

Book reviews of Sabahudin Hadžialić's book of essays "Bosnia and Herzegovina and The XXI Century", (November 2014, USA)

Reviews by Peter Tase (USA) and Džemal Sokolović (Norway)

[All the essays within the book have been published previously in Eurasia review during 2014](#)

Džemal Sokolović, Norway
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Cry of the human

Once, not so long ago, we were taught that the nation is a historical creation occurred at a certain stage of social development and that at a certain stage will disappear. It was a sort of some kind of Marxist definition of the nation that were our teachers held into as sacred, while today, however, the greatest sacrilege is to try to mention that there is any opinion of that kind. If you're wondering WHY it happened, and the answer you have at accursed Marx who said that people's consciousness does not determine social being, but conversely, that the circumstances in which we live determines our consciousness.

It is quite clear to Sabahudin Hadžialić, but he asks himself in his essays HOW IT HAPPENED – OR HOW IT HAPPENS?

Of course, any at all serious man, the one within the intellectual mission, should have to ask himself that. But the question is when and who will ask that publicly? Sabahudin Hadžialić dared to ask himself, i.e. us, at the beginning of the third millennium, or the 21st century.

Due to the size and selection of topics those are still reviews, but in a form of the treatment and the style of writing, his reviews take on characteristics of mini essays, and the essays are publications between journalism and science, closest to the art world.

Mini-essays published in Eurasia review have genuine author's signature, a personality which is particularly reflected in the fact that these essays with an unusual inner dramaturgy. There are two characters in most of the essays presented: Student and Professor. Author somehow himself, his artistic position, identifies more with the student - because the student is the one who asks questions. A professor, who had taught him one thing and doing nowadays something totally differently, is trying to justify that within his professor's kind of manner. The professor is actually the author's alter ego, student's loyal friend or assistant, which should help him to realize that from he moved from one "I" to a different "I" or "Me". In an article titled " *BEGGARS OF THE MIND, WE, BY OURSELVES*" his calls his professor "the alter ego of my suicide" and in that way introduces a question of identity, ie, that he, as the same person, is not identical to himself (people forget that they are getting old and becoming even wiser), or how we are all (or the vast majority) overnight took diametrically opposed views. How can the same teacher who taught us one thing, today is teaching our children something else, quite the opposite thing.

The author does not hide his nostalgia. But his nostalgia is not the so-called "Yugoslavia nostalgia" which has been used to disqualify all the critics of society organized anarchy (author's Bosnia and Herzegovina's patriotism cannot put not in one moment in question at all), but the nostalgia of middle-class social groups that should be, in any developed society, a measure of social maturity and balance. He, in short essay referred to as "*I AM GOING INTO THE NIGHT*" compares his father (a teacher/professor) when he was forty and himself when he turned forty years old. His father could go on holiday to France, made a house by the sea and always had a rich table of food. He can now go to France only if he is invited him and pay him everything, at the sea he goes into his father's house a food table is "poor rich with basic vitamins."

Namely, through the detailed analysis of content of Sabahudin's essays it may find the idea of such weight that can change the entire contemporary sociological science. He does not develop those ideas, but over them we all should imagine/think about. I would particularly emphasize the following thought from the essay "*COLLECTIVENESS OF DIVERSITY or Love thy neighbor.*" He says: "Today is the scene of the killing of the society and creation of interest groups and not just of any kind, but creation of a group which, closing into its own shell of insanity creates conditions for their own disappearance." This is a phenomenon with which will soon face our society and our sociology, and God help us, the ethics, and philosophy, theology, economics, political science, and psychology, and so on.

Hadžialić, perhaps unconsciously, but with too much right, cries, demands, requires intellectual awakening of social consciousness, and how there is not any, then there's nothing but, then, challenge the premise of the need for "additional amount of time" for ripening. Bosnia at this time simply do not have! And he loves Bosnia and Herzegovina! With the fact of lack of time, and this, his love, everything else falls into the water...

Using one aorist as a past continuous time, Hadžialić regularly, possesses subtle wire coined to convey the same type of thinking, analytical intersections and, as well as the resultant, obtaining the fifth angle of perception of reality.

...So, after all, stands the pain within Hadžialić's observations and calculations. All he writes is diagnosing the condition of Bosnia and Herzegovina, its more or less conscious man, the establishment of the disease of impotence from its intellectuals, but also criticism of unwillingness for incurring of preliminary conceptual leadership just through mind bodybuilder *zoo politikon*. This writer does not to accept with such a situation, his critique is sharp and principled, but the blade is always set to the image of thoughts which I often like to spin on the fact that "you do not like the state - you love the country". Bosnia, as a country, probably nothing ask more than to be loved. The pure love. To, through that, for its inhabitants, and therefore her, be any better ...

Boyish naive, full of wormwood bitterness over the fate of Bosnia and Herzegovina, confident in his reasonable, even to such a need, turning, towards cultural community in a broader, geopolitical - world - meaning, with the flagrant call to awakening and awareness, Hadžialić by himself is talking about the manipulation of human souls. Is that too naive? It's not! He is aware of the long past ago, or a missed moment of cult-cultural and intellectual awakening, if you will, even a confrontation with pseudo intellectualism.

Does the writer lost and forgot origins? No way! Although it has not been written anywhere, his awareness radiates that this country tips behind the history at least a hundred or so years. Specifically, it is in 1848, in the shadow, of then growing industrial revolution. And, does not have industry. Neither labor nor his awakening, not even labor consciousness. How than will enter with new feudalism in the cultural consciousness of capitalism? Especially without of the mentioned leaders. A phrase did not die that in the revolutionary turmoil intellectuals are the leaders of machines which move forward, and becoming the social ballast after upgrading of the established system. Knows Hadžialić that and on this fact, and should not be, in vain, exhausted in that. But he cries, and offers himself, for the beginning of the start-up. This is his sharp critic of sleeping, of dead or death, without a fight, left aside mind...

... Worth a read, and that means to publish in the name - of despair.

Not Hadžialić for no reason wrote:

" ANIVOGEZREH DNA AINSOB".

And secondly, upside down. But even that does not help. Maybe I am relentless, but it is like this. But, in the whole, good. You see everything, the weakness and the strength and validity, through the innocence and naiveté, with belief in self-protection, just in the passage of his artwork:

„Carefree plunging into dreams, dreaming of everyday nightmare of the cruel awakening. In this way it cannot work anymore. Simply put, it cannot ... I do not know the answer to the question HOW to overcome this.

Maybe you know, dear brave reader?

Although,

...fragile if the knowledge of The Balkan ...

If this the only thing valuable throughout the book, which of course, is not the only valuable thing, the effort invested in its publishing, is justified. The book is full of incentives, conciliatory, thoughtful texts, with authentic writing style.

Even when presenting classic stories, reportages, interviews and reviews about the books of other authors, in the form of his reflection in front of us raise the questions directed towards classical understanding that he always asks questions. What about the answers? They are also in us, in addition to responses emphasized in his writing.