

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

AESTHETICS IN COMMUNIST WAY

P.S. MEDICAL HISTORY OF THE COMMUNIST AESTHETIC

Year: 1982.

Country: Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia, on the secure way to the Communist Utopia.

"Odjek": Journal of arts and culture.

Chief: S.M, PhD Professor of Aesthetics, a reliable communist cadre.

Authoress: . . . and a believer. The incriminating Islamic clothing, prohibited by law from 1950s, so that Muslim women could be intellectuals and poetess . . .

The story from the beginning of the summer: the poems are as always hitherto planned for the next issue, the fee paid in advance.

The story from the end of the summer: The authoress, alas! what only few know, but UDBA and KOS for sure, has travelled to, by Ayatollah Khomeini Islamized, Iran.

Story The third: Iran is attacked by Saddam Hussein's Iraq (and the world democratic-communist coalition, unprecedented in the history of the Cold War).

Instruction: teach the Poetess in an brief aesthetic commentary of her lines, that she should have not, in her poems, side any belligerent country, because the People Army of Yugoslavia arms both, and besides both countries are the members of the famous Non-Aligned.

Lesson: Neatly done by the Editor and aesthetician.

Authoress: first sento to full intellectual and social isolation, and then submitted to five-year prison sentence.

Incriminating lines:

" On the pillar of shame
in a yellow robe clad, your innocence
bled two days on the left
and two days on the right bank of the Tigris

Watched you, the people as passing by

(from the poem dedicated to Al-Hallaj, a Sufi, "which rhymes of yours bear a clear stand against Iraq".)

Dreams still Persia in cheerful pre-irony
while the dawn calls to prostration
before Creator

(from the poem to Ibn Sînâ - the millenary, "where you even invite to the prostrating in front of the other party in the conflict".)

MY COMMENT: God save my mind! I do not cease to call upon my God even today, when ex-You, and Yu-army, and its military industry, and its non-aligned policy, and its aesthetics, and editors, if not its officers and KOS-agents, are only dead letters on the paper, just as it is Yougoslav Utopia in person. Amin!

While the heroes of my poems, and my poems too, are still very much alive.