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Gavro Schwartz, Hrvatska

Časopis za židovsku kulturu, civilizaciju i povijest.
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100 YEARS OF KAFKA

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Gavro Schwartz, Croatia

Magazine of Jewish Culture, Civilization and History.
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Časopis *Glasnik B'nai B'rith* pokrenut je 2016. godine kao digitalni časopis s fokusom na židovsku kulturu, civilizaciju, povijest, kao i aktivnosti židovskih zajednica i pojedinaca te udruge B'nai B'rith u Hrvatskoj. Časopis izlazi četiri puta godišnje u dvojezičnom formatu, na hrvatskom i engleskom jeziku, a svi su brojevi dostupni na <https://www.bnaibrith.hr/hr/>. Svrha časopisa je ukazati na doprinos židovstva u razvoju hrvatske te europske kulture i civilizacije, povezati židovsku i opću javnost, kao i osigurati kontinuitet komunikacije između židovskih zajednica u Hrvatskoj i inozemstvu. Današnji suradnici uključuju judaiste, izraeliste, povjesničare, teoretičare umjetnosti i stručnjake za različita područja iz Hrvatske, Austrije, Indije, Izraela, Amerike, Poljske, Brazila i drugih zemalja.

The Voice of B'nai B'rith was started in 2016 as a digital magazine focusing on Jewish culture, civilization, history, as well as the activities of Jewish communities and individuals and the B'nai B'rith association in Croatia. The magazine is published four times a year in bilingual format, in Croatian and English, and all issues are available at <https://www.bnaibrith.hr/hr/>. The main objective is to point out the contribution of Judaism in the development of Croatian and European culture and civilization, to connect the Jewish and general public, as well as to ensure the continuity of communication between Jewish communities in Croatia and abroad. Today's contributors include scholars from areas of Jewish Studies, Israel Studies, historians, art theorists and experts in various fields from Croatia, Austria, India, Israel, America, Poland, Brazil and other countries.

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Izjava o odricanju odgovornosti: Činjenice i mišljenja zastupljena u časopisu stavovi su pojedinačnih autora i ne predstavljaju nužno stavove uredništva. Tekstualni i slikovni materijali korišteni su uz dopuštenje autora ili pripadaju javnoj domeni. Sva prava na fotografije zadržavaju njihovi autori.

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Paula Rem, urednica

Uz trideset peti broj **Glasnika B'nai B'rith**



Poštovani čitatelji, poštovane čitateljice, Prije točno 100 godina, židovsko-habsburški književnik, Franz Kafka stradao je pod tuberkulozom u dobi od samo 40 godina. Premda za njegovog života nije objavljeno mnogo njegovih tekstova, iz današnje perspektive riječ je o jednom od najutjecajnijih književnika 20. stoljeća.

Ovo specijalno izdanje “Glasnika” u cijelosti je posvećeno Kafki. Naša namjera nije nabrojati činjenice o njegovom životu, nego se osvrnuti na njegov doprinos našoj današnjoj kulturi – našoj u smislu židovskoj, europskoj, ali i hrvatskoj. Zbog toga, ovaj će broj biti organiziran ponešto drukčije. Rubrika “U fokusu” donosi eseje o Kafkinom doprinosu našoj današnjoj kulturi iz perspektive povijesti, teorije književnosti, ali i kulturnog identiteta. Također je uvršten tekst o radu osnovnih i srednjih škola koje su s učenicima obilježile 100 godina Franza Kafke. Rubrika “Nostalgija” donosi tekst o Kafkinom suvremenici, osječkoj književnici Vilmi Vukelić koja je djelovala u isto vrijeme kad i on; drugi tekst ove rubrike govori o perspektivi današnjih Židova i njihovom odnosu prema Kafki: kafijskom tragičnom ironijom, dugogodišnji kustos

Muzeja likovnih umjetnosti u Osijeku Vlastimir Kusik stradao je upravo na putu prema osječkom kafiću Kafka.

U posljednjem dijelu ovog specijalnog izdanja donose se fikcijski tekstovi, stripovi i priče učenice osnovne i srednje škole, inspirirane Kafkom. 100 godina kasnije, Kafka je aktualan – i ne samo aktualan, nego i velika inspiracija mladima. Priče premještaju Franza Kafku u današnji svijet – kako bi se ponašao, kako bi razgovarao, kako bi funkcionirao u društvu 21. stoljeća?

Posebno zanimljivim pitanjem bavi se učenica 8. razreda osnovne škole u svom stripu: što bi bilo s Franzom Kafkom da se uspio izlječiti? Kako bi se njegov život nastavio, čime bi se bavio i – najviše od svega – što bi radio za vrijeme 2. svjetskog rata? Nažalost, povijesne činjenice govore da su gotovo svi članovi Kafkine obitelji ubijeni u Holokaustu. Što bi bilo s njim – bi li također nastradao ili bi se borio? Mi želimo vjerovati da bi se borio! Da bi se postavio na ispravnu stranu povijesti, sudjelovao u pokretu otpora – i na taj način preživio 2. svjetski rat. Učenica 8. razreda zamislila je Franza Kafku kao komandanta židovskih antifašističkih divizija.

Paula Rem, editor

Editorial to the 35th Issue of *The Voice of B'nai B'rith*



Dear readers,

Exactly 100 years ago, the Jewish-Habsburg writer, Franz Kafka died of tuberculosis at the age of only 40. Although not many of his texts were published during his lifetime, from today's perspective he is one of the most influential writers of the 20th century.

This special issue of "Glasnik" is entirely dedicated to Kafka. Our intention is not to enumerate the facts about his life, but to look back on his contribution to our culture today - ours in the sense of Jewish, European, but also Croatian. Because of this, this issue will be organized somewhat differently. The column "In focus" brings essays about Kafka's contribution to our present-day culture from the perspective of history, literary theory, and cultural identity. Also included is a text about the work of primary and secondary schools that celebrated 100 years of Franz Kafka with their students. The section "Nostalgia" contains an article about Kafka's contemporary, the writer Vilma Vukelić from Osijek, who worked at the same time as him; the second text of this section talks about the perspective of today's Jews and their relationship to Kafka: in a Kafkaesque tragic irony, the long-time curator of the Museum

of Fine Arts in Osijek, Vlastimir Kusik, died on the way to Osijek's Kafka cafe.

In the last part of this special edition, fictional texts, comics and stories of elementary and high school students, inspired by Kafka, are presented. 100 years later, Kafka is relevant - and not only relevant, but also a great inspiration to young people. The stories move Franz Kafka to today's world - how would he behave, how would he talk, how would he function in the society of the 21st century?

An 8th-grade elementary school student deals with a particularly interesting question in her comic: what would have happened to Franz Kafka if he had been cured? How would his life continue, what would he do and - most of all - what would he do during World War II? Unfortunately, historical facts say that almost all members of Kafka's family were killed in the Holocaust. What would happen to him - would he also get hurt or would he fight? We want to believe that he would fight! In order to put himself on the right side of history, he participated in the resistance movement - and thus survived World War II. An 8th grade student imagined Franz Kafka as the commander of the Jewish anti-fascist divisions.

Goran Mautner

Kafka u hrvatskoj kulturi tj. povijestima književnosti

Prof. dr. sc. Goran Mautner (*1958, Slavonski Brod) je povjesničar i teoretičar književnosti, kroatolog, komparatist, esejist i pjesnik.

Kafku jedan od najznačajnijih hrvatskih pjesnika od drugog svjetskoga rata na ovamo – najveći ludist i vedrist hrvatske lirike uopće – Ličanin i Požežanin Boro Pavlović, u svojim ostavštinskim esejima, kojih je nevjerojatnih tri opsežna sveska tj. više tisuća kartica, čita u opažanjima o hrvatskom futurizmu. On ustvrđuje kako Kafka gradi ne nekakav realističan nego ubikvitetni prostor.

O Kafki Boro Pavlović piše također u eseju o simetriji i asimetriji u književnosti na primjeru proze *Metamorfoza* i raspolućenog stanja psihologije lika, potom u putopisima krugovaša Zlatka Tomičića koji je osobno bio u Kafki-



Učenička ilustracija Kafke za pisaćim stolom

Izvor: Slađana Cvijet

nom „kraju“ u „Čehoslovačkoj“. Boro Pavlović također nalazi Kafku u neprostoru duge fantastične pripovijetke Đure Sudete, naslovljene tj. objavljene 1930-e *Mor*, gdje o pitanjima neznanja otvara usporedbu s *Dvorcem* ili *Zamkom*, napose naznačavajući da je „izum“ toga neprostora nekako stvar duha vremena jer „očito nije mogao poznavati“ taj Kafkin tekst.

Kafka je možda najzapaženije čitan kao sukladan istraživanjima hrvatske književnosti nakon studije o Krleži jednog od najuglednijih izvanhrvatskih kroatista Iana Wierzbickoga u utjecajnom zborničkom svesku *Hrvatska književnost u evropskom kontekstu* iz 1978. gdje spomenuti poljski znanstvenik ukazuje da Krleža piše svoj ekspresionizam paralelno s Kafkinim oštrim strahom kao nemotiviranim motivom. Uz taj svezak i zbornik tekstova fokusiran je još jedan smjer čitanja Kafke – onaj koji se, nakon lucidnog preliminarnog signala Branimira Donata, upisuje u proze hrvatskih fantastičara s početka postmoderne, posebice se daje čitati Velimira Viskovića i njegov rad *Komparativni pregled hrvatske proze u šezdesetim i sedamdesetim godinama*.

Visković Kafku dovodi u vezu s Marinkovićem i Milanom Mirićem, a Donat će već signalizirati fantastično kafkijanstvo u ranim prozama Dubravka Jelačića Bužimskog, dok će poslije omogućiti da se priđe i finoj vezi kafkijanstva i orvelovstva u romanu *Trojanski konj* Veljka Barbierija. Na ta Donatova i Viskovićeva zapažanja nastavlja se i čitanje romana Orden Stipe Čuića, romana koji je svojevremeno bio fokusiran kao društveno opasan, a istina je svakako da je svojom ledenom eliptičnom rečenicom davao sličnu zavodljivo suhu realističnost poput nekih Kafkinih opisa pa je tema povratka heroja iz poražene strane u zavičajnom prostoru sužila i smisao opredjeljivanja primatelja za jednu ili drugu stranu, u dakako barem dvostrukom povijesnom kontekstu.

Inače, upravo Branimir Donat, 1977. godine bjelodani i prvu hrvatsku monografiju koja u svojem naslovu imenuje Kafku, a riječ je o knjizi *Kafka u „Procesu“ i drugi eseji*, i jasno je da je to učinjeno kao dio naracije te knjige pošto će zahvatiti još neke bliske teme, no značaj kojeg spomenuto naslovljavanje izvodi nesumnjivo se dade povezati sa snagom ne samo hrvatskih nego upravo globalnih misaonih silnica nastupom strategija afirmacije izloženog neznanja, kao procesa preduvjeta za pokretanje svojevrsne obnove.

Donat će konstatirati Kafkin postupak *istodobnosti irealiteta i preciznosti*. U knjizi pak *Fantastične figure* iz

1984., Donat je analizatorski iznimno precizan spram Gregora Samse: *Gregor Samsa je zbog nečega kažnjen i zato je izgubio onu varljivu egzistenciju što mu je pružao njegov građanski status, ali isto tako nije stekao ono pravo što su ga zadobili drevni židovski mudraci i alkemičari koji su zali tajnu stvaranja golema koji je uza svu svoju nesavršenost ipak bio bliži čovjeku nego zemlji iz koje je postao.*

Kafka se pak jezovitošću i čudnim slikama smješta i u uvid najvećega hrvatskoga znalca svjetske književnosti uopće – Ivana Slamniga, inače autora koji se kao pjesnik lako stavlja u istu rečenicu s već spomenutim Borom Pavlovićem, po specifičnoj i nesuzdržanoj ludističnosti. U njegovoj monografiji *Svjetska književnost zapadnoga kruga*, u kojoj neka poglavlja piše i veliki avangardolog Aleksandar Flaker, Kafka je neposredno uz Bertolta Brechta kao poseban „novator“ koji ona stanja jezovitosti ne postiže mračnim stilom nego nekako prečistim svjetlom u kojem je naime nelogičnost sasvim tečno aktivna, a to izravno ozbiljno plaši.

Kao i Proust i Joyce, i Kafka je danas priznati prvak moderne književnosti... piše 1982. Milivoj Solar u monografiji *Suvremena svjetska književnost*, a u toj knjizi ga referira desetke puta upravo kao i spomenuta prva dvojica, no jedino se s toliko referentnog traga zaokuplja T. S. Eliotom te Albertom Camusom. Solar tada upozorava kako je Kafku teško opisati, teško je ime-

novati njegovu poetiku i nekako za stalno završiti smještanje onoga što je učinio u neku završenu povijest književnosti suvremene situacije unatrag stotinjak godina, a to je tada Solaru prostor u kojem ogleda to što naziva suvremenošću ne samo književne umjetnosti. Ako se priđe nešto bližem referiranju Kafke u suvremenom čitanju književnosti, onda dolazimo do jednog uvjetno mlađeg hrvatskog analizatora književnosti, dapače takvoga koji se pridružio samom vrhu književnoznanstva, karlovačko-split-

sko-australijskog Borisa Škvorca koji u sedamstostraničnoj studiji *Andrić i Krleža: poetike i politike* iz 2021., pa se uočava da on osim književnika Krleže, filozofa Habermasa, Foucaulta, Lacana, Gadamera te Derridaa i Žižeka, uz De Mana te teoretičare Bahtina i Jaussa jedino Kafki daje pridjevski termin – kaskijanski - kako bi učinkovitost upozoravanja na usporedbe i razlike zbog goleme rasprostranjenosti njegova utjecaja – bila jednostavnija i preciznija te lakše obuhvaćala sinteze i razvijena promišljanja.

Goran Mautner

Kafka in Croatian culture, i.e. the history of literature

Prof. Ph.D. Goran Mautner (*1958, Slavonski Brod) is a historian and theorist of literature, Croatologist, comparatist, essayist, and poet.

Boro Pavlović writes about Kafka in observations about Croatian futurism. He is one of the most important Croatian poets since the Second World War - the greatest luddist and cheerful Croatian lyricist in general - originally from Lika and Požega. In his legacy essays, of which there are an incredible three extensive volumes, i.e. several thousand cards. He asserts that Kafka builds not some kind of realistic but ubiquitous space.

Kafka is also a topic of Boro Pavlović's essay on symmetry and asymmetry in literature where he uses as an ex-

ample Kafka's *Metamorphosis* prose and the fragmented state of the character's psychology. According to him, Kafka is also found in the travelogues of Zlatko Tomičić, a traveler from *Krug*, who was personally in Kafka's "land" in "Czechoslovakia", in the void of Đura Sudeta's long fantastic short story, entitled *Mor*, published in the 1930s, where he compares questions of ignorance with *Castle*, especially indicating that the "invention" of that void is somehow a matter of the spirit of the times because "obviously he could not to know" that Kafka text.



Illustrations by the school students

Source: Slađana Cvijet

Kafka was perhaps most notably read as compatible with the research of Croatian literature after the study of Krleža by one of the most respected Croatists outside of Croatia, Ian Wierzbicko, in the influential collective volume *Croatian literature in the European context* from 1978, where the aforementioned Polish scholar indicates that Krleža writes his expressionism in parallel with Kafka's acute fear as unmotivated motive.

In addition to that volume and collection of texts, another direction of reading Kafka is focused - the one that, after Branimir Donat's lucid preliminary signal, is written into the prose of Croatian fantastic writers from the beginning of postmodernism, especially Velimir Visković and his work *Comparative review of Croatian prose in the sixties and the seventies*.

Visković brings Kafka into a relationship with Croatian authors Marinković and Milan Mirić, and Donat will already signal the fanatical Kafkaism in the early prose of Dubravko Jelačić Bužimski, while later he will enable us to approach the fine connection between Kafkaism and Orwellianism in the novel *Trojan Horse* by Veljko Barbieri. These observations by Donat and Visković continue with the reading of Stipe Čuić's novel *Orden*, a novel that was once focused on as socially dangerous, and it is certainly true that with its icy elliptical sentence it gave a similar seductively dry realism as some of Kafka's de-

scriptions, so the theme of the hero's return from the defeated parties in their homeland dried up the meaning of the recipient's commitment to one side or the other, certainly in at least a double historical context.

Branimir Donat in 1977 published the first Croatian monograph that names Kafka in its title: *Kafka in "The Process" and other essays*, and it is clear that this was done as part of the narrative of that book, since it will cover some other close topics, but the significance of the above-mentioned titling can undoubtedly be connected with the power of not only Croatian but global thought forces with the emergence of strategies of affirmation of exposed ignorance, as a prerequisite process for starting a kind of renewal. Donat will state Kafka's process of simultaneity of unreality and precision. In the book *Fantastic Figures from 1984*, Donat is extremely precise in his analysis of Gregor Samsa: *Gregor Samsa was punished for something and that is why he lost the deceptive existence that his civil status offered him, but he also did not acquire the right he was given obtained by the ancient Jewish sages and alchemists who discovered the secret of creating a golem which, despite its imperfection, was still closer to man than to the earth from which it was made.*

Kafka's eeriness and strange images place him in the perspective of the greatest Croatian connoisseur of world literature in general - Ivan

Slamnig, an author who, as a poet, can easily be put in the same sentence with the already mentioned Boro Pavlović, due to his specific and unrestrained Luddism. In his monograph *World Literature of the Western Circle*, in which some chapters are also written by the great avant-gardist Aleksandar Flaker, Kafka is right next to Bertolt Brecht as a special “innovator” who does not achieve those states of uncanniness with a dark style but somehow with a pure light in which illogicality is quite fluidly active, and that directly seriously scares.

Like Proust and Joyce, Kafka is today a recognized champion of modern literature... writes Milivoj Solar in 1982 in the monograph *Contemporary World Literature*, and in that book he refers to him dozens of times just like the first two mentioned, but only with so much reference track does he occupy himself with T. S. Eliot and Albert Camus. Solar then warns that it is difficult to describe Kafka, it is difficult to name his poetics and somehow to permanently end the placement of

what he did in some completed history of the literature of the contemporary situation going back a hundred years, and this is then for Solar the space in which he reflects what he calls modernity not only literary arts. If we take a closer look at Kafka in the contemporary reading of literature, then we come to a conditionally younger Croatian literary analyst, indeed one who has joined the very top of literary studies, the Karlovac-Split-Australian Boris Škvorc, who in the seven-hundred-page study *Andrić and Krleža: poetics and politics from 2021*, so it can be seen that apart from the writer Krleža, the philosopher Habermas, Foucault, Lacan, Gadamer and Derrida and Žižek, along with De Man and theoreticians Bakhtin and Jauss, he only gives Kafka an adjective term – Kafkaesque, Kafkaian – in order to make the effectiveness of warning against comparisons and differences due to the enormous spread of his influence – was simpler and more precise and more easily encompassed syntheses and developed reflections.

Sladana Cvijet

Kad je prizma kataklizma: posveta Kafki u sklopu Noći knjige

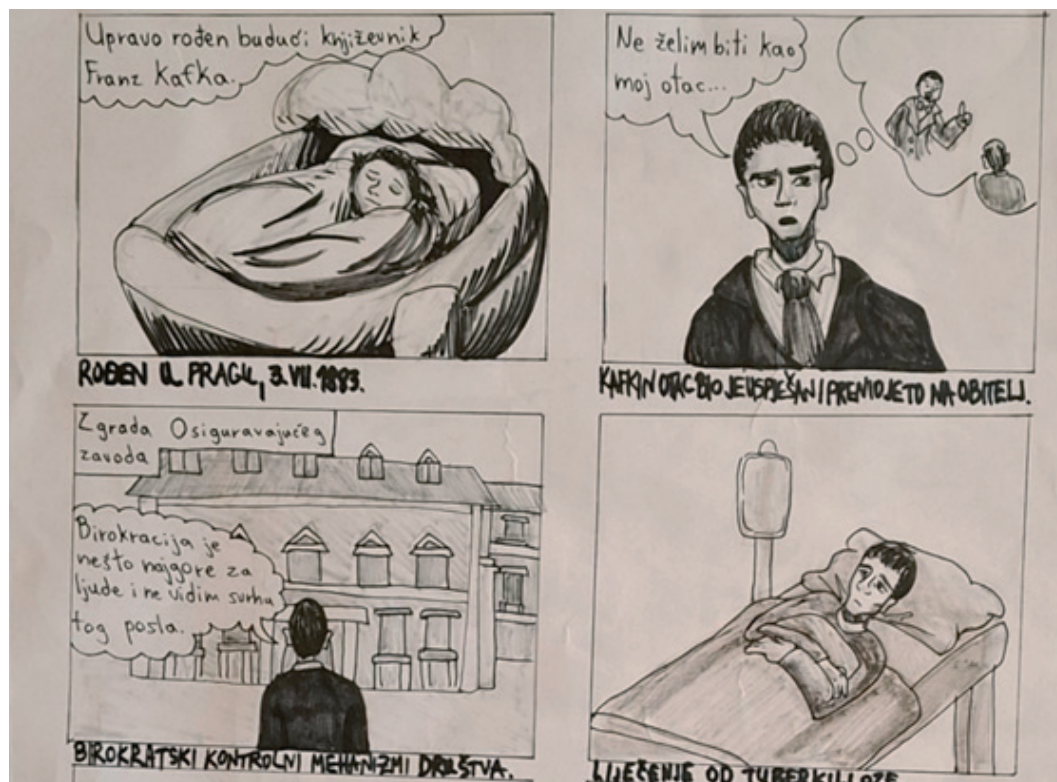
Sladana Cvijet (*1972., Vinkovci), završila je studij hrvatskog jezika i književnosti te knjižničarstva na Filozofskom fakultetu u Osijeku. Trenutno radi kao knjižničarka u osnovnoj školi.

Organizacijski tim Noći knjige poručuje: “Štivo je neuništivo!”, a čini se kako su neki književnici također neuništivi i neprepušteni zaboravu!

U prilog tomu govori i ovogodišnje obilježavanje 100. obljetnice smrti avangardnog književnika Franza Kafke, koji je svojim književnim tekstovima nagovijestio distopijske situ-

acije borbe s birokracijom u modernom društvu, društvenu otuđenost, položaj pojedinca u svijetu nepravednog pravnog sustava te egzistencijalnu tjeskobu kao posljedicu svega.

Kafkin svijet apsurdnih situacija prisutan je i u današnje (kataklizmičko) vrijeme, a o tome su učenice jedne osječke osnovne škole mogle



Učeničke ilustracije detalja iz Kafkinog života

Izvor: Sladana Cvijet

čuti od školske knjižničarke, koja im je približila biografsko-bibliografske podatke poznatoga književnika. Naime, tema ovogodišnje noći knjige je “Kad je prizma kataklizma: knjige za izazovna vremena”, a posebna posveća upućena je upravo Kafki.

Uvodno je predavanje poslužilo učenicama za izdvajanje ključnih trenutaka njegova života i rada, a potom su likovnjakinje, odličnim mentoriranjem učitelja Likovne kulture izradile mnoštvo skica koje su na kraju oblikovale u strip.

Nizanjem kadrova/sličica pomoću raznih vizualnih alata (linija, ploha, kontrast, kompozicija, perspektiva, planovi) te odnosom slike i teksta na bijelom hamer-papiru, pomoću crnog tuša, uspješno su dočarale složeni svijet dualnosti Kafkinog svijeta, svijeta životinjskih metafora i preobrazbi.

U trinaest je kadrova/sličica prikazano rođenje, složeni odnos s ocem, ob-



Učenička ilustracija temeljena na priči “Preobrazba”

Izvor: Slađana Cvijet

razovanje, najvažnija književna djela i njihov tematsko-idejni sloj te na kraju “kafkijanski” prizor apsurdnog života, kao hommage cijenjenom europskom književniku.

Strip je bio izložen u školskoj knjižnici i mogao se pogledati do kraja nastavne godine zajedno s podacima na izrađenim plakatima o cijenjenome književniku.

Sladana Cvijet

When the prism is a cataclysm: a dedication to Kafka as part of the Night of the Book

Sladana Cvijet (*1972, Vinkovci) graduated in Croatian language and literature and information science at the Faculty of Philosophy in Osijek. She currently works as a school librarian.

The organizing team of Book Night says: "Reading is indestructible!", and it seems that some writers are also indestructible and cannot be forgotten!

In support of this, this year's commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the death of the avant-garde writer Franz Kafka, whose literary texts foreshadowed the dystopian situa-

tions of the struggle with bureaucracy in modern society, social alienation, the position of the individual in the world of an unjust legal system, and existential anxiety as a consequence of everything.

Kafka's world of absurd situations is present even in today's (cataclysmic) times, and the students of an elemen-



Illustration of the motif of alienation by the school students

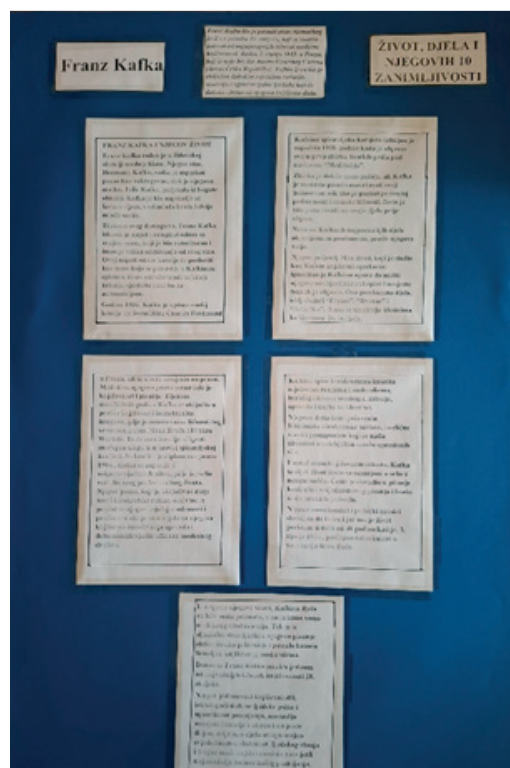
Source: Sladana Cvijet

tary school in Osijek were able to hear about it from the school librarian, who brought them the biographical and bibliographic information of the famous writer. Namely, the theme of this year's book night is "When the prism is a cataclysm: books for challenging times", and a special dedication is addressed to Kafka.

In the introductory lecture, the students had the opportunity to learn about the the key moments of his life and work. Afterwards, the students made sketches which were eventually shaped into a poster comic with the excellent mentoring of the Art teacher.

By lining up frames/thumbnails using various visual tools (line, surface, contrast, composition, perspective, plans) and the relationship between image and text on white hammer paper, using black ink, they successfully evoked the complex world of duality of Kafka's world, the world of animal metaphors and transformations.

Thirteen frames/pictures show Kafka's birth, his complex relationship with the father, the education, the most important literary works and



Poster by the school students

Source: Slađana Cvijet

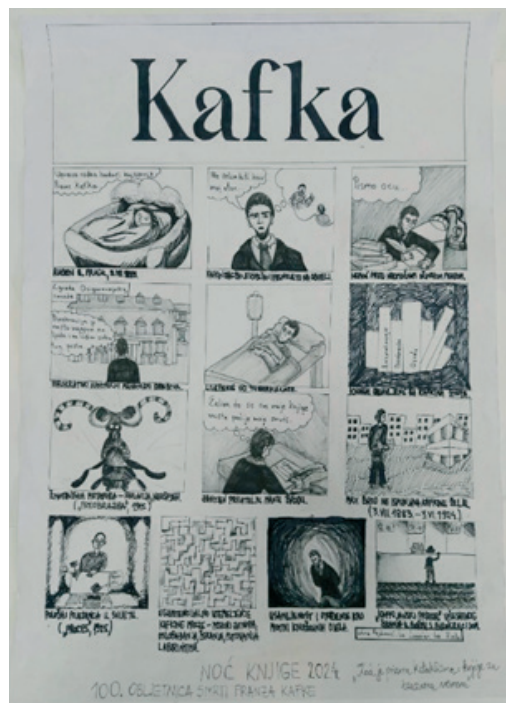
their thematic-ideal layer, and finally a "Kafkaesque" scene of absurdity from everyday life, as an homage to the respected European writer.

The comic strip was exhibited in the school library and could be viewed until the end of the school year together with the information on the created posters about the respected writer.

Goran Dujmić, Beč

Kafka u europskom kontekstu

Hrvatski tekst romana *Proces* piše dakako Miroslav Krleža, tek neko desetljeće nakon Kafke, i naziva ga *Na rubu pameti*. Tamo se nalazi svijet svjetskog međuraća, ali i sveukupnog zaleta u dvadeseto stoljeće. Nije dvadeseto stoljeće baš izmislilo besmisao pogibanja za onoga idiotskog Prvog, za generalsko-generativnog bahatog i lažljivog Generala, za budaletinu koja dubinskim nemoralom tj. nasiljem i bešćutnošću generira odanost i obvezanost posve izvjesne smrti, ali koncentracija takvog stanja na polje Europe kao zrcala cijelog svijeta tada se bezumno pretvara u skorašnje neumoljivo tradicijsko stanje. Europa koja je stoljećima zločinački, a kako drukčije, krala po svijetu bogatstva, sada dobiva jedan dugotrajan i prije svega baš trajan proces kazne i Europa tijekom sljedećih preko stotinu godina nadahnuto mijenja razloge za uništavanje čovjeka, grabežljivo s opravdanjem u tehnološkoj nadmoći – prenosi zarazu na kakav god cijeli svijet. Europa smišlja i hladni rat kao koncept u kojem se fantastično njeguje zaborav, uskoro postupak koji utemeljuje krajem šezdesetih pokušaj nove slobode, makar to samo bila diskoncentracija, pogrešno interpretirana površnost koja zapravo ipak daje plohu kao novo djetinjstvo, novi Početak, točnije – restart.



Učenički plakat

Izvor: Slađana Cvijet

Tko je ta Europa, tko je itko tko uskraćuje Slobodu, a o užitcu da se i ne pitamo? Ne pita se nijedan Kafkin lik ništa eksplicitno o Europi, iako kirurška igra zrcala u njegovoj *Americi* daje to neodgovorivo i nepostavljivo pitanje kao najokrutniji Reality. Uz riječ reality dolazi se do najčešćeg opisivanja Kafkina stila, pošto u svim njegovim umjetničkim prozama, ali i dnevničkim zapisima (koji su u njegovu slučaju također umjetničke proze, baš kao i u Krležinu opusu), naime postoji nastojanje inzistirati da je tu riječ o nekoj vrsti realizma, ali i neobičnosti koja je toliko intenzivna da

skoro neprimjetno emitira išta drugo, čak i fantastiku. U slučaju *Preobražaja* najdulje traje čitateljevo prebivanje u realističkom opisu, kojega više ometa jezična činjenica gramatičkog govornog lica nego li stanja u svijetu koji je prikazan.

Jedna od najuglednijih hrvatskih povjesničarica književnosti i posebice zadarska nastavnica svjetske književnosti Nevenka Košutić Brozović, u svojoj znamenitoj *Čitanci iz stranih književnosti iz 1972.* fokusira i bira fragment iz *Procesa* tako da kreće od *Prvog saslušanja* i rečenice *Na prvom je katu počeo onda tražiti.* Naime, već je u prethodnim rečenicama vidljivo da je sve nesukladno i dapače apsurdno jer se mjesto protagonistova saslušanja nalazi u sirotinjskoj kućerini s puno stanova u kojima se nalaze obični obiteljski stanari. Izostavlja Košutić Brozović sve to prethodno nego umjesto toga izoštrava taj nekakav *onda.* Zašto bi se na kakav strukturirani službeni razgovor dolazilo nekamo gdje se mora tražiti to mjesto za razgovor? Zašto sve realistično izgleda kao realistično nešto drugo? Kao da dolazi nekamo gdje će siromašnim stana-rima donijeti njihov smisao, kada je već on u besmislenom tumananju. Njima smisao naoko stiže, oni barem uglavnom vrlo dobrohotno pomažu Njemu, a mi se nalazimo u nelagodi oko te izmišljotine jer mi kao znamo njegovu nekrivnju ičega, no to se upravo pred našim očima počinje narušavati pošto je on izmislio razlog

kretanja njihovom kućerinom. On sam usprkos izmišljenom razlogu, s nekom vrstom kumulativne tj. rastuće neugode i napetosti prima njihove pokušaje da mu pomognu, za vrijeme dok se penje sve višim i višim katovima. Taj rast katova umara baš samo naše čitanje iako nije u preširokom opisu a nije niti komplicirano izveden, i to zato što spomenuto „onda tražiti“ sve više gubi izvjesnost iako se puni napetošću, ali onom koja je nestabilna – bez oslonca u podacima koje opis daje. Naš protagonist ne zna ali ni mi ne znamo i to je neobično za taj vrlo jednostavan opisni realizam. Jer, realizam je karakterističan baš po prosvjetiteljskom projiciranju tzv. Sveukupnog znanja ili cijelog svijeta, a zašto sada, kako to sada toliko toga ne znamo, a tako je nekomplicirano pred nama?

K tome mi smo prilično naživcirani što on uopće traži, a privlači nas se, realističkom blizinom liku, opcijom da navijamo za to da bude zadovoljan te uistinu nađe, a sve to još u paketu u kojem više moramo nadopunjavati potrebu za identitetom toga „našeg“ „junaka“ nego što taj identitet jasno ima argument za našu simpatiju. Tako nas je već recepcijski bio udesio baš realizam, tako smo već barem dva Gjalskijeva lika primali i nervirali se, a bogme niti U registraturi nam nije baš bilo lako. No, ono što je različito spram tih proza je to da nam ovdje jest lako, pošto Kafkina gustoća priče toliko protočno pušta lik ići dalje i „tra-

žiti“, bez da je baš nekako jasno zašto to radi. Taj paradoks, tj. uopće baš paradoks je glavna poluga u svakom narativnom komadićku Kafkina teksta, a toliko nemanje obveze prema motivaciji za postupke nas zapravo drži u punoj navijačkoj neizvjesnosti, kolikogod sami prizori nečega što se treba razriješiti bili jasno besmisleni. Veliki znalac cijelog Kafkina opusa, a još veći znalac ukupne povjesnice hrvatske književnosti – Branimir Donat – također početkom sedamdesetih ukazuje na to da je tu – u Kafkinu tekstu – riječ o labirintu, o tom kretanju u kojem dinamičnost nečega što se zove „tražiti“ vjeruje da postoji pozadinski smisao, a sama intenzivnost

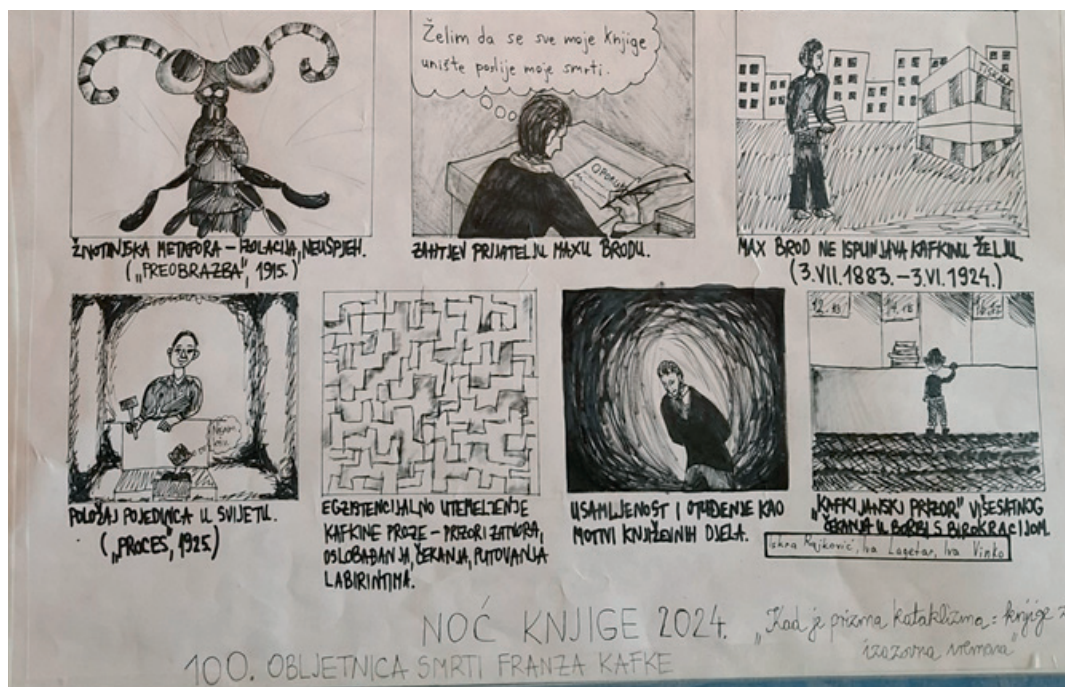
te dinamičnosti svakako sugerira da smisao treba biti potvrđen i pronađen. Što se naravno neće dogoditi, a mi kako hoćemo, npr. reći pa baš te to najsličnije i sve sličnije našoj baš najsvakodnevnijoj zbilji, dok god stajali u bilo kakvim fizičkim ili simulakrumskim da ne kažemo digitalnim redovima za čekanje, a uostalom nešto kasnije – nama već izvedeno i uočeno – prišaptavanje Becketa, Slavka Gruma, a i ekspresionističkog Krležu – čujemo vrlo jasno. Neće se ništa dogoditi, neće smisao doći, idiot će odvesti sve ono što želimo. To, naravno, to prokazivanje gluposti pomaže, ali samo mislenom kritičkom biću. A na nama je, hm, da to budemo.

Goran Dujmić, Vienna

Kafka in European Context

The Croatian version of the novel *Proces* is of course written by Miroslav Krleža, only a few decades after Kafka, and he calls it *On the Edge of Mind*. There is the world of the inter-war world, but also of the overall rush into the twentieth century. The 20th century did not exactly invent the senselessness of dying for that idiotic First, for the general-generative arrogant and lying General, for the fool who with profound immorality, i.e. violence and callousness, generates loyalty and obligation of absolutely certain death, but the concentration of such a state on the field of Europe as a mirror of the whole world then it

mindlessly transforms into the recent inexorable traditional state. Europe, which for centuries criminally, and in other words, stole the wealth of the world, is now receiving a long-lasting and, above all, very permanent process of punishment, and during the next hundred years, Europe inspiredly changes the reasons for the destruction of man, predatory with justification in technological supremacy - it transfers the infection to whatever the whole world. Europe also invents the Cold War as a concept in which oblivion is fantastically nurtured, soon a procedure that establishes the attempt at new freedom at the end of



Illustrations by the school students

Source: Slađana Cvijet

the sixties, even if it was only a dis-concentration, a misinterpreted superficiality that actually gives the appearance of a new childhood, a new Beginning, more precisely - a restart.

Who is this Europe, who is anyone who denies Freedom, and let's not even ask about pleasure? None of Kafka's characters asks anything explicitly about Europe, although the surgical mirror game in his *America* presents that unanswerable and unaskable question as the cruelest Reality. With the word reality comes the most common description of Kafka's style, since in all his artistic prose, but also in his diary entries (which in his case are also artistic prose, just like in Krleža's oeuvre), namely there is an effort to insist that this is a kind of realism, but also a strangeness that is so intense that it emits almost imperceptibly anything else, even fantasy. In the case of the *Transfiguration*, the reader's residence lasts the longest in the realistic description, which is more hindered by the linguistic fact of the grammatical speaker than by the state of the world that is depicted.

One of the most respected Croatian historians of literature and, in particular, a teacher of world literature from Zadar, Nevenka Košutić Brozović, in her famous *Reader from Foreign Literature* from 1972, focuses and selects a fragment from the *Process* so that it starts from the First hearing and the sentence On the first floor, then he began to search. Name-

ly, it is already visible in the previous sentences that everything is incongruous and even absurd, because the place of the protagonist's hearing is in a poor house with many apartments where there are ordinary family tenants. Košutić Brozović omits all that before, instead he sharpens that kind of then. Why would you go to a structured official interview somewhere where you have to look for that place to talk? Why does everything realistic look like something else realistic? It is as if he is coming somewhere where he will bring the poor tenants their meaning, when he is already in a senseless wandering. The meaning seems to reach them, they at least mostly help Him very willingly, and we find ourselves in discomfort about this fabrication because we seem to know that he is innocent of anything, but this is starting to be undermined right before our eyes since he invented the reason for moving through their house. He himself, despite the invented reason, receives their attempts to help him with a kind of cumulative, i.e. growing discomfort and tension, while he climbs higher and higher floors. This growth of storeys tires us just reading it, even though it is not in an overly broad description and it is not even complicatedly executed, and that is because the mentioned "then search" increasingly loses certainty even though it is filled with tension, but one that is unstable - without support in the data that the description provides. Our protago-

nist doesn't know, but neither do we, and that's unusual for that very simple descriptive realism. Because realism is characterized precisely by the Enlightenment projection of the so-called Overall knowledge or the entire world, and why now, how come we don't know so much now, and it is so uncomplicated in front of us?

In addition, we are quite annoyed that he is looking for it at all, and we are attracted by the realistic closeness to the character, the option to root for him to be satisfied and truly find it, and all this in a package in which we have to supplement the need for the identity of that "our" "hero" than that identity clearly has an argument for our sympathy. That's how realism really hit us at the reception, we've already received at least two of Gjalski's characters and got nervous, and even a novel "U registraturi" wasn't easy for us. But what is different compared to those proses is that it is easy for us here, since Kafka's density of the story so fluidly allows the character to go on and "search", without being quite clear why he is doing it. This paradox, that is, a paradox in general, is the main lever in every narrative piece of Kafka's text, and so no less obligation to the motivation for the actions ac-

tually keeps us in full fan suspense, even if the very scenes of something that needs to be resolved are clearly meaningless. A great connoisseur of Kafka's work, and an even greater connoisseur of the overall history of Croatian literature - Branimir Donat - also pointed out in the early seventies that - in Kafka's text - we are talking about a labyrinth, about that movement in which the dynamism of something called "searching" believes that there is a background meaning, and the very intensity of this dynamism certainly suggests that the meaning should be confirmed and found. Which, of course, will not happen, and what we want, for example, to say that is the most similar and more and more similar to our most everyday reality, until wherever we stand in any physical or simulacrum, not to mention digital waiting lines, and after all a little later - We hear what has already been performed and observed - the whispering of Becket, Slavko Grum, and the expressionist Krlež - very clearly. Nothing will happen, meaning will not come, the idiot will take away everything we want. This, of course, this denunciation of stupidity helps, but only to a thinking critical being. And it's up to us, um, to be that.

Paula Rem

Kafka: predstavnik manjine ili većine?

U utorak, 16.4.2024. održana je promocija knjige Zvonimira Glavaša “Postmarksističko stanje. Književnost, politika i teorija”. Knjigu su predstavili profesori Tomislav Brlek i Marijan Krivak. Bilo je riječi o mnogim psiholozima, lingvistima, sociolozima, politolozima, filozofima spomenutima u knjizi, a poseban fokus bio je na njihovoj interpretaciji Kafkinih tekstova.

“Kritičari često prigovaraju što u mojoj knjizi nema definicije marksizma, ali to je upravo glavna teza – ne postoji jedinstvena definicija marksizma”, izjavio je autor, naglašavajući kako mnogi teoretičari koji sebe nazivaju marksistima zauzimaju međusobno suprotstavljene stavove. Mnogi od njih smatraju da se značenje nekog pojma nalazi u jeziku, a ne u fizičkom svijetu, t.j. stvari imaju ono značenje koje im pripisujemo.

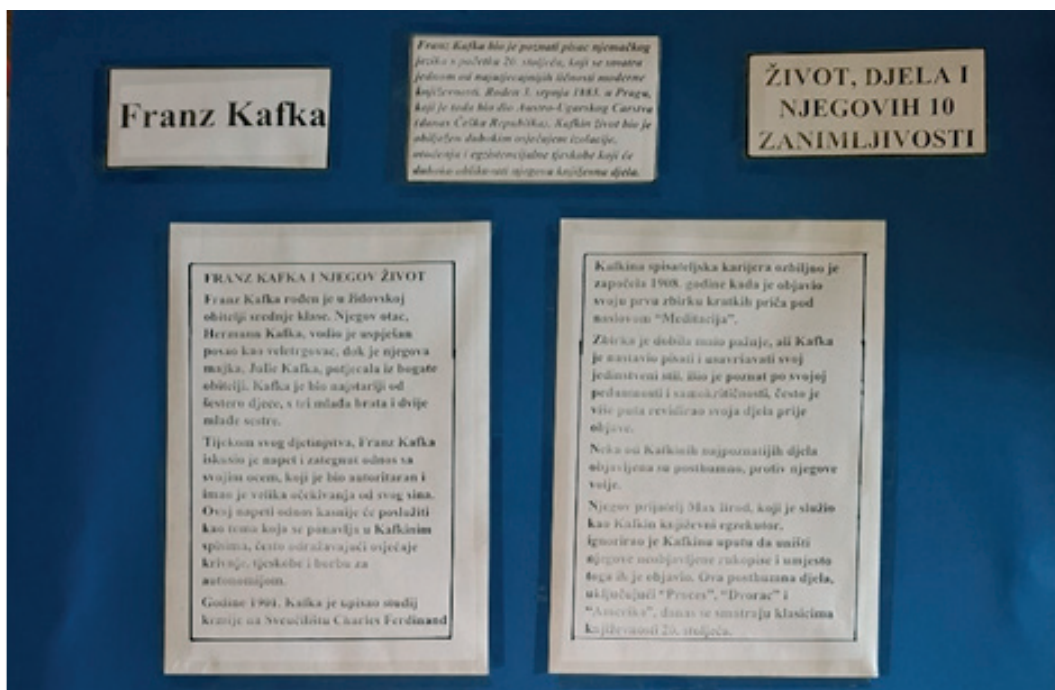
Iz psihološke perspektive, Foucault je u svom prijedlogu kurikulumu za studij psihoterapije napisao da bi budući psiholozi trebali prvenstveno učiti o jeziku i književnosti jer razumijevanje mentalnog stanja pacijenta proizlazi isključivo iz analize njegovog govora. Predmet izučavanja psihologije, po njemu, nisu činjenice ili događaji koji su se pacijentu dogodili, već način na

koji pacijent proživljava ta događanja kroz jezik. Pritom je jezik medij kojim se konstruira značenje. Svaki čovjek kroz jezik konstruira priču o vlastitom životu te na taj način određuje daljnji smjer kojim će se njegov život kretati. Na taj način, može se interpretirati i Kafkina književnost. Kafka je u svoje tekstove uključivao elemente koji su za njega, kao za habsburškog Židova, bili značajni.

Derrida o jeziku i Kafki

S druge strane, Derrida zagovara interpretaciju jezika književnosti, a ne samo tema kojima se književnost bavi. Prema Derridi, Kafkina književnost ne može se misliti bez jezika, podrazumijevajući pritom da je jezik temeljni primarni medij, ne samo *interpersonalne*, nego i *intrapersonalne* komunikacije. Ljudi koriste jezik ne samo pri razmjeni mišljenja s drugim osobama, nego i u monolozima, odnosno unutarnjem razmišljanju. Ne postoji mišljenje bez jezika. Prema tome, Kafkini tekstovi mnogo govore o židovskoj zajednici tog vremena i o jeziku koji su koristili Židovi u Pragu između 19. i 20. stoljeća.

Podrijetlom Židov, Derrida je također integrirao mnoge elemente židovskih



Podatci o Kafki s učeničkog plakata

Izvor: Slađana Cvijet

učenja u svoj rad. Na programu je bilo riječi o Derridinim političkim stavovima, koji su temeljeni na židovskom konceptu *dolazećeg svijeta* (“*olam ha-ba’a*”). Derrida je smatrao kako je svaki koncept podložan njegovoj metodi dekonstrukcije – osim koncepta pravde, definiranog u Tori, koji je apsolutan i neupitan. Prema tome, dekonstrukcionizam se može tumačiti kao politički projekt inspiriran Torom. Pišući o *opresiji označitelja*, Derrida zapravo govori o nasilju među ljudima. Premda Derrida piše o udaljivanju od “centra” on ne zagovara anarhizam, čak ni liberalizam. U Derridinom razumijevanju, društvo budućnosti bit će građeno oko “centra” koji se izgrađuje dolaskom mesijanskog doba. Pišući o mesijanskom dobu, Derrida

koristi rabinski termin *dolazeći svijet* (“*olam ha-ba’a*”). Prema tom stajalištu, taj svijet je “dolazeći” jer on trenutno dolazi, mi ga izgrađujemo. On se neće pojaviti u budućnosti, nego je sada prisutan. Dakle, taj idealni “centar” o kojem Derrida piše sad je u procesu izgradnje, a izgrađuju ga ljudi preko procesa *tikkun olam*, popravljanja svijeta, odnosno svog privatnog svijeta. Jezik koji Derrida koristi odražava židovska učenja – isto tako, jezik koji Kafka u svojoj književnosti koristi oslikava temeljna načela židovske kulture i religije.

Derrida smatra da jezik također “raсте” i mijenja se vremenom, kao i naše interpretacije značenja iza tog jezika. Struktura društva mesijanskog doba trenutno se probija kroz jezik koji ko-

ristimo i ona je “u dolasku”. Prema židovskim teozofima, mesijansko doba otkriva “novu” Toru, odnosno dosad nepoznate načine interpretacije teksta Tore. Prirodnom povijesnom promjenom jezika, ljudima postaje dostupno ono što je dotad bilo udaljeno. Derrida zapravo zagovara izgradnju čvrste, pravedne i neuništive strukture, za čiju je izgradnju potrebno dekonstruirati prethodnu, slabu strukturu izgrađenu na neravnom temelju. Građevina na slabom temelju počinje se urušavati dok još nije ni dovršena, propadajući u zemlju već u trenutku kad je prva cigla postavljena, zbog čega je njezino rušenje neminovno. Prema Derridinom shvaćanju, klimava struktura prirodno nestaje kroz dekonstrukciju, nakon čega na njezinom mjestu nastaje nova, snažna, neuništiva struktura temeljena na osnovama Tore – u značenju kojim je ona oduvijek trebala biti tumačena. Derrida zagovara odmicanje od društvenog sustava uspostavljenog na lošem temelju – kako bi se moglo osloboditi prostor za izgrađivanje sustava uspostavljenog na novom, kvalitetno uspostavljenom temelju. Prema toj interpretaciji, samo udaljivanjem od negativnog logosa može se otvoriti mjesto za novi logos na temelju kojeg će nastati bolje društvo.

Derrida je analizirao Kafkinu modernu prispodobu (midraš) “Pred zakonom”, koja govori o čovjeku pred vratima koja vode do mjesta ispunjenja njegovih želja. Premda su vrata širom otvorena, stražar čovjeku govori da

treba pričekati dopuštenje. “Ako te to tako privlači, pokušaj ući unatoč mojoj zabrani. Ali zapamti: ja sam moćan. A ja sam samo najniži stražar. U svakom hodniku stoje stražari, svaki moćniji od prethodnog. Ne mogu podnijeti ni pogled na njih.” Na pitanje hoće li mu biti odobren ulazak, stražar odgovara: “Moguće, ali ne još”. Godine prolaze, a čovjek još uvijek čeka odobrenje za podneseni zahtjev, pritom pokušavajući na kreativne načine pregovarati s čuvarem, nagovarati ga, podmićivati. Ideja o ulasku postaje njegova opsesija. Čovjek je sve više i više frustriran tim prvim stražarem, zaboravljajući sve ostale. Na koncu, čovjek je star i slab, a stražar izgleda jednako snažno kao i prvog dana. Pred smrt, čovjek postavlja posljednje pitanje: “Zašto tijekom svih ovih godina nitko drugi nije zatražio dopuštenje za ulazak?” Čuvar mu odgovara: “Nitko drugi nije mogao dobiti dopuštenje za ulazak jer je ovaj prolaz bio namijenjen samo za tebe. A sad ću ga zatvoriti.” (vlastiti prijevod; cijela priča na njemačkom: <https://homepage.univie.ac.at/st.mueller/kafka.html>) Derrida priču interpretira kroz Freudovu teoriju o psihoanalizi i ubojstvu oca koji predstavlja zakon. Riječ je također o satiričkom prikazu administracije jer su u priči prepreke imaginarne: čovjek je samo trebao proći kroz vrata koja su mu namijenjena, a čitavo vrijeme mu je prošlo dok je čekao pravno rješenje. Nešto kao u filmu “Hunger” kad lik Davida Bowieja ostari nekoliko godina u sat vremena čekanja da ga se prozove na red...

Deleuze o Kafki

Deleuze se bavio konceptom anti-identitarne književnosti. Mnogi su Kafkinu književnost smatrali “manjinskom” jer kombinira različite kulturalne utjecaje. Kafka je pisao kao Židov u Češkoj, dijelu Habsburške Monarhije, na varijanti njemačkog jezika bliskoj jidišu, koji se govorio u praškoj židovskoj četvrti. Međutim, Deleuze tvrdi da Kafkina književnost nije specifično “manjinska” niti drukčija od književnosti drugih autora. Prema Deleuzeu, *svaka* književnost je manjinska i *svaki* autor piše na stranom jeziku. U skladu s ovim shvaćanjem, *svaki* jezik je “strani” jer ne ocrtava naša unutrašnja stanja, nego služi kao medij komunikacije s vanjskim svijetom. Nijedan jezik ne može sto-postotno preslikati unutarnje emocije i razmišljanja, nego ih samo približiti drugoj osobi. Prema tome, ne postoji komunikacijski kanal niti “prijenos” informacija, nego samo međusobno približavanje u razmišljanjima koja već postoje unutar naših umova.

Deleuze smatra da jezik funkcionira kao samostalna cjelina – on ne preslikava niti unutrašnja stanja autora, niti realnu stvarnost. Književni tekst konstruira vlastitu stvarnost i cjelokupno značenje treba tražiti u tekstu, a ne u npr. povijesnom kontekstu tijekom kojeg je autor djelovao ili vanjskim utjecajima na njegovo pisanje. Prema Deleuzeu, Kafkina književnost je autopoetski sustav koji postoji sam unutar sebe. Likovi i događaji opisa-

ni u Kafkinim pričama postoje samo u fikcijskom svijetu sazdanom od jezika, a ne u stvarnom svijetu. Čak iako je Kafka koristio inspiracije iz aktualnog društvenog konteksta, njih ne treba tražiti u tekstu. Premda je Kafka pratio aktualne trendove iz psihoanalize (Freud), političke ideje tog vremena (marksizam) i umjetnički pokret avangarde temeljen na ideji o kraju povijesti, obrazovao se u religijskom smislu te proučavao višetisućljetni židovski misticizam i kabalu, Deleuze smatra da ne treba proučavati elemente tih učenja u Kafkinim tekstovima. Prema Deleuzeu, treba se zadržati na osnovnom površnom značenju teksta. Zanimljivo je usporediti Deleuzeov stav s (većinskim) mišljenjem rabina kroz povijest.

Rabinsko shvaćanje interpretacije teksta

Rabinska književnost (2.-10.st.) navodi da postoje četiri razine interpretacije teksta: *pšat* (doslovno značenje), *ramez* (naznake u tekstu), *draš* (kontekstualno ili komparativno značenje) te *sod* (skriveno ili mistično značenje na temelju slova i gramatike). Međutim, najpopularnije kompilacije midraša fokusiraju se na *pšat* (Mekhilta de Rabbi Išmael) i eventualno *draš* (Mekhilta de Šimon bar Yochai) u smislu halakhe (interpretacije zakona iz Tore) ili hagade (među koju spadaju i prispodobe, t.j. midraš). Razinom *sod* Židovi su se većinom bavili usmenim putem kroz interpersonalnu komunikaciju između učitelja i učenika, a

pisani tekstovi relativno su dugo bili skrivani od šire javnosti (popularnost kabale širi se tek u 13. stoljeću u Španjolskoj). Ukratko – rabinska književnost smatra da se šira javnost Židova treba fokusirati na *pšat* interpretaciju, jednostavno značenje teksta, minimalno u obrazovanju do 20. godine. Između 20. i 40. godine, može se proučavati *draš*, a tek nakon 40. godine, najbolji učenici koji su u potpunosti usvojili jednostavne interpretacije Tore i rabinske književnosti – može se prijeći na kompleksnije interpretacije. Čak i nakon toga, mistična / teozofska interpretacija ostaje dostupna samo malenom broju učenika i rijetko se zapisuje. Zapisane knjige se strogo čuvaju, a mnogim učenicima samo se podnaslovi ili pojednostavljene natuknice o sadržajima pojedinih knjiga religijske filozofije židovstva daju na raspolaganje, ali ne i cjeloviti tekstovi.

Početna slova četiriju rabinskih načina interpretacije teksta (*pšat*, *rametz*, *draš*, *sod*) daju PRDS, riječ koja na hebrejskom znači Parades iliti raj. Ovladavanjem svih četiriju razina interpretacije teksta, osoba dolazi u raj, ali ne znači da su svi za raj spremni. Stoga se Deleuzeov stav – da knjige treba interpretirati samo na doslovnom značenjskom smislu – zapravo podudara s većinskim rabinskim stavom kroz povijest židovstva, ali to ne znači da dubljeg značenja nema, nego da se njime možda ne bi trebalo baviti. Prema jednom midrašu, četiri rabina uspijevaju proniknuti u najdublje značenje Tore te odlaze posjeti-

ti Parades (raj), ali se trojica više ne uspijevaju vratiti u materijalni svijet. Kad se vrate iz raja, ostaju pretjerano fokusirani na mistične teme, po cijeli dan provode u meditaciji i bavljenju filozofskim pitanjima te ne mogu obavljati poslovne obaveze. Budući da su u to vrijeme rabini prvenstveno učitelji i pravni stručnjaci, njihov je posao davati savjete ostalim Židovima. Jednom od ta tri rabina došao je čovjek s praktičnim pitanjem, kako ustanoviti moguću trudnoću žene, a taj rabin je nastavio odsutno gledati u nebo i razmišljati o tome koliko su debele opne koje razdjeljuju više i niže svjetove. Umjesto da se bavi pitanjem međuljudskih odnosa, bavio se pitanjima odnosa između višeg (*Zeir Anpin*) i nižeg svijeta (*Malchut*), što je jedna od temeljnih tema *Zohara*, židovske teozofske knjige. Metafizičke teme počele su ga toliko zaokupljati da mu ništa drugo više nije bilo zanimljivo; vremenom više uopće nije bio u stanju sudjelovati u svakodnevnim razgovorima i aktivnostima, zbog čega se izdvojio iz židovske zajednice i dobio je nadimak *Aher* (Drugi / Odsutni). Samo jedan od ta četiri rabina uspio je normalno funkcionirati po povratku iz Paradesa.

Zbog navedenog slučaja, rabinska književnost smatra da se veći broj ljudi ne bi trebao baviti religijskom filozofijom niti pokušavati proniknuti u najdublja značenja teksta. Deleuzeovo opiranje dubljoj interpretaciji teksta stoga se uklapa uz rabinsko shvaćanje. Max Brod, najbolji prijatelj

Franza Kafke, potvrdio je da je Kafka proučavao kabal. Zbog toga, njegovi tekstovi često tematiziraju čovjeka koji traži smisao, odnosno Boga, ali ne uspijeva ga doći, čak štoviše, ta potraga odvaja ga od svakodnevice u kojoj treba odlučno djelovati. Josef K. nikad ne uspijeva pronaći razlog svog uhićenja, Gregor Samsa ne pronalazi razlog svoje transformacije u kukca, a K. ne može saznati zašto je pozvan u "Dvorac" niti koja je njegova funkcija. Sva trojica Kafkinih glavnih protagonista traže autoritet, odnosno smisao koji postoji, ali im ostaje nedostupan. Na neki način, sva trojica su zaglavljena u potrazi za "Paradesom", najdubljim smislom i interpretacijom teksta (života) te zbog toga ne uspijevaju ispuniti svoj *tikkun olam*, doprinijeti korekciji svijeta kroz aktivni angažman.

Ranciere o Kafki

Ranciere se ne slaže posve s Deleuze-ovom idejom da tekst treba interpretirati neovisno o kontekstu u kojem nastaje. Prema Ranciereu, nije moguće ispravno razumjeti književni tekst bez proučavanja povijesnih i društvenih okolnosti djelovanja autora te ne postoji "deteritorijalizacija" jezika jer je jezik uvijek vezan uz jednu društvenu grupu. Ranciere smatra da se definicije "većinskog" i "manjinskog" mijenjaju u odnosu na trenutni "centar". Prema ovom shvaćanju, Kafkina književnost proizvod je jednog kulturnog

miljea, odnosno židovske četvrti u Pragu. Ako se židovska četvrt u Pragu definira centrom u kojem nastaju Kafkini tekstovi, onda su ti tekstovi "većinski" jer u tom dijelu grada Židovi čine većinu. Ranciere smatra da Kafka piše o Židovima za Židove, koristeći njemački s elementima jidiša, jezik koji je većinski (a ne manjinski) u četvrti u kojoj živi. Prema Ranciereu, nema strukture bez centra – pa se tako Kafkina književnost ne može tumačiti izvan konteksta njegovog židovskog identiteta, koji je ključan za esenciju njegovih tekstova.

Premda se Derrida, Deleuze i Ranciere razlikuju u načinima interpretacije Kafkinih tekstova, sva trojica podcrtavaju važnost židovskog identiteta za njegovo pisanje. Premda Deleuze zagovara površinsku interpretaciju teksta, ona nije suprotstavljena židovskom tradicionalnom pristupu tekstu. Razlike među učenjima koja promiču Derrida, Deleuze i Ranciere još jednom podcrtavaju pluralnost marksizama (pri čemu je Marx, daka-ko, prilagodio židovsku ideju dolazećeg svijeta sekularnom svijetu kapitalizma te teoretizirao jedan mogući način za *tikkun olam* iliti ubrzavanje mesijanskog dolaska aktivnim djelovanjem). Židovska učenja protkana su mnogim novijim filozofskim pravcima (da, u kontekstu 5000+ godina postojanja, zadnjih 300-ak se smatra "novijim"...).

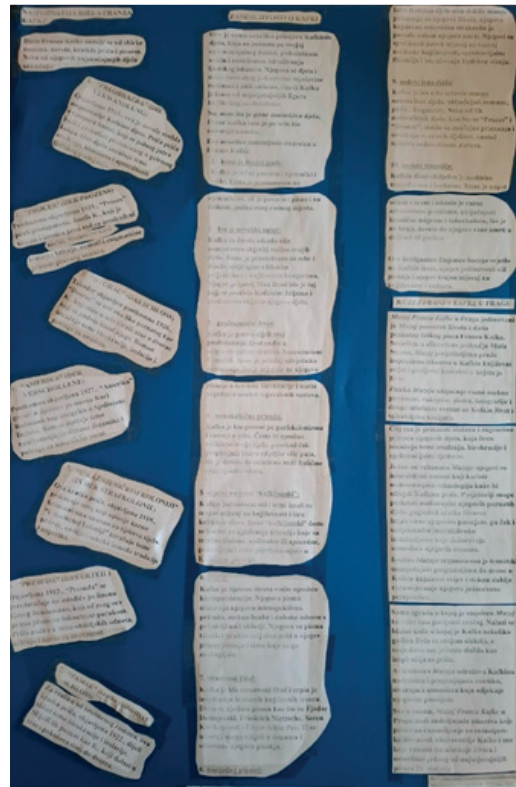
Paula Rem

Kafka: a Representative of Minority or Majority?

On Tuesday, 16.4.2024. the promotion of Zvonimir Glavaš's book "Post-Marxist state. Literature, politics and theory" was held. The book was presented by professors Tomislav Brlek and Marijan Krivak. They talked about many psychologists, linguists, sociologists, political scientists, philosophers mentioned in the book, and the special focus was on their interpretation of Kafka's texts.

"Critics often complain that there is no definition of Marxism in my book, but that is precisely the main thesis - there is no single definition of Marxism," the author said, emphasizing that many theorists who call themselves Marxists take opposing positions. Many of them believe that the meaning of a term is found in language and not in the physical world, i.e. things have the meaning we attribute to them.

From a psychological perspective, Foucault wrote in his proposal for a curriculum for the study of psychotherapy that future psychologists should primarily learn about language and literature, because the understanding of the patient's mental state comes solely from the analysis of his speech. According to him, the subject of the study of psychology is not the facts or



Poster with interesting facts about Kafka made by the school students

Source: Slađana Cvijet events that happened to the patient, but the way in which the patient experiences these events through language. At the same time, language is the medium through which meaning is constructed. Each person constructs the story of his own life through language and thus determines the further direction his life will take. In this way, Kafka's literature can also be interpreted. Kafka included in his texts ele-

ments that were significant for him, as a Habsburg Jew.

Derrida on language and Kafka

On the other hand, Derrida advocates the interpretation of the language of literature, and not only the topics that literature deals with. According to Derrida, Kafka's literature cannot be thought of without language, implying that language is the fundamental primary medium, not only of *interpersonal*, but also of *intrapersonal* communication. People use language not only when exchanging opinions with other people, but also in monologues, i.e. internal thinking. There is no thought without language. Therefore, Kafka's texts say a lot about the Jewish community of the time and about the language used by Jews in Prague between the 19th and 20th centuries.

Derrida as a Jew also integrated many elements of Jewish teachings into his work. The program discussed Derrida's political views, which are based on the Jewish concept of the *world to come* ("olam ha-ba'a"). Derrida believed that every concept was subject to his method of deconstruction - except the concept of justice, defined in the Torah, which is absolute and unquestionable. Therefore, deconstructionism can be interpreted as a political project inspired by the Torah. By writing about the oppression of the signifier, Derrida is actually talking about violence between people. Although Derrida writes about moving away from the "center",

he does not advocate anarchism, or even liberalism. In Derrida's understanding, the society of the future will be built around a "center" that is created by the arrival of the messianic age. In writing about the Messianic age, Derrida uses the rabbinic term the coming world ("olam ha-ba'a"). According to this point of view, that world is "coming" because it is currently coming, we are building it. He will not appear in the future, but is present now. So, that ideal "center" that Derrida writes about is now in the process of construction, and it is being built by people through the process of *tikkun olam*, repairing the world, that is, their private world. The language that Derrida uses reflects Jewish teachings - likewise, the language that Kafka uses in his literature reflects the fundamental principles of Jewish culture and religion.

Derrida believes that language also "grows" and changes over time, as do our interpretations of the meaning behind that language. The structure of the messianic age society is currently breaking through the language we use and it is "coming". According to Jewish theologians, the Messianic era reveals a "new" Torah, that is, previously unknown ways of interpreting the text of the Torah. Through the natural historical change of language, what was previously remote becomes accessible to people. Derrida actually advocates the construction of a solid, just and indestructible structure, for the con-

struction of which it is necessary to deconstruct the previous, weak structure built on an uneven foundation. A building on a weak foundation begins to collapse before it is even completed, sinking into the ground as soon as the first brick is laid, which is why its demolition is inevitable. According to Derrida, the shaky structure naturally disappears through deconstruction, after which a new, strong, indestructible structure based on the foundations of the Torah - in the sense in which it was always meant to be interpreted - emerges in its place. Derrida advocates moving away from a social system established on a bad foundation - in order to free up space for building a system established on a new, well-established foundation. According to this interpretation, only by moving away from the negative logos can a place be opened for a new logos on the basis of which a better society will emerge.

Derrida also analyzed Kafka's modern parable (midrash) "Before the Law", which speaks of a man before the door that leads to the place of fulfillment of his desires. Although the door is wide open, the guard tells the man that he should wait for permission. "If you are so drawn to it, try to enter despite my prohibition. But remember: I am powerful. And I am only the lowest guard. There are guards in every corridor, each one more powerful than the last. I cannot bear the sight of them." When asked if he will be granted entry, the guard replies: "Possibly, but not yet." Years pass, and the man is still wait-

ing for the approval of the submitted request, while trying creative ways to negotiate with the guard, to persuade him, to bribe him. The idea of entering becomes his obsession. One is more and more frustrated with that first guard, forgetting all the others. In the end, the man is old and weak, and the guard looks as strong as he did on the first day. Before dying, the man asks the last question: "Why in all these years has no one else asked for permission to enter?" The guard answers him: "No one else could get permission to enter because this passage was intended only for you. And now I will close it." (own translation; full story in German: <https://homepage.univie.ac.at/st.mueller/kafka.html>) Derrida interprets the story through Freud's theory about psychoanalysis and the murder of the father who represents the law. It is also a satirical depiction of the administration because in the story the obstacles are imaginary: the man just had to go through the door meant for him, and all his time passed while he waited for a legal solution. Something like in the movie "Hunger" when David Bowie's character ages a few years in the hour of waiting for his turn to be called...

Deleuze on Kafka

Deleuze dealt with the concept of anti-identity literature. Many considered Kafka's literature "minoritarian" because it combines different cultural influences. Kafka wrote as a Jew in Czech Republic, a part of the Habsburg

Monarchy, in a variant of the German language close to Yiddish, which was spoken in Prague's Jewish quarter. However, Deleuze claims that Kafka's literature is not *specifically* "minoritarian" or different from the literature of other authors. According to Deleuze, *all* literature is minoritarian and every author writes in a foreign language. According to this understanding, any language is "foreign" because it does not outline our inner states, but serves as a medium of communication with the outside world. No language can 100% reflect inner emotions and thoughts, but only bring them closer to another person. Therefore, there is no channel of communication or "transmission" of information, but only a mutual rapprochement in the thoughts that already exist within our minds.

Deleuze believes that language functions as an independent entity - it does not reflect either the author's inner states or real reality. A literary text constructs its own reality and the overall meaning should be sought in the text, and not in, for example, the historical context during which the author worked or external influences on his writing. According to Deleuze, Kafka's literature is an autopoietic system that exists within itself. The characters and events described in Kafka's stories exist only in a fictional world made of language, not in the real world. Even if Kafka used inspirations from the current social context, they should not be sought in the text. Although Kafka followed the current trends in psycho-

analysis (Freud), the political ideas of the time (Marxism) and the avant-garde artistic movement based on the idea of the end of history, was educated in a religious sense and studied multi-thousand-year-old Jewish mysticism and Kabbalah, Deleuze believes that he should not study the elements of these teachings in Kafka's texts. According to Deleuze, one should stick to the basic superficial meaning of the text. It is interesting to compare Deleuze's position with the (majority) opinion of rabbis throughout history.

Rabbinic understanding of the interpretation of the text

Rabbinical literature (2nd-10th century) states that there are four levels of text interpretation: *pshat* (literal meaning), *ramez* (clues in the text), *drash* (contextual or comparative meaning) and *sod* (hidden or mystical meaning based on letters and grammar). However, the most popular compilations of midrash focus on *pshat* (Mekhilta de Rabbi Ishmael) and possibly *drash* (Mekhilta de Shimon bar Yochai) in terms of halakhah (interpretation of laws from the Torah) or haggadah (which includes parables, i.e. midrash). At the *sod* level, Jews were mostly engaged in oral communication through interpersonal communication between teachers and students, and written texts were hidden from the general public for a relatively long time (the popularity of Kabbalah only spread in the 13th century in Spain). In short - rabbinical literature believes that the general

public of Jews should focus on *pshat* interpretation, the simple meaning of the text, at least in education until the age of 20. Between the ages of 20 and 40, one can study the *drash*, and only after the age of 40, the best students who have fully mastered the simple interpretations of the Torah and rabbinical literature – can move on to more complex interpretations. Even after that, the mystical / theosophical interpretation remains accessible to only a small number of students and is rarely written down. The recorded books are kept strictly, and many students are only given subtitles or simplified notes on the contents of individual books of the religious philosophy of Judaism, but not the complete texts.

The initial letters of the four rabbinic ways of interpreting the text (*pshat, ramez, drash, sod*) give PRDS, a word that in Hebrew means Parades or Paradise. By mastering all four levels of text interpretation, a person comes to heaven, but it does not mean that everyone is ready for heaven. Therefore, Deleuze's position - that books should be interpreted only in the literal sense of meaning - actually coincides with the majority rabbinical position throughout the history of Judaism, but this does not mean that there is no deeper meaning, but that perhaps it should not be dealt with. According to one midrash, four rabbis manage to penetrate the deepest meaning of the Torah and go to visit Parades (paradise), but three of them fail to return to the material world.

When they return from heaven, they remain excessively focused on mystical topics, spend the whole day in meditation and dealing with philosophical questions, and are unable to perform business duties. Since the rabbis at that time were primarily teachers and legal experts, their job was to give advice to other Jews. A man came to one of those three rabbis with a practical question, how to determine the possible pregnancy of a woman, and that rabbi continued to look absently at the sky and think about how thick the membranes are that separate the upper and lower worlds. Instead of dealing with the question of human relations, he dealt with the question of the relationship between the higher (Zeir Anpin) and the lower world (Malchut), which is one of the fundamental themes of the Zohar, the Jewish theosophical book. Metaphysical topics began to occupy him so much that nothing else was interesting to him; over time, he was no longer able to participate in everyday conversations and activities at all, which is why he stood out from the Jewish community and was nicknamed Aher (Other / Absent). Only one of those four rabbis was able to function normally upon his return from Parades.

Because of the aforementioned case, rabbinical literature believes that the majority of people should not engage in religious philosophy or try to penetrate into the deepest meanings of the text. Deleuze's resistance to a deeper interpretation of the text therefore fits

with the rabbinical understanding. Max Brod, Franz Kafka's best friend, confirmed that Kafka studied Kabbalah. Because of this, his texts often thematize a man who searches for meaning, that is, God, but fails to reach it, even more, this search separates him from everyday life in which he needs to act decisively. Josef K. never manages to find the reason for his arrest, Gregor Samsa does not find the reason for his transformation into an insect, and K. cannot find out why he was called to the "Castle" or what his function is. All three of Kafka's main protagonists are looking for authority, that is, meaning that exists, but remains unavailable to them. In a way, all three are stuck in the search for "Parades", the deepest meaning and interpretation of the text (of life) and because of this they fail to fulfill their tikkun olam, to contribute to the correction of the world through active engagement.

Ranciere on Kafka

Ranciere does not fully agree with Deleuze's idea that a text should be interpreted independently of the context in which it is created. According to Ranciere, it is not possible to properly understand a literary text without studying the historical and social circumstances of the author's actions, and there is no "deterritorialization" of language because language is always linked to one social group. Ranciere believes that the definitions of "majority" and "minority" are changing in relation to the current "center". Ac-

ording to this understanding, Kafka's literature is the product of a cultural milieu, namely the Jewish quarter in Prague. If the Jewish quarter in Prague is defined as the center where Kafka's texts are created, then these texts are "majority" because in that part of the city Jews make up the majority. Ranciere believes that Kafka writes about Jews for Jews, using German with elements of Yiddish, the language that is the majority (not the minority) in the neighborhood where he lives. According to Ranciere, there is no structure without a center - so Kafka's literature cannot be interpreted outside the context of his Jewish identity, which is key to the essence of his texts.

Although Derrida, Deleuze and Ranciere differ in their interpretation of Kafka's texts, all three emphasize the importance of Jewish identity for his writing. Although Deleuze advocates a superficial interpretation of the text, it is not opposed to the traditional Jewish approach to the text. The differences between the teachings promoted by Derrida, Deleuze and Ranciere once again underline the plurality of Marxism (with Marx, of course, adapting the Jewish idea of the coming world to the secular world of capitalism and theorizing one possible way to tikkun olam, or hastening the messianic coming by active action). Jewish teachings are interwoven with many newer philosophical trends (yes, in the context of 5000+ years of existence, the last 300 or so are considered "newer"...).

Zlata Živaković-Kerže

Vilma Vukelić, Kafkina osječka suvremenica

Prof. dr. sc. Zlata Živaković-Kerže (*1953., Osijek) je u Zagrebu diplomirala povijest i arheologiju, te na istom zagrebačkom Sveučilištu magistrirala i doktorirala. Radila je za mnoge osječke kulturne i prosvjetne ustanove, uključujući današnji Državni arhiv u Osijeku i Muzej Slavonije u Osijeku. Više od dva desetljeća je radila u Podružnici za povijest Slavonije, Srijema i Baranje Hrvatskog instituta za povijest, u sklopu čega je vodila mnogobrojne projekte. Predavala je na Filozofskom fakultetu u Osijeku kao vanjska suradnica. Bavi se istraživanjem društveno-političkih prilika i gospodarskom hrvatskom povijesti u 19. i u 20. stoljeću, povijesti Židova grada Osijeka i crkvenom povijesti. Napisala je nekoliko knjiga te velik broj znanstvenih radova. Sudjeluje na mnogim znanstvenim i stručnim skupovima. Članica je uredništva mnogih domaćih i inozemnih časopisa za povijest.

Memoari *Tragovi prošlosti* su *personalni* memoari, u kojima je Vilma Vukelić iz samorazlagačke pozicije primarno tematizirala osobne privatne odnose, nastojeći u njima prikazati duh vremena koji je utjecao na oblikovanje njenog svjetonazora i društvenih normi ponašanja i mišljenja. Knjiga te osječke književnice nije samo autobiografija jedne snažne i buntovne ženske osobnosti, ona nije samo povijest jedne obitelji u burnome vremenu, nije samo literarna kronika grada Osijeka: ona je sve to skupa i znatno više od toga – književno nadahnuti prikaz one unutarnje, suptilne strane povijesti Austro-Ugarske Monarhije, koja obično izmiče historiografima. To su pričanja o djetinjstvu i pričanja o životu u židovskoj obitelji te pričanja o gradskoj, društvenoj sredini.

O Vilmi Vukelić – kratko

Vilma Vukelić podrijetlom je iz mađarsko-židovske obitelji Miskolczy, doselje-



Vilma Vukelić

Izvor: Zlata Živaković-Kerže

ne u Osijek. Rođena je u gradu na Dravi 8. veljače 1880. godine i tu je završila pučku školu. Maturirala je u Rijeci i potom je školovanje nastavila u privatnom internatu u Beču. Brak s Milivojem Vukelićem (koji je objavljivao pripovjednu prozu pod pseudonimom Milkan Lovi-

nac) i uloga majke nisu zatomili njezine težnje, pa je započela studij kemije na sveučilištu u Münchenu, i to među prvim ženama, kao majka četvero djece. No, Prvi svjetski rat joj je onemogućio akademske ambicije, ali ne i intelektualne i književne. Kratko vrijeme je s obitelji živjela u Budimpešti, Pečuhu i Osijeku, a od 1923. u Zagrebu. Nakon što se rastala od supruga odlazi s djecom 1925. živjeti u Pariz. U Zagreb se vratila 1937. godine. Srodni su joj bili pogledi lijevih intelektualaca. Temeljni joj jezik bio njemački pa su sva djela napisana na tom jeziku. Bila je pripovjedačica u tradiciji manje zahtjevne realističke proze 19. stoljeća. Od 7 romana objavljen je za njezina života samo *Die Heimatlosen - Ljudi bez domovine* (Leipzig 1923.), prikaz epizoda iz života Židova u Mađarskoj prije Prvoga svjetskog rata. Iz ostavštine publicirana su dva njena djela (u hrvatskom prijevodu prof. dr. Vlade Obada) *Tragovi prošlosti* i *U stiješnjanim granicama*. U ta dva romana, sjećajući se u godinama prije smrti djetinjstva i mladosti u Osijeku, pružila je panoramski prikaz građanskog staleža dajući neobično bogatu i zanimljivu sliku svagdašnjice toga potonulog svijeta, na način koji tekstu daje značaj kulturno-povijesnog izvora. Preminula je u Zagrebu 20. ožujka 1956. godine.

Potruga za identitetom

U životu književnice Vukelić priče i pričanja su imali znatan utjecaj na razvoj njezina svjetonazora, razmišljanja, ali ponajviše na doživljavanje sebe i drugih. Doista, ona pokazuje visoko razvijenu interpersonalnu, ali i intra-

personalnu inteligenciju. U njenim memoarima jednostavni usmeni oblici vrijedni su pozornosti; legendama i predajama, koje su povezane sa židovstvom uvodi čitatelje u osvjetljavanje njenog vjerskog, ali i šire – etničkog / židovskog identiteta u kojem skupina ljudi dijeli zajednički identitet na temelju iste kulture, tradicije, religije, povijesti, istog jezika, etničkog podrijetla i drugih osobina. Tako književnica pripovijeda dvije legende o svome pretku, visokom rabinu Löwu, učenjaku, filozofu, kabalistu, ali i o kabali, židovskom *tajnom učenju*. U tom pripovijedanju, njen je ton informativan, s očitom svrhom upoznavanja njezinih potomaka s njihovim židovskim korijenima, a osobna emotivna angažiranost u tom je segmentu prisutna jedino u suosjećanju s tužnom sudbinom židovskog, potlačenog, naroda. Osim židovskih legendi, ona pripovijeda i o obiteljskim legendama koje joj je pričala njezina omama (osječkom / essekerskom dijalektu to je baka), ali svjedoči i o svom doživljaju tih legendi, i o utjecaju koji su na nju ostavile i tako utjecale na oblikovanje njezina osobnog identiteta:

“Uostalom, svaki njezin komad pokućstva pratila je nekakva obiteljska legenda. Dok bi brisala prašinu s tih dragocjenih predmeta, pričala bi mi njihovu povijest. Uglavnom se svih tih priča još uvijek sjećam, jer se većina tih predmeta i pokućstva još i danas nalazi kod mene, a vjerujem da sam kroz njih naslijedila i ponešto od omana načina shvaćanja života (...). Bila je zanimljiva i zabavna i zahvaljujući toj jedinstvenoj pedagogiji ja sam po-



Županijska ulica u kojoj je obitelj Miskolczy imala trgovačku radnju

Izvor: Zlata Živaković-Kerže

čela shvaćati stvari oko sebe i prihvaćati ih. Budila je i pothranjivala u meni osjećaj ljubavi prema svemu što živi, osjećaj koji ću poslije njegovati i proširivati znanstvenim spoznajama.”

U funkciji oblikovanja etničkog identiteta bitno je njeno svjedočenje o pričanju viceva u gradskim krugovima i njihovoj popularnosti, i to o židovskom vicu. Naime, vic je tek u 19. stoljeću populariziran kao konstitutivna sastavina gradskoga društvenoga života. Židovski vic, prema pripovijedanju Vilme Vukelić, oscilira od elegičnih do autoironičnih tonova, proizlazi često iz dubokoumnih filozofskih i psiholoških promišljanja. Iskazuje se u igrama riječi, kalamburima, dobro poantiranim aforizmima, židovskoj rabulistici, židovskom afirmativnom stavu o životu i duševnoj superiornosti koja se nosi sa svim grotesknim i tragič-

nim slučajnostima života. U takvom je okruženju, prema vlastitom priznanju, *stjecala uvid u ljudske slabosti i razvijala smisao i razumijevanje za humor*, što osvjetljava utjecaj židovskog vica na njen osobni i socijalni identitet.

Vilma u *Tragovima prošlosti* pripovijeda i nekoliko parabola vezanih uz židovstvo. Jedna od zanimljivih parabola koju iznosi je ona iz koje se može iščitati odnos njenog oca prema religiji i usporediti ga s njenim odnosom da bi se osvijetlio nepobitan utjecaj Vilminog oca na nju i formiranje njezinog, ne samo vjerskog i etničkog, nego i moralnog identiteta. Književnica tu pripovijeda o svom univerzalizmu i potrebi njegovanja temeljnih ljudskih vrijednosti te ona svoga oca opisuje kao čovjeka *filozofske naravi*, koji se *zalagao za toleranciju i maksimalnu susretljivost*.

Identiteti kroz pričanja o djetinjstvu i životu te urbane gradske priče

Pričanja o djetinjstvu, pričanja o životu i urbane gradske priče koje pripovijeda u svojim memoarima svjedoče o razvoju njezina osobnog identiteta, i to ženskog, socijalnog, moralnog, vjerskog i etničkog identiteta. To su istinita pričanja o životu, vlastitome ili bliskih osoba. Ona priča o svom životu, o životu svojih roditelja, djeda i baka, ali i daljih predaka, kao i o životu svojih prijatelja, susjeda i poznanika. Nazočan je i govor u svakidašnjim komunikacijskim situacijama, ali i različite prepričane (ne)zgone iz života, kao i lokalni tračevi. Pričanja o djetinjstvu koje pripovijeda Vilma Vukelić pune su zgoda iz školskih klupa, dječjih igara, sa ženskih druženja i boravka kod omame i otate (u osječkom / essekerskom dijalektu to je djed), ali i pričanja o djetinjstvu ljudi iz njezine uže i šire okoline, ponajviše roditelja, baka i djedova te rođaka.

U funkciji oblikovanja vjerskog identiteta mogu se izdvojiti dvije priče: susret sa židovskim molitvenim ritualom kod omame i otate i doživljaj neugodne zgone na vjeronauku u školi u kojoj je bila žrtvom vršnjačke i nastavničke vjerske netrpeljivosti. U svom je daljnjem pripovijedanju istaknula kako joj se židovski ritualni ceremonijal činio stranim i zastrašujućim, i još kao dijete svoje je vjerovanje učinila univerzalnim, smatrajući najvažnijom molitvom onu za jednakost svih ljudi i ljubav kao temeljnu ljud-

sku snagu. Posebnu je povezanost, kao dijete, imala sa svojom omamom, pa tako pronalazimo u njezinim memoarima priče o djetinjstvu koje su ujedno i priče o životu njezine omame, a koje su, kako i sama naglašava, na nju ostavile dubok trag.

Iako u nešto drugačijem obliku nego što je to doživjela njezina omama, društvene prinude za ženu u vrijeme Vilmina djevojaštva bile su vrlo stroge. Sklapani su brakovi iz računice, a *muškarci su se protivili da se ženama dopusti studij na sveučilištima i da rade u slobodnim profesijama, obrazlažući to time da su žene nesposobne za svaku samostalnu kulturnu djelatnost*. Suprotno svojim osobnim sklonostima, Vilma se morala pokoriti *strogo kontroliranim staleškim pravilima ponašanja 'kćeri iz dobre kuće'*, jer je bilo teško, skoro nemoguće, kao samotni pojedinac ustati protiv takva stanja, uvjetovana okolnostima i bezrezervno podržavana društvenom većinom. No, na ženskom liceju u Zagrebu Vilma se susrela s profesoricama poput Marije Jambrišak i Jagode Truhelke, koje su se zauzimale za ravnopravnost žene na kulturnom i političkom polju. U svojim pričanjima o životu svjedoči upravo o popularnosti čitanja Freuda u svjetlu emancipacije: *'Stari'* su se osjećali teško pogođeni tim napadajima – borba je otpočela i u godinama što su slijedile ona će poprimiti sve oštrije forme. S područja javnoga života prešla je ona u obiteljski krug i manifestirala se u pojačanoj neposlušnosti potomstva koje se, a i da nije čitalo Freuda i Adlera, usprotivilo *tiraniji roditeljske kuće*. Dragojla Jarne-

vić u svojem je dnevniku, koji je pisala od 1833. do smrti 1875., *pomakla granice pisanja pokušavajući sama, u vlastitim dnevnicima, uspostaviti osobni identitet*. Isto je, sa svojim memoarima, učinila i Vilma Vukelić.

Pritom je nužno naglasiti da Vilmu u oblikovanju osobnog identiteta nikada nisu napuštale snaga, volja, ni nada, unatoč traumama koje je doživjela, a koje su evidentne u njezinim pričanjima o djetinjstvu i pričanjima o životu. Vilmino ustrajanje u najtežim životnim situacijama, kad su drugi posustajali, Vilma nijednu situaciju nije smatrala bezizlaznom, što svjedoči o iznimnoj snazi i stabilnosti njezina osobnog identiteta.

Uspjela se izboriti za svoje životne ciljeve koje si je zacrtala još u adolescenciji: “Kao prvo, željela sam nezostavno dalje učiti, kao drugo – ne dopustiti da me udaju, nego se udati iz ljubavi. Koliko god to danas izgledalo jednostavno, za ono je vrijeme to bila upravo revolucionarna nakana!” Vilma otvoreno govori o neravnopravnom položaju žena u patrijarhatu, ali i o svojoj odlučnosti za otpor nametnutim društvenim konvencijama:

“Grozila sam se beskorisnoga dembelijskog života, imala odviše urođenog elana da bih se s time pomirila, odviše inicijative da bih postala puki objekt o kome će odlučivati drugi. No, po svim predviđanjima trebala sam cijeloga svoga života vegetirati kao što su to činile gotovo sve gospođe iz mogega poznanstva. (...) Željela sam se po svaku cijenu izbaviti od takve sudbine, koja



Naslovnica knjige “Tragovi prošlosti”

Izvor: Zlata Živaković-Kerže

je u mojim očima sličila onoj zatočene životinje. Nisam htjela postati poput njih, radije to negoli sve drugo!”

Prateći u cjelini može se utvrditi da memoari *Tragovi prošlosti* Vilme Vukelić svjedoče o autobiografiji snažne ženske osobnosti, koju je ispisala uz pomoć legendi, parabola, vica, pričanja o djetinjstvu, pričanja o životu i gradskih priča. Od društveno konstruiranih rodni uloga pri stvaranju subjekta kakvim ona jest, veću su ulogu imale priče i pričanja. Samooblikovana pluralna konstrukcija identiteta, u patrijarhatu nepomirljivih identitetnih kategorija žene, književnice, supruge i majke uspjela je prikazati patrijarhat proizvodom konvencija, a ne prirodnom tvorevinom.

Zlata Živaković-Kerže

Vilma Vukelić, Kafka's Contemporary from Osijek

Prof. dr. sc. Zlata Živaković-Kerže (*1953, Osijek) graduated in history and archeology in Zagreb, and received her master's and doctoral degrees from the same University of Zagreb. She worked for many Osijek cultural and educational institutions, including today's State Archives in Osijek and the Museum of Slavonia in Osijek. For more than two decades she worked in the Branch for the History of Slavonia, Srijem and Baranja of the Croatian Institute of History, within which she led numerous projects. She lectured at the Faculty of Philosophy in Osijek as an external associate. She researches socio-political circumstances and Croatian economic history in the 19th and 20th centuries, as well as the history of the Jews of the city of Osijek and church history. She has written several books and a large number of scientific papers. She participates in many scientific and professional conferences. She is a member of the editorial board of many history journals.

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Memoirs "Traces of the past" are personal memoirs, in which Vilma Vukelić, from a self-explanatory position, primarily thematized personal private relationships, trying to show in them the spirit of the times that influenced the shaping of her worldview and social norms of behavior and opinion. The book of this writer from Osijek is not only the autobiography of a strong and rebellious female personality, it is not only the history of a family in a stormy time, it is not only a literary chronicle of the city of Osijek: it is all that and much more than that - a literary inspired presentation of the inner, subtle side of the history of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, which usually eludes historiographers. These are stories about childhood and life in a Jewish family, and stories about the urban, social environment.



Vilma Vukelić

Source: Zlata Živaković-Kerže

About Vilma Vukelic - in brief

Vilma Vukelić comes from a Hungarian-Jewish Miskolczy family that

moved to Osijek. She was born in a town on the Drava on February 8, 1880, and graduated from elementary school there. She graduated in Rijeka and then continued her education at a private boarding school in Vienna. Her marriage to Milivoj Vukelić (who published narrative prose under the pseudonym Milkan Lovinac) and her role as a mother did not dampen her aspirations, so she began studying chemistry at the University of Munich, among the first women, as a mother of four. However, the First World War made her academic ambitions impossible, but not her intellectual and literary ones. She lived with her family for a short time in Budapest, Peč and Osijek, and from 1923 in Zagreb. After separating from her husband, she left with her children in 1925 to live in Paris. She returned to Zagreb in 1937. The views of left-wing intellectuals were related to her. Her native language was German, so all works were written in that language. She was a storyteller in the tradition of less demanding realistic prose of the 19th century. Out of 7 novels, only "Die Heimatlosen" (Leipzig 1923), a depiction of episodes from the life of Jews in Hungary before the First World War, was published during her lifetime. Two of her works (in the Croatian translation of Prof. Dr. Vlado Obad), "Tragovi prošlosti" ("Traces of the past") and "U stiješnjenim granicama", were published from the legacy. In those two novels, remembering her childhood and youth in

Osijek in the years before her death, she provided a panoramic view of the middle class, giving an unusually rich and interesting picture of the everyday life of that sunken world, in a way that gives the text the significance of a cultural-historical source. She died in Zagreb on March 20, 1956.

The search for identity

In the life of writer Vukelić, stories and storytelling had a significant impact on the development of her worldview, thinking, but most of all on her perception of herself and others. Indeed, she shows highly developed interpersonal and intrapersonal intelligence. In her memoirs, the simple oral forms are noteworthy; legends and traditions, which are connected with Judaism, introduces readers to the illumination of its religious, but also more broadly - ethnic / Jewish identity in which a group of people shares a common identity based on the same culture, tradition, religion, history, same language, ethnic origin and other characteristics . Thus, the writer tells two legends about her ancestor, High Rabbi Löw, scholar, philosopher, kabbalist, but also about Kabbalah, the Jewish secret teaching. In this narration, her tone is informative, with the obvious purpose of introducing her descendants to their Jewish roots, and personal emotional involvement in this segment is present only in sympathy with the sad fate of the Jewish, oppressed, people. In addition to Jewish legends, she also

tells about family legends told to her by her grandmother (in the Osijek / Esseker dialect, it is grandmother), but she also testifies about her experience of those legends, and about the impact they left on her and thus influenced the shaping of her personal identity:

“After all, every piece of her furniture was accompanied by some kind of family legend. As she dusted those precious objects, she would tell me their history. Mostly I still remember all those stories, because most of those objects and furniture are still with me today, and I believe that through them I also inherited some of my mother’s way of understanding life (...). It was interesting and fun, and thanks to that unique pedagogy, I started to understand things around me and accept them. She awakened and nurtured in me a feeling of love for everything that lives, a feeling that I will later nurture and expand with scientific knowledge.”

In the function of shaping ethnic identity, her testimony about the telling of jokes in city circles and their popularity, and that about the Jewish joke, is important. Namely, the joke was only popularized in the 19th century as a constitutive part of the city’s social life. The Jewish joke, according to Vilma Vukelić’s narration, oscillates from elegiac to self-ironic tones, often resulting from profound philosophical and psychological reflections. It is expressed in puns, puns,

well-punctuated aphorisms, Jewish rabulistics, Jewish affirmative attitude about life and mental superiority that copes with all the grotesque and tragic coincidences of life. In such an environment, according to her own admission, she gained insight into human weaknesses and developed a sense and understanding of humor, which illuminates the influence of the Jewish joke on her personal and social identity.

In *Traces of the Past*, Vilma narrates several parables related to Judaism. One of the interesting parables she presents is the one from which her father’s attitude towards religion can be read and compared to her attitude in order to illuminate the undeniable influence of Vilma’s father on her and the formation of her, not only religious and ethnic, but also moral identity. The writer talks about her universalism and the need to nurture basic human values, and she describes her father as a man of philosophical nature, who stood for tolerance and maximum friendliness.

Identities through stories about childhood and life and urban city stories

Stories about childhood, stories about life and urban city stories that she narrates in her memoirs testify to the development of her personal identity, namely female, social, moral, religious and ethnic identity. These are true stories about life, ei-

ther of our own or of those close to us. She talks about her life, the life of her parents, grandparents, and more distant ancestors, as well as the life of her friends, neighbors and acquaintances. Speech in everyday communication situations is also present, as well as various recounted (mis)happenings from life, as well as local gossip. The stories about childhood told by Vilma Vukelic are full of incidents from school desks, children's games, from women's socializing and staying with grandma and grandpa (in the Osijek / Esseker dialect it is grandfather), but also stories about the childhood of people from her immediate and wider surroundings, mostly parents, grandparents and relatives.

Two stories can be singled out in terms of shaping religious identity: an encounter with a Jewish prayer ritual at her mother's and father's house, and the experience of an unpleasant incident in religious education at school where she was a victim of peer and teacher religious intolerance. In her further narration, she pointed out that the Jewish ritual ceremony seemed foreign and terrifying to her, and even as a child she made her belief universal, considering the most important prayer to be the one for the equality of all people and love as a fundamental human strength. As a child, she had a special connection with her grandmother, so we find in her memoirs stories about her childhood that are also stories about her

grandmother's life, which, as she emphasizes, left a deep mark on her.

Although in a somewhat different form than her grandmother experienced, the social constraints for a woman during Vilma's girlhood were very strict. Arranged marriages were concluded, and "men objected to women being allowed to study at universities and to work in liberal professions, arguing that women were incapable of any independent cultural activity". Contrary to her personal preferences, Vilma had to obey the "strictly controlled class rules of behavior of a 'daughter from a good house', because it was difficult, almost impossible, as a solitary individual to stand up against such a situation, conditioned by circumstances and unreservedly supported by the social majority". However, at the women's high school in Zagreb, Vilma met professors like Marija Jambrišak and Jagoda Truhelka, who stood up for women's equality in the cultural and political fields. In his stories about his life, he testifies precisely to the popularity of reading Freud in the light of emancipation: The 'old' felt badly affected by these attacks - the struggle began and in the years that followed it would take on ever sharper forms. From the sphere of public life, it moved into the family circle and manifested itself in the increased disobedience of the offspring, who, even if they had not read Freud and Adler, opposed the tyranny of the parental home. In her dia-

ry, which she wrote from 1833 until her death in 1875, Dragojla Jarnević pushed the boundaries of writing by trying to establish a personal identity in her own diaries. Vilma Vukelic did the same with her memoirs.

At the same time, it is necessary to emphasize that Vilma's strength, will, and hope never left her in shaping her personal identity, despite the traumas she experienced, which are evident in her stories about her childhood and her life. Vilma's persistence in the most difficult life situations, when others gave up, Vilma did not consider any situation hopeless, which testifies to the exceptional strength and stability of her personal identity.

She managed to fight for her life goals, which she set for herself in adolescence: "First of all, I wanted to study further, and secondly, not to allow myself to be married, but to marry for love. As simple as it looks today, at that time it was precisely a revolutionary intention!" Vilma speaks openly about the unequal position of women in the patriarchy, but also about her determination to resist imposed social conventions:

"I dreaded the useless Dembele life, I had too much innate élan to put up with it, too much initiative to become a mere object for others to decide. However, according to all predictions, I should have vegetated all my life, as did almost all the ladies I knew. (...) I wanted to get rid of such a fate at



Vilma with her father and younger sister

Source: Zlata Živaković-Kerže

any cost, which in my eyes resembled that of an imprisoned animal. I didn't want to become like them, rather than anything else!"

Following as a whole, it can be determined that Vilma Vukelić's memoir *Traces of the Past* bears witness to the autobiography of a strong female personality, which she wrote with the help of legends, parables, jokes, stories about her childhood, stories about her life, and town stories. Of the socially constructed gender roles in creating the subject as she is, stories and storytelling played a greater role. The self-formed plural construction of identity, in the patriarchy of irreconcilable identity categories of woman, writer, wife and mother, managed to portray patriarchy as a product of conventions, rather than a natural creation.

Benjamin Mautner, Osijek

Kafka i Kusik: židovski identiteti između Praga i Osijeka

Osim 100. godišnjice praškog židovskog književnika Franza Kafke, također je prošlo 6 godina od odlaska Vlastimira Kusika, dugogodišnjeg kustosa Muzeja likovnih umjetnosti u Osijeku židovskog podrijetla. Kafkijanskom tragičnom ironijom, Kusik je stradao na putu prema osječkom kafiću Kafka.

Vlastimir Kusik i Goran Rem su se 2018. bili trebali naći u osječkom kafiću Kafka, priča sam Rem jer je Kusik u telefonskom razgovoru od dan prije inzistirao da ima neke važne knjige za donijeti mu, a i inzistirao je da mu Goran ima nešto važno objasniti o jednoj od njih. Sam Rem nije nikada bio u tom kafeu, iako je prema njegovim riječima kafić izgledao kako treba, s odlično izabranim mjestom, na kojem su prethodno uginula barem tri nekakva komercijalna trgovačka pokušaja, otprilike - pekara, davna Sloboda i još neka, ali se ne sjeća koja. Kafka je već tada, u svibnju te godine, imao pomalo nešto kao „status“, već su se sve radije tamo okupljali ostariji mladi, oni koji su svoju urbanost započeli početkom sedamdesetih u Trojki, a sada im je draža polu-nevelika Kafkina terasa gdje je dostatno hlada, jer klima gazi sve žešće i bešćutnije.

U tom trenutku, Rem se sada ne sjeća zašto spomenuti kafić tada nije radio, ne sjeća iako vrijeme nije baš previše odmaklo, no gledano s neke povijesno-faktografske strane - nije bilo ni po čemu izvjesno da se u Kafki neće odviti taj susret, iako je bio ili neki praznik ili pak nedjelja u kojoj kafe nije radio, ili je možda radio neku predvečernju šihitu. Naime, za njihov susret i razmjenu knjiga za razgovor nije bilo važno hoće li Kafka raditi ili ne jer stolice su kafića bile na raspolaganju, a žica koja ih prošiva i čuva - labava i lako dopušta samom činu sjedanja da se dogodi premda kono-bari neće doći niti nas rutinski mrziti.

Rem je očekivao da će Kusik nekom dosjetkom nastaviti svoju barem desetljetnu fascinaciju kafkijanstvom labirinta u filmu *Prošle godine u Marienbadu*. U svakom susretu, tko god donio kakvu novu temu, knjigu, izložbu ili koncert na opciju listanja, gledanja ili posjeta, Kusik je koristio ikoju zgodnu retoričku krivinu za nagnuti se u labirint toga filma i njegovu likovno-atmosfersku misteriju, za koju je stavljao ruku u vatru da je najbolje kafkijanstvo koje se ikada igdje dogodilo izvan književnosti, a da ipak nije notorni život u kojem neupitno i surovo svakodnevnica žestoko i naj-

kafkijanskije pobjeđuje svaki fikšn.

Bilo je neke misterije već u tome što možda kafic Kafka, tj. njegovi vlasnici i nisu nazvali svoj lokal kao apsurdnu posvetu ili posvetu apsurdna propalim trgovinama i pekarama koje su se tamo nalazile prije njih (a jedna od njih je i fragment pljačkaškog pretvorbenog kapitalizma prostakluka i sramote, a o strahu izgubljenih poslova i karijera da se i ne piše), ali i ako su naziv upotrijebili samo zato što se dakako u Kafki pije nešto notorno nazivom slučajno blisko, svejedno je sve to faktografsko-fenomenski višak u situaciji u kojoj Rem shvaća da Kusik ne dolazi na njihov dogovoreni termin susreta. Nešto je u zraku bilo neizvjesno i pogrešno, mislio je Rem, ali što sada s tim pa čovjek Kusik bi došao da je mogao, uvijek je došao...

Kusiku je život „pokupio“ tramvaj, u ulici koja je sve samo ne labirintna, na mjestu na kojem je zacijelo tisuću puta prešao ulicu – samo što je sada ta prometna pješačka zebra bila izbrisana, u nekoj bezveznoj ideji nedavnoga, ali povezano baš s previše savremenih smrti. Ta ista ulica je imala i dubinsko prostorno biće Muzeja, u kojem je Kusik proveo svoj 37-godišnji rad, i tamo je u tom Muzeju Kusik

rodnom gradu pokazivao i pripovijedao genij meandarskog lika vlastitoga sugrađanina Julija Knifera. Kako dovesti u vezu Kafku, Kusika i Knifera? Očito je, ali ipak je to dovodenje u vezu jednog labirinta misterijskoga Kafkina događajnog kretanja nečim naoko prečisto reallističnim, zatim retorički maestralno mišljenim neočekivana i zagonetačka skretanja u apliciranju Resnaisova filma u romaneskno remek djelo Luke Bekavca nazvano *Uranija*, te napokon nevjerovatno zabavnog meandarskoga kretanja slike nečim toliko intenzivnu mimetično ne-istim – kod Knifera. Sva trojica kreću se nečim kinetično uzbudljivim, preuzimaju, sva trojica, od realizma vrlo jasan privid da je sve jasno, a pri tom, sva trojica – pripovijedaju, a uz očitu malu pomoć meditativno jezičnog Bekavca te jednako zavodnog Resnaisa, misterij baš samoga jezika i njegove moći da iz trećeg podruma ili kata ispod svega izvuku čistu sliku i čist zvuk, koji tako izaziva jasnu misao i pun misaoni pot-hvat kritike svijeta. Što Kusik, Kafka i Knifer šalju kao kritiku? U čemu im to pomažu Bekavac i Resnais? Kao prvo, kretati se sporo i neizvjesno, uporno tražiti sve dok procesualnost traganja ne bude posve osviještena.

Benjamin Mautner, Osijek

Kafka and Kusik: Jewish identities between Prague and Osijek

In addition to the 100th anniversary of the Prague Jewish writer Franz Kafka, 6 years have also passed since the departure of Vlastimir Kusik, the long-time curator of the Museum of Fine Arts in Osijek of Jewish origin. With Kafkaesque tragic irony, Kusik died on the way to Kafka cafe in Osijek.

In 2018, Vlastimir Kusik and Goran Rem were supposed to meet in the Kafka cafe in Osijek, Rem himself said, because Kusik insisted in a phone conversation the day before that he had some important books to bring him, and he also insisted that Goran had something important to explain to him about one of them. Rem himself has never been to that cafe, although according to him - the cafe looked as it should, with an excellently chosen place, where at least three commercial attempts of some kind had previously died, approximately - a bakery, the ancient Sloboda and some others, but not remember which one. Even then, in May of that year, Kafka had a bit of a "status", but older young people increasingly preferred to gather there, those who started their urbanism in the early seventies in Troika, and now they prefer the semi-small Kafka terrace where is sufficiently cool, because

the climate is treading more and more fiercely and callously.

At that moment, Rem doesn't remember why the said cafe wasn't working then, he doesn't remember even though time hasn't really moved too far, but looking at it from a historical-factographical point of view - it was by no means certain that the meeting wouldn't take place in Kafka, even though was either a holiday or a Sunday when the coffee shop did not work, or maybe he was working an early evening shift. Namely, for their meeting and exchange of books for conversation, it did not matter whether Kafka was working or not, because the chairs of the café were available, and the wire that sews and protects them is loose and easily allows the very act of sitting down to happen, even though the waiters will not come. to routinely hate us.

Rem expected that Kusik would continue his at least ten-year fascination with the Kafkaesqueness of the labyrinth in the film *Last Year in Marienbad* with some quip. In every meeting, whoever brought a new topic, book, exhibition or concert to the option of browsing, watching or visiting, Kusik used any convenient rhetorical curve to lean into the labyrinth of that film

and its visual-atmospheric mystery, for which he put his hand into the fire that the best Kafkaism that has ever happened anywhere is outside of literature, and yet it is not a notorious life in which unquestionably and cruel everyday life fiercely and most Kafkaesquely defeats every fiction.

There was already some mystery in the fact that maybe the Kafka cafe, i.e. its owners, did not name their place as an absurd dedication or an absurd dedication to the failed shops and bakeries that were there before them (and one of them is also a fragment of the predatory conversion capitalism of simpletons and shame, and the fear of lost jobs and careers should not be written about), but even if they used the name only because of course in Kafka something notorious is drunk with a name that happens to be close, all the same it is a factual-phenomenal excess in the situation in which Rem understands that Kusik does not come to their agreed meeting date. Something in the air was uncertain and wrong, Rem thought, but what about that, the man Kusik would have come if he could, he always came...

Kusik's life was "picked up" by a tram, in a street that is anything but a labyrinth, in a place where he must have crossed the street a thousand times - only now that busy pedestrian crossing was erased, in some silly idea of the recent, but connected with too many untimely deaths. That same street also had the in-depth spatial

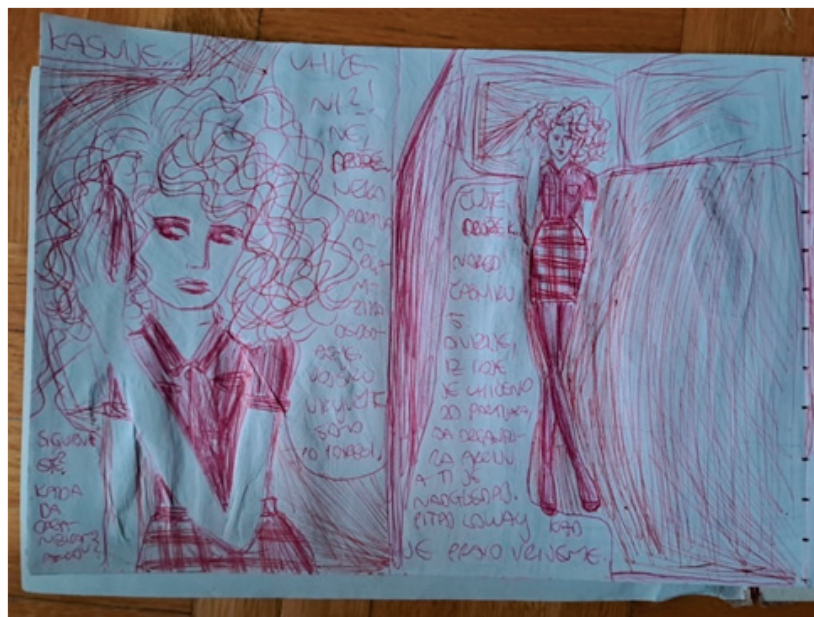
being of the Museum, where Kusik spent his 37 years of work, and there, in that Museum, Kusik showed and narrated the genius of the meandering character of his own fellow citizen Julij Knifer to the city where he was born. How to connect Kafka, Kusik and Knifer? It is obvious, but still it is the linking of a labyrinth of mysterious Kafka's event movement with something apparently too purely realistic, then unexpected and enigmatic turns in the application of Resnais's film to Luka Bekavac's novelistic masterpiece called *Urani-ja*, and finally an incredibly amusing meandering movement of the picture with something such an intense mimetic non-identity - in Knifer. All three of them move with something kinetically exciting, all three of them take over, from realism, a very clear impression that everything is clear, and at the same time, all three of them - narrate, and with the obvious little help of the meditatively linguistic Bekavac and the equally seductive Resnais, the mystery of language itself and its power to extract from the third basement or floor below everything a pure image and a pure sound, which thus evokes a clear thought and a full thought effort of criticizing the world. What do Kusik, Kafka and Knifer send as criticism? How do Bekavac and Resnais help them? First of all, move slowly and uncertainly, persistently search until we are fully aware of the process of the searching.

Lillie Rot

Komandant Kafka 1

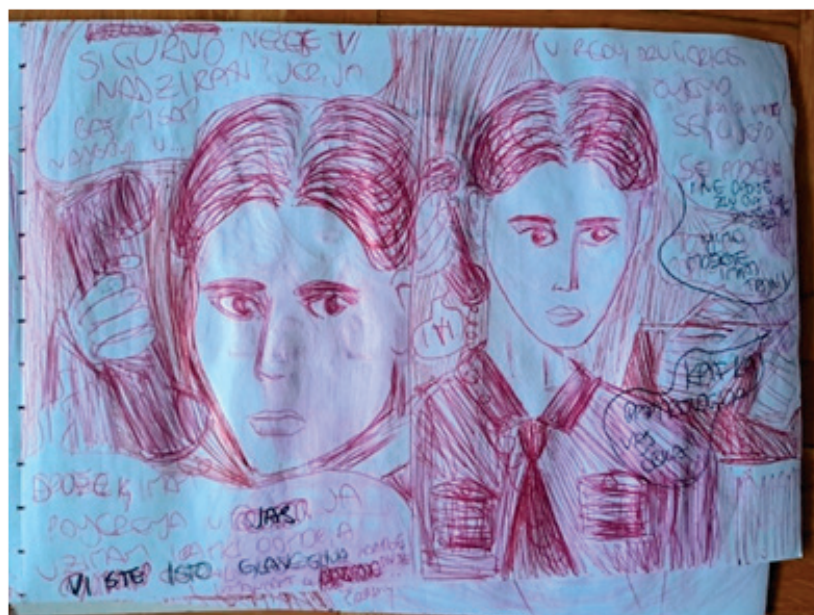
1 – Franz Kafka prima poziv za učlanjenje u židovski antifašistički pokret

Franz Kafka is invited to join Jewish antifascist movement



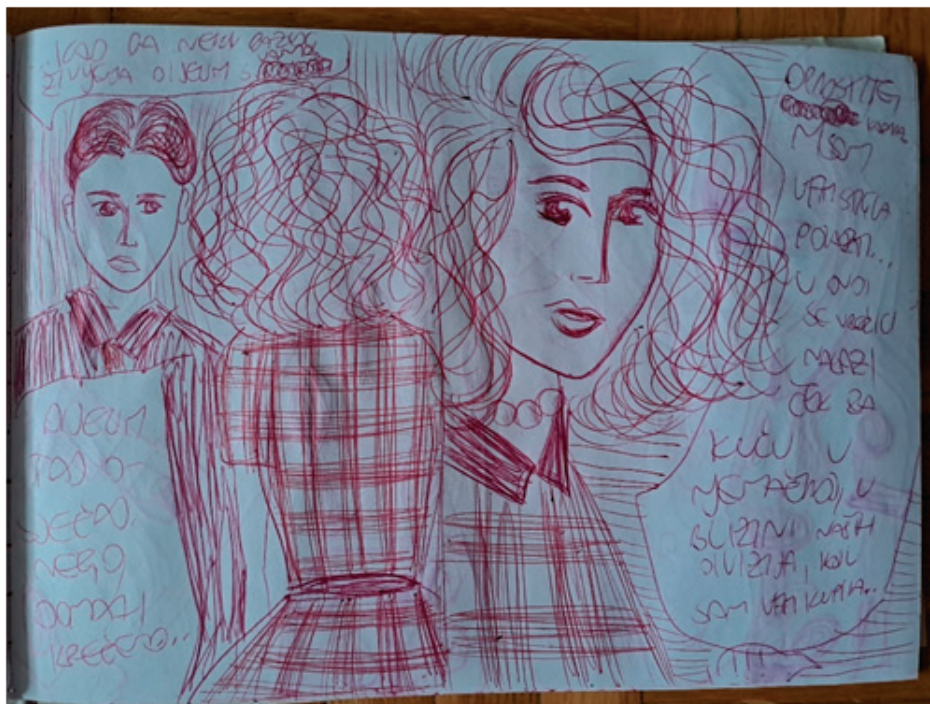
2 – Franz Kafka nije siguran može li biti dobar partizan s obzirom na poslovne dužnosti

Franz Kafka is not sure if he can be a good partisan considering his work duties



5 – Komandant Franz Kafka dobiva kuću u Njemačkoj od
Međunarodnoj antifašističkog pokreta

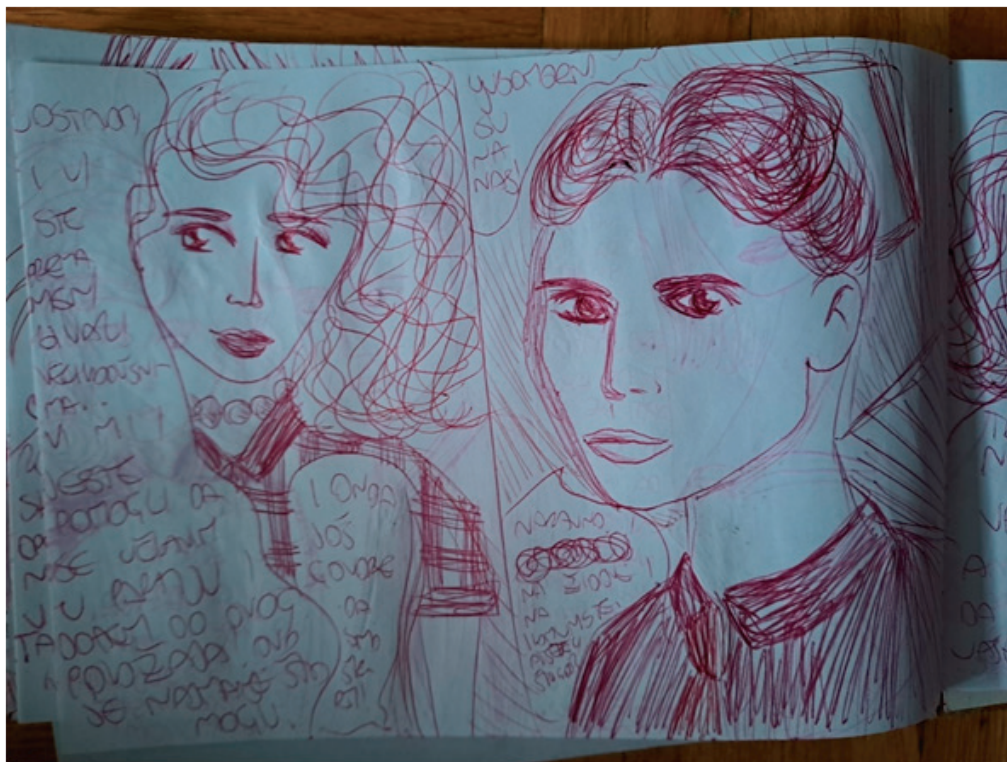
*Commander Franz Kafka receives a house in Germany by the
International Antifascist Movement*



6 – Komandant Kafka dobiva kodno ime kao član pokreta

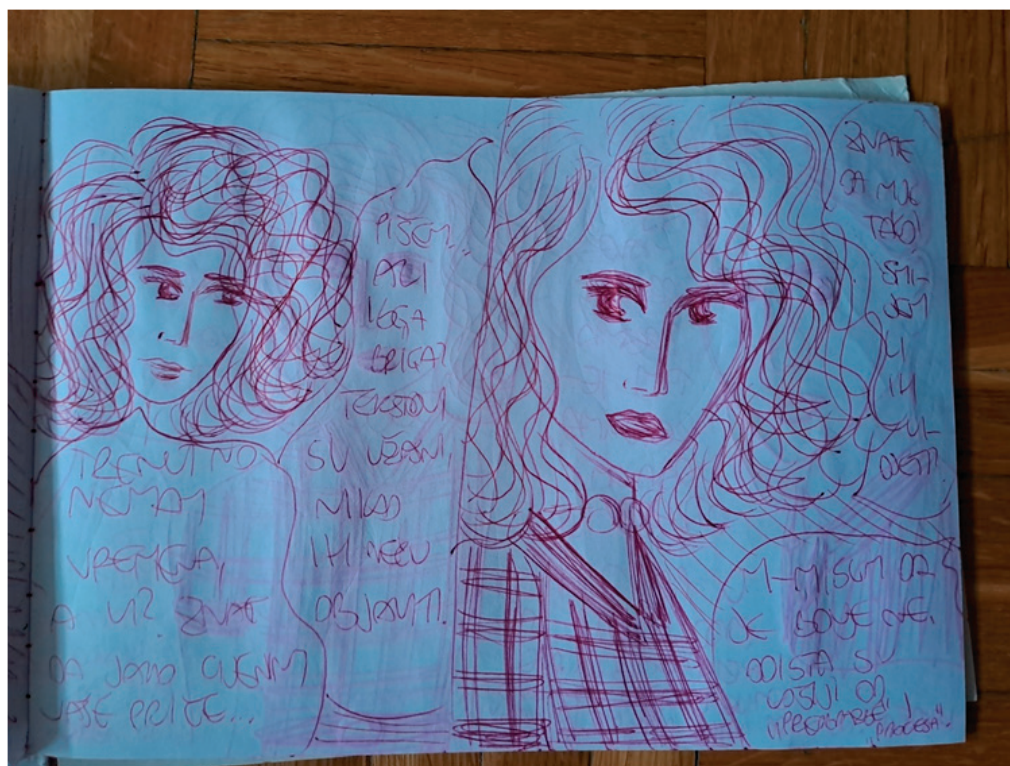
Commander Kafka receives a code name as a member of the antifascist resistance

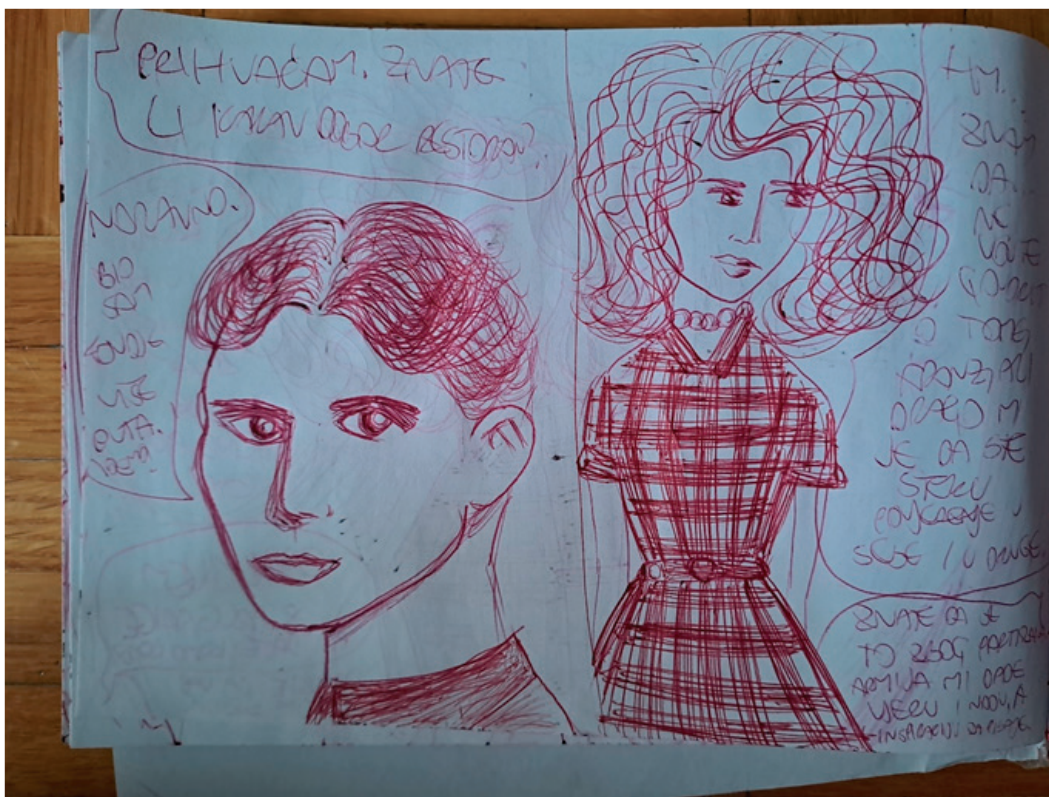




7 - Franz Kafka je samokritičan po pitanju svoje književnosti

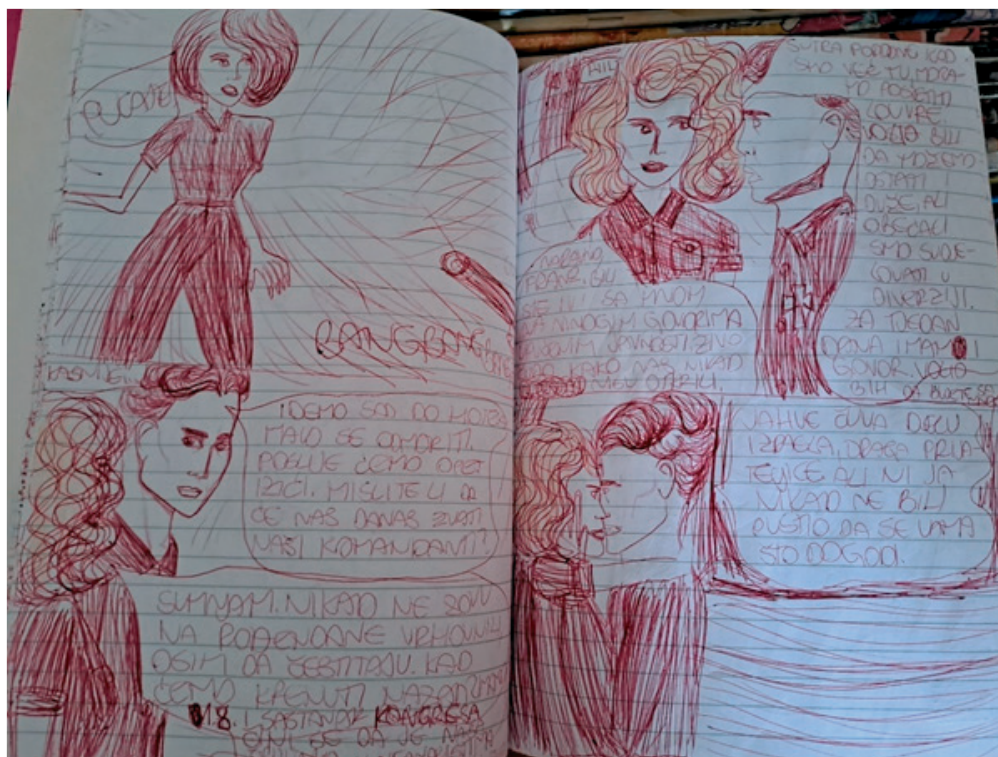
Franz Kafka is self-critical about his literature





10 - Usred rata, Franz odlazi u Pariz bez problema jer Bog čuva djecu Izraela...

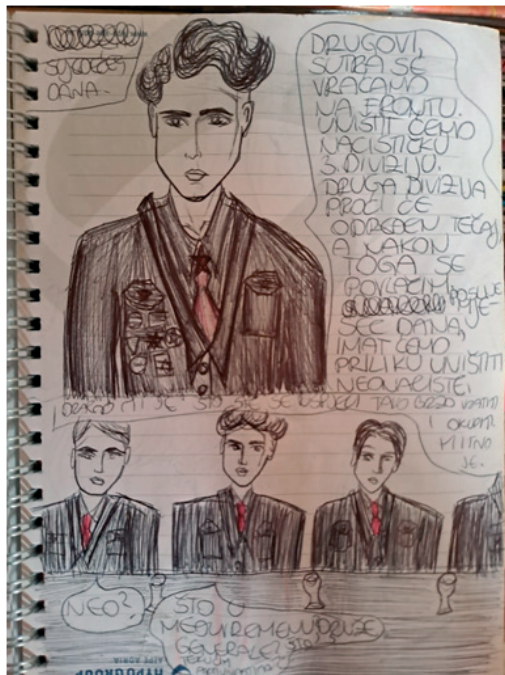
Franz travels to Paris during war without problems because God watches over children of Israel...



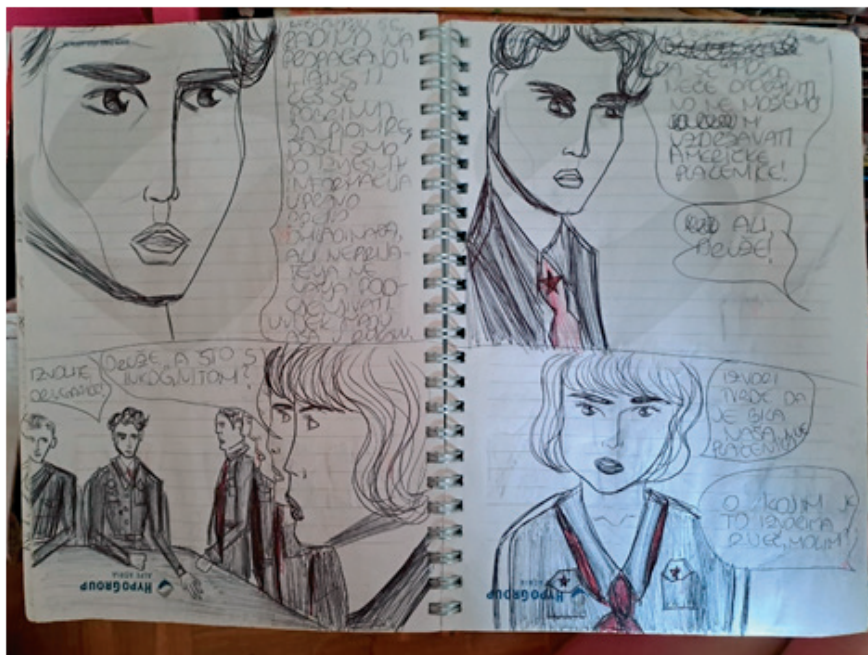
Lillie Rot

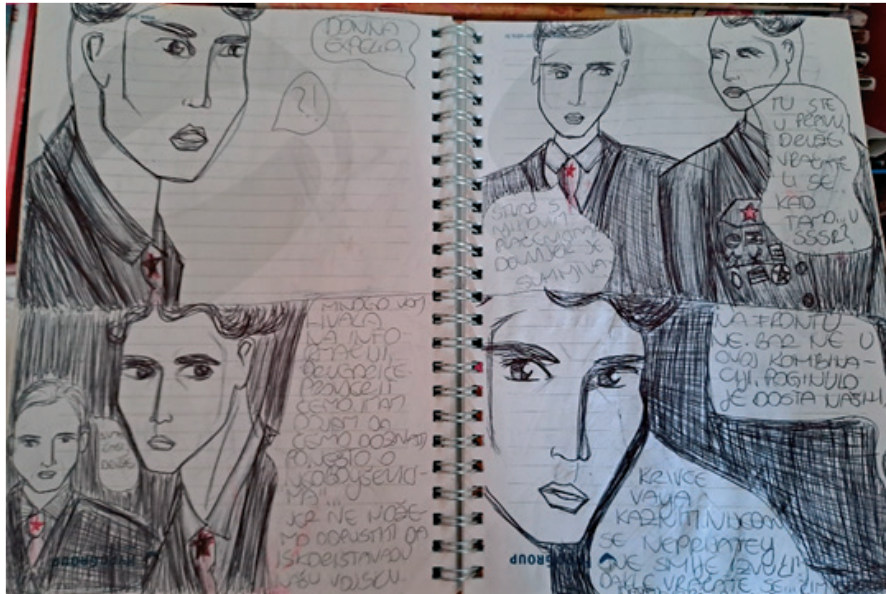
Komandant Kafka 2

1 – Komandant Franz Kafka okuplja židovske antifašističke divizije i organizira diverzije
In his new position of the Commander, Kafka gathers antifascist Jewish divisions and organizes partisan diversions

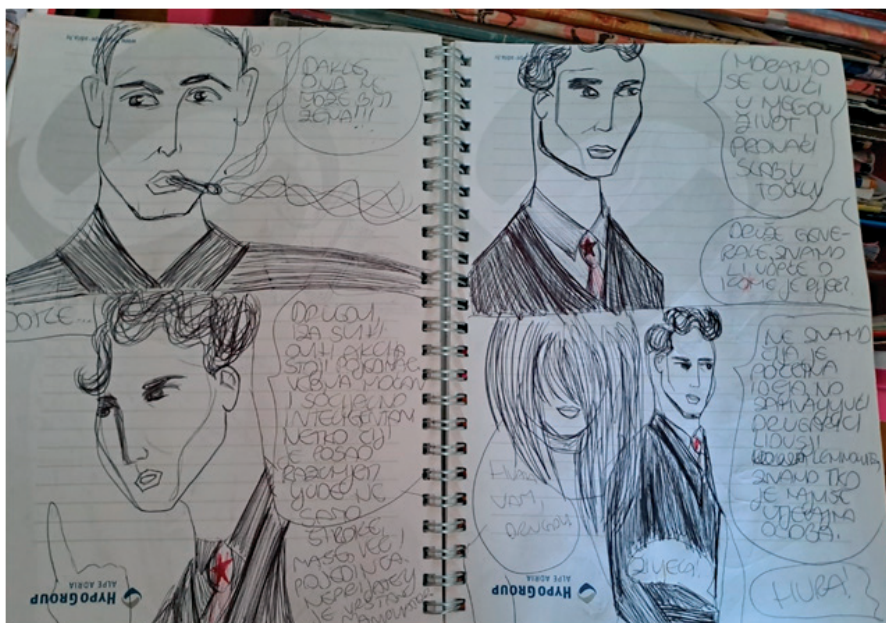


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2 - Komandant Kafka ustanovljuje da se u partizanskim redovima nalazi izdajica
Commander Kafka receives news about a traitor



Tilli O'Rich

Kako sam upoznala Kafku

Jedna od tri protagonistice "U ime kapitala" (objavljenog 2021., Meandar Media), poznata još i kao Čuvarica, Leddy, Noise, Carrie, Louana, Rowena. Glavna sporedna junakinja romana "Četiri dimenzije pobune" (2009.) i "Put u nepoznato" (2010.), djevojka poduzetnika Toda O'Richa i ekonomistica. Radnja ove priče odvija se za vrijeme njezinog studija slikarstva, šest godina prije radnje "U ime kapitala". Fragment je dio neobjavljenog romana "Zombi na respiratoru", napisanog 2014. godine i govori prvenstveno o Lininom upoznavanju Franza Kafke (Činovnika).

Prije više godina otišla sam u obilazak svoje najveće poslovne investicije otkako radim na Wall Streetu. Bilo je to neposredno prije Todovog uhićenja i početka mog rada kao zatvorske Čuvarice. Nepovratno sam uložila stotine milijardi kuna u izgradnju novog trgovačkog centra u Spačvi. Prije svega je bio namijenjen umjetničkim programima, a za danas je bila najavljena promocija knjiga. Ipak, usred šume auto se pokvario. Nikakve kvarove nisam očekivala. Moj mobitel nije imao signala da nazovem HAK, a najbliža naseljena kuća nalazila se više kilometara dalje. Kapitalu, kako sam se uplašila. Morala sam ostaviti auto i nastaviti hodati cestom. Vidljivost je bila slaba, a auti i inače rijetko prolaze ovamo. Hodala smo barem dva sata recitirajući sve molitve koje sam znala, umorna i izgubljena, kada je konačno bljesnulo svjetlo iz šume. Bio je to moj šoping-centar u koji sam i namjeravala otići. U ovo doba dana još je radio, ali začudo nije djelovao pun ljudi. Ugledala sam samo nekog tipa srednjih godina.

– Oprostite, znate li što se ovdje događa? Trebao sam predstaviti knjigu, ali nema nikoga.

– Ja sam financijerka ove trgovine. Mislila sam da će ljudi nagrnuti na besplatna umjetnička događanja jer se žale da ih je premalo!

– Ljudi slabo posjećuju kulturne programe kad nemaju kruha. Kao ekonomistica to ste trebali uračunati.

– Kakvu knjigu ste spomenuli? – rekoh.

– Roman "Proces".

– Nadala sam se da je ekonomski priručnik. Za ovo nisam prije čula. Zna-te, ja se bavim ozbiljnim poslom i nemam vremena za književnost...

– Mogu vam dati primjerak, ionako sve upućuje na to da večeras neću uspjeti podijeliti mnogo istih... danas sam svjetski priznat umjetnik, ali od toga nema kruha. U naletu krize izgubio sam posao u stabilnoj državnoj službi pa imam sreće što mi izdavači još uvijek vjeruju, iako književnost nije profitabilna. Na koga da posvetim? – upita.

– Tilli O'Rich, gospodine. Ako i sami kažete da književnost nije profitabilna, to je čini ekonomski nepotrebnom. Zamislite, novac koji bi se mogao iskoristiti kao poticaj za poduzetnike namijenjen je nečem neisplativom poput objavljivanja vaše knjige. Vi ste?

– Franz Kafka. Vjerojatno ste čitali neku moju knjigu za lekturu. Otkako sam umro, dosta sam popularan na Zapadu – reče – nemojte podcjenjivati moju djelatnost. Ja pridonosim kulturnoj izobrazbi društva isto kako vi pridonosite ekonomskoj.

– Pridonosim ekonomiji društva? Oprostite, ja pridonosim svojem vlastitom džepu i nitko ne može reći suprotno! Radim na burzi, znate li vi što to znači? Siromašne ljude poput vas nagovaram da uzmu rizični kredit, a zatim se kladim da ga neće moći otplatiti i dobijem milijune.

Neko vrijeme smo razgovarali dok nismo čuli glas čuvara.

– Trgovina je zatvorena. Morate van – reče čuvar bez lica.

– Ha! Mene time nećete zeznuti. Uložila sam veliki novac na burzi kako bi ovaj šoping-centar bio sagrađen! Ako mi se zamjerite, dobit ćete otkaz.

Franz i ja krenuli smo prema sredini šoping centra. Ipak, sada je bio pun ljudi. Svi su užurbano hodali okolo s vrećicama ili bez njih. Bila je gužva i žamor ljudi onemogućavao je nastavak razgovora.

– Jesi li primijetila da nitko od njih nema lice? Izgleda kao da je obrisano gumicom – upita on mene.

– Je li to neka književna metafora?

– Nije.

– To situaciju samo čini lakšom: neću imati problema s pronalaženjem nekih eventualnih poznanika jer oni imaju lica. Čak i novinari imaju lica. Zašto nikoga nema, kad bi trebao biti veliki članak o meni? Gledaj ima li tko lice.

– Ne bih bio tako siguran. Dominantna masa je ona bez lica. Moguće je da su socijalnim konvencijama prisilili i novinare da poštuju normu i obrišu facu.

– Ah, a čak nemaju ni Facebook da im vidim facu. Zapravo, kad razmislim, teško se više sjećam kako itko u mojoj blizini izgleda. Zar nije to čudno? A bila sam s normalnim ljudima do prije nekoliko minuta – zapitah sebe i njega.

– Tvoje sjećanje podliježe prilagodbi. Polako se navikavaš na svijet ljudi bez lica i uskoro ćeš se naviknuti. Bit će svejedno tko su ti roditelji, jer će se svi ljudi ponašati i misliti jednako. Valjda će kapitalici biti zadovoljni: napokon se svi ponašaju isto. Moramo paziti da očekivanje društva ne bi zahvatilo i nas – reče Franz Kafka pokazujući na veliki znak korporacije Consoom koji se nalazio nasred šoping-centra.

– Što hoćeš reći? Kapital je zaštitnik nas bankara! – uspotivih se. Ispred

Consoomovog znaka stajala je niska debela plava baba s licem. Imala je stisnute oči i nepromjenjivi cerek na licu. Svi su hodali prema njoj i klanjali se u ritmu njezinog recitiranja.

– Oh, pa ona je iz Udruge kapitalika. Jedina ima lice – prepoznah je.

– Nije ona jedina – pokaže mi Kafka smjer iz kojeg su dolazili ljudi s licima.

– Što je ovo? – upitali bi, našto bi ih ona nasmiješeno primila.

– Dobro došli. Vi ste jedan od nas i spremni ste prihvatiti Kapital – pjevala je u čudnom ritmu. Nakon nje, masa bi ponovila njezine riječi. Nastavili bi ih ponavljati sve dok pridošlici melodija ne bi toliko ušla u glavu da se pridruži pjevanju. Tada bi mu pristaše Udruge kapitalika polili lice kiselinom i dali predmete sa znakom korporacije Consoom.

– U ime Kapitala, Tržišta i Profita, napustili ste život beskapitalništva i sada ste kapitalici. Vi ste jedan od nas i prihvatili ste Kapital – otpjevala bi.

– Ja sam jedan od vas i prihvatio sam Kapital – prihvatio bi novajlija i pridružio se masi ljudi uništenoga lica. Tada bi mu momentalno ubrizgali čip u čeonu režanj.

– Vi ste naši i spremni ste prihvatiti Kapital – tada se predsjedajuća okrenula prema nama.

– Govorite pogrešnoj osobi! Ja sam odavno prihvatila Kapital, još prije

nego sam postala Velika mešetarka na Wall Streetu.

Masa nas je gurala prema naprijed. Kapitalu, zašto bi me tvoji podanici progonili? Zamolila sam gospođu za posljednje umivanje. Put do WC-a ima mnoge stranputice: u tom dugačkom, uskom hodniku mnogo je vrata. Tako smo pronašli protupožarne stube skrivene u strukturi zida. Kad je njima naše neizlaženje postalo sumnjivo, predsjedajućoj se istopio osmijeh. Svakoj bezličnoj osobi dala je zdjelu s kiselinom.

– Kapitalistite nam pridošlice! Operite njihove grijehe – zapovjedi im. Masa bezličnih ravnomyjnim je koracima navalila na protupožarne stube. Cijela je struktura građena poput labirinta.

– Kapitalu, zašto sam platila konceptualnim umjetnicima da ovako dizajniraju prostor?

– Jao, kako bi sad ovo u filmu riješili? Sigurno bi iskoristili tvoju knjigu za nešto pametno. Možemo bacati na njih primjerke.

– Ako im kiselina ispadne iz ruku, razlit će se i doći do nas.

– A mogli bismo im čitati! Tako bi u nekom romanu oni odjednom osjećajno shvatili da je književnost neka vrsta ljubavi, važnija od njihove sekte, i pustili nas – predložih.

– Zar niste vi ta koja književnost smatra potpuno beskorisnom? Znaete i sami da to pali kod imaginarnih li-

kova u filmovima, ali ne kod slijepih ovaca u stvarnosti – odgovori on.

– Ipak, ako bi kiselina nekako došla do rešetaka i rastočila ih, mogli bismo pobjeći – primijetih. Tako smo nastavili razmišljati. Oni su nas našli.

– Mi smo isto vaši i spremni smo prihvatiti Kapital! – uzviknuo je on. Oni su zbunjeno stali i počeli osvrutati svoje bezlične glave.

– Željeli bismo prvo kapitalištenje obaviti sami, uzajamno. Krstit ćemo jedno drugo. Dajte nam kiselinu – reče on.

– Znaju da kapitalištenje mora obaviti onaj koji već jest član – šapnula sam. Oni su zastali, propitujući tekućinu u svojim rukama. Činilo se da će upaliti, ali su iznenada počeli proizvoditi prigušeni zvuk bijesa.

– Nisu krivi, indoktrinirani su! Uzmi im zdjelu! – viknula sam bacajući knjigu iz njegovog džepa jednome od njih u glavu (nisam htjela bacati onu posvećenu). Franz Kafka uspio je uzeti zdjelu i baciti je na rešetke. Dok su se one topile, mi smo ih gađali preostalim knjigama. Tako smo uspjeli izići van. Trčali smo šumom sve do autoceste. Tamo sam shvatila da ga više nema. Valjda je otrčao u suprotnome smjeru. Tada sam vidjela benzinsku postaju. Dovezli su moj automobil kad sam im objasnila gdje se nalazi. Hvala Kapitalu, napokon sam natanakirala auto i vratila se natrag. Jednostavno je bilo nestalo goriva.

Sjela sam u auto i gledala prema šumi. Više se nije vidio onaj sjaj mog šoping-centra. Jedva sam čekala opustiti se uz Dnevnik. Najavili su neku posebnu gošću za danas. Kad je došla u studio, prepoznala sam u njoj predsjednicu sekte. U nekoj šumi otkrivena je njezina ilegalna vila blizu mog šoping-centra gdje se, kažu svjedoci, održavaju kapitalički rituali i vrše prisilne inicijacije novih članova. Velik broj ljudi je nestao, a velik broj s druge strane iskrsnuo niotkuda: kao da su unutra promijenili identitet.

– Broj naših pristaša raste velikom brzinom – konstatala je na Dnevniku – a nama je izuzetno drago da ljudi prepoznaju ulogu Kapitala u njihovu životu.

Zbog niske profitabilnosti, moj je šoping-centar zatvoren i protiv mene je podignuta višemilijunska tužba što sam izgubila veliki investicijski novac i pozicijom šoping-centra ugrozila stanovništvo.

Veoma mi se vrtjelo u glavi i mislila sam kako već spavam. Dok sam stavljala kaput na vješalicu, shvatila sam da se nešto nalazilo u unutarnjem džepu, a znam da nisam sa sobom nosila džepno izdanje “Kapitala”. Bila je to mala knjižica s naslovom “Proces”, na čijoj se prvoj stranici nalazila posveta Franza Kafke.

Tilli O'Rich

How I Met Kafka

One of the three protagonists of “In the name of Capital” (published in 2021, Meandar Media), also known as Čuvarica (“Guardian”), Leddy, Noise, Carrie, Louana, Rowena. The main supporting character of the novels “Four Dimensions of Rebellion” (2009) and “Journey into the Unknown” (2010), girlfriend of the entrepreneur Tod O'Rich and economist. The action of this story takes place during her painting studies, six years before the action “In the name of capital”. The fragment is a part of the unpublished novel “Zombie on a Respirator”, written in 2014, and primarily tells about Tilli's acquaintance with Franz Kafka (Clerk).

Several years ago I went on a tour of my biggest business investment since working on Wall Street. It was just before Tod's arrest and the beginning of my work as a prison guard. I irreversibly invested hundreds of billions of kunas in the construction of a new shopping center in Spačva. First of all, it was intended for art programs, and a book promotion was announced for today. However, in the middle of the forest, the car broke down. I did not expect any malfunctions. My cell phone had no signal to call HAC, and the nearest inhabited house was several kilometers away. Capital, how scared I was. I had to leave the car and continue walking on the road. Visibility was poor, and cars rarely pass here anyway. We walked for at least two hours reciting all the prayers I knew, tired and lost, when finally a light flashed from the forest. It was my shopping center where I intended to go. It was still working at this time of day, but surprisingly it didn't seem full of people. I only saw a middle-aged guy.

– Excuse me, do you know what's going on here? I was supposed to present the book, but no one is there.

– I am the financier of this store. I thought people would flock to free art events because they complain that there aren't enough of them!

– People hardly attend cultural programs when they have no bread. As an economist, you should have taken that into account.

– What book did you mention? – I said.

– The novel “The Process”.

– I was hoping it was an economic manual. I haven't heard of this before. You know, I'm busy with serious business and I don't have time for literature...

– I can give you a copy, anyway everything points to the fact that I won't be able to share many of the same tonight... today I am a world-renowned artist, but there is no bread from it. In the wake of the crisis, I lost

my job in a stable civil service, so I'm lucky that publishers still trust me, even though literature is not profitable. To whom should I dedicate? – he asked.

– Tilli O'Rich, sir. If you yourself say that literature is not profitable, that makes it economically unnecessary. Imagine, the money that could be used as an incentive for entrepreneurs is earmarked for something unprofitable like publishing your book. You are?

– Franz Kafka. You've probably read one of my reading books. Since I died, I am quite popular in the West – he said – do not underestimate my activity. I contribute to the cultural education of society just as you contribute to the economic education.

– Do I contribute to the economy of society? Sorry, I contribute to my own pocket and no one can say otherwise! I work on the stock market, do you know what that means? I get poor people like you to take out a risky loan, then I bet that they can't pay it back and I get millions.

We talked for a while until we heard the guard's voice.

– The store is closed. You have to get out – said the faceless guard.

– Ha! You won't screw me up with that. I invested a lot of money in the stock market so that this shopping center could be built! If you hold a grudge against me, you will be fired.

Franz and I headed towards the middle of the shopping center. Still, it was full of people now. Everyone was walking around hurriedly with or without bags. It was crowded and the murmur of people made it impossible to continue the conversation.

– Did you notice that none of them has a face? It looks like it was wiped with an eraser – he asked me.

– Is that a literary metaphor?

– It's not.

– This only makes the situation easier: I won't have any problems finding some potential acquaintances because they have faces. Even journalists have faces. Why is there no one, when there should be a big article about me? Look if anyone has a face.

– I wouldn't be so sure. The dominant mass is the faceless one. It is possible that social conventions forced journalists to respect the norm and wipe their faces.

– Ah, and they don't even have Facebook so I can see their faces. In fact, when I think about it, I hardly remember what anyone around me looks like anymore. Isn't that strange? And I was with normal people until a few minutes ago – I asked myself and him.

– Your memory is subject to adjustment. You are slowly getting used to the world of faceless people and soon you will. It will not matter who your

parents are, because all people will behave and think the same. I guess the capitalists will be satisfied: after all, everyone behaves the same. We have to be careful that society's expectations don't affect us too – said Franz Kafka, pointing to the large Consoom corporation sign that was in the middle of the shopping center.

– What do you want to say? Capital is the protector of us bankers! – I stopped myself. In front of Consoom's sign stood a short, fat, blond-faced grandmother. She had narrowed eyes and an unchanging grin on her face. Everyone walked towards her and bowed to the rhythm of her recitation.

– Oh, well, she is from the Association of Capitalists. The only one with a face – I recognized her.

– She is not the only one – Kafka showed me the direction from which the people with faces came.

– What is this? – they would ask, when she would receive them with a smile.

– Welcome. You are one of us and you are ready to accept Capital – she sang in a strange rhythm. After her, the crowd would repeat her words. They would keep repeating them until the newcomer got the tune into his head enough to join in the singing. Then the supporters of the Association of Capitalists would pour acid on his face and give him objects with the logo of the Consoom corporation.

– In the name of Capital, Market and Profit, you left the life of non-capitalism and are now capitalists. You are one of us and you have accepted Capital – she would sing.

– I am one of you and I accepted Capital – the newbie would accept and join the crowd of people with ruined faces. Then they would immediately inject a chip into his frontal lobe.

– You are ours and you are ready to accept Capital – then the chairwoman turned to us.

– You're talking to the wrong person! I accepted Capital a long time ago, even before I became a Big Broker on Wall Street.

The mass pushed us forward. Capital, why should your subjects pursue me? I asked the lady for the last wash. The way to the toilet has many detours: there are many doors in that long, narrow corridor. So we found fire escapes hidden in the wall structure. When they became suspicious of our non-appearance, the chairwoman's smile melted away. She gave each faceless person a bowl of acid.

– Capitalize us newcomers! Wash away their sins – command them. The mass of faceless people rushed towards the fire escape with steady steps. The whole structure is built like a labyrinth.

– Capital, why did I pay conceptual artists to design the space like this?

– Alas, how would you solve this in the movie? They would surely use your book for something clever. We can throw specimens at them.

– If the acid falls out of their hands, it will spill and reach us.

– And we could read to them! Thus, in some novel, they would suddenly understand emotionally that literature is a kind of love, more important than their sect, and let us go – I suggested.

– Aren't you the one who considers literature completely useless? You yourself know that it works with imaginary characters in movies, but not with blind sheep in reality – he replied.

– However, if the acid somehow got to the bars and melted them, we could escape – they noticed. So we kept thinking. They found us.

– We are also yours and we are ready to accept Capital! he exclaimed. They stopped in confusion and began to look back at their faceless heads.

– We would like to do the first capitalization ourselves, mutually. We will baptize each other. Give us acid – he said.

– They know that the capitalization must be done by the one who is already a member – I whispered. They paused, questioning the liquid in their hands. It looked like they were going to work, but suddenly they started making a muffled sound of anger.

– They are not guilty, they are indoctrinated! Get them a bowl! – I shouted, throwing a book from his pocket at one of them's head (I didn't want to throw the dedicated one). Franz Kafka managed to take the bowl and throw it on the bars. While they were melting, we pelted them with the remaining books. That's how we managed to get out. We ran through the forest all the way to the highway. There I realized that he was gone. I guess he ran in the opposite direction. Then I saw a gas station. They brought my car when I explained where it was. Thanks to Kapital, I finally filled up the car and went back. It simply ran out of fuel.

I sat in the car and looked towards the forest. The splendor of my shopping center was no longer visible. I couldn't wait to relax with Dnevnik. They announced a special guest for today. When she came to the studio, I recognized her as the president of the sect. Her illegal villa was discovered in a forest near my shopping center where, according to witnesses, capital rituals are held and forced initiations of new members are carried out. A large number of people disappeared, and a large number on the other hand appeared out of nowhere: it was as if they changed their identity inside.

– The number of our supporters is growing rapidly – she stated on Dnevnik – and we are extremely glad that people recognize the role of Capital in their lives.

Due to low profitability, my shopping center was closed and a multi-million lawsuit was brought against me for losing a large amount of investment money and endangering the population with the position of the shopping center.

My head was very dizzy and I thought I was already asleep. As I put my coat

on the hanger, I realized that there was something in the inside pocket, and I know that I didn't have the pocket edition of "Capital" with me. It was a small booklet with the title "The Process", on the first page of which there was a dedication by Franz Kafka.

Lina Jelačić (“U ime kapitala”)

Imperativ slobode: prvi susret s Franzom

Jedna od tri protagonistice “U ime kapitala” (objavljenog 2021., Meandar Media), poznata još i kao Umjetnica, Nikolina, Linija, Linney, Nickey. Pripovjedačica romana “Četiri dimenzije pobune” (2009.) i “Put u nepoznato” (2010.). Radnja ove priče odvija se za vrijeme njezinog studija slikarstva, šest godina prije radnje “U ime kapitala”. Fragment “Imperativ slobode” dio je neobjavljenog romana “Zombi na respiratoru”, napisanog 2014. godine i govori prvenstveno o Lininom upoznavanju Franza Kafke (Činovnika).

Lina je ponovno bila u svom stančiću. Naime, otkako je nastupila kriza, Lina nema sredstava za fizički odmor, pa zato koristi sredstva za psihički odmor: gledanje dalekovidnice i korištenje društvenih mreža. Tog je dana nabasala na obavijest da se u kazalištu upravo priprema novi mjuzikl poznatog autora koji je jako htjela gledati, ali je otkrila da bi mogla i osobno sudjelovati. Predstava je inspirirana klasičnim romanima, a na stranici Kazalište.eu objavljen je poziv na audiciju svima zainteresiranima.

– Otvara se audicija za nove glumce koji bi utjelovili likove u predstavi U registraturi – bila je puna poruka.

Lina se nikad dotad nije bavila glumom, ali zašto ne bi pokušala? Glumom se može bolje zaraditi nego slikarstvom. Svaka umjetnička duša lako može promijeniti formu izražavanja. Slika ili glazba, gluma ili poezija: sve su to različite kategorije istoga pojma. Zato nije gubila vrijeme, nego se uputila u smjeru kazališta.



Lina i Franz

– Gdje se odvijaju audicije za novi mjuzikl? – upitala je Lina, a zaposlenik na ulazu bez riječi joj je pokazao u kojem smjeru treba ići.

– Hvala.

– Nemojte se uplašiti – doviknuo je portir – imaju vrlo realističnu scenografiju.

Kročivši u prostor pozornice, Lina se osjećala kao da se nalazi u drugom svijetu. U znanstvenofantastičnoj interaktivnoj inačici klasičnog romana “U registraturi”, likovi su bježali od neke nevidljive sile. To je znala iz medija, ali nije nikad vidjela dramski tekst.

– Gdje mogu dobiti tekst, molim? – upitala je, ali odgovora nije bilo.

– Ne treba vam! Akcija!

Lina je morala improvizirati bez da se uopće uspjela pripremiti, što joj pak nije predstavljalo problem. Znajući da se mora naučiti fleksibilnosti na tržištu rada, promatrala je što rade ostali glumci.

– Ovo je akcijski prizor – šapnuo je jedan od članova ansambla – samo prati što mi ostali radimo. Potrebno je vidjeti koliko brzo si u stanju usvojiti koreografiju i kako se snalaziš u nepoznatim okolnostima.

Prizor kaotičnog bježanja promijenio se u savršeno uvježbanu koreografiju, usred koje se Lina našla, ne znajući korake. Pokušavala je imitirati pokrete plesača, ali bila je spora i odudarala od većine.

– Stop! Stop! Što je ovo? – vikao je redatelj predstave.

– Ispričavam se, niste mi pokazali korake!

– Korake! Ona bi da joj se pokaže! Pokazat ću ja tebi – vikao je ljutito – misliš li da su ostali vidjeli korake? E pa nisu! A plešu besprijeekorno! Znaš li što je to audicija?

Lina je šutke gledala pred sebe.

– Nadam se da si bolja u glumi. Dalje! Akcija!

Likovi su se iznenada uznemirili, koreografija se ubrzala, a na kraju dina-

mične plesne scene, Lina je izletjela prema naprijed kao u kakvom stripu, srušivši nekog čovjeka koji je upravo htio sjesti u publiku.

– Sram te bilo! – derao se redatelj predstave – tako spopasti našeg književnika!

– Književnika? – Lina je pokušavala ustati, ali nije mogla jer je završila ravno ispod stolice.

– To je autor dramskog teksta, glupačo! Ispričaj se i briši otamo! – vikao je redatelj.

– Polako, gospodine redatelju! Nemojte se tako ophoditi prema kandidatkinji! – rekao je srušeni čovjek.

– Oprostite, nisam htjela, ali ne...

– Sve je u redu, samo idi! A ti, književniče, ne soli mi pamet! Budi sretan što sam uzeo tvoj tekst! – nastavio je redatelj.

– NE MOGU USTATI! – viknula je Lina, našto joj autor teksta pomogne.

– Idemo odavde – rekao je i izveo je van, a direktor je nastavio psovati oboma.

– Nemojte ništa shvatiti osobno. Bili ste odlični i drago mi je što niste dobili ulogu jer bi vas svakim nastupom direktor sve više degradirao. Tako radi sa svima od kojih nema osobnog financijskog interesa – objasnio je autor.

– Hvala... a vi ste taj Franz Kafka? Poznato ime...

– Da, poprilično sam poznat među autorima dramskih tekstova.

Lini se pojavio upitnik nad glavom. Franz Kafka nikad nije pisao dramske tekstove!

– Bavite se glumom?

– Zovem se Lina Jelačić – reče pognutе glave – ne studiram glumu, nego slikarstvo. Nisam trebala ni misliti da mogu glumiti.

– Tako vam je i bolje, vjerujte mi. Ne postoji nijedno luksuzno zanimanje: sva su temeljena više na formi nego na sadržaju. Zato se nemojte brinuti. Imate li malo vremena? Budući da smo oboje umjetnici, vjerujem da bi koristila razmjena ideja.

– Sad imam malo vremena. Hajde, ja idem tramvajem, a vi uzмите bus pa ćemo se vidjeti na glavnom trgu.

I svatko je otišao na svoju stranu. Franz je stigao tri minute poslije Line, ispričao se što je bus kasnio i predložio odlazak u šetnju.

– Zašto šetnju? Sad smo se provozali. Idemo u kafić – inzistirala je ona. Unatoč oklijevanju s njegove strane, na kraju su završili u bučnom kafiću gdje nisu uopće mogli čuti jedno drugo. Nakon točno sat vremena, Lina je rekla da više nema vremena jer mora nazad na društvene mreže, ali da bi bilo lijepo ponovno se sresti. Obećala je da će doći pogledati predstavu kad bude gotova. Franz joj je htio dati pozivnicu da uđe s njim kako ne bi

morala platiti za kartu, ali je trebao adresu njezinog profila na mrežama Fejs i ŠtaIma budući da je pozivnica elektronička. Pola cijele komunikacije bilo je u formi razmjene elektroničkih identiteta: on je tipkao po zamišljenim tipkama njenog ekrana, ona po njegovim. Umjesto fizičkog nalaženja, dogovorili su online razgovor za sutra.

Predstava

Kao studentica umjetnosti, Lina je nastojala redovito posjećivati kazališta, nova i stara.

– Vidjela sam reklamu za otvorenje jednog novog privatnog kazališta predviđenog za svjetske događaje – otipkala je Franzu na ŠtaIma.

– Ali to nije sve – odgovorio joj je kao da je riječ o nekakvoj reklami – također će biti premijera mjuzikla u kojem si trebala glumiti. Ideš sa mnom?

– Naravno!

Susreli su se izravno pred kazalištem. Ušavši unutra, bila je oduševljena: predivni balkoni i parteri bili su na razini građevina iz 19. stoljeća. Nije uopće djelovalo urbanistički i minimalistički kao ostale moderne zgrade.

– Riječ je o novoj kulturnoj investiciji jednog poznatog poduzetnika – objasnio je Franz, vidjevši njezino oduševljenje zgradom. Sve je bilo dosta zamračeno, a Lina je sjela na mjesto s kojeg se ništa nije vidjelo. Smatrajući da njezin dolazak nije bio predviđen,

prihvatila je jednu diskretnu stolicu iz kuta iz kojeg se ništa ne vidi.

– Glupost! – viknuo je Franz – moraš sjesti sa mnom u prvi red. Imamo počasna mjesta jer sam autor dramskog teksta.

– Sigurno će se redatelju predstave smučiti ako me vidi – rekla je Lina s grčem u želucu.

– Ništa se ne brini. Ja ću sve riješiti, ako bude bilo potrebno!

Ali, nije bilo. Svi počasni gosti s oduševljenjem su pozdravili Franzovu neočekivanu pratnju, uključujući i redatelja, koji je očigledno nije prepoznao. Lini je bilo neugodno nalaziti se u centru pozornosti pa je nastojala što manje promatrati ljude koji su oduševljeno piljili u njezinu šljokičastu haljinu iz Tacca. Svjetla se nisu još bila ugasila kad se pojavio niz osoba u zatvorskim uniformama s lancima oko nogu. Bilo je i djece kojima su oči mijenjale boju ovisno o kutu upada svjetla, a sve je puno sponzorskih natpisa “Consoom. S vama kroz život”. U tom trenutku, uletjele su osobe u kostimima sekjuritija te naizgled ugušile nekoliko nesimpatičnih osoba u lancima. Lina je stisnula Franzovu ruku, oduševljena iluzijom predstave.

– Efektno, ha? – šapnuo je Franz – htio sam dojam realizma.

Shvativši da predstava već traje, Lina je navalila na kokice. Franz je pogledavao prema njoj, ne želeći joj prigovoriti za nekulturno ponašanje.

Njezina naivnost bila mu je čak simpatična.

Glumci su bili odjeveni kao posjetitelji, a zatvorenici su na pozornici glumili kao u reality showu. Četiri Vile letjele su okolo i razgovarale s gledateljima.

– Ovo baš i nije realistično – šapnula je Lina Franzu, ne znajući odakle scenaristu takva ideja. Franz je šutio, i sam zatečen prizorom, nesiguran je li to uopće bilo u njegovom dramskom tekstu.

– Nije jasno tko je glumac, a tko posjetitelj, što je predstava, a što fikcija – šapnuo je Franz – upravo kako sam zamislio.

Iznenada je došlo nekoliko žena u zatvorskim uniformama koje su tvrdile da je Lina sjela na njihovo mjesto.

– Rekla sam ti! Znala sam da će netko reći kako sam mu zauzela mjesto! – odmah se uvrijedila Lina.

– Ne obaziri se – dodao je Franz nesigurno – to je sve dio predstave.

Lina je uvjerenost kimnula glavom, a žene su otišle, frustrirane neuspjehom.

“Dio predstave... ali ne moje”, pomislio je Franz, ne znajući kako odreagirati na toliku umjetničku slobodu redatelja predstave.

– Franz, razumiješ, morali smo prilagoditi radnju tržištu. Tvoj tekst je bio naporan, dosadan! Tko više uop-

će čita klasične romane? – šapnuo je redatelj, kao da mu je pročitao misli.

– Dragi gledatelji, dobrodošli u prvu epizodu novog reality showa. Pratit ćemo događanja između zatvorenika u Zatvoru za nezaposlene. Danas smo pustili unutra običnu publiku, ali od sutra će sudionici showa biti potpuno sami. Natječu se za veoma vrijednu nagradu: zapošljavanje i izlazak iz Zatorva.

– Kakav je to mjuzikl? Nije mi jasno gdje završava stvarnost, a gdje počinje predstava – prigovorila je Lina.

– To je bio i cilj – otrebao se Franz, ne želeći priznati Lini da to nije prema njegovom dramskom tekstu.

– Vrti mi se u glavi.

Franz je zagrlio Linu, paralelno šapćući redatelju:

– Stvarno ste pretjerali. Ovo nema veze s mojim tekstom. Sve je previše živčano i neshvatljivo. Predstava je nalik na reality show!

– Dobili ste novac, što još želite? – pitao je redatelj – Financijeri su bili nezadovoljni. Budite sretni da sam uspio spasiti predstavu! Htjeli su nam svima otkazati ugovor!

– Tko financira?

– Novi Svijet.

Iz trave na pozornici su izlazili žohari, a jedna Vila ih je pokušavala zdrobiti potpuno bezuspješno. Uхватила ju je tjeskoba pa je kriknula i udarila u

bijeg. Da, svakako! Nije mogla trčati jer su joj noge bile previše teške. Nije ih uspijevala podići. Nije ih uspijevala pomaknuti.

– Vile i žohari? – Franz se zgražao, a redatelj je samo slegnuo ramenima.

– Zahtjevi Novog Svijeta!

Vila je pala na tlo i sklupčala se. Jedan žohar bio je drukčiji od ostalih. Djelovao je ranjeno. Došao je do Vile i nježno je pogledao, a zatim pružio nožicu prema njoj. Digao ju je u zrak i letjela je na velikom žoharu zajedno s četiri Vile koje su je začuđeno gledale.

– Žohari, zbilja? – pogledala ga je Lina.

– Zar nisi pročitala “Preobražaj”?

– Jesam, ali tamo se ne radi o žoharima, nego o nekakvoj stonogi.

– Nisam htio da kažu da ponavljam uvijek jednu te istu ideju pa sam u dramski tekst stavio drugu vrstu kukca.

Lina nije izgledala uvjereno.

– Vidjet ćeš, imat ćeš drukčiji stav o predstavi za nekoliko dana... kad ti se slegnu dojmovi.

Tramvaj

Unatoč početnom skepticizmu, Franz je bio u pravu. Nakon nekoliko dana, Lini su se doista slegli dojmovi. Predstava je otvorila nalet nove inspiracije za njezino slikanje. Uzela je papir i počela crtati divne prizore koji su joj se nizali u glavi. Slikala je i slikala, ne

stajući satima, dok nije sve bilo gotovo. “Možda konačno uspijem položiti predmet kod Mesaričke...”

Na papiru se nalazilo mnoštvo šarenih boja, a dominirala je nježna tirkizna pučina uz pješčanu morsku obalu. Veliki valovi udarali su u usidrene barke, a pod vodom su se nazirali šareni morski ježinci. Plavokosa djevojka skupljala je ježince sa zamišljenim izrazom lica, čeznutljivo gledajući na horizont između tirkiznog mora i srebrnog neba. Zatim je učitala sliku na pametni brzoglas i podijelila ju je ŠtaIma.

– Što traži ta cura sa slike? – utipkao je Franz na svoj brzoglas – Djeluje izgubljeno...

– Voda joj je prevruća pa se ne može kupati – Lina je stavila smješka koji sliježe ramenima – zato čeka da se temperatura ohladi. Objasni mi ako imaš bolju ideju.

– Ne, ne. Dublje je od toga.

– Dublje? Ne, nije jako duboka voda. Može se okupati i ako ne zna plivati.

– Nisam to mislio. Djevojka s tvoje slike djeluje istinski zabrinuto... gotovo kao da ima kredit u francima.

– Kredit u Franzima? – i tu je bio zbunjeni smajlič. Franz je nastavio analizirati sliku:

– Na desnoj strani se naziru nekakve odbačene igračke... vjerojatno je usput naišla na njih, želeći ih pokloniti bratu, ali joj je društvo to zamje-

rilo pa ih je ostavila da trunu. Društvo radije baca višak resursa u nepovrat, nego da ih besplatno prepusti nekome. Naglasak nije na pojedinačnoj osobi, nego na odnosu društvo-pojedinac i priroda-civilizacija. Tamo lijevo na plaži je suncobran, zapravo naizgled suncobran, ali tko se bolje zagleda vidjet će da je u pitanju kišobran... spremanje za teške dane. U pozadini je multipleks koji izgleda kao da jede morsku obalu. Sa strane je nekakav zalutali nilski konj kojemu je uništeno prirodno stanište. Tehnologija uništava humanizam i prirodu – tekst je bio list, što je Linu začudilo. Obično ljudi stavljaju po jednog smajlića u svaku rečenicu, ali ovo je čisti sadržaj.

– Hvala ti – Lina je stavila dva smajlića koja se grle i jednog koji se smješka – vidi se da si književnik. Hoćeš li mi to nekad pojasniti?

– Čim budeš imala vremena – izgledao je odgovor. Tako su dogovorili nekakvo nalaženje. Sutradan su se sreli, a Lina se teško uspijevala othrvati da ne tipka cijelo vrijeme susreta. Osjećala se kao da ju vrijeme stišće i guši. Što ako joj je netko upravo sad poslao poruku na pametni brzoglas, a ona gubi vrijeme u kafiću umjesto da je na mreži? Franz, s druge strane, brzoglas koristi samo dok je na poslu. Pri izlasku van ga zaključa u ladicu i ne želi ga ni pogledati u realnom životu.

– Ali dopisujemo se jako često! Koliko ti puno radiš? – čudila se Lina.

– Nova vlada je uvela radno vrijeme od 12 sati dnevno za zaposlenike svih firmi – objasnio je – i jedino efikasno je pisati ili dopisivati se. Stvarni rad traje možda šest sati po danu ili manje, ali bitno je provoditi vrijeme tamo. Naime, ne radi se svaki dan: uvijek u 7 ujutro šef javi treba li u 8 doći na posao ili ne. Tako da nekad imam cijeli dan slobodno. Isto tako, može se dogoditi da nedjeljom hitno treba nekog tko će uskočiti.

– Zar svaki dan u 7 ujutro moraš biti spreman uskočiti u tramvaj? – čudila se Lina – ali može se dogoditi i da ne moraš otići?

– Upravo tako. Ne treba nas onda čuditi što su mladi nemotivirani za studij ako ih takav posao čeka – slegnuo je Franz ramenima – osim toga, svaka dva mjeseca ugovor se produljuje. Ne znaš nikad hoćeš li dobiti produžetak ili ne, zbog toga i moraš dolaziti na svaki poziv. Nekad se čak radi i noćna smjena, odnosno od 8 navečer do 8 ujutro, ali sve je jako fleksibilno.

– Zar fleksibilno nije dobro? To znači da se možeš prilagoditi – rekla je Lina – u novinama uvijek napišu da treba “fleksibilizirati tržište rada” i onda stavljaju fotki od ljudi koji rade špagu jer su fleksibilni i pokretljivi.

– Fleksibilno ne znači da se netko tebi prilagođava, nego da 24 sata dnevno 7 dana u tjednu moraš biti nekom na raspolaganju. Ne možeš ništa planirati unaprijed jer je sve neizvjesno i nesigurno – objasnio je.

– Zar to nije pomalo stresno? – Lina baš nije razumjela kontradikciju između životnog iskustva i onog što je čitala u novinama.

– Fleksibilnost znači život u stalnom stresu, riziku i neizvjesnosti. Svaki dan kao da ispunjavaš loto listić: kladuš se hoće li te šef pozvati na posao ili ne. Dakako, koliko puta te pozove, toliko ti onda i naplati. Ako mu se netko drugi više sviđa za neki posao, može te tjednima uopće ne pozvati i tako dobiješ plaćeno samo tri dana koja radiš taj mjesec. Onda se pitaš, ako te tri tjedna nije zvao, vrijedi li još uvijek tvoj ugovor, hoće li ga obnoviti, trebaš li tražiti drugi posao. A režije i hranu treba plaćati. Sve je super ako nemaš još i kredit.

Lini se zavrtjelo u glavi od previše informacija. Zato je srknula svoju toplu čokoladu i zgrabila brzoglas.

– Oprosti, moram pogledati je li mi se tko javio. Stalno sam krcata informacijama.

Iskočila joj je sličica iz grupe “Slikari Kapitaličke Republike, ujedinite se”.

– Lajk. Ne, onda će ispasti kao da me nije briga. Srce.

Nije mogla apsorbirati tolike podatke: pred njom bi trebao biti cijeli život. Još uvijek je studentica pa se zasigurno ne može baviti problemima nekog tko je već zaposlen. Nije mogla točno procijeniti koliko je Franz stariji od nje.

Prekvalifikacija

Lina se najzad vratila odluci od koje ju ni Franz nije uspijevao odgovoriti. Zašto bi živjela kao slikarica cijeli život? Njezina ideja da postane slavna glumica neslavno je propala, ali možda postoji druga mogućnost. Ona boje osjeća u sebi, ali društvo nema koristi od toga da ih iznosi prema van. Osjećala je grižnju savjesti što postoji mogućnost da bi dobivala plaću za škranje po platnu koje nikoga ne može nahraniti. Pred njom se prostirala pregršt mogućnosti... ali, koja je ispravna? Kako donijeti pravu odluku?

– Ne brini se – govorio joj je Franz – radi ono što voliš! Ako je to slikarstvo, onda slikaj!

– Čak ni ti ne živiš od svog pisanja!

– Nisam to ni namjeravao – rekao je Franz – volim svoj posao.

– Možda i ja trebam raditi nešto drugo osim slikanja.

– Ne trebaš! Ja ću se brinuti za tebe.

Međutim, Lina se željela brinuti sama za sebe! Čemu onda fakultetsko obrazovanje?

– Franz, u kojem ti stoljeću živiš? Želiš da ovisim o tebi?

“Što je s tim loše?”, pomislio je, “Ženski rad bio je samo nusproizvod svjetskih ratova...”

Njemu u inat, Lina je predala zahtjev za stipendiju jednomjesečnog programa Centra za prekvalifikacije, a

on ju je morao pritom podupirati. Administrativka Ana P. javila je da dokumente može ispuniti tek u sljedeći ponedjeljak, jer sad je srijeda, a nitko normalan ne dolazi predati dokumente u srijedu.

Je li doista spremna da ponovno prolazi kroz cijeli taj stres? Zbog čega? Pa upisala je fakultet koji je željela. Ali, jesu li njezine želje bile u skladu sa tržištem rada? Lina je odlučila da bi osim slikarstva svakako morala završiti medicinu ili barem, ako ništa drugo, kemiju. Sjetila se da je svake godine išla na popravni iz kemije, ali tržište rada treba više novih znanstvenika...

Za vrijeme pisanja prijave za stipendiju, u njoj se pojavio strah od neuspjeha. Prostorija u kojoj su se nalazili podnositelji zahtjeva bila je jako lijepa i velika, a hrpa administrativnih zaposlenika s dugačkim bradama sjedilo je kao Europska komisija u njezinim noćnim morama: sa velikim škarama.

“Moramo rezati”, govorili su opakim tonom, a Lina se nije mogla koncentrirati na popunjavanje prijave. Non-stop je krajičkom oka gledala diže li koji od njih kakvo oružje.

– U čemu je problem? Moramo prerezati jedan nevažeci dokument – komentirala je zbunjena zaposlenica Ana P., ustanovivši Lininu fiksaciju na škare u njezinim rukama.

Linu je uhvatila vrtoglavica, iznenada su je spopali grčevi i nije više imala

mjesta na prijavnici. Vrijeme je bilo isteklo i bradati muškarci su pokupili prijavnice. Bojala se da nije stigla ispuniti dovoljno informacija da bi joj odobrili stipendiju. Lina se sva tresla dok je administrativka Ana P. printala pisane povratne informacije, a onda je u strašnoj tjeskobi istrčala van, bacajući papir na pod.

– Cijenimo vašu brigu za okolišem. Poslat ćemo vam rezultate digitalnim putem – doviknula je Ana P. uljudnim administrativnim glasom, ali Lina ju više nije mogla čuti. Ne samo da je istrčala, nego je trčala pet kilometara do stančića u podnajmu umjesto da uzme tramvaj kao svi normalni ljudi.

– Hajde, Lina – neuspješno ju je tješio Franz – tko kaže da nećeš dobiti stipendiju?

– Zauvijek ću biti beskorisna slikarica! – plakala je.

– Možda je predodređeno da se baviš upravo slikarstvom i na taj način popravljaš svijet! – pokušavao ju je oraspoložiti Franz, ali ona je briznula u još gori plač.

Linu je uvelike oraspoložilo kad ju je Franz odveo na izlet. Uživala je u šetnji drugim gradom tijekom cijelog vikenda, fokusirana na Franza, zaboravljajući neizvjesnost svoje budućnosti.

Pri kraju vikenda, odlučila je susresti se s nekadašnjom stranačkom kolegicom Dajanom, no to se pokazalo potpuno pogrešnom odlukom.

– Svako zanimanje je jednako vrijedno, samo su neka vrjednija od drugih – podbadala je Dajana – hajde, hajde, nemoj se živcirati jer si izabrala neprofitabilno zanimanje. Nije vrijedno toga. Ima hrpa drugih stvari zbog kojih se trebaš živcirati, na primjer, kako ćeš uopće završiti bilo kakav studij s obzirom na svoje radne navike.

Franz je pogledom prostrijelio Dajanu, koja je odmah pobjegla, a Lina se potpuno ovjesila i odbijala daljnji razgovor.

– Ne slušaj nju, slikarstvo je vrlo važno – rekao je Franz.

Lina se nije htjela pomaknuti s mjesta. Durila se i bacakala kao malo dijete dok ju Franz nije prebacio preko ramena kao vreću, odnio u samovoz te odveo kući.

Totalna institucija

Linin fokus sljedećih dana odvuče su svakodnevnih vijesti, a najveća utjeha bio joj je upravo Franz.

– Poslije poplave, kojoj smo se u međuvremenu prilagodili zahvaljujući investicijama Ivana i Ante O'Richa, kojima je prepuštena većina oranica na poplavljenom teritoriju, odlučeno je da seljaci ionako ne znaju što s tim i nemaju novca pa se isplati zemlju prepustiti onome koji će uložiti u gospodarsku obnovu. Seljaci će dobiti ekskluzivnu priliku raditi pod vodom i obrađivati podzemno tlo kako bi se razvile kulture algi i morskih riba.

Tog dana, za vrijeme uobičajenog poslijepodnevnog opuštanja u Franzovom zagrljaju, na Lininu adresu pozvonili su djelatnici Centra za prekvalifikaciju.

– Franz – oči su joj se ozarile – došli su po mene! Znači da sam ipak osvojila stipendiju!

Franz ju je sumnjičavo pogledao. On se s tom idejom njezine prekvalifikacije zapravo nije slagao. Ideja o boravku u zatvorenoj instituciji plašila ga je... njemu je Lina bila dobra takva kakva je – kao umjetnica, kao mekana djevojka o kojoj se on može brinuti... nije mu se sviđala ideja da ju prepusti kojekakvom sumnjivom Centru za prekvalifikaciju.

– Molim, uđite u vozilo – rekli su djelatnici Centra bez daljnjih objašnjenja, a Lina je entuzijastično potrčala za njima.

– Možda ipak za mene ima nade – šapnula je, a on nije komentirao njezinu odluku. Pratit će ju u stopu, odlučio je, neće joj se ništa loše dogoditi dok je on ovdje! Vozili su se kratko u zamračenom kombiju, a sljedeći je prizor bio neka jako dugačka zgrada na pet katova nalik kakvoj bolnici.

– Sjednite, molim, i pričekajte daljnje upute – rekli su im djelatnici ostavivši ih u prizemlju. Franz i Lina sjeli su u čekaonicu i šutke promatrali prostor. Da, definitivno je bila riječ o instituciji zatvorenog tipa.

“Tko zna za što se ta zgrada koristila prije nekoliko stoljeća? Možda za

druge vrste resocijalizacije? Što ako je riječ bila o bolnici... ili zatvoru?”, strujalo je kroz glavu Franzu, a Lina je djelovala potpuno očarano zgradom.

– Raskomotite se, gospodo. Ubrzo će vam biti dodijeljena soba – sa smiješkom je rekla žena u uniformi medicinske sestre. Franz je samo kimnuo glavom, nastojeći ne pokazati antagonizam koji je osjećao, no primijetio je da nešto odudara od uobičajenog. Ljubazna žena toploga glasa imala je glavu čaplje, ali ako se to izuzme, definitivno nešto nije bilo u redu.

“Zašto je ova osoba u medicinskoj uniformi, ako nije riječ o bolnici?”, sumnjičavo je razmišljao Franz.

– Ova žena ima glavu čaplje – uplašeno je kriknula Lina.

– Ne budi nepristojna, Lina. Kako bi tebi bilo da ti netko kaže da imaš glavu čaplje? – upitao je Franz.

– Franz, molim te, pogledaj. To je čaplja!

Franz kratko podigne glavu i ispriča se osobi u uniformi medicinske sestre. Zatim se ponovno okrene Lini i tiho joj se obrati.

– Nemoj više nikad ljudima govoriti da su čaplje.

– Ali bolničarka doslovno izgleda kao čaplja!

– Joj, Lina – udario se po glavi Franz – bolničarka očigledno ne izgleda kao čaplja, nego kao roda. Zar nikada nisi imala prirodu i društvo?

– Imala sam samo društvo za vrijeme studija, onda kad sam izlazila svake večeri, ali u mom društvu nikad nisu bile ptice!

– Osobo, zar niste znali da postoje različite vrste osoba? – upita je bolničarka – muškarci, žene, ribe, koke, mačke, mačori, frajeri, a u posljednje se vrijeme za svoja se prava bore i ptice. Ne mogu vas kriviti, očigledno niste nikada napustili domovinu.

– Ja ne živim u svojoj domovini – tužno reče Lina.

– Doista, ne. Centar za prekvalifikaciju nalazi se u vandržavnom prostoru. Spačva je na granici između triju država pa njezin status nije pravno određen. No htjela sam reći da nikada niste mozgom napustili domovinu – objasni Roda.

– Zašto onda nisam znala ispuniti običan formular?

– Dapače, samo vi ste ga u potpunosti točno ispunili. Neke stavke bilo je predviđeno ostaviti praznima. Boravak u Centru za prekvalifikaciju će vam uvelike pomoći. Za vrijeme boravka ovdje, otkrit ćete svoj pravi talent i sklonosti – ljubazno je rekla Roda.

Roda

U početku je sve djelovalo normalno. Navikla da ne primjećuje različitosti među ljudima, Lini je bilo u redu što je čovjek na prvom katu bio poma-
lo rastegnuto lice i bez jednog oka.

Na drugome katu nalazio se patuljak ukrivljen na stranu poput banane, bez zubi.

– Franz, pogledaj...

– Ne kaže se patuljak, nego čovjek niskog rasta! – ispravio je njezine misli bez da ih je morala izgovoriti.

Na trećemu katu nije bilo ljudi, nego samo glava u ljudskoj veličini. To nije bila čak ni glava jer nije imala očiju, a jedna ruka je iz nje stršala. Kretala se skačući poput lopte.

– Kako slatke igračke! – primijeti Lina.

– To nisu igračke – upozori Roda – to su osobe.

– Molim?

– Jednom kad uđete ovamo, vaš se organizam navikne na unutrašnji zrak i više ne možete disati izvan prostora Centra. Na sreću, ovdje imate sve uvjete za lijep život. Evo, na primjer, ona vampirica visjela je za mobitelom već četiri tjedna. Nakon što više nije mogla sisati krv svojega sina, bila se pretvorila u gomilu sala. Kad je salo počelo vrištati jako visokom frekvencijom, Lina se srušila od slabosti.

– Ako dišete na vanjskom zraku, postanete kao ova gomila sala. Zrak vas truje i preporučuje se što više vremena provoditi unutra. Naravno, smijete u ovaj trgovački centar pokraj Centra. Sve što konzumirate, dodaje se vašem već postojećem kreditu u eurima uz povoljnu kamatu 10%. Vjerujte, niste mogli dobiti bolji ugovor. Prošla gene-

racija dobila je švicarac.

– Švicarski sir? Elementaler?

– Švicarski franak.

– Franz?! Po tebi se zove valuta! Jesi li znao?

– Sad ste vidjeli što ovdje ima. Pozovite me ako vam još što treba – reče Roda i izleti van.

No, ubrzo se vratila. Franza i Linu odvela je u sobu na 1. katu. Roda je umjesto njih odlučila kako je najbolje prvo se odmoriti pa zatim krenuti u daljnje istraživanje prostora. Bili su unutra nekoliko dana dobivajući kuhan obrok dvaput dnevno, kada ih je sestra prvi put odvela u obilazak.

– Znaite, postoje razne vrste institucija. Pogotovo danas, kad živimo u demokratskome nacionalkapitalizmu – ljubazno je objašnjavala sestra Roda – svi koji imaju novca mogu otvoriti svoje bolnice, policije i definirati svoje zakone.

– Ali ne sjećam se da sam se prijavila za ovo – rekla je Lina.

– Predali ste prijavu Centru za prekvalifikaciju, zar ne? Vaš zahtjev je odobren.

– Nisam se mogla natjerati da pogledam e-mail – rekla je Lina rastreseno – zapravo, jedini razlog zašto sam predala taj zahtjev je što sam mislila da neće biti odobren.

– To nema smisla! – primijetila je Roda – Trebate biti zahvalni što u doba ova-

kve krize imate udoban smještaj i topao obrok svaki dan. Ljudi se obično otimaju za mjesta u Centru, a vi ste odmah dobili...

Lina se tada sjetila gradiva iz sociologije. Totalne institucije služe za resocijalizaciju. Bila je veoma ponosna na svoje znanje, jer trajno je znanje ono koje ostane nakon što napustimo školu. Sva sreća da se sjetila točne definicije koja joj je mnogo pomogla! Samo joj nije bilo jasno kako da pojmove iz naučene rečenice primijeni u trenutnoj situaciji. Zato je odlučila demonstrirati svoje trajno znanje i opću kulturu.

Vidjevši da je uronjena u vlastite misli, Franz je otišao do bolničarke Rode.

– Da se razumijemo, ja se s ovim ne slažem – šapnuo je da ga Lina ne čuje – ne vidim zašto želite prekvalificirati Linu. Ona je dobra upravo takva kakva jest, i njezina je djelatnost vrlo važna za društvo!

– Lina je odrasla osoba i sama je podnijela prijavu – uzvratila je Roda – ne ulazim u njezine razloge. Ja samo nastojim zaraditi svoju plaću jer moram prehraniti svu tu djecu. Ja sam Roda i moj je posao da nadzirem računalni sustav kojim se određuju trudnoće. Ako je neko područje nenaseljeno, moja je obveza sabotirati kontracepciju koja je tamo dostupna. Ako je riječ o prenapučenosti, tada izazivam spontane pobačaje i neplodnost. Zašto bi inače neki imali toliko problema sa rađanjem? Sve je ovdje u raču-

nalu. Puno nam je lakše kontrolirati cijeli sustav. Zar niste čuli za sve te nacionalkapitalističke reforme? Liberalizaciju i fleksibilizaciju tržišta rada? Iz kojega ste vi svijeta?

– Obavljam svoju dužnost i ne pratim dnevno-političke vijesti. Nisam upoznat s radikalno računaliziranim sustavom tržišta rada.

– Veoma ste nesmotreni – primijeti Roda – zato moramo i vas resocijalizirati.

– Samo malo – uznemirio se Franz – ja nisam vaš klijent!

– Ali ipak ste ovdje, zar ne? To i vas čini našim klijentom.

Franzu se ništa od toga nije sviđalo, ali Roda je nastavila govoriti. Fizički je prišao Rodi, želeći dati do znanja da ozbiljno misli:

– Ako se nešto dogodi Lini, kunem se, ja...

– Ako se ništa ne dogodi, znači da nismo dobro obavili posao! Trebala bi izići odavde kao druga osoba – rekla je Roda.

– U tome je problem.

– Nemojte se bojati promjene. Nova Lina voljet će vas jednako kao i stara.

“Ali ja ne znam voli li me ona”, pomislio je Franz, ne želeći komentirati njihov odnos s Rodom.

– Bit ćete svrstani u jedan od odjeljaka – mirno ga je sasjekla Roda, nastavljajući

govoriti ono što je započela, uopće se ne osvrćući na njegove prijetnje – kao što vidite, ja sam Roda i pripadam Novom Svijetu. Lina će također dobiti priliku postati jednom od nas.

– Znam da se tako zove korporacija koja financira Centar za prekvalifikaciju.

– U Novom Svijetu, svi izgledamo posebno i svatko je drukčiji na svoj način zato što nam u novom tehnološkom svijetu fizički izgled više nije važan. Samo je bitna moždana sposobnost vještoga upravljanja računalom.

– Jeste li se zato pretvorili u čaplju? – naivno upita Lina, koja se pojavila niotkud, a Franz ju je instinktivno zagrlio.

– Čaplje ne donose djecu! Koliko ste vi imali iz prirode i društva, osobo? – suprotstavila se Roda – Mi smo anatomske i funkcionalno različite bića i nemamo ništa zajedničko. Svaki organizam drukčije reagira na sveopću promjenu i tako se svačija životna funkcija na kraju demonstrira u izgledu. Meni je računalno određen posao bolničarke na određeno. Ako postanem suvišnom ovdje, promijenit će se i moj fizički izgled. Nezaposleni se rastapaju od svoje umišljenosti i lijenosti i na kraju gube oblik. Vidjet ćete, nisu oni jedina kategorija. Centar svakome daje ono što zaslužuje kao novo obličje kojim će postati član društva. Pogledajte gore – rekla je Roda pokazujući na gornji kat – ovaj čovjek ima prošireno lice i dva nosa. Zubi i oči su

mu skoro ispali. Odavde to ne vidite, ali on je visok jedva jedan metar. Zato su mu se ruke produljile, što nam govori da će njegov sljedeći posao biti u rudniku. Tamo su pogodni niski ljudi vješti s rukama, a vid im uopće nije potreban. Kada uspijemo kupiti novi stroj za otkrivanje ugljena, ponovno ćemo ga dovesti ovamo na resocijalizaciju i tražiti novi ugovor na određeno. Poslodavci ih međusobno razmjenjuju i prodaju kako je kome potrebna neka vrsta radnika. Jedino što se oni ne zovu radnicima, nego zaposlenicima na određeno, pa tako nemaju nikakvu povezanost sa proizvodima svojega rada. Oni su gotovo jednako potrebni poslodavcima kao i računala: ipak još uvijek ne možemo bez ljudskog nadzora.

– Znači, dobit ću novi posao? – razveseli se Lina, a Franza nešto štrečne u želucu.

– To vam zasad ne mogu jamčiti, ali svakako imate veće šanse od nekoga tko nije klijent Centra za prekvalifikaciju. Imat ćete svakodnevno kvalitetne radionice i predavanja, a javit ćemo vam ako netko od poslodavaca bude zainteresiran da vas zaposli na određeno. Znae, to je cjeloživotno obrazovanje.

– Čuješ, Franz? Možda uspijemo nešto novca uštedjeti prije povratka. Ionako se u našoj državi vlada još uvijek nije konsolidirala. Ne znamo ni gdje je Premijer, a neka žena već sebe naziva premijerkom – reče Lina veselo.

Franz nato slegne ramenima, nastojeći ne pokazati svoju sumnju. Ništa od toga nije mu se sviđalo, a pogotovo ideja da se njegova Lina transformira u neko od tih čudovišta!

– Trebam li ispuniti još neki test da biste saznali moje talente? – upitala je Lina.

Bolničarka Roda se nasmiješi i pruži joj svezak od tisuću stranica.

– Doći ću za tjedan dana po upitnike da ih imate vremena iščitati. Ako budete trebali pomoć pri ispunjavanju istih, u vašoj je sobi inteligentno računalo koje će vam pomoći.

Lina je zahvalila na zanimljivome štitvu i poslušno krenula prema svojoj novoj sobi, ali Franz se nepovjerljivo osvrnuo prema Rodi, poručujući: “Držim vas na oku!”

Osam soba

Na Franzovo zgražanje, Lina je nastojala biti poslušna. Doista, vjerovala je da samo mora biti pristojnom i pokoravati se naredbama Centra za prekvalifikaciju. Sve će biti u redu, tješila se. Ako se već nalazi u Centru za prekvalifikaciju, znači da za njezin problem nekvalificiranosti postoji rješenje. Čim joj pomognu, bit će slobodna. Zapravo, ona je već slobodna! Ovdje se nalazi svojom slobodnom odlukom.

Franz je razmišljao. Ništa u vezi ovog Centra nije mu se sviđalo! Zar je normalno biti čudovište? Ako je manjina

deformiranih, oni nikad neće biti posve shvaćeni među većinom normalnih, zbog čega deformirano mora postati normalno. Uostalom, ako su svi deformirani, manjina će biti formirana i sposobna za stvaranje velikog profita te će se Kapital akumulirati među onima koji ga već posjeduju. I deformirani i formirani imaju jednake šanse i na jednak način se moraju prilagoditi sustavu. Kada većina bude deformirana, tada će manjina formiranih imati i fizičku komparativnu prednost, što samo pojačava tržišnu konkurenciju... Tako će se postići pozitivna kompeticija, rast profita, smanjenje rizika, pojačana kvaliteta, a deformirani su ionako suvišni u cijeloj toj priči. Oni su samo šljakeri. Bitni su konzumenti.

Na Lininom katu nalazilo se osam soba za trenutne korisnike Centra za prekvalifikaciju. Neke od njih već je upoznala. Nakon što je prošli tjedan dobila otkaz u administrativnom središtu Centra za prekvalifikacije u Velegradu, mlada Ana P. ne može više živjeti u svom divnom stanu od pedeset kvadrata s mamom, maminim trenutnim dečkom, polubratom, polubratovim dečkom, polubratom polubratovog dečka, polutetom, tetinom polubakom i prbakom jer je njezinoj mami oduzet stan zbog dugova za drogu. Uložila je sve što je imala kako bi mogla pohađati tečaj u Centru za prekvalifikaciju.

Sandra više nije htjela trpjeti urote i napade poslovnih kolega protiv sebe.

Otkako su joj provalili u privatni mejl, njezino radno mjesto je bilo ugroženo kao i fizičko zdravlje. Zato je pokrenula sudski postupak koji joj je potrebno dobiti.

Nikola je htio osloboditi prijatelja Frana iz Zatvora za nezaposlene. Jednoga dana, ljudi obučeni kao majstori provalili su kroz prozor i oteli Frana. Zbog Nikoline prevelike pristojnosti, svaki je dosadašnji pokušaj neslavno propao. Dok bi on pozdravljao Čuvare pri izlasku, oni bi vratili Frana natrag. Kako bi izbjegao sudbinu svog prijatelja, Nikola se prijavio na tečaj Centra za prekvalifikaciju. Ako bi imao ugledno radno mjesto, mogao bi preko veze izbaviti Frana. Bila je tamo čak i bogatašica Dara, koja je htjela izliječiti svoju majku od bipolarnog poremećaja kako bi se odnos napokon normalizirao. Međutim, prekvalifikacija u liječnika traje dugo: čak deset godina!

Uglavnom, nakon tjedan dana svi su pomislili da odlično napreduju i kako bi napokon trebali ići u stvarni svijet primjenjivati naučeno. Međutim, Voditelj kata im to nije dopuštao.

– Tečaj još nije gotov. Vi ste ulaskom nepovratno uložili svoj novac.

– Ja sam dobila stipendiju – pobunila se Lina.

– Točno, ali proces vaše prekvalifikacije još nije dovršen.

Lina se nakon prvih tjedan dana osjećala mnogo kvalificiranijom nego kad

je došla. Modra boja kose bila se isprala i sad je ostala s nekom beživotnom izblajhanom nijansom. Primijetila je da svaki korisnik Centra ima neku svoju upečatljivu nijansu – boju koja mu posebno pristaje – i to je bilo veoma likovno zanimljivo pa je Lina odlučila napraviti njihove portrete. Primitivši njezino slikanje, Voditelj kata veoma se razljutio naglasivši kako je zabranjeno obavljati djelatnosti kojima su se korisnici bavili u prošlosti.

– Zato ste i došli, zar ne? – vikao je – Želite promijeniti štetne i neprofitne navike koje vam otežavaju život, a ne ih nastavljati!

Lini se činilo da je Voditelj kata voljan pucati u onoga tko prekrši pravilo.

– Niste gotovi! – stalno je vikao – imate još jednu, najbitniju lekciju za svladati: repreviziju.

No nije im htio objasniti što je reprevizija.

Pored Linine sobe također je živio neki uznemirujući tip koji je izgledao kao niska verzija Dogradonačelnika. Iako je bio Bosanac, svima se predstavljao kao John Cash. Bio je nezaposleni novinar u potrazi za novim zanimanjem. Dok su drugi pohađali radionice Voditelja kata, on je šetao hodnicima i jeo štrudle s bundevom, kao da je iznad svega, pretvarajući se da se njega program Centra za prekvalifikaciju uopće ne tiče.

Pogled mu je bio provokativan i stalno je htio razgovarati s Linom, a ona je kon-

stantno bježala. Jednom je čak ležerno ušetao u njezinu sobu dok nije bilo Franza, koji je obavljao dio posla prekomrežnim putem. Zbog klaustrofobije, Lina nije voljela zaključavati vrata.

– Da sam htio, mogao sam – stalno joj je govorio, kao da bi mu trebala biti zahvalna što joj nije provalio u sobu dok je bila sama.

Lina nije htjela priznati Franzu da osjeća kako ju je John Cash progonio. Tek kad duže vremena nije posjećivala programe Voditelja kata, morala je priznati da se osjeća ugroženo. Srećom, premjestili su ga na gornji kat i uskoro se pretvorio u jednog od onih ljudi-tumora.

Spačva Mall

Lina je mnogo preglednjela proteklih dana. Nije joj se nije sviđala hrana koju je za ručak dobivala od osoblja pa je sve davala Franzu. Zato je odlučila otići do obližnjeg trgovačkog centra kako bi se napokon najela. U Spačva Mallu naišla je na svoju kolegicu Martinu s diplomom kapitaličkog jezika i književnosti, također korisnice Centra za prekvalifikaciju. Lina ju je pozvala u kino i restoran, dakako o vlastitom trošku.

Za to vrijeme, Lina je razmišljala o tome da se treba što prije vratiti u Centar za prekvalifikaciju. Tamo je svojom odlukom, uostalom, što joj fali? Zašto uopće razmišlja o tome? Lina živi za večeru, kada su na jelovniku različiti slatki namazi.

Nije se najbolje snašla pri izlasku iz dobro organizirane i funkcionalne rutine. Trgovački centar u kojem se našla djelovao je veliko, strano i nepoznato: Martina kao da to nije zamjećivala. Lina je namjeravala jesti ribu pa je neku ženu pitala za uputu do restorana.

– Dobar dan, kaže se. Čestitam na izlasku. Riba ti ne može zamijeniti meso, zlato. To znaš, zar ne? – pogledala ju je preko crnih naočala.

– Mislim.

– Kako reče Mao Ce Tung, misliti i brati cvijeće nije jedno te isto. Nabroji mi prirodna staništa ribe.

Lina je stajala pognute glave. Zašto bi to trebala znati?

– Draga moja – gledala ju je žena preko naočala – to je opća kultura. Nisi mogla završiti školu da to ne znaš. Da si išla kod mene, tako bih te srušila kao što rušim 20% učenika. To se mora znati i usred noći. Hajde, nabroji.

Lina je i dalje šutjela posramljeno, ali Martina krene nabrajati.

– Rijeka, jezero, potok...

– Najbolji riblji restoran je u onom smjeru. Jedino taj vam vrijedi u cijelome gradu, pogotovo za suši. Hvala lijepa i doviđenja – reče prikaza i nestane. Kakva čudna ličnost, mislila je Lina.

– Ma ona ti je iskompleksirana jer nije uspjela upisati medicinu – šapne

Martina – osim toga je psihički bolesna. Također je korisnica Centra za prekvalifikaciju.

Lini je to imalo smisla. Sva sreća da društvo nastoji integrirati takve osobe u zajednicu.

Kad su ušle u restoran trgovačkog centra, s gornjega je kata velikom brzinom dotrčao neki stranac, iako stranci ne postoje jer su države ukinute.

– Guuuten Taaag – viknuo je protrčavši pokraj njih. Lina je tek nakon dvije sekunde primijetila da joj je uvalio u ruke svježu sirovu ribu. Tada se pred njima odvio stampedo: svi su ljudi istovremeno nagnuli trčati van iz zgrade. S gornjeg kata dolazila je tolika gomila da su se uplašile kao da su u pitanju bikovi. Istrčale su najbrže moguće i, dok je Lina samo htjela sjesti i odmoriti se, Martina je razgovarala s ljudima okolo i pokušavala dokučiti uzrok tog stampeda.

S gornjeg se kata čula glazba, a Lina je gotovo automatski krenula u tom smjeru. Bila je sigurna da se tamo može nešto pojesti. Pomislile su kako je u restoranu jednog trgovačkog centra hrana sigurno jako jeftina budući da je donose već ispečenu u plastičnim vrećicama pa samo podgriju. Zato su se odlučile sjesti tamo, ali je na kraju sveukupna cijena za četiri batka uz salatu umjesto 43 kn kao na meniju iznosila čak 203 kn.

– Ako sjedite ovdje, usluga konobara dodatno se naplaćuje. Sjele ste na

sam rub restorana, a svakim metrom cijena se povećava.

– Što je s popustom za klijente Centra za prekvalifikaciju? – protestirala je Lina.

– Popusti postoje samo za članove Udruge celebrity ubojica, i to za one koji imaju napismeno potvrdu da su ubili najmanje 10 osoba različitih životnih dobi i spola.

– Zašto?

– Da se ne bi optužilo da smo politički nekorektni. Najmanje 40% ubijenih moraju biti žene. Takvo je pravilo. No, čini se da ti ni kolegica niste članice Udruge celebrity ubojica pa stoga nemate popust.

Plativši obrok za sebe i Martinu, Lina je predložila odlazak u multipleks na novi znanstvenofantastični film “Kućanice” u kojem su svemirci oteli protagonistice nekadašnje serije “Očajne kućanice”.

Lina je zaspala u multipleksu, ali nije ništa sanjala jer je medijska stvarnost bila već dovoljno imaginarna sama po sebi. Probudivši se, počela ju je boljeti glava, zaboravila je gdje se nalazi i zašto nije u svojoj sobi.

Ah, kako je bila glupa! Nije smjela nikamo otići bez Franza, pomislila je i udarila u trk prema Centru za prekvalifikaciju, a za njom je trčala Martina, koja je bila u frizerskom i nije primijetila cijelu tu strku s teroristima.

– Šališ se? Želiš se vratiti tamo? – pi-

tala ju je Martina – Zar još nisi otkrila istinu o tom mjestu?

– Zar da ostanem spavati u trgovačkom centru?

– Oni su te s razlogom poslali u trgovački centar – šapnula je Martina – htjeli su te odvratiti od bijega.

– Kakvog bijega? – zbunila se Lina – u Centru za prekvalifikacije sam svojom voljom!

– Voljom koju su ti nametnuli!

– Glupost! Ja sam sretna dobitnica stipendije Novog Svijeta!

– Zar ti naziv korporacije nije sumnjiv? Novi Svijet posvećen je deformiranju osoba... da bi bile slabe i ne bi se mogle suprotstaviti... tako piše u njihovom Mission&Vision Statementu na prekomrežnoj stranici, ali to nitko ne čita!

– Teorije zavjere – odmahнула je Lina i nastavila hodati u smjeru Centra.

– Ako tamo kročiš, nema povratka. Postat ćeš i ti čudovište – rekla je Martina. Linini koraci su se usporili. Iz koraka u korak, bila je sve manje samouvjerenjena.

– Što misliš, zašto u Centru za prekvalifikacije rade bolničarke u obliku čaplji?

– Gospođa nije čaplja, nego roda!

– ...ali je bolničarka!

– Moraju zaposliti ljude fluidnog identiteta zbog političke korektnosti!

– ...ali zašto su ti ljudi bolničari?

– Za slučaj da se nekom nešto dogodi!

Martina je uzdahnula.

– Ako se predomisliš, pripadam skupini izbjeglih iz Centra za prekvalifikaciju. Skrivamo se u podzemnom bunkeru dvjesto metara istočno – izrecitirala je Martina i odskakutala u smjeru šume.

– Što li se nalazi u toj šumi? – mučilo je Linu – doista podzemni bunker nekakvih pobunjenika... ili samo Martina mentalna neuravnoteženost?

Lina je zastala. Izvadila je telefon, na kojem je bilo nekoliko propuštenih Franzovih poziva, i ukucala naziv firme Novi Svijet.

“Novi Svijet posvećen je prekvalificiranju osoba da bi pronašle svoje mjesto u društvu”, pisalo je tamo. Ni slova o deformiranju i slabljenju. Martina je sigurno nešto izmislila. Međutim, Lina je kopirala rečenicu s web-stranice i prebacila ju na Google Translate. Prevodila ju je iz jezika u jezik nekoliko puta... i na koncu je došla do rečenice koju je Martina spomenula. Je li to slučajnost? Nije bila sigurna. Može li riskirati? Kome vjerovati? Možda da se konzultira s Franzom... ali, ne! On bi samo likovao: “Rekao sam ti da je ovo mjesto sumnjivo!” Nije mogla dopustiti njemu intelektualnu pobjedu. Morala je dokazati da je samostalna i neovisna... i slobodnomisleća osoba. Zbog toga, potrčala je u smjeru koji joj je pokazala Martina.

Pobunjenički bunker

Pobunjenici su u bunkeru uz kockice gledali maraton novih bezimernih dalekovidnih serija. Ugledavši novu članicu Pokreta otpora, Martina ju je pozvala da se pridruži gledanju serije. Ipak, serija je naglo prekinuta izvanrednim vijestima. Na vijestima je kao specijalna gošća bila Linina osnovnoškolska učiteljica kao svjedokinja velike svemirske invazije na zemlju. Učiteljica tvrdi da se ta invazija dogodila jučer, a do danas je uz pomoć umjetne inteligencije već napisala knjigu o tome i očekuje se da će biti bestseller.

– Još uvijek je tabu-tema govoriti o okupaciji svemiraca! – govorila je učiteljica u izvanrednim vijestima – Dok su me otimali, svi su bili u konzervama kako bi očuvali svoj postojeći način razmišljanja!

– Kakvim konzervama? – upitala je novinarka.

– Onim uskim limenim kalupima! Niste ih vidjeli? Evo, imam fotografije – rekla je učiteljica vadeći pametni brzoglas, ali je baterija bila prazna – baš sad krepa! Uglavnom, ljude se stavi u limenu kutiju pa im se otvori lubanja. Mozak izvade i drže u kalupu neko vrijeme, a kada je oblikovan kao svi ostali onda ga vrata u tijelo. To rade kako bi se zaštitili od svemiraca...

– Zašto?

– Jer inače im se dogodi ovo što i tebi! Svemirci su došli preuzeti tvornice i

dovesti jeftine radnike iz azijskih država. Sve, cijela država je u njihovom vlasništvu! Ne smiješ slikati, fotografirati niti pisati o njihovom vlasništvu. Mediji služe kako bi pomogli u rušenju institucije države da svemirci ne bi morali plaćati porez!

Pobunjenici su gledali dalekovidnicu do kasno navečer, a tek kada su ih počele strašno peći oči legli su u krevet.

– Vidiš? Svemirci su okupirali Zemlju i sada uspostavljaju Novi Svijet – rekla je buljooka Martina, još više razrogačivši oči. Ne znajući kome i čemu vjerovati, Lina je po drugi put te večeri utonula u san.

Linu su usred noći uspaničeno probudile dvije nepoznate Litvanke i jedna Austrijanka, uperivši oružje u nju. Lina je uplašeno skočila misleći da je riječ o elementarnoj nepogodi.

– Hajde, hajde, brže! Što čekaš? Ustaj se! Moraš stražariti s nama i bolje ti je da nas zabaviš!

– Želite da vam pričam? Zato ste me probudili?

– Nego što! Ne možeš ni zamisliti koliko je dosadno satima ovdje stražariti!

– Moramo stražariti da nam ne bi upali špijuni – objasnila je Martina.

Lina se velikom brzinom počela oblačiti i pričati viceve, ne znajući uopće o čemu se radi. Zašto bi morali stražariti kad je među pobunjenike došla tek danas? Družina pobunjenika je mirno sjedila, uživajući u prisposobama, a

Lina je bila zahvalna za svoje multitasking-sposobnosti. Sjetila se vojnog kampa koji je jednom prošla i taj je ritam primijenila ovaj put.

Kakvom se brzinom spremila, zaboravila je svoju najvrjedniju dragocjenost u bunkeru: brzoglas. Zato je zamolila pobunjenike da je pričekaju samo dvije minute dok se liftom vrati u podzemlje, ali dvije Litvanke i jedna Austrijanka uključile su alarm koji će za točno 120 sekundi uzrokovati rušenje cijelog skloništa.

– Ako se ne vratiš za 120 sekundi, odletjet ćeš u zrak! – tako su rekle teroristice, a Lina je otrčala nazad.

– Odmah se ustanite! U bunkeru je bomba! – probudila je sve svoje domaćine.

Litvanke nisu lagale: za dvije minute sve je odletjelo u zrak. Sreća da su izišli na vrijeme, ali materijalna je šteta bila nepopravljiva. Skupina pobunjenika je ostala bez prebivališta, ali sve u svemu, bitno je da se nitko nije ozlijedio.

– Bile su špijunke – užasnula se Martina, dovodeći Litvanke i Austrijanku vezane među pobunjenike.

– Zašto u prošlom vremenu: bile su?

Nato Martinini pobunjenici hladno propucaju troje uhoda.

Linu su strašno počele peći oči. Primijetila je da i ostali prisutni grebu bjeloočnice; užasno su ih trljali dok se nisu počele rastapati. Bjeloočnice su

svima poprimile nijansu zjenica i jednostavno se razlile niz njihovo lice. Linu je taj prizor prestravio i odmah je prestala grebati oči koje su je silno pekle. Novi šok uslijedio je nakon gledanja u zrcalo: Linine su oči izgledale kao one primatske! Očigledno se zarazila nekako. Ali kako i gdje?

Počela ju je boljeti glava, zaboravila je gdje se nalazi i zašto nije u svojoj sobi.

– Franz! Moj Franz! Kako sam mogla otići bez Franza? – ljutila se na sebe kroz plač.

Zar je htjela pobjeći iz Centra za prekvalifikaciju? Pa što je mislila? Tamo je bila na sigurnom, zaštićena i utopljena! Nije smjela izlaziti, pomislila je i udarila u trk nazad, a za njom se vukla Martina.

– Čekaj! Ne smiješ nazad među njih!

Povratak

Unutra ih je dočekala bolničarka Roda, kao da je znala kad točno će se vratiti.

– Hvala Kapitalu, napokon pomoć – govorila je s olakšanjem – užasno me bole oči, pogledajte što mi se dogodilo!

– Uskoro ćete se oporaviti. Molim vas, ležite i opustite se – predloži bolničarka uvodeći Linu u zamračenu prostoriju.

– Vani je još mojih prijatelja kojima se tope oči – upozori Lina.

– Ne, to se samo tako čini. Dobit ćeš kapi za oči i cijeli oporavak trajat će samo nekoliko dana.

– I onda idem van?

– Ne, već natrag u svoju sobu – rekla je mekim glasom bolničarka, pružajući Lini kapi za oči.

– Nemoj uzeti te kapi! – vikala je Martina.

– Lina, hvala ti što si mi vratila kćerku – nastavila je Roda – kao što vidiš, nepopravljiva je. Nikako se ne želi prekvalificirati!

– Martina je vaša kćerka? – začudila se Lina.

– Ona je u skupini ljudi-zmija. Uskoro će nalikovati i sama zmiji. Samo usput treba izbjegavati ostale bolesnike jer različite kategorije često se svađaju oko toga kome će ići humanitarne donacije pa bi mogli nastradati. A osim toga, ne znamo kakvu bi reakciju mijesanje kategorija izazvalo.

– Franz! Gdje je Franz?

– Tvoj dečko je već skoro započeo revoluciju ovdje, ali pokazala sam mu da si u trgovačkom centru.

– Pokazali ste mu?

– Naravno, sve je na izravnom prijenosu kamerama! – pokazala joj je Roda – i teroristički napad na bunker onih klošara je bio unaprijed predviđen!

– Teroristički? Klošari?

– Da, ali sad si ponovno u skrbi Centra. Ovamo ne mogu čak ni teroristi!

Vidjevši da se Lina vratila, Franz joj je do daljnjeg zabranio izlaženje do isteka mjeseca u Centru.

– Zar ne vidiš da je ovdje opasno?

– Što bi bilo opasno? Teroristi? Njih ima svugdje!

– Ali znali su za teroriste... možda i surađuju s njima.

– Uvijek si paranoičan – okrenula je očima – ne, oprost. Znam. Hvala ti što se brineš...

Lina je odlučila ne reći Franzu za druženje s pobunjenicima, niti teorije zavjera koje je čula u njihovom bunkeru.

– Izdržat ćemo, još samo malo – zagrlio ju je, tješeći više sebe, negoli nju.

Lina Jelačić

Imperative of freedom

One of the three protagonists of the novel “In the Name of Capital” (published in 2021 by Meandar Media). Also known as the Artist, Nikolina, Linija, Linney, Nickey, she is a narrator of the novels “Four Dimensions of Rebellion” (2009.) and “Journey into the Unknown” (2010.). Plot of this story takes place during her studies in Art, six years before “In the Name of Capital”. The fragment “The Imperative of Freedom” is part of the unpublished novel “Zombie on a Respirator”, written in 2014, and talks primarily about Lina’s acquaintance with Franz Kafka (Clerk).

Lina was in her apartment again. Namely, since the crisis began, Lina does not have enough money to travel, so she spends her days watching television and using social networks. That day, she came across a notice that a new musical by a famous author was being prepared in the theater, which she really wanted to see, but she discovered that she could also participate. The play is inspired by classic novels, and an invitation to open audition was published on Kazalište.eu.

– Auditions are opening for new actors who would embody the characters in the play *U registraturi*.

Lina had never acted before, but why not try? Acting is more profitable than painting. Any artistic soul can easily change the form of expression. Painting or music, acting or poetry: these are all different categories of the same concept. That’s why she didn’t waste time, but headed in the direction of the theater.

– Where are the auditions for the new

musical taking place? – asked Lina, and the employee at the entrance without saying a word showed her in which direction she should go.

– Thank you.

– Don’t be afraid – shouted the porter – they have a very realistic scenography.

Stepping onto the stage, Lina felt as if she was in another world. In the sci-fi interactive version of the classic novel “*U registraturi*”, the characters were running away from some invisible force. She knew the plot from the media, but she did not get the dramatic text.

– Where can I get the text, please? – she asked, but there was no answer.

– You don’t need it! Action!

Lina had to improvise without being able to prepare at all, which was not a problem for her. Knowing that she had to learn flexibility in the job market, she watched what the other actors were doing.

– This is an action scene – whispered one of the ensemble members – just follow what the rest of us are doing. It is necessary to see how quickly you are able to adopt the choreography and how you manage in unfamiliar circumstances.

The scene of a chaotic escape changed into a perfectly rehearsed choreography, in the middle of which Lina found herself, not knowing the steps. She tried to imitate the movements of the dancers, but she was slow and out of step with most.

– Stop! Stop! What is this? – shouted the director of the play.

– I'm sorry, you didn't show me the steps for the choreography!

– Steps! She would like it to be shown to her! I'll show you – he shouted angrily – do you think the others were shown the choreography? Well, they weren't! And they dance flawlessly! Do you know what an audition is?

Lina stared silently in front of her.

– I hope you are better at acting. Further! Action!

The characters suddenly became agitated, the choreography sped up, and at the end of the dynamic dance scene, Lina flew forward as if in a comic book, knocking down a man who was about to sit in the audience.

– Shame on you! – shouted the director of the play – is that the way to greet our writer?

– A writer? – Lina was trying to get up, but she couldn't because she ended up directly under the chair.

– That's the author of the dramatic text, stupid! Apologize and get out of there! – shouted the director.

– Take it easy, Mr. Director! Don't treat the candidate like that! – said the collapsed man.

– Sorry, I didn't mean to, but no...

– Everything is fine, just go! And you, writer, don't tell me what to do! Be happy I took your text! – continued the director.

– I CAN'T GET UP! – shouted Lina, when the author of the text helped her.

– Let's get out of here – he said and led her out, and the director continued to swear at both of them.

– Don't take anything personally. You were excellent and I'm glad you didn't get the role because with every performance the director would have degraded you more and more. This is how he works with everyone who hasn't paid him to get a role – explained the author.

– Thank you... and you are that Franz Kafka? A famous name...

– Yes, I am quite famous among the authors of dramatic texts.

A question mark appeared over Lina's head. Franz Kafka never wrote dramatic texts!

– Are you an actress?

– My name is Lina Jelačić – she said with her head down – I'm not studying acting, but painting. I shouldn't have thought I could act.

– It's better for you that way, believe me. There is no such thing as a luxury occupation: they are all based more on form than content. So don't worry. Do you have some time? Since we are both artists, I believe an exchange of ideas would benefit.

– I have a little time now. Come on, I'll take the tram, and you take the bus, and we'll meet at the main square.

Each of them went their own way. Franz arrived three minutes after Lina, apologized for the bus being late and suggested going for a walk.

– Why a walk? We've already been for a ride. Let's go to a cafe – she insisted. Despite hesitation on his part, they ended up in a noisy cafe where they couldn't hear each other at all. After exactly an hour, Lina said that she didn't have time anymore because she had to go back to social networks, but that it would be nice to meet again. She promised to come see the play when it was over. Franz wanted to give her an invitation to enter with him so she wouldn't have to pay for the ticket, but he needed the address of her profile on Facebook and WhatsApp since the invitation is electronic. Half of the entire communication was in the form of an exchange of electronic

identities: he typed on imaginary keys on her screen, she on his. Instead of meeting physically, they arranged to meet online tomorrow.

Show

As an art student, Lina tried to regularly visit theaters.

– I saw an advertisement for the opening of a new private theater designed for world events – she typed to Franz at WhatsApp.

– But that's not all – he answered as if it were some kind of advertisement – there will also be the premiere of the musical in which you were supposed to act. Do you want to come with me?

– Of course!

They met directly in front of the theater. When she got inside, she was delighted: the beautiful balconies and parterres were at the level of buildings from the 19th century. It did not seem at all urbanistic and minimalist like other modern buildings.

– It is a new cultural investment by a well-known entrepreneur – Franz explained, seeing her enthusiasm for the building. Everything was quite dark, and Lina sat down in a place where nothing could be seen. Considering that her arrival was not foreseen, she accepted a discreet chair from a corner from which nothing could be seen.

– Nonsense! – shouted Franz – you have to sit with me in the first row.

We have places of honor because I am the author of the dramatic text.

– Surely the director of the play will be disgusted if he sees me – Lina said with a cramp in her stomach.

– Don't worry about anything. I will solve everything, if necessary!

But it wasn't. All the guests of honor enthusiastically greeted Franz's unexpected entourage, including the director, who apparently did not recognize her. Lina was uncomfortable being the center of attention, so she tried to look as little as possible at the people who were staring enthusiastically at her sequined dress from Tacco. The lights had not yet gone out when a line of people appeared in prison uniforms with chains around their legs. There were also children whose eyes changed color depending on the angle of the light, and everything was full of sponsor signs "Consoom. With you through life". At that moment, people in security costumes rushed in and seemingly suffocated several unsympathetic people in chains. Lina squeezed Franz's hand, delighted by the illusion of the show.

– Effective, huh? – Franz whispered – I wanted an impression of realism.

Realizing that the show was already going on, Lina started to eat popcorn. Franz looked towards her, not wanting to reprimand her for uncivilized behavior. Her naivety was endearing to him. The actors were dressed as

visitors, and the prisoners acted on stage as if in a reality show. Four Fairies were flying around and talking to the spectators.

– This is not really realistic – Lina whispered to Franz, not knowing where the author got such an idea from. Franz remained silent, himself taken aback by the scene, unsure if it was even in his dramatic text.

– It is not clear who is an actor and who is a visitor, what is a play and what is fiction – whispered Franz – exactly as I imagined.

Suddenly, several women in prison uniforms came and claimed that Lina had taken their place.

– I told you! I knew that someone would say that I took his place! – Lina immediately took offense.

– Don't worry – Franz added uncertainly – it's all part of the show.

Lina nodded her head with conviction, and the women left, frustrated at their failure.

"Part of the play... but not mine," thought Franz, not knowing how to react to so much artistic freedom of the play's director.

– Franz, you understand, we had to adapt the play to the market. Your text was tiring, boring! Who even reads classic novels anymore? – whispered the director, as if he had read his mind.

– Dear viewers, welcome to the first episode of the new reality show. We will follow the events between the prisoners in the Prison for the Unemployed. Today we let the ordinary audience in, but from tomorrow the show participants will be completely alone. They compete for a very valuable prize: employment and release from prison.

– What kind of musical is that? It is not clear to me where reality ends and where the play begins – Lina objected.

– That was also the goal – Franz shook himself off, not wanting to admit to Lina that it was not according to his dramatic text.

– I feel dizzy.

Franz hugged Lina, while whispering to the director:

– You really overdid it. This has nothing to do with my text. Everything is too chaotic and incomprehensible. The show is like a reality show!

– You got the money, what else do you want? – asked the director – The financiers were dissatisfied. Be happy that I was able to save the show! They wanted to cancel the contract for all of us!

– Who is financing?

– New world.

Cockroaches were coming out of the grass on the stage, and one Fairy was trying to crush them to no avail. Anx-

ety gripped her, so she screamed and ran away. Yes of course! She couldn't run because her legs were too heavy. She couldn't lift them. She couldn't move them.

– Fairies and cockroaches? – Franz was appalled, and the director just shrugged his shoulders.

– Requirements of the New World!

The fairy fell to the ground and curled up. One cockroach was different from the others. He looked wounded. He walked over to the fairy and looked at her gently, then held out his paw towards her. He lifted her into the air and she flew on a large cockroach along with four Fairies who looked at her in amazement.

– Cockroaches, really? – Lina looked at him.

– Haven't you read "Transformation"?

– Yes, but it's not about cockroaches, but about some kind of centipede.

– I didn't want them to say that I always repeat the same idea, so I put a different kind of insect in the dramatic text.

Lina did not look convinced.

– You'll see, you'll have a different attitude about the show in a few days... when your impressions settle.

Credit in Swiss Franc

Despite initial skepticism, Franz was right. After a few days, Lina's impres-

sions really settled. The show opened up a burst of new inspiration for her painting. She took a piece of paper and began to draw the wonderful scenes that appeared in her head. She painted and painted, without stopping for hours, until everything was finished. "Maybe I can finally pass the course in painting..."

There were many colorful colors on the paper, and the gentle turquoise sea next to the sandy sea coast dominated. Big waves hit the anchored boats, and colorful sea urchins could be seen under the water. The blond girl was gathering urchins with a pensive expression on her face, looking longingly at the horizon between the turquoise sea and the silver sky. Then she uploaded the picture to her smart voicemail and shared it on WhatsApp.

– What is that girl in the picture looking for? – Franz typed – She seems lost...

– The water is too hot for her, so she can't take a bath – Lina put on a smile that shrugs its shoulders – that's why she's waiting for the temperature to cool down. Let me know if you have a better idea.

– No no. It's deeper than that.

– Deeper? No, it's not very deep water. She can take a bath even if she can't swim.

– I didn't mean that. The girl in your picture seems genuinely worried... almost as if she has a loan in francs.

– Credit in Franz? – and there was a confused smiley. Franz continued to analyze the picture:

– On the right side, some discarded toys can be seen... she probably came across them on the way, wanting to give them to her brother, but her company resented it, so she left them to rot. Society prefers to throw away excess resources for no return, rather than handing them over to someone for free. The emphasis is not on the individual person, but on the society-individual and nature-civilization relationship. There on the left on the beach is a parasol, actually apparently a parasol, but if you look closely you will see that it is an umbrella... preparation for difficult days. In the background is a multiplex that looks like it's eating the seashore. On the side is some kind of stray hippopotamus whose natural habitat has been destroyed. Technology destroys humanism and nature – the text was long, which surprised Lina. Usually people put one smiley in each sentence, but this is pure content.

– Thank you – Lina put two smileys hugging each other and one smiling – I can see that you are a writer. Would you mind explaining that to me sometime?

– As soon as you have time – was the answer. So they arranged some kind of meeting. The next day they met, and Lina had a hard time resisting typing the whole time. She felt as if time was

squeezing and suffocating her. What if someone just sent her a message on social media and she's wasting her time in a coffee shop instead of being online? Franz, on the other hand, only uses the smartphone when he is at work. When going out, he locks it in a drawer and doesn't even want to look at it in real life.

– But we correspond very often! How much do you work? – Lina wondered.

– The new government introduced working hours of 12 hours a day for employees of all companies – he explained – and the only efficient way is to write or correspond. The actual work is maybe six hours a day or less, but it's important to spend time there. Namely, it is not done every day: always at 7 in the morning, the boss informs whether he should come to work at 8 or not. So sometimes I have a whole day off. Likewise, it may happen that on Sundays someone is urgently needed to step in.

– Do you have to be ready to jump on the tram every day at 7 am? – Lina wondered – but it can also happen that you don't have to leave?

– Exactly. We shouldn't be surprised that young people are unmotivated to study if such a job awaits them – Franz shrugged his shoulders – besides, the contract is extended every two months. You never know if you will get an extension or not, that's why you have to attend every call. Sometimes there is even a night shift,

i.e. from 8 in the evening to 8 in the morning, but everything is very flexible.

– Isn't flexible good? This means that you can adapt – said Lina – in the newspapers they always write that the labor market needs to be “flexible” and then they put pictures of people working with twine because they are flexible and mobile.

– Flexible does not mean that someone adapts to you, but that you have to be at someone's disposal 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. You can't plan anything in advance because everything is uncertain and uncertain – he explained.

– Isn't that a bit stressful? – Lina did not really understand the contradiction between her life experience and what she read in the newspaper.

– Flexibility means living in constant stress, risk and uncertainty. Every day is like filling out a lottery ticket: you bet whether your boss will call you to work or not. Of course, the more times he calls you, the more he charges you. If he likes someone else better for a job, he can not call you at all for weeks and you only get paid for the three days you work that month. Then you wonder, if he hasn't called you in three weeks, is your contract still valid, will it be renewed, should you look for another job. And you have to pay utilities and food. Everything is great if you don't have credit yet.

Lina's head was spinning from too much information. So she sipped her hot chocolate and grabbed her speed dial.

– Sorry, I have to see if anyone has contacted me. I am constantly overloaded with information.

A thumbnail from the group “Painters of the Capitalist Republic, Unite” popped out at her.

– Like. No, then it will look like I don't care. Heart.

She couldn't absorb so much information: she should have her whole life ahead of her. She is still a student, so she certainly cannot deal with the problems of someone who is already employed. She could not estimate exactly how much older Franz was than her.

Requalification

Lina finally came back to a decision that even Franz couldn't dissuade her from. Why should she live as a painter all her life? Her idea to become a famous actress failed miserably, but there may be another possibility. She feels the colors in herself, but society does not benefit from bringing them out. She felt guilty that there was a possibility that she would be paid to scribble on a canvas that could not feed anyone. A handful of possibilities lay before her... but which one is right? How to make the right decision?

– Don't worry – Franz told her – do what you love! If it's painting, then paint!

– Even you don't live from your writing!

– I didn't even intend to – said Franz – I love my job as a clerk.

– Maybe I should do something else besides painting.

– You do not have to! I will take care of you.

However, Lina wanted to take care of herself! Why college education then?

– Franz, what century do you live in? You want me to depend on you?

“What's wrong with that?”, he thought, “Women's work was just a by-product of the world wars...”

In spite of him, Lina applied for a scholarship for the one-month program of the Center for Requalification, and he had to support her decision. The administrator, Ana P., said that she can fill out the documents only next Monday, because now it is Wednesday, and no normal person comes to submit documents on Wednesday.

Is she really ready to go through all that stress again? For what? So she enrolled in the university of her choice. But were her wishes in line with the labor market? Lina decided that, in addition to painting, she would definitely have to get a degree in medicine or at

least chemistry. She remembered that every year she took remedial courses in chemistry, but the job market needs more new scientists...

While writing the application for the scholarship, the fear of failure appeared in her. The room where the applicants were was very nice and big, and a bunch of administrative employees with long beards sat like the European Commission in her nightmares: with big scissors.

"We have to cut," they said in a vicious tone, and Lina could not concentrate on filling out the application. She kept watching out of the corner of her eye to see if any of them raised a weapon.

- What's the problem? We have to cut an invalid document - commented the confused employee Ana P., noticing Lina's fixation on the scissors in her hands.

Lina got dizzy, she suddenly had convulsions and she no longer had a place on the application form. The time was up and the bearded men collected the application forms.

She was afraid that she did not have time to fill out enough information to be approved for the scholarship. Lina was shaking all over while the administrator Ana P. printed the written feedback, and then she ran out in terrible anxiety, throwing the paper on the floor.

- We appreciate your concern for the environment. We will send you the

results digitally - Ana P. called out in a polite administrative voice, but Lina could no longer hear her. Not only did she run, but she ran five kilometers to her apartment instead of taking the tram like all normal people.

- Come on, Lina - Franz comforted her unsuccessfully - who says you won't get a scholarship?

- I will forever be a useless painter! - she cried.

- Perhaps it is destined that you will be engaged in painting and that way you will improve the world! - Franz tried to cheer her up, but she burst into even worse tears.

Lina was greatly cheered up when Franz took her on a trip. She enjoyed walking around another city all weekend, focused on Franz, forgetting the uncertainty of her future. At the end of the weekend, she decided to meet with former party colleague Diana, but that turned out to be a completely wrong decision.

- Every occupation is equally valuable, only some are more valuable than others - Diana said - come on, come on, don't get upset because you chose an unprofitable profession. It's not worth it. There are a lot of other things that you need to worry about, for example, how will you even finish any studies considering your work habits.

Franz shot a look at Diana, who immediately ran away, and Lina com-

pletely hung up and refused further conversation.

– Don't listen to her, painting is very important – said Franz.

Lina did not want to move from her place. She sulked and tossed like a little child until Franz slung her over his shoulder like a sack, carried her to the van and drove her home.

A total institution

Lina's focus in the following days was distracted by the daily news, and Franz was her greatest comfort.

– After the flood, to which we have adapted in the meantime thanks to the investments of Ivan and Ante O'Rich, who were entrusted with most of the arable land in the flooded territory, it was decided that the peasants did not know what to do with it anyway and had no money, so it is worth leaving the land to whoever will invest in economic reconstruction. Villagers will get an exclusive opportunity to work underwater and cultivate underground soil to develop algae and marine fish cultures.

That day, during the usual afternoon relaxation in Franz's arms, the staff of the Center for Requalification rang at Lina's address.

– Franz – her eyes lit up – they came for me! So I won the scholarship!

Franz looked at her suspiciously. He actually did not agree with the idea

of her requalification. The idea of staying in a closed institution scared him... to him, Lina was good as she was – as an artist, as a soft girl that he could take care of... he didn't like the idea of leaving her to some dubious requalification center.

– Please get into the vehicle – the Center employees said without further explanation, and Lina enthusiastically ran after them.

– Maybe there is hope for me after all – she whispered, and Franz did not comment on her decision. He would follow her closely, he decided, nothing bad would happen to her while he was here! They drove for a short time in a darkened van, and the next scene was a very long five-story building resembling some kind of hospital.

– Sit down, please, and wait for further instructions – the employees told them, leaving them on the ground floor. Franz and Lina sat down in the waiting room and silently observed the area. Yes, it was definitely a closed institution.

“Who knows what that building was used for a few centuries ago? Maybe for other types of resocialization? What if it was a hospital... or a prison?” ran through Franz's head, and Lina seemed completely enchanted by the building.

– Make yourself comfortable, gentlemen. Soon you will be assigned a room – said the woman in a nurse's

uniform with a smile. Franz just nodded his head, trying not to show the antagonism he felt, but he noticed that something was out of the ordinary. The kind woman with a warm voice had the head of a heron, but other than that, there was definitely something wrong.

“Why is this person in a medical uniform, if it’s not a hospital?”, Franz thought suspiciously.

– This woman has the head of a heron – cried Lina in fear.

– Don’t be rude, Lina. How would you feel if someone told you that you have the head of a heron? – Franz asked.

– Franz, please, look. It’s a heron!

Franz raised his head briefly and apologized to the person in the nurse’s uniform. Then he turned to Lina again and spoke to her quietly.

– Don’t ever tell people they are herons again.

– But the nurse literally looks like a heron!

– Oh, Lina – Franz hit his head – the nurse obviously doesn’t look like a heron, but like a stork. Have you never had Biology class?

– I only had company during my studies, when I went out every night, but there were never any birds in my company!

– Person, didn’t you know that there are different types of people? – the

nurse asked her – men, women, fish, chickens, cats, cats, dudes, and lately birds are also fighting for their rights. I can’t blame you, you’ve obviously never left your homeland.

– I don’t live in my homeland – Lina said sadly.

– Really, no. The Center for Requalification is located outside the state. Spačva is on the border between three countries, so its status is not legally determined. But I wanted to say that you never left your homeland with your brain – nurse Stork explained.

– Then why didn’t I know how to fill out a simple form?

– In fact, only you filled it in completely correctly. Some items were intended to be left blank. A stay at the Center for Requalification will greatly help you. During your stay here, you will discover your true talent and inclinations – nurse Stork kindly said.

Stork

At first everything seemed normal. Used to not noticing differences between people, Lina was okay with the fact that the man on the first floor had a slightly stretched face and was missing one eye. On the second floor was a dwarf bent to the side like a banana, without teeth.

– Franz, look...

– You don’t say a dwarf, but a man of short stature! – he corrected her

thoughts without her having to say them.

There were no people on the third floor, only a human-sized head. It wasn't even a head because it had no eyes and one arm was sticking out of it. She moved bouncing like a ball.

– What cute toys! – Lina remarked.

– These are not toys – Stork warned her – they are people.

– What?!

– Once you enter here, your body gets used to the indoor air and you can no longer breathe outside the Center. Fortunately, here you have all the conditions for a beautiful life. Here, for example, that vampire girl has been hanging on her cell phone for four weeks. After she could no longer suck her son's blood, she had turned into a pile of fat. When the fat started to scream at a very high frequency, Lina collapsed from weakness.

– If you breathe outside air, you become like this pile of fat. The air poisons you and it is recommended to spend as much time as possible inside. Of course, you are allowed in this shopping center next to the Center. Everything you consume is added to your already existing credit in euros with a favorable interest rate of 10%. Trust me, you couldn't get a better deal. The last generation got a Swiss.

– Swiss cheese? Elementaler?

– Swiss frank.

– Franz?! The currency is named after you! Did you know?

– Now you've seen what's here. Call me if you need anything else – Stork said and flew out.

But she soon returned. She took Franz and Lina to a room on the first floor. Nurse Stork decided for them that it was best to rest first and then start further exploring the area. They had been inside for a few days getting a cooked meal twice a day, when their sister took them on a tour for the first time.

– ou know, there are various types of institutions. Especially today, when we live in democratic national capitalism – nurse Stork kindly explained – everyone who has money can open their own hospitals, police and define their own laws.

– But I don't remember that I signed up for this – said Lina.

– You submitted your application to the Center for Requalification, right? Your request has been approved.

– I couldn't bring myself to look at the e-mail – Lina said distractedly – in fact, the only reason why I submitted that request was because I thought it wouldn't be approved.

– It does not make sense! – remarked Stork – You should be grateful that in times of crisis like this you have comfortable accommodation and a hot meal every day. People usually scram-

ble for places in the Center, and you immediately got...

Lina then remembered the material from sociology. Total institutions serve for resocialization. She was very proud of her knowledge, because permanent knowledge is what remains after we leave school. Fortunately, she remembered the exact definition, which helped her a lot! It was just not clear to her how to apply the concepts from the learned sentence in the current situation. That's why she decided to demonstrate her permanent knowledge and general culture.

Seeing that she was immersed in her own thoughts, Franz went to the nurse.

- Let's face it, I don't agree with this - he whispered so that Lina couldn't hear him - I don't see why you want to retrain Lina. She is good just the way she is, and her activity is very important for society!

- Lina is an adult and she filed the report herself - nurse retorted - I'm not getting into her reasons. I'm just trying to earn my salary because I have to feed all these kids. I'm Stork and my job is to oversee the computer system that determines pregnancies. If an area is uninhabited, it is my duty to sabotage the contraception available there. If it is about overcrowding, then I cause spontaneous abortions and infertility. Why else would some have so many problems with giving birth? Everything is here in the com-

puter. It is much easier for us to control the whole system. Haven't you heard about all those national capitalist reforms? Liberalization and flexibility of the labor market? What world are you from?

- I do my duty and do not follow the daily political news. I am not familiar with the radically computerized labor market system.

- You are very reckless - nurse said - that's why we have to resocialize you too.

- Wait a minute - Franz was upset - I'm not your client!

- But you're still here, aren't you? This also makes you our client.

Franz didn't like any of that, but Stork kept talking. He physically approached the nurse, wanting to make it clear that he was serious:

- If something happens to Lina, I swear, I...

- If nothing happens, it means we didn't do our job well! You should leave here as a different person - the nurse said.

- That's the problem.

- Don't be afraid of change. The new Lina will love you just as much as the old one.

"But I don't know if she loves me," thought Franz, not wanting to comment on their relationship with the nurse.

– You will be assigned to one of the sections – the nurse calmly cut him off, continuing to say what she had started, not looking at his threats at all – as you can see, I am Stork and I belong to the New World. Lina will also get the chance to become one of us.

– I know that is the name of the corporation that finances the Center for Requalification.

– In the New World, we all look special and everyone is different in their own way, because in the new technological world physical appearance is no longer important to us. The only thing that matters is the brain's ability to skillfully operate a computer.

– Is that why you turned into a heron?
– naively asked Lina, who appeared out of nowhere, and Franz instinctively hugged her.

– Herons do not bring children! How much have you had from nature and society, personally? – the nurse opposed – We are anatomically and functionally different beings and have nothing in common. Each organism reacts differently to the overall change and thus everyone's vital function is ultimately demonstrated in appearance. I was assigned a temporary job as a nurse by computer. If I become redundant here, my physical appearance will also change. The unemployed melt away from their conceitedness and laziness and eventually lose their shape. You will see, they

are not the only category. The center gives everyone what they deserve as a new face to become a member of society. Look up – the nurse said, pointing to the upper floor – this man has an enlarged face and two noses. His teeth and eyes almost fell out. You can't see it from here, but he's barely a meter tall. That's why his arms got longer, which tells us that his next job will be in a mine. Short people are suitable there, skilled with their hands, and they do not need sight at all. When we manage to buy a new coal detection machine, we will bring it back here for resocialization and look for a new fixed term contract. Employers exchange and sell them among themselves, depending on who needs a certain type of worker. The only thing is that they are not called workers, but temporary employees, so they have no connection with the products of their work. They are almost as necessary for employers as computers: yet we still cannot do without human supervision.

– So I will get a new job? – Lina cheered up, and Franz felt something in his stomach.

– I can't guarantee you that yet, but you certainly have a better chance than someone who is not a client of the Center for Requalification. You will have quality workshops and lectures every day, and we will let you know if one of the employers is interested in hiring you on a fixed-term basis. You know, it's lifelong education.

– Do you hear, Franz? Maybe we can save some money before returning. In any case, the government still hasn't consolidated in our country. We don't even know where the Prime Minister is, and some woman already calls herself Prime Minister – said Lina cheerfully. Franz then shrugged, trying not to show his doubt. He didn't like any of that, especially the idea of his Lina transforming into one of those monsters!

– Should I complete another test to find out my talents? Lina asked.

Nurse smiled and handed her a volume of a thousand pages.

– I will come in a week to get the questionnaires so you have time to read them. If you need help filling them in, there is an intelligent computer in your room that will help you.

Lina thanked for the interesting reading and obediently headed for her new room, but Franz looked incredulously at the nurse, saying: “I'm keeping an eye on you!”

Eight rooms

To Franz's dismay, Lina tried to be obedient. Indeed, she believed that she just had to be polite and obey the orders of the Center for Requalification. Everything will be fine, she consoled herself. If she is already in the Center, it means that there is a solution to her problem of being unqualified. As soon as they help her, she will

be free. In fact, she is already single! He is here by his own free will.

Franz thought. He didn't like anything about this Center! Is it normal to be a monster? If the minority are deformed, they will never be fully understood among the normal majority, which is why the deformed must become normal. After all, if everyone is deformed, a minority will be formed and capable of generating large profits, and Capital will accumulate among those who already own it. Both the deformed and the formed have equal chances and must adapt to the system in the same way. When the majority is deformed, then the formed minority will also have a physical comparative advantage, which only intensifies market competition... Thus, positive competition, profit growth, risk reduction, increased quality will be achieved, and the deformed are redundant in the whole story anyway. They are just slags. Consumers are important.

There were eight rooms on Lina's floor for current users of the Center for Requalification. She has already met some of them. After she was fired from the administrative center of the Center for Requalification in Velegrad last week, young Ana P. can no longer live in her wonderful apartment of fifty square meters with her mother, mother's current boyfriend, half-brother, half-brother's boyfriend, half-brother's half-brother's boyfriend, half-aunt, aunt step-grand-

mother and great-grandmother because her mom's apartment was foreclosed due to drug debts. She invested everything she had so that she could attend the course at the Requalification Center.

Sandra no longer wanted to suffer conspiracies and attacks by business colleagues against her. Ever since her private email was hacked, her workplace was threatened as well as her physical health. That's why she started a court case, which she needs to win.

Nikola wanted to free his friend Fran from the Prison for the Unemployed. One day, people dressed as craftsmen broke through the window and kidnapped Fran. Due to Nikola's excessive politeness, every previous attempt has failed miserably. While he would greet the Guardians on the way out, they would bring Fran back. In order to avoid the fate of his friend, Nikola signed up for a course at the Center for Requalification. If he had a respectable job, he could rescue Fran through a connection. Even the rich woman Dara was there, who wanted to cure her mother of bipolar disorder so that the relationship would finally be normalized. However, requalification to become a doctor takes a long time: even ten years!

Basically, after a week, everyone thought that they were making great progress and that they should finally go out into the real world and apply

what they had learned. However, the Floor Manager did not allow them to do so.

– The course is not over yet. By entering, you have irreversibly invested your money.

– I got a scholarship – Lina protested.

– Correct, but the process of your requalification is not yet complete.

After the first week, Lina felt much more qualified than when she came. The blue hair color had been washed away and was now left with a lifeless bleached shade. She noticed that each user of the Center has a striking shade of their own – a color that suits them in particular – and that was very artistically interesting, so Lina decided to make their portraits. Noticing her painting, the Floor Manager became very angry, stressing that it was forbidden to carry out the activities that the users were engaged in in the past.

– That's why you came, right? – he shouted – You want to change harmful and unprofitable habits that make your life difficult, and not continue them!

It seemed to Lina that the Floor Master was willing to shoot anyone who broke the rules.

– You are not done! – he kept shouting – you have one more, most important lesson to master: reprevision.

But he didn't want to explain to them what a reprevision is.

Also living next to Lina's room was some disturbing guy who looked like a short version of the Deputy Mayor. Although he was Bosnian, he introduced himself to everyone as John Cash. He was an unemployed journalist looking for a new job. While others attended the Floor Manager workshops, he walked the halls and ate pumpkin strudels, as if he was above it all, pretending that the Requalification Center program did not concern him at all.

His look was provocative and he constantly wanted to talk to Lina, but she constantly ran away. Once he even casually strolled into her room while Franz was away, doing some work online. Due to claustrophobia, Lina did not like to lock the door.

– If I wanted to, I could – he kept telling her, as if she should be grateful to him for not breaking into her room when she was alone.

Lina didn't want to admit to Franz that she felt that John Cash was chasing her. It wasn't until she hadn't attended Floor Leader programs for a long time that she had to admit that she felt threatened. Luckily, they moved him upstairs and he soon turned into one of those tumor men.

Spačva Mall

Lina has been very hungry for the past few days. She didn't like the food she got for lunch from the staff, so she gave everything to Franz. That's

why she decided to go to the nearby shopping center to finally get something to eat. In Spačva Mall, she met her colleague Martina with a degree in capital language and literature, also a user of the Center for Requalification. Lina invited her to the cinema and restaurant, of course at her own expense.

During that time, Lina was thinking that she should return to the Requalification Center as soon as possible. She is there by her own decision, after all, what is she missing? Why is he even thinking about it? Lina lives for dinner, when various sweet spreads are on the menu.

She did not do well when breaking out of a well-organized and functional routine. The shopping center she found herself in seemed large, foreign and unknown: Martina didn't seem to notice it. Lina wanted to eat fish, so she asked a woman for directions to a restaurant.

– Good day, they say. Congratulations on coming out. Fish can't replace your meat, honey. You know that, right? – she looked at her through her black glasses.

– I think.

– As Mao Zedong said, thinking and picking flowers are not one and the same. List the natural habitats of fish for me.

Lina stood with her head down. Why should she know that?

– My dear – the woman was looking at her through her glasses – that's the general culture. You couldn't finish school without knowing that. If you went to my place, I would knock you down like I knock down 20% of students. You have to know that even in the middle of the night. Come on, count it.

Lina remained silent, embarrassed, but Martina started listing.

– River, lake, stream...

– The best fish restaurant is in that direction. That's the only one worth it in the whole city, especially for sushi. Thank you very much and goodbye – said the apparition and disappeared. What a strange personality, Lina thought.

– Well, she's complicated for you because she didn't manage to enroll in medicine – whispers Martina – besides, she's mentally ill. She is also a user of the Center for requalification.

It made sense to Lina. Fortunately, society tries to integrate such people into the community.

When they entered the restaurant of the shopping center, a foreigner came running from the top floor at high speed, although foreigners do not exist because states have been abolished.

– Guuuten Taaag – he shouted running past them. Lina only noticed after two seconds that he had put fresh

raw fish in her hands. Then a stampede unfolded in front of them: all the people rushed to run out of the building at the same time. There was such a crowd coming from the upper floor that they were scared as if they were bulls. They ran as fast as possible and, while Lina just wanted to sit down and rest, Martina talked to the people around and tried to figure out the cause of the stampede.

Music could be heard from the upper floor, and Lina almost automatically moved in that direction. She was sure there was something to eat there. They thought that the food must be very cheap in a restaurant in a shopping center, since they bring it already baked in plastic bags and just reheat it. That's why they decided to sit there, but in the end the total price for four drumsticks with salad instead of HRK 43 as on the menu was even HRK 203.

– If you sit here, the waiter service is charged extra. You sat on the very edge of the restaurant, and with every meter the price increases.

– What about the discount for clients of the Requalification Center? Lina protested.

– Discounts are available only for members of the Association of Celebrity Killers, and for those who have a written certificate that they have killed at least 10 people of different ages and genders.

– Why?

– In order not to be accused of being politically incorrect. At least 40% of those killed must be women. That's the rule. However, it seems that you and your colleague are not members of the Association of Celebrity Killers, so you do not have a discount.

Having paid for a meal for herself and Martina, Lina suggested going to the multiplex to see the new science fiction film “Housewives”, in which aliens have kidnapped the protagonists of the former “Desperate Housewives” series.

Lina fell asleep in the multiplex, but she didn't dream because the media reality was already imaginary enough in itself. When she woke up, her head started to hurt, she forgot where she was and why she wasn't in her room.

Ah, how stupid she was! She shouldn't have gone anywhere without Franz, she thought, and started running towards the Requalification Center, followed by Martina, who was in the hairdresser's and didn't notice the whole fight with the terrorists.

– You are kidding? Do you want to go back there? – Martina asked her – Haven't you discovered the truth about that place yet?

– Should I stay and sleep in the mall?

– They sent you to the shopping center for a reason – whispered Martina – they wanted to dissuade you from running away.

– What escape? – Lina was confused – I am in the Requalification Center of my own free will!

– By the will they imposed on you!

– Stupidity! I am the lucky winner of the Novi Svijet scholarship!

– Isn't the name of the corporation suspicious? New World is dedicated to deforming people... to make them weak and unable to fight back... so it says in their Mission&Vision Statement on the online site, but no one reads it!

– Conspiracy theories – Lina waved and continued walking in the direction of the Center.

– If you step there, there is no going back. You will also become a monster – said Martina. Lina's steps slowed. Step by step, she was less and less confident.

– Why do you think there are nurses in the form of herons working at the Requalification Center?

– The lady is not a heron, but a stork!

– ...but she's a nurse!

– They have to hire people with a fluid identity because of political correctness!

– ...but why are these people paramedics?

– Just in case something happens to someone!

Martina sighed.

– If you change your mind, I belong to the group of refugees from the Requalification Center. We are hiding in an underground bunker two hundred meters east – recited Martina and jumped in the direction of the forest.

– What is in that forest? – it bothered Lina – really an underground bunker of some kind of rebels... or just Martina's mental imbalance?

Lina paused. She took out her phone, which had several missed calls from Franz, and typed in the name of the company Novi Svijet.

“Novi Svijet is dedicated to requalification people to find their place in society,” it said. No letters about deformation and weakening. Martina must have invented something. However, Lina copied the sentence from the website and transferred it to Google Translate. She translated it from language to language several times... and finally came to the sentence that Martina mentioned. Is that a coincidence? She wasn't sure. Can he take the risk? Who to trust? Maybe to consult with Franz... but, no! He would just gloat, “I told you this place was shady!” She couldn't let him win intellectually. She had to prove that she was self-reliant and independent... and a free-thinking person. Because of this, she ran in the direction that Martina showed her.

Rebel bunker

In the bunker, the rebels were watching a marathon of new nameless visionary series with popcorn. Seeing the new member of the Resistance Movement, Martina invited her to join in watching the series. However, the series was abruptly interrupted by extraordinary news. Lina's elementary school teacher was on the news as a special guest as a witness to the great space invasion of the earth. The teacher claims that this invasion happened yesterday, and to date she has already written a book about it with the help of artificial intelligence, which is expected to be a bestseller.

– It is still a taboo topic to talk about the occupation of aliens! – said the teacher in the extraordinary news – While they were abducting me, everyone was in cans to preserve their existing way of thinking!

– What kind of preserves? – asked the journalist.

– Those narrow tin molds! You didn't see them? Here, I have photos – said the teacher, taking out a smart speed camera, but the battery was empty – just now! Basically, people are put in a tin box and their skulls are opened. They take out the brain and keep it in the mold for a while, and when it is shaped like all the others, they put it back in the body. They do this to protect themselves from aliens...

– Why?

– Because otherwise what happened to you will happen to them! The aliens came to take over the factories and bring in cheap workers from Asian countries. Everything, the whole country is their property! You may not paint, photograph or write about their property. The media serves to help destroy the institution of the state so that aliens don't have to pay taxes!

The rebels looked through the binoculars until late in the evening, and only when their eyes began to burn terribly did they go to bed.

– See? The aliens have occupied the Earth and are now establishing the New World – said bull-eyed Martina, widening her eyes even more. Not knowing who and what to believe, Lina fell asleep for the second time that evening.

I don't need new eyes

Lina was woken up in a panic in the middle of the night by two unknown Lithuanian women and an Austrian woman, pointing their weapons at her. Lina jumped up in fear, thinking it was an elemental disaster.

– Come on, come on, faster! What are you waiting for? Get up! You have to watch with us and you better entertain us!

– Do you want me to tell you? Is that why you woke me up?

– Of course! You can't even imagine

how boring it is to stand guard here for hours!

– We have to keep watch so that spies don't get in – explained Martina.

Lina quickly started dressing and telling jokes, not knowing what it was all about. Why would they have to keep watch when she only joined the rebels today? The group of rebels sat quietly, enjoying the parables, and Lina was grateful for her multitasking abilities. She remembered the military camp she once passed and applied that rhythm this time.

With the speed with which she got ready, she forgot her most valuable treasure in the bunker: her fast voice. That's why she asked the rebels to wait for her for just two minutes while she took the elevator back underground, but two Lithuanian women and one Austrian woman set off an alarm that will cause the entire shelter to collapse in exactly 120 seconds.

– If you don't come back in 120 seconds, you will fly into the air! – that's what the terrorists said, and Lina ran back.

– Get up now! There's a bomb in the bunker! – she woke up all her hosts.

The Lithuanian women did not lie: in two minutes everything flew into the air. Luckily they got out in time, but the material damage was irreparable. The group of rebels was left without a place to live, but all in all, it is important that no one was injured.

– They were spies – Martina was horrified, bringing Lithuanian women and an Austrian woman tied up among the rebels.

– Why in the past tense: were?

Then Martina's rebels coldly shoot the three stalkers.

Lina's eyes began to burn terribly. She noticed that the others present were also scratching the whites of their eyes; they were rubbed terribly until they started to melt. The whites of everyone's eyes took on the shade of pupils and simply spilled down their faces. Lina was horrified by that scene and immediately stopped scratching her eyes, which were burning badly. A new shock followed after looking in the mirror: Lina's eyes looked like those of a primate! Apparently she got infected somehow. But how and where?

Her head started to hurt, she forgot where she was and why she wasn't in her room.

– Franz! My Franz! How could I leave without Franz? – she was angry with herself through crying.

Did she want to escape from the Requalification Center? So what was she thinking? There she was safe, protected and drowned! She shouldn't have gone out, she thought, and started running back, followed by Martina.

– Hang on! You must not go back among them!

Return

Nurse Stork welcomed them inside, as if she knew exactly when she would return.

– Thanks to the Capital, help at last – she said with relief – my eyes hurt terribly, look what happened to me!

– You will recover soon. Please lie down and relax – suggested the nurse, ushering Lina into the darkened room.

– There are more of my friends out there whose eyes are melting – warned Lina.

– No, it just seems that way. You will be given eye drops and the entire recovery will only take a few days.

– And then I go out?

– No, back to your room – said the nurse in a soft voice, handing Lina eye drops.

– Don't take those drops! – shouted Martina.

– Lina, thank you for giving me my daughter back – Stork continued – as you can see, she is irreparable. He does not want to retrain!

– Is Martina your daughter? – Lina was surprised.

– She is in the group of snake people. Soon it will resemble a snake itself. Only on the way should you avoid other patients, because different categories often argue about who will

receive humanitarian donations, so they could get hurt. And besides, we don't know what kind of reaction the mixing of categories would cause.

- Franz! Where is Franz?

- Your boyfriend almost started a revolution here, but I showed him that you were in the mall.

- Did you show him?

- Of course, everything is live on the cameras! - the nurse showed her - and the terrorist attack on the bunker of those bums was foreseen in advance!

- Terrorist? Bums?

- Yes, but now you are again in the care of the Center. Not even terrorists can go here!

Seeing that Lina had returned, Franz forbade her to go out until the end of the month at the Center.

- Can't you see that it's dangerous here?

- What would be dangerous? Terrorists? They are everywhere!

- But they knew about the terrorists... maybe they cooperate with them.

- You are always paranoid - she rolled her eyes - no, sorry. I know. Thank you for your concern...

Lina decided not to tell Franz about hanging out with the rebels, nor the conspiracy theories she heard in their bunker.

- We will endure, just a little longer
- he hugged her, consoling himself more than her.