

Adriana Kuči (auth.). Ime mi je Sarajevo (My name is Sarajevo). Maribor. Litera Publishing House, 2022.

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Literature is not a collecting memory at night under a small lamp on a nightstand and explaining them to yourself or your loved ones. Literature that focuses on big topics (war, tragic love, sacrifice) is *eruptive*, it creates memories from insight into conflict between the ideal meanings of words and profane life events from which it creates disturbing images of destructive power and happenings before the eyes of the reader, puts them under the spotlight, presents them, without giving explanations of the contradictions that exist in them as soon as they are illuminated by other people's memories.

Adriana Kuc's novel "My Name is Sarajevo" manages to show in a sensual way, with a vocabulary of factual rather than formal truthfulness, without discursive constructions that conceptualize everything they touch, fragments of the tragic stay of young girl Lana in Sarajevo under siege (1992-1996), and no less tragic being in family violence, often in identity violence, to which she was subjected after leaving Sarajevo and continuing her life in Maribor.

In the midst of this compress composed of war violence in Sarajevo and family violence in Maribor, the author places the birth and being of a new controversial, unhappy-happy or happy-unhappy love story that runs through all chapters of the novel like a red thread through the bloody streets of Sarajevo. This love was born in a high school in Sarajevo, interrupted by moral principles, renewed in the war, interrupted again, in the meantime in pain, continues after the war in Maribor, all

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the time phantom smolders and hurts as a crippled part of the soul, the love of Lana for the Emir and the Emir for Lana. The author used the energy that life has in itself to use the power of the winds of evil to make this story about her heroes, Lana and Emir, sail in the opposite direction from evil: in the direction of what is good in people. Because of what people owe to each other: a crumb of love never goes without a crumb of morality. And reverse. In the midst of the evil that is happening to Lana, life offers something good: the love story of Lana and Emir, two young people who find and distance each other throughout the novel, but never mentally separate, are severely wounded, give each other love, blood and hope for life. , or they simply occasionally disappear into the black holes of the ephemeral everyday life after the war, in order to renew their relationship, which lasts continuously in their souls, for who knows how many times.

In all this, the novel "My Name is Sarajevo" shows the absurdity of unambiguous explanations of traumatic memories and their unambiguous moral evaluation. This does not mean that the author uses "blurred notions": all her characters at all times have a clear and precise position on what is good and what is evil, what is just and what is not, what is sincere and direct and what is thoughtful and conditioned by deeper moral principles. The philosophical motive of this *disharmonious poeticization* is the "principle of love": one should constantly keep an eye on love if you want the element or accident of life to have something in it that is beyond the brutal facts of reality. It is the author of the novel who showed by the dynamics of rapid change of hard (categorical) and soft (modal) attitudes in the construction of verbal and mental states of her characters that literature is the spiritual perception that should consistently enable paraconsistent logic due to which life takes place in explosive deduction evil and good, the good that can be evil at the same time, and the evil that can be good at the same time.

With her writing style, which is often laconic, elusively short, in some places similar to Morse's punctuation, most often dialogically, the author expresses emotion, which is her propositional attitude, a performative act that changes the ontology of context! Here, thought never develops horizontally, into the tuberculous deduction of dependent sentences and the accumulation of predicative parts and attributions, but breaks down quickly. It's falling apart. It goes to the second row. Go down. He squeezes the sentence into one word. In the explosive conclusion of the novel, in the final statement: My name is Sarajevo! In a mental state. In emotion. It shows how we do things with words! We show the soul. We make a vertical of meaning. No explanation! We are illuminating.