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**TRAPS**

An excerpt from the pentalogy, *The World in Nowhere,* book, *The* *World and People*

INTERNATIONAL GLORY

It is enough to write a few lines about tanks in the streets in a sad country, about a clear injustice, which requires no description; it is enough to move from one side to another, to satisfy one’s taste, the need of the moment, the need for “big” games to take a peek into everything and to prove it all with cheap opinions formed almost on command, almost as a measured remedy to resolve the crisis, to extinguish the pain following a few words that don’t change anything except that they flatter vanity and a misguided interest in all dimensions of life and creation, in the air that is being poisoned by smoke from cars, smoke from the television screens, the smoke curtains of politicians, left and right, the smoke of films and pop culture, smokescreen intelligence that finds an explanation for all this, makes up theories, finds justification for the schizophrenic features of the new rulers, for wars, agreements, contracts; finds justification for obedience, for the sale of beliefs under the disguise of conviction, for several awards, for a few moments of illusion in the world of illusions where the truth does not interest anyone anymore, except for ways for lies to be packaged and sold as the greatest truth with the help of fine intellectuals that will find a good argument, a good defense and justification for everything. Since everything becomes much easier, if a hoax is supported by “scientific” evidence.

LITERARY DISSIDENTS

Almost as a rule, political dissidents were writers, but these were not literary dissidents. Literary dissidents are usually unknown, unnoticed and unusually ignored, both by the regime and other writers. They cannot change things, they cannot change the country nor its ideology, they don’t belong to movements, don’t like advertising, don’t look forward to initial achievements, meaningless awards, futile and useless words; they are surprised by the world of big names, a small work, written in large letters, with no pseudonyms, words that speak thanks to the name but not the story: new stories that build names, and then the story becomes superfluous.

A story is just an excuse and a way to make a name that laughs from the covers and admires its own glory, predicting the space, where there is a jumble of words without meaning, and singing a sad song to the half-deaf ears of those who do not care for the song or the story. The half-deaf become a yardstick and an audience. But everything is much easier in the half-blind and half-deaf world of modern giants that seduce processions of blind men into the world of great emptiness, in whose sky the stars shine and their names live in parallel and independently of their work.

In the end, only sad names remain, which no one will remember, once others have taken their place, eager for shining glory, eager for their own covers. The road between covers is less important – life is superficial. It ​​is easier and nicer for blind people. And a blind man doesn’t care either for one or the other, or even the third opinion. They are the best audience, they will be treated according to the formula, it is easy to excite them, it is easy to wake them up from a dream, in which they, dull, mute and helpless, await excitement – another product of the plastic reality, another star-studded name.

BUREAUCRACY

Bureaucracy is a huge beast; it exists even among artists; deeply rooted; it’s an almost losing battle against it. There are too many literate, yet too few smart people; knowledge is acquired far too easily. Recalling the path up for the new stars that goes through the stuffy room of modern bureaucrats, illuminating their ceilings, their horizons where everything is easily resolved by the accumulated paper and recipes for how to live, create, run, eat, breathe, learn how to love, how to make love, how to sleep, how to imagine, how happiness is achieved under the artificial stars of the new heaven that emerged from the bureaucratic rooms of aspiring and impotent minds, unable to love, even though they had all their life to learn what they preach. Yet they forget that love is not a science, but an inherent state of mind, they forget that sex is practiced by animals without textbooks and that there is no big secret that requires a complete doctrine, training and exercises. And so impotent, with artificial stars on the ceilings of their rooms, they become the main teachers on the way to the stars.

LITERARY BUREAUCRACY

They fight for membership in associations, for membership in juries, for membership in the editorial offices of newspapers; preferably for membership in the academies. They do little reading, a little writing, and especially agree among themselves on important moves, important knowledge, important awards, important writers, which plans to establish themselves forever in history through a variety of memberships and numerous prizes awarded by negotiated speech and top bureaucrats who know everything, not only in literature, but also about secret conspiracies, the Masons that lurk at every turn to crucify someone, steal someone’s soul and sell it to an unknown devil, about which only the chief bureaucrats possess secret knowledge that is not shared; the history, the ghosts, missing continents; who said what to whom in confidence. Everything passes through the eyes of top bureaucrats, who closely watch to ensure that no intruder can enter their ranks and disrupt the order and arrangement of values, ​​in which everything is predetermined and where everyone knows their place, everyone’s potential, talent and position in history.

BESTSELLERS

Anyone who writes can be called a writer because they write. Those, who would like to become writers, attend courses on writing poetry and prose, and analyze their work and that of other writers in development. Teachers teach them that talent is not required and that anyone, who wants to be a writer, can do it if they master the technique of writing and master the formulas of the genre that they choose. With a little brain storming and with the cards, as well as designs and plans on the table, one can even write a novel in a month. There is no secret; the whole secret is in the technique, a little research, and the rest is solved by form, according to a formula, in which it is all nicely wrapped up and packaged.

And so, a bestseller is born.

**TIME AND VALUE**

VALUE

What are all these voices fighting for? For their own victory, or for the victory of their profession? Is my victory real, does the winner adorned with a laurel wreath ask this question? Do I deserve victory, or did I steal it from someone who is more worthy of victory? Winners lose sometimes. But many are awarded laurels and presume that they are real winners. Time, however, often removes the laurel wreaths and places them on the heads of the real winners. But then usually both are dead.

Adorned winners have not worked for posterity, but for the laurel wreaths; a real winner does not care about winning ornaments. An unrewarded value is more precious than those prizes that have no value.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A POET AND A VERSIFIER

A versifier aranges words and rhymes into verses; a poet arranges verses and rhymes into meanings.

In a real poem a sound does not swallow a letter, but a letter swallows a sound.

A versifier arranges sounds; a poet arranges meaning in the sounds.

To a versifier, sounds are the means and the aim; a poet travels toward the aim using sounds.

A versifier passes through the sound; sounds go through a poet.

A versifier’s poem is born by the sound; a poet’s sound is born by the poem.

A poem does not radiate from the name, but the name emanates from the song.

The name does not deserve the poem, but the poem deserves the name.

NAME AND WORK

There are anonymous poems and poets without poems.

There are works that speak and those who boast through work.

Names do not write poems nor do they create work.

Names do not know how to sing, although they sometimes sound glorious.

Names sound nice because no one peeks behind the cover to see the sad face of a poem crying for meaning, while the name of the creator proudly smiles from the title.

A poem that is itself a name does not yearn for the name of its creator, but shines from its name alone.

A poem is its own name and cover.

There are those who speak and those who dream.

Knowing how to dream is more important than the story, because the story tells itself.

It is easy to arrange the words in a story born out of a dream; a story without dream cannot even be helped by a story.

SALE

Many writers were better before they became famous. A word was more valuable for them; they were not sure of its value. Since they became famous, their word has been more expensive but worth less. A well paid word deceives them. And what is this word that has a price, high or low, which is adjusted to the price of fame, and how, long ago, when it was little appreciated, was it more valuable than it is today with a great price? Words do not choose their company. We don’t know who was tricked by whom. Did the writer deceive the word, or did the word deceive the writer?

NUMBER AND WORD

The length of novels and poems and stories, is measured by the number of missing words;

A thousand pages become one, one becomes a thousand.

The world of numbers and words is odd; a number is the only word that does not lie.

And words can be very deceitful; they create the illusion that a large number hides a great word.

A number is still very accurate, but its role is changed.

In the changed role this number increases the noted gap.

In its proper role, a number counts the number of missing words.

A right word counts the silence, a bad word is counted by the page.

A word is not filling the gaps, but the fertilization of silence.

Unwritten words grow out of silence.

IN OUR DARKNESS

We think that what is foreseen, is not seen or not there.

Therefore we overlook it.

We think that what is not recognized is neither valuable nor does it exist.

Therefore, we do not recognize.

We think that the world depends on us, our decisions and bright recognitions.

Therefore, we are the ones, who blindly decide.

We prefer blind decisions and recognition rather than illuminated disappointments.

Therefore, we turn off the light.

Finally, in our darkness, we can see much better.

It is nice to be unrecognized, in the recognized world.