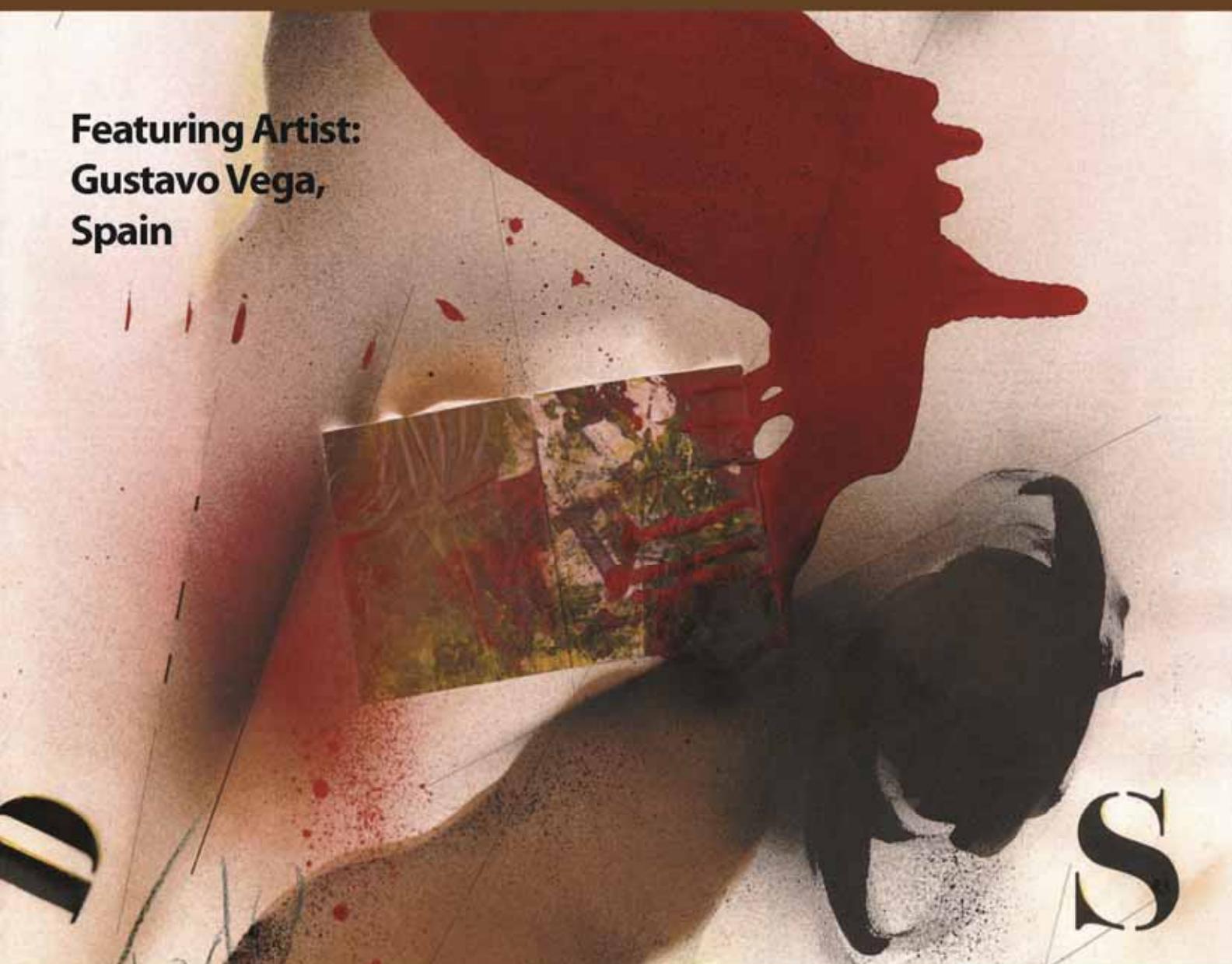


# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 15 Broj 15 Novembar/Studeni/November 2011

**Featuring Artist:  
Gustavo Vega,  
Spain**



**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...**



**SABAHUDIN HADŽALIĆ, gl.i odg urednik**  
*(od osnivanja, septembra 2009.g.); Sarajevo, Bosna i Hercegovina*  
**Editor in chief (since establishment, September 2009)**

Info: <http://sabihadzi.weebly.com/>  
<http://dhirasbk.weebly.com/ql-i-odg-urednik.html>



**Samira Begman, Zamjenik gl.i odg urednika u ime DHIRA, Küsnacht, Swisse (od 01.09.2010.g.)**  
**Deputy editor in chief in behalf of DHIRA verlag, Küsnacht, Swisse (as of 01.09.2010)**

Tatjana Debeljački - Zamjenik gl.i odg. urednika (saradnja sa časopisima & intervjuji)



od 01.9.2010.g., Užice, Srbija ...Deputy editor in chief (cooperation with magazines & interviews) as of 01.9.2010

info: [http://www.diogenis.ofees.net/autori.authorsTatjanaDebeljacki\\_files/autori.authorsTatjanaDebeljacki.htm](http://www.diogenis.ofees.net/autori.authorsTatjanaDebeljacki_files/autori.authorsTatjanaDebeljacki.htm)

Dr. Ram Sharma, Zamjenik gl. i odg. urednika za Aziju



As of 02.5.2011..Deputy Editor in chief for Asia

Info:  
<http://diogen.weebly.com/india-connection-diogen-pro-culture-magazine.html>

Goran Vrhunc, Zamjenik gl.i odg.urednika (*MLADOST ŽIVJETI TRAŽI-DI GEN BUDUĆNOST*); od 01.09.2010.g., Sarajevo, Bosna i Hercegovina



Deputy editor in chief (Youth is seeking for life- DI GEN OF THE FUTURE)...as of 01.09.2010

Info:  
[http://www.diogenis.ofees.net/autori.authors\\_goran.vrhunc\\_files/autori.authors\\_goran.vrhunc.htm](http://www.diogenis.ofees.net/autori.authors_goran.vrhunc_files/autori.authors_goran.vrhunc.htm)

Stivo Basara, Grafički urednik, Edmonton, Canada



Graphic designer

Info: <http://dhirasbk.weebly.com/ilustracije.html>

U SETU 25 EURA (plus poština) DVA CD-a plus MAGAZIN prvi broj 2009/2010...POJEDINAČNO 10 EURA (plus poština) CD odnosno MAGAZIN...  
 E-mail: sabihadzi@gmail.com

ALL TOGETHER 25 Euros (plus postage) TWO CD's PLUS MAGAZINE first issue 2009/2010...Each 10 Euros (plus postage) CD and/or MAGAZINE...

MI OBJEDINUJEMO RAZLIČITOSTI.. WE ARE UNIFYING DIVERSITIES  
 E-mail: sabihadzi@gmail.com

ALL OTHERS ARE GOOD, WE ARE DIFFERENT!.. SVI DRUGI SU DOBRI, MI SMO DRUGAČIJI!

<http://diogen.weebly.com> <http://maxminus.weebly.com> <http://sabihadzi.weebly.com>

Copyright Sabahudin Hadžalić & Authors 2009-2011. All rights reserved. Copying articles, images and other content free of charge with obligation to underline from where it has been taken from: DI GEN pro culture magazine, Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina. Otherwise, forget it!

Publisher: Dhira Verlag, Gartenstrasse 348700, Küsnacht, Schweiz, <http://dhirasbk.weebly.com>—ISBN: 978-3-905869-41-5

NA NASLOVNICI....ART— Gustavo Vega - DESIGN LOGO I NASLOVNICA/FRONT PAGE: STEVO BASARA, grafički dizajner/graphic designer ...

**Riječ urednika****Čovjek, iznad svega**

Gustavo Vega je vizionar vizuelno—literarne meditacije duše uobličene da bude sve drugo samo ne ustaljena manifestacija refleksije jednoličnih oblika. Postanka, ostanka i opstanka. Njegova poezija je nemiran spoj slobodnog stiha i žestine vizije. Njegova slika piše dok njegove riječi slikaju. Nijemi odsaj bogatstva duha unutar fotosenzibiliteta unutar dizajnerskih oblika sopstvenih, neograničenih, nedosanjanih nakana. Igra slovima unutar plesa umjetnosti. Ljubav, dominirajući oblik njegove poetike, u susretu sa društveno razarajućim temama slovnih namjera, na nemirnom moru duhovnih anomalija, pobjeđuje. Ipak, kao Sizif, iznova bačen na stratište sopstvenih misli, on se iznova i iznova gradi, upozorava, moli, traži. Sebe u nama. Zbog nas, ali i sebe. Njegove umjetničke instalacije koje kao upozorenje vape sa zidova španskih gradova, pretežno Barselone, su poruka urbi et orbi da Svijet pripada nama da ga unapređujemo a ne da ga razgradujemo. Što nam se, nažalost, nažalost, iz dana u dan dešava. Njegovi ciklusi poezije, ali i slike i sve do raznovrsnih dizajnerskih oblika koji plutaju galerijama su zaista upozorenje čovjeka koji želi graditi Svijet razumijevanja i ljubavi. Njegove lubanje smrti su upozoravajuća početna slova abecede. Njegova isprepletenost slova je želja za opstankom. Dok ostaje u vlastitom postanku. Čovjeka. Prije svega.

**Editor's word****Human being, above all**

Gustavo Vega is a visionary of the visual-literary meditations of the soul shaped to be anything but an established manifestation of reflections of the uniform form of reflection. Genesis, stay and the survival. His poetry is a restless blend of free verse and the severity of vision. His painting is a writing, while his words are painting. Silent reflection of enrichment of the spirit of photo sensibility within design forms of his own, unlimited, unfulfilled intentions. The game with the letters within the dance of the art. Love, the dominating form of his poetry, in a meeting with socially destructive themes of characters intentions, on the rough sea of spiritual anomaly, wins. However, as Sisyphus, repeatedly thrown on the execution of their own thoughts - he, again and again builds up himself, warn, pray, seek for. Himself in us. For us, as well as for himself. His art installations as a warning cry from the walls of Spanish cities, mainly Barcelona, are the message Urbi et Orbi that the world belongs to us to improve it rather than dismantle it. What happens to us sadly, sadly, from day to day. His cycles of the poems, but also the painting ones and up to all the different design shapes that floats within galleries, are really warning of the man who wants to build a world of understanding and love. His skull of death are cautionary initial letters of the alphabet. His interweaving of letters is the desire for survival. While he remains in his own becoming. Of the human being. Above all.

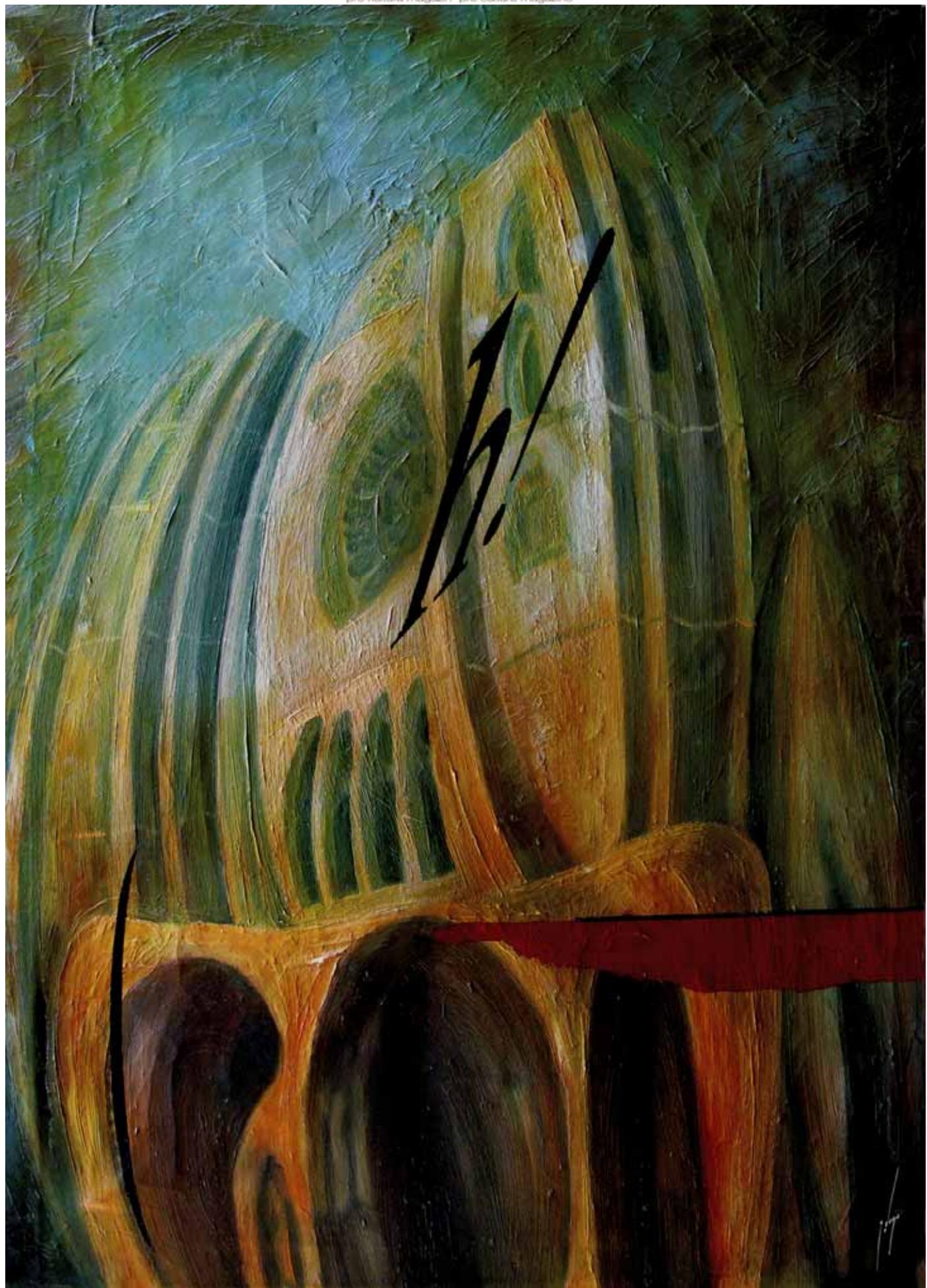
**Riječ urednika**

**Gl. i odg. urednik**  
Sabahudin Hadžalić

**Editor's word**

**Editor in chief**  
Sabahudin Hadžalić





Catedral\_1968-1994

## NECESITAMOS SABER

Tú, yo,  
 debemos tener algún mar  
 de piedra entre las venas,

alguna navaja clavada  
 en la memoria,  
 algún rayo de sol absurdo  
 iluminando muestra nada

o, si no, explícame porqué  
 siempre se nos des-  
 hacen los sueños  
 entre los dedos.

Necesitamos  
 averiguar la razón  
 de tanto óxido, de tanto olvido,  
 amarilleándonos la mirada,  
 de tanta huída de

nosotros mismos.

## WE NEED TO KNOW

You, I,  
 must have some kind of sea  
 of stones inside the veins,

a switchblade stuck in  
 our memory,  
 an absurd ray of sun  
 illuminating our nothingness

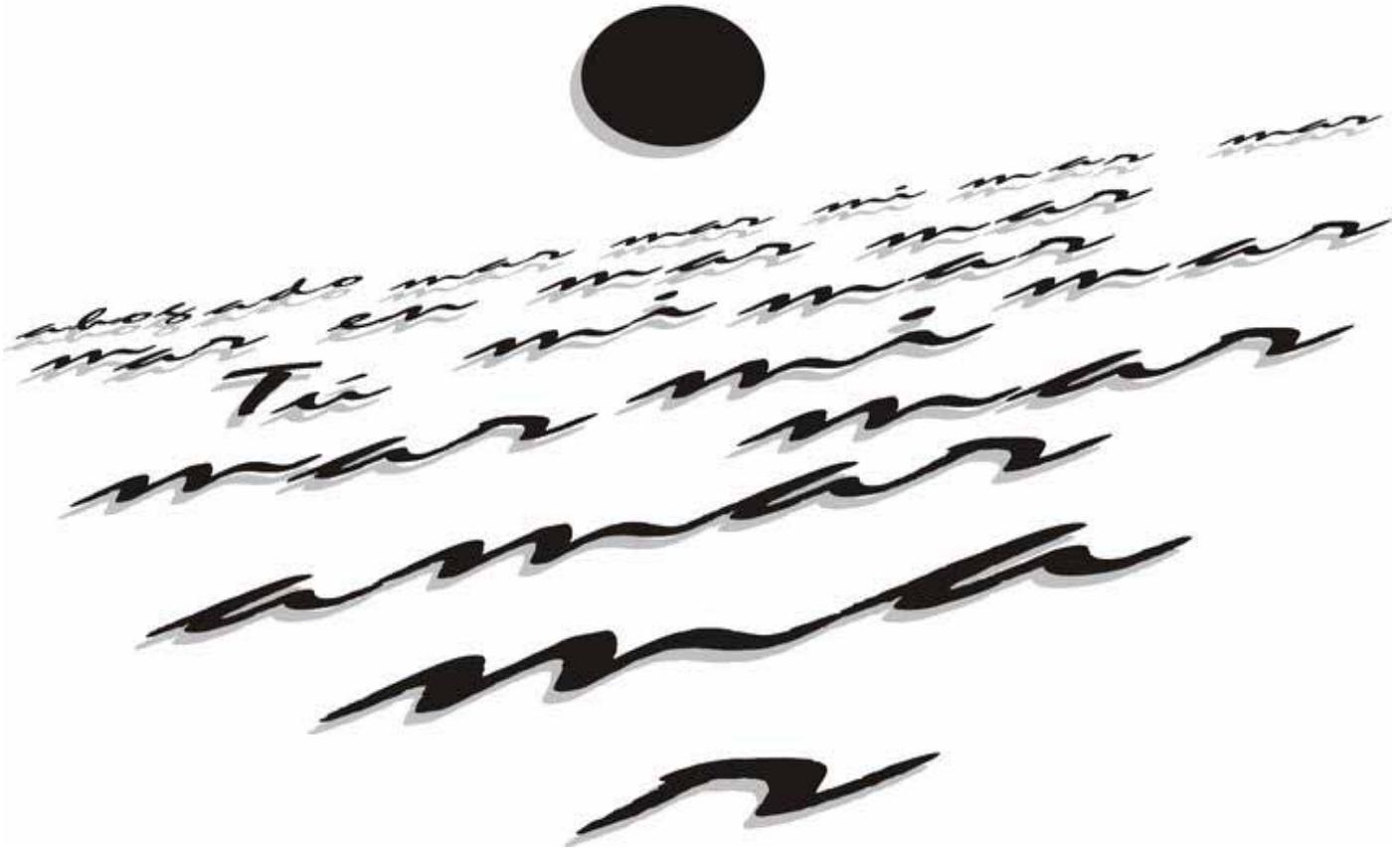
or, if not, tell me why  
 our dreams always  
 slip through  
 our fingers.

We need  
 to find why  
 all this rust, all this oblivion  
 yellowing our gaze,  
 forever escaping from

ourselves.

All poems have been translated in English by **Carlota Caulfield**

She is teacher at the University of California, United States of America







## SIN SEÑALES

Te buscas entre  
los escombros de tu  
propia luz caída  
en el asfalto.

Te buscas pero  
sólo ves espejos  
sin imagen,

sin la imagen que  
tu piensas.

Te buscas pero  
sólo encuentras la lágrima  
que enterraste.

Te buscas pero  
tus sueños se estrellan  
contra el tiempo.

Te buscas pero...  
Y seguirás buscando, buscando-  
te, mientras mueras.

## WITHOUT SIGNS

*You search for yourself  
among the rubble of your  
own fallen light  
in the asphalt.*

*You search for  
yourself but  
you find only mirrors  
without image,*

*without the image  
you expect.*

*You search for yourself  
but only find the tear  
you buried.*

*You are searching for yourself but  
your dreams shatter  
against time.*

*You search for yourself but...  
And you will continue searching, searching  
for yourself, while you are dying.*



Sin Límites (1984/2007)

**Without Boundaries**

α

EnTuSi

β

## SI TE FIJARAS BIEN

Si te fijaras bien  
podrías descubrir que  
tu vida  
es un permanente tro-  
pezar de sueño  
en sueño

buscando siempre

el sentido  
que se oculta  
en cada esquina  
de las muertes

que tejen el entrete-  
jido de  
tus  
sueños.

Si te fijaras  
comprenderías porqué  
los inviernos  
también pueden inflamarse  
hasta estremecer  
el cuerpo  
y la mirada

de placer  
y de agonias.

## IF YOU WOULD LOOK CLOSELY

If you would look closely  
you would discover  
stumbling from dream  
to dream

always looking for

the meaning  
hiding  
in each corner  
of death

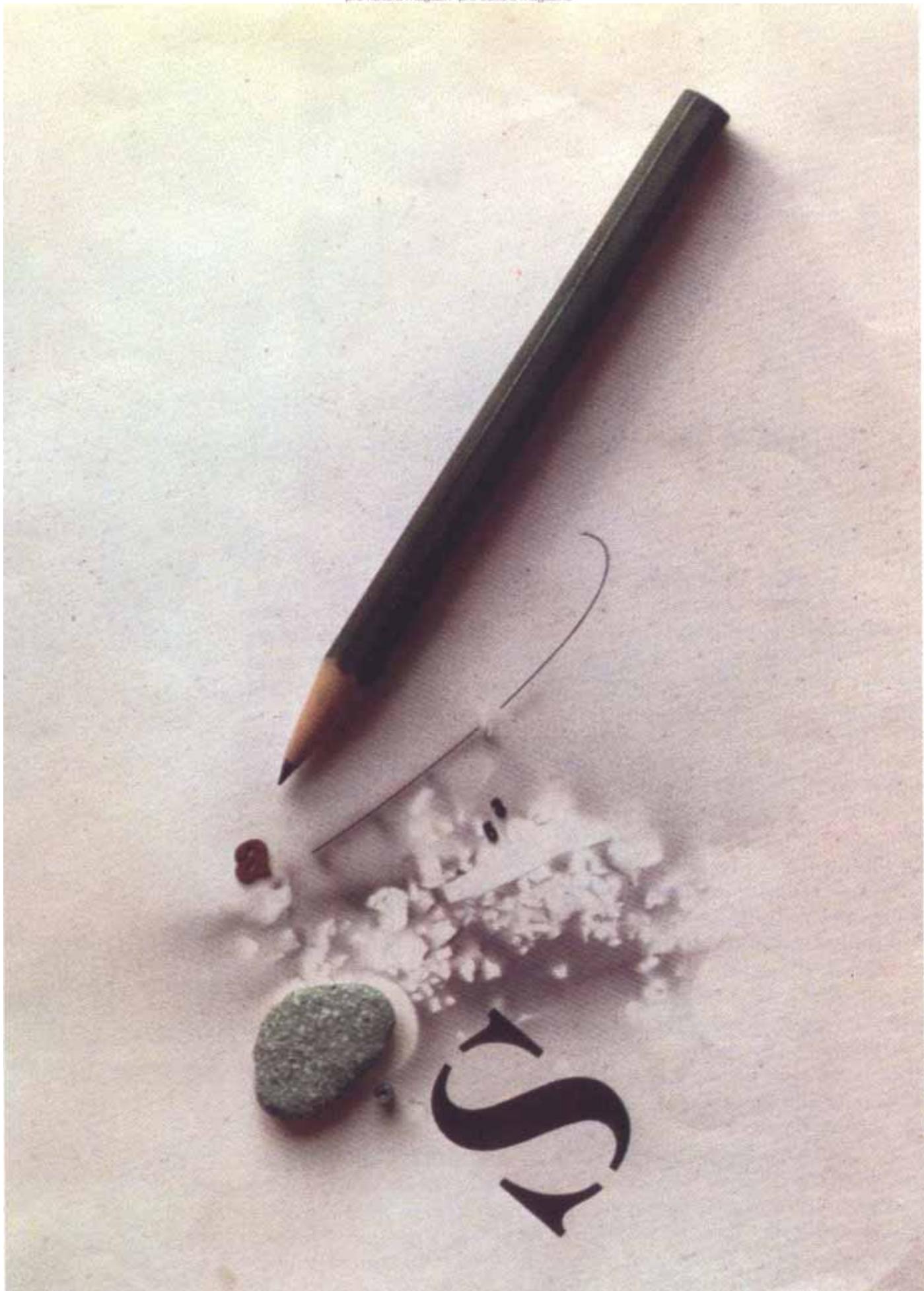
weaving the fabric  
of your  
dreams.

If you would look  
closely  
you would understand why  
winters  
also are able to ignite  
until the body  
and the gaze  
tremble

with pleasure  
and agony.



(Una con otra,  
una ante, baja, cae, contra... otra.  
Los vocales son el duelo  
de los políntaxis.)



Lapiz [50%]

*Si, comprenderías*

*que tu ser es sólo un sendero  
que se extiende absurdamente  
hasta el borde*

*de su último suspiro*

Yes, you would

understand  
that all of your being is only a path  
stretching out absurdly  
until the edge  
of its last sigh

*y ya no te preocuparías tanto  
de tanta tiranía sin ternura,  
tenaz tristeza,  
tenia,  
talonario,  
todavia...*

and you would stop worrying so  
much  
of all that callous tyranny,  
tenacious sadness,  
with unsettled matters...

*Y volverías  
entonces a ti  
mismo  
y saborearías*

And then, you  
would return  
to yourself  
and would taste

*solamente*

only



**PROHIBIDO**

Diptico Prohibido horizonte\_2007

# DI OGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 12 Broj 12 Juli/Srpanj/July - Avgust/Kolovoz/August 2011

Featuring Artist:

## PABLO PICASSO



**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...**



Reflejo Sosegado\_2007

# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 14/1 Broj 14/1 Oktobar/Listopad/October/ 2011

**Featuring Artist:  
Barbara Bračun,  
Croatia**



**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...**

tan  
sólo  
tu silencio  
sin nom-  
bre

no  
more than  
your silence  
without na-  
me

y  
no añorarías  
ya  
nad  
a,

and  
you would not  
desire  
not a thing,  
any-  
more,

nad  
a.

not a  
thin-  
g.

Avidas de más vida, para encarnar el deseo,  
a veces tatvamos la propia ferrumbre con ríos de frescura  
y falsas primaveras, con hipnotizadas aguas de alegría.  
Pero, otras veces, inevitablemente se nos descorren las tinieblas que aguantábamos con las manos  
y nos saltan a la cara para roernos los ojos con asco  
las ratas ansiosas de la muerte.

Yo, presintiendo la herida, despistaba el naufragio.  
Ella, anhelando precipicios, verbalizó el más amargo de los mares:

No hay retorno, dijo. Caen las gotas  
gota a gota hasta agotarse.  
se debate  
poco a poco al borde  
Olvidaré del ser impreciso,  
solo quedará condenado  
tu nombre. y del no ser para siempre.  
el perfume de tu cuello, la forma  
tan tuya de mirarme ahora, el sabor  
de tu vino predilecto. Y, desarmado  
el recuerdo, de ti

No hay retorno, dijo. Sólo el eco.

Caen las gotas gota a gota hasta agotarse.

Caen las gotas  
gota a gota

hasta a

gotar

se

Las horas,  
las hojas.  
Caen las gotas,  
gota a gota hasta agotarse.

en

ocio

as

# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 14 Broj 14 Oktobar/Listopad/October/ 2011

**Featuring Artist:  
Majedeh Motallebi,  
Iran**



*majedeh*

**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...**

## MAR ADENTRO

Si, necesitamos  
dejar esta orilla tan repleta de ojos  
y de máscaras.

Dejar esta playa así clavada  
en su éxtasis de espumas  
y deseos.

Dejar.

Dejar la playa y su orilla,  
y el ruido que salpican los bañistas.  
Playa repleta de silencios y  
presencias pre-sentidas  
y huir.

Huir al mar. ... Mar, horizonte, mar...  
amar, *Tú*, mi mar  
mar adentro, en un barco,  
que se esconde  
y que confunda su color oscuro  
entre los labios salados de las sombras,  
de las olas,  
más lejanas.

## OPEN SEA

Yes, we need  
to leave this shore so crowded with eyes  
and masks.

Leaving behind this stagnant beach  
in its ecstasy of foam  
and desires.

Leaving behind.

Leaving the beach and its shore,  
and the splashing of the swimmers.  
Beach inhabited by silences and  
felt presences  
sensed beforehand  
and escaping.

Escaping to the sea. ...Sea, horizon, sea...  
To love, *You*, my sea  
open sea, on a ship,

hiding  
and muddling its dark color  
in the salty lips of the shadows,  
of the furthest waves,  
the distant  
ones.





*A Miguel Hernández*

LODÉVE, 2006

El francés dice *oui*  
 El portugués dice *sim*  
 El español dice *sí*

El ruso dice *da*  
 El árabe dice *naám*,  
 El egipcio dice *aywa*

El albanés dice *po*  
 El hebreo dice *ken*  
 El occitano dice *oc*

El maltés dice *iva*  
 El inglés dice *yes*  
 El bereber dice *yah*  
 El alemán dice *ja*

El macedonio, el serbio,  
 el croata, el montenegrino,,,  
 dice *da*

El persa dice *baleh*  
 El turco dice *evet*

El georgiano dice *qi*  
 El italiano dice *si*  
 El catalán dice *si*  
 Yo digo *sí*

Pero tú... dices *no*  
 Tú dices *no*  
*/No!*

LODÉVE, 2006

The French says *OUI*  
 The Portuguese says *SIM*  
 The Spanish says *SÍ*

The Russian says *DA*  
 The Arab says *NAÁM*,  
 The Egyptian says *AYWA*

The Albanian says *PO*  
 The Hebrew says *KEN*  
 The Occitan says *OC*

The Maltese says *IVA*  
 The English says *YES*  
 The Berber says *YAH*  
 The German says *JA*

The Macedonian, the Serbian,  
 the Croatian, the Montenegrin,,,  
 say *DA*

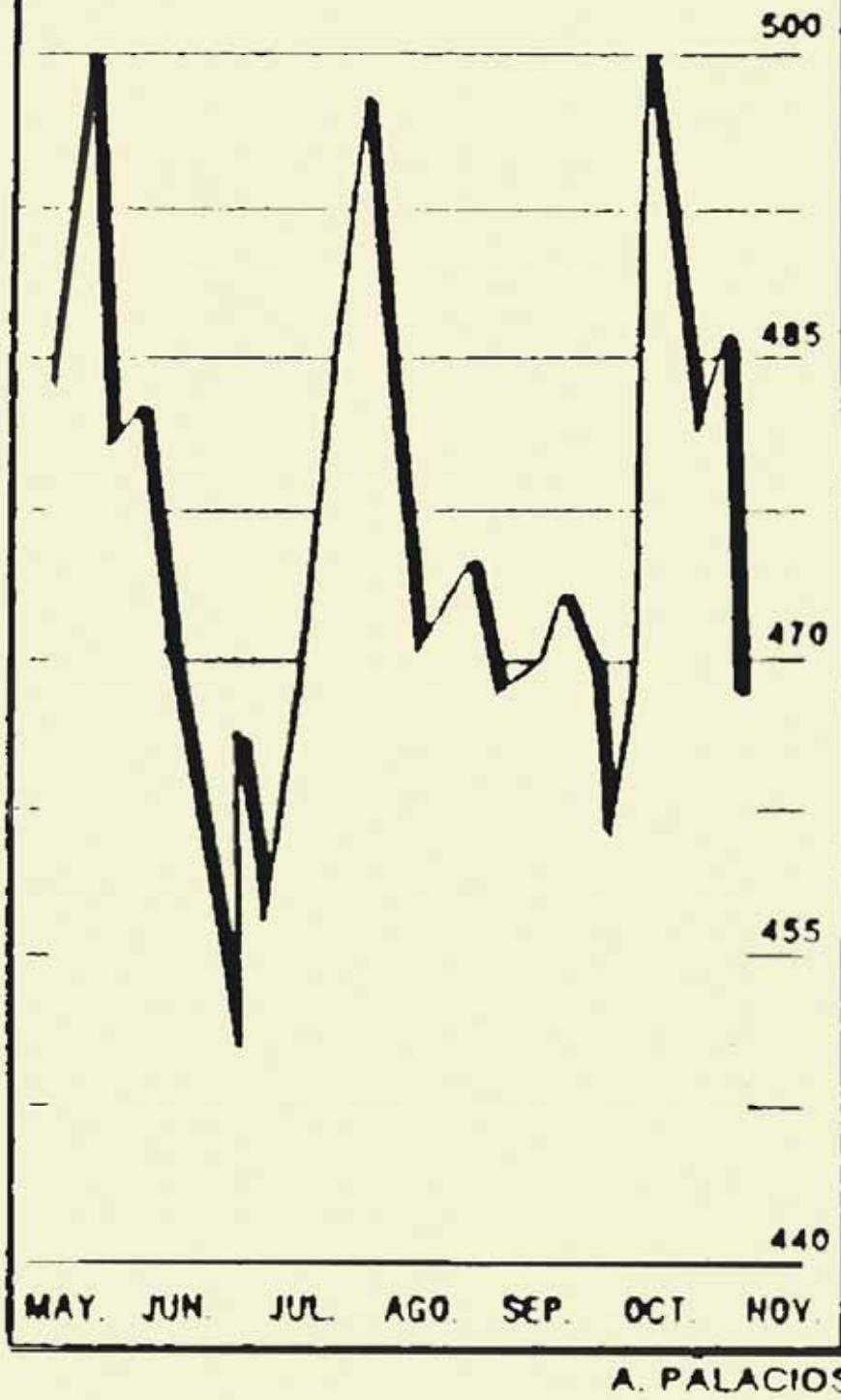
The Persian says *BALEH*  
 The Turkish says *EVET*

The Georgian says *QI*  
 The Italian says *SI*  
 The Catalan says *Si*  
 I say *Si*

But you... say *NO*  
 You say *NO*  
*NO!*



## EVOLUCIÓN DEL PRECIO DEL ORO (DÓLARES-ONZA)



Poema Concretista para Financieros (1984)

ENIGMA

ENIGMA

(Enigma

o incierto horizonte,  
su mirada armada de belleza  
me atravesó la frente

(en el instante)

(Enigma

or uncertain horizon,  
her gaze armed with beauty  
pierced my forehead

(in an instant)





## MEDIODÍA. OBSESIÓN

Mediodía  
de tu mar, melodía. Tú,  
mar, obsesión.

Si te pienso, eres  
en la altura el astro estático, una imagen  
que a lo lejos se despliega.

Si me extiendo a tu orilla,  
o si intento tocarte, eres gaviota  
invisible de luz, leve  
ala, vuelo, ausencia, una brisa  
que pasa y se quiebra.

Si en tu mar me introduzco, eres,  
sensación redonda, el vértigo  
del agua, su substancia o secreto,

una presencia apenas  
presentida

(Este tiempo inasible  
en que vivimos  
se perderá entre los espejos  
de otro tiempo,  
de otros tiempos).

## MIDDAY. OBSESSION

Midday  
of your sea, melody. You,  
sea, obsession.

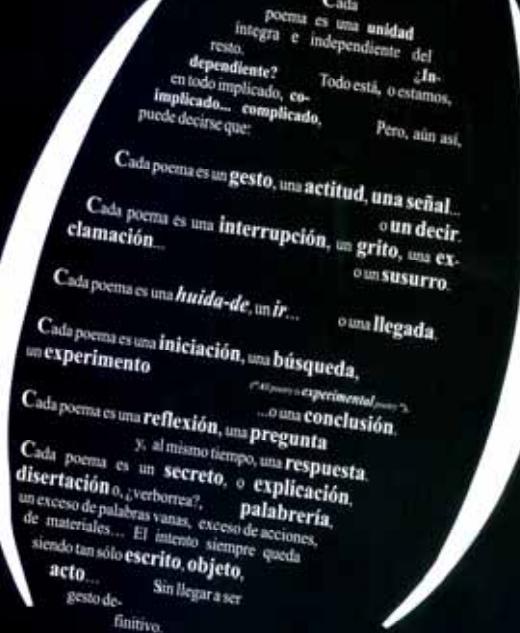
If I think about you, you become  
a static star, high above, an image  
unfolding from afar.

If I approach your shore,  
or if I intend to touch you, you are an invisible  
seagull of light, slight  
wing, flight, absence, a breeze  
that passes and breaks.

If I enter your sea, you are,  
complete feeling, vertigo  
of the water, its substance or secret,

a presence hardly  
sensed before-  
hand.

(This fleeting time  
in which we live  
will get lost amongst mirrors  
of another time,  
of other times).



## ACLARACIÓN

no es la palabra lo que ansio,  
en el instante del decir,  
es lo que ella dice y,  
razón del decir,  
lo que no dice pero

la analogía total,  
el espejismo de el Tú-  
-lo, cristalización del movimiento,  
sentantema translucido  
que transciende, en el instante, desde el fondo de un latido  
deseo entre mis labios dedos

c  
o  
n  
v  
e  
r  
g  
i  
e  
n  
d  
o

*Caíste*

*de la nada a tu hueco, y  
pronto descubriste el olvido,  
if the moon smiled, o abandono  
que muerde el engranaje de cualquier reloj  
perdido, y cuánta soledad está  
en muerte viva  
dentro de una lata de sardinas.*

*Caíste*

*de la nada a tu hueco, y  
un algo te enseñó a morder  
los párpados de las diosas, a corroer  
los bordes abismales del infierno, y  
a reírte de los miedos  
y las nieblas.*

*Quedaste*

*mal herido de planetas y  
caricias, y no hay desde entonces  
selva, océano o señal  
que no intentes  
habitar.*

Con  
Vier  
No  
Un  
Baje  
Por s  
En todo  
Del uno .

ñones por banda,  
spa, a toda vela,  
mar, sino vuela  
ergantín;  
que llaman,  
a, el Temido,  
nocido  
confín.

La luna  
En la lona  
Y alza en  
Olas de pl.  
Y ve el ca.  
Cantando ale.  
Asia a un lado;  
Y allá a su frente,

mar ríela,  
el viento,  
o movimiento  
azul;  
irata,  
la popa,  
ro, Europa,  
mbul.

—Navega, velero mío,  
Sin temor;  
Que ni enemigo navío,  
Ni tormenta, ni bonanza,  
Tu rumbo a torcer alcanza,  
Ni a sujetar tu valor.

Objeto poético

2/10

Veinte presas  
Hemos hecho  
A despecho  
Del inglés,  
Y han rendido



11

24.05 *Dicir(te)...*

Quería decirte... Pero no he podido.  
 Anhelo devastado, aún no he podido  
 pintar la luz.

Vivir.  
 Morimos enmarañados entre el sentido  
 y su *deconstrucción*. Son los *sistemas complejos*  
 de un decir *metapoético*. Ángulos.  
 Ángulos muertos. Son *nodos, enlaces*, de una *red*  
 en la que nos hemos perdido añorando *no sé qué*,  
*no sé qué*,  
 añorando el país en el que los sueños  
 sueñan, añoran, las pericias de la ternura,  
 entre el orden y el caos, añoran todo,  
 nada, cualquier *determinismo*  
 cuántico, teológico, genético...  
 y, sobre todo, añoran  
 la añoranza.

24.05 *To tell (You)*

I wanted *to tell you*... But I couldn't.  
 Devastated angel, still I couldn't  
 paint the light.

*I? You?* Tangle in between the sense  
 and its *deconstruction*. They are the complex systems  
 of a *post-poetic* saying. Angles.  
 dead angles. They are knots, links, of a *net*  
 where we got lost desiring *I don't know what*,

*I don't know what*,

desiring the country where dreams  
 dream, yearn for, the mastery of tenderness,

between order and chaos, they yearn for everything,  
 nothing, any Newtonian  
*determinism* and, above all, they yearn

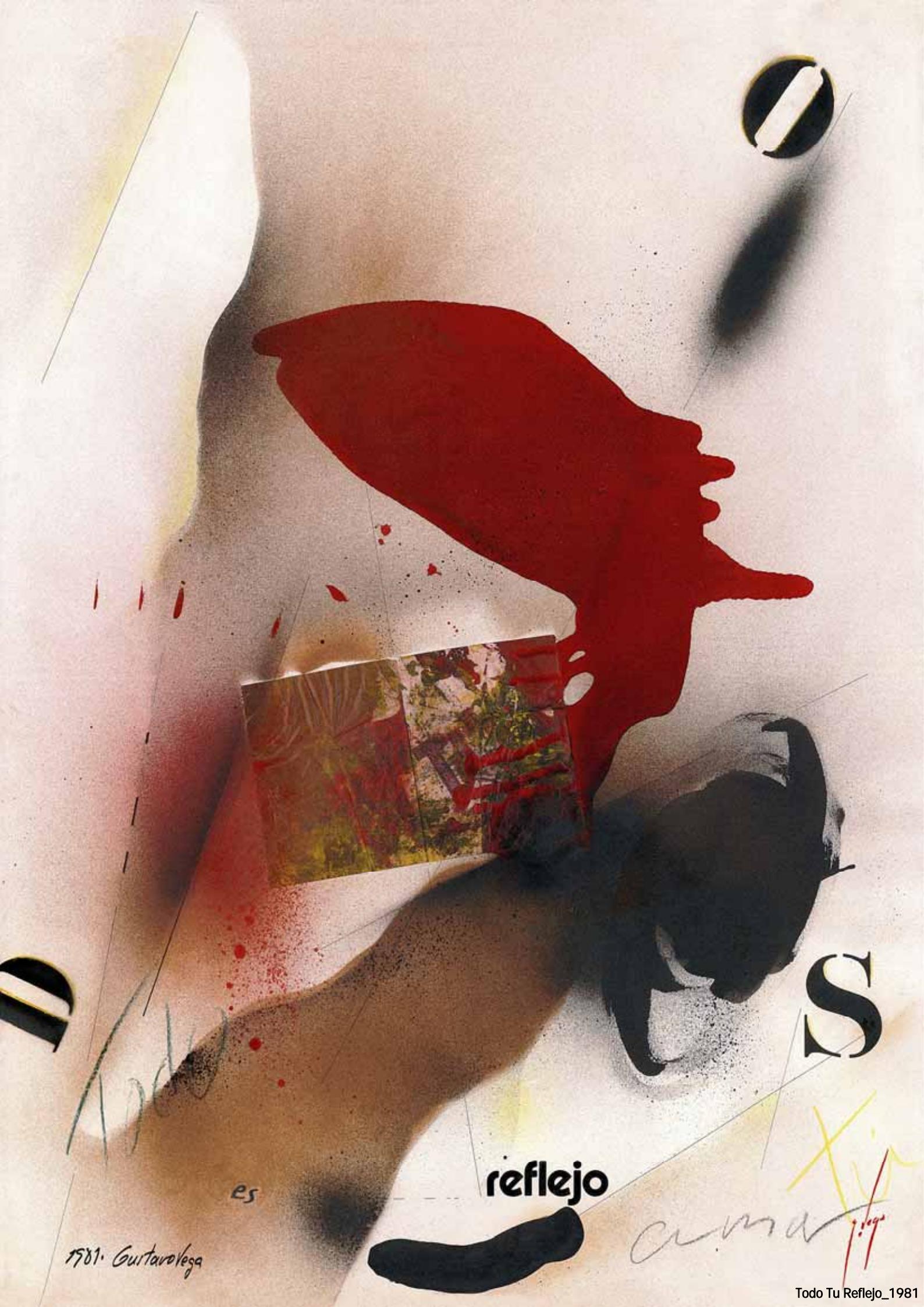
the yearning.



Tu me lo preguntas\_1984



escritura de Luz\_1994.



1981. Gustavo Vélez

**reflejo**

Xin  
Cura J. J.

Todo Tu Reflejo\_1981

## 25.05 Decir(te)...

Quería decirte... sentir, el entramado intertextual en donde es sentido, consentido, el sentido. ¿Qué tienen en común los dioses y el mar de una caracola, un petardo, un beso perdido en el tiempo, o en la oscuridad, y el calcetín roto que roe el calzado de un mendigo?

$$\begin{aligned}x &= \square \square (y - x) \\y &= x - y - xz \\z &= xy - z\end{aligned}$$

Hay un vínculo misterioso entre el saber y la ceguera, entre el decir y la ceguera. La añoranza del futuro y decir... Decirte.

## 25.05 To tell (You)

*I wanted to tell you... To feel, the intertextual weaving where feeling is felt and spoiled. What do gods, a shell's sea, a firecracker, and a kiss lost in time, or in darkness, and a beggar's ripped sock gnawing at his heels have in common?*

$$\begin{aligned}x &= s(y - x) \\y &= x - y - xz \\z &= xy - z\end{aligned}$$

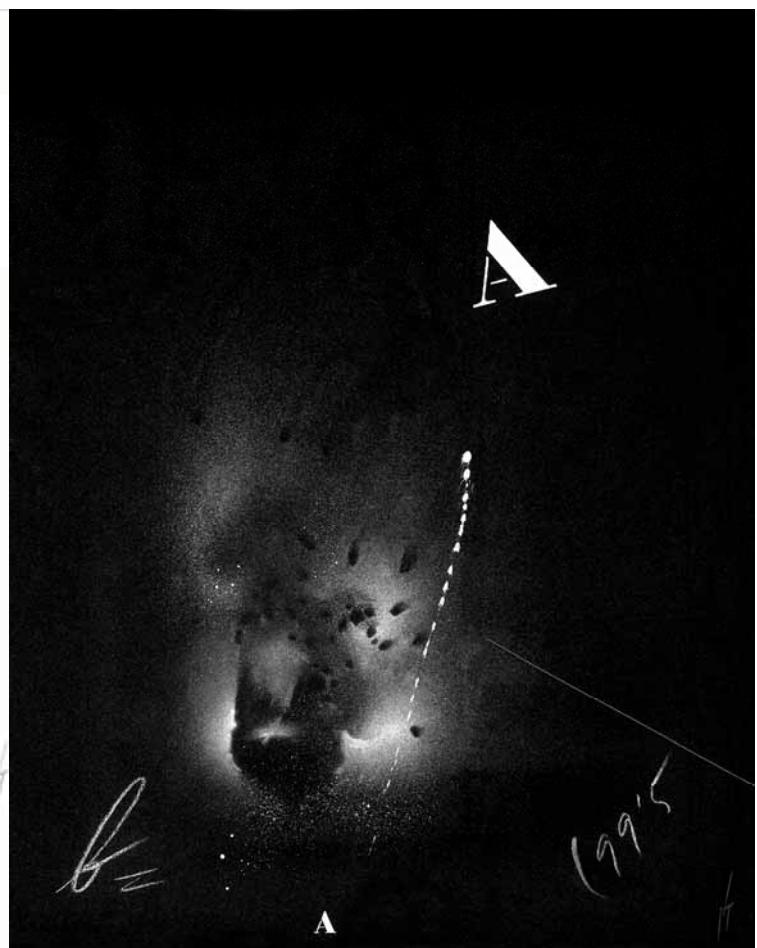
There is a mysterious link between knowledge and blindness, between sayings and blindness. The yearning for the future and to tell... To tell you.

3

4



palpitando palabra\_1979



a...A\_1979



26.05 *Decir(te)...*

Añorar. Añorar. Te quería decir... *Tú, Yo, todos...* embebidos en el correlato de la realidad, una *realidad cuántica, relativista*. Embebidos, como estatuas rotas entre los objetos, mientras nos corre la sangre, o la luz, por los ojos, por las estancias, por los diagnósticos.

Mientras la realidad nos aúlla al tiempo que se esconde entre la *multiplicidad...* Tú desapareces arrastrando mi *Yo*, diluyéndolo en el *silencio*, sin decir *palabra, la palabra, tu palabra, Tú*.

Lo sabes, *decir, decirte*, no es un problema, es un *destino*. Y aunque la sangre se derrame rota sobre el mármol, el lodo, la nieve o el contenedor de los escombros, y aunque alguien o algo imponga adjetivos al *decir* –alguien diga, por ejemplo, que el arte es belleza, moral, expresión, imaginación, copia, abstracción...– quiero nombrarte.

¿Nombrarte? Escucharte. Sólo, Yo solo, sólo intento escucharte. Imposible construir el *destino*, es él quien nos nombra, nos *des-hace*.

¿Claridad?, transparencia y misterio... para pintar, decir, la soledad, el silencio.

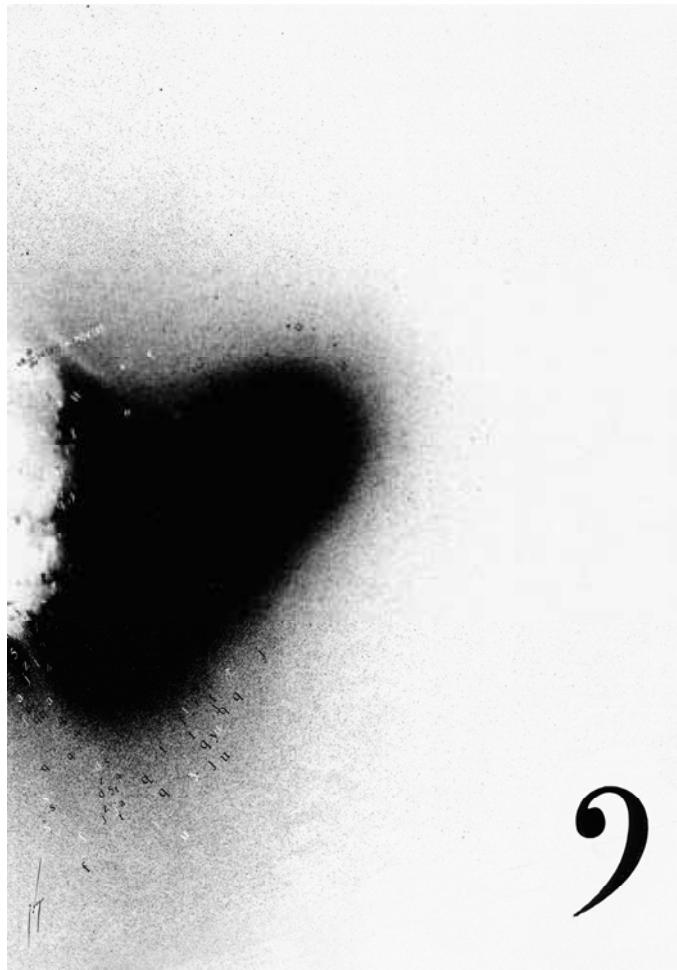
Porque *decirte* –narración, arte, poema- no es un delirio, ni una visión, es una herida de la realidad. Derramamos ilusiones, sangre, sobre cabalgaduras de duda. Apagamos con ellas el fuego o la mirada de la propia herrumbre, tristeza, muerte.

¿*Yo?* ¿*Tú?*? En torno a mí no falta nada, o casi nada, sólo falso *Yo*. Algo, o alguien, tiñó los muros, crueldad, de un color inexistente.

Imposible vivir sin *interfaces*. Los límites de la utopía son la utopía de los límites. *Internet* es la *memoria* universal, exhaustiva y accesible a todos. Algo irremediablemente nos sustituye. Polisemias, homonimias, superposición de idiomas, son la lógica de la *máscara* –*prosopon, personare*– en la que se superponen las *personas*, ¿*Yo?* ¿*Tú?*?, se me diluye el *Yo*.

5

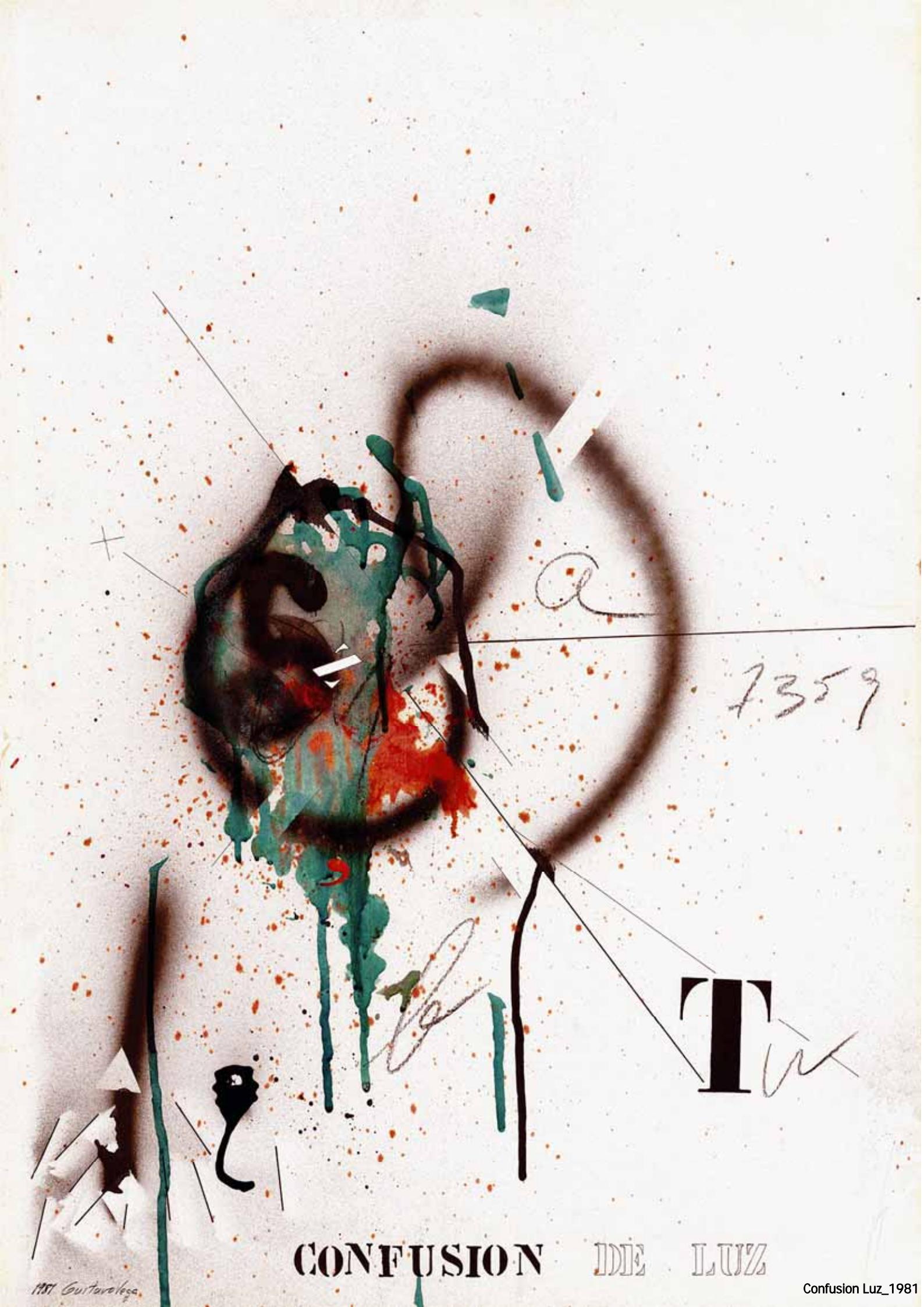
6



MusicaEsferas\_1977



HilemorfismoPoetico\_1980



CONFUSION DE LA LUZ

## 26.05 To tell (You)

To yearn for. To yearn for. I wanted to tell you... *You, I, all of us...* immerse in the correlates of reality, a quantum reality, relativist. Immerse, like broken statues between objects, while our blood is flowing, or light, through the eyes, through the stays, through diagnosis.

While reality howls at us while hiding inside multiplicity... You disappear dragging my *I*, diluting it into silence, without saying a word, the word, your word, *You*.

Your know it, *to tell, to tell to yourself*, it's not a problem, It's destiny. And in spite of the blood spilling broken on the marble, the mud, the snow or the dumpster, and in spite of somebody or something imposing adjectives when *saying* -somebody would say, for example, that art is beauty, moral, expression, imagination, copy, abstraction... - I want to name you

To name you? *To listen to you*. Alone, I alone, I alone try *to listen to you*. Impossible to build any destiny, it's him who name us, and undoes us.

Clarity? Transparency and mystery... to paint to say, loneliness, silence.

Because to *tell you* -narration, art, poem- is not delirium, not a vision, it's a wound from reality. We spill illusions, blood, above mountains of doubts. We extinguish with them the fire or the gaze of our own rust, sadness, death.

*I? You?* Around me there is nothing missing, or almost nothing, only I am the one missing. Something, or somebody. Stained the walls, cruelty, of an nonexistent color.

Impossible to live without *interfaces*. Utopia's limits are the limits of utopia. *Internet* is the universal memory, exhaustive and available to all. Something inevitably substitutes us. Polysemy, homonymous things, language superpositions, are mask's logic -*prosopon, personare*- where people superimpose, *I?, You?* my *I* is disintegrating.



Instante\_1980



27.05 *Decir(te)...*27.05 *To tell (You)*Te quería *decir...*

Entre espacios polivalentes  
autogestionamos la mirada,  
las miradas. Te quería *decir...*  
Pero no he podido.

I wanted *to tell you...*

Between polyvalent spaces  
we self negotiate the gaze,  
the gazes. I wanted *to tell you...*  
But I couldn't.

### Gustavo Vega

Leonés, 1948, residente en Barcelona, es **profesor, poeta (visual), artista y escritor.**



Es **Dr. en Filología Hispánica y Literatura**, Universidad de Barcelona; **Lic. en Filosofía**, Universitas S.Thoma Aq. In Urbe, Roma; **Lic. en Filosofía y Letras (espec. Filosofía)**, Universidad de Barcelona; y Titulado en **Magisterio**, León.

**Su Tesis Doctoral:** *Poéticas de Creación Visual en España, 1970-1995* obtuvo la máxima distinción: Sobresaliente *Cum Laude*; y Premio Extraordinario, *Universidad de Barcelona*.

En su obra coincide la **FILOSOFÍA** con la **CREACIÓN POÉTICA** -poesía textual, visual, fonética, acción...- y la **IMAGEN VISUAL** -plástica y nuevas tecnologías, multimedia- lo que se sintetiza en obras de carácter interdisciplinar: **POESÍA VISUAL** principalmente. Consiste sus actividades en **investigación teórica, práctica creativa, docencia y divulgación.**

Ha sido **PROFESOR** en la Universidad de León ("*Palabra e Imagen. Poesía Visual*" ), BCA, Universidad de Barcelona ("*Historia del Arte y de la Cultura en España*" ) y en el Col·legi Casp, Barcelona ("*Filosofía*", "*Historia de la Filosofía*", "*Infografía. Poesía Visual*" ...) y ha realizado **Talleres de Creación Poética** -textual, visual, fonética, de acción...- en diferentes instituciones de España y Argentina.

Ha publicado **libros de creación** (*Poéticas Visuales, Prólogo para un Silencio, El Placer de Ser, Habitando Transparencias, La Frontera del Infinito* y otros), **carpetas, plaquettes, videos, CD, DVD** etc. Ha sido incluido en **antologías**, multitud de **revistas, web**, etc. Ha publicado. Ha realizado **Exposiciones** (30 individuales y participado en 2 centenares de colectivas); así como **Conferencias y Recitales** en España y extranjero– Argentina, Francia, Italia, Inglaterra, Uruguay...-

La calle donde nació hoy lleva su nombre: **Calle Poeta Visual Gustavo Vega Mansilla** y tanto él como sus **Talleres de Creación Poética** han recibido becas y premios en diferentes ocasiones. De su obra se han hecho eco **antologías, estudios y universidades**.

(Más información: <http://www.gustavovega.com>)



Oh en el vertigo\_1980

28.05 *Decir(te)...*

Mariposas eléctricas. ¿Cómo escuchar los propios ojos para decir, para *decir(te)?*

Nacemos del sueño, venimos del sueño, somos sueño y, aunque nos crezcan las ausencias, no sabemos borrar los sueños, como hace el alba, los sueños que ayer nos soñaron, nos nacieron.

Sueños, arte, artificio para *decir...*  
la vida. Sueños, arte, artificio,  
vida. Son vida.  
La vida.

28.05 To tell (You)

Electric butterflies. How  
To listen to one's eyes to tell,  
To tell (*you*)?

We are born from dream, we come from dream,  
We are dream and, in spite of our growing absences,  
we don't know how to erase dreams, like the dawn does,  
the dreams that dreamt us yesterday,  
were born from us.

Dreams, art, artifice *to tell...*  
The life. Dreams, art, artifice,  
Life. They are life.

The life.



### Gustavo Vega

Gustavo Vega born in León, Spain, in 1948, is Dr in *Spanish Philology* from the University of Barcelona, graduated in *Philosophy* from University of Saint Thomas Aquinas in Rome, *Philosophy and Arts (spec. Philosophy)* from the University of Barcelona and *Teaching* from the University of León. *PhD thesis: Poéticas de Creación Visual en España, 1970-1995 (Poetics of visual creation in Spain, 1970-1995)*.

Will talk about the plurality of his visual poetry: ideographic, calligraphic, letrist, concrete, spatial, video poetry, three dimensional poems--object-poems or sculpture-poems, installation-poems, action-poems, etc.

Vega, one of the main practitioners of visual poetry in Spain, was born in León, but has resided in Barcelona since 1972. He specializes in theoretical investigation, pedagogy and creative activity in three fields: philosophy, *poetry* and the plastic arts. Three disciplines which Vega combines and frequently synthesizes in his works, obtaining a perfect ensemble of literary-poetic elements and plastic arts. As a plastic artist and visual poet, he has exhibited individually in Spain, Argentina... and participated in more than one hundred group exhibitions.

Vega is the author of *Habitando Transparencias (Inhabiting Transparencies)* (Barcelona: Àmbito Literario, 1982), *El Placer de ser (The Pleasure of Being)* (Madrid: Ed. Endymion, 1997), *Prólogo para un Silencio (Prologue for a Silence)* (Barcelona: Ed. Zendrera Zariquey, 2001), *La Frontera del Infinito (The Border of the Infinite)* (León: Colec. Palabra & Imagen, University of León, 2005), *Plaça del Bonsuccés (Plaza del BuenSuceso) - Talleres de Creación Poética en Barcelona- (Poetry Workshops in Barcelona)* Madrid: Ed. Libertarias, 1994), and many folios of visual and interdisciplinary poetry: *Al límite del instante, (At the Edge of the Moment)*, *Teoría-81 (Theory-81)*, *3x3-3*, etc. He founded and directs the group *Ex.Tensión Fonética* and the *Laboratorio de Investigaciones Poético-Fonéticas (Laboratory for Poetic-Phonetic Investigation)*, which has presented many recitals in the Catalonian region. As part of his pedagogical activity he has given creative poetry seminars, courses and workshops in both Spain and Latin America. For a number of years he has taught courses in Art History at the University of Barcelona, as well as visual poetry at the University of León and in other institutions.

10

9

11

29.05 *Decir(te)...*

## 29.05 To tell (You)

¿Tu piel? Ausencia. Cómo decir...  
El fluir del Yo en el tiempo, germinal legado  
de la muerte, buscando. Buscándote.

Pero siempre pasa algo que nos distrae, por ejemplo,  
la estación del frío, nubes y nubes siempre distintas a  
otras  
nubes, una foto de despedida, la poliédrica faz  
de la amenaza, un escupitajo en la frente o  
un clavo clavado en la calavera que ocultamos  
bajo ella, los cristales de algún  
muro invisible o...

Suerte que la vida nos protege  
de las propias pasiones.

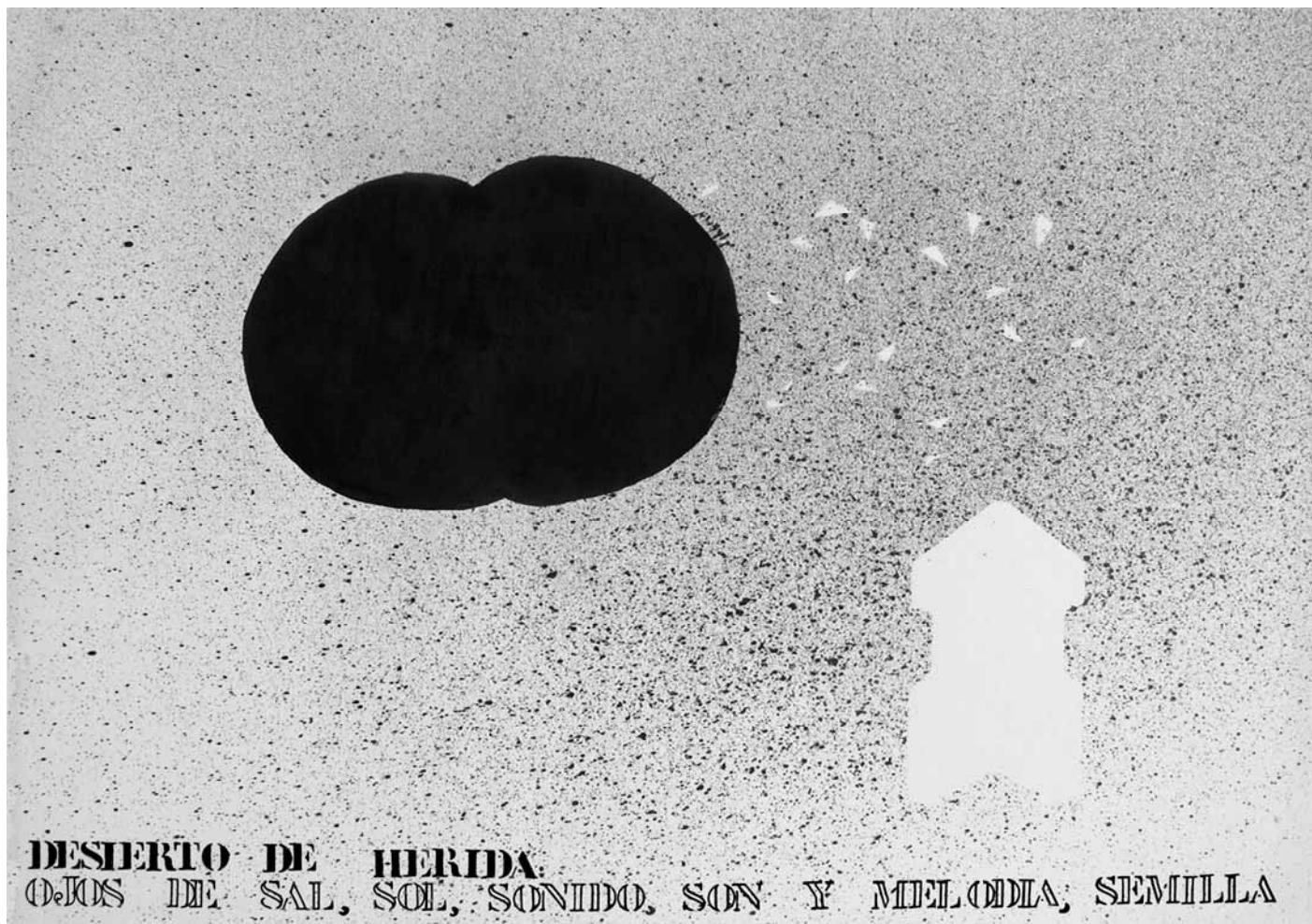
Your skin? Absence. How to tell...  
The flow of the I in time, germinated from other  
death, looking. Looking for you.

But there is always something that distract us, for example,  
the cold season, clouds and clouds always different from other  
clouds, a farewell photo, the polyhedral face  
of threat, a spit on the forehead or  
a nail stuck in the skeleton we hide  
under, the crystals of some  
invisible wall or ...

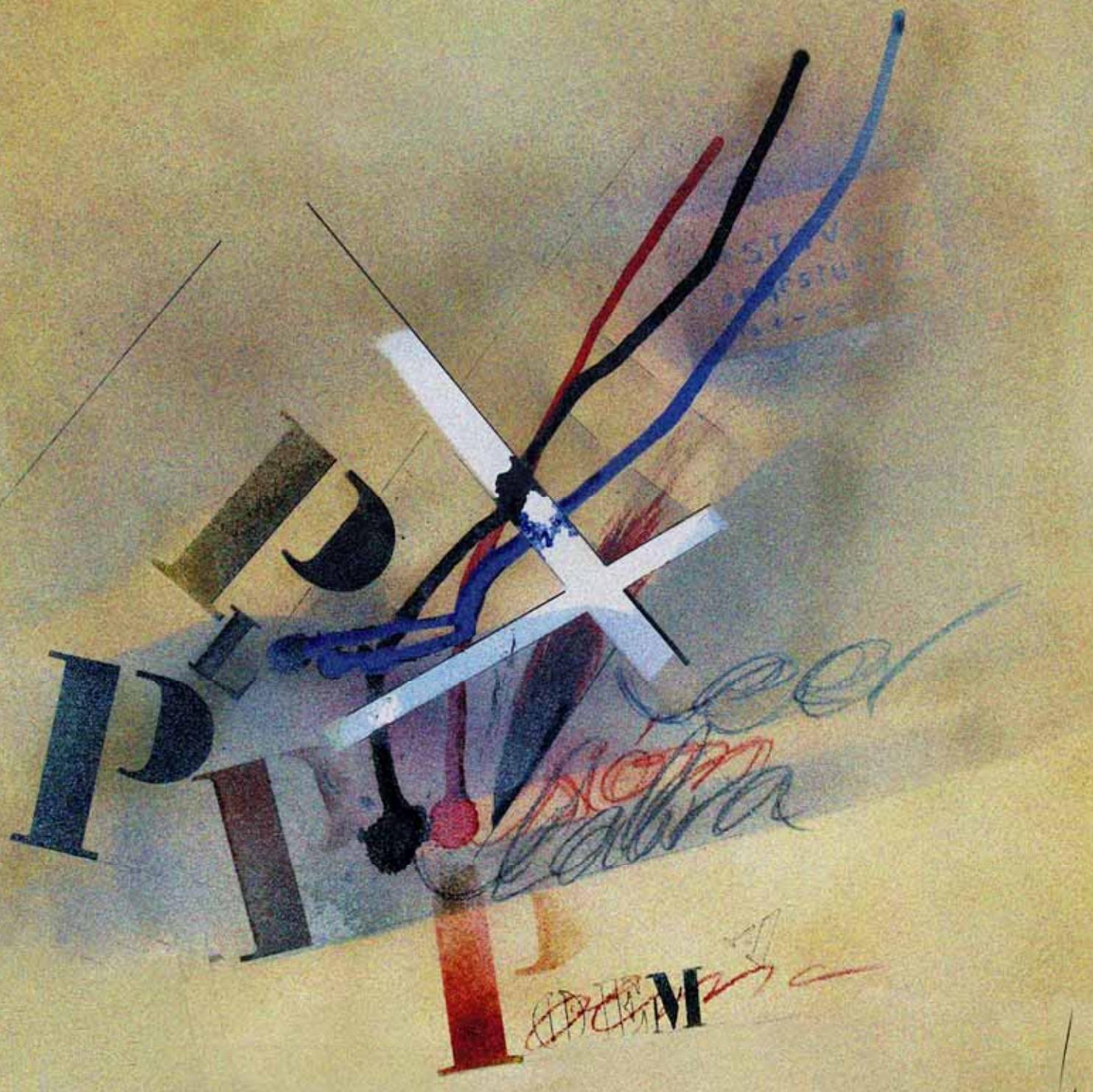
Lucky for us that life protects us  
from our own passions.

13

14



**DESERTO DE HERIDA**  
DEOS DE SAL, SOL, SONIDO, SON Y MELONDA, SEMILLA



PalabraPlacerPasion-  
Poema\_1978\_

31.10.2011.

# Šapat u tami...whisper in the dark

*Reportaža izgubljenih značenja**Reportage of the lost meanings*

(Ne)mirni spokoj

(Not) calm serenity

posljednje bosanske princeze

of the last Bosnian Princess

Katarine Tomašević Kotromanić

Catharine Tomasevic Kotromanic

**Slika 1.**

U situaciji, koju ne možete zamisliti (sic!), zemlje u nastajanju, čiji naziv, barem zvanični još „krasi“ F.Y.R (Bivša Jugoslovenska Republika) Makedonija, rada se ideja. Ideja samoodržanja države nastale na prostoru bivše Jugoslavije. U glavnom gradu države u nastajanju, „Skopjem se vika“, na brdu Urjan Baba, nalaze se ostaci nečega što nekada bješe turbe. Princeze bosanske, onomad. Države u nestajanju. Koja nestaje već hiljadama/tisućama godina. I nikako da nestane. Dok mnoge pokušavaju nastati.

**Slika 2.**

Razgovarate sa taksistom koji uopšte ne zna gdje se nalazi grob bosanske princeze Katarine Tomašević Kotromanić. Raspituje se. Kontaktira radio vezom centralu. Oni ga proslijedu kolegama na terenu. Konačno, jedan od njih veli da se to nalazi u Bošnjačkoj mahali naselja Gazi Baba. Ubrzo smo na brdu iznad Skopja. Uske ulice, zbijeni sokaci. Oprezni vozači. Taksista zastaje. Upućuje upit. Odgovor smiješan bješe „Nema se šta tu vidjeti...“, domaćin jedan veli. Okrećem se i gledam u kolegicu Samiru. Sliježe ramenima. Govorim taksisti „Zar nije trebao samo pomoći nam i uputiti nas na lokaciju koju tražimo?“. No, Balkan je ovo. Svi sve znaju o svemu, ali ništa ni o čemu. Nastavljamo dalje. I, konačno, dolazimo iznad prostora koji bi mogao biti posljednji spokoj moje princeze.

**Slika 3.**

Oblačno nebo. Smeće pored počivališta princeze. Nekada

**Image 1.**

In a situation, which you can not imagine (sic!), within the country of emerging, whose name, at least formal, is "adorned" as FYR (Former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia), idea is born. The idea of self-preservation state occurred in the former Yugoslavia. In the capital of the state in the making, "Skopje is shouting," On the hill of Urjan Baba there are the remains of what once used to be turbe. Of Bosnian Princess, lately. Of the State in the disappearance. Which vanishes for thousands of years. And can not disappear at all. While many are trying to emerge.

**Image 2.**

You talk to taxi driver who does not know at all where the grave of Bosnian Princess Katarina Tomasevic Kotromanic is. He inquired. Contact, by radio, his headquarters. They forwarded him to colleagues in the field. Finally, one of them said that it is in Bosniaq district of the part of town called Gazi Baba. Soon, we are on a hill above city of Skopje. Narrow streets and tight alleys. Careful drivers. The taxi driver stops. Sends an inquiry. Reply was humorous: "There's nothing to see over there...", he said. I have turned back and looked at colleague Samira. She shrugs with her shoulders. I am talking to a taxi driver: "He supposed just to help us and send us towards the location we seek for?". No, this is the Balkans. Everybody knows everything about everything, but nothing about anything. We continue on. And, finally, get above the space that could be the last repose of my princess.



bješe turbe. Legenda kaže da je sve razrušeno u zemljotresu 1963.g. Od tada ništa nije obnavljano. Nešto kao da je, ipak početo. I zaustavljen. Dvije svjeće gore. Možda je neko desetak minuta prije nas bio tu. Nas dvoje, i dvije svjeće. Mi ih nismo zapalili, ali kao da jesmo. Fotografišem i odmah iza toga snimam video kamerom prostor oko groba moje princeze.

**Slika 4.**

Mezar je neobilježen. Satrven. Prlav. Zapušten.



**Image 3.**

Cloudy sky. Trash resting next to the last repose of the princess. Once use to be turbe. Legend says that everything is destroyed in the earthquake in 1963.

Since then nothing has been rebuilt. Something like that, yet to begin. And stopped. Two candles are burning. Perhaps somebody was here just ten minutes before we came. The two of us, and two candles. We are not the ones that burned it, but as we are. I photographed and immediately after that shoot with video camera the area around the grave of my princess.



**Slika 5.**

Baš kao i zemlja iz koje dolazim. Nikada nestala, ali ni ni nastala. O tempora, o mores! Vele da još od kraja osamdesetih godina prošloga vijeka/stoljeća žele uraditi nešto. Samo je potrebno 10.000 KM (5.000 Eura/Evra). Ništa uradili nisu.

**Slika 6.**

Očekujem sada da vlast „zelena“, „crvena“, „žuta“ i „plava“, iz moje države u nestajanju, iskoristi priliku i opere i ovdje par miliona krvavih maraka ili Eura/Evra.



**Image 4.**

The grave is unmarked. Crushed. Dirty. Neglected.

**Image 5.**

Just like the country from which I came from. Never disappeared, but not even occurred. O tempora, o mores! They say that since the late eighties of the previous century they want to do something. There is need only for 10.000,00 BAM (5.000,00 Euros). They have done nothing.



**Image 6.**

I expect now that the government: "green", "red", "yellow" and "blue" one, from my country in decay, seize the opportunity and launder even here a couple of millions of bloody marks (BAM) and/or Euros.



**Figure 7**

The day after our stay in Skopje, 23.10.2011.g. over there was Chairman of the Presidency of BiH, whose name I do not want to mention. Not even him is worth mentioning, because he did not mention her. My princess.



Two days after our stay in Skopje, 23.10.2011.g. over there was the leader of the largest Bosniak party in BiH, whose name I do not want to mention. Not even him is worth mentioning, because he did not mention her. My princess.

**Slika 7.**

Dan poslije našeg boravka u Skopju, 23.10.2011.g. tu bješe predsjedavajući Predsjedništva BiH, ime da mu ne pominjem. Ni on nije vrijedan pomena, jer nije pominjao nju. Moju princezu.

Dva dana poslije našeg boravka u Skopju, 23.10.2011.g. tu bješe čelnik najveće bošnjačke strane iz BiH, ime da mu ne pominjem. Ni on nije vrijedan pomena, jer nije pominjao nju. Moju princezu.

**EPILOG**

Ja je pominjem. I ovako.

Ne zbog princeze same. Već zbog nas, jadnih, ovdašnjih, njenih sljedbenika.

Kažu da je u mezarju sada. Grobu svome.

(Ne)mirna mora da je. Ne zbog sebe. Već zbog nas i zemlje u nestajanju, dok leži u zemlji u nastajanju.

**EPILOGUE**

I am mentioning her. Like this.

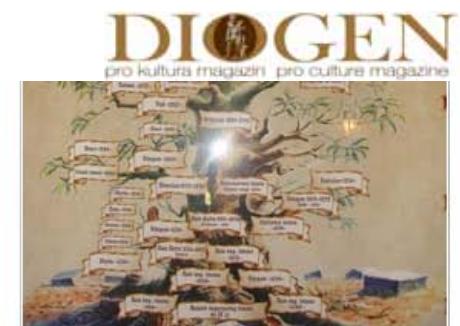
Sram me bilo. Ali i vas, koji toliko  
dugo gledate njeno umiranje тамо  
negdje daleko. Gdje vječno sunce  
sja.

Ali ne naše.

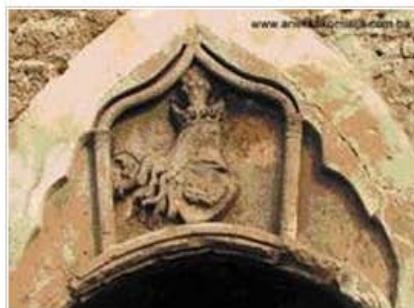
Čije?

Sabahudin Hadžalić  
gl. i odg. urednik

DIOGEN pro kultura magazin  
Sarajevo & Bugojno  
Bosna i Hercegovina



Porodično stablo kraljevske obitelji Kotromanić..Family tree of the Royal family of Kotromanic



Grb Kotromanića...Coat of arms of Kotromanic



Not because of the princess herself. But  
because of us, the poor, local ones, her  
followers.

They say that she is in  
the cemetery now. Her grave.

(Not) calm she must be. Not because of  
herself. But, because of us and the  
country in decay, while lying in a  
country of emerging.

Shame on me either. But, also you, who  
are for so  
long watching her dying somewhere far  
away. Where the sunshine is eternal.

But not ours.

Whose?

Sabahudin Hadzialic  
Editor in chief

DIOGEN pro culture magazina  
Sarajevo & Bugojno  
Bosnia and Herzegovina



PHOTO Property of DIOGEN pro culture  
magazine...use without aproval forbidden  
FOTO Vlasništvo DIOGEN pro kultura  
magazina...upotreba bez dozvole zabranjena



es de ti reflejo

03.06 *Dicir(te)...*

Cómo decir tu  
tú, yo, llaga transparente, en medio  
de este permanente fluir de  
océanos, o ríos, de nombres  
sin nombre, sin ternura  
suficiente, multitud,

(Fusión. Con-  
fusión. Confusiones)

gran mercado de ruidos  
y de ausencias.

Son ángulos muertos los rostros  
de los vendedores  
de huecos,

ecos, de  
nada.

(Multitud. Multitud.  
Multitudes)

03.06 *To tell (You)*

How to tell your  
you, I, transparent wound, in the middle  
of this constant flow of  
oceans, or rivers, of names  
without names, without enough  
tenderness, multitude,

(Fusion. Con-  
fusion. Confusion)

vast market of noises  
and of absences.

The faces of the  
vendors of holes  
are dead angles,  
echoes, of  
nothingness.

(Multitude. Multitude.  
Multitudes)

15



ClarosBosque\_1980

16



NocheSeAbre\_1980

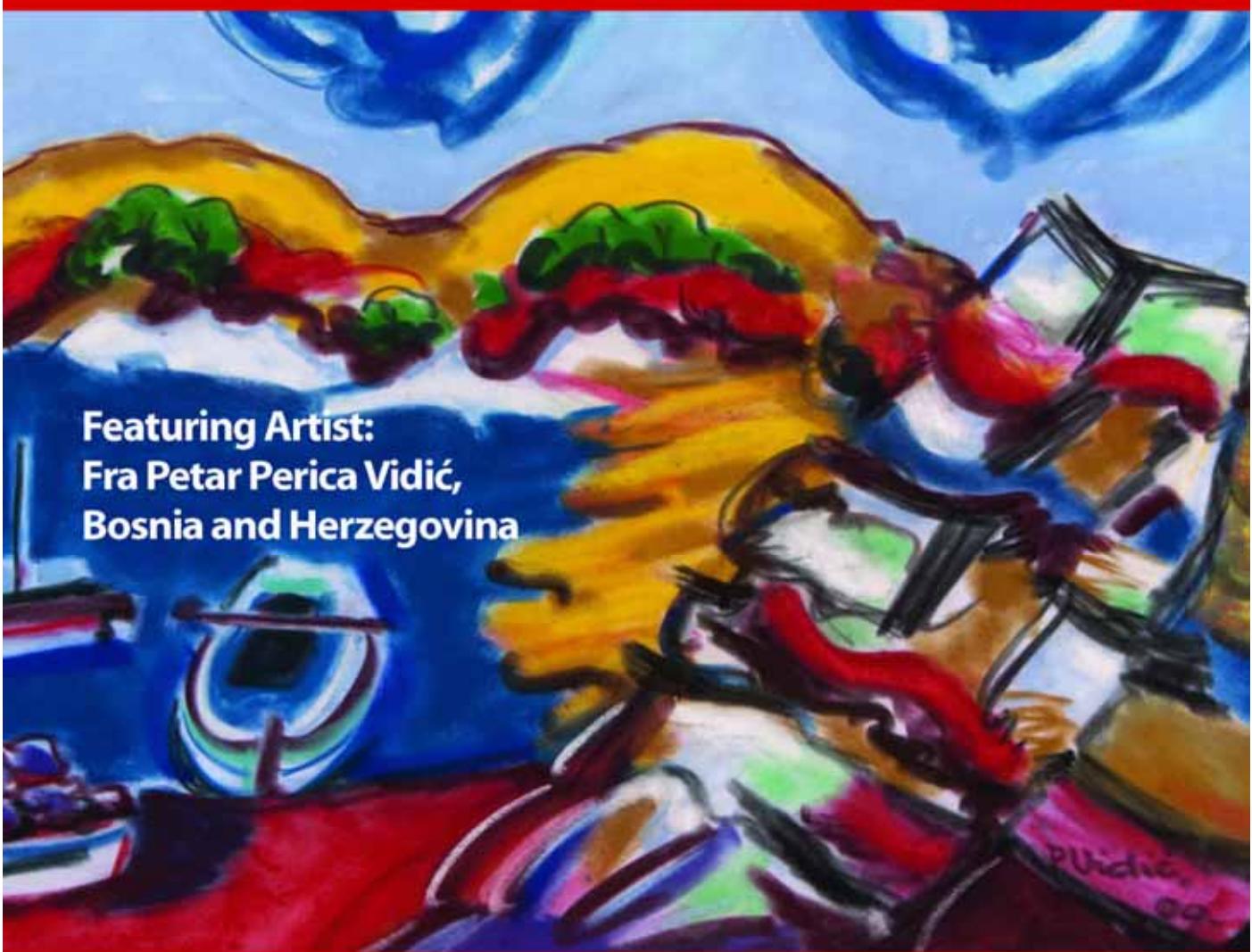
3

a

# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 13 Broj 13 Septembar/Rujan/September 2011



**Featuring Artist:**  
**Fra Petar Perica Vidić,**  
**Bosnia and Herzegovina**

**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...**

05.06 *Decir(te)...*

Cómo decir, reducir, tu tú,  
 resistencia inmóvil,  
 impertérrita muralla de luz,  
 sombra,  
 tus labios,  
 inciertos horizontes  
 no abrasados por el tacto  
 aún, mujer

de frios países  
 y respuestas.

(Conjuntando la frialdad de una plancha de acero  
 bajo unas placas de radiografía y el brillo natural  
 de unos barnices de colores cálidos es posible crear  
 por contraste bellísimas obras de eléctrica  
 paz)

05.06 *To tell (You)*

How to tell, to lessen, your you,  
 still resistance,  
 unmoved wall of light,  
 shadow,  
 your lips,  
 uncertain horizons  
 not yet consumed by  
 touch, woman

from cold countries  
 and answers,

(Putting together the coldness of a steel  
 sheet under X rays and the natural shine  
 of a warm colored varnish is possible to create  
 by contrast beautiful works of electric  
 peace)

17



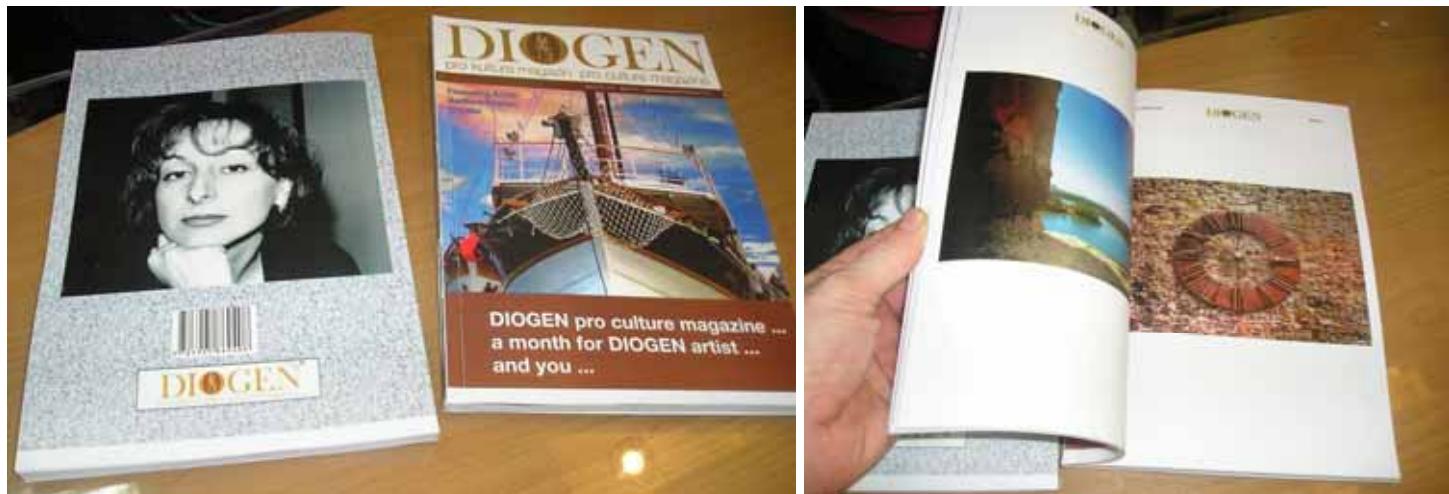
Ditirambo\_1984

18



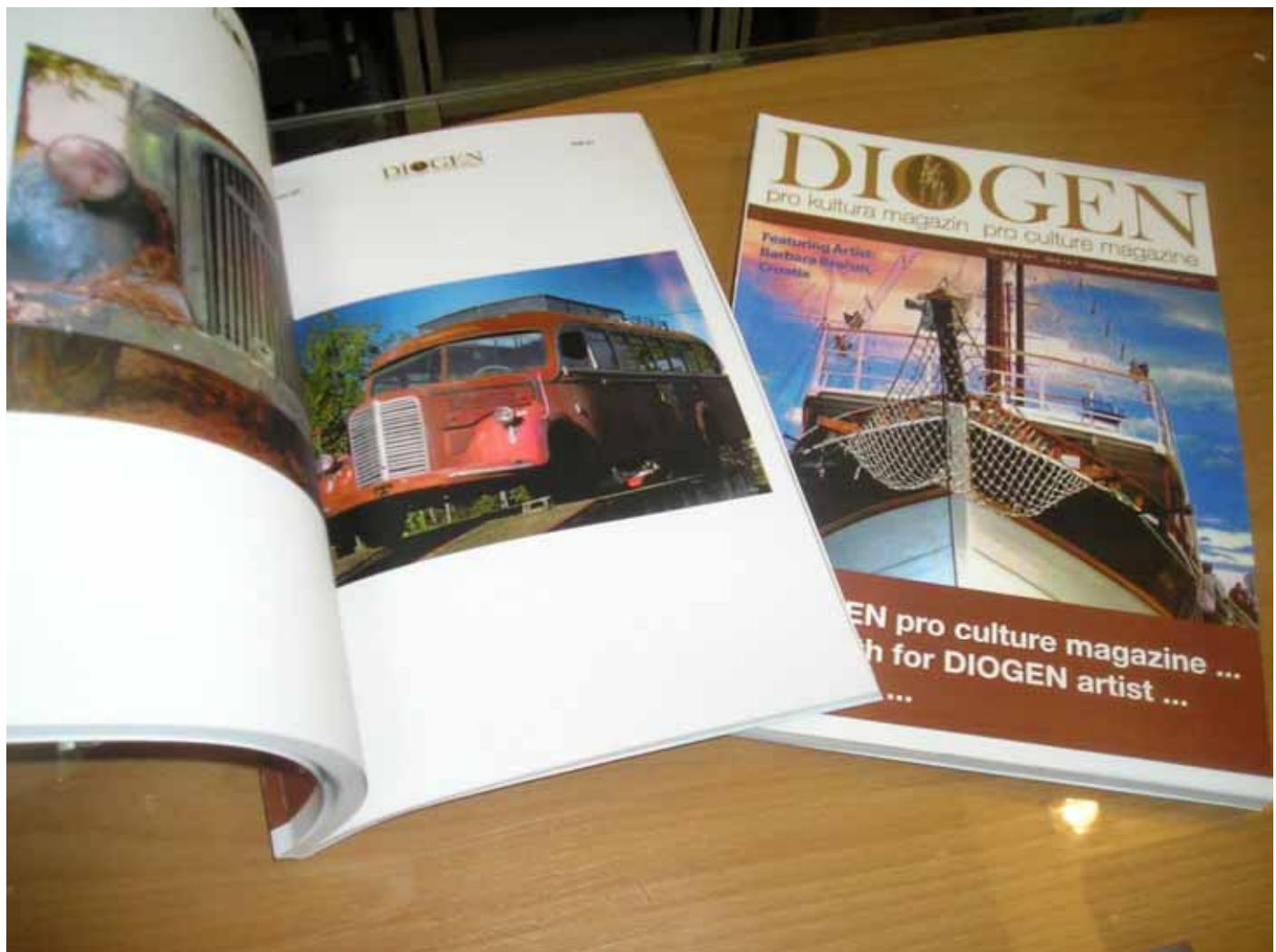
A donde-SanJuanCruz\_1984





PRINT ON DEMAND...PRICE 35 Euros plus postage...Štampanje po narudžbi...CIJENA 35 Eura plus poštarina

Ovaj broj 124 stranice...SVE BOJA...FULL COLOR...This issue 124 pages...



06.06 *Decir(te)...*

Decirte...  
 que, aunque condenados a la insidia y al desprecio  
 de los otros,

a veces, sin proponémoslo ni desecharlo, proyectamos  
 sombra contra la sombra, o  
 contra el sol.

También las sombras son mundos.

Hay sombras absurdamente tenaces  
 como el mar, imposibles,  
 y hay sombras luminosas,  
 sombras que asombran,  
 y sombras que no hacen  
 ni sombra.

## 06.06 To tell (You)

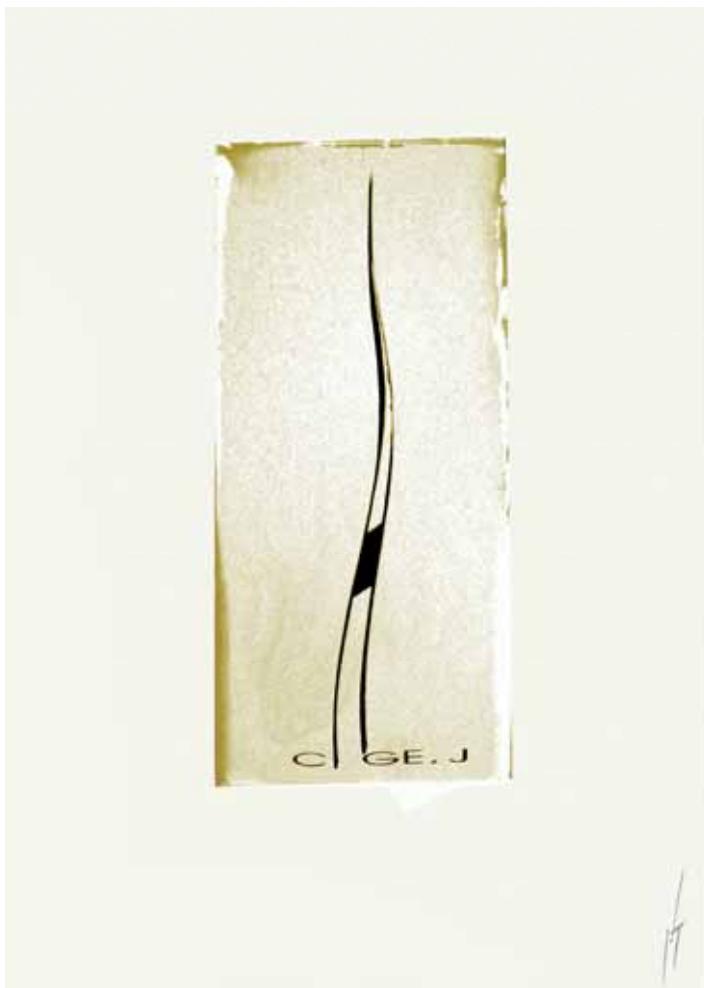
To tell you...  
 that, in spite of being condemned to the others  
 malice and disdain,

sometimes, without intending or desiring it, we project  
 shadow against shadow, or  
 against the sun.

Shadows are also worlds.

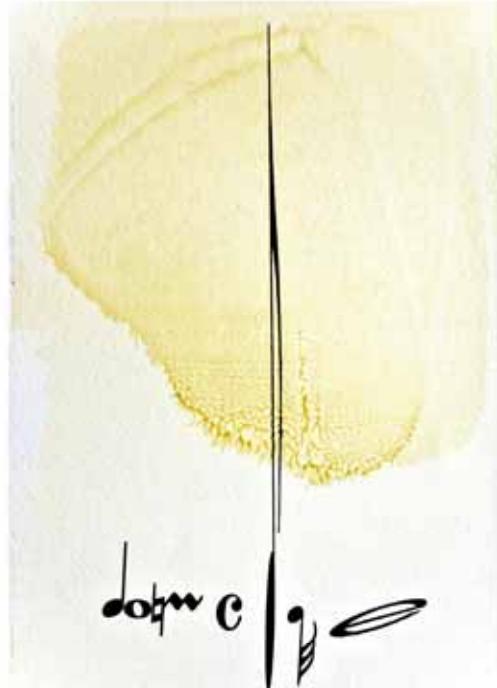
There are absurdly tenacious shadows  
 like the sea, impossible,  
 and there are luminous shadows  
 shadows that amaze,  
 and shadows that don't cast  
 any shadow.

19



Cage\_1992

20



A. John Cage (1992)

Cage\_1992



Kurt Schwitters

Schwitters\_1994

07.06 *Decir(te)...*

Decirte que nada pude decirte.  
 A veces nos cuesta explicar  
 las razones.

07.06 *To tell (You)*

To tell you that I couldn't tell you anything.  
 Sometimes it's hard to explain  
 the reasons.

(20.02.1997. Las Rozas, Madrid. Un joven de 20 años, de un tajo limpio, se cortó el pene con un cuchillo de carnicero y lo arrojó al inodoro. Lo encontraron en el suelo, consciente, tranquilo, cubriendo con una colcha la zona amputada para detener la hemorragia. No explicó las razones.  
 Fue imposible la reimplantación de urgencia.  
 Se negó. No explicó las razones).

(20.02.1997. Las Rozas, Madrid. A 20-year-old, a clean cut, cut his penis with a butcher knife and threw it down the toilet. They found him on the floor, conscious, quiet, with a blanket covering the area amputated to stop the bleeding. He did not explain the reasons.  
 It was impossible for the reintroduction of urgency. He refused. He did not explain why).

21

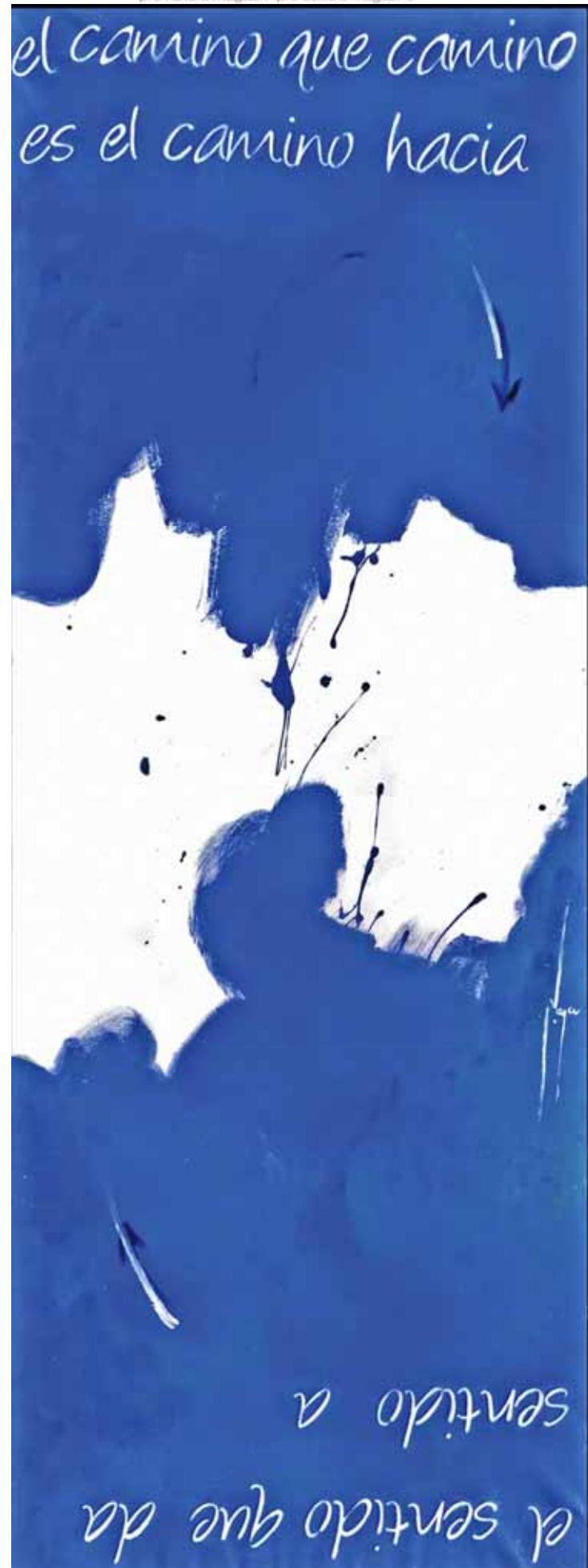


Vacio de Todo\_1979-2007

22



Camino que\_1999



Camino que\_1999

10.06 *Dicir(te)...*

*Ommmmmmmmmm...  
ommmmmmmmmmmmm...  
ommmmmmmmmmm...  
ommmmmmm...*

*Ommmmmm...  
ommmmm...  
ommm...  
om...*

*Om...  
m...*

*...*

*(Shhhhhhhhhh. Estoy  
meditando)*

10.06 *To tell (You)*

*Ommmmmmmmmm...  
ommmmmmmmmmmmm...  
ommmmmmmmmmm...  
ommmmmmm...*

*Ommmmmm...  
ommmmm...  
ommm...  
om...*

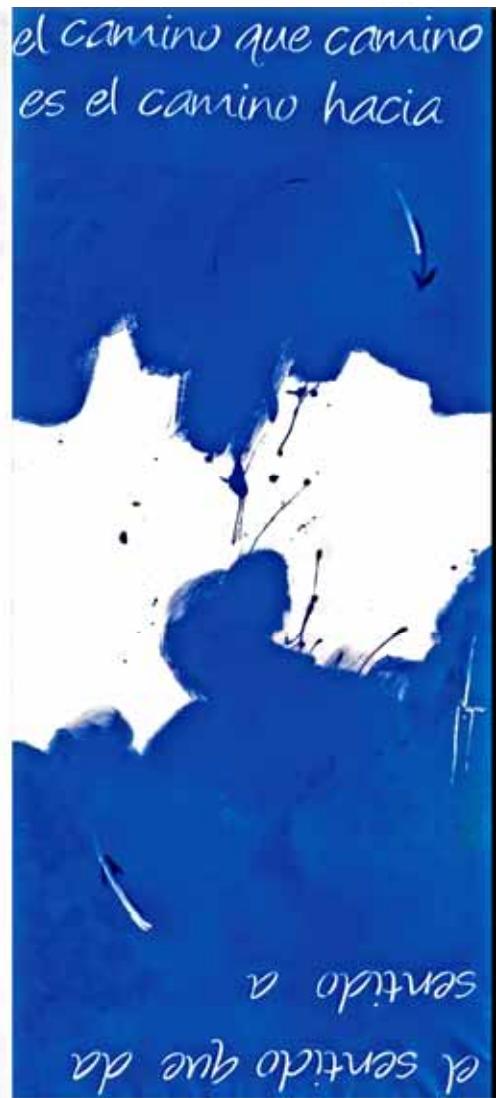
*Om...  
m...  
...*

*(Shhhhhhhhhh. I am  
meditating)*

23



24





VerPesoLuz\_1999

Svi drugi su dobri, mi smo drugaćiji!  
All others are good, we are different!

# MAXMINUS

DRUGI PRVOG ELEKTRONSKOG ČASOPISA ZA POLITIČKU SATIRU,  
HUMOR, KARIKATURU I STRIP NA BALKANU

Broj 40- Issue No 40, Sarajevo, Bosna i Hercegovina - 01.11.2011. WWW: <http://maxminus.weebly.com>

New books of Editor in chief and Deputy editor in chief

2011

POLITISCHE KARIKATUREN & KÖPFE DES JAHRES  
**PETAR PISMESTROVIC**

KLEINE ZEITUNG

styria regional

Sabahudin Hadžić

Aforismi

Traduzione di Giuseppe Napolitano

Nove knjige gl. i odg. urednika  
i zamjenika gl. i odg. urednika

Sabahudin Hadžić

Die Bettler der Vernunft  
Prosječni um

Poetica/Gedichte.

Sabahudin Hadžić

Poetry  
(selected poems)

Poésie  
(poèmes choisis)

Poesia  
(una selección de poemas)

Poesia  
(poesie scelte)

Poeti  
(poceti ti zgodnja)

Pozija  
(odabrani pjesme)

Poetry/Poésie/Poesia/Poeti/Pozija

11.06 *Decir(te)...*

Decir.  
También hay mares de silencio, y noches  
sin calles -lo invisible intimida más  
que lo visible- que pueden confundir  
o llenarnos de cuchillos los ojos,  
la luz, el camino...,

enigmáticos inviernos que nos obligan  
a ocultamos entre las sombras  
a la espera de que alguien  
pase y nos proteja  
  
con su sonrisa.

11.06 *To tell (You)*

To tell.  
There are also seas of silence, and nights  
without streets -the invisible intimidates more  
than the visible- they can confuse us  
or fill out our eyes with knives,  
the light, the path...,

Enigmatic winters that force us  
to hide in between shadows  
waiting for somebody to  
pass by and protect us  
  
with a smile.

25

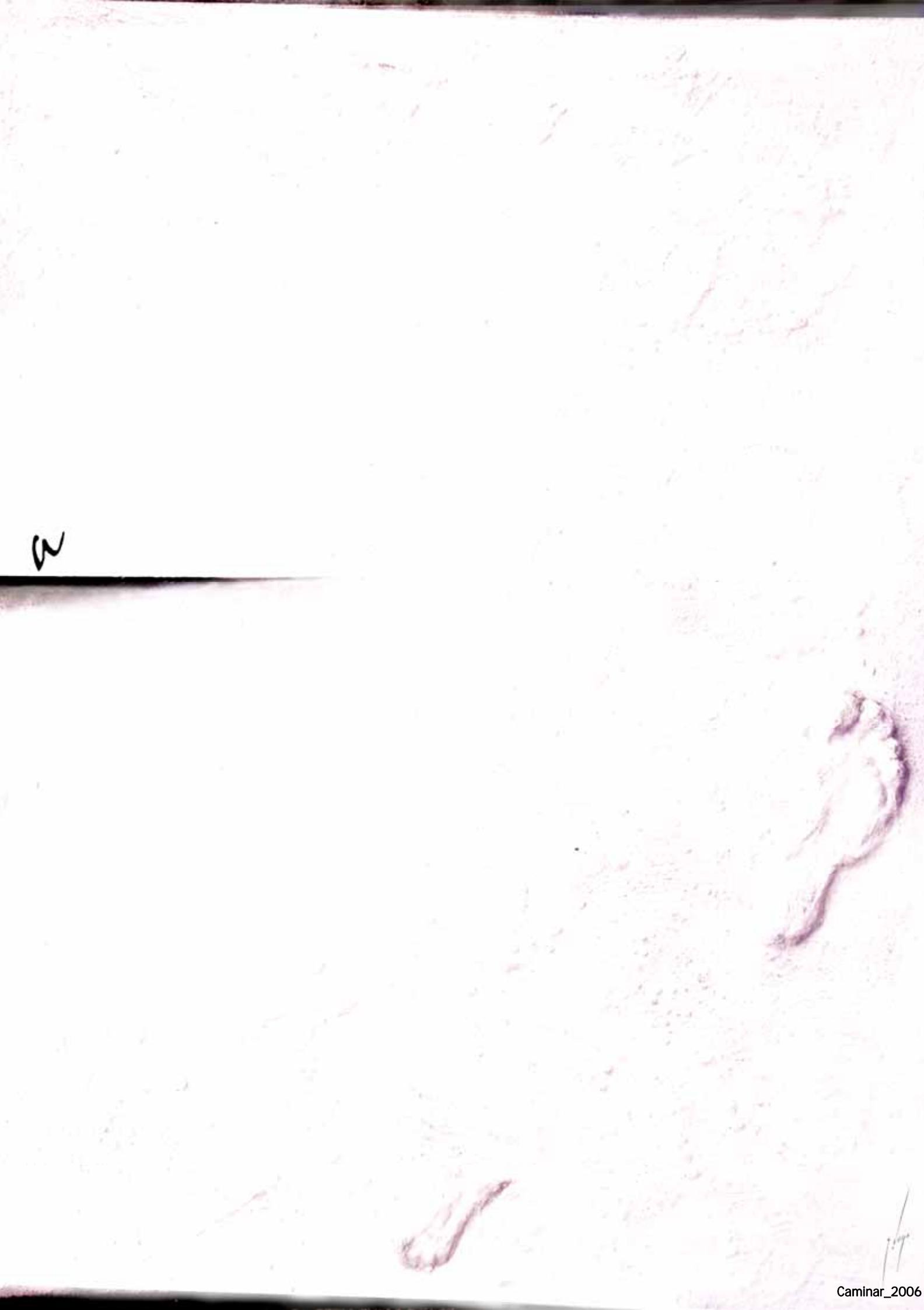


Despliegue de orillas\_1999

26



Peso Sentido\_2001



Ya sangrando  
El sol se levanta  
En la mañana.

Already bleeding  
The sun gets up  
In the morning

El tronco negro  
De un árbol quemado. Escultura  
De ausencias.

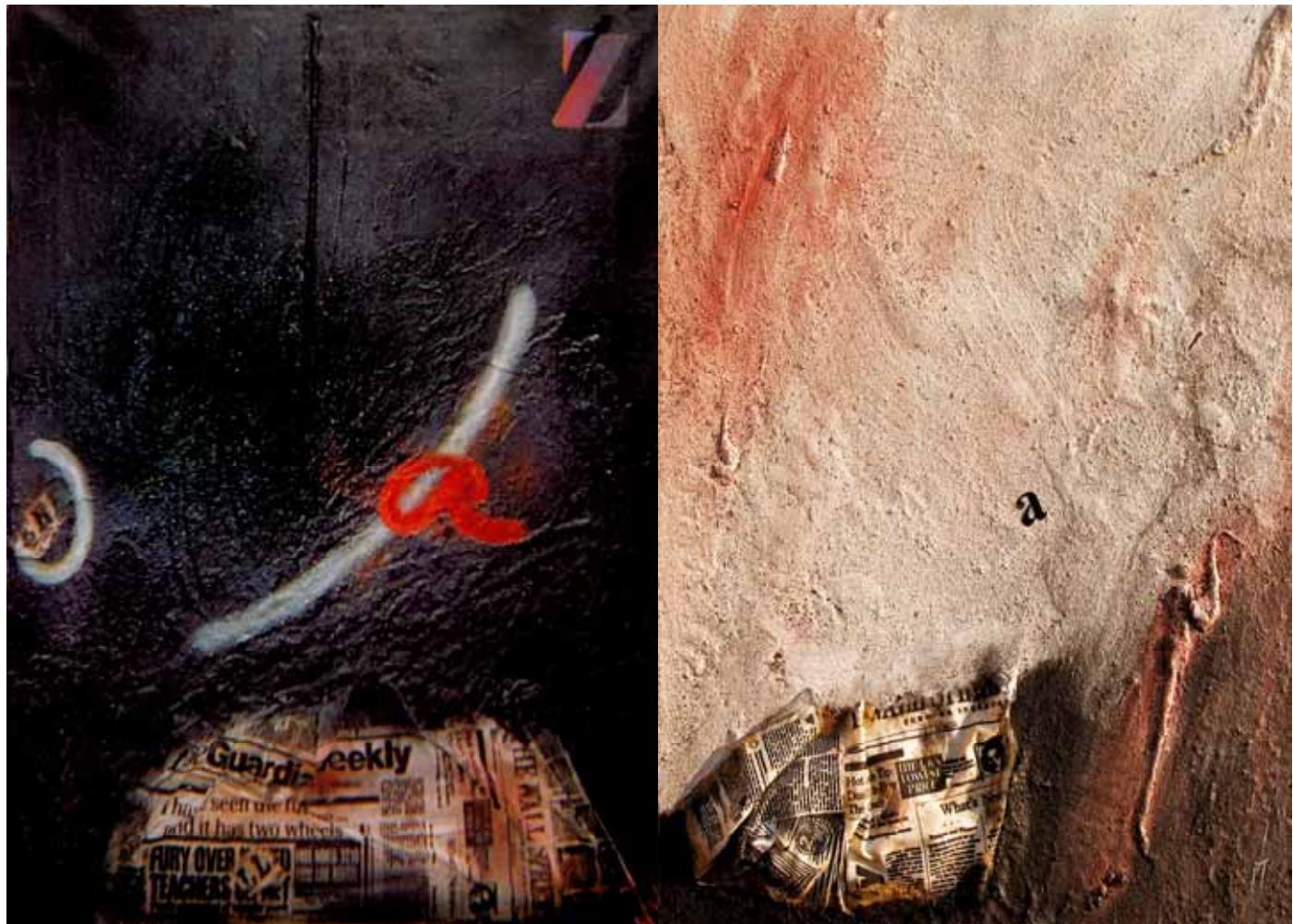
The black trunk  
Of a burnt tree. Sculpture  
Of absences.

Donde unos cientos  
Alcanzan a otros vientos,  
Un pez atravesó la luna.

Where some winds  
Catch up to other winds  
A fish pierced the moon.

Una melodía azul  
Nos atrae      hacia los montes  
Del horizonte.

A blue melody  
Draws us      to the hills  
Of the horizons



PorFinLlego\_2006

Filogenesis\_2007

**NO PODRÁS IRTE  
NI PERMANECER**

a

En silencio  
Una flor se abre paso  
Entre el estiércol.

Silently  
A flower pushes up  
Through the dung.

La nieve mira la luna.  
La luna mira la nieve.  
Diálogo en blanco.

The snow looks at the moon.  
The moon looks at the snow.  
White dialogue.

Sueña el león  
Mariposas de seda.  
Tarde serena.

The lion dreams  
Silk butterflies.  
Peaceful evening.

Grazna la luna  
Desde la afilada rama  
Del cuervo.

The moon caws  
From the raven's  
Sharp branch.



LaLacra del Siglo\_2007



Hacia el comienzo\_2007



Datum: 18.11.2011.g.

Str./Pg.: 1+3

## SAOPŠTENJE/PRIOPĆENJE NAMIJENJENO JAVNOSTIMA

### KONKURS

#### “Samir Tahirović – DIOGEN 2011”

Od 2011.g. i trećeg Konkursa DIOGEN pro kultura magazina za priču, esej i pjesmu, naš Konkurs nosi naziv “Samir Tahirović - DIOGEN”. Konkurs nosi naziv po imenu pjesnika i pripovjedača Samira Tahirovića (1971-2011) iz Bosne i Hercegovine (Donji Vakuf), rano preminulog autora DIOGEN pro kultura magazina i MaxMinus magazina.

Tema ovogodišnjeg Konkursa je

***“Pjesništvo budućnosti – odsjaj prošlosti ili novum internetskih tražilica”***

Na jezicima južnoslavenskih prostora (bosanski, srpski, hrvatski), kao i na svim pismima možete dostavljati. Radove u obliku eseja, priča i/ili pjesama možete dostavljati do 31.1.2012.g. na E-mail adresu: [alternativanuova@gmail.com](mailto:alternativanuova@gmail.com). Esej i priča ne smiju prelaziti tri i pol kartice (ne više od 5000 znakova) novinarskog proreda. Radovi nisu anonimni već se potpisuju imenom i prezimenom a u odluci o dodjeli nagrade ulaze u obzir ne samo kvalitet (estetski i etički kriteriji djela) već i cjelokupna osobna/lična pojavnost autora. Drugim riječima, DIOGEN pro kultura magazine u odabiru najboljih uzima u razmatranje i ljudskost, odnosno čovječnost



samog autora. Objektivnost? Upravo to i jeste DIOGEN pro kultura magazine – MI OBJEDINJUJEMO RAZLIČITOSTI.

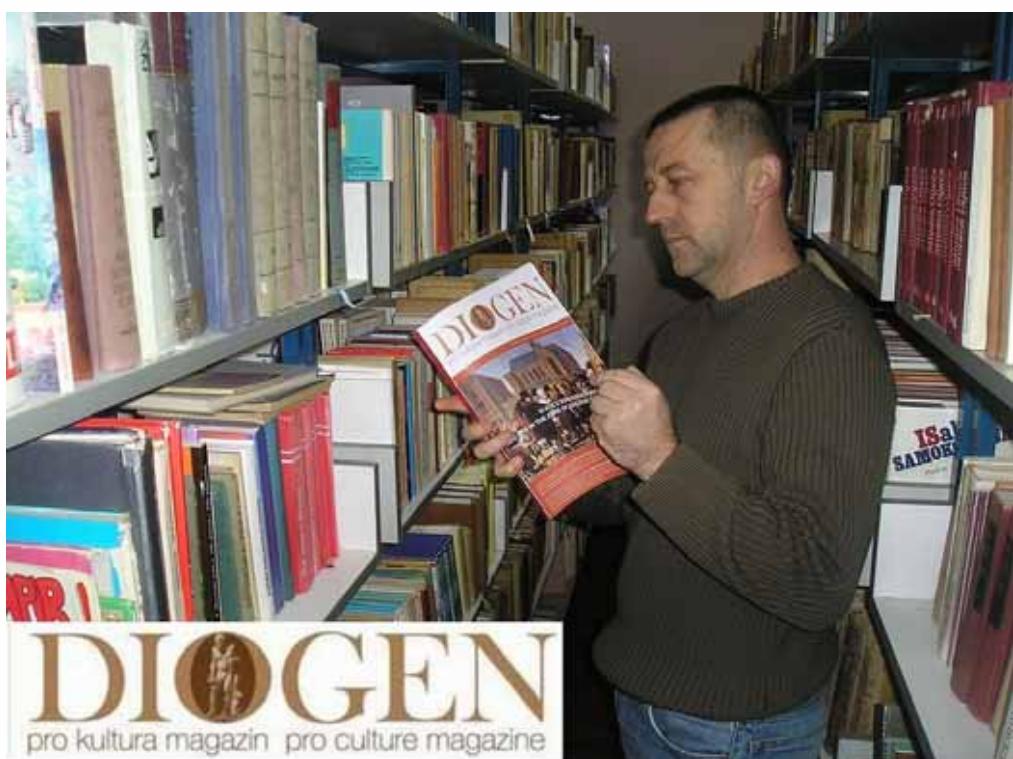
Nagrade za sve kategorije će biti dodijeljene samo za prva mjesta, odnosno odabir najboljeg rada jer DIOGEN pro kultura magazine bira autora koji je ovogodišnji "Samir Tahirović – DIOGEN 2011".

Nagrade:

1. za najbolju priču - diploma i objava knjige u Elektronskom tokom 2012.g. od strane Izdavačke kuće DHIRA, Kusnacht, Švajcarska (priprema, naslovnica, DTP, ISBN broj, objava online).
2. Za najbolji esej - diploma i objava knjige u Elektronskom obliku tokom 2012.g. od strane Izdavačke kuće DHIRA, Kusnacht, Švajcarska Švajcarska (priprema, naslovnica, DTP, ISBN broj, objava online).
3. Za najbolju pjesmu - diploma i objava knjige u Elektronskom obliku tokom 2012.g. od strane Izdavačke kuće DHIRA, Kusnacht, Švajcarska.

Odluka o izboru najboljih radova će biti objavljena 21.3.2012.g. na Svjetski dan poezije i od ove godine će DIOGEN pro kultura magazine upravo na taj dan objavljivati odabrane, najbolje radove.

*U dodatku fotografija Samira Tahirovića u Biblioteci Donji Vakuf u kojoj je bio zaposlen i koja bi trebala nositi ime ovoga autora.*





**PROHIBIDO**

prohibido horizonte\_2007

Un pájaro  
Instantáneo rasgó el cielo hacia  
El infinito.

A sudden  
Bird slashed the sky  
Towards the infinite

Sueño sin orilla.  
La lágrima del pez  
Es inmensa.

Shoreless dream  
The fish's tear  
Is immense.

Un grito  
Rompió el cristal  
Del instante.

A shout  
Broke the crystal  
Of the moment

Muestra la nada  
Sus oscuras fauces  
Ya de mañana

Nohingness shows  
Her dark fangs  
When it's already morning.



Diptico Prohibido horizonte\_2007



# ANTOLOGIJA EX YU AFORIZAMA





Nihad Mešić River

# iza oklopa

**DI OGEN** pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine  
**Od 1.12.2011.**  
**Majice sa znakom**  
**MAXMINUS**  
**MaxMinus magazina**  
**i DI OGEN pro kultura magazina**



**As of December 1st, 2011  
T-shirts with the sign  
of MaxMinus magazine  
and DI OGEN pro culture magazine**

Era  
La más dulce  
La más bella.  
Era

She was  
The sweetest  
The most beautiful  
She was

Cuántas mañanas.  
Tengo la cabeza  
Llena de canas.

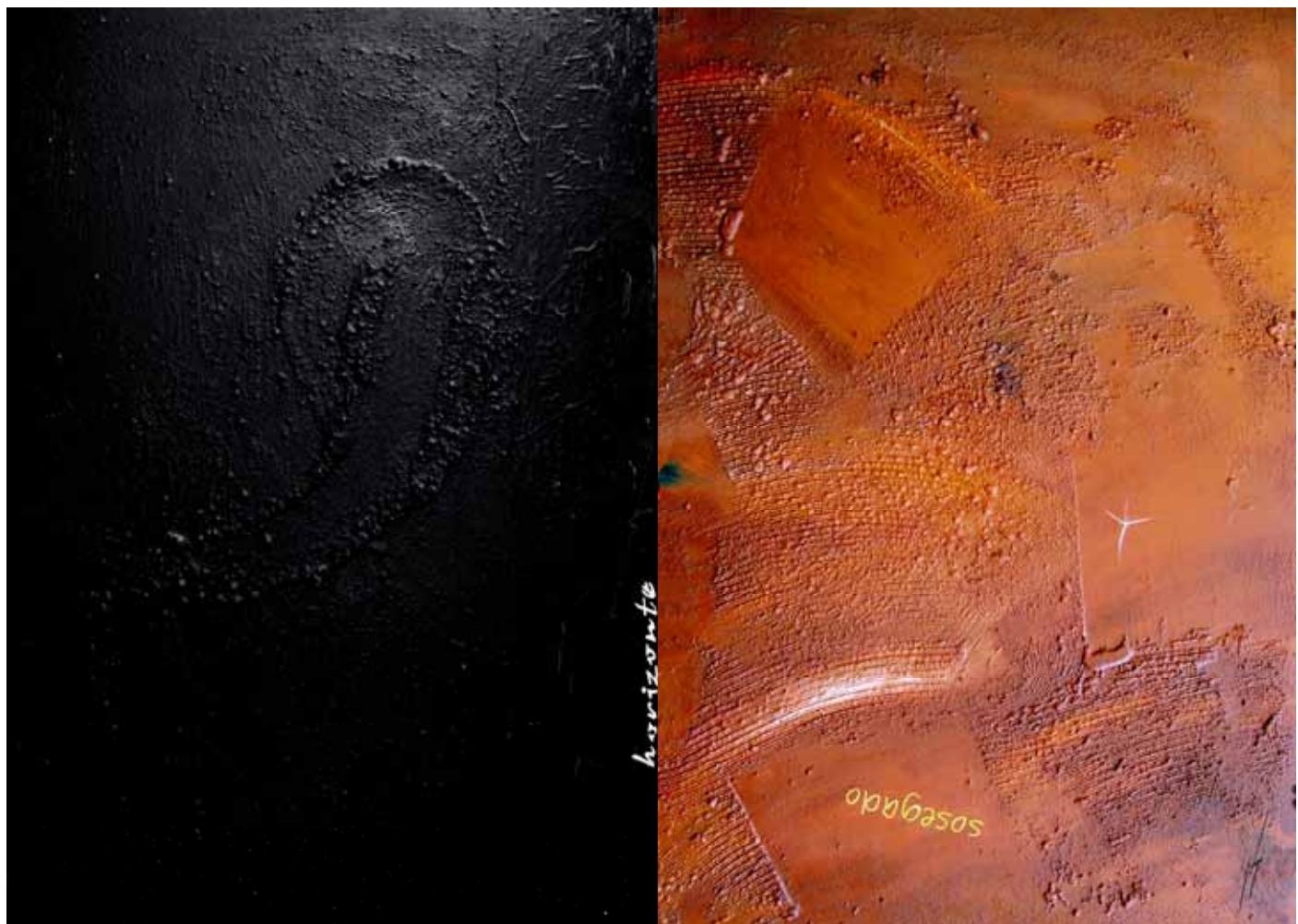
So many mornings.  
Gray hairs  
Cover my head

Absurdo empeño, ser  
Un nombre para  
El olvido.

Absurd task,  
A name to be  
Forgotten.

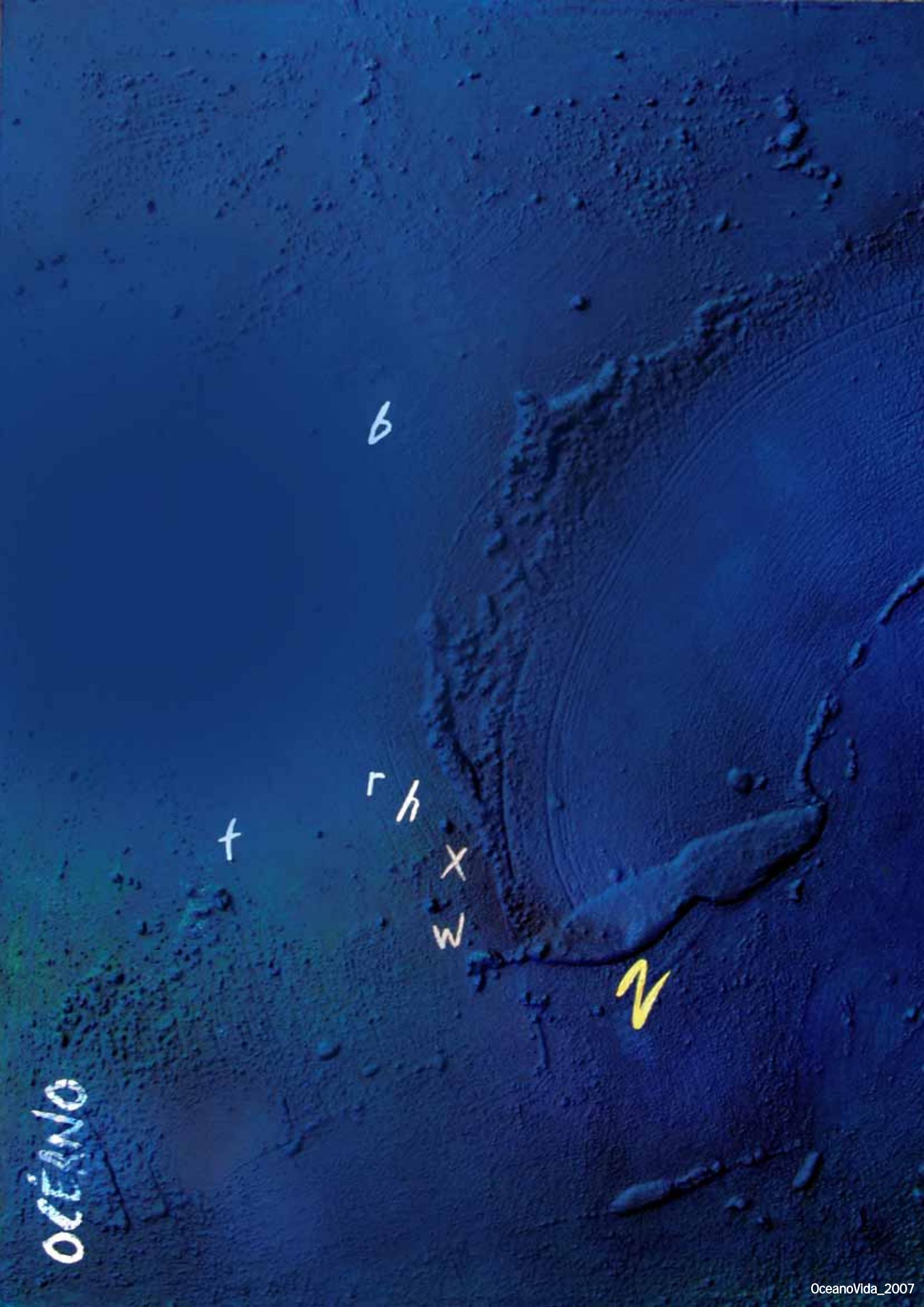
¿Por qué  
Siempre se me retrasan  
Los relojes?

Why  
Do my watches  
Always lose time?



prohibido horizonte\_2007

Reflejo Sosegando\_2007



OceanoVida

En mi ataúd  
Falta un cuerpo. Paréntesis  
Abierto.

In my coffin  
A body is missing. Open  
Parenthesis.

Se fue. Pero quedó  
Su ropa colgada, hueca..., y con olor  
A ausencia

She left. But her clothes remained  
Hanging, hollow... and smelling  
Of absence

Como tú, la luz  
Se disipa, se disipa  
Sobre sí misma.

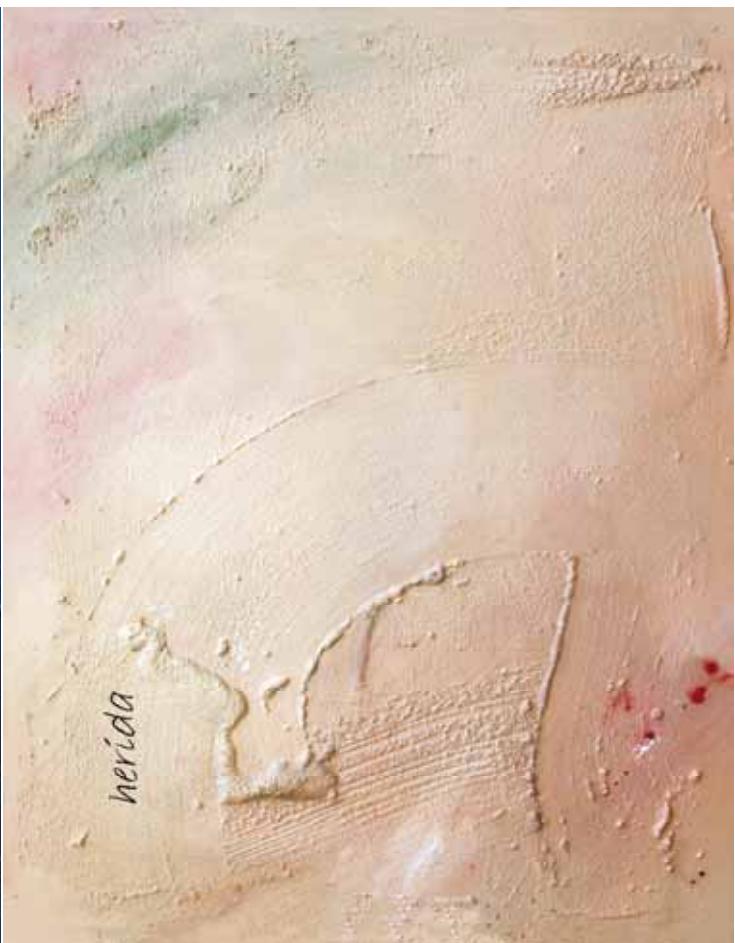
Like you, the light  
Dissipates, it dissipates  
Upon itself.

Fue tan hondo el beso  
Que se extasiaron los muertos  
De sus pensamientos.

The kiss was so deep  
That the dead were in ecstasy  
With their thoughts.



OceanoVida\_2007



herida Luz\_2007

ZM

Poco a poco  
Se superponen las sobras, las sombras,  
Se cierra el paréntesis.

Little by little  
Leftovers, shadows, superimpose,  
The parenthesis closes.

Soledad.  
Mirar por la ventana y tan sólo  
Ver los propios fantasmas.

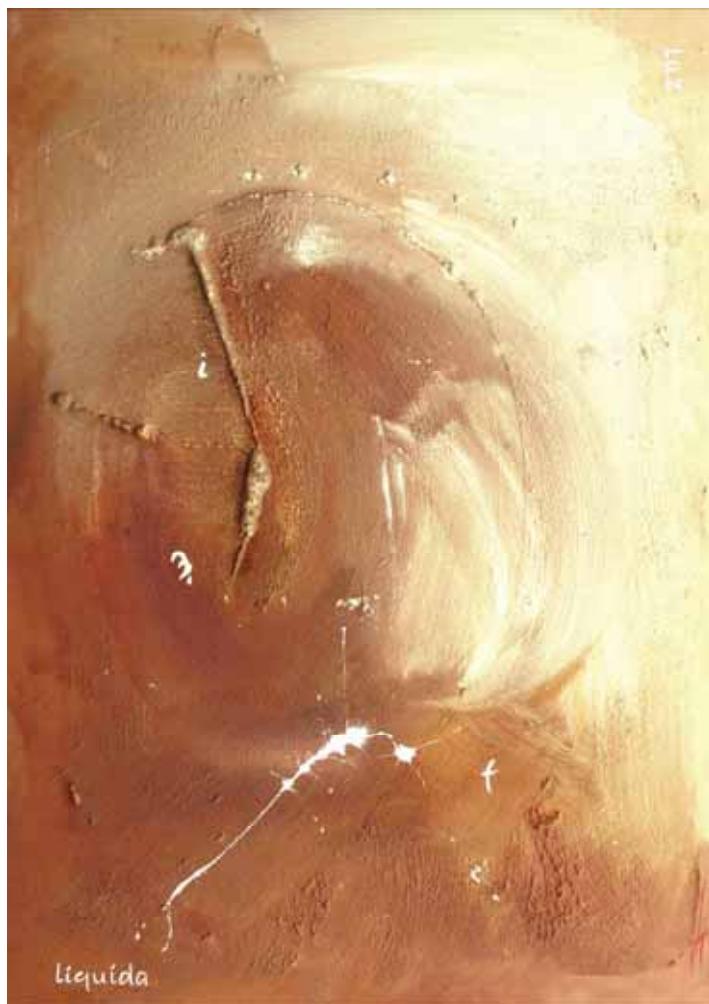
Loneliness.  
Look through the window and only  
See one's own ghosts.

Vaga dimensión,  
Me ha dado su mano  
Llena de sombras

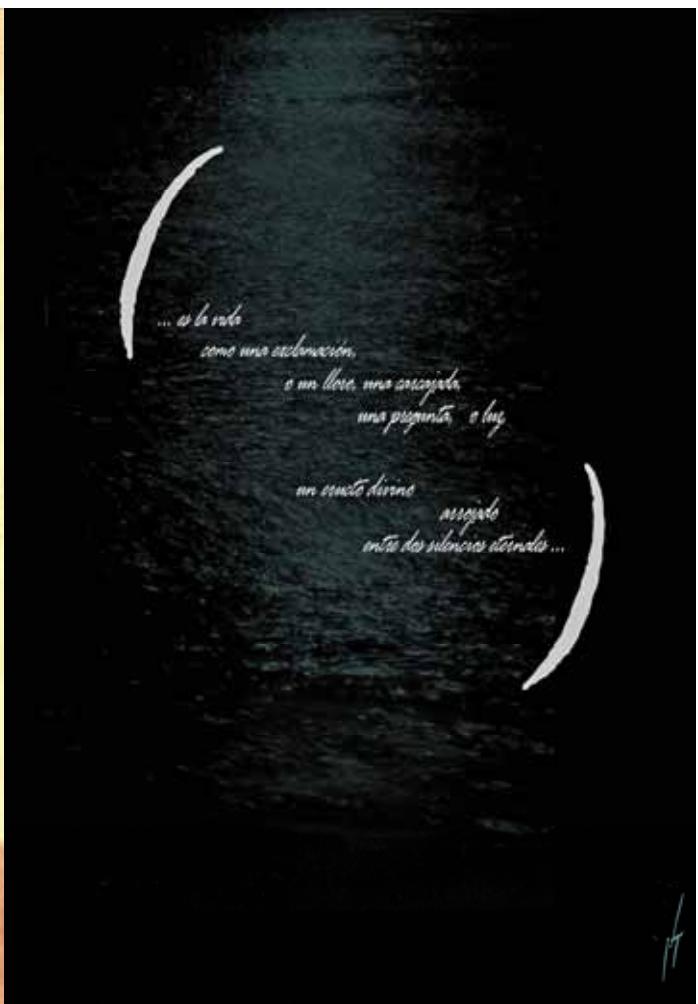
Vague dimension  
Has given me her hand  
Full of shadows.

Quién pudiera  
Nadar hundido en un mar  
De estrellas.

Who could  
Swim deep in a sea  
Of stars.



LuzLíquida\_2007



Es la vida\_1983

*Estalla  
el momento  
en ti,  
metamorfosis  
del cristal,                    de la noche,  
  
y Tú,  
forma desnuda,  
pupila del universo,  
  
cálida        silueta de ola        abierta,  
  
transparencia,  
  
eres              del deseo  
orilla.*

# DI GEN

pro mladost kultura magazin pro youth culture magazine

[www.diogen.weebly.com](http://www.diogen.weebly.com) Issue No.1 Broj 1.

October/2010

**/DIOGEN/  
pro kultura magazin predstavlja  
“DIOGENES POETES”**



<http://diogen.weebly.com>

Con brazos de niebla  
Pasa húmedo el otoño. ¿Dónde  
Aquel beso de primavera?

With arms of fog  
The humid autumn passes. Where is  
That spring kiss?

Destinados  
Como la lágrima del pez  
A la inmensidad

Destined  
Like fishes' tears  
To the vastness.

Llora la piedra  
De la fuente antigua.  
Melancolia.

The stone of the  
Ancient fountain weeps  
Melancholy.

Entre tus labios  
La palabra *amor!*.  
Entre mis labios.

Between your lips  
The word *love!*.  
Between my lips.

¿En  
qué paisaje  
mental  
  
o en qué abismo,  
ahogado ya  
  
el canto  
de un hombre  
concreto  
por la muerte,  
reposa  
la pregunta  
dejada para  
...  
...

(...Quisiera  
SER PALABRA, voz de tacto  
y sombra,  
que creciendo  
fundirse  
hasta con  
mediodia de ojos negros,  
inconcreta  
del ensueño).  
  
Todas las formas buscan  
su otra forma,  
noche dormida,  
la que aún late  
sustancial  
en  
la sub-  
existencia, sub-  
estancia  
o substrato,  
ausencia, sustancia  
de la nada.



Avidos de más vida, para encarnar el deseo,  
a veces tatuamos la propia herrumbre  
con ríos de frescura  
y falsas primaveras, con hipnotizadas aguas de alegría.  
Pero, otras veces, inevitablemente se nos descorren  
las tinieblas que aguantábamos con las manos  
y nos saltan a la cara  
para roernos los ojos con asco  
las ratas ansiosas  
de la muerte.

Yo, presintiendo la herida, despistaba el naufragio.  
Ella, anhelando precipicios,  
verbalizó el más amargo de los mares:

No hay retorno, dijo. Caen las gotas  
se debate gota a gota  
poco a poco hasta agotarse.  
Olvidaré al borde Sólo el eco,  
tu nombre. del ser impreciso,  
poco a poco condenado  
y del no ser para siempre.  
el perfume de tu cuello, la forma  
tan tuya de mirarme ahora, el sabor  
de tu vino predilecto. Y, desarmado  
el recuerdo,  
sólo quedará de ti

Vivir. Matar  
La muerte a golpes  
De deseo.

To live. To kill  
Death by throbs  
Of desire.

Contra el horizonte,  
Don Quijote y Sancho,  
Dos ideogramas.

Against the horizon,  
Don Quijote and Sancho,  
Two ideograms.

Mirar la quietud  
De la madera. Abocarse  
Al abismo.

To look at the quietude  
Of the wood. To go down  
To the abyss.

Invierno. Se desliza  
La luz en el frío cristal  
De la ventana.

Winter. The light  
Slides down the window's  
Cold crystal.

Avidas de más vida, para encarnar el deseo,  
a veces tatviamos la propia ferrumbre con ríos de frescura  
y falsas primaveras, con hipnotizadas aguas de alegría.  
Pero, otras veces, inevitablemente se nos descorren las tinieblas que aguantábamos con las manos y nos saltan a la cara para roernos los ojos con asco  
las ratas ansiosas de la muerte.

Yo, presintiendo la herida, despistaba el naufragio.  
Ella, anhelando precipicios, verbalizó el más amargo de los mares:

No hay retorno, dijo. Caen las gotas  
gota a gota hasta agotarse.  
se debate poco a poco al borde del ser  
Olvidaré y del no ser para siempre.  
tu nombre. sólo quedará el recuerdo, de ti

No hay retorno, dijo. Sólo el eco.  
Caen las gotas gota a gota hasta agotarse.

Caen las gotas  
gota a gota  
hasta a  
gotar

se

Las horas, las hojas.  
Caen las gotas, gota a gota hasta agotarse.

Avidos de más vida, para encarnar el deseo,  
a veces tatuamos la propia herrumbre  
con ríos de frescura  
y falsas primaveras, con hipnotizadas aguas de alegría.  
Pero, otras veces, inevitablemente se nos descorren  
las tinieblas que aguantábamos con las manos  
y nos saltan a la cara  
para roernos los ojos con asco  
las ratas ansiosas  
de la muerte.

Yo, presintiendo la herida, despistaba el naufragio.  
Ella, anhelando precipicios,  
verbalizó el más amargo de los mares:

No hay retorno, dijo. Caen las gotas  
se debate  
poco a poco  
Olvidaré  
tu nombre.

gota a gota  
hasta agotarse.

al borde  
del ser  
y del no ser  
tan tuya de mirarme ahora, el sabor  
de tu vino predilecto. Y, desarmado  
sólo quedará

Sólo el eco,  
el impulso,  
impreciso,  
condenado  
para siempre.  
el perfume de tu cuello, la forma  
de tu vino predilecto. Y, desarmado  
el recuerdo,  
de ti

No hay retorno, dijo. Sólo eco.

Caen las gotas gota a gota hasta agotarse.

Caen las gotas  
gota a gota

hasta a

gotar

se

Las horas,

las hojas.

Caen las gotas,

gota a gota hasta agotarse.

Un grito blanco  
En la luz. Cruza el aire  
Una gaviota.

A white cry  
In the light. A seagull  
Crosses the air.

Lejana orilla.  
Quedó enredado su cuerpo en  
Mis pensamientos.

Distant shore.  
Her body remained tangled in  
My thoughts.

Duerme desnuda.  
Sobrevuelan su cuerpo  
Dos mariposas.

She sleeps naked.  
Two butterflies  
Fly over her body.

Bajo el árbol  
Florecido, cadáveres  
Pudiéndose

Under the bloomed  
Tree, rotting  
Corpses



ahogado en tu mar\_2000



Ojos de agua\_2007

**PRVA EX-YU ANTOLOGIJA AFORIZAMA IZLAZI IZ  
ŠTAMPE 15.12.2011.q.**

**Narudzbe u pretplati po cijeni od 5 Eura/Evra plus poštarina na**

**E-mail (za informacije o nacinu placanja):**  
**sabihadzi@gmail.com**

**Po izlasku iz štampe cijena je 8 Eura/Evra plus poštarina.**

**Knjiga u pripremi....Izlazi iz štampe 15.12.2011.g.**

*Slogan naše knjige je NE POSTOJE BOLJI AUTORI,  
POSTOJE AUTORI!!*

*Urednik izdanja je Sabahudin Hadžalić, Sarajevo & Bugojno, Bosna i Hercegovina*

Izdavač: MaxMinus, drugi prvoga mjeseca elektronskog časopisa za političku satiru, humor, karikaturu i strip SVIJETA I Z CIJELOGA SVIJETA i Izdavačka kuća DHIRA, Kusnacht, Švicarska/Švajcarska

*...OBJAVLJUJEMO SAMO AUTORE KOJI SU NAM  
DOSTAVILI SVOJE AFORIZME ZA ANTOLOGIJU...*

**Cijena u preplati 5 Eura/Evra plus postarina**

**Poštarina za BiH...6 Eura/Evra**

**Poštarina za Evropu...10 Eura**

**Poštarina za ostatak Svilja..15 Eura**

Po izlasku iz štampe, 15.12.2011.g. cijena je  
8 Eura plus poštarnina

U slučaju narudžbe 5 i više primjeraka, cijena je 10 % niža po primjerku.

## Kontakti za

**narudžbu:** sabihadzi@gmail.com ili hs@bih.net.ba

**Uplatu narudžbe iz cijelog Svijeta možete izvršiti na račune u Bosni i Hercegovini i Srbiji:**

## **INFO / DOWNLOAD RACUN/ACCOUNT**

<http://maxminus.weebly.com/prva-ex-yu-antologija-aforizama.html>



<http://maxminus.weebly.com>

# DI O GEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

[www.diogen.weebly.com](http://www.diogen.weebly.com) Issue No.3 Broj 3.

December/2010



Featuring Artist:  
Nina Ziggy Hadžić

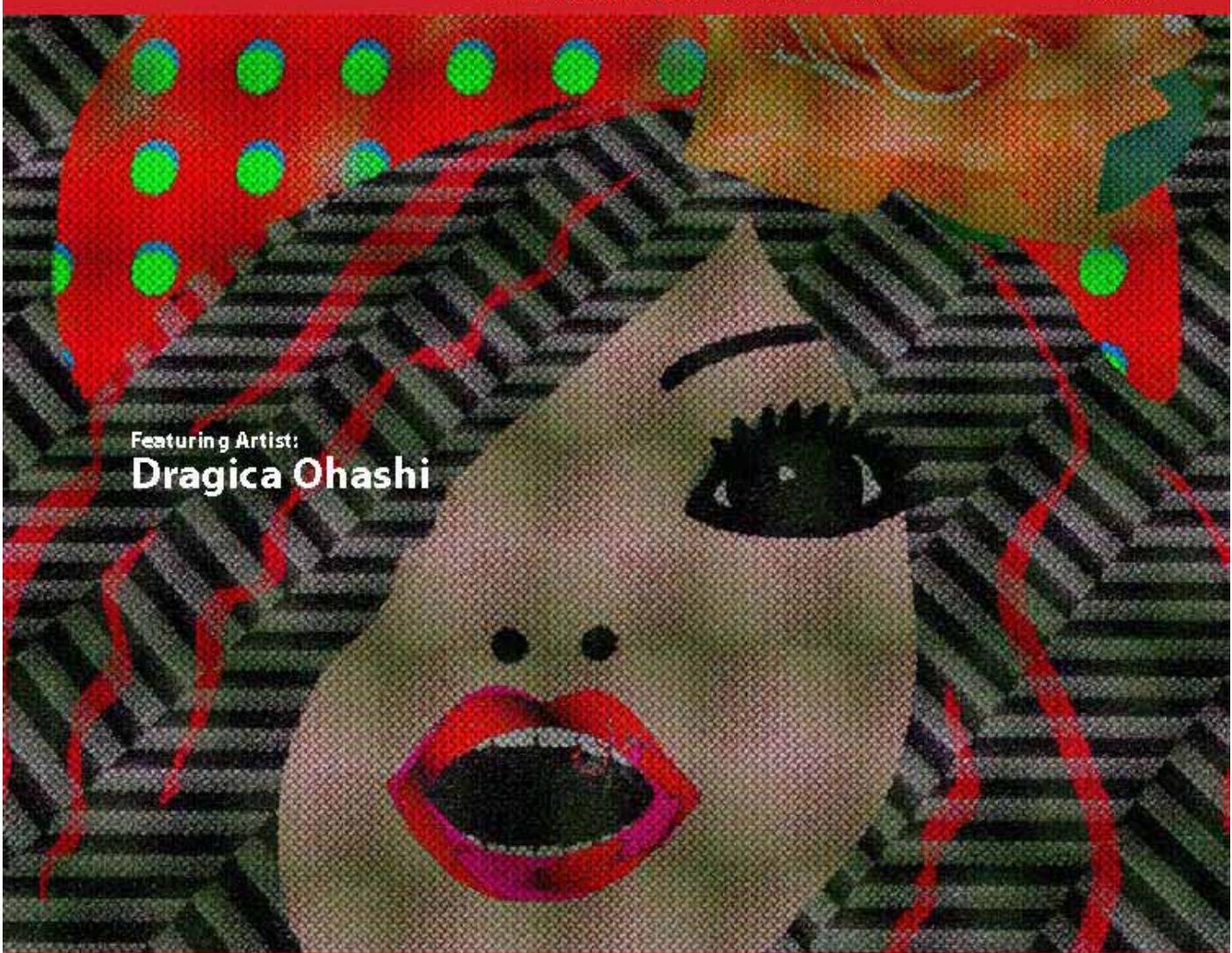
**DI O GEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DI O GEN artist ...  
and you ...**

# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

[www.diogen.weebly.com](http://www.diogen.weebly.com) Issue No.11 Broj 11.

Maj/2011



Featuring Artist:  
**Dragica Ohashi**

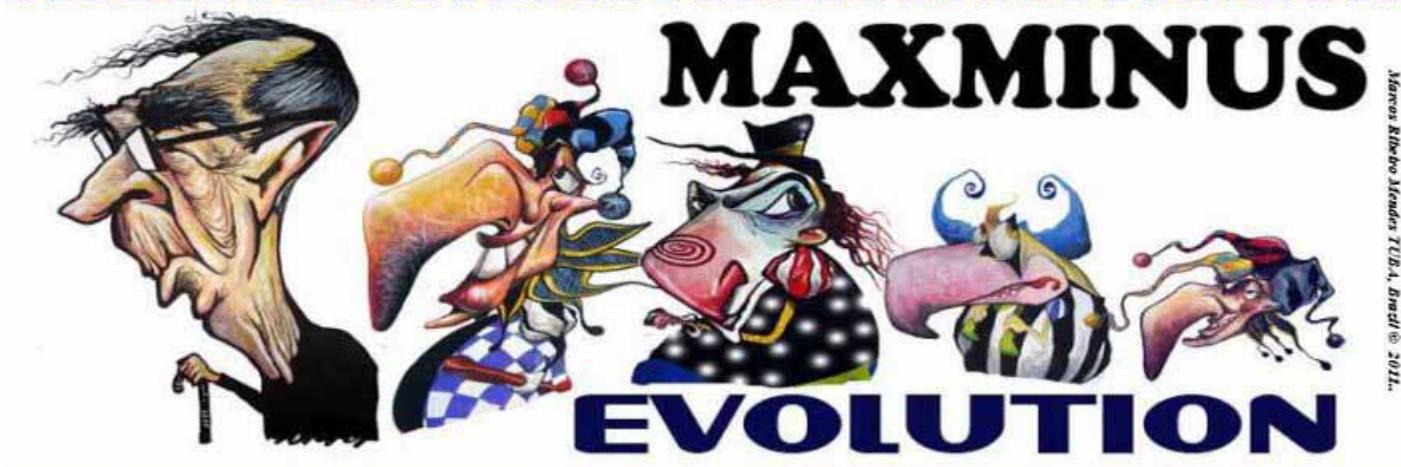
**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...**

PRVA GODIŠNICA MAGAZINA!  
FIRST ANNUAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE MAGAZINE!

**MAXMINUS**

DRUGI PRVOG ELEKTRONSKOG ČASOPISA ZA POLITIČKU SATIRU,  
HUMOR, KARIKATURU I STRIP NA BALKANU

Broj 38- Issue No 38, Sarajevo, Bosna i Hercegovina - 02.9.2011. WWW: <http://maxminus.weebly.com>

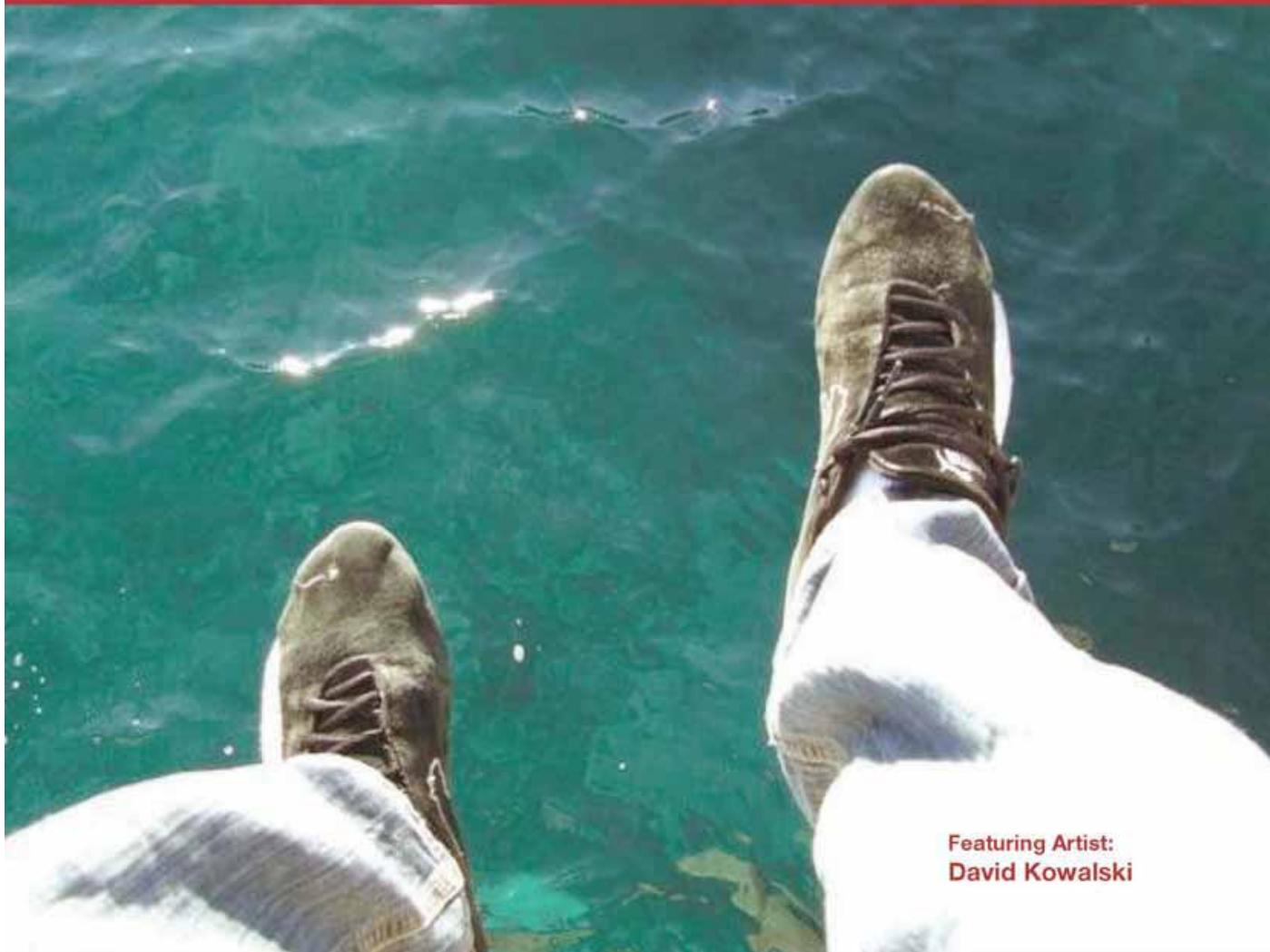


# DI O GEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

[www.diogen.weebly.com](http://www.diogen.weebly.com) Issue No.5 Broj 5.

January/2011



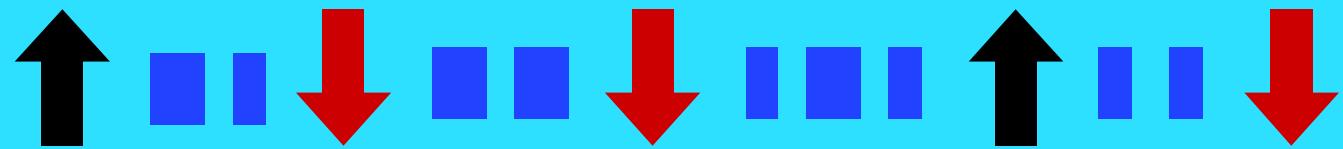
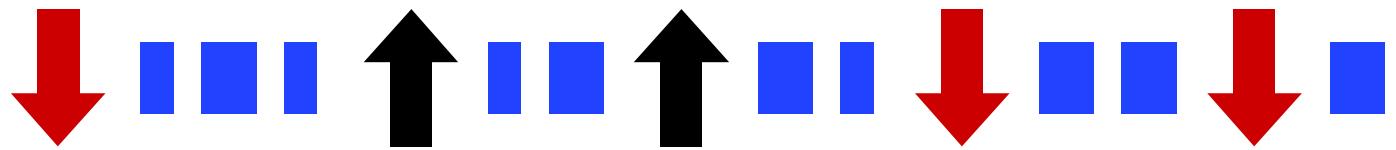
Featuring Artist:  
David Kowalski

**DI O GEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DI O GEN artist ...  
and you ...**

# BUY

# SELL

## BUY



Vaša reklama u našim magazinima?

Your advert in our magazines?

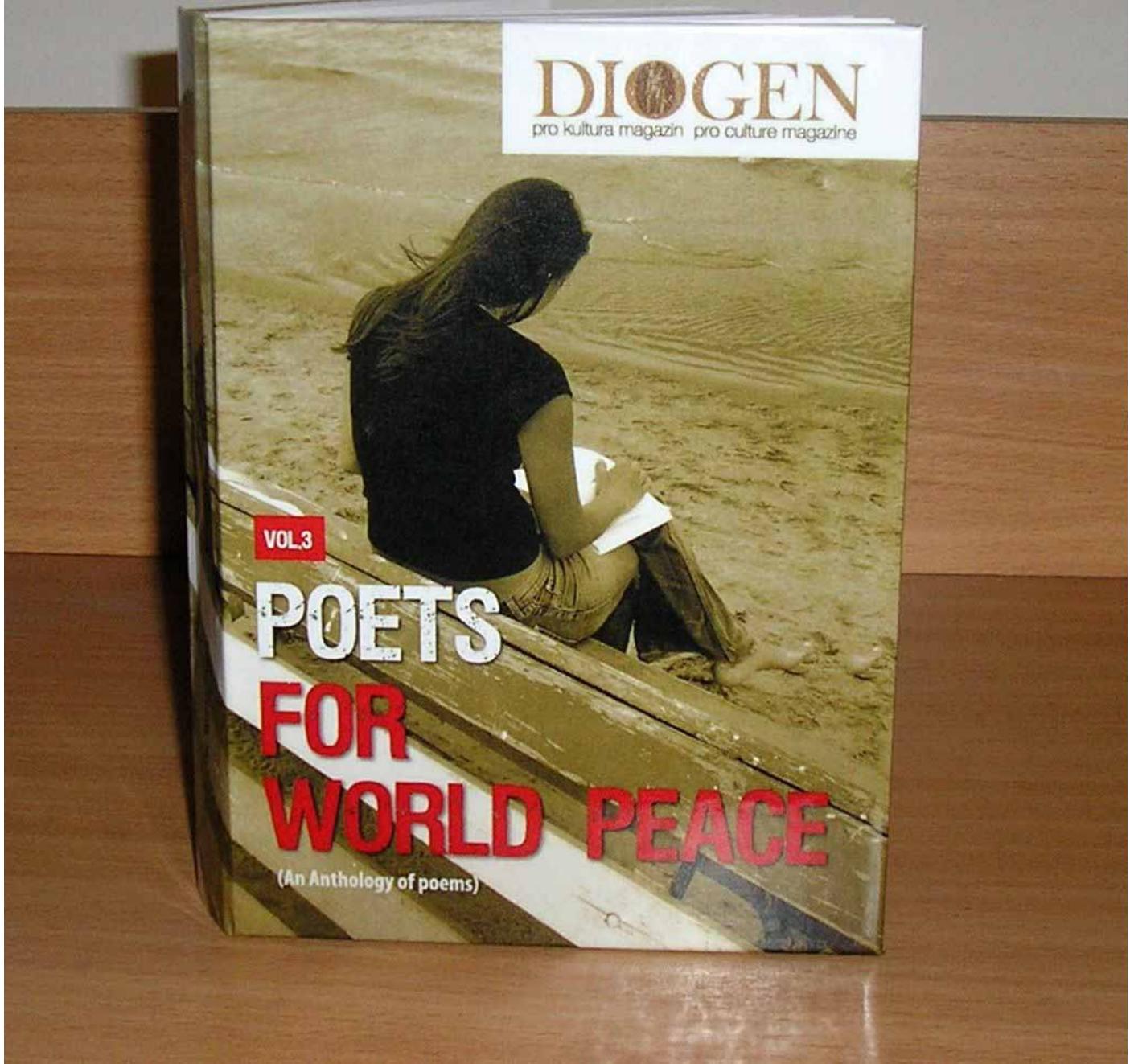


Contact E-mail: [sabihadzi@gmail.com](mailto:sabihadzi@gmail.com)



DIOPEN  
pro culture magazine  
a month for DIOPEN artist  
and you ...

**430 stranica...430 pages...15 Eura plus poštarina...15 Euros plus postage  
ALL IN ENGLISH....NOVEMBER 2011..order: alternativanuova@gmail.com**

**CO - EDITORS****KO-EDITORI**
<http://diogen.weebly.com/anthology-2011poets-for-world-peace-vol3.html>
**Sabahudin Hadžalić****Bosnia and Herzegovina****Dr. Ram Sharma,****India**
[co\\_editor\\_word.pdf](#)  
[Download File](#)

[co-editor\\_word.pdf](#)  
[Download File](#)

Se quiere decir.  
Pero es imposible decir  
Lo que se quiere.

One wants to say.  
But it is impossible to say  
What one wants.

Sin dejar huella  
Atraviesa el cielo  
Una cigüeña.

Without leaving a trace  
Crosses the sky  
A stork

Mirando al sol  
La tierra se vuelve espiga  
Y amapola...

Looking at the Sun  
The land becomes spike  
And poppy...

Cerré los ojos.  
Un avión aterrizó  
En mi memoria.

I closed my eyes.  
A plane landed  
In my memory.

*J*mposible penetrar las continas  
Miar de frente la fría desnudez  
Pensar sin angustias  
Omitir el ansia clavada la quieza  
de eq enq  
Soportar las fronteras en qieza de ba termina o  
Jmposible agujerar que te abierta de vida del acero o  
Brisas o brasas latidos imponece el comienzo  
Lodos destellos de misterio  
Espejo de sueños imposible penetrar el comienzo  
que suenan ser sólo sueño

am ..



P

f

De la herida  
Brota azul el silencio,  
El poema.

From the wound  
The silence, the poem,  
Sprout blue.

Por fin tus ojos.  
Hoy el tren llegó lleno  
De primaveras.

Finally your eyes.  
Today the train arrived bursting  
With springtime.

El tren se acerca,  
Llega, y pasa, se aleja,  
Como la belleza..

The train approaches,  
Arrives, passes, and departs,  
Like beauty...

Sangrando  
El sol se pone sobre las cicatrices  
Del dia.

Bleeding  
The Sun sets on the scars  
Of the day.



Caligrafía del Caos  
para decir la belleza,  
tu belleza.

Entre tus labios  
La palabra *amor!*.  
Entre mis labios.

Between your lips  
The word *love!*.  
Between my lips.

Tiempo  
Sin tiempo,  
Un poema

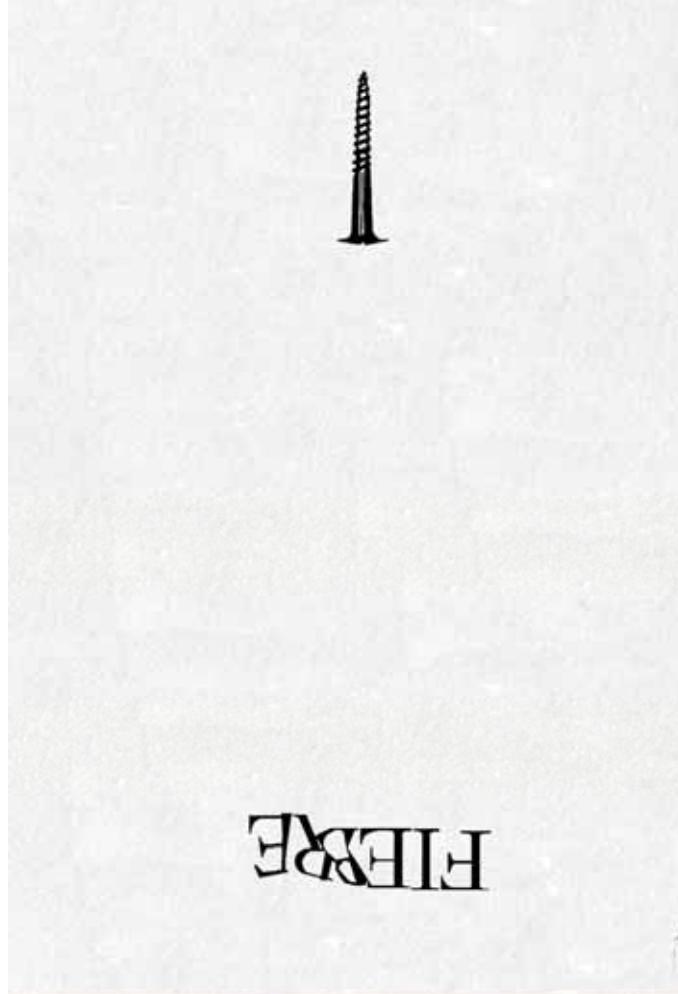
Time  
Timeless,  
A poem

Círculos de pájaros.  
Figuraciones fragmentarias.  
Un poema no escrito.

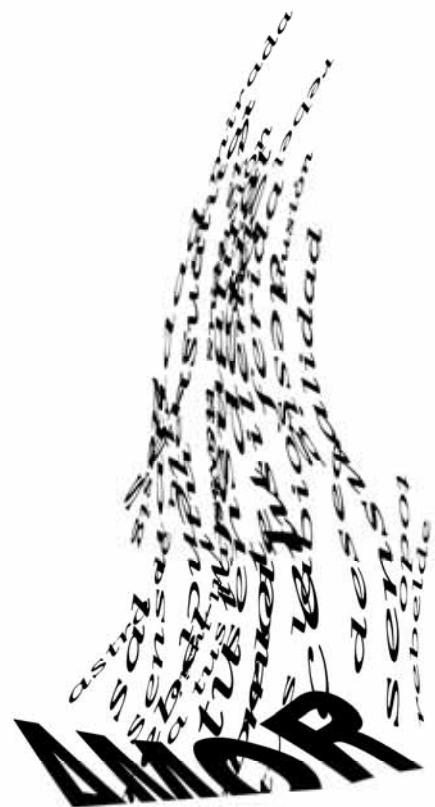
Circles of birds.  
Fragmentary fantasies.  
An unwritten poem.

Deseo de ser  
Sólo sueño, indiferencia.  
Poético anhelo.

Desire to be  
Only a dream, indifference.  
Poetical longing.



Fiebre\_1988



Se inflaman las vivencias, las palabras

Amor Se Inflaman las vivencias\_2000



MANIFESTIMI LETRAR NDËRKOMBËTAR  
INTERNATIONAL LITERARY MANIFESTATION  
**DITËT E NAMIT**

Adresa FP. 47  
1200 Tetova, MACEDONIA  
Cel. +389 (0)70 321 851  
e-mail: [shapen@yahoo.com](mailto:shapen@yahoo.com)  
[www.ditekeramit.org](http://www.ditekeramit.org)



Contact / Order: sabihadzi@gmail.com



All others are good. We are different!

Svi drugi su dobri. Mi smo drugaci!!!

CD DIOGEN pro culture

Samo 10 Eura plus poštarina  
Just 10 Euros plus PTT costs



DIOGEN  
pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Kontakt / Narudžba: sabihadzi@gmail.com

Mi objedinjujemo razlicitost!!

We are unifying diversities

A B C D

E F G H I

K L M N

O P Q R

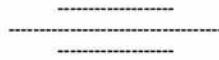
S

T Y Z



De la herida  
Brotá azul el silencio,  
El poema.

From the wound  
The silence, the poem,  
Sprout blue.



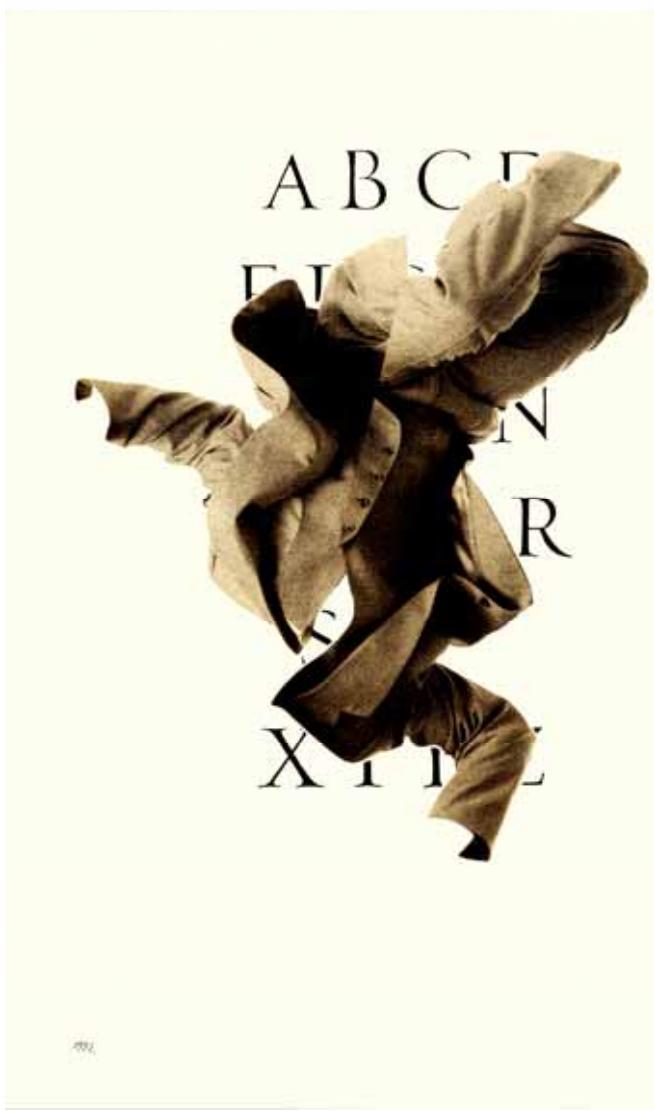
Para agujear  
Con luz tanta oscuridad,  
Tres versos.

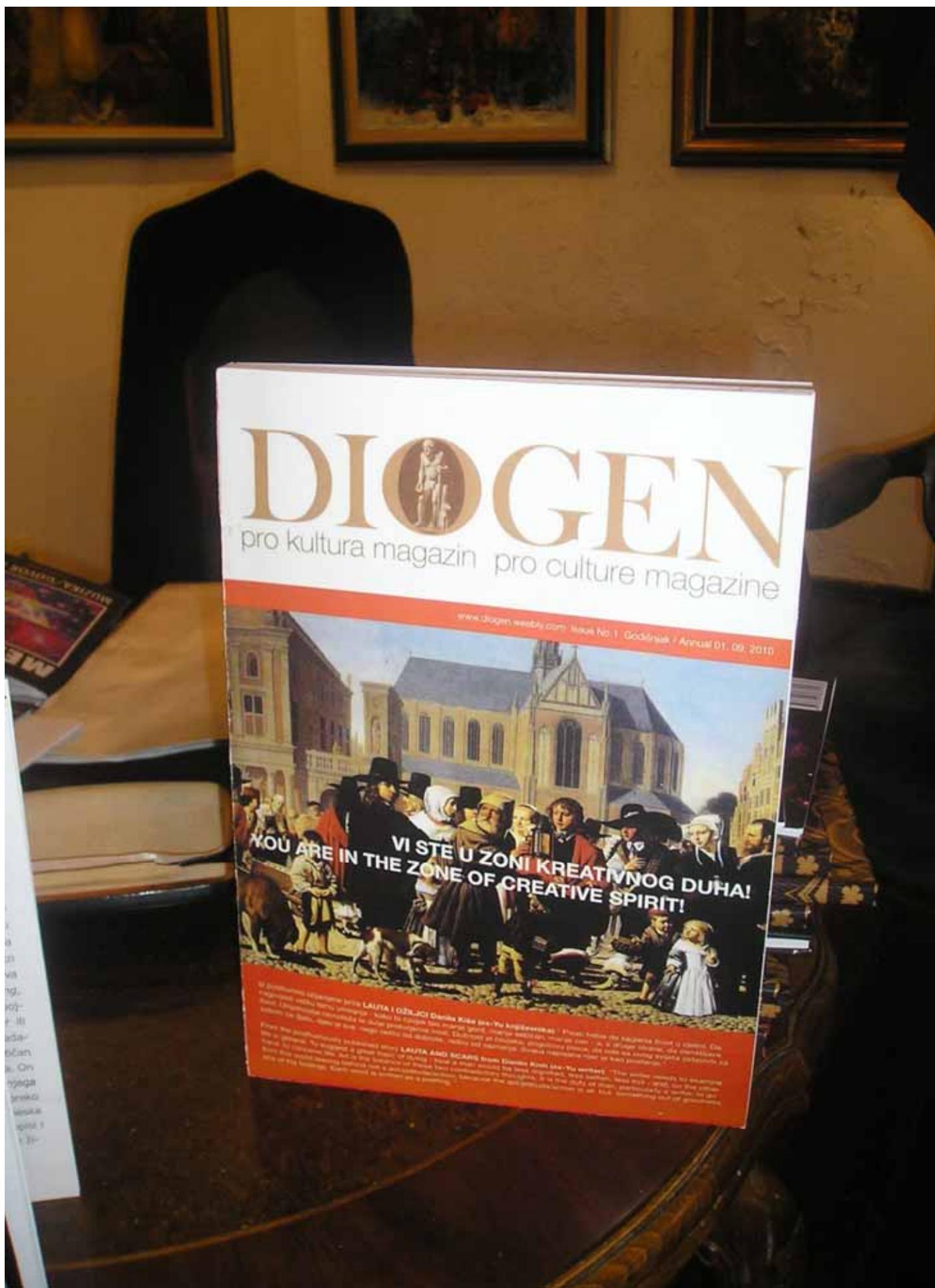
To pierce  
So much darkness with light,  
Three verses.

A B C E  
F J G N R  
M Ñ I J K L  
Q S T U V W  
X Y Z

A

A-abandonada (o el sin sentido)






<http://diogen.weebly.com>

### Italy & Bosnia and Herzegovina

#### International Poetry Competition "SEEKING FOR A POEM"

You are invited to submit a poem for the International Poetry Competition "SEEKINGFOR A POEM", organized by the Association 'La Stanza del Poeta' from Formia/Gaeta (Italy) and DIOGEN pro culture magazine from Sarajevo (Bosnia and Herzegovina).

Please read 'How to Guide' below.

##### Step One

(1) Submit one poem of your choice and your short Biography, including your photo (*color and/or black-white, 300 dpi, format 1200 x 800 pixels*) by 30/10/2011.

Submission should be sent to [seekingpoem@yahoo.com](mailto:seekingpoem@yahoo.com). The results will be published by 31/1/2012.

Please note that you are required to provide a valid email address. All communications with you will be exclusively in writing and via email. It is important that you keep your email address valid and active during the selection process so that we can communicate with you.

##### Step Two

(2) Your poem will be evaluated by our judges: poets Giuseppe Napolitano from Italy and Sabahudin Hadžialić from Bosnia and Herzegovina. Having read and assessed your poem, the judges will make a decision to either publish

### la stanza del poeta

<http://stanzadelpoeta.wordpress.com>

it or decline publication.

##### Step Three

(3) The poems selected for publication will be uploaded on the competition website and the top three poems will be announced. All contestants are invited to visit the website and review the results.

##### Step Four

(4) The top three poems will be also announced on web site of the Association 'La Stanza del Poeta' and DIOGEN pro culture magazine and published in the annual DIOGEN pro culture magazine No. 2. edition in February 2012. The winners will be offered the opportunity to be the judges for the next year's competition.

Each winner will be presented with the opportunity to publish 20 poems of their choice in the second edition of DIOGEN pro culture magazine.

*We would like to thank you in advance for your devotion to the development of creative writing endeavors*

##### Additional Contest Information

##### Who is Eligible?

Poets of all ages are eligible and all styles of poetry are acceptable.

##### How and When to Submit?

We ask that you submit your writings by November 30, 2011. Submissions are accepted via email to [seekingpoem@yahoo.com](mailto:seekingpoem@yahoo.com)

##### Submission Requirements

Poems must be original works.

Poems should be submitted in English, or the English translation

should accompany the original

The poet's full name and email address must be provided.

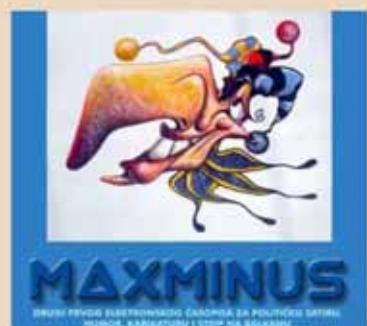
The poet must be able to be notified via email if their poem has been selected for publication.

##### Guidelines

The judges will be looking for originality, rhythm, rhymes, and audience appeal.

The judges will be looking for poet's passion about the subject topic of the poem or a novel approach to everyday topics.

KONKURSI

<http://diogen.weebly.com>
<http://stanzadelpoeta.wordpress.com/>


**Konkurs-natječaj za karikaturiste****MaxMinusijada**

Pozivamo sve zainteresirane karikaturiste, profesionalce i amaterice, na prvi digitalni konkurs za karikaturu MaxMinus-a, drugi prvoga nedjeljnog elektronskog časopisa za političku satiru, humor, karikaturu i strip na Balkanu (<http://maxminus.weebly.com>).

Pravo sudjelovanja imaju svi gradani svijeta, bez obzira na rasu i boju kože, vjersku i stranačku pripadnost, spol i dob. Jedini uvjet su originalne karikature (ne plagijati) u digitalnoj formi.

Tema: 1) Ravnopravnost (medju narodima, ljudima, spolovima itd)

2) Portret karikatura (slobodan izbor)

Nagrade: Prvonagradjene karikature u svakoj kategoriji dobit će diplomu i objavljanje u specijalnom broju DIOGEN pro-art magazina (<http://diogen.weebly.com>) sa četrdeset radova prvonagradjenih autora za svaku od navedenih tema;

Drugo i treće nagradjeni dobijaju diplome MaxMinusijade;

Junior nagrade, za karikaturiste mlađe od 18 godina - diploma

Broj radova: maksimalno pet

Format: A4, 200dpi,

**Datum za prijem radova je  
1.11.2012.**

Rezultati će biti objavljeni u decembarskom broju Maxminusa

Radove će procijeniti strucni žiri

Uz radove treba poslati naziv karikatura, godinu nastanka, kracu biografiju i sliku ili autokarikaturu, e-mail adresu i kućnu adresu i broj telefona.

Radovi se primaju na adresu Maxminusa i autora konkursa.

E-mail  
[sabihadzi@gmail.com](mailto:sabihadzi@gmail.com)  
[sabihadzi@yahoo.com](mailto:sabihadzi@yahoo.com)

[hs1@bih.net.ba](mailto:hs1@bih.net.ba)

[petar.pismestrovic@chello.at](mailto:petar.pismestrovic@chello.at)

[pismestrovic@gmx.at](mailto:pismestrovic@gmx.at)

Info: <http://maxminus.weebly.com/maxminusijada-2011.html>

**Call**

The competition- for cartoonist

MaxMinusijada

We invite all interested cartoonist, professionals and amateurs, to join the first digital competition for cartoons of MaxMinus, the second of the first magazine for political satire, humor, cartoon and comic on Balkan peninsula (<http://maxminus.weebly.com>).

Eligible to participate are the citizens of the world, regardless of race and skin color, religion and party affiliation, gender and age. The only requirement of the original cartoons (no plagiarism) in digital form.

Topics: 1) Gender (among nations and people, gender, etc)  
2) Portrait of a caricature (free choice)

Awards: winning cartoons in each category will receive a certificate and publication in a special issue DIOGENES pro-art magazine (<http://diogen.weebly.com>) published forty works of the one who wins the first prize by each of these topics;  
The second and third places will be awarded with diploma of MaxMinusijada;  
Junior Prize, for the cartoonist to 18 years old - Diploma

Number of papers: a maximum of five

Format: A4, 200dpi,

**Date for receipt of papers:  
1.11.2012.**

Results will be published in the December issue of Maxminus

Works will evaluate the expert jury

Along with the works need to send the

name of the cartoon, the year of origination, short biography and a picture or caricature of yourself, e-mail address, address and phone number.

Papers should be sent to address Maxminusa and competition, authors

E-mail  
[sabihadzi@gmail.com](mailto:sabihadzi@gmail.com)

[sabihadzi@yahoo.com](mailto:sabihadzi@yahoo.com)

[hs1@bih.net.ba](mailto:hs1@bih.net.ba)

[petar.pismestrovic @ chello.at](mailto:petar.pismestrovic@chello.at)

[pismestrovic@gmx.at](mailto:pismestrovic@gmx.at)

Info: <http://maxminus.weebly.com/maxminusijada-2011.html>

**KONKURS**

CARTOON COMPETITION OF MAXMINUS  
**MAXMINIJADA**



Na njemačkom jeziku...zima/winter 2011...in German language



## Der letzte Prinz

Autorin:  
Samira Begman Karabeg

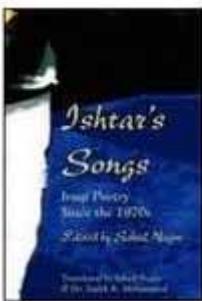




# Ishtar's Songs: Iraqi Poetry Since the 1970s

**Soheil Najm,  
Editor and  
Translator**

Sadek R.  
Mohammed,  
Translator



## **Recenzije, uređivanje knjiga, organizacija predstavljanja, PR, WWW predstavljanje, DTP**

## *Sabahudin Hadžialić, književnik i slobodni novinar*

## *Samostalni umjetnik*

<http://sabihadzi.weebly.com>

*E-mail:* [sabihadzi@gmail.com](mailto:sabihadzi@gmail.com) ; [hs@bih.net.ba](mailto:hs@bih.net.ba)

Iraq's poets have suffered imprisonment, exile and death for the truths they have dared to tell. Poetry is not a luxury in Iraq, but a vital part of the struggle for the nation's future. This is poetry that is feared by tyrants and would-be tyrants.

**Dan Veach, Poet**  
Founder and Editor of *The Atlanta Review*

Out of the ashes of decades of war come the voices of those who have survived its stark realities. *Ishtar's Songs* is filled with hope, bitterness, startling beauty and a love of country that defies the vicissitudes of political, social and military upheaval. The poems are beautifully translated and the vision they project - a vision of a resilient people who have suffered for so long and whose history and culture go back thousands of years - is rendered indelibly for future generations. Required reading for every American who wishes to grasp the complexities of Iraqi culture.

**Mike Maggio, Poet**  
Author, *deMOCKracy*

Little one flies and then lands.  
What about those who are flying all the time?

This is what poetry is! ...  
Imagine heavenly imprints that perish under the heavy attack of  
senseless forces. Imagine every day hopes that will never share the  
destiny of the Phoenix to be reborn. Iraqi poetry is like the sun light.  
Slowly, but surely it warms you up.

**Sabahudin Hadžialić**, Poet  
Translator, Editor *Dilogon pro culture* magazine,  
Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina

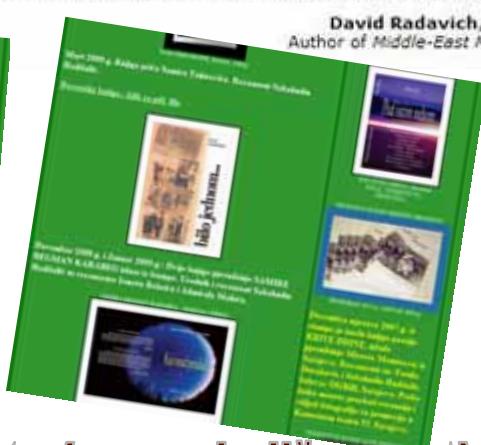
Iraq's painful recent history is vividly personalized in these lyrical poems. The love, hope, anger and despair of these poets bear messages we very much need to hear. What burns brightest among these poems is our common humanity.

**Sam Hamill, Poet**

What a marvelous compendium of contemporary poetry - a wide spectrum of Iraqi voices sing of tragedy and irony, love and helplessness. Everybody here is out of work, Adil Abdullah complains, asking, What vast shame will touch their souls in the morning / when they discover by its light / that what they ate yesterday / was the flesh of their sons? Ahmed Adam, killed in Baghdad in 2005, laments with bitter irony, I was late  
poorly worn this garment. Rabi Sabih accepts, I have no choice but to be

Twenty years this morning, Saad Eddin asserted, I have no choice but to be / a wolf of words. Striving for some ray of hope, Hussein Ali Yunis declares, now all of us are Don Quixotes. These richly diverse poems offer intensely moving, often searing portraits of a legendary culture torn apart by the tyranny of Saddam Hussein, war against Iran and U.S. led invasions. Here is the deep heart and soul of a nation torn asunder yet somehow still cherishing, striving, celebrating.

**David Radavich, Poet**  
Author of *Middle-East Mezze*



# Nedozvolite amateurizam u književnosti kao umjetnosti

Na njemačkom i bosanskom/hrvatskom/srpskom jeziku...zima/winter 2011...in  
 German, Bosnian/Croatian/Serbian language...KNJIGA POEZIJE...BOOK OF POETRY



# 5 Euros/Eura/Evra

Info/Order/Narudzba: <http://sabihadzi.weebly.com/gedichte-switzerland.html>

Na engleskom, francuskom, albanskem, španskem, italijanskom i  
 bosanskom/hrvatskom/srpskom jeziku...zima/winter 2011...in English, French,  
 Albanian, Spanish, Italian and Bosnian/Croatian/Serbian language  
**KNJIGA POEZIJE / BOOK OF POETRY**

Info/Order/Narudzba: <http://sabihadzi.weebly.com/english-italian-french-spanish-albanian.html>

Knjiga aforizama na italijanskom,  
 engleskom i  
 bosanskom/hrvatskom/srpskom  
 jeziku

Book of aphorisms in Italian,  
 English, Bosnian/Croatian/Serbian  
 language

Sabahudin Hadžalić

Aforismi

Traduzione di Giuseppe Napolitano



# 5 Euros

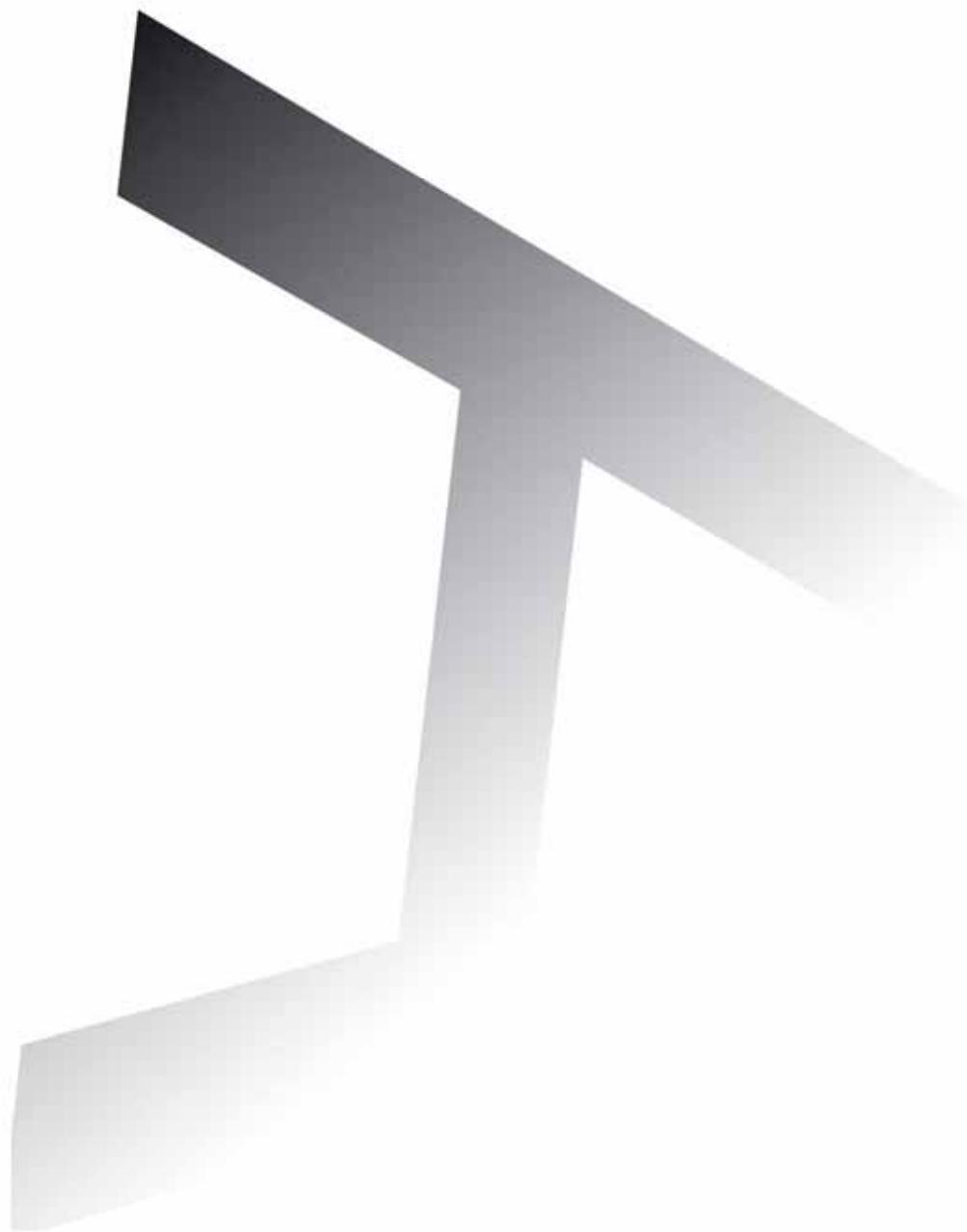
# 5 Euros

Info/Order/Narudzba: <http://sabihadzi.weebly.com/aforismi-italia.html>

$\alpha$   
 $\psi\phi\chi\lambda\beta\gamma\delta\eta\zeta\sigma\tau\omega$

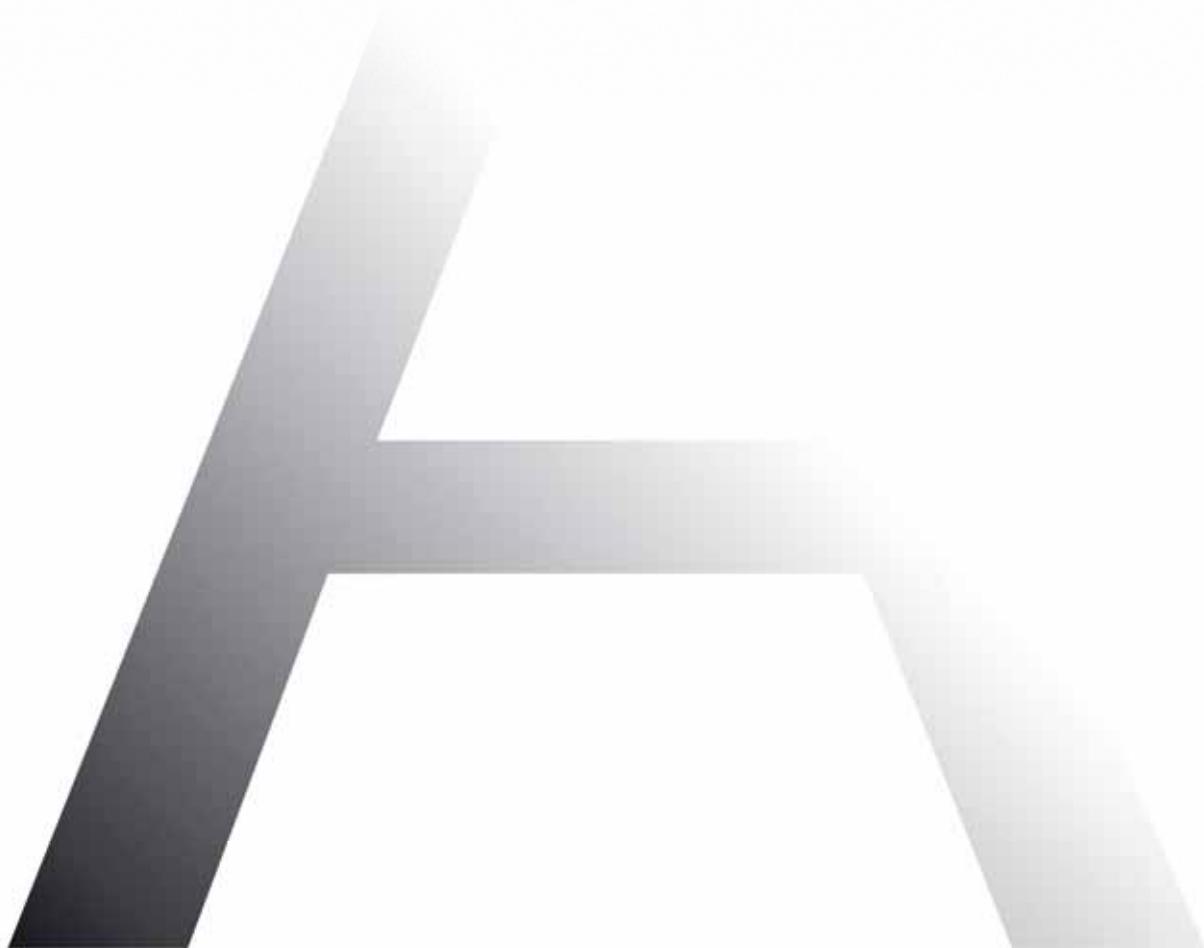
*INVISIBLE PRECIPICIO*

jt



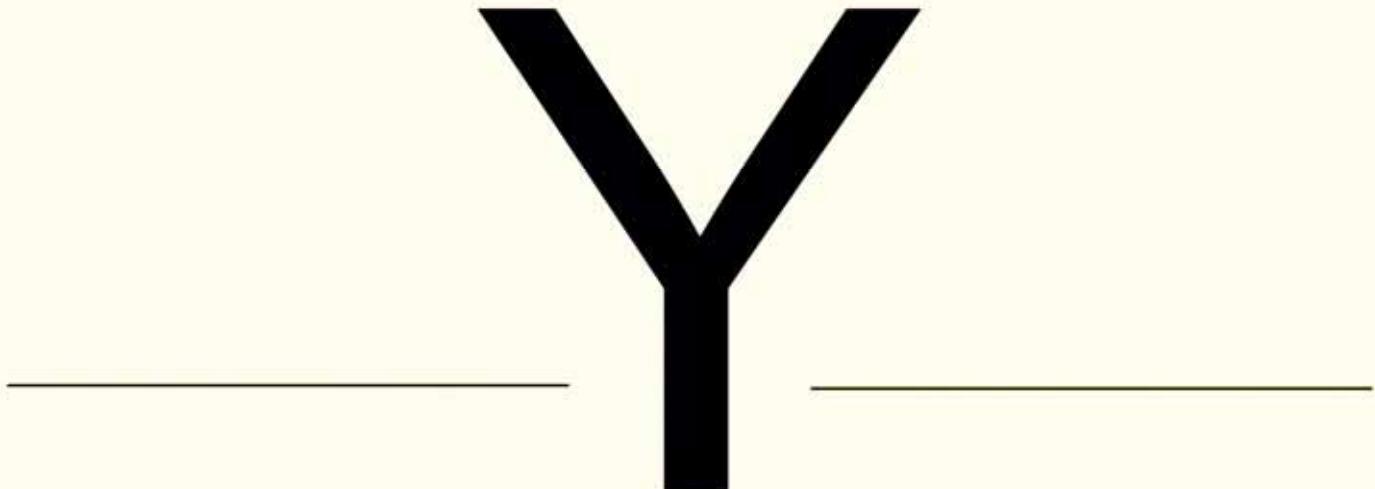
Poema de Amor  
2005



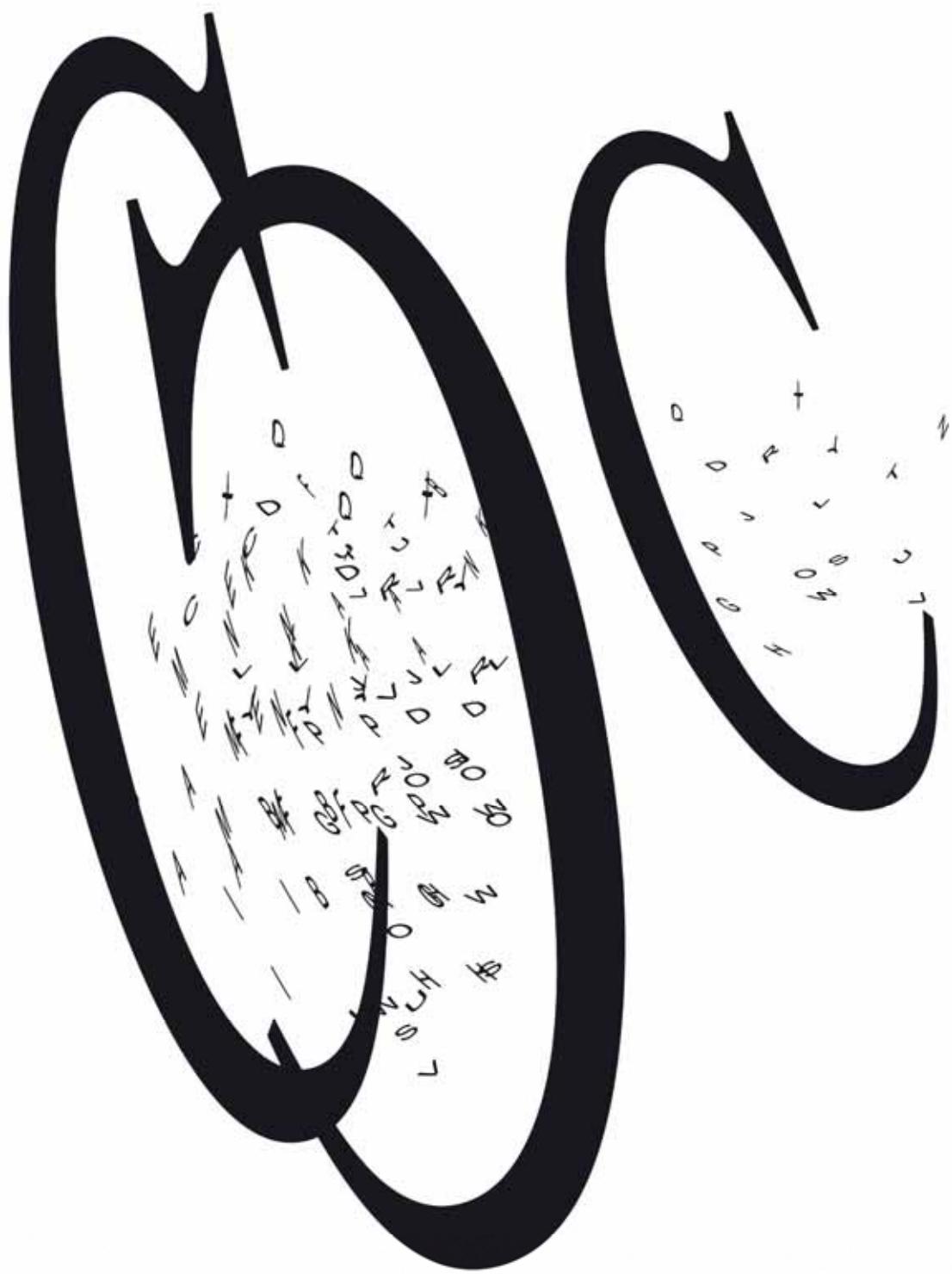


Geometria del Destino  
2005





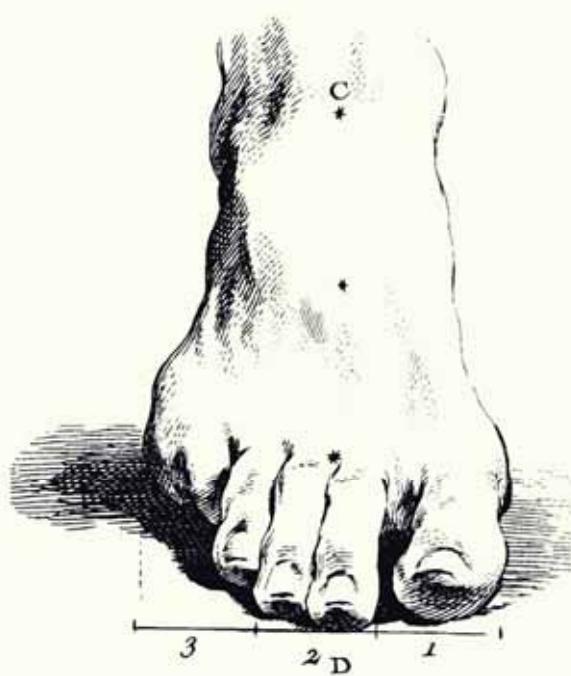
*El tronco negro  
de un árbol quemado. Escultura  
de ausencias.*



Q



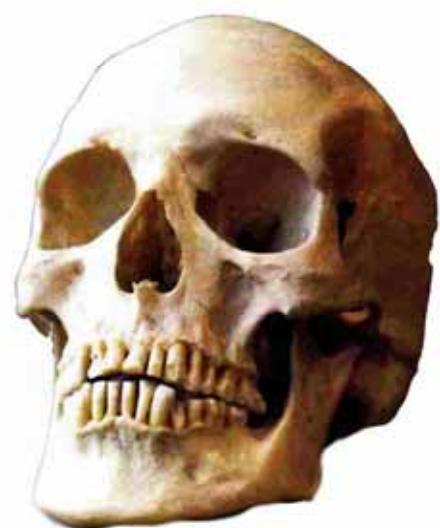
11



...casi dioses, medio bestias, casi piedra...

Q





3

1/293



11

*no son los ojos sino la vehemencia del deseo  
no        los ojos sino la vehemencia del deseo  
no        los ojos              la vehemencia del deseo  
no        son los ojos              la vehemencia  
                                        del deseo  
                                        el deseo  
                                        de*

*los ojos*      *la vehemencia*

*quien descubre*

*la bellissima*

*jAMOR!*  
*jAMOR!*  
*jAMOR!*

*jAmOr!*  
*jAhOh!*  
*jAh...*

*...Oh!*

*...O*

*...*

*jjf*

ventana  
tu ventana  
tú tu ventana  
tu ventana

*Que día de tristeza  
Cómo te duele el mundo  
cuando esperas ver...*

*JF*

*mar*      *mar*      *mar*  
*mar*      **N**      *mar*  
*mar*      *mar*      *mar*  
                *amar*

Isla Negra. Isla Neruda

-Homenaje a Pablo Neruda-

1992

# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

[www.diogen.weebly.com](http://www.diogen.weebly.com) Issue No.2 Broj 2.

November/2010



Featuring Artist:  
Saša Montiljo

**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...**

(10 de Octubre)

...silencio...

# DESPACHO

*Fulano* *Fu* *ano* *ano* *ano* *no*

*Fu*      *ano*      *a*      *no*

*Ah! no ah! no!*

## *Fú!*      *No!*

*Ah!*                                   *oh!*

No!

*¡No!*

(Esto es, DESEO  
densa densidad de un gran  
SILENCIO)

Ser o NO Ser! Ojo por ojo  
y diente por diente!  
SER O NO SER! Diente por ojo  
SER O NO SER! Y OJO POR DIENTE!  
SER O NO SER! DIENTES SIN OJOS!  
SER O NO SER! DIENTE EN EL OJO!  
SER O NO SER!

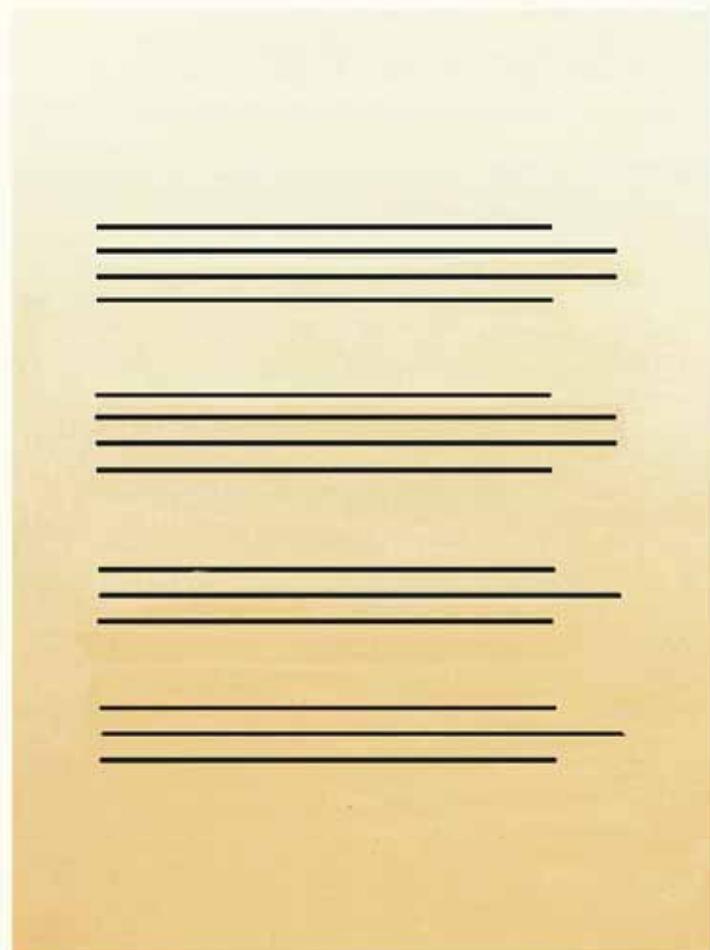
C'est la vie!



A Francisco Pino - SINO.

LLÀCRIMES DE MUSICA RELLISCANT  
VIBRACIÓ DE CORDES, DE NERVIS SOBRE PEGA ORECA  
AIXÍ DOLÀ, D' AIRE





*"Así es la vida"*  
SONETO ENMUDECIDO Y APLANADO

JM

del deseo



geometría

my me



Geometria  
deseo

tú

yo tú

yo

Pensamiento o sensación



<http://businessswisse.weebly.com/>

*Do you want to improve your business?  
And make a real difference in your industry and set yourself apart  
from the others ?*

*Is your aim to be a market leader ?*

Contact us, we have the answers!

*How to get there ?*

**Establish YOUR company headquarters in Switzerland**

*An attractive and easily achievable goal for*

Join many successful companies from all around the world who moved their company headquarters to Switzerland and opened a new business.

A team of experts in Switzerland in the field of management, finance, insurance, law, commerce, marketing and public relations will help you realize your goal

#### **Why Switzerland?**

Because...

1. It has low tax rate (8.5% capital gains tax)
2. It has the lowest VAT in Europe (2.5% and 8%)
3. Simple registration procedure for companies and low set up costs
4. Low banking fees and high level banking services
5. Swiss companies enjoy a high respect worldwide and as the owner of a Swiss firm you can join the global market and expand your contacts with new business partners.
6. The possibility of obtaining permanent residence permit in Switzerland.

For further information please E-mail:  
[businessswisse@yahoo.com](mailto:businessswisse@yahoo.com)

*Želite unaprijediti vaš biznis?  
Želite napraviti iskorak u poimanju poslovnih namjera?  
Želite biti alternativom usmjereni?*

*Kontaktirajte nas, jer odgovore imamo!*

*Predlažemo da...*

**Sjedište VAŠE firme bude u Švicarskoj**

*Atraktivan cilj koji je i za vas lako ostvariv.*

Brojna uspješna svjetska poduzeća su sjedište svojih firmi preselili u Švicarsku ili otvorili nove firme.

Tim stručnjaka u Švicarskoj na polju managementa, financija, osiguranja, zakonodavstva, trgovine, marketing i public relations će realizirati za vas ovaj cilj.

**Zbog čega Švicarska?**

Zbog...

1. Niske porezne stope (8.5% na dobitak)
2. Najniže PDV stope u Europi (2.5% i 8%)
3. Jednostavne procedure i niskih troškova registracije.
4. Visokih bankarskih usluga uz veoma niske troškove.
5. Poslovnosti švicarskih firmi koje su visoko cijenjene u svijetu i kao vlasnici švicarske firme otvaraju vam se veće mogućnosti participacije na svjetskom tržištu uz kontakte s novim poslovnim partnerima.
6. Mogućnosti dobijanja dozvole za stalni boravak u Švicarskoj.

Za sve daljnje informacije obratite se na E-mail :  
[businessswisse@yahoo.com](mailto:businessswisse@yahoo.com)

# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 14 Broj 14 Oktobar/Listopad/October/ 2011

# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

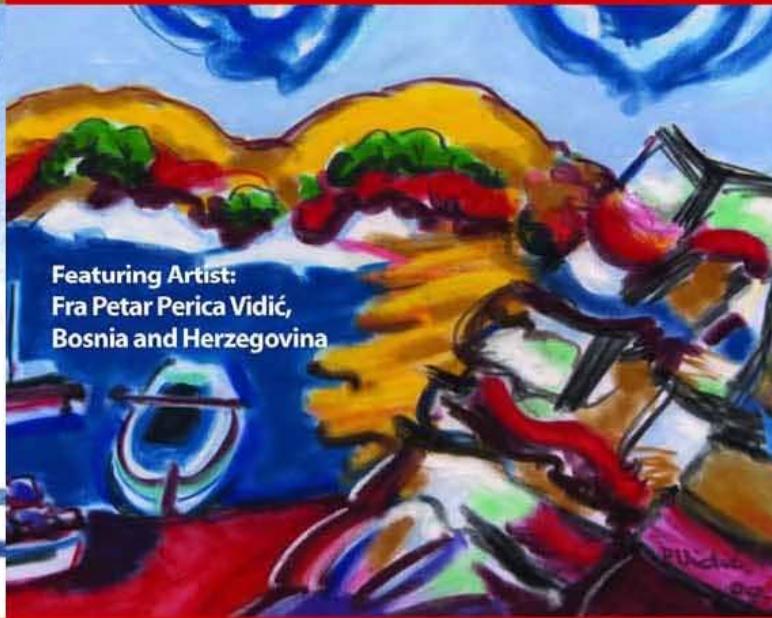
Issue No 13 Broj 13 Septembar/Rujan/September 2011

Featuring Artist:  
Majedeh Motallebi,  
Iran



DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...

Featuring Artist:  
Fra Petar Perica Vidić,  
Bosnia and Herzegovina



DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...

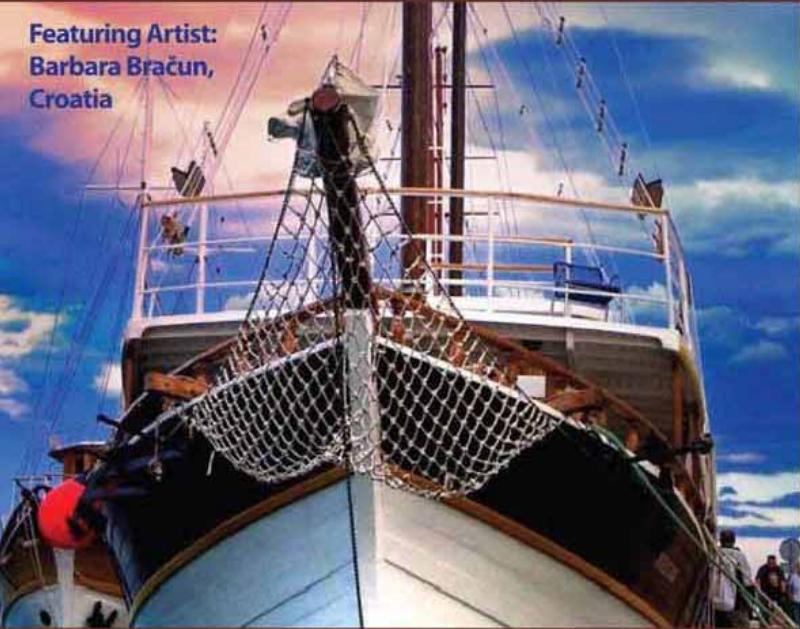


# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 14/1 Broj 14/1 Oktobar/Listopad/October/ 2011

Featuring Artist:  
Barbara Bračun,  
Croatia

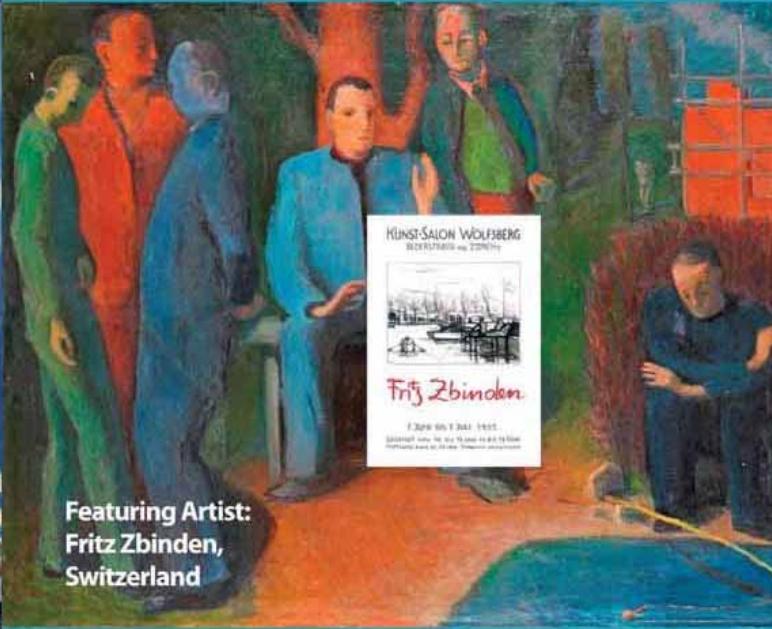


# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 13/1 Broj 13/1 Septembar/Rujan/September 2011

Featuring Artist:  
Fritz Zbinden,  
Switzerland



DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...

DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...

# DIOGEN

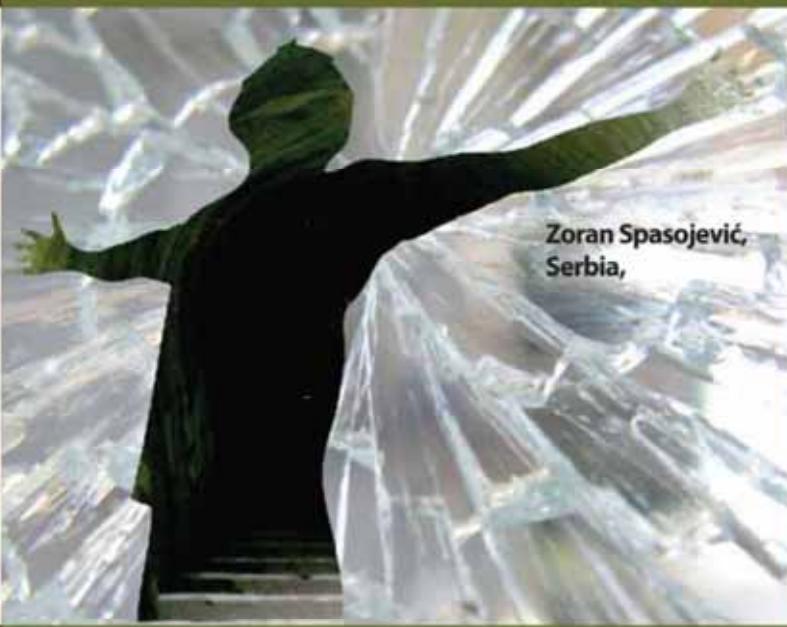
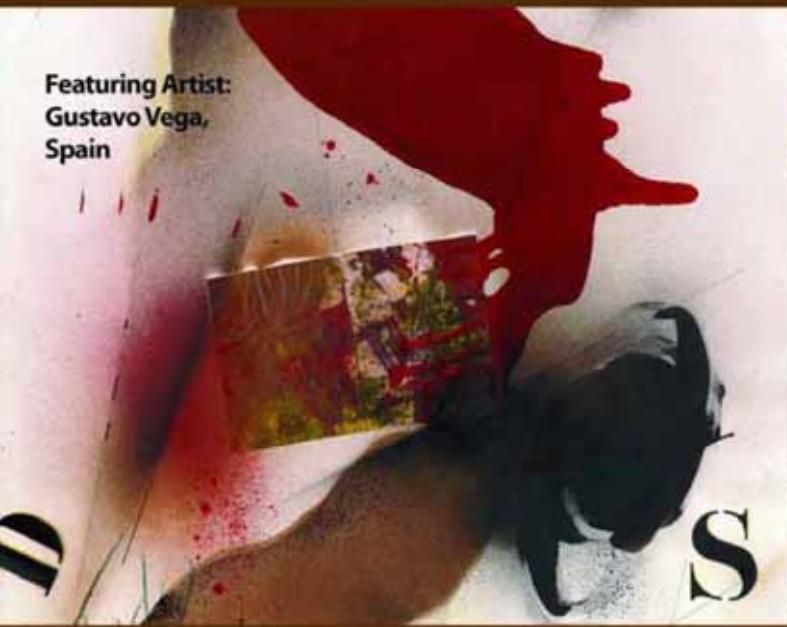
pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 15 Broj 15 November/Studen/November 2011

Featuring Artist:  
Gustavo Vega,  
Spain



Zoran Spasojević,  
Serbia,

DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...

DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...



# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 12 Broj 12 July/Srpanj/July - Avgust/Kolovoza/August 2011

[www.diogen.weebly.com](http://diogen.weebly.com) Issue No 10 Broj 10

April 2011

Featuring Artist:

## PABLO PICASSO



Featuring Artist:  
Ivan Watelle

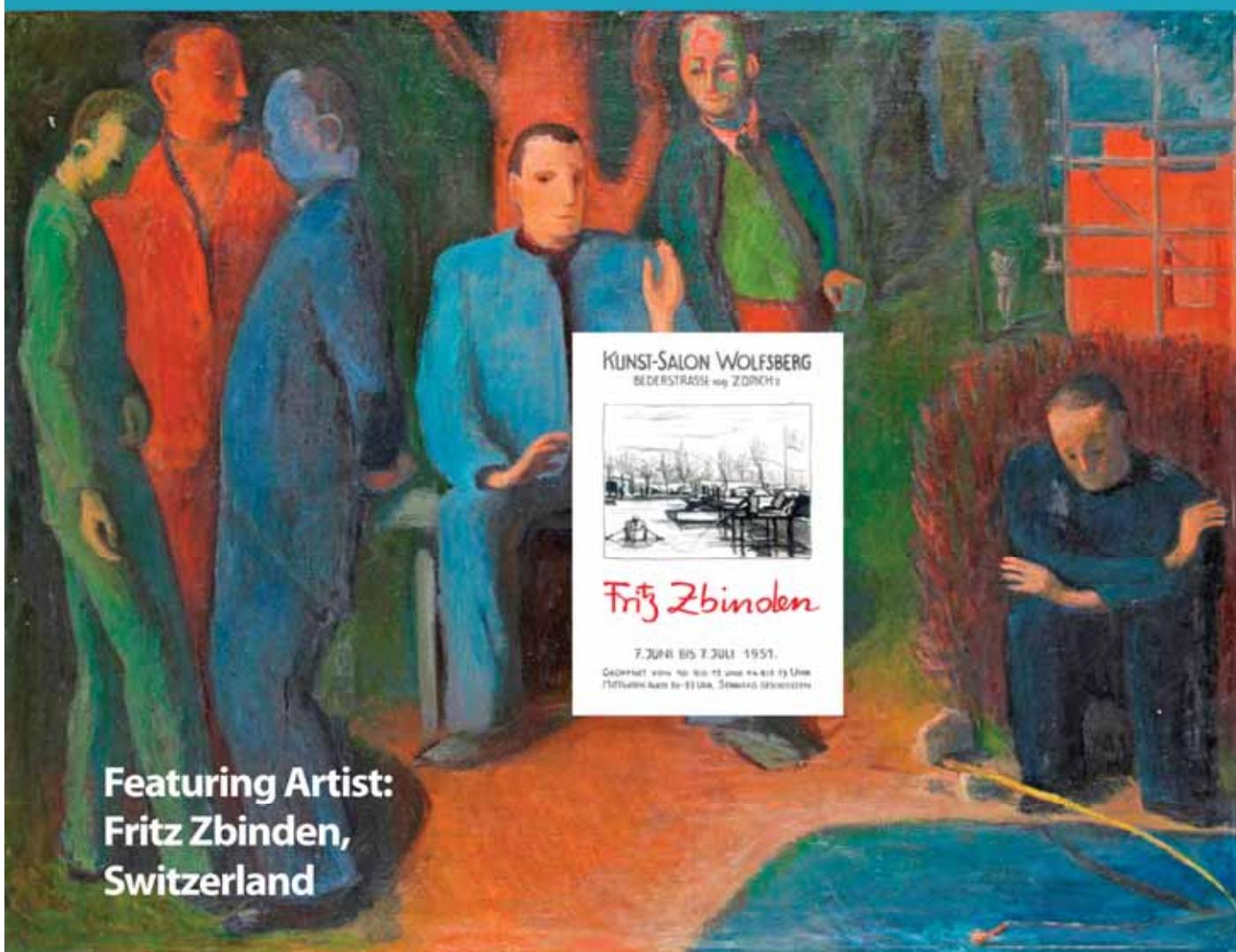
DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...

DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
and you ...

# DIogen

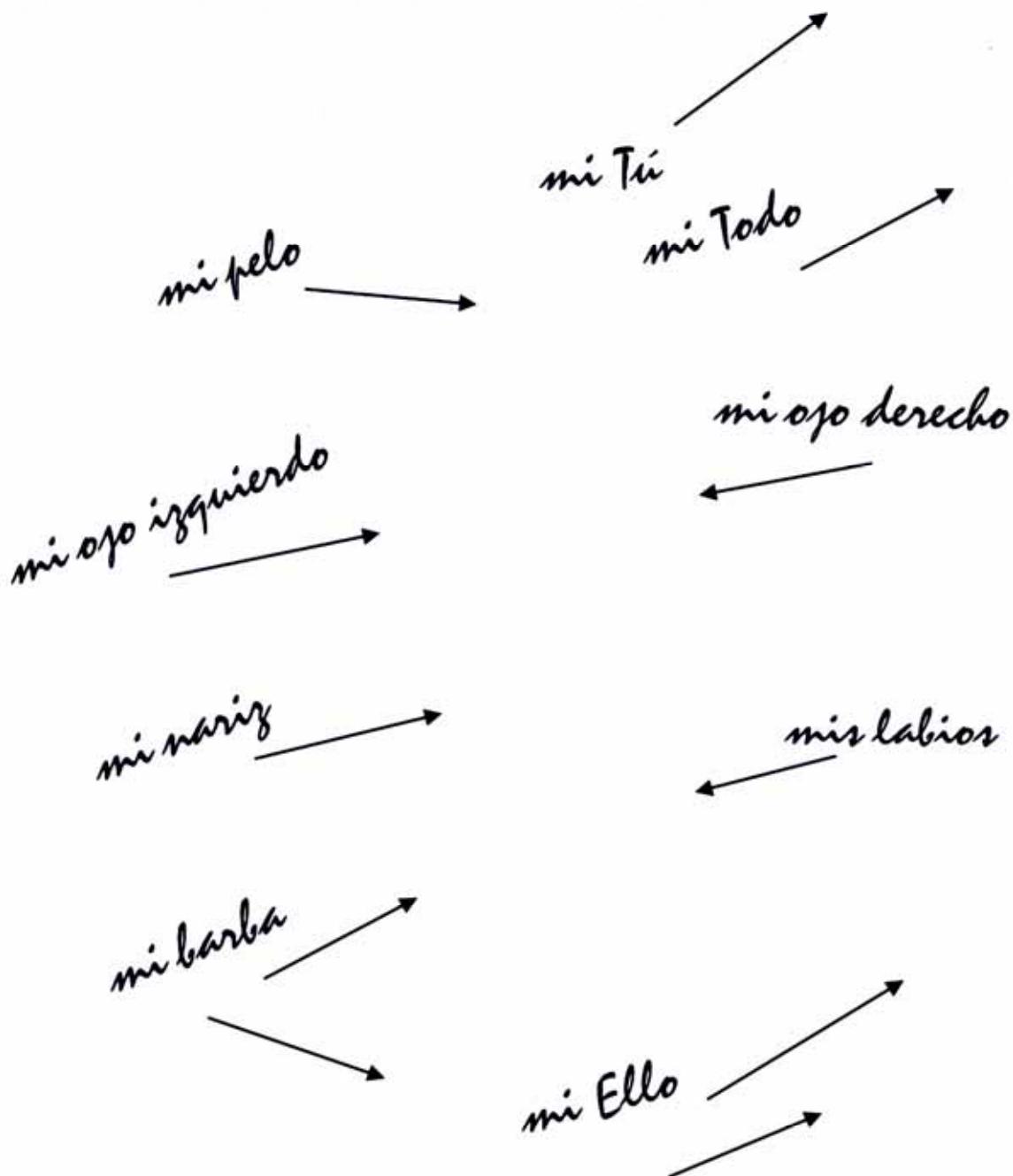
pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 13/1 Broj 13/1 Septembar/Rujan/September 2011



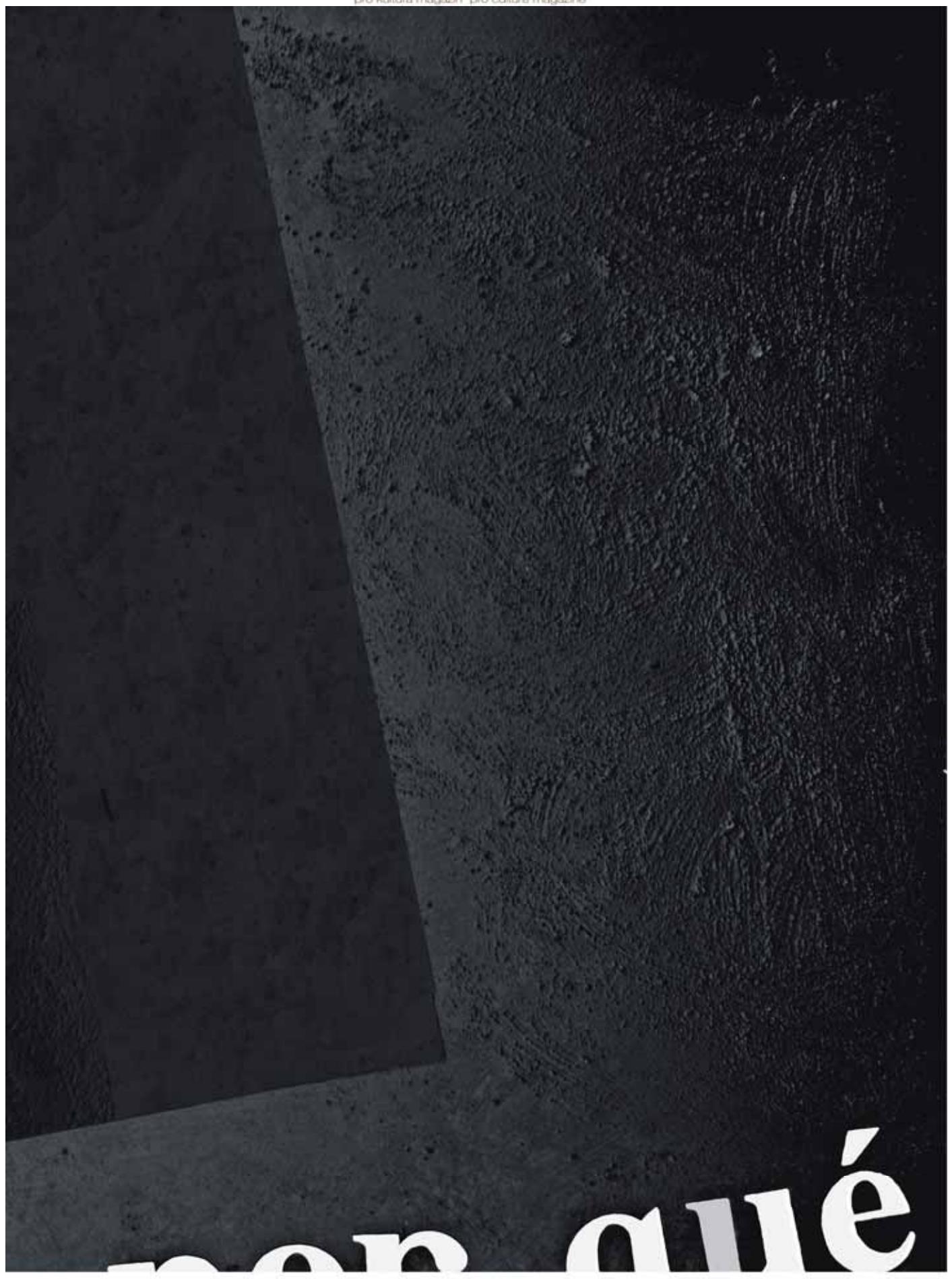
**Featuring Artist:  
Fritz Zbinden,  
Switzerland**

**DIogen pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIogen artist ...  
and you ...**



*Autorretrato*

a frontera del infinito



(Díptico) Por qué (1984/v.2 2007)

Guiaaaaaaaaaaaaa

17

Nocturno, opus 1 -Primer ensayo del poeta- (1984)

Nocturno Opus 1\_1984-2007



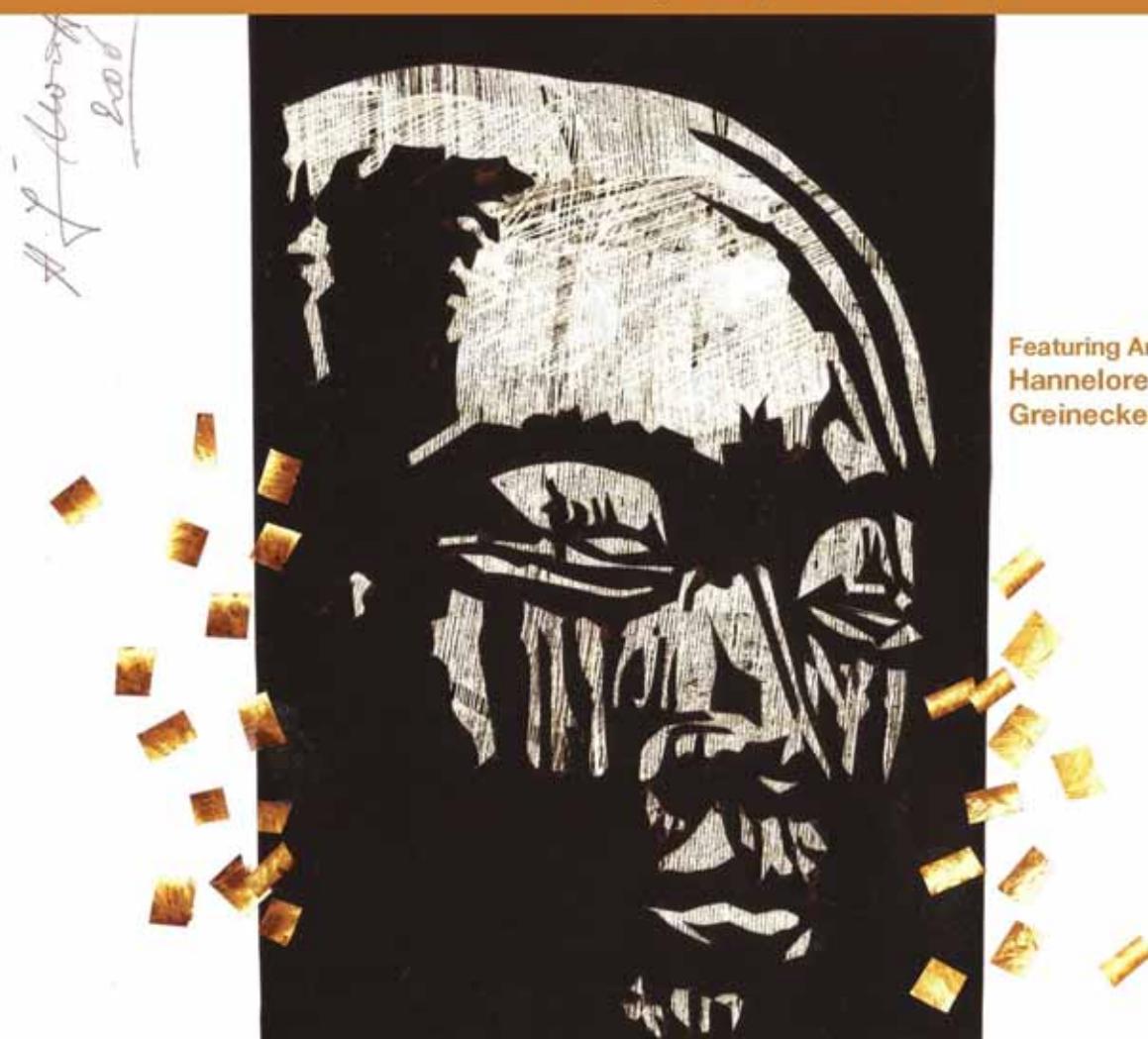
Nocturno, opus 2 -Variación sobre el mismo tema de la noche anterior- (1984)

# DIogen

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

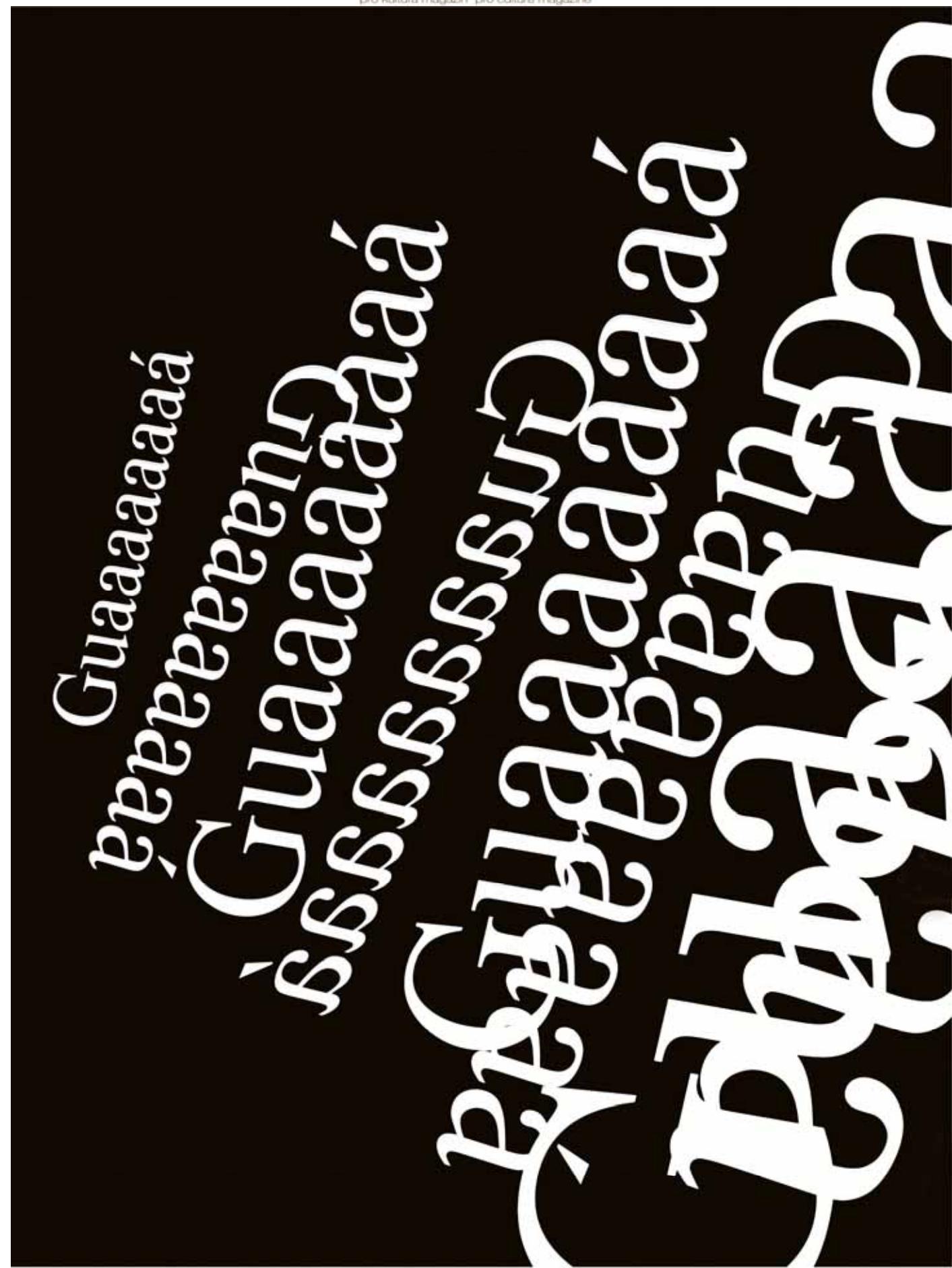
[www.diogen.weebly.com](http://www.diogen.weebly.com) Issue No.6 Broj 6.

January/2011



Featuring Artist:  
**Hannelore  
Greinecker-Morocutti**

**DIogen pro culture magazine ...  
a month for DIogen artist ...  
and you ...**



Nocturno, opus 3 -Variación sobre el mismo tema de la noche anterior, y de la otra, ...y de la otra...- (1984)

A B C D

E F G H I

K L M N

O P Q R

S V

X Y Y Z

ff



Terceto Encadenado -para los tiempos que corren- (1984)

más.



Poema de Amor (1984)

# NINJA



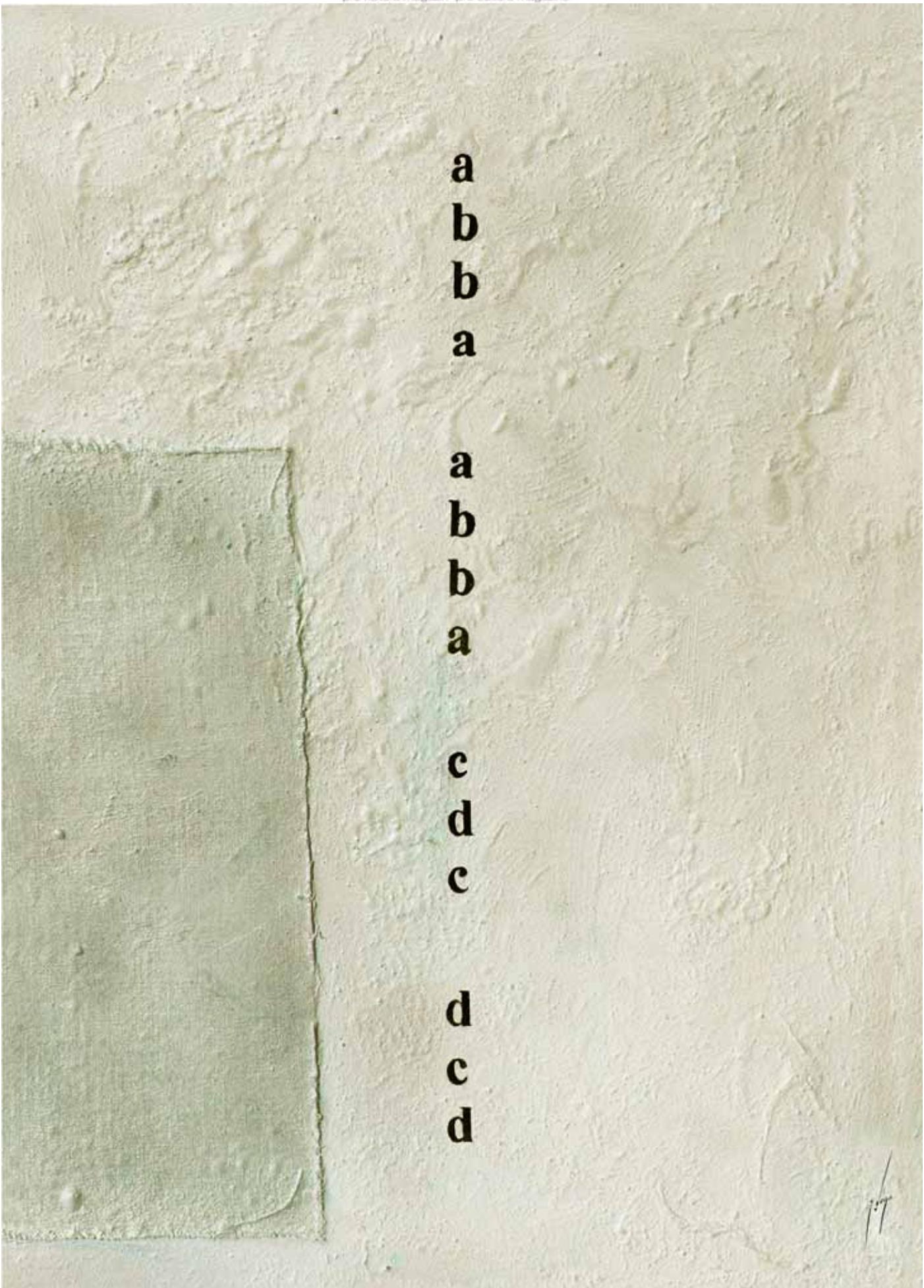
*De Brevitate Vitae* (1984)

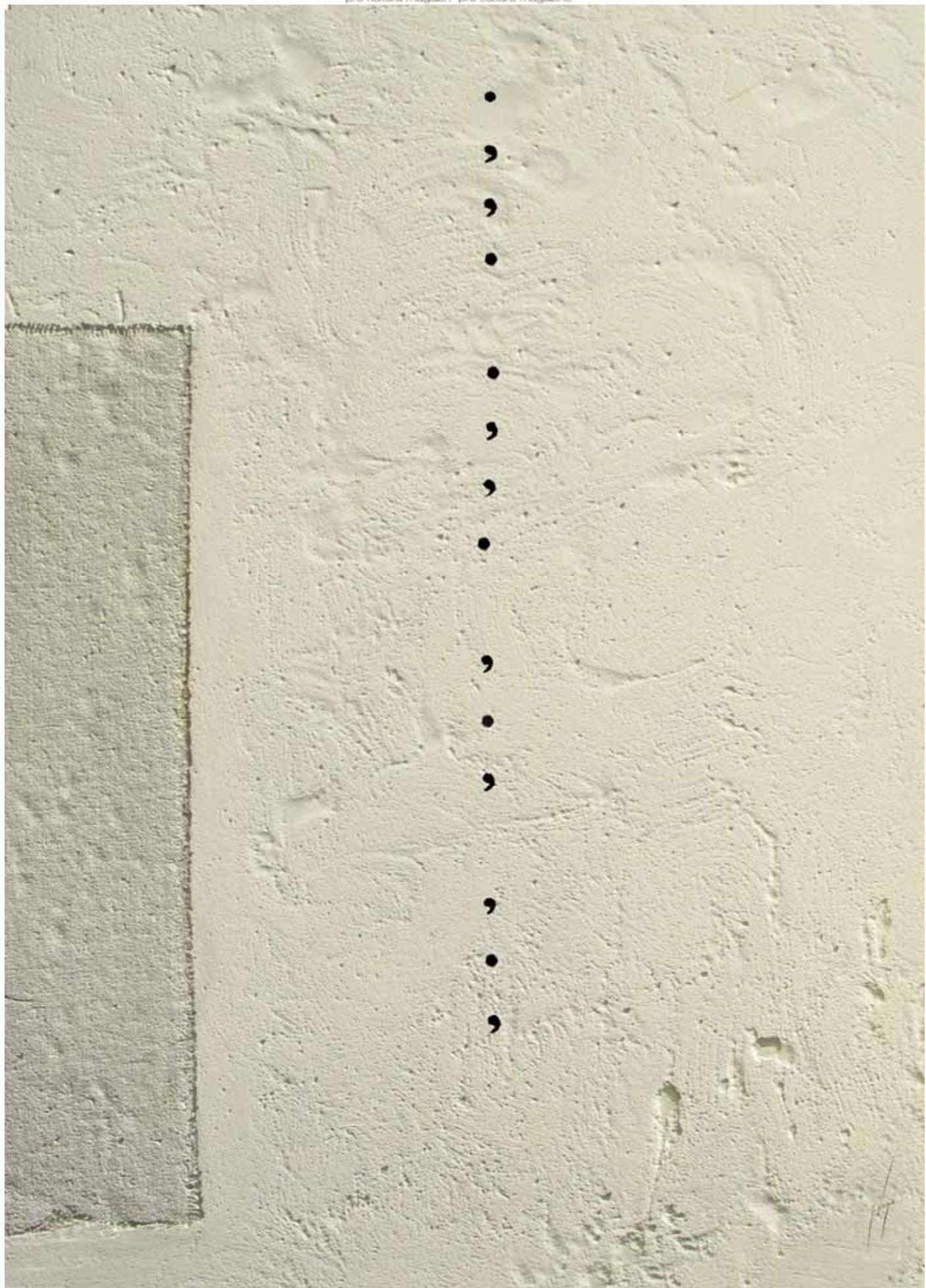
a  
b  
b  
a

a  
b  
b  
a

c  
d  
c

d  
c  
d

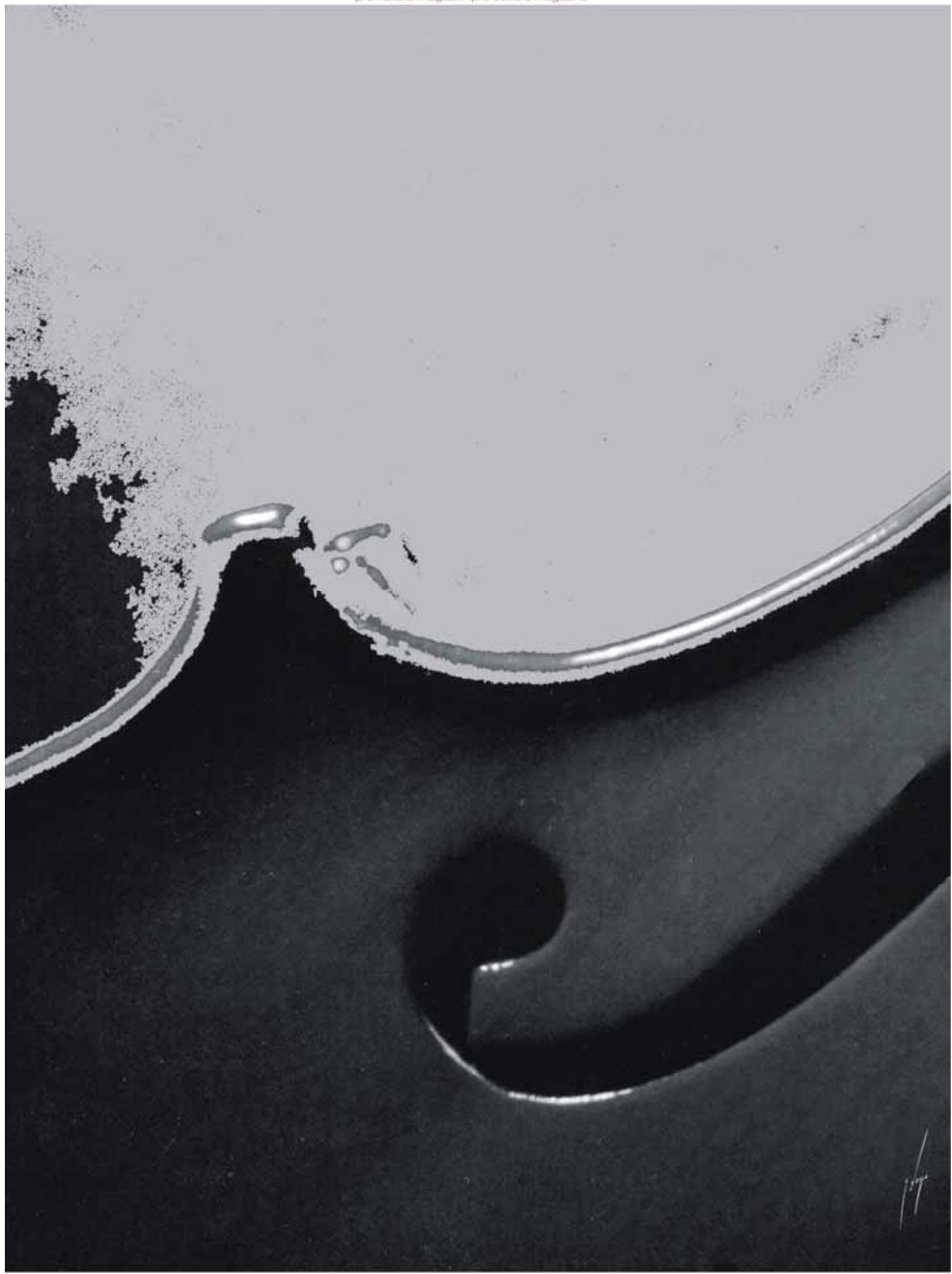




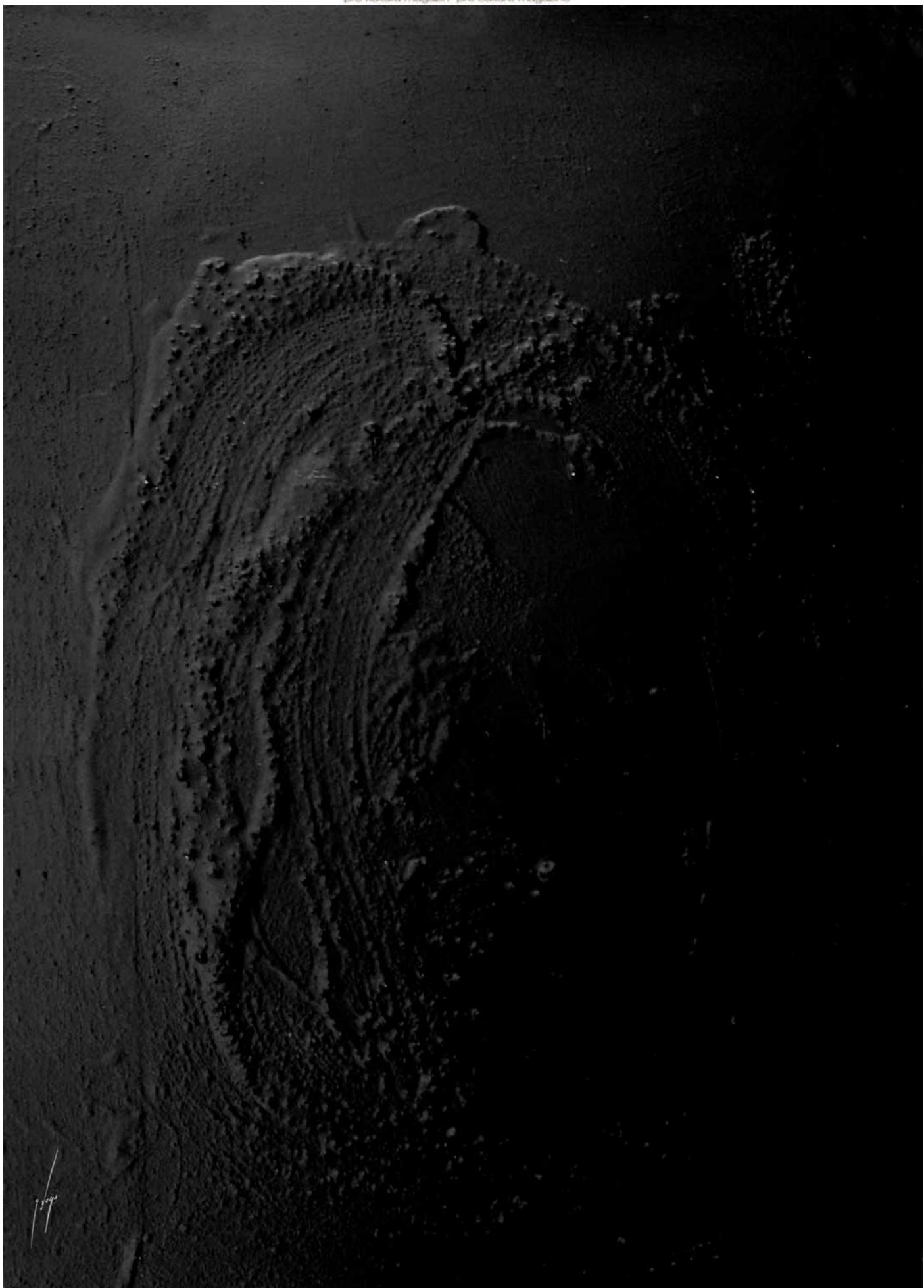
MinimalSonnetMinimal\_1984-2007

,





Silenciosamente (1984)



Sin Limites-v2\_2007



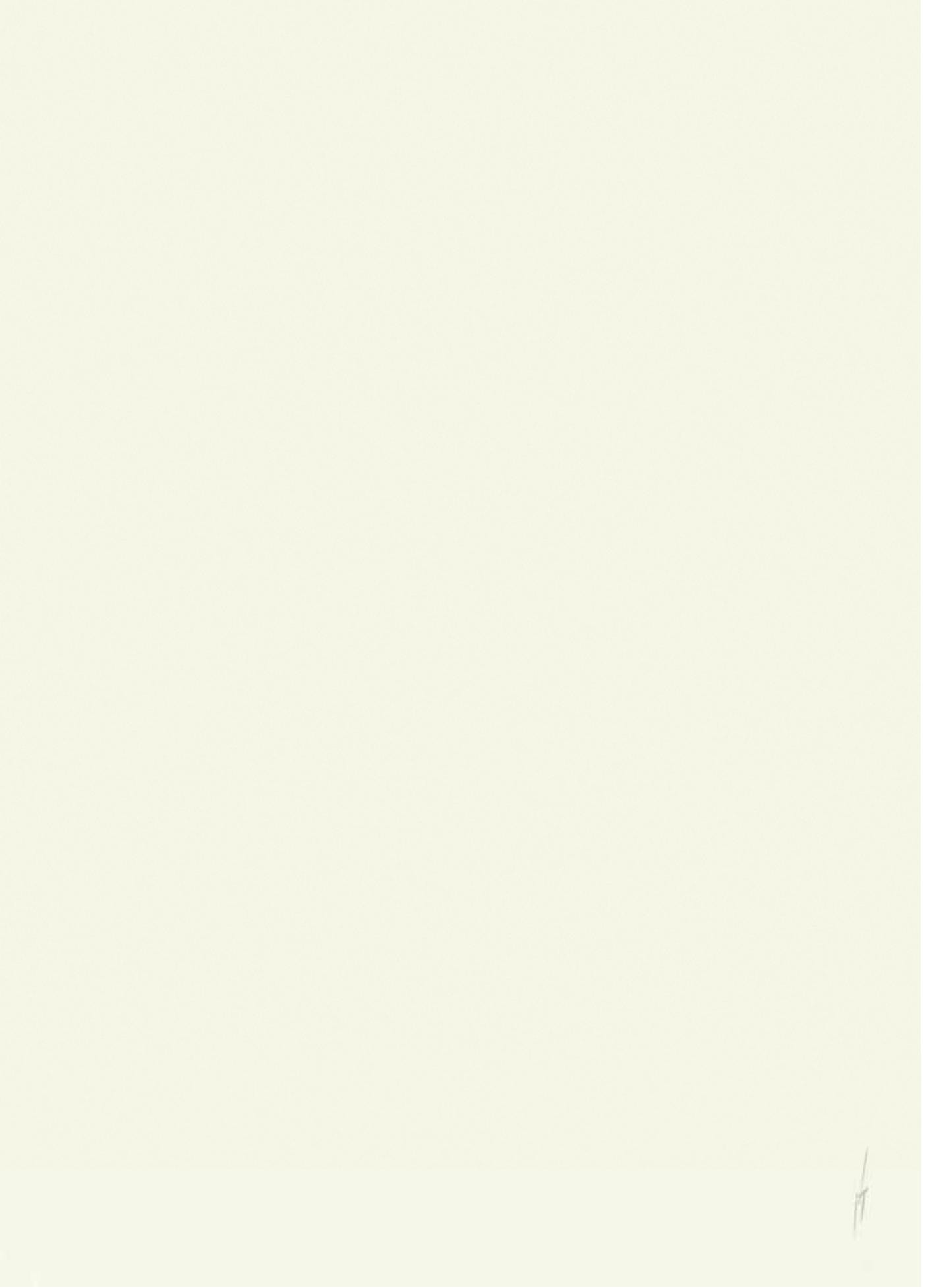
*Sur*





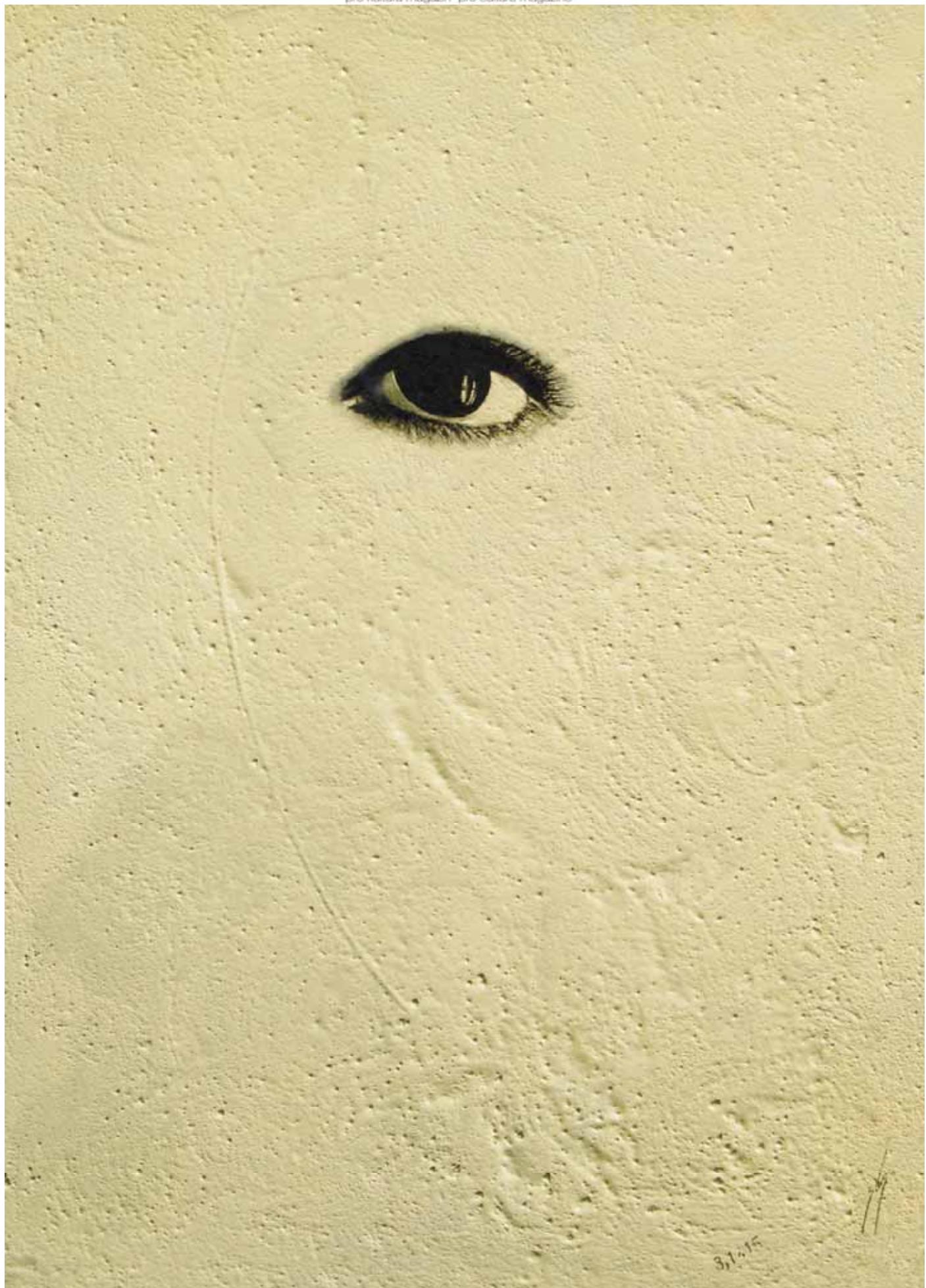
sigue  
¡no!  
¡Eso

COMO TÚ



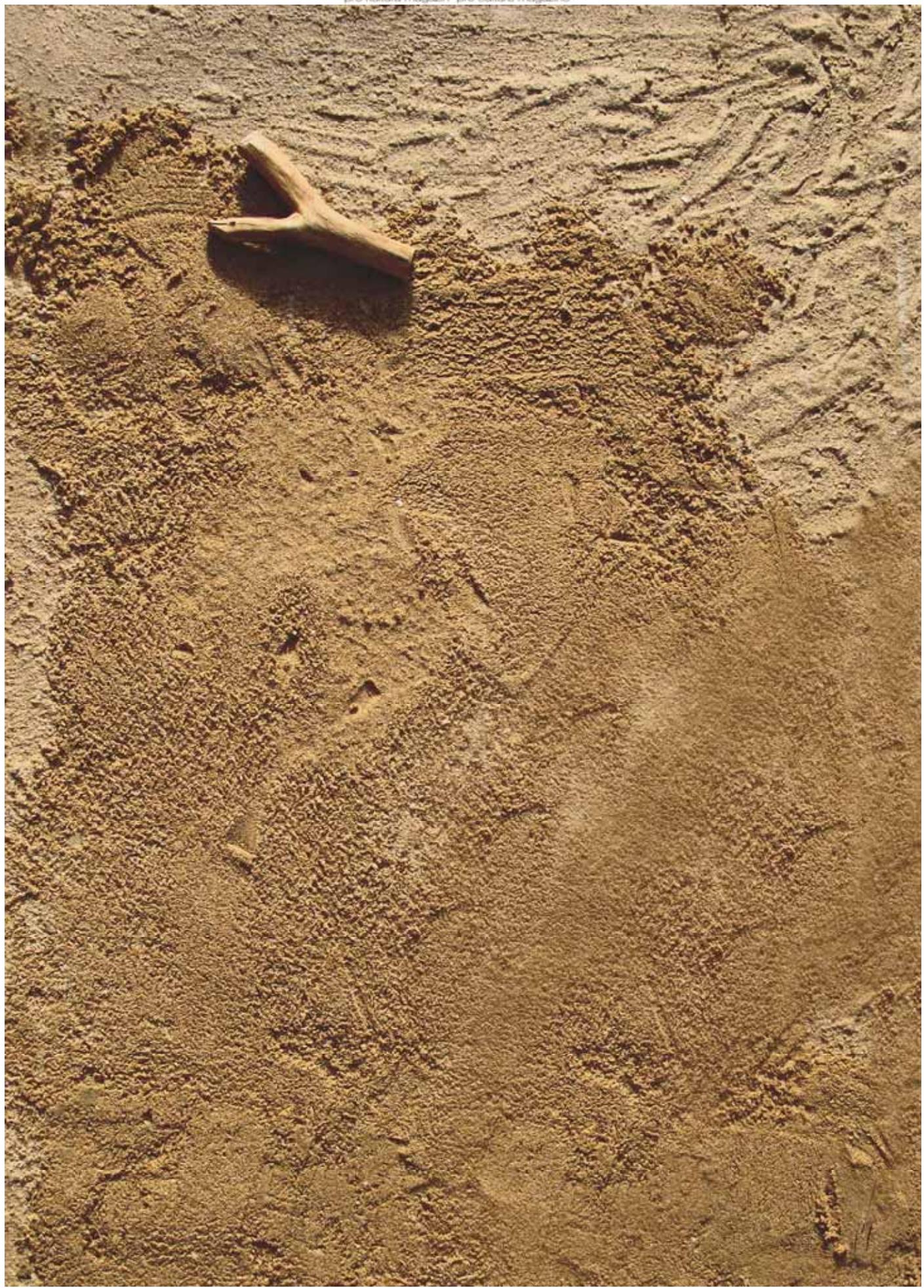


111





(En silencio  
una flor se abre paso  
entre el estiércol)



Tiempo ausente\_2007

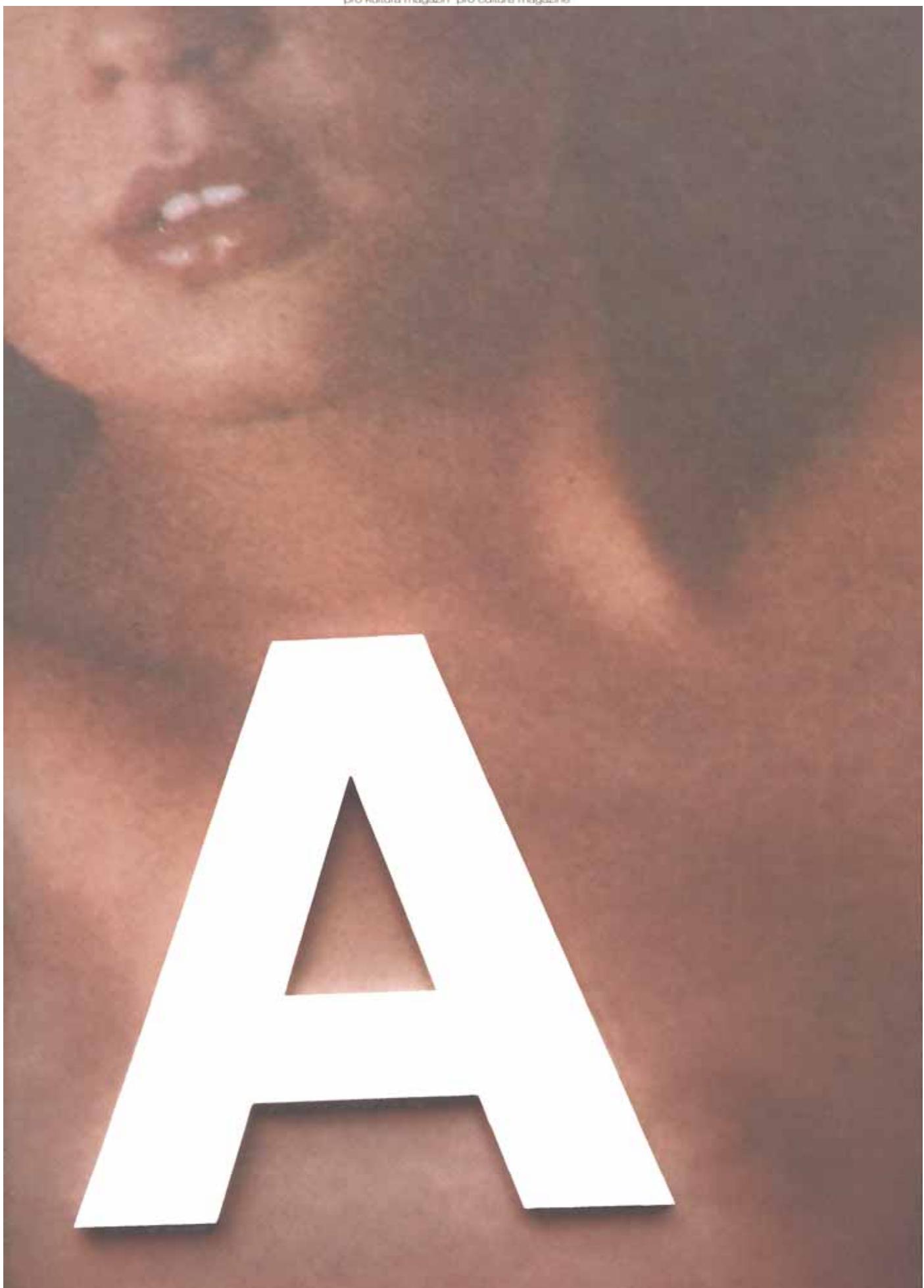


JIT



De Tempore\_2007





Z



A

El ojo  
La luna

Su carne

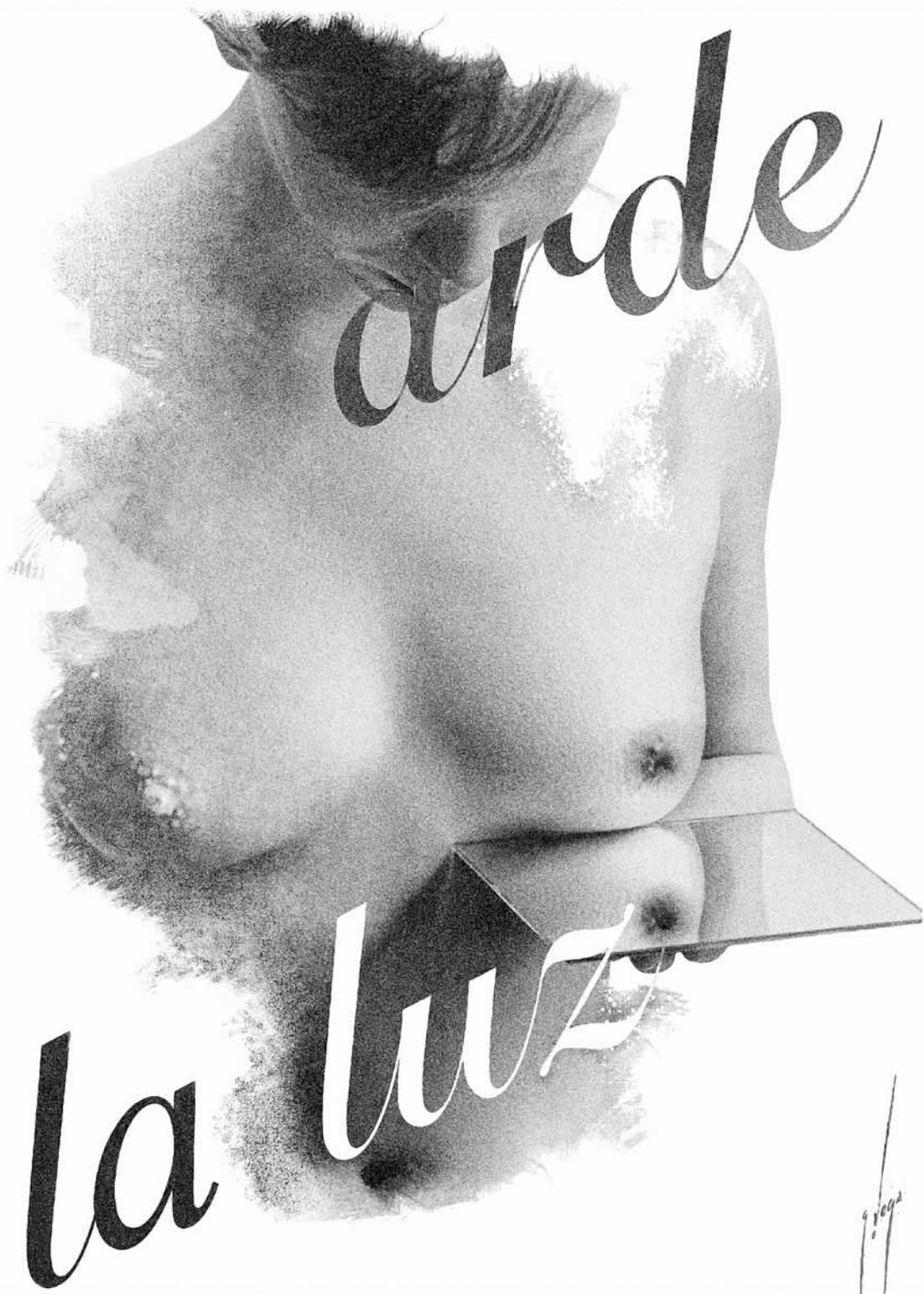
La noche

se baña

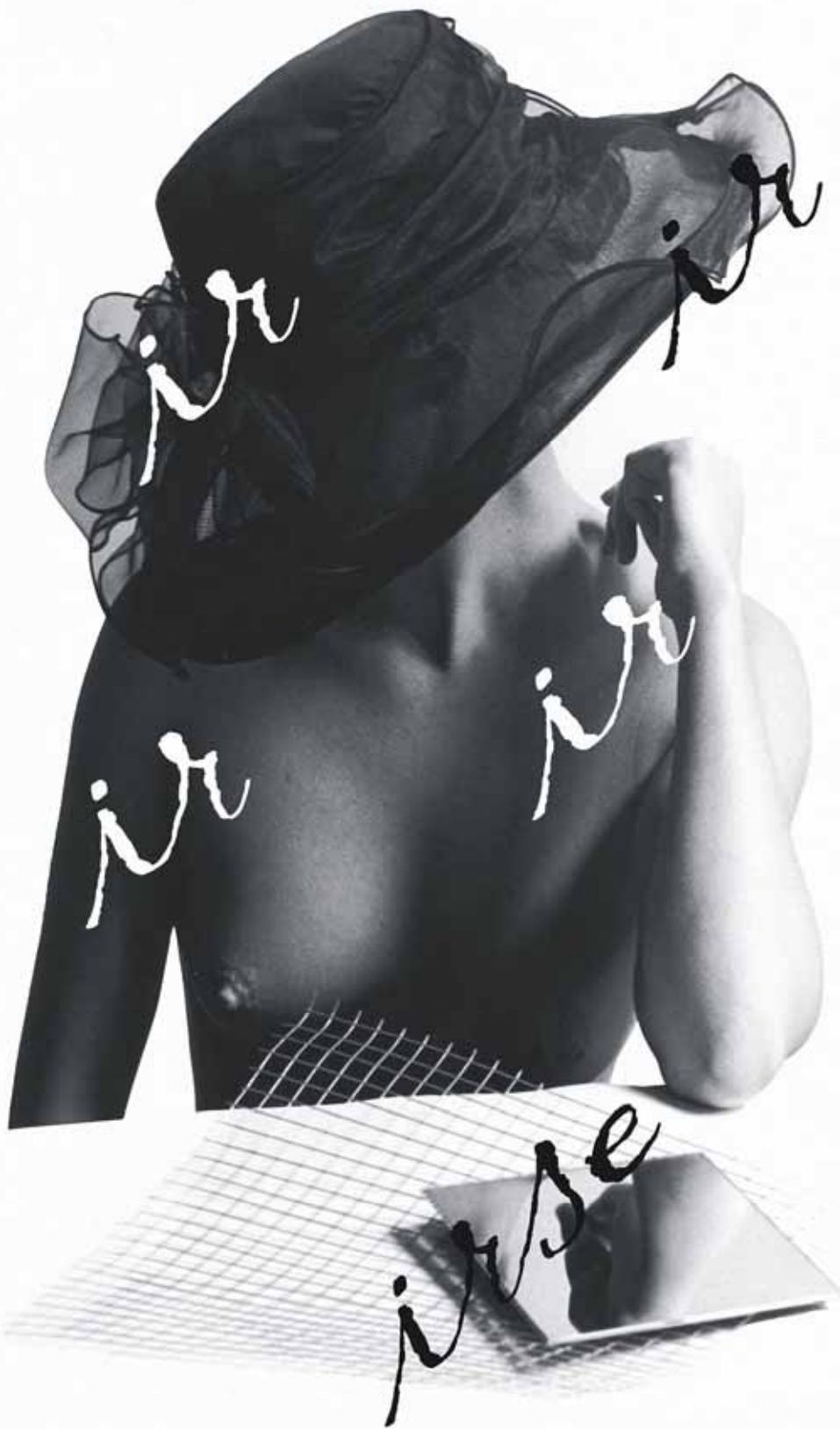
en la sombra desnuda

en el agua rompe se

La luna  
El ojo

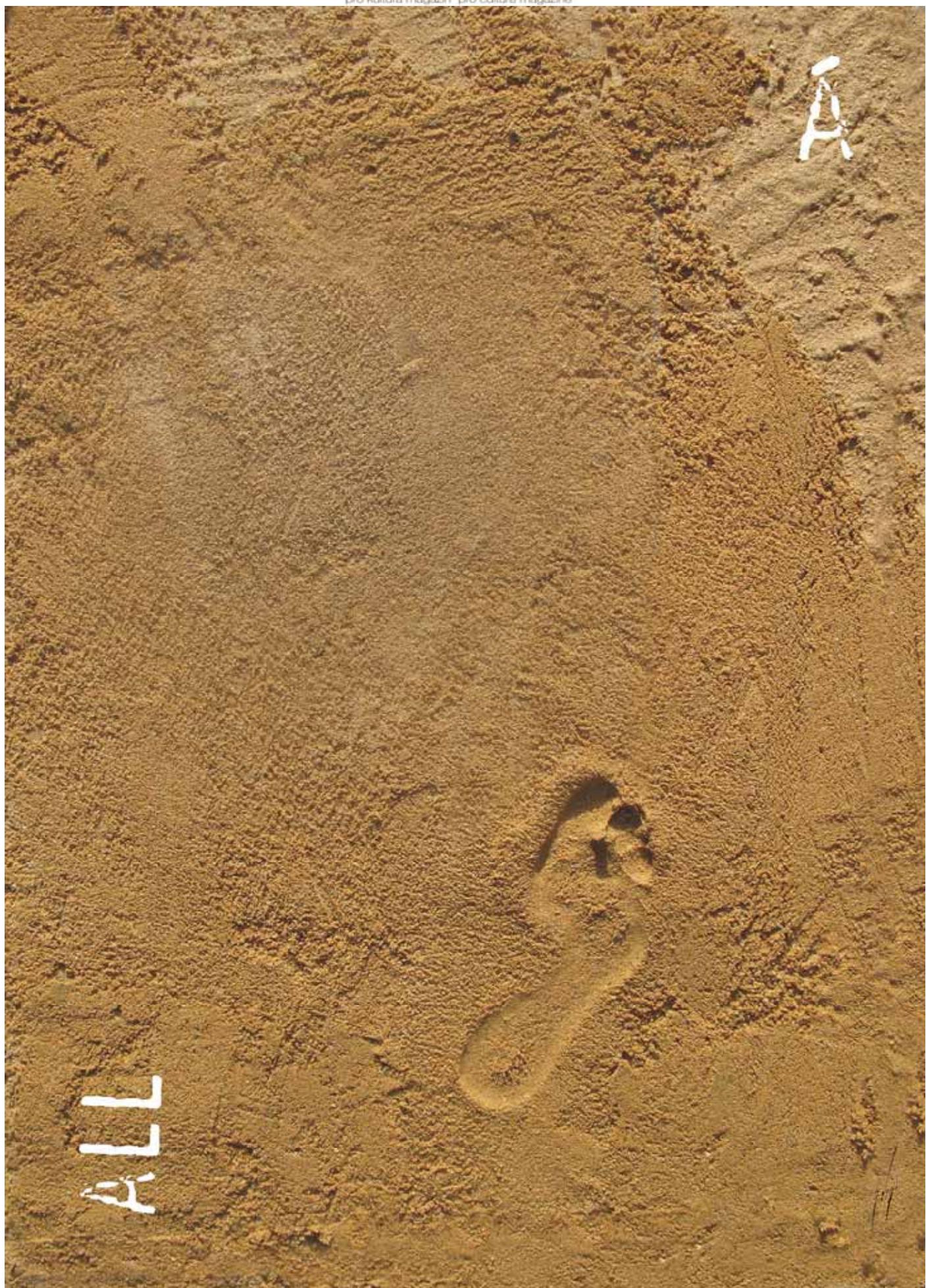


2006



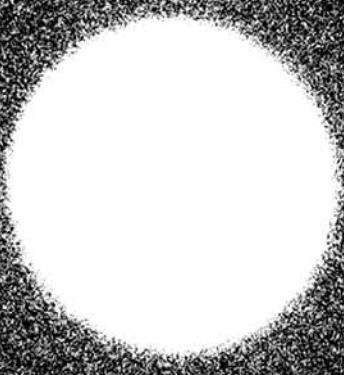


LasLecturasdeVulcano\_2007



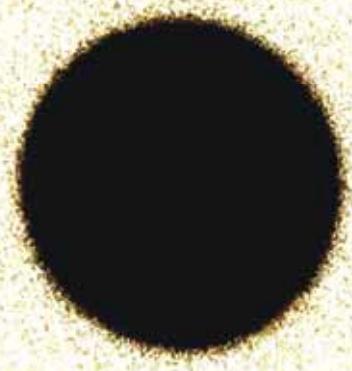
Alla

*Redondo  
el sol, el pozo...*



*...y la oscuridad  
del fondo*

*Redondo  
el sol, el pozo...*



*...y la oscuridad  
del fondo*



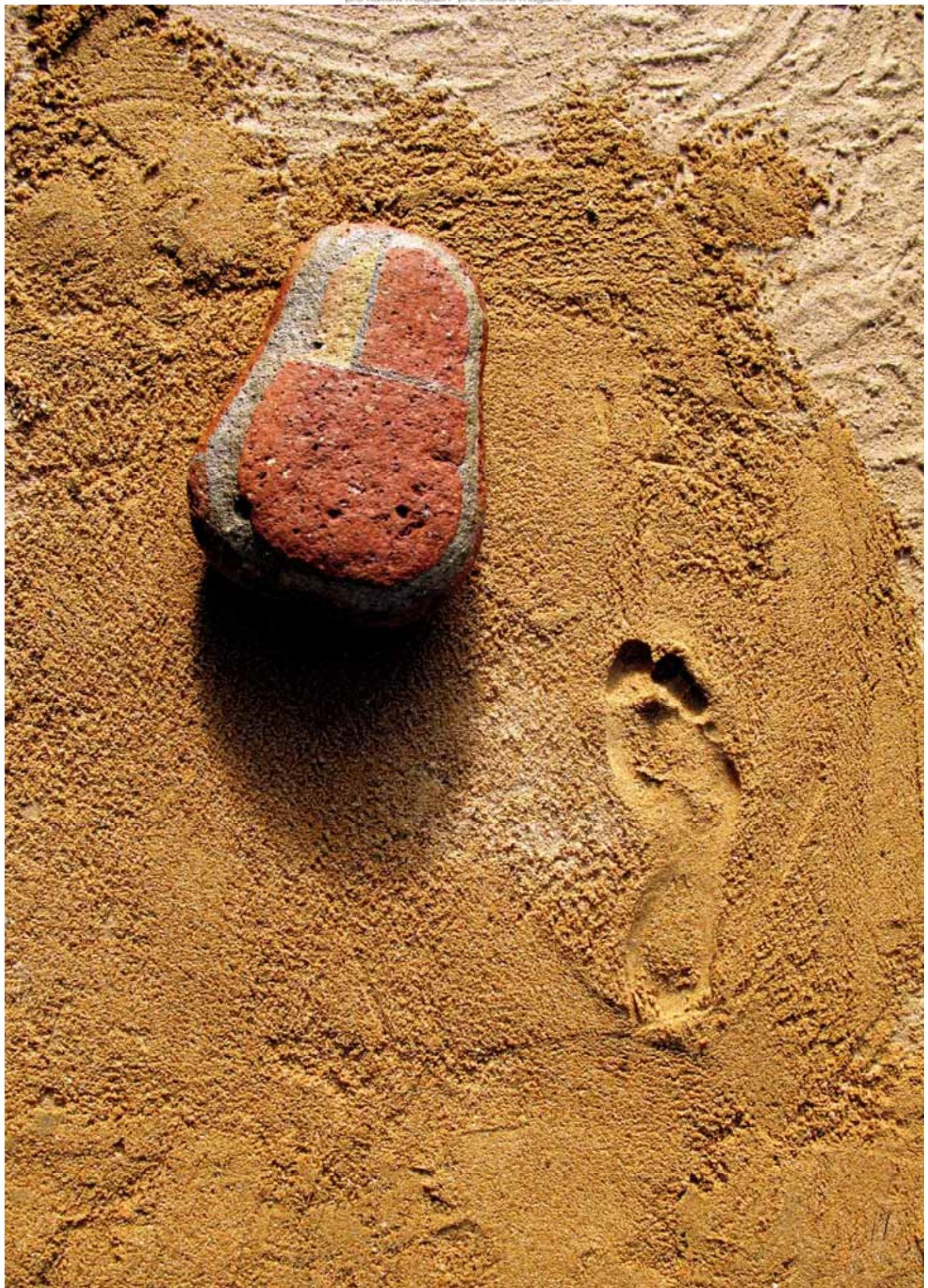
*...diálogo en blanco*







Cada dia un nacimiento\_1982





*En la cuna del hambre  
mi nido estaba.  
Con sangre de cebolla  
se amamantaba*

*(M.H.)*

174



Esperando oír su canto\_2000



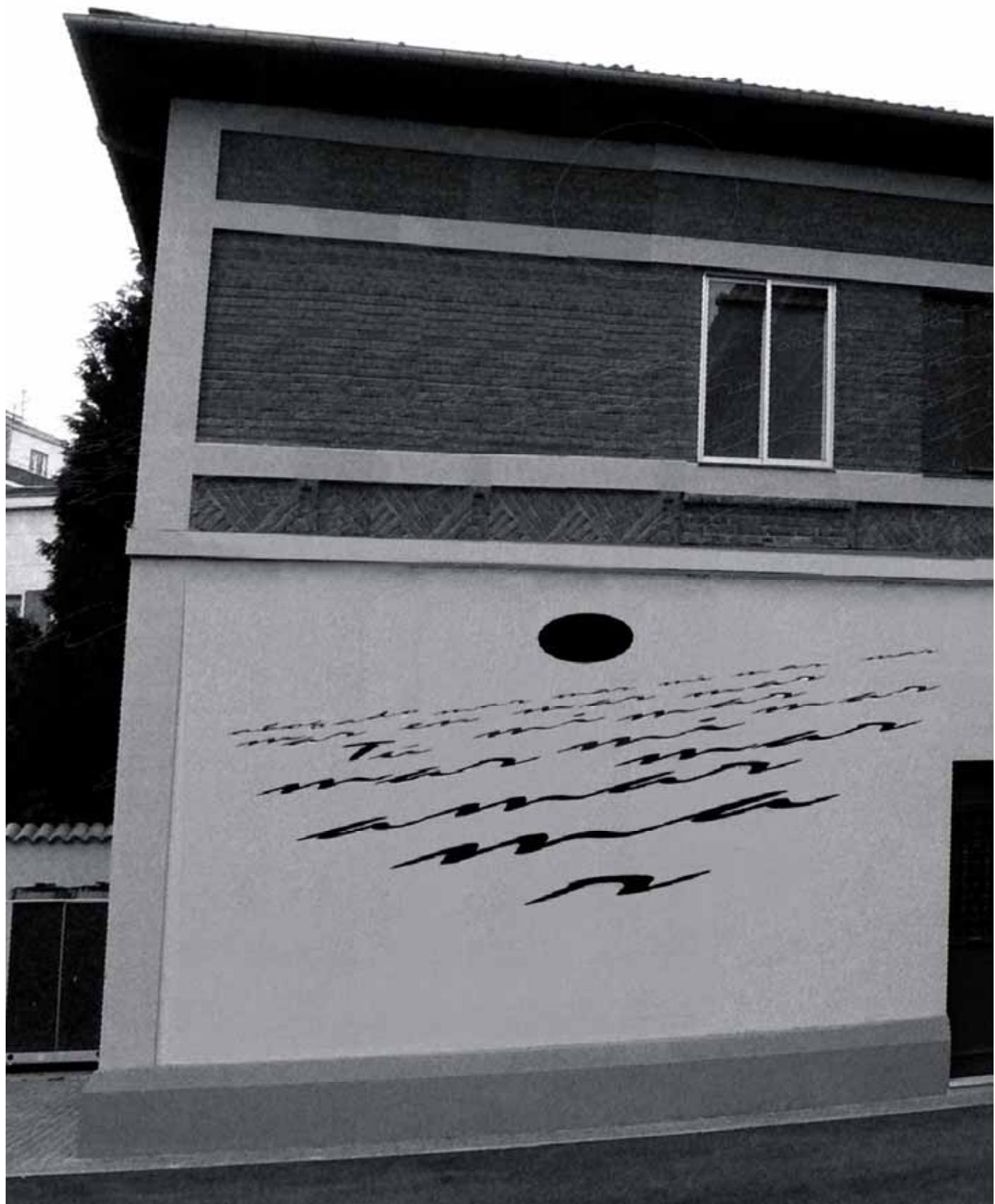
Esperando oír su canto\_2000



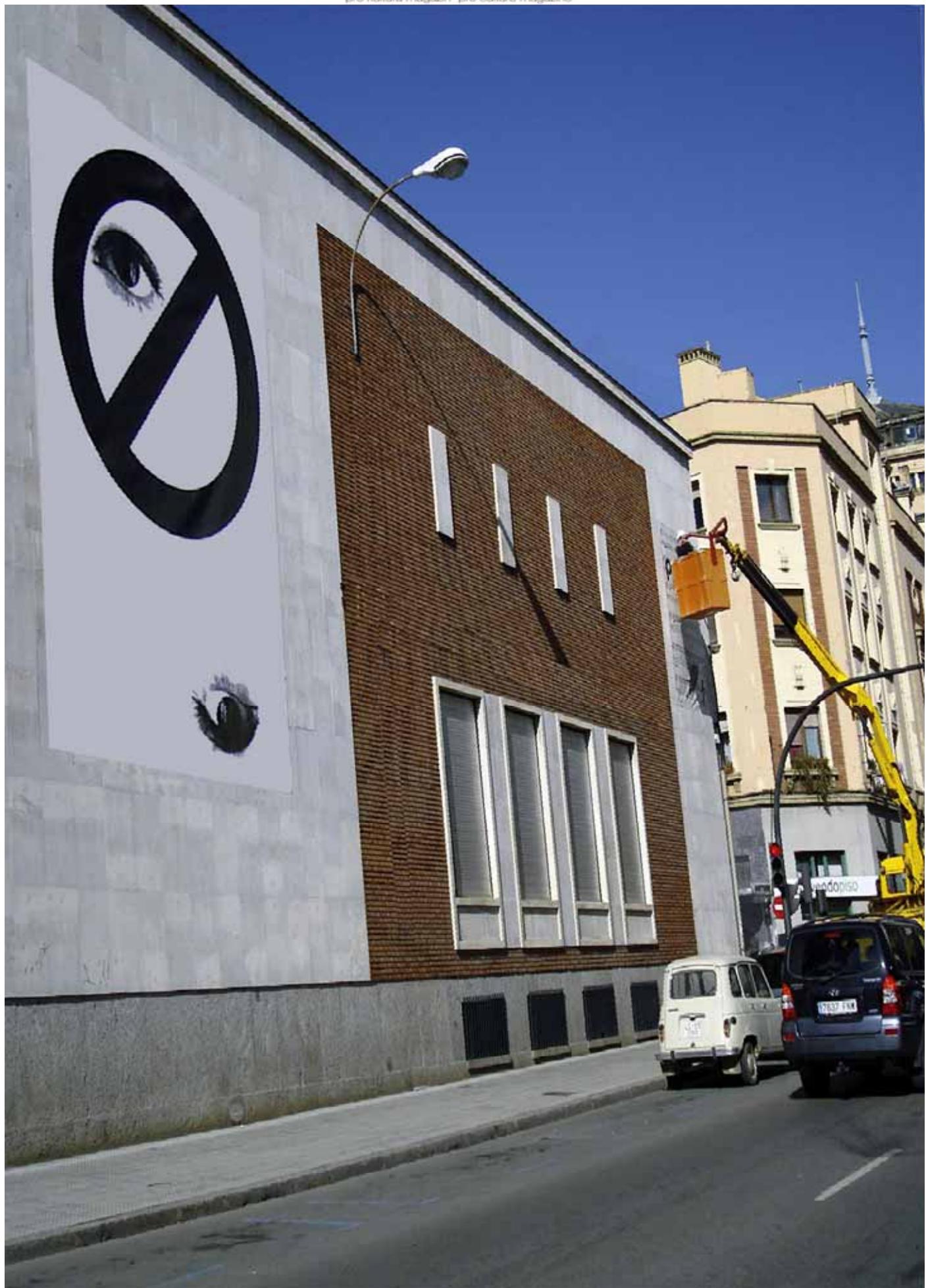




Ardemos en Silencio\_2007



Ahogado en Tu mar\_2000-2007



Proceso\_1994-2007



PostUltimo poema de Amor\_1978-2007



Se inflaman las vivencias\_2000-2007



Caligrafia del Caos\_2007

# Breaking news

## IZLOŽBA

„My wall“ u Klubu Warringa, Maha „Izvor“, u subotu, 19.11.2011.g. sa početkom u 18:00 sati - Štrosmajerova ulica br.6./I u srcu Sarajeva

Autor DIOGEN pro kultura magazina, Marija Fekete-Sullivan (<http://diogen.weebly.com/marija-fekete-sullivan.html>) je pokrenula Style Writes Now kako bi plasirala književnost regionalna na mapu svijeta, pri tome se koristeći prednostima internetskog izdavaštva.

*Style Writes Now*, je izdavački projekat na engleskom jeziku i u okviru ovog Projekta je objavljeno 29 internetskih knjiga tokom godinu dana otkako postoji i naslovnice tih knjiga će biti izložene na izložbi 'My Wall'.

Veza između literarne i drugih umjetnosti: slikarstva, fotografije, dizajna, porasla je u doba sveprisutnog Interneta. Lijepe i originalne ilustracije koje su našle svoje mjesto, u sastavu projekta Style Writes Now obezbjedili su umjetnici iz raznih krajeva svijeta. Među njima su (abecednim redom): Camiella

Pisci čija se imena nalaze na izloženim naslovnicama internetskih knjige su:

Anto Zirdum (autor DIOGEN pro kultura magazina - <http://www.diogenis.0fees.net/AntoZirdum.htm>),

Atif Kujundžić,

Dušan Gojkov,

Marija Fekete-Sullivan,

Mirsad Bećirbašić,

Nura Bazdulj-Hubijar (Autor DIOGEN pro kultura magazina - <http://diogenplus.weebly.com/nura-bazdulj-hubijar.html>),

Željko Ivanković,

Sabahudin Hadžialić (gl. i odg. urednik DIOGEN pro kultura magazina i MaxMinus magazina – <http://sabihadzi.weebly.com> )

i Snježana Mulić.

O našim autorima: <http://diogen.weebly.com/onascaronim-autorimaabout-our-writers.html>

## UMJETNIČKA IZLOŽBA

Se zadovoljstvom Vas pozivamo da prisustvujete otvaranju izložbe

# "My Wall"

19.11.2011

PROGRAM POČINJE U 18:00 h

Izvor centar  
Štrosmajerova 6

Radojemo se vašem dolasku

# Sarajevo, BiH 19.11.2011.

# Breaking news

THE EXHIBITION  
 "My Wall" in the Club "Source", on  
 Saturday, 19.11.2011.g. at 18:00 AM  
 Štrosmajerova Street No.6/I in the heart  
 of Sarajevo

Author of DIOGEN culture magazine in December, Fekete-Mary Sullivan (<http://diogen.weebly.com/marija-fekete-sullivan.html>) has launched a Style Now Writes to place literature of the region on a world map, while it is taking advantage of online publishing .

Writes Style Now is a publishing project in English and wthin the framework of this project were published 29 books over the Internet during past year. The covers of these books will be exhibited at 'My Wall'.

The relationship between literature and other arts: painting, photography, design, increased during the ubiquitous Internet. Beautiful and original illustrations, that have found their place within the Project Style Now, has been provided by the artists from all over the world. Among them are (in alphabetical order): Camiel Warringah,

*Editor in chief of our magazine, Sabahudin Hadžalić within the conversation with Marija Fekete Sullivan*



Maha Fouad, Rebeccatcelemarium Mesbah, Rose Macleod, and Sanela Husic-Musabašić.

Writers, whose names appear on the exposed front of the book online, are:  
 Anto Zirdum (author of DIOGEN pro culture magazine - <http://www.diogenis.0fees.net/AntoZirdum.htm>)  
 Atif Kujundžić  
 Dusan Gojkov,  
 Marija Fekete-Sullivan,  
 Mirsad Bećirbašić,  
 Nura Bazdulj-Hubijar (autror of DIOGEN pro culture magazine - <http://diogenplus.weebly.com/nura-bazdulj-hubijar.html>)  
 Zeljko Ivankovic,  
 Sabahudin Hadžalić (Editor in chief of DIOGEN pro culture and MaxMinus magazin - <http://sabihadzi.weebly.com>)  
 and Snjezana Mulić.  
 About our authors: <http://diogen.weebly.com/onascaronim-autorimaabout-our-writers.html>



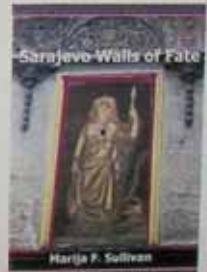
*Gl i odg.urednik našeg magazina, Sabain Hadžalić u razgovoru sa Marijom Fekete Sullivan*



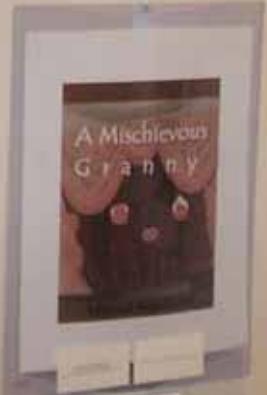
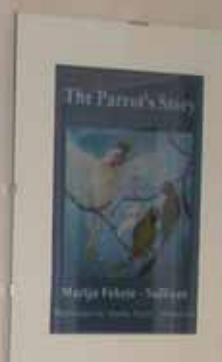
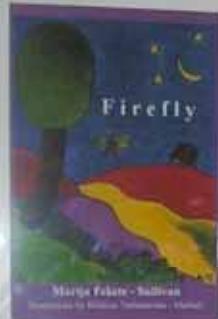
Breaking news

Director of the Foundation "Izvor"  
Pauleta Mayers  
with Marija Fekete Sullivan





Breaking news



**Breaking news**



Snježana Mulić i Sabahudin Hadžalić



**Breaking news**



