas, los panfletos, los puentes caídos que no nos dejan huir o conseguir comida. ¿Quién es el responsable de todo esto? Ni siquiera nos molestamos en preguntar. “¿Cuándo terminará todo esto?”, preguntó alguien, pero hemos perdido todas las apuestas, ya debería haber terminado.

SR:

Zaključili smo da su najgori avioni, bombe, leci, srušeni mostovi dok pokušavaš da pobegneš ili nabaviš hranu. Ko je za to odgovoran? Nismo se usudili da pitamo. Kad će da završi, većina se pitala, svi smo već izgubili opklade...

EN:

I want to say goodbye to so many people and in the end I say goodbye to no one.

ES:

Es mucha la gente de la que quisiera despedirme, así que no me despediré de nadie. Sólo me digo a mí misma que todo ya ha quedado atrás para nosotros; mañana comienza **una vida después de la vida...**

SR:

Hoću sa previše ljudi da se oprostim, i zato nikome ne pišem. Kažem sebi: sve je ovo sad završeno, sutra počinje **život posle smrti...**

EN:

All of Belgrade is doing the same thing.

ES:

Todo Belgrado está hacienda lo mismo, **todos los que no abandonamos la ciudad. Somo muchas ciudades, como en *Las ciudades invisibles* de Calvino, un libro de traduje. No soy infeliz, pero estoy llorando.**

SR:

Ceo Beograd to radi, **mi koji ne napuštamo grad. Mi smo postali mnogi gradovi odjednom, kao u Kalvinovim “Nevidljivim gradovima”, knjizi koju sam prevela. Nesrećna sam, samo plačem.**

4 May 1999

EN:

Ø

ES:

Una muchacha amiga tomó una sobredosis de tranquilizantes, dijo que no pensaba en matarse, sólo quería dormir después de tantas semanas. La entiendo, **yo también deseo olvidar.**

SR:

Jedna moja mlada prijateljica uzela je preveliku dozu sedativa, kaže nije bilo namerno, htela je samo da se ispava posle toliko nedelja. Verujem joj: **i meni se takvo rešenje više dopada od borbe za vize, na granici... sa celim svetom...**

EN:

Ø

ES:

Han soltado a los pacientes de los hospitales psiquiátricos, y también a algunos convictos. Uno de ellos vino a mi puerta hoy: estaba desesperado, necesitaba dinero. Le pregunté por qué había estado preso. Respondió: “Maté a mi esposa y a su amante.” Por lo menos fue un crimen pasional; los asesinatos que se producen en estos días tienen menos moral.

SR:

Pacijenti iz ludnica su raspušteni, i neki osuđenici. Jedan od ovih drugih došao je danas na naša vrata: tražio je novac. Pitali smo ga zašto je osuđen, kaže ubio je ženu i njenog ljubavnika. Bar je strast motiv njegovog zločina: ubijanja ovih dana imaju manje moralnosti.

5 May 1999

EN:

I realized I hadn't had a chance to be alone since the bombing began.

ES:

De pronto me di cuenta de que no había tenido oportunidad de estar sola desde que comenzaron los bombardeos. **Me sentí invisible, como cuando era una niña. Después, cuando me hice feminista, busqué ser visible.**

SR:

Shvatila sam da nisam uopšte bila sama od početka bombardovanja. **Osetila sam se nevidljiva, kao kad sam bila dete. Onda sam postala feministkinja i htela sam da budem vidljiva.**

6 May 1999

EN:

Everybody I talk to has left, is leaving, or has a safe place to go. I don't.

ES:

Todos con los que hablo están yéndose, ya se fueron o tienen un lugar seguro donde ir. Yo no, **yo no tengo una patria de recambio, no provengo de ningún otro lugar que no sea Belgrado, y en los otros sitios donde he estado no he dejado nada que pueda hacerme regresar.**

SR:

Svi sa kojima razgovaram odlaze, otišli su, imaju mesto gde žele ili mogu da odu. Ja nemam: **nemam rezervnu domovinu, rezervni dom. Ja nisam niotkud osim iz Beograda, i gde god sam živela nisam ostavila ništa da mogu da mu se vratim.**

EN:

Ø

ES:

El nombre de mi calle era Kosovska (la calle de Kosovo)...

SR:

Tada sam bila u Kosovskoj ulici...

7 May 1999

EN:

The second and third largest cities in Yugoslavia have been hit hard. In Nis, where some of my relatives live, the central market has been destroyed.

ES:

La segunda y la tercera ciudades de Yugoslavia han sido duramente bombardeadas. En Nis, donde tengo parientes, han destruido el mercado central.

SR:

Niš, centar i pijaca su gađani.

EN:

Was it Serbs or was it Muslims who fired the shell? The debate went on for years.

ES:

... por un año se discutió si eran serbios o musulmanes los que arrojaron la granada. La madre de una amiga estaba en esa cola.

SR:

... godinama je trajala rasprava, da li su to bili Srbi ili Muslimani koji su postavili bombu. Poznavala sam ženu koja je bila u redu. Bila je to majka jednog mog prijatelja: to je činjenica, kao što niko ne može da mi ospori da imam rodbinu u Nišu.

8 May 1999

EN:

A friend **in the computer business** who lives next to the Chinese Embassy...

ES:

Tengo una amiga que vive **frente al hotel Yugoslavia** y cerca de la embajada de China...

SR:

Moja drugarica stanuje **prekoputa hotela Jugoslavije**, pored kineske ambasade (...) **Ona radi na kompjuterima.**

EN:

Ø

ES:

Ø

SR:

Jedan grafit: Klinton, predaj se, najebali smo...

9 May 1999

EN:

Ø

ES:

Hoy es domingo, ¿por qué?

SR:

Danas je nedelja, zašto?

EN:

Ø

ES:

Anoche ofrecí una entrevista a la televisión italiana: noticias sobre la vida en Belgrado. Mientras hablaba me di cuenta de lo terrible que es nuestra existencia y de cómo nos hemos convertido en el paradigma de la maldad o la desgracia. Los otros pueden apiadarse o condenarnos, pero la imagen es clara: cargamos con una culpa colectiva. Ahora comprendo que si la culpa no está dentro de nosotros, como no debería estarlo, está fuera, rodeándonos igual que un muro. Hoy temo más que nunca las bombas, porque he advertido que nadie sabe o a nadie le importa que nos estén bombardeando todos los días y que cometan muchos errores de los que después se arrepienten, quizá sinceramente. Me tiemblan las piernas y no me animo a quedarme sola.

SR:

Dala sam intervju za italijansku TV: vesti o životu u Beogradu. Dok sam govorila, shvatila sam kako je grozan naš život i kako smo zapravo postali simbol loših ljudi koji vode loš život. Ostali mogu da nas osuđuju ili sažaljevaju, ali je slika jasna, mi nosimo kolektivno osećanje krivice. Sada sam sigurna da ono ne postoji u nama, kao što i ne treba, ali sigurno postoji izvan nas, kao zid. Danas se plašim bombi više nego ikad jer shvatam da niko niti zna niti mu je stalo da zna da nas svakoga dana bombarduju sa dosta grešaka posle čega sledi: iskreno žalim. Noge mi drhte i ne usuđujem se da ostanem sama: **počinjem da mrzim... intenzivno... strane jezike... reči... pokrete... Kada predeš granicu popravljive štete... Velika eksplozija u ovom trenutku mi to potvrđuje...**

EN:

Last night we once again we sat on the terrace, drank wine...

ES:

Hemos vuelto a nuestras reuniones en la terraza. **Somos un grupo de idiotas políticos en la misma trinchera**; bebemos vino...

SR:

I opet, sedeći na terasi, **mi politički idioti iz istog rova**, pili smo vino...

EN:

Ø

ES:

Pero si sobrevivo a estas bombas que solo por error se acercan a mi vida (y ése es el verdadero error), seré una pescadora en una isla desierta en Grecia: atraparé un pez, lo mirare a los ojos y lo devolveré al agua, hasta que logre atrapar a la sirena que me llevará a mi verdadera patria, en lo más profundo del mar...

SR:

Ali zapravo, ako preživim bombe koje se greškom primiču mom životu, biću ribarka na grčkom ostrvu: uhvatiću ribu, pogledaću je u oči i vratiti natrag u more sve dok ne uhvatim pravu sirenu koja će me vratiti u moj prvobitni dom, duboko duboko pod morem...

EN:

I'd like to say something about **the bombing** of the Chinese Embassy.

ES:

Quiero decir también algo sobre **el bombardeo** a la embajada de China

SR:

I hajde i ja nešto da kažem o **slučajnom bombardovanju** kineske ambasade...

EN:

They are also people who died for no reason.

ES:

Ésos no son chinos, éstos no son refugiados, ni siquiera son serbios: ya se han abusado demasiado de esa palabra. Pero también han muerto. Como ha dicho Wole Soyinka: “El hombre ha muerto, está muerto...”

SR:

Ti ljudi nisu Kinezi, ti ljudi nisu ni izbeglice, oni više nisu ni Srbi kao nekad: ta reč je isuviše upotrebljivana i zlupotrebljivana. Njima nije dozvoljeno to da budu. Kako je pisao Vole Šojinka: Čovek je umro, Čovek je mrtav...

EN:

Ø

ES:

P.S. Grandes dilemas se plantean aquí: ¿debemos pagar las deudas o no? Cuando me siento bien pienso que sí, pero cuando me deprimó, obviamente creo que no. Los argumentos racionales y éticos ya no nos llegan como antes, cuando estábamos vivos.

SR:

P.S. Velike dileme se ovde odigravaju: da li da plaćamo račune ili ne? Kada se bolje osećam mislim da bi trebalo, ali kada mi je loše, mislim da ne bi. Nema racionalnih ili moralnih argumenata kao nekad, nekada kada smo bili živi.

10 May 1999

EN:

Ø

ES:

Una noche sin sirenas, silenciosa y oscura; la estación de metro estaba repleta, como al inicio de la guerra. Ayer, en pleno día, una bomba inadvertida explotó sin previo aviso en el centro de Belgrado. Nadie murió, por azar era un día lluvioso, una perezosa tarde de domingo.

SR:

Noć bez uzbune, mračna i tiha: podzemna železnica bila je puna ljudi, kao na početku rata. Juče, usred bela dana neeksplođirana bomba je pukla u centru Beograda. Niko nije poginuo, slučajno, vreme je bilo kišovito, lenjo nedeljno popodne.

EN:

Hardly anyone has gold teeth anymore, but I do, from a visit to an Italian dentist when I was sixteen.

ES:

Nadie hoy en día tiene ya dientes de oro, pero yo sí, no sé por qué, un dentista italiano me los hizo cuando tenía dieciséis años. **Tengo esa bala en mi cabeza desde entonces.**

SR:

... niko danas nema zlatne zube, ja da, ne znam zašto, jedan italijanski zubar mi ih je stavio kad sam imala 16 godina. **Od tada nosim taj metak u glavi.**

11 May 1999

EN:

In a second she changed from a beautiful girl into a frightened animal. She put her hands to her throat as if somebody was choking her, then to her heart, and then she fainted.

ES:

En el segundo se convirtió en otra persona, una niña y una vieja. Sus gestos cambiaron, la hermosa chica urbana se convirtió en un animal asustado, se llevó las manos a la garganta como si alguien la estuviera estrangulando, después al pecho, **como una pitonista griega,** y entonces se desmayó y **volvió a ser la princesa urbana, Blancanieves... Chicas...**

SR:

U trenutku je postala neko drugi, beba i starica. Promenila je gestikulaciju, od prelepe urbane devojke postala je uplašena životinja, uhvatila se za grlo kao da se guši ili je neko guši, onda za grudi, **kao neka grčka proročica** a zatim je pala u nesvest, **pretvarajući se opet u urbanu princezu, Snežanu...**

EN:

Our children got their grades today, officially no more school.

ES:

Hoy han terminado las clases y les han dado las notas a nuestros hijos; **a la mayoría los han indultado.**

SR:

Danas naša deca dobijaju ocene, nema ni zvanično više škole, **uglavnom su im poklonjene ocene.**

13 May 1999

EN:

Serb soldiers are just as good or bad as any others. They watch the same Bruce Willis films, drive the same cars, dream of Pamela Anderson.

ES:

Termino por ver el eslabón en mi propia piel: yo conozco a los soldados serbios, podría ser su madre o su novia, he luchado con ellos en el día a día, como esposa y como madre. En la batalla serán tan buenos y tan malos como cualquier hombre de cualquier país. También, como cualquier hombre, ven las películas de Bruce Willis, conducen los mismos coches y sueñan con Pamela Anderson. **Yo peleo contra ellos y su cultura, y ésa es una guerra desigual.**

SR:

Konačno vidim vezu na sopstvenoj koži; poznajem srpske vojnike, mogla bih da budem njihova majka, devojka, borila sam se sa njima svaki dan kao žena. Na bojnopolju bili bi dobri i loši kao drugi muškarci u svetu: gledaju iste filmove, sa Brusom Vilisom, voze iste automobile, sanjaju o Pameli Andreson. **Borim se sa njima i njihovom kulturom i to je jedan neravnopravni rat: u suprotnom, oni se međusobno odlično slažu, svuda po svetu, bilo kao prijatelji ili neprijatelji.**

14 May 1999

EN:

... you might get a visa and a new passport.

ES:

... se puede obtener un visado para el nuevo pasaporte. **Y sea feliz... Trampa 22 y mala suerte hoy.**

SR:

... možete da uspete da vam zalepe vizu na pasoš. **Kvaka 22 i loša sreća danas.**

15 May 1999

EN:

I watched a program on TV about a woman who works as a registrar for marriages **in central Belgrade.**

ES:

La mujer que aparece en la televisión trabaja en el Registro Civil, **en el municipio más poblado del centro de Belgrado.**

SR:

Matičarka **u opštini Stari Grad** govorila je na televiziji.

EN:

... sometimes with nothing but a piece of paper from their husband-to-be.

ES:

... a veces sólo con un pedazo de papel en la mano, el que les dieron sus futuros maridos. **Un dato: nacen más niños en la guerra que en la paz, y más varones que niñas... Otra vez me cuesta creer en este mundo, que parece mejor diseñado para la guerra que para la paz.**

SR:

... ponekad samo sa komadom hartije u ruci od svog budućeg muža. **I jedna činjenica, više se dece rađa u ratu nego u miru i više dečaka nego devojčica. Opet ne verujem u ovaj svet kakav jeste, izgleda da je skrojen više za rat nego za mir.**

16 May 1999

EN:

They're mostly populated by **gypsies**...

ES:

... habitado mayormente por **gitanos**...

SR:

... u kome uglavnom žive **Romi**...

EN:

From the courtyards, we have a clear view of the sky and the low-flying planes that seem like birds who might swoop into our rooms.

ES:

Ahora, para evitar la guerra nos mudamos de las habitaciones con ventanas que dan a los patios, a aquellas con ventanas que dan a la ciudad moderna con sus altos edificios. Pensamos que los aviones entrarían fácilmente por las ventanas del patio, porque el cielo está libre por ese lado del edificio.

SR:

Ali imamo jasan pogled iz svetlarnika na nebo i niske avione koji kao ptice mogu da ulete kroz naše prozore, **dok prozori ka ulici imaju samo zgrade ispred sebe. Tako da bismo**

izbegli rat, mi prelazimo sa prozora koji gledaju na dramu svetlarnika ka prozorima okrenutim drugim prozorima.

EN:

The Italian Embassy is no longer willing to give us visas. Well, that's my punishment for procrastinating.

ES:

Me he enterado de que la embajada italiana ya no quiere darnos visados, **ni aquí ni en Budapest**. Bueno, ése es mi castigo por llegar tarde. **Italia era mi madre patria, nunca pensé que sería una extranjera allí. Ya he oído que hay gente en el exilio que está hablando muy mal de los que nos quedamos, tan mal como muchos aquí de los que se han ido.**

SR:

Italijanska ambasada više ne želi da nam izdaje vize, **ovde ili u Budimpešti**. To mi je kazna što sam zakasnila i bila lenja u preživljavanju. **Italija je bila meni druga domovina, nikad nisam sanjala da ću im biti strankinja. Čujem da drugi ljudi u egzilu koriste ružne reči za nas ovde. Isto ružne kao što neki ovde koriste za njih.**

EN:

Ø

ES:

El nombre del café que recientemente abrió en la frontera húngara con Yugoslavia es Casablanca.

SR:

Ime novootvorene kafane na granici sa Mađarskom je Kazablanka.

20 May 1999

EN:

... calling their **leader** - who is in exile in Montenegro - a traitor.

ES:

... cuyo **líder** está exiliado en Montenegro (...) Le gritaban traidor.

SR:

... čiji je **lider** u Crnoj Gori (...) – nazivali su **Đindića** izdajicom.

EN:

He's a handsome middle-aged man who speaks several languages, with a beautiful wife and two children.

ES:

Es un hombre elegante de mediana edad que habla varios idiomas y tiene una bella esposa y dos niños.

SR:

On govori strane jezike. **Oni ne govore: luksuznim limuzinama dovezeni su pred kuću stranke.**

21 May 1999

EN:

A complete blackout over most of Serbia.

ES:

in 22 May entry

SR:

Originally in 22 May entry

22 May 1999

EN:

moved to 21 May entry

ES:

Sin electricidad otra vez, un apagón afecta a casi toda Serbia.

SR:

Opet nemamo struje, gotovo u celoj Srbiji.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Estoy usando baterías para el ordenador; para escribir quizá mis últimas palabras como en una tagedia shakesperiana, siempre diciendo adiós y siempre regresando...

SR:

Koristim baterije, poslednje reči kao u Šekspirovom komadu. Uvek se oprostim ali se onda uvek i vratim i kažem još nešto.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Estamos filmando *El idiota politico*,⁵ por toda la ciudad. No tenemos dificultades, la realidad es el mejor guión posible y el mejor escenario para cualquier filme. Vuelvo a perder las palabras, soy toda imagen, regreso a mi lenguaje original, mi pérdida original. Me siento bien con el mundo y conmigo misma, si tuviera que morir ahora moriría en paz. Pero quiero sobrevivir. Quiero la paz, pero quiero sobrevivir.

⁵La autora filmó una película basada en este diario, a la que le puso este título y que fue presentada en el Festival de Venecia. (N. de la T.)

SR:

Snimamo dnevnik, političkog idiota, svuda po gradu. Nemamo problema, stvarnost je najbolji scenario i scena za sve moguće filmove ovde... Opet gubim reči, sva sam u slikama, vraćam se na svoj prvobitni jezik, moj prvobitni gubitak. U skladu sam sa svetom i sa samom sobom, da u ovom trenutku moram da umrem bila bih mirna... Ali želim da preživim.

23 May 1999

EN:

Ø

ES:

Un joven soldado ha vuelto con un permiso de tres días; yo lo había soñado muerto. Mi alegría no es personal, mi alegría es universal por todos los que se las han ingeniado para permanecer sanos y salvos. He hablado con él, parece tener más control mental que yo; por lo demás, “sintonizamos”. No estoy segura de que fuese así antes de la guerra.

SR:

Jedan mladi vojnik **sa Kosova** došao je **u Beograd** na dopust od tri dana, onaj koga često sanjam da je poginuo. Moja radost nije ličnog tipa, moja radost je univerzalna, za sve one koji su uspjeli da prežive i fizički i mentalno. Dok sam razgovarala sa njim, delovao mi je prisebniji od mene: inače smo na istoj talasnoj dužini. Nisam sigurna da je tako bilo i pre rata.

24 May 1999

EN:

... and then I read and write instead. (...) But at least here in **Belgrade** we are slowly getting angry with ourselves for being political idiots. My taxi driver, a middle-aged man who was an engineer and lost his job said, "We deserve it."

ES:

... y luego me lo paso leyendo y escribiendo: **mis malos hábitos. En cualquier caso, es más fácil ahora que en el pasado. Se han escrito muchos libros sobre la falta de agua y electricidad en muchas guerras. Recuerdo a algunos poetas rusos...** Lo que es específico de este **Belgrado 1999** es que lentamente nos vamos enojando con nosotros mismos por ser unos idiotas políticos. El taxista, un hombre maduro y honesto, un ingeniero que perdió su trabajo, ha dicho: “Nos lo merecemos. **Aplaudimos cuando se va la luz, nunca cuando vuelve, porque sabemos que no durará.**”

SR:

... a onda ipak čitam i pišem: **stare loše navike kojih moram da se rešim. Međutim, danas je bolje nego juče, mnogo knjiga je napisano u mnogo ratova o nemanju vode, struje, pamtim neke ruske pesnike, na primer...** Ono što je specifično za **Beograd '99** je to da polako postajemo ljuti na same sebe zato što smo politički idioti. Moj taksista, inženjer srednjih godina koji je izgubio posao kaže: tako nam i treba. **Aplaudiramo kad nestane struje, ne kad dođe, jer znamo da i kad dođe neće dugo.**

EN:

My American friend in Hungary saw smugglers with thousands of packs of **Pampers** heading towards Serbia.

ES:

Mi amiga norteamericana vio en Hungría contrabandistas con miles de **pañales** dirigiéndose hacia Serbia.

SR:

Dok je moja prijateljica iz SAD-a videla švercere iz Mađarske sa hiljadama **pelena** koje prenose u Srbiju.

EN:

... we'll all need **Pampers** soon.

ES:

... pronto todos vamos a necesitar **pañales**.

SR:

... da će nam svima (...) uskoro **pelene** biti potrebne, **ne samo bebama.**

25 May 1999

EN:

Ø

ES:

Pensé que estaba fuera de mi África,⁶ de mi oscuro bagaje de pensamientos, esperanzas, miedos. Fuera, bajo los focos de una película interminable, esa *commedia dell'arte*, ese circo que es hoy la vida.

⁶ En alusión a *Memorias de África*, la novela de Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen). (N. de la T.)

SR:

Mislila sam da sam otišla iz svoje Afrike, iz mog mračnog kontinenta misli, nada, strahova i sa bine filma u nastajanju, la *commedia dell'arte* ili cirkus koji je postao moj život.

EN:

My husband was somewhere on the border on his way back from a PEN conference in Slovenia.

ES:

Ø

SR:

... moj muž se vraćao iz Mađarske po opasnim putevima.

EN:

I had wanted to make this film with my friends to remember those things we will immediately forget as soon as we get the chance. We are building a memorial to fear with our film.

ES:

Y estaban, además, esos soldados, los que nos impidieron filmar el museo, expuestos al cielo abierto, deseando quizá que se cometiesen errores con las bombas, porque ellos sí son objetivos militares. Me sentí culpable: también son personas, como yo y como mis hijos. Mientras peligraban sus vidas, yo buscaba una buena toma, una aspiración legítima, pero que de estar en su lugar yo también habría rechazado. Del mismo modo que, como feminista, rechazo a los hombres que son espectadores de las tragedias de las mujeres.

Quise hacer esta película con mis amigos para recordar y hacer recordar aquellas cosas que vamos a olvidar en cuanto nos den la oportunidad de hacerlo. Con nuestra película estamos construyendo un memorial del miedo, y estamos poniendo el cuerpo y la vida para conseguirlo.

SR:

Vojnici koji nam nisu dali da snimamo muzej krili su se pod vedrim nebom svuda po Beogradu, spašavajući svoje živote, nadajući se da će bombe da promaše jer su oni zapravo bili vojni ciljevi. Bili su svet kao ja, kao naša deca, dok sam ja jurila dobar kadar: legitiman zahtev, koji sam i ja mogla da odbijem, na njihovom mestu, kao što sam često i radila kao feministkinja mnogim muškarcima koji su bili radoznali posmatrači ženskih tragedija... Moj život neće postati cirkus: moj izbor da napravim ovaj film sa svojim prijateljima jeste način da se zabeleže i zapamte sve stvari koje ćemo zaboraviti čim nam se pruži prilika. To je spomenik straha koji gradimo u našem filmu, i ulažemo naše živote i tela u njega.

26 May 1999

EN:

Ø

ES:

Nuestra tediosa vida cotidiana se vuelve importante; a medida que la filmamos me doy cuenta de que es la vida de todos, no sólo la mía, y cada uno participa de una y otra manera hace que el resultado general se vea más convincente. Todos nos mostramos agudos al hablar de la falta de agua, de luz, de nuestras pesadillas y nuestros sueños.

SR:

Naš svakodnevni dosadni život postaje važan, dan za danom dok ga snimamo. To je svačiji život, shvatam, ne samo moj, i kako bilo ko uđe u film na ovaj ili onaj način, opšta slika postaje ubedljivija, jasnija, i svi mi akteri filma izoštravamo našu percepciju kroz otvorenu priču o nemanju vode, struje, košmarima, snovima, o nemanju budućnosti osim mučne prošlosti...

EN:

Today we went to film in a very dangerous zone near **a part of Belgrade which is hit on a regular basis.**

ES:

Hoy fuimos a filmar a un lugar peligroso, cercano a **una zona de Belgrado que es atacada periódicamente.**

SR:

Danas dok smo snimali, ušli smo u opasnu zonu kod **Batajnice.**

EN:

Finally, they advised us to go away.

ES:

Terminaron aconsejándonos que nos fuésemos...

SR:

Konačno su nas upozorili da se sklonimo **jer Batajnicu stalno gađaju...**

27 May 1999

EN:

The place where we filmed yesterday was hit by twenty-five missiles only a few hours after we left it.

ES:

Anoche cayeron veinticinco misiles en el lugar donde estuvimos filmando, apenas unas horas después de que nos hubiésemos ido. **Somos como esos periodistas idiotas que van por el mundo siguiendo el rastro de peligro y de muerte. Siempre he despreciado esa forma de vida, pues la considero inútilmente arriesgada y estéril. Ahora mi vida también ha perdido su sentido más profundo y su aura.**

SR:

Mesto gde smo juče snimali pogodeno je sa 25 projektila noćas i to samo nekoliko sati po našem odlasku. **Ličimo na one idiote novinare koji trče sa jedne strane sveta na drugu za opasnošću i krvlju: uvek sam prezirale takve prazne i agresivne živote. A sad je i moj život izgubio svoj unutarnji smisao i auru.**

28 May 1999

EN:

... but the American officials say they will still negotiate with him.

ES:

... pero los oficiales norteamericanos han dicho que aun así negociarían con él. **Nosotros estamos en el medio, como en un bocadillo, nosotros los idiotas políticos, gente corriente sin luz, sin pan, sin agua. El conflicto se agrava, la guerra se vuelve más cruel, y nosotros tememos que ganar o cambiar el mundo, nosotros, unos poco héroes involuntarios.**

SR:

... ali američki zvaničnici kažu da će još uvek sa njim da pregovaraju: **mi smo u sendviču između, mi politički idioti, običan svet bez struje, hleba i vode. Sukob se produbljuje, rat postaje suroviji, a mi moramo da pobedimo ili promenimo svet, nas nekoliko junaka mimo sopstvene volje...**

29 May 1999

EN:

The animals sense danger before we do, especially the peacocks. The director told us that the night downtown Belgrade was heavily bombed, some mothers ate their young, wolves, tigers, and some of the birds.

ES:

Perciben el peligro antes que nosotros, especialmente el pavo real. El encargado nos dijo que la noche de los peores bombardeos sobre el centro de Belgrado, algunos animales se comieron a sus crías: lobos, tigres... y algunas especies de pájaros. El león se está comiendo sus propias garras y se pudren los huevos de especies exóticas. Nunca me gustó el zoo, ni siquiera me gustan los animales; me recuerdan mi lado animal. Como seres humanos estamos destinados a trascender nuestro lado animal, y creo que la mayoría lo logramos. Pero si deambulamos tranquilamente por la ciudad mientras las bombas planean por encima de nuestras cabezas sin sentir miedo por nuestras vidas ni por las vidas de nuestros hijos, entonces es que hemos perdido por completo nuestro lado animal.

SR:

One oseće opasnost pre nas, i jače od nas. Naročito paunovi. Kao posledica, majke jedu svoje mlade: vučice, tigrice, i još njih nekoliko kojih sada ne mogu da se setim. Lav grize sopstvene šape kao ja zanoćice. Propala su jaja retkih vrsta... Dakle, ja nikad nisam volela zoološki vrt, ne mogu za sebe da kažem čak ni da volim životinje zato što me podsećaju na životinjsku stranu u meni, koju želim da prevaziđem, koju sam prevazišla. Svi mi ljudska bića imamo tu stranu: naša životinjska strana je šala, izbor, osećaj za prirodan život. Ali ako se gradom krećemo s lakoćom, sa bombama nad glavom, bez straha, onda smo izgubili našu prirodnu, životinjsku stranu.

30 May 1999

EN:

I hear terrible things about what is going on in Kosovo, both from people going in and those coming out.

ES:

Los que han estado en Kosovo cuentan las cosas horribles que suceden allá. **Todos coinciden en que en comparación, lo que vivimos nosotros no es una guerra. Yo sólo puedo decir que, sea lo que fuere, ya he tenido suficiente.**

SR:

Čujem o groznim zbivanjima na Kosovu, od ljudi koji tamo idu, ili su tamo ili su pobešli odande. **Kažu mi, ovo kod nas nije rat, moram da priznam šta god da je, meni ga je dosta.**

31 May 1999

EN:

Ø

ES:

Recuerdo el amor, pero ya no soy capaz de sentirlo. Sólo logro experimentar los gustos fuertes: pimienta, furia, miedo. Un sol bajo, amarillo como una luna llena.

SR:

Sećam se ljubavi, ne mogu više da je osetim, mogu samo jake ukuse da osetim, biber, ljutnju, strah. Bremenito, nisko sunce: žuto kao pun mesec.

EN:

You would think they were prostitutes, but they are cigarette smugglers.

ES:

Cualquiera pensaría que se trata de prostitutas, pero sólo son contrabandistas de cigarrillos. Son las nuevas Anna Karennas, que en lugar de suicidarse han comenzado una nueva vida.

SR:

Pomislio bi čovek da su prostitutke ali one samo prodaju švercovane cigarete. Ponašaju se kao Ane Karenjine koje nisu izvršile samoubistvo već počele život iz početka na Balkanu u ratu.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Crepúsculo: hay algo enfermizo en el aire caliente. Algo amenazador como en la Alejandría de Durrell, como en las aventuras sentimentales.

SR:

Sumrak: nešto je bolesno u vazduhu, kao u Darelovoj Aleksandriji, kao u mučnim ljubavnim pričama.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Varvarin es el nombre de una de las ciudades que bombardearon hoy a cuenta del daño colateral. Fue en el mercado. **Varvarin significa “bárbaro”**.

SR:

Varvarin, jedan od gradova danas pogođenih sa velikom kolateralnom štetom, pijaca, **kao u Sarajevu**.

EN:

Ø

ES:

Hay rumores de una revuelta en el parlamento, en contra de la guerra. Los que somos idiotas políticos, aun destuidos moral y físicamente, siempre nos sentimos responsables cuando el poder está atomizado.

SR:

Glasine o buni u Skupštini, protiv rata. Da, iako smo moralno, fizički uništeni, mi politički idioti uvek osećamo da moramo da preuzmemo stvar onda kad se moć rasprši u paramparčad.

EN:

All Belgrade is talking about the **NATO flyers** announcing the bridge targets.

ES:

Todo Belgrado comenta el anuncio de que el próximo objetivo serán los puentes...

SR:

Ceo Beograd govori o **lecima** koji najavljuju mostove kao ciljeve.

EN:

It is hard to restrain young people.

ES:

... es difícil contener a los jóvenes, **difícil explicarles que esta fase es peor, que la vida vale, menos, que no se divisa el fin de la guerra, que otra vez nos toca a nosotros odbregarnos.**

SR:

... teško je zauzdati mlade ljude, **objasniti im da smo ušli u novu fazu, da je život još jeftiniji, da se ratu ne vidi kraj, da opet mi moramo da povijemo kičmu.**

2 June 1999

EN:

He said, "We must help the state in this catastrophe." The bank teller was furious.

ES:

Él sostiene que debemos apoyar al Estado en este catástrofe. La empleada que lo atendió se enfadó con él.

SR:

Službenica je bila užasno besna na njega.

EN:

Milosevic accepts NATO terms for peace.

ES:

Ø

SR:

Ø

5 June 1999

EN:

Ø

ES:

El líder escutista que iba a llevar a nuestros hijos en un viaje escolar a Jerusalén, que se suspendió a causa de la guerra, nos devolvió la mitad del dinero que le dimos. Sé quedó

con el resto en compensación por la agresión criminal padecida por nuestro país. No dije nada: todavía no sé quién es el vencedor, pero yo soy la perdedora.

SR:

Vođa izviđača koji je trebalo našu decu da vodi u Jerusalim vratio nam je samo 75% novca: ostatak je zadržao kao ratnu štetu protiv kriminalne agresije na našu zemlju. Ćutala sam: ne znam još tačno ko je pobedio ali znam da sam ja izgubila.

EN:

She seems to be about five years older than when the bombing started. **She seems older than me and treats me as if she is. I've lost her.**

ES:

Está feliz y desde que empezaron los bombardeos creció cinco años de golpe. **Ha crecido más que yo y así me trata: la he perdido.**

SR:

Vrlo je srećna i pet godina starija od kad je počeo rat.

EN:

Serb military leaders refuse to withdraw from Kosovo. NATO continues air strikes against Yugoslavia.

ES:

Ø

SR:

Ø

6 June 1999

EN:

So now we have to endure a collective nervous breakdown, fits of rage and tears, punishment and self-punishment.

ES:

Ahora debemos sobrellevar una crisis nerviosa colectiva, ataques de furia y de lágrimas, castigos y autocastigos. **Ya ha comenzado en las familias y en los pequeños círculos sociales. No hay nada a lo que aferrarse, me siento mareada, como si caminase sobre el agua...**

SR:

Sada moramo da podnesemo kolektivni nervni slom, napade besa i plača, kazne i samokažnjavanja. **Već je počelo da puca u porodicama i po grupama. Nema čovek za šta da se uhvati, imam morsku bolest, kao da hodam po vodi...**

EN:

I wake up very early in the morning to watch the news, as I did when the deal over the **Dayton Treaty** was being negotiated.

ES:

Me levanto muy temprano cada mañana para ver el noticiario, como durante **los tratados de Dayton y lo de Vukovar.**

SR:

... ustajem rano ujutro da gledam vesti, kao kad se u **Dejtonu** pregovaralo... Ali sada je kao doba **Vukovara**.

EN:

My step-son said it wasn't so bad after all...

ES:

Mi hijastro dijo: “ No fue tan malo después de todo...”

SR:

Jedan momak je rekao, nije bilo ni tako strašno...

EN:

Young people are stronger and smarter than I am.

ES:

Los jóvenes son más fuertes y sabios que yo; **no son idiotas políticos**.

SR:

Mladi ljudi su jači i pametniji od mene **i nisu nimalo politički idioti**.

7 June 1999

EN:

People were unsurprised and depressed.

ES:

La gente parecía indiferente y deprimida. **Saben demasiado del mundo y de sus líderes para esperar soluciones fáciles.**

SR:

Svet je deprimiran ili ravnodušan kad čuje takve vesti o miru. **Možda i nisu na kraju krajeva politički idioti već političke žrtve. Znaju da štagod oni osećali neće ništa promeniti. Zašto uopšte nešto osećati.**

EN:

Ø

ES:

ESPERANDO LA PAZ

SR:

ČEKAJUĆI MIR

8 June 1999

EN:

NATO and Serb military leaders sign a peace agreement.

ES:

⁷ Se firma el tratado de paz.

SR:

Ø

9 June 1999

EN:

In a way, this has been the worst year of my life. Looking in the mirror, I don't seem much older...

ES:

Éste fue el año más doloroso de mi vida. Podría caerme muerta ahora y estaría segura de que he vivido todo lo que la humanidad y los libros contienen: vida, muerte, amor, guerra... los lugares comunes que constituyen la historia. Delante del espejo soy la misma, ni siquiera he envejecido...

SR:

Još od 17. marta '98. pišem ovaj bolan dnevnik: na neki način bila je to najgora godina u mom životu. Mogla bih sada da umrem i da sam uverena da sam doživela sve o čemu govore čovečanstvo i knjige: život, ljubav, rat, opšta mesta koja postaju istorija. Gledajući se u ogledalu izgledam isto, čak ne ni mnogo starija,...

EN:

It's painful and just hard...

ES:

Como en *El tiempo recobrado*, de Proust, la magia se ha ido. Retrocedemos al origen de los amores, las amistades, los errores, la felicidad. No es tan terrible como parece, pero resulta doloroso...

SR:

Kao u Prustovom pronađenom vremenu, nestala je magija, nema više velova, štitova. I natrag do rođenja ljubavi, prijateljstava, grešaka, sreće. Nije tako strašno kao što zvuči, samo je bolno i teško...

11 June 1999

EN:

The political construct around me is rising from a ghost **to a skeleton of New Order**. Everybody won the war and wants to win even more. **Will the sky we conquered with ceased bombings vanish into thin air: life without sky? Total political and private repression? (The political ghost is rising. Everybody won the war.)**

ES:

El fantasma de lo político se cierne sobre nosotros. Todos han ganado la guerra y todos quieren ganas más.

SR:

Politička konstrukcija oko mene razvija se od duha **do kostura Novog Reda**. Svi su pobedili u ratu i hoće još više da pobeđu. **Da li će nebo koje smo osvojili kad je prestalo bombardovanje takođe nestati: život bez neba? Potpuna politička i privatna represija?**

EN:

... begging him to find them a way out.

ES:

... le ruegan que los ayude a salir de allí. **Ahora les toca a ellos ser héroes y rehenes de la tierra prometida. Lo mismo les ocurrió a los serbios de Sarajevo cuando su zona pasó a formar parte de la federación musulmana, tampoco les permitían salir.**

SR:

... mole da im iznađe put da pobegnu, neku dozvolu. **Sada je na njih red da budu heroji ili taoci svete zemlje. Kao što iz srpskog dela Sarajeva, pošto je pripalo federaciji, narodu nije bilo dozvoljeno da ode po izboru.**

EN:

Ø

ES:

Igual que mi madre cuando me señalaba con el dedo, el Estado está señalando a héroes y traidores: para estar a salvo, no alcanza con ser sencillamente una víctima sino un héroes muerto.

SR:

Kao što reče moja majka uperivši prst na mene: sva sreća što si dočekala mir u svojoj zemlji; mnogi drugi to isto rade na raznim nivoima. Država upire prst ka svojim izdajicama i herojima: najbezbednije mesto je ne samo da si heroj, već poginuli heroj.

EN:

The first NATO troops enter Kosovo as Serbian troops begin to leave.

ES:

Ø

SR:

Ø

12 June 1999

EN:

Today, troops are entering **MY COUNTRY (Yugoslavia)**...

ES:

Hoy las tropas están llegando...

SR:

Danas **strane** trupe ulaze u **moju zemlju**...

EN:

Ø

ES:

Los grandes poderes se pelean por nuestra patria destrozada. Grandes crímenes, grandes palabras, en un paisaje devastado.

SR:

Velike sile koje se bore oko naše minirane, svete puste zemlje: veliki zločini, velike reči, razaranje...

14 June 1999

EN:

I am still holding on to myself before becoming her.

ES:

Trato de aferrarme a la que era, para no convertirme en ella. **Sé que sólo dice tonterías y que mi muerte no ayudaría a nadie. Aunque tal vez mi muerte sí podría, al menos, salvar mi propia vida.**

SR:

Još uvek se držim sebe pre no što pređem u nju. **Iako znam da priča čiste gluposti i da moja smrt nikome ne može pomoći, sada mi se čini da makar meni može.**

1 July 1999

EN:

...published in papers, **magazines: it has been translated in at least 6 languages (that I know of)** and I have had numerous letters of support...

ES:

... publicado en periódicos y **revistas. Hasta donde yo sé, fue traducido a seis idiomas** y me ha traído muchas cartas de solidaridad, aliento y ayuda.

SR:

...**na više jezika**, objavljivani po novinama: dobijala sam pisma podrške i ponuda...

This is where the diary in English is interrupted. The Serbian version keeps having entries up to 20 July 1999.

Appendix II

List of modifications

Matrimonium

Intro:

EN:

She died as a late victim of sanctions and bombings...

ES:

*Mi madre fue una victim tardia de las bombas y las sanciones **impuestas a la antigua Yugoslavia...***

SR:

Umrla je kao zakasnela žrtva sankcija i bombardovanja...

EN:

Her disappearance from my life coincides with the gradual fall of the Milosevic regime and communism in Serbia, the ideology of her life ...

ES:

Su desaparición coincide con la caída de Milosevic y del comunismo en Serbia, la ideología de su vida...

SR:

*Njen nestanak iz mog života podudario se sa padom Miloševićevog režima i komunizma u Srbiji, ideologijom njenog života... **nestala su moja dva diktatora: unutarjni i spoljni.***

pg.1

EN:

...the terrible deep fear of letting go of her hand early in the morning when she goes to work (I am three) is stronger.

ES:

...el miedo terrible de soltarme de su mano cuando se va a trabajar en las mañanas (tengo tres años) es más fuerte.

SR:

... Užasan potuljeni strah dok **kao dete** ispuštam njenu ruku rano ujutru **u snu**...

pg.3.

EN:

That life is over: my granny, my aunt, my cousin, and now her.

ES:

Esa vida ya no existe: mi abuela, mi tía, mi prima y ahora ella.

SR:

Taj život je završen: moja baka, moja tetka, **moja snaja**, moja sestričina, sada i ona.

Day -2

EN:

I guess that is what **time** does: a good and a bad job.

ES:

Supongo que eso es lo que el **tiempo** hace, un trabajo bueno y malo a la vez.

ES:

A šta drugo i može **porodica**: da obavi jedan dobar i jedan loš posao.

Day 1

EN:

I miss her voice and her stern dogmatic outlook on my **loose** life.

ES:

...echo de menos sus severos y dogmaticos juicios sobre mi vida **independiente**.

SR:

... nedostaje mi njen glas i njen strog dogmatski pogled na moj **raspušteni** život.

Day 7

EN:

I had a strong urge to keep her body before me to be sure it didn't come back to life before being burnt.

ES:

Necesitaba tener su cuerpo conmigo para asegurarme de que no resucitaría antes de que la incinerasen.

SR:

Imam jak nagon da držim njeno telo ispred sebe i da se uverim da opet ne oživi pre no što je spale **kao što je tražila**.

Pg.10

EN:

I know that nobody ever listened to her, the youngest child, **the wife of an authoritarian husband**...

ES:

Sé que nunca nadie quiso escucharla, era la hija menor, **la esposa de un marido autoritario**...

SR:

Znam da je niko nikad nije slušao, najmlađe dete, **žena muža**...

Day 1, starting anew

EN:

Your dresses still hang all around our house, **with flowers**.

ES:

Tus vestidos todavía andan desperdigados por la casa.

SR:

Tvoje haljine još uvek vise svuda po kući, **sa cvećem.**

p.11

EN:

...she was **my boss**, my big boss, **my queen**, my goddess.

ES:

Ella era **mi jefa**, mi ama, **mi reina**, mi diosa.

SR:

...ona je bila **moj gazda, moja kraljica.**

14 Jan

EN:

I was a rebel child, that is my script of a rebel, **without knowing the cause.**

ES:

He sido una hija rebelde y, **aunque ignore las razones**, considero que eso es lo que indica el guión que debería hacer.

SR:

Bila sam pobunjeno dete, a to je moj skript buntovnice, **naravno s razlogom.**

16 Jan

EN:

Tomorrow at 7.20 a.m. it will be 7 weeks that you are gone. **I was born at 7.55 a.m. on a Sunday.** I am taking your things rapidly from your closet...

ES:

Mañana a las 7.20 hará siete semanas que te fuiste. **Yo nació un domingo a las 7.55.** Estoy llevándome tus cosas de tu armario...

SR:

Sutra u 7.20 je tačno sedam nedelja kako te nema. Brzo vadim tvoje stvari iz ormana...

EN:

Arkan **the big** Serbian **killer**, has been finally killed.

ES:

Han matado a Arkan, **el criminal de guerra** serbio.

SR:

Arkan, **čuveni** srpski **ubica**, konačno je ubijen.

EN:

His oldest son, [...] whose mother **was killed** by his father, gave a speech.

ES:

El hijo mayor, a cuya madre este hombre **le rompió el corazón** [...] pronunció el discurso.

SR:

Njegov najstariji sin, [...] čiju **je** majku **ubio** njegov otac, održao je govor.

29 Jan

EN:

But they wouldn't have let me go without a passport, not a Serb in Budapest **under** sanctions, **during** wars.

ES:

Sin embargo, nunca me habrían dejado partir sin un pasaporte, no a una Serbia en un Budapest **bajo** sanciones, **en tiempos de** guerra.

SR:

Ali mene niko ne bi pustio bez pasoša, ne Srpkinju u Budimpešti **posle** sankcija i rata.

1 Feb

EN:

...his home is not our or your home anymore. **After only two months it smells of Herzegovina sheep, it follows a different language and I do not visit it anymore. It is not barren, it is full of squatters and heirs of something that belonged to you. And again you make me cry...**

ES:

...su casa ya no es nuestro hogar. **Sólo dos meses después ya huele como las ovejas de Herzegovina. Ahora se habla otro lenguaje allí y yo ya no voy de visita. No es que esté vacío, está lleno de intrusos y herederos de algo que te perteneció. Y una vez más me haces llorar...**

SR:

...njegov dom nije naš niti tvoj više. I opet mi suze nadolaze...

8 Feb

EN:

Please leave me alone, everybody, you too, I am tired of being abused by my own emotions that you implanted in me, love, desperate love, obedience to that love, blind obedience. You never loved me half as much as I will you forever. Set me free, Mother, now that you are gone, set me free from my father, he is eating me in order to stay alive and survive your death. Fathers do that, you offered your body to save me from him but he is ruthless, he would eat anything on his way to eternity.

ES:

Quiero estar sola, por favor. Dejádme todos, tú también. Estoy cansada de que abusen de mis emociones, de esas que tú depositaste en mí, amor, amor desesperado, ciega obediencia a ese amor. Nunca me amaste como te amaré yo desde ahora y para siempre. Madre, déjame ir, ahora que tú te has ido, líbrame de un padre que me está devorando para sobrevivir a tu muerte. Los padres hacen eso. Aunque tú ofrendaste tu cuerpo para salvarme de él, él es despiadado y devorará todo lo que encuentre en su ambición de ser eterno.

SR:

Ø

15 Feb

EN:

I am not sure I want you back **Mother, I am not even sure that I would prefer to have you instead of him, a bad woman instead of a bad man, I only wish you had stayed together somewhere far away from me, so that he couldn't tell me as he did today: you must...**

ES:

No estoy segura de querer que vuelvas, **madre, ni siquiera estoy segura de preferir tenerte a ti en lugar de a él, a una mujer mala en vez de a un hombre malo. Sólo me gustaría que hubierais permanecido juntos en algún lugar lejos de mí. Y que de ese modo él no hubiese podido decirme lo que me dijo hoy: "Tú debes..."**

SR:

Nisam sigurna da želim da se vratim unazad.

EN:

I don't want to see anybody's death again, **least of all his.**

ES:

No, yo no quiero ver la muerte de nadie nunca más, **la de él menos que ninguna.**

SR:

Ja ne želim da gledam više ničiju smrt, **ni sopstvenu.**

20 Feb

EN:

Now listen to this mother: father is behaving as if your house is his, we hardly can move there without his strict surveillance and orders. Until the very last I will fight for your house with perfumes against the smell of sheep from Herzegovina. Afterwards I will have to take up heavier weapons. The war between he and I is open now. He is most cruel to me and next to my daughter, your granddaughter, the creature you loved more than me. I see that many of my wishes are fading as time goes by...

ES:

Escúchame bien, madre, él se está comportando como si tu casa fuese suya. Apenas si podemos dar un paso allí sin estar bajo su estricta vigilancia y bajo sus órdenes. Pero yo pelearé hasta el final para que tu casa conserve tu aroma y no el hedor de las ovejas de Herzegovina. La guerra entre él y yo ha sido declarada. Es posible que más adelante tenga que utilizar una artillería más pesada. Él es cruel conmigo y con mi hija, tu nieta, la criatura que amaste incluso más que a mí. Descubro que muchos de mis deseos se disuelven con el paso del tiempo...

SR:

Moje želje jednostavno odumiru kako vreme prolazi.

Feb 21

EN:

I find myself turning against my Father more every day: is it the fact that he survived you that makes me mad at him, the fact that he is considering the possibility of surviving me too, and my daughter, with the same lament as he did you, his peer: my main wish is to be survived and buried by those I love best...

ES:

Cada día me descubro más enfrentada con mi padre. ¿Es el hecho de que te haya sobrevivido lo que me enfurece? ¿El hecho de que piensa en sobrevivirme a mí también? Y a mi hija, aunque repita la misma queja que usó contigo: que su deseo es el de que aquellos que más ha amado lo sobrevivan y lo entierren a él...

SR:

Ø

EN:

...last year at the time you were still alive making **my chocolate cake...**

ES:

...el año pasado por esta época ya estabas pensando [...] en hacerme **mi tarta de chocolate favorita.**

SR:

... kako si prošle godine dok si još bila živa mesila **šarlot tortu...**

24 Feb

EN:

There is another story to your love life, but I will tell it the next time: **it is not related to my father.**

ES:

Hay otra historia referida a tu vida sentimental, pero no la contaré ahora **ya que no tiene que ver con mi padre.**

SR:

Ima još jedna priča o tvom ljubavnom životu, ali ću je drugi put ispričati.

EN:

You were all poor then, immediately after the war; **you were all communists, especially you, out of choice, poor, too by choice.** But you were clean...

ES:

Entonces, tiempos de posguerra, erais pobres. **Erais comunistas también, especialmente tú, pobre por necesidad pero también por elección.** Pero al mismo tiempo tú eras limpia...

SR:

Bili ste tada siromašni, odmah posle rata. Ali bila si uredna...

EN:

When you married you thought you had made a mistake. You wanted a divorce during the first two years because my father was unbearable. Wild, demanding, unbending. As he is now becoming with me, day by day. He is losing all of your influence on him: his tenderness is sinking deep beneath his narcissism, his caretaking of me is turning into macho terrorism of the old and ruthless. I am telling you the truth about yourself and what you made of us, that is, a life. Even if invisible, your trace...

ES:

Cuando te casaste pensaste que habías cometido un error. Durante los dos primeros años de matrimonio pensaste en divorciarte porque descubriste que mi padre era insoportable. Dominante, absorbente, rígido. Y así es como se muestra ahora

connigo. Está perdiendo toda tu influencia benefactora. Su antigua ternura se ahoga bajo su narcisismo y los cuidados que me dedicaba antes se han convertido en un despiadado terrorismo de macho. Quiero decirte toda la verdad sobre cómo eras y cómo modelaste nuestras vidas. Aunque invisible, tu huella...

SR:

Iako nevidljivi, tvoji tragovi...

25 Feb

EN:

I couldn't cut my braids ...or wear long stockings, **skirts other than kilts...**

ES:

No me dejaban cortarme las trenzas ni usar medias largas ni otras faldas que no fuesen las kilts...

SR:

Nisam smela da ošišam kike... ili da nosim duge čarape, **i samo škotske suknje.**

EN:

...**Cinderella**...

ES:

...**cenicienta**...

SR:

...sindrom **Pepeljuge**...

EN:

... as a sickness, **as a cancer**, as a split personality...

ES:

...como una enfermedad, **un cáncer**, una doble personalidad...

SR:

... kao bolest, kao podvojena ličnost...

EN:

I feel aggressive moods and vibrations more often when I think of you. Even when I look at my daughter...

ES:

Cuando pienso en ti me sobrevienen estados de ánimo y ondas agresivas. Todavía, cuando miro a mi hija...

SR:

Čak i kad svoju ćerku pogledam...

28 Feb

EN:

In the most popular Mexican **soap opera**...

ES:

En la más popular de las **telenovelas** mexicanas...

SR:

U najpoznatijoj meksičkoj **seriji**...

EN:

I do not consider **TV novellas** kitsch anymore...

ES:

Ya no creo que las **telenovelas** sean cursis...

SR:

Ne smatram više da su **španske serije** kič...

7 Mar

EN:

...you took your last exam at the **medicine faculty**.

ES:

...presentaste tu último examen en la **Facultad de Medicina**.

SR:

... imala si poslednji ispit na **medicini**...

8 Mar

EN:

International Women's Day

ES:

El Día **Internacional** de la Mujer

SR:

Dan žena

EN:

I didn't attend the Women in Black meeting, worn out by **my private** emotions.

ES:

Devastada por mis emociones **más íntimas**, no fui al encuentro de las mujeres de negro.

SR:

Nisam išla na sastanak Žena u crnom, iscrpljena **lažnim** osećanjima.

12 Mar

EN:

Now my mother was killed, as was President Kennedy, **by the bad guys, or just the historical consequence of her own deeds, depending on how you judge death as personal or collective moment of life.**

ES:

Ahora mi madre ha sido asesinada **por los malos de la película** igual que el presidente Kennedy. O **quizá simplemente la mataron las consecuencias históricas de sus propios actos.**

SR:

... moju majku su ubili kao i predsednika Kenedija **loši momci, ili dobri, u zavisnosti od toga čiju verziju prihvatate.**

20 Mar

EN:

...you never forgot that. **I look at you sternly and say: next time you bring your passport with you.** Then I think of...

ES:

Nunca lo olvidaste. **Te miro fijamente y digo:”La próxima vez no olvides el pasaporte”.**

Entonces pienso en...

SR:

...nikad ne zaboraviš da poneseš. Onda mislim na...

EN:

...from a little village of **old-fashioned, rich** Serbia.

ES:

...nacida en un **anticuado** pueblecito, allá en la **fértil** Serbia.

SR:

... iz malog mesta iz **starinske** Srbije.

21 Mar

EN:

Stiff in your bosom, big and square under your checked jacket, **you smuggled money for the Yugoslav government, instead of for my father. Everybody did it, it was the rule of the game to make money but nobody used a bosom of a small woman as a vehicle. My father's business made its fortune on your bosom. Me too as a baby, the motherland. [...]** Is it possible...

ES:

Bajo la rígida apariencia de tu chaqueta a cuadros, bajo tu abultada pechera, **contrabandeabas dinero para el gobierno yugoslavo en lugar de hacerlo para mi padre. Todos lo hacían, hacer dinero era parte de las reglas del juego, pero nadie usaba la pechera de una mujer pequeña para transportarlo. Mi padre hizo su fortuna a costa de tus pechos. También yo cuando pequeña, eras la madre tierra. [...]** ¿Es posible...

SR:

Sva zategnuta u grudima, velikim i četvrtastim ispod svog kariranog sakoa. Da li je moguće...

9 Apr

EN:

I want to tell your love story all the time, the love story of your youth, that I do not know how. I do not dare to make it profane, banal or mine, I also have a mysterious feeling concerning your love story, I am afraid of discovering something behind it I already know but do not want to know. Your love story hurt not only you but my father and me. It doesn't belong to us, maybe your granddaughter would understand it better...not us, the two cloned monkeys, sheep...

I miss you...

ES:

Todos estos meses he estado queriendo contar tu historia de amor, pero no sé cómo hacerlo. Se trata de una historia de amor de tu juventud y no me atrevo a profanarla, a banalizarla o a apropiarme de ella. Tengo además un extraño presentimiento sobre esta historia, temo descubrir algo que ya sé pero que no quiero saber. Tu historia de amor no sólo te hirió a ti sino también a mi padre y a mí. No nos pertenece, quizá tu nieta sea capaz de comprenderla mejor... pero nosotros no, los dos monos clonados, las ovejas...

Te necesito...

SR:

Nedostajaćeš mi...

22 Apr

EN:

My red eye, until this morning was, in my mind, the consequence of **a stroke, the one that you had.**

ES:

Hasta esta mañana pensaba que mi ojo era consecuencia del **golpe de tu pérdida.**

SR:

Moje crveno oko, do ovoga jutra, mislila sam da je posledica **šloga, onoga koji je tebe ubio.**

25 Apr

EN:

I didn't have enough time with **my cousin...**

ES:

Yo no tuve ese tiempo con **mi prima...**

SR:

Ja za to nisam imala vremena sa **Biljanom...**

30 Apr

EN:

... do you want it with eggs, or with **cream**, or both?

ES:

“¿La quieres con huevos o con **crema**, o con las dos cosas?

SR:

... hoćeš da bude sa jajima ili bez? Sa **pavlakom?**

EN:

I felt like the boy from *Andrei Rubliev* film...

ES:

Me sentí como el muchacho de la película *Andréi Rublev*...

SR:

Osetila sam se kao dečko iz filma **Andrej Rubljov**...

3 May

EN:

You would pinch me behind my ear if I misbehaved...

ES:

Si me portaba mal, **me tirabas de la oreja**...

SR:

Uštinula bi me iza uva ako se ne bih dobro ponašala...

8 May

EN:

My father went to the hospital and was given **the official version from the secret files**.

ES:

Mi padre ha hecho averiguaciones en el hospital y le dieron **la versión oficial de sus archivos secretos**.

SR:

Moj otac je otišao u bolnicu, saopštili su mu **istinu različitu od zvanične verzije**.

EN:

Shame on me, a feminist, a pacifist, a mother...

ES:

Yo, una feminista, una pacifista, una madre...

SR:

Sram me bilo, feministkinja, pacifistkinja, majka...

EN:

But what about me, mother, **I who was all right?**

ES:

¿Y conmigo qué, madre? **¿Qué hacía yo que tenía la razón en todo?**

SR:

Ali ja, majko? (*But me, mother?*)

EN:

...of you being **gone gone gone**...

ES:

...que no volverás **nunca, nunca, nunca**...

SR:

...o tome kako te **nema nema nema**...

18 May

EN:

...the independent TV's, NGOs are being closed **and with them any life options other than fear and obedience.**

ES:

La televisión independiente y las ONG están siendo clausuradas, **y con ellas cualquier opción de vida que no sea la del miedo y la sumisión.**

SR:

...nezavisne televizije i organizacije zatvaraju.

EN:

I listen to **Chopin**...

ES:

Escucho a **Chopin**...

SR:

Slušam **Šopena**...

22 May

EN:

Your beloved dictator the one you called, my little doll, is repressing us and giving all your good old fashioned **Stalinist** speeches.

ES:

Tu amado dictador, ese a quien tú llamabas “mi muñequito”, nos reprime y nos perpetra todos esos manidos discursos **estalinistas** pasados de moda.

SR:

Tvoj voljeni diktator, koga si nekad zvala lutkica, vrši represiju i drži one tvoje omiljene staromodne **fašističke** govore.

26 May

EN:

...you decided when you were seventeen **to join the clandestine communist party of Youth**...

ES:

Cuando tenías diecisiete años decidiste **unirte a las juventudes del Partido Comunista, entonces clandestino**...

SR:

...ti si sa sedamnaest godina rešila **da budeš komunistkinja**...

EN:

Some friends of yours did die that way, one of them sent you **other girls** a message...

SR:

Algunos de tus amigos murieron así. **Uno** de ellos **te** envió este mensaje...

SR:

Neki tvoji prijatelji su tako i nestali, **jedna** od njih je poslala **drugim devojka** poruku...

EN:

I am caught, run for your lives, if they torture me, I am sure to speak...

ES:

“Me han atrapado, huid vosotros, porque si me torturan estoy seguro de que hablaré.”

SR:

...uhvatili su me, bežite, ako me muče, progovoriću... **ali nije progovorila**.

31 May

EN:

...**the old goat**, you commented.

ES:

“**Ese viejo verde**”, comentaste.

SR:

...**matori jarac**, komentarisala si.

1 Jun

EN:

You and my father in your **matrimonial** bed

ES:

...tú y mi padre estáis acostados en la cama **de matrimonio**...

SR:

Ti i moj otac u vašem **matrimonium** krevetu...

EN:

...The **Nude Maya** by Francisco Goya.

ES:

...La **maja desnuda** de Goya.

SR:

...slika **nage Maje** od Franciska Goje.

EN:

They wanted to suffocate you and bury you in their famous rose garden. (**My great aunt actually did it to her baby, being unmarried and poor and her mother went to jail instead of her because she was under age. She bore 18 more children when she got married, a witch they called her, because some children she loved some she didn't, some were extremely good tempered and some plain bad**). But then you became...

ES:

Habrían querido asfixiarte y enterrarte en su famoso jardín de rosas. (**Mi tía abuela, siendo soltera y pobre, hizo literalmente eso con su criatura. Como era menor de edad, encarcelaron a su madre en su lugar. Después se casó y dio a luz otros dieciocho niños. La llamaban “la bruja” porque amaba a algunos de sus hijos y a otros no, y algunos eran buenos y juiciosos y otros decididamente malos.**) Pero entonces tú te convertiste...

SR:

Hteli su da te zadave i sahrane u čuvenom ružinom vrtu. Međutim onda si postala...

EN:

...you managed to have a **forbidden wild love story as a very young girl: in front of their blind eyes, a secret. Nothing I know for sure, it is just a wild guess, that you never denied nor confessed, making my father crazy with your proud and absolute**

silence. Maybe there was really nothing to it but your proud silence stirred my imagination and his jealousy. Now that you are gone, I could make novels, poems, Wuthering Heights, Romeo and Juliet, out of your matrimonial silence...

ES:

Frente a sus ciegos ojos, tuviste tu amor secreto. No sé nada con certeza, es una arriesgada apuesta que tú nunca confesaste ni negaste. Volviste loco a mi padre con tu silencio orgulloso e impenetrable. Quizá en verdad no había nada allí, pero tu altivo silencio atizaba mi imaginación y sus celos. Ahora que has muerto yo podría tomar tu silencio y crear sobre él novelas y poemas, crear Cumbres borrascosas o Romeo y Julieta...

SR:

...uspela si nadam se da negde doživiš Orkanske visove, Romea i Juliju, iz tvog matrimonium ćutanja...

2 Jun

EN:

...her son, whom she called her **eagle**...

ES:

...su hijo, a quien ella llamaba "su **águila**"...

SR:

...njenog sina, koga je nazivala **sokolom** svojim...

EN:

My grandmother was a Herzegovina peasant married to a Serb who worked as the manager of the Austro-Hungarian prison. **In order to marry her, he kidnapped her. She had 13 children and later took care of 17 grandchildren by smuggling tobacco through the frontlines for enemy soldiers, to keep her babies from starving. She was regularly beaten by her husband, a violent alcoholic who lived in the city, according to my father's story. Whilst the official version was that he was a model citizen, an extremely respectable and well-off member of the community and his name even today is used as a symbol of better times.** She was an enormous and very pretty woman.

ES:

Mi abuela era una campesina de Herzegovina casada con un serbio que trabajaba como director en una prisión austrohúngara. **Él la raptó para casarse con ella. Tuvo trece hijos y luego cuidó de diecisiete nietos. Contrabandeaba tabaco a través de las líneas de soldados enemigos para que sus nietos no se muriesen de hambre. Periódicamente, su marido la golpeaba. Según mi padre, él era un alcohólico violento que vivía en la ciudad. Aunque existe una versión oficial que lo pinta como un ciudadano modelo, un respetado miembro de la comunidad, cuyo nombre pervive hasta hoy como un símbolo de los viejos tiempos en que todo iba bien.** Ella era una mujer bella y enorme.

SR:

Moja baka je bila seljanka iz Hercegovine udata za Srbina koji je radio u austrougarskom zatvoru. Bila je ogromna i neobično lepa žena.

EN:

You told me that my father made you stop working, that he was often jealous when you earned more money than he did or when you came home late from a night shift in the hospital You also said that you didn't mind stopping working so you could spend more time with me and your family, as well as have time for yourself. You also said more than once that you got your asthma because of my father, and that made him really angry. Nevertheless you kept repeating it and when you died I believed you at once: he survived you and at once took two young women to take care of him as you did alone for all those years. He stared sadly and in wonder at your small dead body saying: all these years and she looks just like a little girl. He did take care of you, he did love you, and you both lived in a different time than now. You knew how to appreciate his often rough way of loving and returned his love tenderly, not as the monster but as a man of your dreams: clean and hard-working, as you used to praise him, as if he were a true prince. But still you got asthma. You died in silence, as a little girl. Sometime I am angry with you for that, but most of the time I admire you.

ES:

Tú me dijiste que fue mi padre quien te hizo dejar de trabajar. Que se ponía celoso si ganabas más dinero que él o cuando llegabas tarde a casa por alguna guardia en el hospital. También me dijiste que no te importó dejar de trabajar, que pensaste que así podrías disponer de más tiempo para mí, para la familia y para ti misma. Decías, también, que mi padre tuvo la culpa de que enfermases de asma. Si te oía decir eso, se enfurecía. Aun así, tú no dejaste de repetirlo una y otra vez. Cuando tu muerte, pude comprobar lo cierto que era. En cuanto quedó solo tomó a dos muchachas jóvenes para que lo cuidasen como habías hecho tú sola todos esos años. Recuerdo cómo miraba tu pequeño cuerpo muerto, triste, sorprendido, diciendo: "Han pasado todos estos años y se ve todavía como una niña." Es verdad que cuidó de ti, que te amó, y que pertenecisteis a un tiempo diferente al de hoy.

Sabías apreciar su forma de amarte, tantas veces brusca, y le correspondías con ternura, como si en lugar de un monstruo fuese el hombre de tus sueños, un hombre trabajador y limpio, solías decir, como si se tratase de un verdadero príncipe. Pero aun así enfermaste de asma. Has muerto en silencio, como una pequeña niña. Algunas veces me enfado contigo por eso, pero la mayor parte del tiempo te admiro.

SR:

Ø

3 Jun

EN:

You were also a comic mother, with big ears like a **Batwoman**, and they called you the **woodpecker** for your nagging and criticizing, whilst my diary is some kind of Donald Duck strip for my friends who need to cry...

ES:

También eras una madre divertida. Tenías grandes orejas y te llamaban **el pájaro loco** por lo mucho que regañabas y criticabas, del mismo modo que mi diario es una suerte de historieta del **Pato Donald** para aquellos que necesitan llorar...

SR:

Bila si takođe i komična majka, sa velikim ušima kao **slepi miš** a zvali su te i **Pera Detlić** zato što si stalno zvala i kritikovala, dok je moj dnevnik neka vrsta stripa **Paje Patka** za prijatelje koji hoće da se isplaču...

6 Jun

EN:

The fate of **the go between**.

ES:

Es el destino de **quienes están en el medio**.

SR:

Sudbina **pobednika**.

15 Jun

EN:

When you refused to have a sex life with him many years ago, was it a divorce or a preservation effort? Out of spite, revenge or self punishment?

ES:

Hace algunos años decidiste dejar de tener sexo con él. ¿Se trataba de un divorcio o de mero instinto de preservación? ¿Lo hiciste por rencor, por venganza o por autocastigo?

SR:

Ø

21 Jun

EN:

Mother I was in your home today: the family is different without you. Father is speaking a different language, his own. Oh don't worry he is OK, he just isn't himself anymore, the guy we both knew, my father, your husband. Remember when you said: he is building a shell around himself, he is becoming a snail, and he wants to live forever. You saw it on your death bed. Too many things to say and yet it is too little, I can hardly go on this way. I guess you are becoming somebody else, not only My Mother.

ES:

Madre, hoy he estado en tu casa. La familia es diferente sin ti. Padre habla otro idioma, el suyo propio. Oh, no te preocupes, está bien, sólo que ya no es el que solía, no es el que conocimos antes, mi padre, tu esposo. Recuerda cuando tú misma dijiste que él estaba construyendo una coraza para protegerse, que estaba convirtiéndose en un caracol y planeaba vivir eternamente. En tu lecho de muerte lo advertiste. Son demasiadas cosas para decir y aun así siempre será poco lo que se diga. No puedo seguir por este camino. Creo que ya no eres simplemente mi madre, creo que te estás convirtiendo en alguien diferente.

SR:

Ø

2 Jul

EN:

Mother, I just realized that, notwithstanding the fact that I was your only child, I had a rival sister. Now she is living with my father, doing the things you used to do and that I should have done. She is half a substitute of you and half of me: she is an artificially bred sample but an excellent specimen. Except for being fake she is perfect. She even loves me as a sister and you as a dead mother. Her mother died when she was a kid and you were her mother afterwards... Stunt-daughter.

ES:

Madre, acabo de darme cuenta de que a pesar de ser hija única tuve una hermana rival. Ahora ella está viviendo con mi padre, haciendo las cosas que tú hacías y que yo debería estar haciendo ahora. Nos sustituye a ambas, mitad a cada una. Es la muestra de una especie criada artificialmente y ha resultado excelente. Si olvidas que es una impostora, verás que es perfecta. Hasta es capaz de quererme a mí como hermana y a ti como a su madre muerta. Perdió a su madre cuando niña y tú fuiste su madre desde entonces... Esta hija trucada.

SR:

Ø

5 Jul

EN:

... and said "**Fuck off**, for heaven's sake."

ES:

... y dice: "¡Por Dios, **vete a la mierda!**"

SR:

... i rekla: **odjebi**, za ime boga.

7 Jul

EN:

Vienna...

ES:

Viena

SR:

Beč...

9 Jul

EN:

...Jeanne d'Arc...

ES:

...Juana de Arco...

SR:

... Jovanka Orleanka...

EN:

...and made me buy the same. **I did it for you, Mother. I didn't buy the shoes for you because you bought them for me.** Notwithstanding the fact that you are dead...

ES:

... y me convenció de que me comprara unos iguales. **Lo hice por ti, madre. No compré los zapatos para ti porque tú los comprabas para mí.** No importó que estuvieras muerta...

SR:

...i naterala je i mene iste takve da kupim. Iako si mrtva...

11 Jul

EN:

You, **Biljana, my aunt**, all the woman...

ES:

Tú, **mi tia Biljana**, todas las mujeres...

SR:

Ti, **Biljana, moja tetka**, sve te žene...

13 Jul

EN:

...as a young communist risking her life in **World War II**...

ES:

... como la joven comunista que arriesgaba su vida en **la segunda guerra mundial**...

SR:

...kao komunistkinja koja rizikuje svoj život u **ratu**...

14 Jul

EN:

Though your death was a disgrace for all of us...

ES:

Aunque tu muerte sí que fue una desgracia para todos nosotros...

SR:

Iako je tvoja smrt zaista bila sramotna za sve nas... **pustili smo te tek tako da odeš.**

24 Jul

EN:

Somewhere in Greece, on the road

ES:

En algún lugar de Grecia. En el camino

SR:

Ø

25 Jul

EN:

Athens

ES:

Atenas

SR:

Atina

31 Jul

EN:

Cora nights

ES:

Noches de Cora

SR:

Noći na **Krfu**

EN:

He sang me a song, **my grandfather Kosta Stefanovic, a landowner from southern Serbia and a shoemaker: he sang to me...**

ES:

Mi abuelo Kosta Stefanovic me cantaba una canción. Él era un terrateniente del sur de Serbia y un zapatero, y me cantaba...

SR:

On mi je pevao jednu pesmu...

EN:

...when reading him I thought he was crazy **but an interesting writer. Now I think the opposite, he wasn't crazy at all but also not so interesting.**

ES:

... cuando lo leí pensé que estaba loco **aunque me resultase un escritor interesante. Ahora pienso lo contrario, ni estaba tan loco ni era tan interesante.**

SR:

...dok sam ga čitala mislila da je lud.

4 Aug

EN:

What's wrong with you **Jasmina**, my daughter?

ES:

¿Qué pasa contigo, **Jasmina**, hija mía?

SR:

Šta je s tobom **Mina**, ćerko moja?

9 Aug

EN:

The contempt that showed in your face, seeing my Father's big fear before your little death, must have been loneliness. He dared not come into your room. I guess that was exactly your marriage, and that is what is left of your marriage today, of Matrimony. Him giving away your things, him surviving shamelessly, him speaking of you as if you have been dead for ages, him using two young women in your place, him eating my daughter and I emotionally instead of you. Not that I blame him, not that I judge him, I love him, I want him alive at any cost, he is my last bridge to you and our times... It wouldn't have been that way if you survived had him. I can imagine that life, we lived it so many times with him dying, threatening dying. Faking death, emotionally blackmailing and surviving us all without a tear of pity... I wonder about the price of staying alive under certain circumstances... I wonder if I am as lonely...

ES:

El desprecio que se pintó en tu cara cuando viste el miedo que tenía mi padre frente a tu muerte pronto hubo de convertirse en soledad. Él no se atrevía a entrar en tu habitación. Creo que así debió de ser siempre tu matrimonio, y así es lo que ha quedado de él. Ahora, mi padre regala tus cosas, te sobrevive vergonzantemente y habla de ti como si te hubieses muerto hace mil años. Para reemplazarte necesita de la ayuda de dos mujeres jóvenes. También para reemplazarte nos devora

emocionalmente a mi hija y a mí. No lo culpo, no lo juzgo, lo amo y quiero que siga vivo a cualquier precio porque él es mi último puente hacia ti. Si hubieses sido tú la que lo sobrevivieses a él, todo habría sido distinto. Puedo imaginar la vida que llevaríamos en ese caso, ya que la ensayamos muchas veces antes. La vivimos cada vez que él moría o nos amenazaba con su muerte. Fingía morir o nos chantajeaba emocionalmente, pero al final nos sobrevivía a todos sin derramar una lágrima de piedad... Me pregunto cuál es el precio de mantenerse vivo bajo algunas circunstancias... Me pregunto si estoy tan sola...

SR:

Pitam se da li sam i ja toliko usamljena...

14 Aug

EN:

Sick people are asking me for therapies...

ES:

Me llaman **personas que están enfermas** para que les indique que hacer para mejorarse...

SR:

Ljudi me pitaju za terapiju...

19 Aug

EN:

... as an errand boy **in Rome** delivering bread at dawn.

ES:

... como el de un niño de la calle que va repartiendo el pan **en Roma** al amanecer.

SR:

... kao neki dečko koji u zoru raznosi svež hleb.

20 Aug

EN:

...call me the **Mother Cupboard Cleaner**...

ES:

...si precisas una **madre-limpiadora-de-armarios**...

SR:

...zovi me **spremačicom majčinih ormana**...

23 Aug

EN:

Last night I slept at your house for the first time since you died: I slept in my old bed that became yours, after I went away for good and you took my bed as yours, my room as yours. Though you never liked my taste and you disagreed with my choice of furniture, once I went away you didn't change it. You just put your small body on my huge bed and had your peace. You were with me, as I was with you last night. I never liked your furniture but I will never touch even the grocery lists you left in your stylish drawers: so fancy but only small talk in them, not even a book, just notes and bits and pieces of secrets. Now when I think of it, maybe your secret was not to have a secret.

When I lived in Milan, new Italian friends used to ask me where I came from and I used to say from Serbia, but it s not Russia. And they would look at me saying: but you look so European, it must be because you grew up in Milan. Your mother must be one of those beautiful peasant women with black scarves round their wrinkled faces, their tender and suffering round faces. I would be so astonished I wouldn't even deny them. Then seeing you, *they* would be so astonished that silence would reign. Italians are deeply superficial. They would be astonished to find you also Italian, both ashamed and proud of being a Serb but Italian.

I was molded by those heavy hidden contradictions and now I am half Serb, half Italian, being at the same time neither of them.

Matrimony to all women in the world means that too: a Medea story, a vase full of somebody else's knowledge, a foreigner faking truth and only true in faking, a traitor to her men and a stranger to her children yet their biggest and truest love and support. All women are Medea, but only some burn their houses and children to revenge their Matrimony.

ES:

Ø

SR:

Ø

26 Aug

EN:

...and now they are making up **a fair world in Egypt.**

ES:

... y estaban construyendo **un Egipto más justo.**

SR:

...i da još pokušavaju da naprave **bolji svet.**

10 Sep

EN:

Why am I writing in English again...I tried to write a few words of you in our language, in my mother tongue, Matrimony words and I felt sick...That language brings me bad memories and fear when I write it. It is the language in which I am judged by my loved ones, insiders, accomplice. It is the language of censorship and self censorship. It is a patriarchal and Patrimonial language.

And since your secret will be in English I will write it: As a young communist, with a thin waist, tiny feet and big violet eyes, you hid in your house during the Nazi persecution of communists a famous, very handsome revolutionary. You fell in love with him and his ideas... He was older and actually very mean and a womanizer. But he loved you in his way. That is probably why he left you. You were left with his love letters, poems, and a broken heart, ready to die, if not to marry the first man you met who didn't care about fancy stuff like love and emotions. And that was my Austro Hungarian, rational, clean, hard-working and honest father.

You married him and never regretted doing it, but you banned love from our lives, the romantic personal. Only political ideology was permitted. I can only imagine how good you felt living with your secret. It was as if having an affair, a parallel life without taking any risks.

Well this guy came back into your life one day. As an alcoholic, a secret police killer, war profiteer, communist big boss and abuser... all the worst you could get from such times. Abusing young girls, alcohol... My father, by some twist of fate, had to deal

with him: he hated him, hated that kind of person, hated giving him money and credit but was obliged to do so, by his communist country and by the silence of his wife. He suspected but never wanted to know the truth. Who knows what the truth really was?

After all, I am just a daughter and a fiction writer: a capital sentence for a mother and for truth. My defense, of course, is not the truth but the need to speak out.

ES:

¿Por qué escribo en inglés otra vez?... He tratado de escribir unas pocas palabras sobre ti en nuestra lengua, he tratado de escribir sobre el matrimonio en mi lengua materna, y me sentí enferma... Ese lenguaje me trae malos recuerdos y siento miedo mientras escribo. Es el idioma en el que soy juzgada por las personas que amo, por mis cómplices y mis íntimos. Es el lenguaje de censura y la autocensura. Es un lenguaje patriarcal y patrimonial.

Sólo en inglés puedo decir tu secreto. Cuando la persecución nazi, tú, que eras una joven comunista de fina cintura, pies pequeños y grandes ojos violeta, escondiste en tu casa a un famoso y guapo revolucionario. Te enamoraste de él y de sus ideas... Él era mayor que tú y en realidad un mal tipo y un mujeriego. Pero en su modo, él también te amó. Y ésa fue probablemente la razón por la que te dejó. Te abandonó, te dejó sola con tus cartas de amor, sus poemas y un corazón destrozado. Te dejó lista para morir o para casarte con el primer hombre que encontrases, a quien no le importasen esas cosas refinadas como el amor y las emociones. Y ése fue mi austrohúngaro, racional, limpio, trabajador y honrado padre.

Te casaste con él y nunca te arrepentiste de haberlo hecho, pero desalojaste para siempre el amor romántico de nuestra vida. Sólo la política y la ideología estaban permitidas. Me imagino lo bien que te sentirías viviendo con tu secreto. Era como tener un romance, una vida paralela, sin los riesgos que esa aventura comporta.

Pues bien, hubo un día en que este tipo volvió a tu vida. Regresó convertido en un alcohólico, un matón de la policía secreta, un oportunista de la guerra, un gran capo comunista y un abusador... todo lo peor que podía sacarse de esos tiempos. Andaba abusando de las jovencitas y emborrachándose... Alguna vuelta del destino hizo que mi padre hubiera de tener tratos con él. Lo odiaba y odiaba todo lo que él representaba. Detestaba darle dinero y darle crédito, pero se vio obligado a hacerlo, obligado por su país comunista y por el silencio de su esposa. Sospechó algo pero nunca quiso saber la verdad. ¿Quién sabe cuál fue la verdad?

Después de todo, yo soy sólo una hija y una escritora de novelas. Soy una sentencia de muerte para una madre y para la verdad. Mi defensa está, claro, no en la verdad, sino en la necesidad de decir mi versión.

SR:

Zašto pišem na engleskom opet... pokušala sam da napišem nekoliko redova o tebi na našem jeziku, na mom maternjem jeziku, Matrimonium reči i pozlilo mi je... Taj mi jezik donosi ružne uspomene i strahove kad ga pišem. To je jezik na kome mi moji voljeni sude: insajderi, saučesnici... To je jezik cenzure i autocenzure. To je patrijarhalan jezik Patrimoniuma.

13 Sep

EN:

I was your little doll in your doll's life. **Were you Nora, was I Nora, were we all Noras at some time of our lives? I still have the movements of a doll**, my hands posed like a model in the window...

ES:

Yo he sido una pequeña muñeca con la que jugaste en tu pequeña vida de muñeca. **¿Quién era Nora? ¿Yo o tú? ¿O todas nosotras hemos sido Nora en algún momento de nuestras vidas? Yo todavía me muevo como una muñeca**, mis manos posan como las de una modelo en el escaparate...

SR:

Bila sam tvoja lutkica u tvom životu lutke, ruke sam držala kao lutka u izlogu...

15 Sep

EN:

It happens when we **fall in love**, when we **fall to vices or drugs**, and it happens when we simply **fall apart**. And it is **a fall**.

ES:

Ocurre cuando nos **enamoram**, cuando **caemos en vicios o en la adicción a las drogas** y ocurre también cuando nos **distanciam**. Siempre se trata de una caída.

SR:

Dešava se kad se **zaljubimo**, kada **padnemo u drogu ili poroke**, ili jednostavno kad se **raspadnemo**. To jeste pad.

22 Sep

EN:

My father always expected me to be a genius outside in the public sphere and somebody who will do the simplest jobs for him. **At home to prove to him that he is my master. Today, when he asked me to obey him, ten months after you died, I just turned him down. He used you up and you went, now it is his turn to go.**

ES:

Mi padre ponía todas sus expectativas en mi éxito en la esfera pública, donde apostaba a que yo fuera un genio, pero al mismo tiempo esperaba que yo hiciese las tareas más elementales por él. **En casa debía probarle que él era el amo. Hoy, diez meses después de tu muerte, me pidió que le obedeciese, pero yo sencillamente no le hice caso. Él te usó hasta que te fuiste, ahora es su turno de marcharse.**

SR:

Moj otac je oduvek iščekivao da budem genije u javnoj sferi a neko ko će najskromnije poslove raditi za njega u kući.

4 Oct

EN:

You are everywhere and nowhere, like a missing person. Yesterday Father was behaving again as a spoiled old man, I guess he missed you too in his way...

My understanding of fear comes from the image of my father having a fit. He is a big choleric man. He was a commander who was always ordering his troops to retreat and shooting in the air above the targets. A choleric big frightened man. Well, this guy is the image of fear in my life. When I was very small, you worked on night shifts and he took care of me. But he didn't know how to do it without getting anxious, nervous and finally violent. The genesis of all wars. Then he would threaten me with his belt. I was four and trembling. He went through the rituals of spanking me for my own good: I had to take off my clothes, lie down and as he stood over me taking off his belt. But it never happened. I remember the household screaming. A good man with bad temper. And I remember him screaming at you and saying, I will hit you. He would never dare. He would die first. But my fear of big choleric men is rooted in this serious threat when you left me in his hands.

ES:

Estás en todos lados y en ninguno, igual que una persona desaparecida. Ayer mi padre estuvo comportando otra vez como un viejo malcriado. Supongo que es su manera de echarte de menos...

Mi idea del miedo se moldeó sobre la imagen de mi padre cuando le da un ataque de furia. Es un hombre colérico. Fue siempre el tipo de comandante que continuamente está ordenando la retirada de sus tropas y apuntando al aire por encima de sus objetivos. Un hombre grande, irascible y asustado. Y aun así, él encarna la imagen del miedo para mí. Cuando era muy pequeña y tú tenías que hacer guardias nocturnas, él cuidaba de mí. Sólo que no sabía hacerlo sin ponerse ansioso, nervioso y finalmente violento. Y ésa es la génesis de toda guerra. Entonces me amenazaba con su cinturón. Yo tenía sólo cuatro años y estaba temblando. Él montaba todo el ritual de que me iba a golpear por mi propio bien. Yo tenía que quitarme la ropa y acostarme y él permanecía de pie y comenzaba a quitarse el cinturón. Pero nunca ocurrió nada. Recuerdo toda la casa conmocionada. Un hombre bueno y de mal carácter, eso era. Recuerdo cuando te gritaba diciendo: "Te pegaré." Pero nunca se habría atrevido. Se moriría antes de hacerlo. Pero mi miedo a la ira de los hombres nace de la experiencia de una amenaza cierta cuando de niña me dejabas en sus manos.

SR:

Ø

16 Oct

EN:

Very soon I will not be writing of you: just thinking of you in a circle of the same comforting details, images. At this point I am wearing your clothes with as light odor of your non-existent body to them. I am actually consuming what is left of you and taking it all over; things and deeds, debts and gains, but it must be so, it must be done. We must go on, not backwards. Things will not be the same, we cannot stop them from changing. You didn't like that, things changing and being set free, but now I am doing it, by letting all the fixed things of your life breathe and change: me included. You were the master of art and beauty, but you kept things frozen and dead: me included.

ES:

Muy pronto dejaré de escribir sobre ti. Sólo pensaré en ti y repasaré una y otra vez los mismos detalles y las imágenes capaces de darme algún consuelo. En este momento estoy usando tu ropa, todavía con un ya remoto aroma de tu cuerpo ausente. De hecho, estoy consumiendo lo que queda de ti y tomándolo todo, cosas y actos, deudas y ganancias, porque así debe ser, así hay que hacerlo. Debemos seguir y mirar hacia adelante. Las cosas no serán las mismas y no podemos impedir que cambien. Eso era algo que no te gustaba, las cosas cambiando y puestas en libertad, pero soy yo quien manda ahora, y dejo que todas las cosas de tu vida que estaban armadas y organizadas respiren y cambien; incluida yo. Eras una diosa en lo relativo al arte y a la belleza, pero guardabas las cosas congeladas y muertas, incluida yo.

SR:

Ø

26 Oct

EN:

My father has fallen and is hurt, but I feel nothing, not even a sense of guilt or duty to take care of him. He has women to take care of him instead of you, but I should feel something, or do something. I realized that since you died I am waiting for him to die too...

ES:

Mi padre se cayó y se hizo daño, pero yo no siento nada, ni siquiera culpa o la obligación de cuidarlo. Hay quien se ocupa de él ahora que tú no estás, pero yo debería sentir algo, hacer algo. Me doy cuenta de que desde tu muerte estoy esperando que él muera también...

SR:

Ø

28 Oct

EN:

It is some kind of magic or magic tricks, what mothers do. **As long as it lasts, the magic, your magic Mother, your love and working and taking care of life instead of me. The longer the better. The magic of your love and working and taking care of life lasted only as long as you did, all that remains is a trick.**

ES:

La tarea de las madres se parece a los trucos de magia. **Mientras dura la magia, mientras dura tu mágica madre, ella se encarga del amor y del trabajo y de cuidar de la vida. Y cuanto más se prolongue, mejor será. Y la magia de tu amor y de tu trabajo y de tu cuidado de la vida duró sólo lo que duraste tú, lo que queda es sólo una ilusión.**

SR:

To je neka vrsta magije ili magičnih trikova, ono što majke izvode. **Ali mi u nju verujemo kao u Deda Mraza.**

31 Oct

EN:

My husband was followed. He is the only eyewitness as well as the one who can guarantee the authenticity of the document, thus the order of murder by the secret police of Milosevic (**my husband the editor in chief of the main opposition weekly**).

ES:

... mi esposo fue seguido y vigilado. Es el último testigo y es quien puede ratificar la autenticidad del documento y probar la responsabilidad de la policía secreta de Milosevic en el asesinato. **Mi esposo es jefe de redacción del principal semanario de oposición.**

SR:

Mog muža su pratili. On je svedok kao i neko ko može da potvrdi autentičnost dokumenta, kao i naredbu za ubistvo od strane Miloševićeve tajne službe.

EN:

Just a few **days** ago I met the widow of the journalist **in Turin**. **She is a historian**, and she was holding hands with him [...] when he was shot...

ES:

Hace sólo unos **días** estuve **en Turín** con la viuda del periodista. **Ella es una historiadora** y estaba junto a su esposo el día en que lo mataron...

SR:

Pre samo nekoliko **meseci** sreła sam udovicu **ubijenog** novinara, držala ga je za ruku kada su ga upucali...

EN:

You see, it seems, that my father's so-called friend was involved in all this. **He is, among other things, the father of a woman who left the country because of his career and who has had a very hard life because of his job... I never knew what his job really was until now. He is not exactly James Bond, but not far from that image: good-looking, from a rich family, well-educated, very eloquent, tender and caring, he was like a second father to me and obviously my assassin, too.** I guess our lives here are more those of actors than of writers: other people should write about us instead of us, since we miss the obvious.

ES:

Porque lo que ocurrió y ahora se ha descubierto es que al parecer un supuesto amigo de mi padre estaba involucrado en todo esto. **Entre otras cosas, este hombre es el padre de una mujer que se exilió por culpa suya, ya que su vida se complicó a causa de las actividades de su padre. Yo no sabía cuál era su trabajo. No puede decirse que sea exactamente un James Bond, pero algo de eso hay. Apuesto, proveniente de una familia rica, culto, elocuente, tierno y amable, era para mí como un segundo padre y, obviamente, también mi asesino.** Se me ocurre que nuestra vida se parece más a la de unos actores que a la de los escritores. Si somos capaces de pasar por alto hechos tan evidentes, merecemos que otros escriban nuestra historia.

SR:

Vidiš izgleda da je u sve to umešan takozvani prijatelj mog oca. Izgleda da su naši životi na ovom tlu više glumački nego spisateljski, drugi ljudi bi o nama trebalo da pišu s obzirom da mi sami propustimo najočiglednije.

EN:

... we sound more like a Baader Meinhof **terrorist group** than a true family

ES:

... debemos sonar como algo más cercano a un **grupo terrorista** de la Baader Meinhof que a una familia de verdad.

SR:

... više zvučimo kao Bader Majnhof **grupa** nego prava porodica.

2 Nov

EN:

... my friend Laura Betti, **Pasolini's friend...**

ES:

... mi amiga Laura Betti, **amiga de Pasolini...**

SR:

... moje prijateljice **iz Rima** Laure Beti...

9 Nov

EN:

The beautiful crippled **prostitute**, Mica...

ES:

Mica, la guapa y lisiada **prostituta**...

SR:

Lepa obogaljena Mica, **žena s ulice**...

EN:

...on a **gypsy**'s bosom...

ES:

...que me amamantase una **gitana**...

SR:

...na grudima **Romkinje**...

12 Oct

EN:

Sick, in your dark room, refusing food or guests, for years you sat pretending it wasn't so... You were waiting for your death, and I let you... I do not feel guilty, just sad over my destiny to watch and be watched... and over the destiny of all young women who are going through the same pattern. They behave as rivals but they are in the same boat and they know it, no matter how they choose to behave. They are in a no-win situation where having bad choices is better than no choice.

ES:

Encerrada en tu habitación, rechazando por igual alimentos e invitados, permaneciste simulando que no estabas enferma. Esperabas a la muerte y yo aceptaba. No siento culpa, sólo tristeza por ese mi destino de observar y ser observada, y por el destino de todas las mujeres jóvenes condenadas a repetir la misma historia. Se comportan como rivales, pero saben que, sin importar lo que hagan, están en el mismo barco. Nadie

gana en este juego, de modo que equivocarse es mejor que no haberlo siquiera intentado.

SR:

Ø

16 Oct

EN:

We are bidding a solemn, **soldier Balkan** farewell to each other: no poets, no poetry.

ES:

Pero aquí no hay lugar para poetas, ni hay poesía. Estamos despidiendo solemnemente **a un soldado de los Balcanes.**

SR:

Sada se ozbiljno **balkanski i vojnički** opraštamo jedna od druge: bez poezije, nema pesnika.

Nov 18

EN:

We plan the food at your grave, **the rakija...**

ES:

Planeamos la comida en tu tumba, **la rakija...**

SR:

Planiramo hranu na tvom grobu, **rakiju...**

21 Nov

EN:

Today I am preparing dinner for **a Saint**, in your dress.

ES:

...prepare la cena en honor a **un santo**.

SR:

...danas spremam večeru za **slavu** u tvojoj haljini.

Appendix

Interview with the self-translator

(the correspondence with Jasmina Tešanović done from 2009 to 2015)

1. As I understood, you wrote first in English, and then translated into Serbian?

JT: *Yes.*

2. After what period of time did you do the translation?

JT: *The essays have been written for years ad hoc, each has the date and the occasion. And the translations would sometimes come immediately if necessary, however, just when we decided to publish the book, I finished it as a whole. For the Serbian version I had the editor Slavica Stojanović, my best friend in Serbia and for the English one Stephanie Damoff, my best friend in the USA.*

3. Did you write your diaries abroad, and where?

JT: *They were mostly written in Belgrade, and especially because of that, in English. That language has always given me more freedom to talk about Serbian issues.*

4. Furthermore, I am curious about the motives for the translation into Serbian (as well as the prior writing in English).

JT: *I translated it into Serbian because my friends, my students, my readers asked me to...when I write in English, beside the freedom of speech, I also feel a certain exactness that I am losing in Serbian...the language is running ahead of me...*

5. I would like to hear about your opinion on self-translation, and also to ask if there are some other works that you self-translated.

JT: *Till now, I have always translated all of my books myself. To tell you the truth, I will not do it anymore, not only because of the lack of nerves and the tremendous effort invested – since I feel like writing the same thing twice – but also because by this “re-writing”, I am correcting it, updating, choosing words...In the end, I make it even worse, or at least shorter than the original. Recently I heard about a writer from Bosnia who writes in English; he came to the same conclusion – that he won’t translate his own works anymore. He even said that he is a bad translator. I still do not think of myself as of a bad translator, but I surely am a great censor of my works and I don’t like to write the same book twice; the story was good and useful while it lasted; now I don’t have time to repeat myself.*

6. Which are the books that you self-translated from English?

JT: *Me and My Multicultural Street,*

The Diary of a Political Idiot,

Matrimony,

The Scorpion Trials,

Nefertiti Was Here

and some stories...

7. I can notice a lot of extra paragraphs in the Serbian version of *Political Idiot*. Would you say you put them afterwards because our readership is more familiar with it, or it was just because of the inspiration and new ideas that you wanted to point out?

JT: *Ah, yes, the English version is the “edited” version that had already been published in the West...so, they excluded my feminist philosophy, and I was translating from my original. Besides, such is their policy. I’ve learned to accept that I must write for the public*

as they want it written; the Western, especially Anglo-Saxon media do not want my philosophy - just pure facts - so I make it that way. Then again, I write for the Italians as Italians want it, and to our public I give what we need.

8. Do you think if we could draw a conclusion that the Serbian version (by the displayed ideas) is the true original, and not the self-translation?

JT: Absolutely. I believe that every author's translation is the original, even when the translator is other than the author. That is why I don't like to translate myself, since then I am writing the same book twice.

9. Moreover, you said that by writing primarily in English, you are filtering and limiting your own words...Was that limiting necessary because of the political regime in those days, for yourself or for the style of the work?

JT: Well, it is not a political self-censorship, but it is a kind of it...for example, while I am writing, I am often imagining my mother reading me, my daughter, people that I love...and that I start modifying. Montale and the Hermeneutic school of poetry in Italy during the fascism was based on self-censorship that was both political and private, and in the end it was awarded with the Nobel Prize, since they were very skilful with words.

10. In your opinion, how much did the factor *time* influence in the process of self-translation?

*JT: As much as on Proust, on Hermann Broch when writing *The Somnambulists*, on Hannah Arendt when redirecting the editions of her book first from German into English, and then again into German. Time is not a factor; time is a natural phenomenon that co-exists with us, like growing-up of a child.*

11. In the process of self-translation, did you notice certain difficulties due to the difference of languages/cultures (even though you are multilingual), and the problem how

to translate a certain thing, i.e. to present it to the given readership? Do you remember any example?

JT: *That always exists. It is why I enjoy translating other writers; it is always a challenge, a game and pleasure. For example, the title of my book Matrimony couldn't be translated into Serbian literally but into Latin Matrimonium, and it is how it was published both in Serbian and in Spanish.*

12. *Matrimonium*, which was published in Barcelona, was translated into Spanish from Serbian or from English?

JT: *From English, the Serbian version didn't exist at that time.*

13. This self-translation of yours is very significant for our investigation above all for its form of essay. What is your point of view in respect to that? In your experience, does it differ from translating, for instance, a novel?

JT: *Seemingly easy texts are the most difficult to translate, since simplicity usually implies compactness and perfection. Literary texts are more difficult than any specialized ones. Essays fall into that if they are literary; however, everything that contains the objective crutch words is more easily translated than the personal language of the author, for instance prose and poetry. Yet, I translate Calvino pretty easily, whose works are considered very difficult to translate; on the other side, some linear rational sentences of certain author are more difficult for me. What I want to say is that it is a question of sensibility.*

14. You commented that you are fed up with translating your own work. When did you start to translate it, and why? Any theoretical models regarding this?

JT: *I am fed up with self-translation, because it is tiresome and I do not have either time or energy to write the same book twice. I started doing that when I founded my own publishing house Feministička 94 and when the only incomes I had for my first books were*

my books and my translations. Also, there were students and friends who asked me to. Everything I write, I do it for personal, emotional reasons. I don't have any theorists or literary models; although I grew up with books and films, I never classified myself to their tradition. My writing (translating) goes very deeply, evoked by profound personal and emotional impulses. I really adore writing, but I don't like publishing, publicity and being treated as a writer and all that, at all. I would prefer to be invisible, so there are times when I write under a pseudonym...

15. Where do you live exactly?

JT: My home is my laptop. I live between Serbia, Italy and the USA. I remember best when I am travelling, I write best at airports, I like anonymous hotels, empty flats, rooms without furniture...I am preparing to write a novel where my heroine will be without any ethnic or geographical background, she will be a witch and globalist and she will live in a future that I see as a Utopia or a Distopia.

16. And to sum up, Any thoughts of a diary as a means to expression / creation / recreation (self-translation)?

JT: I am considered a diarist by most people, because it is a genre. Some also call me a philosopher, because I express ideas. But I chose the diary to tell my ideas and not only mine because it is a powerful emotional way of communicating. I am very emotional when it gets to art, the first person approach allows me to go into psychological details and feelings. When I write, I identify with my characters: they can be criminals (scorpions book) or heroines (the mermaids). It is nothing new in the literary history, writers should understand all sides. When my Portuguese publisher of the Idiot book read my diary online, she immediately said: this is not just a woman writing, it is a writer writing. Although the character writing the Idiot book was just a woman writing, it wasn't the real Jasmina Tešanović only.

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