



P A N E L

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art from Central
Eastern Europe



“The novelist Danilo Kiš liked to say he was too idle to write letters. He kept no copies of those that he did manage to send” - fiction by Muharem Bazdulj

Hungarian poetry in translation by Gabor Gyukics

Dreams with the Dead the poems of Brane Mozetič

Would You Forgive Me? – a piece by Jaroslavas Melnikas and an interview with the author.

Fantasy and Reality in Russian literature

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Editorial note

Dear readers,

Welcome to the Fall 2018 issue of Panel magazine. With summer behind us and winter fast approaching, the time has arrived for a look back at what has been a fruitful season for us at Panel.

A little should be said, here, about our goals and aspirations for the magazine, what we get out of it and how we hope to serve you, our audience. If you purchased our first issue, you may have noticed an increase in the size of our magazine, a trend that is bound to repeat itself as we become better known and become a more viable option for writers, artists and translators seeking to promote their work. Consequentially, space will become more competitive, and we anticipate an upswing in the quality and diversity of our content. That being said, it's hard to imagine a more eclectic mix of art, prose and poetry — with contributions from Russians, Americans, Romanians, Brits, Slovenes, Hungarians, Bosnians, Ukrainians and Lithuanians all collected under one title.

We believe that Panel should serve, not only as a source of pride for its contributors and editors, or as a novelty to its readership (online and off), but as an artifact of its moment. We hope that after you pick up this issue and digest its contents, you will slide it into your bookshelf or place it on your coffee table, so that months or years later you may re-open it and allow yourself both to remember these summer months, the crisp ruminative slide into autumn, and to surprise yourself, again, with its artwork, poems and stories. In return, we aspire to bring you the best original work Central Eastern Europe has to offer.

We'd like to take this opportunity to thank everyone that submitted to Panel, whether their work appears in this issue or not, and to encourage artists and writers of every shade to continue to produce and submit.

Last, we'd like to thank you, our readership, whose continued support makes the publication and distribution of Panel possible.

We're happy you're here,

The editors of Panel



Illustration by Victor Guisev

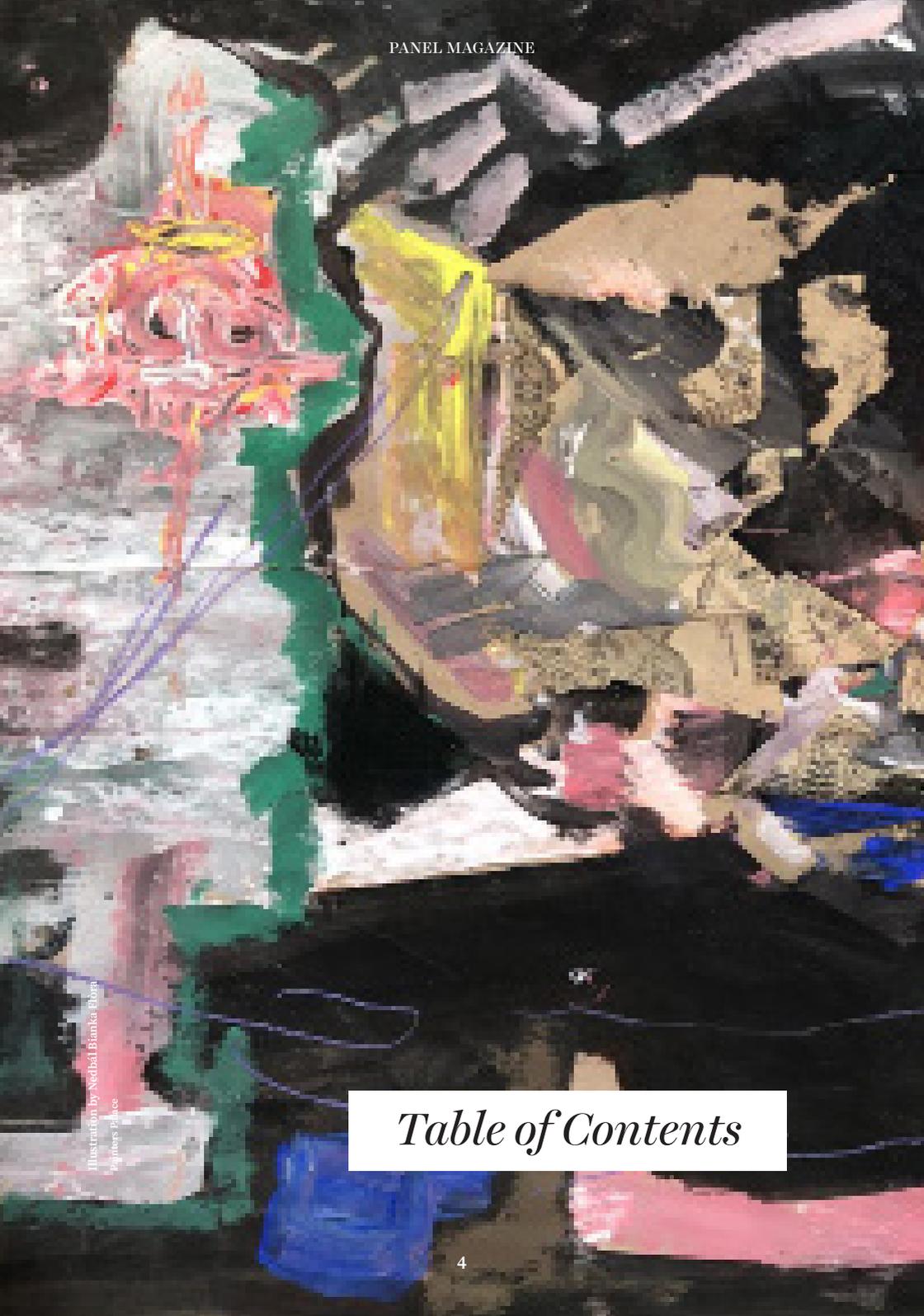


Illustration by Nedbal, Blanka, Florja,
Eggers Palace

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Would You Forgive Me?

Jaroslavas Melnikas

Translated by Marija Marcinkute

(From a short story collection *The Last Day*, Noir Press, 2018)

He got in through the window when we were sleeping with the intention of robbing, or even killing us. I was not even fully aware of what I was doing when I pulled the trigger of the pistol, aiming it at his head. He was a criminal.

But then, to have to watch the dying convulsions of the person you have shot in your bedroom – well, you understand. As if on purpose, he took a good half an hour to die, rattling and crying, all blood and froth. My wife's eyes were popping out, her face all green, she was sweating and screaming (not even able to shout any longer). The children stood in the doorway, red-faced from their deafening squeals of horror.

I ran out into the yard in my underpants, otherwise I would have gone mad. Level eight, or something like that, of the irritation of my nervous system. Why in the hell did he climb through my window?

The police and ambulance took him away. Now I could happily get on with my life with my wife and children. We threw away the carpet with the patch of blood on it. To the devil with it. But still, something was wrong. At night I lay down next to my wife, but she would pull away from me.

'What is it?' I say.

And I move closer to her. And she, unconsciously, pushes me away again.

'Liuba, what is it?'

And I move closer. On the verge of hysterics, she hisses through her teeth, as if to herself, 'Murderer!'

I am astounded. Honestly.

'Get up!' I say. 'I don't understand.'

She is afraid. Of me.

'I don't understand.' I say. 'Did you want him to rob us, to kill us?'

'But perhaps he wouldn't have killed us,' she says. 'He would have just robbed us.'

What a fool.

'Maybe,' she says, 'he would have taken something and left. But now . . .'

'Now what?' I ask, barely able to control myself.

'And now he is dead!' She screams and shouts.

My God! So that's what it is. It seems I killed a man. I'm a murderer, a villain.

'I do understand, Vitechka,' she says, twitching with sobs.

'You defended us. But why in his head?'

'I don't understand!' I shout.

'When I remember how he was dying,' she says. 'The poor thing, right here. Dying and crying. Oh! I can't anymore!'

And she bursts into tears again. I see the children standing in the doorway, watching and trembling with fear.

'Out! Go to bed!'

I felt like killing myself or somebody else. It wasn't possible to carry on like this.

So I went to his house, with the intention of examining myself; to see what a villain I was. His old mother, so like my mother, as misfortune would have it, was sitting there dry-eyed. She held on to his dead hand. Like in a nightmare.

And there were his children, a boy and a girl, orphans now. The girl, the younger one, was crying, while the boy was standing with such a look on his face, that I will remember it until the last moment of my life. Suddenly the girl spoke through her tears.

'My daddy, dearest!'

But her father had two dots on his forehead.

'Dad-dy, get up, daddy!'

It was obvious she loved him. A little girl with a red, swollen nose, no more than a toddler. I staggered out, holding on to the wall. What was all this? I couldn't get my head around it. What kind of a person was I? What was I supposed to have done then? He looked so innocent, lying there like an angel. A son, a father. One of God's children. When he had climbed in through my window wearing a mask, he had simply been a criminal. Just a burglar who had got a bullet from me. A piece of filth

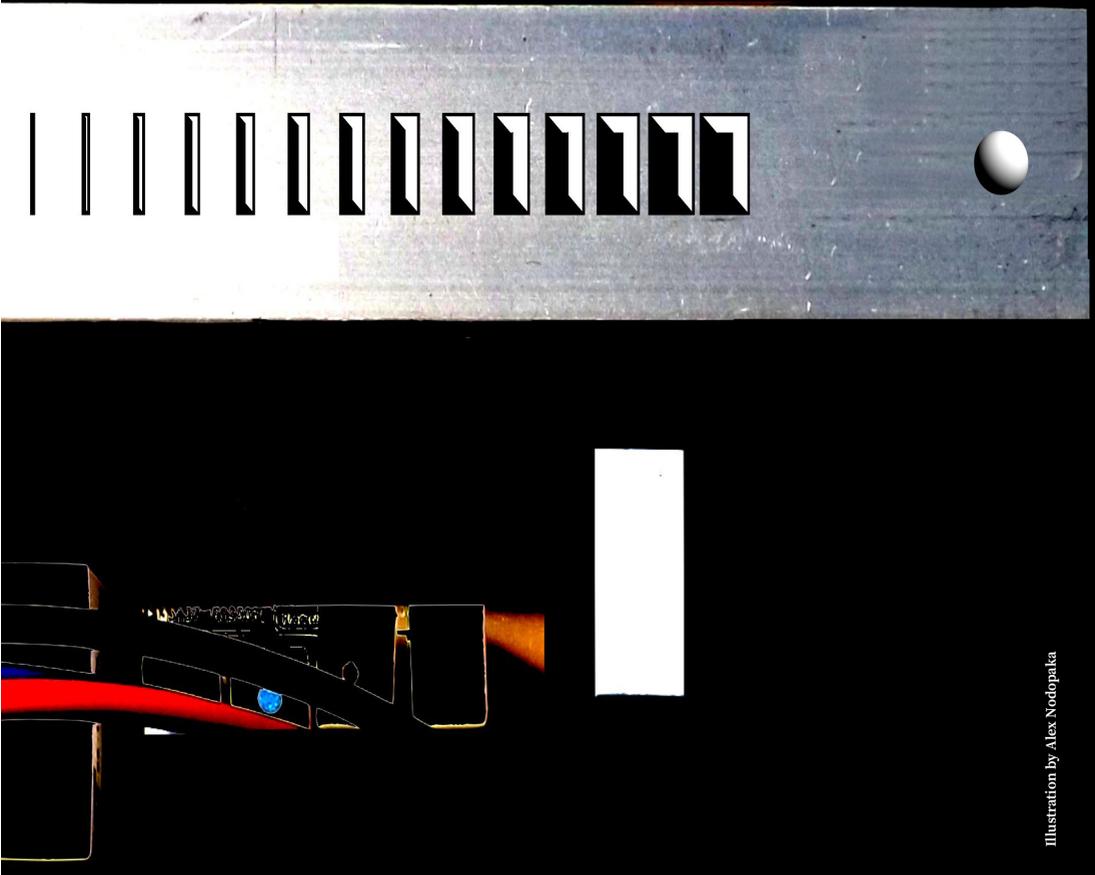


Illustration by Alex Nodopaka

who had dared to intrude into the peaceful life of a stranger. And that thought made me want to kill another couple of his like in my bedroom, so that the kids of scum like him could screw up their little faces, pleading for their daddy to rise up from his coffin.

I sat down on a bench in the children's playground by the house. Good God, what had I done wrong? What? I had never harmed a fly before. And then he broke into my house, my life, and now he was gone. So what had I done wrong? Why was I suffering?

Talking to myself like this, it seemed to me that I was absolutely right. But then I remembered the voice of the little girl, the toddler.

'Daddy! Daddy! Please get up!'

I was a real bastard, Liuba was right. A murderer. I had probably saved Liuba and my children from

death, but I was still a murderer. Liuba was scared to touch me. Oh yes, I could walk with my head held high; not many people have killed somebody. And I have.

At that point, horror-struck, I realised I would never be able to wash the spot out. I was a killer. I would die a murderer, the sin weighing upon my soul. The sin? The thought drew me up short. For God's sake, what sin had I committed? What had I done wrong?

I sat on the bench next to their house until they took him out: the son, the father and the burglar. I heard a scream; his mother broke down weeping. Her pain was enough to drive me out of my mind.

'My little son. My little son!'

It was unbearable to listen to. She could barely walk. She had given birth to him, she had raised him. I sat there and tears the size of peas ran down my face. I

didn't understand.

I didn't understand anything at all. And then an intelligent-looking young man came up to me.

'It's better that you go,' he said quietly.

He looked me straight in the eyes. But, God, what was this? This brother, or relative, or whoever he was, obviously acknowledged my right to defend myself and everything but, still, he blamed me. Only me. As if to say,

'Listen, you were within your rights mate, but now go, get out of here. Don't hang around here, you murderer.'

What was this all about? I left, feeling like a beaten dog. There were cries, screams. His little children were shouting, his son as well now, broken-hearted. His mother was sobbing.

Oh my God, what had I done? All on my own. With this hand of mine.

I went to calm down in a café. Now he was being lowered into a hole. Well... What could I do now? Had I been aware what I was doing when I grabbed the pistol from the drawer? He was coming towards me with a knife. It could be, of course, that he didn't intend to kill us. He probably just wanted to scare us, to make me lie back quietly in bed while he was emptying our drawers. Then... Now I understood Liuba. For God's sake, it would have been better to let him rob us and clear off rather than do what I did. We would have been a little poorer (and even then, the police might well have recovered everything), but at least in my chest everything would have been as it used to be. And now?

When I went home, Liuba wouldn't say a word to me. How could I live like this?

'Liuba,' I said. 'Listen! Speak!'

But instead of an answer – silence.

'Speak or I'll hit you!'

The look she gave me!

'Why are you staring at me? A murderer? Yes? You see a murderer?'

'Yes!' she said her voice trembling, on the verge of tears.

She ran out of the kitchen to sob in the bedroom. I began smashing up the dishes and the furniture. I broke the stool, the table and then fell down right there on the floor, scraping my arm, blood running everywhere. What could I do? Liuba's sobs were growing louder. The children, thank God, were at nursery school. I felt like I was going mad. I jumped up suddenly. Liuba, seeing me, darted to the corner,

totally hysterical, her eyes huge, totally crazy.

'Don't kill me!' she shouted.

Well, I thought, here we go. Not far from a mental asylum now. My nerves were ragged. I turned around without a word, took a half-litre bottle of vodka from the cupboard and had a drink from it.

It was this that saved me. I knew I was behaving like a hopeless drunkard, but I pressed it to my lips and emptied it all. Ten minutes later I fell to the floor. Of course, a sedative would have been a better idea. A simple dose of Temazepam. But we had never had anything like that in the house.

Anyway, I had to find some way of relaxing. Otherwise my nerves would have come unstrung and I've no idea how all this would have ended then. So getting drunk was wise.

Liuba kept her hysteria going in the bedroom (she told me later that she had blocked the door with a wardrobe to stop me from getting in, though she knew she was being silly). She just wanted to frighten herself. Later, when everything had calmed down, she relaxed a little. Her hysteria evaporated. She moved the wardrobe back and went to the kitchen to have a look. I lay there, twisted up on top of debris. She began to scream, of course, thinking I had killed myself. Then she discovered the empty bottle and understood. I was sick a couple of times, lying there out of my mind, though I don't remember a thing.

Then I slept for about thirty hours. I woke up in my bedroom and smiled. I felt, somehow, right in my soul. Sun streamed through the window. Then Liuba came in.

'Well, how are you?' She leaned in close to me. God!

Everything would be okay again. I still remembered that something terrible had happened, but I saw it now through a kind of filter. A distance had emerged. My nerves had calmed, and the sharpness of the sensation had gone. Liuba too, leaning towards me, was different now. She must have had a good sleep, too. Time had passed.

A year later, I had forgotten about it all. The idea that I had suffered for being a murderer surprised me. An unpleasant feeling remained, but there were no memories of the man dying in our bedroom. The other family accepted and grew accustomed to living without their son and father. For a time the mother would stand there, alone, lost in memory, and so would the little girl with her swollen, red nose. But later those images disappeared too. One time, walking by their house, I happened to see the mother quarrelling in a petty and angry manner with her neighbour. And I felt nothing positive or noble towards her.

Recently Liuba and I have been quarrelling over any little thing. We have more money, but the happiness

is gone. Our eldest, Vova, stays out late, sometimes not coming home at night. There's an emptiness to the way Liuba behaves with me, I've noticed.

'Take out the rubbish,' she says, as she scrubs something in the kitchen. 'The Jelizarovs are flying to Paris this week.'

She would have really liked to go to Paris.

'Liuba,' I say.

'What?' She always sounds so annoyed.

'Nothing.' And I take out the rubbish.

Good God, what a life. What was happening now? Were we getting bored of each other, or something? The rubbish. Vovik. Paris. Money. Also, I had murdered somebody. Yes, it had happened. It was work the next day. I was tired. Beyond that I felt nothing. There was no meaning. During those terrible days I had felt fully alive, my emotions bubbling. And I had cried. From the pain in my heart, feeling for that elderly mother. And I had suffered.

'Liuba,' I said that evening. 'Do you still remember all that?'

'What?'

'When I killed somebody.'

'What else could you have done? Wait until he killed us?'

She tapped her spoon on the plate nervously, thinking about something else.

'I'm a murderer, aren't I?'

'Stop it, you behaved like a man.'

Which was pleasant to hear, of course. And then she said, suddenly, 'Fix the tap in the bathroom. It's taking quite a while.'

'Why are you so angry?'

'Because my life is so good.'

'So what is missing?'

'I have everything.'

What a lovely conversation.

I went to visit his grave. I felt a kind of sadness. I thought that perhaps it might move something in me. I would remember him dying in front of me. Perhaps something would tremble in my soul. But no. Apart from a cross that leaned to one side and a gravestone on which was written, 'Genadij Konstantinovich Pavlov,' I saw nothing. There was some grass and, under the soil, bones. I put an end to your journey in this world, my friend. Would you forgive me, perhaps?

Bio note: Jaroslavas Melnikas



Jaroslavas Melnikas (Yaroslav Melnik) is a Lithuanian of Ukrainian descent. He has written six books of fiction and a collection of philosophical essays in Lithuanian, along with poetry and prose in Ukrainian, and a novel in French. He is the winner of the BBC Book of the Year award for the stories in the collection *The Last Day*. The story "Would You Forgive Me?" is an extract published in Panel with permission from the publisher, Noir Press.

Bio note: Marija Marcinkute



Marija Marcinkute studied English Language at Vilnius University. She set up an English language school in Vilnius shortly after the fall of the Communist regime. In 1996 she moved to Spain, where she lived for two years working as a translator and teacher before moving to England in 1998. In England she gained a master's degree in Applied Linguistics. She works as a translator and interpreter.

A Tomb for Sead Memagić

(*A True Story*)

Muharem Bazdulj

Translated by John K. Cox

1 . The novelist Danilo Kiš liked to say he was too idle to write letters. He kept no copies of those that he did manage to send. The only volume of his correspondence published to date is a slender collection with a few “official” letters, a few from friends and other public figures, and half a dozen items of thoughtful fan mail, including these three from the same reader.

Zagreb

16 February 1981

Dear Danilo,

Although we only know each other through your exceptionally precious literary works, I would like, as one of your loyal readers, to congratulate you on your forty-sixth birthday. I wish you good health and a sharp pen, as well as all the best to you and your wife.

Your faithful reader,

Sead Memagić (medical technician)

(23/II/1957)

**

Zagreb
May 1981

Dear Danilo,

You are probably wondering why I'm contacting you, and I myself find it a little unpleasant to be bothering you again, but your kind birthday greetings, which reached me a while ago, leave me no choice but to communicate. I know you are not lonely there in Paris, but I think maybe you'll be glad to get this letter from your reader and friend, and I must admit (though you've surely sensed this already) that I am writing to some extent out of desperation. I've been living in Zagreb for not quite three years now, working as a medical technician (on the same pay as a nurse) and am having a terrible time in this nightmare of good and evil, this whirlwind of our strange times. I am forced to associate with people who don't think the same way I do about things. I feel like an anachronistic, drifting object carried by floodwaters into a sort of strange and unfamiliar time in the midst of unknown people. My world is the books in my modest personal library, which grows to the extent that my meager salary allows, but there is often a gap between it and my immodest enthusiasm for reading. The controversy around your book *A Tomb for Boris Davidovich* reinforced my faith in the written word, and thanks to it I passed through the gate into the world of Danilo Kiš, and I think I'll stay in this world forever. I myself don't know whether you will find this clumsily phrased monologue from a stranger ridiculous or not, but I would ask you to try to understand me, because I feel that in your big heart there is room for an unusual friend who is tormented by anxieties and reaches out to someone who resembles him. I hope that you, my dear friend, will not interpret this as the confession of a man who has no idea what's going on with himself but just wants, in his narcissism, to find a reason to write letters to famous people. I only want to thank Danilo Kiš, in my own humble name, for his brilliant and courageous prose, which grants to the lucky (or unlucky) person who finds it, the possibility of experiencing something beautiful and majestic, never before experienced. I don't know if this wish will come across as just infantile and unfeasible, but I would certainly like to meet you, anywhere at all, for I am convinced that you would help me straighten out some of the dilemmas in my life. Naturally that's only if you'd like to meet as well.

My dear friend, thank you once more, from the bottom of my heart, for the birthday greetings, and I yearn for the chance to thank you for your generosity with a modest gift (which I shall, I hope, have the chance to give you in person).

In the hope that this letter has not made you uncomfortable, and that I will hear from you again,

With warm greetings,

Your friend,

Sead Memagić

**

Zagreb
August 1982

Dear friend,

I've been out of touch for quite a while, and the reason is that it has been a difficult time: changing apartments, a short illness, etc. I hope you don't blame me for not looking you up last summer in Belgrade, even though you had given me your telephone number, for I really do hope to meet you. My father and I prepared a small gift for you, but I simply haven't found the opportunity to give it to you. I read recently in the political weekly *Danas* that you are writing a new novel. This news made me very happy and I want to ask, dear Danilo, if you can tell (write) me a few words about the novel (if that's something you can do) and whether it will be out soon.

With heartfelt congratulations on Gallimard's translation of *Hourglass*, and best wishes for many more such successes.

Your reader and friend,

Sead Memagić

In the third letter, Sead Memagić switches from the informal *ti* to the formal *vi*, as if drawing back from an encounter that he knows won't ever happen.

2

Kiš was not working on a novel in 1982; he was finishing the book of stories called *The Encyclopedia of the Dead* that would be published the following year.

Reading this slim volume of letters a decade ago, it crossed my mind that Memagić was the only person in it who could be named in Kiš's encyclopedia, which, as we know, excludes anybody who appears "in any other encyclopedia. ... It is the work of a religious organization or sect whose democratic program stresses an egalitarian vision of the world of the dead, a vision that is doubtless inspired by some biblical precept and aims at redressing human injustices and granting all God's creatures an equal place in eternity."

Even if the three other "readers" who wrote to Kiš do not yet have places in genuine encyclopedias, they can expect these in due course. Vladimir Danilović is a respected lawyer and Slobodan Vukićević is a full professor at the Medical University and a member of the Croatian Academy of Sciences and Arts, while Sofija Trivunac counts among the pioneers of feminism in Yugoslavia, in addition to being a famous clinical psychologist and academic.

About Sead Memagić, though, we know only what these letters disclose: he was born on 23 February 1957, and as of August 1982, he was working in Zagreb as a medical technician. I wondered what Memagić was doing now, and if he remembered his exchange with the great writer. Did he even know his letters had been published in a book? Google drew a blank. I made some inquiries among relatives and friends in Zagreb to see if any of them knew a Sead Memagić who was a medical technician. Blank again. Years passed. I reread Kiš, I wrote about him, spoke about him, translated a biography of him, and always, whenever I worked on anything connected to him, the name Sead Memagić crossed my mind, if only for a second.

3

In March 2016, I went to Zagreb for a launch party. In the old days, whenever I turned up with no expenses, I stayed with V., a friend from Travnik (like me) who moved here around the millennium. When U2 played Maksimir Park, she was living near the hospital on Vinogradska Street. A year later, when I needed a bed before an early flight, she had moved to a new block beside the Museum of Contemporary Art.

I did not need a bed this time but we had not seen each other for five years at least, and I went to find her before the party. She suggested a drink afterwards, but I was booked for dinner. When I texted her later, she sent an address to find her with some other people. Taxis were always madly expensive in Zagreb, but this time I got one. We drank till two or three in the morning. Come and stay at my place, she said. It's close, you won't need a cab. And I've drunk too much to drive you. I've got to be downtown myself tomorrow, we'll go in together.

V. explained she was only in this apartment because her previous landlord would not renew the lease. She wanted somewhere closer to the

centre, but a colleague let her use this place because her mum, who had lived there, had died recently. Don't laugh, she said; we were all really worried about her, because when she was just a kid she lost her father in the war and was very attached to her mother.

We went up the stairs, V. let us in and showed me a big room with a television, an old-fashioned cabinet with glass doors, and a leather three-piece. The loveseat is a sofa bed, she said, but maybe the sofa's enough. For sure, I said. I wasn't in the mood to wrestle with furniture. V. fetched bedclothes. I get the bathroom first, she said. I heard water splash in the basin and fell asleep at once.

4 I woke early, thirsty and hungover.

No chance of going back to sleep. I peered into the other room; V. was sound asleep. I found Nescafe and an electric ring in the kitchen, made coffee, poured a glass of yogurt—then all I needed was something to read. I didn't know the code for her router. There were no newspapers (V. mentioned the night before that she had stopped buying them), and the late owner cannot have been very fond of

books. V. had probably boxed up her own books and kept them at work or in someone's garage till she had a proper new address. But I must have something to read while I drink coffee, something printed in front of my nose. And as I'm staring into the cabinet, I glimpse some kind of publication amid the bowls and decorative bric-à-brac. It is a tall booklet called *Approaching the Truth with Quiet Steps*, published in 2014 by the "Croatian Phoenix" Association of Families of Captured and Missing Defenders of Croatia, in a run of 300 copies, with a preface by the mayor of Zagreb. After a short history of the "Croatian Phoenix" it gives two lists of names: all the "identified and buried defenders of Croatia," followed by all the "missing defenders of Croatia." Presumably the people on the first list were once missing, but had since been exhumed and identified. The second list still counted as missing, after more than twenty years.

I flipped through the book, wondering who among these people had been the husband of the woman who lived and probably died in this house. Beside every first name and surname was a photograph, then the date of birth, names of relatives, date and place of death, marital status, and information on whether the body had been exhumed or exchanged. Some photos were in color, others black-and-white—the kind you see in passports and driving licences. For the most part, these people had

perished young. There were a lot of them. I had smoked two cigarettes and let my coffee get cold by the time I reached the list of missing. At first, everything seemed to be set up like in the first section, with a photograph and various data—only there was no mention anywhere of deaths; all that was given was the date of "disappearance."

On page 86, I came across the first name without a photograph, only a square with a sketched silhouette, and next to it: "MARIJA KATIĆ (59), b. 29 January 1932 in Slunj, daughter of Mila and Manda; civilian; disappeared December 1991 in the Novo Selo district of Slunj." It may be a false memory, but I seem to recall that I thought at the time that Marija Katić was like Boris Davidovich, Kiš's famous revolutionary, who went down in history "as a person without a face and without a voice." On page 88, there was another name without a picture: "ŽELJKO MANJKAS (24), b. 10 August 1967 in Zagreb; son of Ana and Vinko; unmarried; disappeared 10 November 1991 in Bogdanovci; member of the Croatian Army." On the following page was yet another name without a photograph. The name seemed familiar. A second later, I froze. My skin shivered. This is what I read: "SEAD MEMAGIĆ (35), b. 23 February 1957 in Bihać, son of Katka and Muharem; unmarried; member of the Croatian Army; disappeared 24 June 1992 on the front near Sunja."

5 I thought I had to be dreaming, seeing things. It was too far-fetched, too literary. It really is that Sead Memagić; it can't be anyone else. The combination of first and last names is too rare, he lived in Zagreb, his age matches up, and most important of all, the birthdays are the same. Kiš himself was born on 22 February, while Sead Memagić, who disappeared on a battlefield in Croatia's war of independence, was born on 23 February.

Now I was thinking of Boris Davidovich. Sead Memagić, a man who told Danilo Kiš that "The controversy around your book *A Tomb for Boris Davidovich* reinforced my faith in the written word, and thanks to it I passed through the gate into the world of Danilo Kiš, and I think I'll stay in this world forever," lingers in history as "a person without a face and without a voice." As predicted, he stays in the world of Danilo Kiš forever, but in a way more terrible than he could have anticipated.

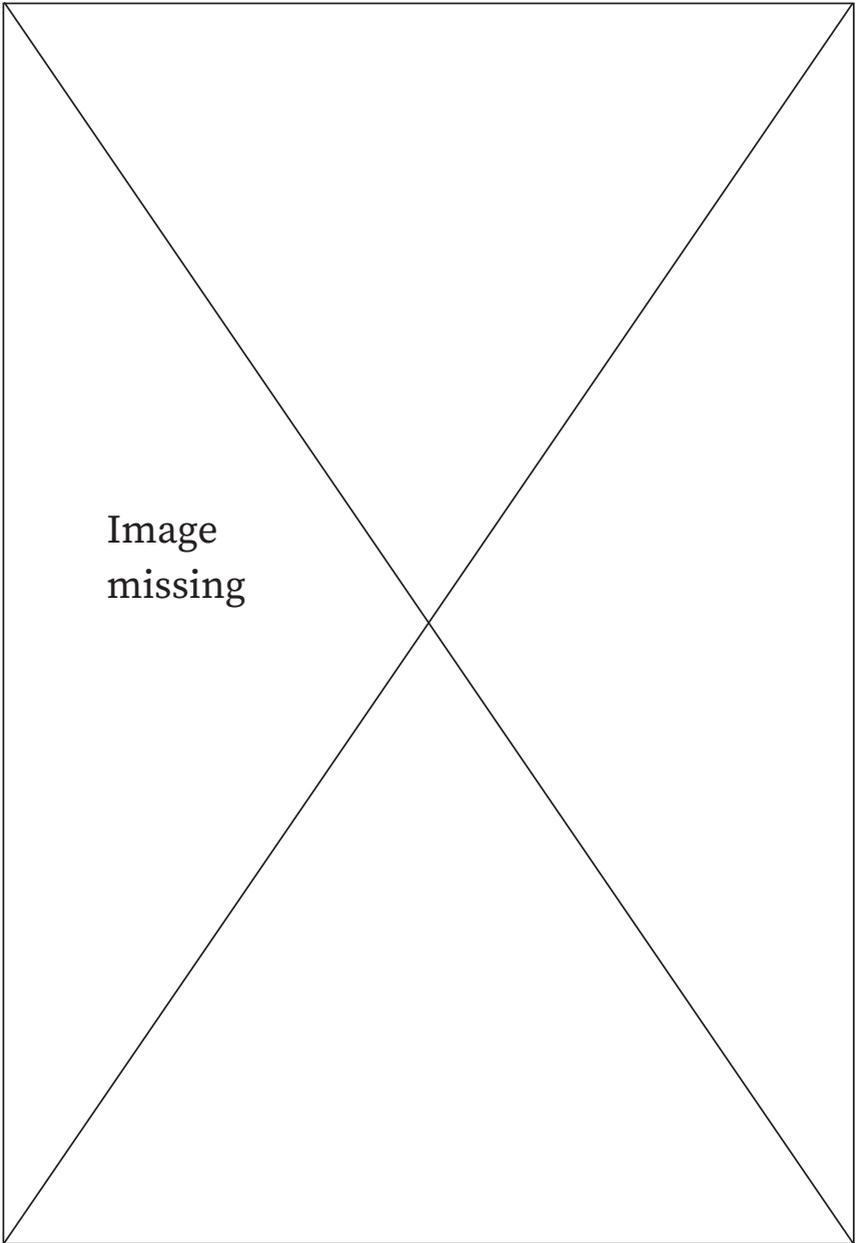
When V. found me, I was petrified. What's the matter, she said with a smile. You didn't sleep in. I asked if she knew how I could get a copy of the book in my hands, or at least where I could photocopy it. I took a picture of page 89 with my cellphone, but I really wanted proof in three dimensions. Hey, V. said, do you know you can get it as a PDF? She turned on her laptop, clicked on a few keys, and called me over to show me the file at this URL: <http://hrvatski-feniks.hr/upload/documents/Tihim-koracima-dostine.pdf>. Look at page 89 if you don't believe me.

6 "Those mysterious disappeared people, who form the essence of my literature, are an elementary phenomenon of the twentieth century," Kiš once said in an interview.

V. and I drank coffee and I told her the whole story. That's so sad, she said. She thought a minute and added that she'd bet Kiš had never heard of Sunja, the nearest place to where Memagić vanished. I'm not so sure, I said. Sunja is a stone's throw from Sisak, where Kiš was given a literary prize by the steelworkers' union (those were the days). I was also thinking that Memagić might have thought about Kiš while he was at the front. The book was still there, open at the page. Look, V. said. His father was called Muharem.

Sead Memagić was born in 1957. I know people born around then whose parents are still alive. Bosnian telephone directories list a landline in Bihać registered to a Mr. Muharem Memagić. That doesn't mean he is still alive. In Travnik, 33 Marshal Tito Street, there's still a number for my grandfather Muharem, dead these forty years.

Over the months that I've been meaning to write this story, I thought more than once of that phone number in Bihać. I never did try it. A friend told me he knew Sead Memagić's sister in Sarajevo. He gave me her email address. I wrote. No reply. On the website of the School of Medicine in Bihać, I found a Sead Memagić who graduated in 2015 and was a certified medical technician. Maybe this one got his name in memory of a relative, perhaps his uncle. Or it was sheer coincidence. When Yugoslavia was destroyed, many people wished that Danilo Kiš (d. 1989) had lived long enough to bear witness to the crimes and horrors committed. For Kiš was hurt into literature by what he always called the "disappearance" of his father in Auschwitz. He called himself the last Yugoslav writer, the last writer from a country that left a legacy of missing people – 10,653 of them, from Bosnia, Croatia, Kosovo and Serbia. This figure was released on 30 August 2016, International Day of the Disappeared, the day I finished this story.



In few interviews shortly before his death, Danilo Kiš (1935 – 1989) said about himself that he was “the last Yugoslav writer.” Since his homeland disappeared in the tragic civil war just a couple of years after he died, his prediction appeared to come true. However, Kiš is one of the rare writers from ex-Yugoslavia widely read and respected in all the countries that emerged from the ruins of Yugoslavia.

Although he was always a writer who based his prose on his own memories and historical documents, especially in his later works he became almost obsessed with the notion of “faction” – a kind of fiction totally based on facts, a kind of fiction which deals only with truths.

This story is basically an homage to Kiš, in both style and form, as well as in the commitment to truth. It is not mere fiction, it is more appropriate to say that it is faction. Everything else a reader needs to know is in the story itself.

Bio note: Muharem Bazdulj



Muharem Bazdulj (1977) is one of the leading writers emerged from the Balkans after the disintegration of Yugoslavia. His essays and short stories appeared in 20 languages. Three of his books were published in English: *The Second Book* (2005), *Byron and the Beauty* (2016) and *Transit, Comet, Eclipse* (2018). Upon original publication, *The Second Book* won a leading literary prize for best book of short stories in Bosnia. *Byron and the Beauty* was selected by Eileen Battersby in Irish Times among 40 best books published in English in 2016. His work was featured in anthologies *Best European Fiction 2012* and *The Wall in My Head*. Bazdulj is also a winner of 3 most prestigious journalistic awards in Bosnia and Serbia. After 15 years in Sarajevo, he is currently living in Belgrade.

Bio note: John K. Cox



John K. Cox is a professor of East European history at North Dakota State University in Fargo. He earned his Ph.D from Indiana University in 1995, and has since translated works by Muharem Bazdulj, Danilo Kiš, Radomir Konstantinović, and Goran Petrović. He is currently translating all three novels of Biljana Jovanović.

The Black One

Artyom Serebriakov
Translated by Wouter Gransbergen

“You’ve got an hour, not a minute more,” he says, and your entire body trembles with fear, and you ask him to give you more time, if only until tomorrow.

“Please, daddy, please,” you beg him and you swear to yourself that you’ll save them all, but he won’t budge.

“I said, an hour. Or do you want it to be like last time? The clock is running.”

He shows you his watch. The little hand is on the three, the big one on the seven. You look at him and you feel like crying more than anything in the world, but you know, you remember, that tears won’t help a bit. And then you look at them, so weak, so clumsy, so small. You carefully look at each of them: the white one with the black patch, the pale red one, the red one with the white chest, the black one with only one white paw, and the tiniest—with ginger and brown paint scattered over its white fur. It hurts, and you look away. You’ve got only an hour to choose one of them. You’ve got only an hour to save more.

You run home, look at the clock and you notice that the big hand has already reached the eight. Mother comes out of her bedroom, and you run away, open the gate, and run to the football pitch. On the way you meet two girls, they are a bit younger than yourself, and the only thing you know about them is that they, like yourself, moved here for the summer, but you don’t remember what house they live in. It could be the sixth or seventh from ours, you think. You walk up to them and you ask if they need a kitten. “What kitten, a real one?” one asks, and you hastily describe all of them, and, when it seems that

they’ll agree, you decide to tell them that your father will drown the kittens if you won’t be able to find them a home. But then the girls are frightened, and all of a sudden one of them loudly tells you that they already have a beautiful, scary dog, and then they simply leave, and you are afraid to even think about how much time you’ve wasted on your explanations.

You run on and meet a woman that lives three houses away from the pond, and you want to ask her what time it is but she hasn’t got a watch.

And you run on and meet six boys on the pitch, one of which you know well, you would even say that he is your friend, he came to your birthday party and his mother gave you a bright-green scrunchy. He is good, he is gentle. You call him and yell at him how terrible it is at home, that they will drown them, that you need to find them a home, that you can save only one.

“Mother won’t let me have a cat, she hates them,” he says and shakes his big, stupid head as if trying to prove that there is no room for an argument here. But he wants to help. He calls the other boys and explains everything, and one of them makes a mean joke, and you scream that he should keep his mouth shut and leave. You ask them what time it is, and only one of them has a watch. It’s the one who made the joke, and he says he won’t tell the time and hides his hand behind his back. And you curse him again, and ask all of them to help you, and the boys all go home, and you take your friend by the hand and you leave together.



Photo by Natalia Zakharova

And you talk to every neighbor and tell them the fate the kittens are facing and that Father never changes his mind. But the old man from the first house doesn't hear very well, and doesn't understand a thing, and says that he doesn't need anything, and you move on. And the mother of your girlfriend in the second house says she feels sorry, but they already have a cat, and you move on. And the fat woman in the third house curses her own cat, and says that it will soon have kittens, and "What should you do with 'em except for drowning; they'll die anyway," and you move on. And there's no one home in the fourth house, they all left yesterday. And in the fifth house they don't want to take a kitten either, and you find out it's already 'ten past four', and you move on. And the sixth house is your friend's, and his mother tells him that he should come home, and you ask her to give him a bit more time, but she doesn't want to hear it and says that he's not allowed to be out on the street so long, he might fall ill, and you move on alone. And there is no one in the seventh house, and you go further. And in the eighth house you are greeted by a dirty, drunk man and he smiles so terrifyingly that you don't even ask him, you just walk away. In the ninth house there lives a girl you made fun of once with others, but then it turned out that she was really nice and you even asked her to write in your yearbook. You tell her everything, and the girl calls her mother, and the mother says (you are so happy to hear this!) that they "might as well have a kitten." She asks which ones there are, but you tell her that there is very little time left, and you ask them to go home with you, and they go with you.

On the way you run into one of the boys from the pitch, but he says that his parents didn't agree. He even walks along for a while, but disappears later, and you are almost home, and you hope

to see someone else, but you only see the two girls but they run away when they see you. And so you arrive home, and you open the fence, and run, and call mum and dad and grandpa, and you are afraid they might think that you didn't want any of them and have killed them all. But there is still time, and Father always keeps his word. The girl and her mother from the ninth house talk to your father. He looks at you grimly, but you are still proud because you were able to save one more. And you go to the mama cat all together, and they look at the kittens. At first they want to have the white one, and then Father proposes that they take the red one with the white chest, but the girl doesn't want the red one and asks for the white one. When they take the white kitten away you are filled with joy and you think that if you can find a home for one, you can find a home for them all, and your parents must let you try. But Father puts his hand on your shoulder and says, "You've got three minutes left." He says it in such a way that you can't argue. You look at your mother, but she says nothing.

And you go to them, and sit, and you pick up the pale ginger one, and he screams with his thin voice, and trembles, and his heart beats rapidly, and you are afraid that he is not feeling well, and put him next to his mother, and she starts to clean his face when she sees him. Then the smallest crawls to you, the three-coloured one, and you even pet him, and you are just about to say that he is the one that should stay, but then you suddenly hear your mother say, "That one is weak, it'll die anyway. Don't even think of taking it. Pick the one of the healthy ones. This one will die anyway, do you understand?" You don't want to understand, don't want to obey her, but don't know how to put your foot down. You quietly push him away. He calls for his mother, and the black-and-white

one answers with the same, thin, scared voice. You look at the ginger kitten with the white chest. She is the prettiest, you think. The girl didn't want her, and you almost feel guilty about that. She could be saved, but the girl didn't save her. But she could still be saved.

"Time's up," Father says.

But you are not ready to pick, you just can't.

"I'll count to three."

"I can't," you whisper. "I can't."

"One."

And you remember the last time you also couldn't, and you cried and yelled

that you couldn't make a choice, and then they didn't leave any of them.

"Two."

You look desperately at them for the last time, at the pale ginger one, his mother is still washing him, the red one with the white chest that you betrayed, the three-colored little one that they wouldn't let you have although they promised that you could pick any of them.

"Three."

That's all.

And then you clench your fists and you abruptly turn to your father and cry, "The black one! The black one! Let me have the black one!"

Bio note: Artyom Serebriakov



Artyom Serebriakov (born 1990) lives in Saint Petersburg. Studied literature, philosophy and anthropology. His short stories were published in Russian literary magazines *Homo Legens* and *Prochtenie*. In 2018 his first book was published by Fluid FreeFly Publishing House (Russia).

Bio note: Wouter Gransbergen



Wouter Gransbergen (1977) studied philosophy and Slavonic linguistics in Amsterdam and Moscow. Based in Amsterdam, Netherlands, he has worked as a translator and interpreter for a number of years, specializing mainly in technical literature, but also translated novels and short stories, and subtitled films.

Once my age

Kinga Fabó

Translated by Gabor G Gyukics

The photo has turned ripe right by today.
Now it's been found. Its age caught up.
Now it has a bunch of expired

copies of me.

Behold, how they want to get me!

But they expire soon.

I came too early, later

this age caught up with me.

Wish it let me be!

Seizing each other up. Our common pen is too tight.

Did I run ahead?

It thinks it improves me by plastering me.

It stuffs my pores.

Blocks my air.

I'm getting weaker. It lost its way.

The élan is escaping through its own fissures.

What will materialize again, is

the shape, what it would put on: locks.



Illustration by Lyudmila Martynova

Thus what is filled in it evaporates.

There is a mere turning back both of my porcelain
bodies: two expired logo'.

In its heyday no one wanted the photo.

Yet time made me pretty

now, when I became a lot of

ready made copies.

As I'm lagging behind.

Once my age, you are passing me late.

(Sharon Stone swaps her legs.

She might catch up with me.

Did I run ahead? How reckless.)

Egykorom

Kinga Fabó

Mára érett be a fotó.

Most került meg. Beérte a kora.

Most van belőlem egy csomó

lejárt másolat.

S lám: hogy kapkodnak utánam!

De hamar elavul!

Korán jöttem késvé

ért utol ez a kor.

Hagyna lógva!

Kerülgetjük egymást. Szűk a közös akol.

Előrefutottam volna?

Szépíteni vél, s bevakol.

Eltömi a pórusaim.

Elzárja a levegőt előlem.

Fogy az erőm. Vakvágányra téved.

Szökik saját résein az elán.

Amire újra testet ölt,

a forma, mit fölvenne: zár.

S szétfoszlik, amit épp betölt.

Merő visszakozás mind a két porcelán-

testem: két lejárt logó.

Fénykorában nem kellett a fotó.

S lám: hogy megszépítette az idő

most, ahogy lett belőle egy csomó

csinált másolat.

Én meg utána kullogok.

Késve előzől, egykorom.

(Sharon Stone lábat cserél.

Hátha utolér.

Előrefutottam volna? Merész.)

Bio note: Kinga Fabó



Kinga Fabó is a Hungarian poet. Her poetry has been widely published in international literary journals and poetry magazines including *Modern Poetry in Translation* (translated and introduced by George Szirtes); *Numéro Cinq*, *Ink Sweat & Tears*, *Anthology of Contemporary Women's Poetry* and others. Some of her individual poems have been translated into 17 languages altogether. Kinga Fabó lives in Budapest.

Dreams with the dead

Brane Mozetič

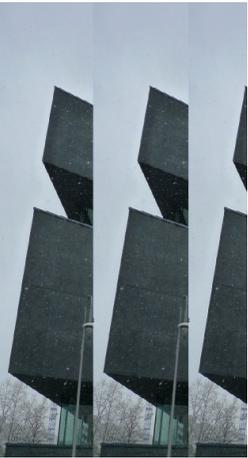
Translated by Barbara Jurša

I went to see the poetry master. I banged on the door of the old villa with a door knocker. He was sliding around in his slippers and a bathrobe. I laid my flimsy folders on his table. But he didn't even look at them. He flapped his arms around, the room got larger, the walls were full of books. Pay attention, he said. Just listen. The voice will come on its own. Then he lit a cigarette, measured his footsteps back and forth, pulled on a string and drew aside a huge dark curtain. White space glimmered behind it, but there was a pane in-between. Look, watch, he knocked on the glass meaningfully. On the other side boys started to appear, there were more and more, all naked and wearing silver necklaces with numbers around their necks. Choose, fair-haired, dark-haired, yellow, black, chocolate, pepper-like, volcano-like, a rhino... he was licking his lips. Now he was shouting: dwarf, fish, chair, pyramid, knife, blood, I'm a giant. The boys came right next to the pane and laughed at us. The master took my papers and started to throw them in the air: Brilliant, it's all brilliant. Can you hear what they're saying? Just choose, it's all yours. I had already chosen. And then he disappeared. The curtain closed. I was standing outside in the cold, knocking on the door.

/ Tomaz Šalamun /



Illustration from the project
"Empty stereograms"
by Maria Gyarmati
and Evgeniy Shchetinkin



I'm riding a bus. I can tell I'm heading to some event. Is it a festival, a seminar, a colony, a protest rally, there's no clue. At the border we all have to get off and get in line, with our baggage beside us. The customs officer looks at me sharply, throws my books away. He leaves me only a bottle which is a gift for my aunt. They're pulling out underwear from my other travel bag. It takes forever. There must be a hundred, two hundred underpants. Lacy. Red, black, pink. Everyone is looking at me. On the other side, a limousine is waiting for me. With darkened windows. The rooms at the hotel are enormous, with terribly high ceilings. Now I know that the bottle is meant for Brane. All faces at dinner are familiar. Then a harrowing scream is heard from the hall. We all jump up from the table and rush to the first floor. He is hanging from a ceiling, while we are throwing together tables, chairs, boxes to reach him. He's finally on the ground. Breathing. He opens one eye and says: Come see me, Brane. Well! Now I remember the bottle. I run to my room. There's no end to hallways. He is standing by the stage, very tired. I give him the bottle. I gently touch his hair, while he grins at me and yells: One must burn! We're all dancing or shaking, jumping up and down, waving our arms convulsively, somewhere at the back the electrical circuit is crackling.

/ Brane Bitenc /

I find myself on a large cushion, wearing only a white kimono. I can feel myself completely naked underneath it. The boy approaches me and shows me some holds. He too is wearing only a white kimono. He turns me over in a flash and throws me to the ground. He laughs, says: This is how it goes. We charge at each other again. We're wrestling, his kimono splits open. I watch the droplets on his chest as I'm pulling him. He pins me to the ground again and sits on my belly. This is how he sits. He holds my hands. He draws his face close to mine, right up to it. I look into his eyes. This is how it goes, he repeats. He jumps from me, pulls me after him. Shall we go? he asks. We stand in the shower for a long time. Afterwards we sit amidst white tiles. Plenty of steam is rising. Shooting and explosions are heard outside. He is constantly saying something, he doesn't pause at all. I can't hear him properly, he moves very close to me, stands up, he is standing in front of me talking. Of war, of blood, of love, of struggle, the endless struggle. While I don't say a word. Because he defeated me. Because I'm looking at his body in front of me. Because the house seems to be collapsing, we may find ourselves beneath the rubble any moment now. My heart warms at the thought. But I say: We need to save ourselves. He only smiles: It's too late, for us it's too late. There is only his arm left in the dense steam, stretched out for me to hold onto, and it pulls me somewhere.

/ Aleš Debeljak /



Illustration from the project "Empty stereotypes"
by Marita Gyarmati and Eszter Székelyfi

Bio note: Brane Mozetič



Brane Mozetič (1958) is a Slovenian poet, writer, editor and translator from French (Rimbaud, Genet, Foucault, etc.), best known as an author of homoerotic literature. His oeuvre extends to fourteen poetry collections, a book of short stories, three novels and five children's picture books. He has edited four anthologies of LGBT literature and several presentations of contemporary Slovenian literature. He has more than fifty books in translation.

Bio note: Barbara Jurša



Barbara Jurša (1986) is a Slovenian poet, a translator and, occasionally, an English teacher. She has translated some of the works of contemporary Slovenian poets, for example Jana Putrle Srdić (*Anything Could Happen*, 2014) and Brane Mozetič (*Unfinished Sketches of a Revolution*, 2018).

that boy

Zita Murányi
Translated by Gabor G Gyukics

If only I could forget that coke boy at the South Railway Station
his clothes were rags with an undetectable smell
he asks me to buy him an ice cold coke
it'd be good at any vendor over the way
he carries another hidden country on his back
how many urine stinking underpass was carried by that backpack
to look into his eyes or with tree shots in my mouth
should I whisper that I have a stripy straw with me

he drank he digested every word I've said at once
what could I have whispered to his dark brown mouth
with my face turned aside that I had no change at all
I don't really know what I've said under his missing palm
how many clashing sounds stalled in aluminum bottles
he sipped fast with disgust and delight with that
sickening taste on his tongue like bubbles get together
in the depth of the sips

If only... those hands and broken shoes
coal colored clothes wrapped around the body
the sizzling concrete, those tracks that curved straight
I exist that in vain if he can't ask anything from me
and suddenly I feel that undying thirst which
that boy feels in the roof of my mouth
where that unquenchable pain lays tiles
to make me call out to the passers-by

I was told three hours for the anesthesia to wear off

Photo by Oksana Zinchuk

azt a fiút

Zita Murányi

csak azt feledném a colás fiút a déli punál
 a ruhája rongyos és levehetetlen szagokat áraszt
 hogy vegyek neki egy jéghideg kólát
 jó lesz bármelyik szemközti standnál
 a vállán egy másik eldugott országot cipelt
 hány hűgyszagú aluljárót hordott a hátizsák
 hogy a szemébe néztek vagy három injekcióval
 a számban súgjam hogy akad nálam egy csíkos szívószál

már itta is már emésztette minden szavam
 amit félre fordított arccal sötétbarna szájába
 súghattam hogy nincsen apróm vagy nem is
 tudom mit mondtam hiányzó tenyere alatt
 hány zörej rekedt az alumíniumban
 már kortyolta is undorral és gyönyörrel a
 nyelvén az az émelyítő íz ahogy a kortyok
 mélyén összetalálkozik néhány buborék

csak azt a kezet a kitaposott cipőket
 a szénszínű ruhát ami körbe vette a testet
 az 50 fokos betont a merőlegessé görbülő
 síneket hogy hiába vagyok ha tőlem semmit se kérhet
 és egyszeriben azt a hallhatatlan szomjúságot érzem
 amit a fiú is érez szájpaddlásomban
 az az olthatatlan kín rak cserepeket
 hogy megszólítsam a járókelőket

három órát jósoltak az érzéstelenítésnek.

Bio note:

Zita Murányi



Zita Murányi was born in 1982 in Budapest. Her first novel was published in 2003 by Tükörpalota and the second came out in 2007.

Zita has published two poetry books - the Star\ Csillag (2015, Equinter Publishing House), and Jolly Joker (2018, Pécsi Litera-túra Publishing House).



report poem

Zsuka Nagy

Translated by Gabor G Gyukics

since I love you

it stopped raining the ambulances

run through the city shrieking their throbbing

palm size light pumps blood up on the black sky

since I love you

you ask me often, did I believe that

it'd happen with someone else what is now happening

with you, you're confronting me with the past, how many

times should I deny my past for you, I confess in a poem,

in infinite desire, denying it before my mother, ashamed of it

before my father, heart effusion - heart vomit - heart ejecta,

the whale spewing Jonah out, the past, spewing the old

one out

since I love you

I didn't tell you that I stop everything,

I screw up everything when things are great, take care but not

only of me but of yourself with me too, because I make myself

forget yourself, be every timeline for me in this giant selfish

thing, in my selfish oasis, want me if I do, love me if I do,

be yet a woman a man the way I am, who he or she was you are, who

was your she or he one in the past that leaves like a cloud

trading places and the world grows up to us.

riportvers

Zsuka Nagy

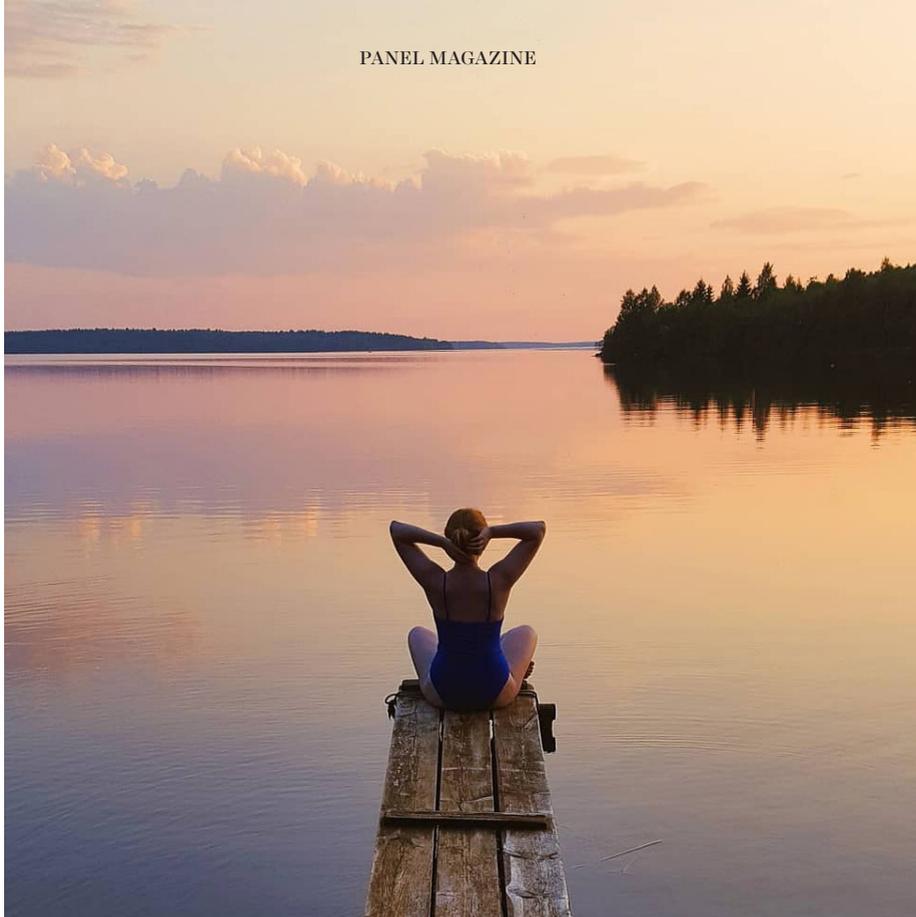
a világ összes dohányját elszívnam a ködöt is a cigarettaimba tömném mutatja
 alig van cigije hoz neki majd a fia holnap szemében zöldeskék a puszta
 összeragadt puliszőr a szemefehérje ugat a nyájra a botjára támasztva nézi
 hogy teszi tönkre a földet a civilizáció arca tenyere terra incognita
 nem az ember az embernek hű társa hanem az állat a kutya a nyáj és ez a végtelen
 mutatja a határt amit naponta bejár nye kupity olvasom az írást
 ő meg csak krákok köhög csapkodja a lábát a vagonban van egy spór rajta fagyott fehér kenyér
 leszakad darab hold hogy tud az ember ilyen szegény lenni és egyszerre ilyen boldog nekem a
 nyájam a bibliám néz rám zubbonyát a hátára teszi a cigijébe szívja a sűrű ködöt

Bio note: Zsuka Nagy



Zsuka Nagy was born in Nyíregyháza where she has been living by this day. She is a poet, a writer and a teacher.

Photo by Oksana Zinichuk



Bio note: Gabor Gyukics



Gabor Gyukics is a Budapest-born Hungarian-American poet and a literary translator. The author of seven books of poetry and eleven books of translations (including *A Transparent Lion*, selected poetry of Attila József, an anthology of North American Indigenous poets in Hungarian and *Swimming in the Ground: Contemporary Hungarian Poetry* (in English, both with co-translator Michael Castro), Gabor Gyukics writes both in English and Hungarian. His latest book titled *A Hermit Has No Plural* was published by Singing Bone Press in 2015.

My Birthplace

Arlo Voorhees, translations of Petofi Sandor

I was born here on the open range
amid the beauty of the sprawling plain
born in this town that seems to cry
out for my nurse and her lullabies
and now I hear her voice so softly chant
“Lady-bird, lady-bird fly from my hand.”

Simply a boy when I left this land,
I’ve returned today as a grown-up man;
yes, twenty years have promptly followed,
loaded down with joy and sorrow.
Twenty years, O how swiftly it ran!
“Lady-bird, lady-bird fly from my hand.”

Where have you gone my former friends?
If just one of you would meet me again,
and sit down beside me, my old chum,
until I forget the man I’ve become.
For twenty-five years I’ve shouldered demands...
“Lady-bird, lady-bird fly from my hand.”

Like a restless bird among the branches
from place to place my mind advances;
rummaging through my childhood hours
like a honeybee in a field of flowers
it finds my old haunts and gracefully lands.
“Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly from my hand.”

Again, I’m a child, a child born anew,
riding my stick-horse and playing a flute;
Yes upon my horse, I recklessly ride,
only resting to drink at the riverside.
Giddy up my pony, for an outlaw I am!
“Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly from my hand.”

As the evening bells shake their spire,
both horse and horseman grown so tired,
I stumble home to the lap of my nurse,
her lips trembling with gentle verse,
and listening, I slip under her command.
“Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly from my hand.”



Szülőföldemen

Itt születtem én ezen a tájon
 Az alföldi szép nagy rónaságon,
 Ez a város születésem helye,
 Mintha dajkám dalával vón tele,
 Most is hallom e dalt, elhangzott bár:
 „Cserebogár, sárga cserebogár!”
 Ugy mentem el innen, mint kis gyermek,
 És mint meglett ember úgy jöttem meg.
 Hej azóta húsz esztendő telt el
 Megrakodva búval és örömmel...
 Húsz esztendő... az idő hogy lejár!
 „Cserebogár, sárga cserebogár”
 Hol vagytok, ti régi játszótársak?
 Közületek csak egyet is lássak!
 Foglaljatok helyet itt mellettem,
 Hadd felejtsem el, hogy férfi lettem,
 Hogy vállamon huszonöt év van már...
 „Cserebogár, sárga cserebogár”
 Mint nyugtalan madár az ágakon,
 Helyrül-helyre röpköd gondolatom,
 Szedegeti a sok szép emléket,
 Mint a méh a virágról a mézet;
 Minden régi kedves helyet bejár...
 „Cserebogár, sárga cserebogár!”
 Gyermek vagyok, gyermek lettem újra,
 Lovagolok fűzfasípot fűjva,
 Lovagolok szilaj nádparipán,
 Vályuhoz mék, lovam inni kíván,
 Megitattam, gyi lovam, gyi Betyár...
 „Cserebogár, sárga cserebogár!”
 Megkondúl az esteli harangzó,
 Kifáradt már a lovas és a ló,
 Hazamegyek, ölébe vesz dajkám,
 Az altató nóta hangzik ajkán,
 Hallgatom, s félálomban vagyok már...
 „Cserebogár, sárga cserebogár”...
 (Félegyháza, 1848. június 6-8.)

Mr. Paul Pato

Like a cursed prince cast out
far from the fairy tale seas,
Mr. Paul Pato sits at home
by himself in habitual misery.
How different his life might be
if he could meet a promising girl!
But Mr. Paul Pato interjects,
“We have all the time in the world.”

The house is close to collapsing
and littered with flakes of plaster;
the wind takes a piece of the roof
and scatters it Godknowswhere.
We should fix it now, for soon the sky
will be gazing through the ceiling boards.
But Mr. Paul Pato interjects,
“We have all the time in the world.”

Instead of the harvest's usual yield,
poppies fill the furrowed earth
all different kinds, in every field,
while the garden lies deserted.
How odd they seem, these idle workers,
how useless the plots no longer plowed!
But Mr. Paul Pato interjects,
“We have all the time in the world.”

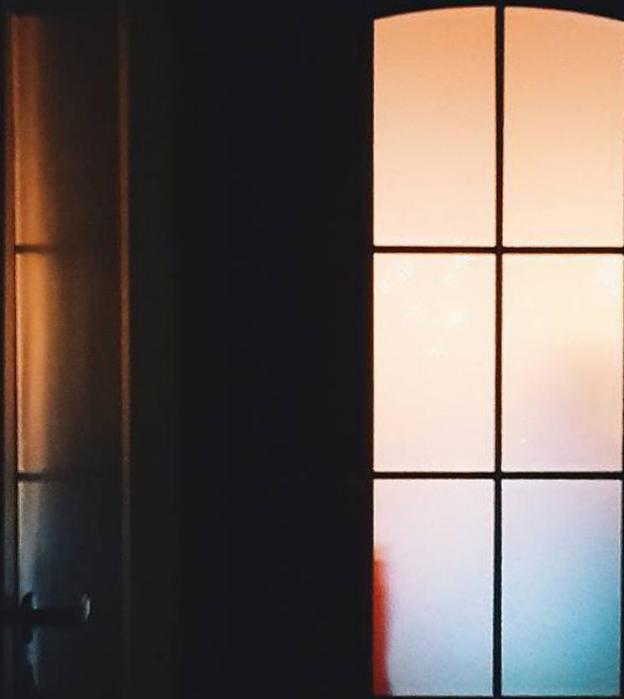
The cloak too, and even the trousers—
old and tattered, and only useful for
(if necessity called for it)
a replacement screen for the door!
You simply need to call the tailor;
The cloth's already ordered.
But Mr. Paul Pato interjects,
“We have all the time in the world.”

His life, it seems, is hardly lived;
though his forefathers left him
with quite a lot, alone he sits
endowed with next to nothing;
But Mr. Paul Pato is not to blame,
for Hungarians are bound to uphold
their ancestors' favorite phrase,
“We have all the time in the world.”



Photo by Maria Gyarmati

Photo by Matt Henderson



Pató Pál úr

Mint elátkozott királyfi
Túl az Óperencián,
Él magában falujában
Pató Pál úr mogorván.
Be más lenne itt az élet.
Ha egy ifjú feleség...
Közbevágott Pató Pál úr:
„Ej, ráérünk arra még!”

Roskadófélben van a ház,
Hámlik le a vakolat,
S a szél egy darab földellel
Már tudj’ isten hol szalad;
Javítsuk ki, mert maholnap
Pallásról néz be az ég...
Közbevágott Pató Pál úr:
„Ej, ráérünk arra még!”

Puszta a kert, e helyett a
Szántóföld szépen virít,
Termi bőven a pipacsnak
Mindenféle nemeit.
Mít henyél az a sok béres?
Mít henyélnék az ekék?
Közbevágott Pató Pál úr:
„Ej, ráérünk arra még!”

Hát a mente, hát a nadrág,
Úgy megritkult, olyan ó,
Hogy szunyoghálónak is már
Csak szükségből volna jó;
Híni kell csak a szabót, a
Posztó meg van véve rég...
Közbevágott Pató Pál úr:
„Ej, ráérünk arra még!”

Életét így tengi által;
Bár apái nékie
Mindent oly bőven hagyának,
Soha sincsen semmije.
De ez nem az ő hibája;
Ő magyarnak születék,
S hazájában ősi jelszó:
„Ej, ráérünk arra még!” Pest, 1847. november

Imitation. Arlo the Hipster

A poem by Arlo Voorhees

Over forlorn eyes his hair flung
like a posed-for pic of Kurt Cobain,
Arlo the hipster burns his lungs,
and scribbles on a bar napkin
How his ragged heart might ignite,
if that tattooed girl would bum a light!
But Arlo the hipster interrupts,
“I don’t really give a fuck.”

His house rife with pests and fleas,
mushrooms bloom in the shower stall,
the lawn so tall he can’t recall
where the mower last was seen;
he should get the landlord on the phone,
before the insects destroy his home.
But Arlo the hipster interrupts
“I don’t really give a fuck.”

‘Stead of the zeal that marked his youth,
(food drives for the less fortunate)
it’s Pabst Blue Ribbon, stale vermouth,
a gram of coke and a few bong hits.
How terribly the mind corrupts
the heart and soul to self-destruct!
Still Arlo the hipster interrupts.
“I don’t really give a fuck.”

His expensive Docs and tight Levis
look too new to actually wear;
with a butter knife he’ll improvise
a few scuff marks and careful tears
on shoes and jeans that otherwise
would have lasted years and years.
Still Arlo the hipster interrupts
“I don’t really give a fuck.”

His life it seems is an artist’s dream:
his folks still working to pay his loans,
which paid for lessons in poetry,
so he could read his work alone.
But Arlo the hipster is not to blame,
for his generation’s cool disdain;
after twenty-six years of growing up,
who could actually give a fuck?

The Cutting-Down

On the barren yellow countryside
misty Autumn sadly sits,
and sad on my heart, my memory
sits upon that Autumn mist.

The shining face of the sun returns
and suddenly the mist departs;
my girl, I see your smiling face,
the light bears down upon my heart.

Don't play the sun's part my girl,
the sun that sends away the mist,
so clearly I can see the world,
and all things fade that live in it.

A Letarlott...

A letarlott, megsárgult vidéken
Szomorúan ül az őszi köd...
Mult időmnek szomorú emléke
Őszi ködként ült szívem fölött.

Feljön a nap fényes arculatja
És eloszlik a szomoru köd...
Fényes arcod megláttam, leányka,
S világosság lett szívem fölött.

Oh de, leányka, ugy ne tégy, mint a nap,
Mely azért veré el a ködöt,
Csak azért, hogy tisztán lássék: milyen
Hervadás van a világ fölött.

Szalkszentmárton, 1845. aug. 20.

- szept. 8. között

Bio note: Arlo Voorhees



A farm kid, novelty adman, college professor, filmmaker, Fulbright scholar and unpalatable wino, Arlo Voorhees splits his time between Oregon and Hungary. His new work can be found in Rattle and DIAGRAM.

A City with Two Faces

Masha Kamenetskaya

Liberty Bridge over the Danube in Budapest attracts many eccentrics in summer. They climb up the bridge, or stare at the water, or sing, or drink – they can be met there at any time of the day. Just recently, when passing the bridge, I saw a couple – a blue-haired girl and a bald man, both bare-foot, very slim, the girl holding a camera and the man an unlabeled bottle. I heard the blue-haired girl say to her companion, “This city is like Gemini in the zodiac. You’ve got two personalities and never know which one you’re dealing with.”

It was one of the best descriptions of Budapest I’ve ever heard.

Budapest is indeed a city with two personalities.

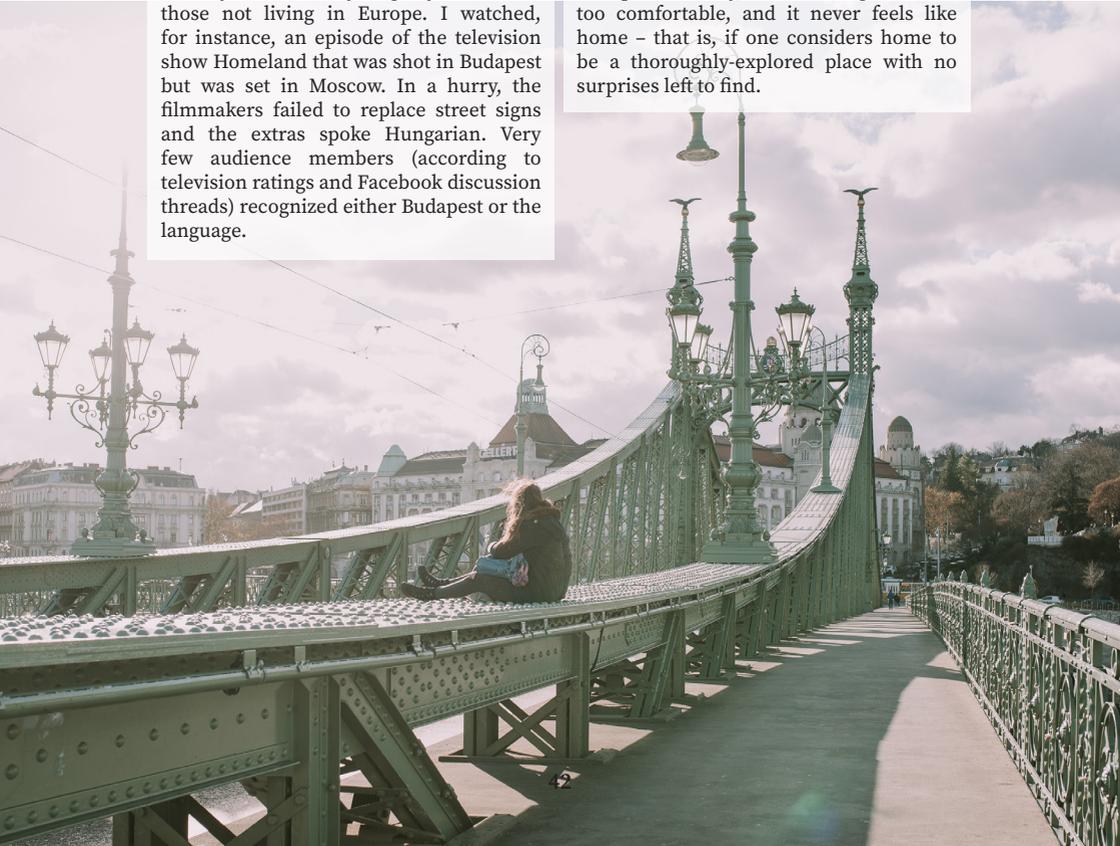
Budapest is the beautiful capital of a country that is only vaguely known to those not living in Europe. I watched, for instance, an episode of the television show *Homeland* that was shot in Budapest but was set in Moscow. In a hurry, the filmmakers failed to replace street signs and the extras spoke Hungarian. Very few audience members (according to television ratings and Facebook discussion threads) recognized either Budapest or the language.

Also, Budapest is amazingly diverse, truly multicultural. During a stand-up open mic at some underground venue one may find, in the audience, the entire globe encompassed by a tiny room – literally from New Zealand to Norway. Budapest attracts people from all of the world to stay for short or long periods and, somehow, wins their hearts.

Budapest is relatively cheap and it's dripping with culture – almost every night there is something to do – big concerts and local underground events.

On the one hand, most *budapesti* speak only Hungarian. On the other hand, Budapest has become a friendly home base for many English-language projects including ours – Panel.

Budapest is cozy, not too big and not too comfortable, and it never feels like home – that is, if one considers home to be a thoroughly-explored place with no surprises left to find.



It is not uncommon to meet a celebrity in Budapest and even more common not to recognize someone famous.

Budapest can be depressing in winter and it sizzles in summer. Basically, the best time to be in Budapest is mid-season: autumn on the “other side” of summer; spring on the “other side” of winter.

One night a stranger in a bar may share a long, drawn-out story about how he traveled the world before finding, in Budapest, his sanctuary, and on the following day you may meet a whole slew of people who are desperate to leave the country.

And, Budapest is literally split into two parts by the river.

Budapest is open to those who want to indulge their creative side with its plethora of venues, curious audiences, affordable rent – each suggesting “come be an artist in Budapest.” And, again, on the other hand, as much as Budapest can be inspiring, it also derives its energy from those who step into the spotlight and produce something. Someone who has adjusted and has settled here, may find himself experiencing a peculiar state of mind, in which he is happy and miserable at the same time. Or, perhaps, find that he is simultaneously grateful and offended. In such instance, Budapest, a city of split personalities, has grown into him.

What doesn't have another face, but perhaps, is what makes the city so vibrant and complete, is its energy: fueled by a diverse mix of cultures, ideas, personalities and drives. This energy sharpens the 'here-and-now' whether you are listening to a new band in the 7th district, doing yoga asanas on Margaret island, or absentmindedly

feeding pigeons in your courtyard despite the fact that your neighbor has asked several times that you not.

Budapest, as we know it, is becoming a phenomenon; I deeply believe this. Not only because the city accommodates artistic, daring people by offering them a reasonable and tolerable standard of living, but by complimenting these enticements with its unique architecture, music and social life. Budapest is a city that provides its inhabitants with an opportunity to change who they are when they look into the mirror.

I've been living in Budapest for the past three years and the most frequent question I've been asked during that time is: “Why? Why are you living here?” I have tried various responses from the frank, “We wanted to live abroad, and it's cheap here,” to the obtuse, “We were led here by circumstances surrounding our work and studies,” but none of them have been completely true: at least partly because I don't know, myself. I like to think it was intuition that brought me and my family to Budapest but, on a moment's reflection, it could not have been. Before moving I had no idea what kind of city Budapest was. My knowledge was limited to the Danube, Pest and Buda, trams and thermal baths – not even a hint of the Budapest I tend to see as “mine” now.

However, from the very beginning, I couldn't rid myself of the feeling that I was reliving my youth, only, in this version of youth, I am less cautious, less reflective, more daring. Now, after three years, I have friends, memories, projects, stories to tell and moments still to capture. That's how a multifaceted Budapest works – it makes you more whole.

Bio note: Masha Kamenetskaya



Before moving to Budapest Masha Kamenetskaya had lived in St.Petersburg all her life. It's important for her to feel attached to a place, to know the city. That's why exploring Budapest, getting to know its people and, more importantly, publishing Panel, has been such an inspiring challenge for her. Masha also writes short stories both in Russian and English and currently is working on her first novel.

Mathematical poems - Genesis

Silviu Crăciunaș

We're the orthogonal projection
or not
of a thought
on a space
having as basis
the dark
or maybe
the light
and so God became
an axiom
mixed in
too many proofs
and too few souls



Photo by Evgeniy Shchetinkin

Bio note: Silviu Crăciunaș



Silviu Crăciunaș holds a Ph.D. in Mathematics and was an Associate Professor at the University of Sibiu, Romania, before retiring and dedicating himself to writing. His novel *"In Destiny's Shadow"*, based on the 1999 NATO bombing of Surdulica, was published by Excelsior Art, and the second novel *"Lazaret - Wandering Souls"*, was published by the Eikon Publishing House. He has published poems in online and printed magazines (*Congruence Journal of Literature & Art, Spadina Literary Review, Everyday Poems, The Transnational, Section 8 Magazine, Indian Literature Review, Oglinda literară, Rapsodia, Alternațe*)

Mathematical poems - Rounded

Silviu Crăciunaș



You do not know what is
a Hilbert space
but you have
the roundness geometry
of women
what multiplies my
senses
in a countable
series of wishes
having as a limit point
the infinite
which no one
does know
although it is still
in the ellipse of perfection
waiting for one
mathematician

Piercing the Limits of Reality: An Interview with Jaroslavas Melnikas

Novelist, critic, and journalist, Ukrainian-Lithuanian writer, Jaroslavas Melnikas, has made an impact in the literary world, not just in his home countries, but in France, too. With the publication of his collection of short stories, *The Last Day*, translated for the first time into English by publisher Noir Press, Melnikas is set to bring his philosophical and surreal prose to the English speaking literary community. Back home, his novels have won awards, made it onto the bestselling lists, and became film adaptations. In France, his work has garnered acclaim, winning the Book of the Year with the LIBRÀ NOUS 2018 prize, whereas over the Channel, the BBC shortlisted his fiction for the BBC Ukraine Book of the Year five times. Skip back to page 6, to read an extract from “The Last Day” with his short story “Would You Forgive Me?”, if you haven’t already done so.

Panel editor Jennifer Walker interviewed Jaroslavas Melnikas on penning prose in multiple languages, whether place influences his writing, and discussed his collection of stories and the inspiration behind them.



Photo by Masha Kamnetskaya

The Last Day is the first of your books to have been translated into English. You're both Lithuanian and Ukrainian, and you've lived and published in France, do you write in all three languages or do you prefer to write in one language? If you write in different languages, do you feel there is a different style or persona that comes through, say is there anything different between writing in Ukrainian, Lithuanian, and French?



Photo by Masha Kamenetskaya

Besides the three languages you mentioned, I also write in Russian. Language, for me, is a tool, it's the material I work with: many painters have also been sculptors, they have used different materials. Painters use watercolours, oil paints, ink, pencil. To write in a foreign language is to set a challenge for oneself.

In every language I remain the same, that is, myself. And my style remains pretty much the same. Perhaps the ease with which I switch from one language to another is since my language is deliberately minimalist. I don't play with words; I don't use lots of epithets, or dialect. What is important in my writing is the psychology, the archetypes, the characters, their internal logic and the deeply hidden idea. On more than one occasion critics have noted that my prose is straight-forward to translate in another language. Perhaps because of that, I find it easy to write in various languages or translate my writing from one language to another.

I thought the stories in *The Last Day* were fantastic, and I particularly loved how you took average, everyday people and placed them in extraordinary, magical realist situations, like finding out the date of their death and how one would handle knowing the fate of their loved ones to the case in "The Grand Piano Room," where protagonist's favourite rooms in the house just start vanishing, and other extraordinary situations like the art house with the endless film in the appropriately titled "It Never Ends." Was this a concept you came up with for your short stories or was it more natural than that?

What I write doesn't spring from the concept. If it did, the writing would be dead; it would just be the illustration of an idea: This is not how it works. The fact is that in every situation, however concrete, that humans are involved in, I see the commonality, archetypes. Every moment in a person's life is powered by its particular logic. I trace that logic to its extreme. Often it will pierce the limits of reality, as in the short story, "The Last Day" (which in Lithuanian and Ukrainian was called *The Book of Fates*). Or as in my novel, *Masha or Post-Fascism*, which took the ideas of the Nazis to their logical conclusion, imagining a Third Reich which existed for a thousand years.

One of my Ukrainian readers noted that I must have been good at mathematics when I was at school because I have a very logical mind. The fact that he had sensed that amazed me. It's true that I was the best mathematician in my school; I left school with the gold medal for mathematics. That particular reader, as it happens, was a Doctor of Physics, the head of the Department of Theoretical Physics at the Ukrainian Academy of Science.

Despite the extraordinary situations the characters find themselves in, I feel they all begin as people with ordinary lives and everyday life being a foundation that roots the characters. Do you find everyday life influences your writing?

As I've noted, my life is always affecting me. First of all, I analyse the situations I find myself in, and that I find in the things that operate as types of human life. And I press the situation's logic to its extreme. I'm a person, and the thoughts and feelings I experience are not just my own but are common to all people. So also, I observe the lives of others and the situations they find themselves in and recognise my own experiences. It's become habitual to me; I can no longer not see the moods of the people around me.



Photo by Masha Kaunetskaya

Your collection of short stories touch on some interesting existential themes, like the man in correspondence with God in "A.A.A." and "The Author," where the writer plays 'God' with the characters in the story. As a philosopher and a literary critic, do you find those ideas translate into your fiction?

I think that the short story "The Author" speaks of the parallels between human-creators and God the creator. Man emulates God, but on a primitive level, according to his means. God created the world, while man creates books, novels, short stories. But the process of creating something from nothing is one and the same: They are both the act of creation.

This 'divine' theme is in other books I have written too. Because the questions "who am I? Where are we from? Have we evolved from amoebas (which to me sounds ridiculous) or did something create us?" are the fundamental questions that humans have.

But at the same time, as I said, I would never start from a philosophical idea in my creative writing. Why do I write philosophical texts alongside my novels? I don't want my protagonists to talk like philosophers, using philosophical terminology. I draw a boundary between these two spheres. In my philosophical writing, I use conceptual language, in my creative prose I use the language of images. The exception being my novel *Distant Space*, published to some acclaim in Lithuania, Ukraine, and France. In the novel I included extracts from philosophical works written in the world of the blind depicted in the novel.

I don't like novels where the protagonist speaks in philosophical terminology; they're boring. If my novels are philosophical, the philosophy is hidden

between the lines, somewhere deep down, behind the images and the story. Readers see characters and psychology; the ideas are not transmitted directly, and this, in my opinion, should be the goal of a real writer. Don't stuff ideas, fully formed, into the heads of your readers, but encourage them to think independently. It's for that reason I feel close to Dostoevsky.

My protagonists are ordinary people, but inside everyone exists a philosopher, it's just that most people don't exhibit their philosophy in the language of the philosopher. They use ordinary language, not philosophical concepts.

When you write your short stories, or even your novels, do you have a particular audience in mind when you're writing?

No, I never think about who I'm writing for. I write mainly for myself, in order to understand myself and this unbelievable world in which we were destined to exist. I would never give my writing to my publisher having just written it; sometimes the manuscript will lie for years or even decades in a drawer.

My readers aren't Ukrainian, or Lithuanian, or French, or English. My reader is a person like me. National identity is important, to me too, but deeper down hides a commonality that reaches across national differences. Christianity accentuates that; it is not a national religion; its essence is the recognition of the human in everyone.

I've seen that your previously published work was a mix of essays, criticism, novels and short stories. How did you find the experience of writing a novel

compared to short stories different?

You get new ideas and images every day, and they pool together over the years and eventually come together in a novel. But if you don't write for years and years, then you're no longer a writer. Musicians have to play every day if they don't want to lose their touch. And anyway, most ideas fade away if you don't pin them down in time.

I might write a short story in a day or two, a novella in a few days or a week. I write quickly and never edit. To me what is important is the idea and the energy of the story; specific conditions are not required to write a short story.

But if you want to write a novel, then the right



Photo by Masha Kamenetskaya

conditions are needed. Peace, a separation from the world. It's a marathon. But then, when you write a novel time stands still. In those months you no longer belong to this world; it is a means of breaking free. In my opinion, many writers need to write in order to survive psychologically; it's a form of therapy.

You've lived in Ukraine, Lithuania, and France, do you feel that a sense of place influences your writing?

No, I'm the same person irrespective of the place I'm in. 2000 years ago, Seneca wrote in a letter to his friend Lucilius, 'Why do you wonder that your journey does not help, seeing that you always take yourself with you?'

Seneca was referring to the desire to escape from external or internal problems. The writer, however always carries his internal world with him from which he draws his material.

Having said that, it's possible that in France I feel freer. I've noticed that some ideas only come to me there. But that probably has more to do with the different cultural atmosphere as much as with it being a large and completely anonymous place. Freedom, I think, isn't possible without anonymity.

How do you feel about the literary scene in Lithuania and Ukraine? Do you have any writers you'd recommend we'd watch out for?

To be completely honest I don't especially follow contemporary writers' work. There are many talented writers, but I haven't come across any that I feel close to in spirit, or that excite me, the kind of writers that you find in the past like Jorge Luis Borges, Kafka, Fernando Pessoa, Orwell, Vasily Rozanov, Georges Bataille.

I've never belonged to any literary groups. It has been my fate to live not in one world, but between worlds. Earlier that used to worry me, as to belong to one group helps to stabilise our sense of self. But, at the same time it also restricts us, makes us beholden to others. I published an article about being "Out of Context" once in Ukraine: In the end I understood that to be free of context – **out of context** – is important for artistic freedom. Critics in Lithuania, in Ukraine, and in France have noted how different my prose is to that of other writers from my local contemporaries. Not better, but different.

I think that is because I grew in my own cocoon, locked up in my own world. Perhaps that is my fate. Perhaps that is my character. The fact is, though, that you cannot separate a writer from his fate or his character.

*Panel would like to thank Stephan Collishaw from Noir Press for not only for allowing us to publish an extract from **The Last Day**, but also for his help in facilitating this interview by translating our questions into Lithuanian, and his, Melnikas's, response back into English.*

from Youthful Verses

Marina Tsvetaeva (1892-1941)
Translated by Christopher Whyte

Ignoring the commandments, I took no
communion – till my funeral rites are sung,
it seems I'll go on sinning passionately
thanks to all my five God-given senses!

Friends! Fellow criminals! Beloved teachers,
who egged me on so irresistibly!
Youths, girls, villages, constellations, clouds,
Earth - we'll encounter God's judgement together!

September 26th 1915

I know the truth! All earlier truths are void!
People were not meant to fight each other
here upon earth. Look! Evening comes, then night.
Poets, lovers, warmongers – what was the point?

The wind has settled, dew has fallen, soon
a starry blizzard will freeze in the sky.
We'll all soon fall asleep beneath the earth
who couldn't give each other peace when on it.

October 3rd 1915



Photo by Eszter Fruzsiná



There they lie, transcribed so hastily,
heavy with suffering and tenderness.
One love after another crucified
each instant, hour, day, year, epoch of mine.

Now I can tell how, far off, thunder peals,
how Amazon spears once more start to glint.
– I can no longer hold a pen! – Two roses
sucked my last drop of blood. My heart is dry.

Moscow 20th December 1915



Photo by Evgeniy Shchetinkin

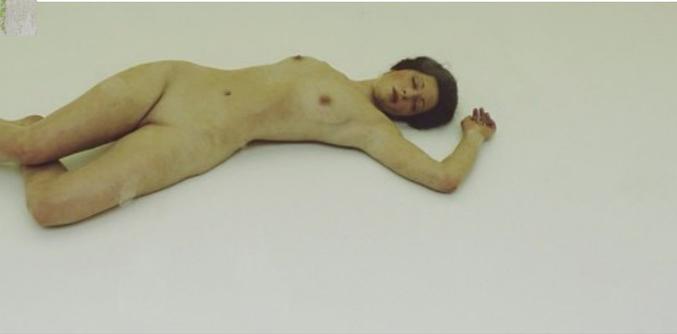


Photo of art object "Lisa", 2006 (John De Andrea) by Evgeniy Shchetinkin

Bio note: Christopher Whyte

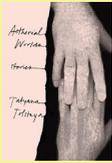


Christopher Whyte (born in 1952) is a poet in Scottish Gaelic and a novelist in English, as well as the translator into English of Pasolini, Rilke, Tsvetaeva and the Hungarian poet Ádám Nádasy. Since 2006 he has had a base in Budapest.

Within Memories and Dreams

Masha Kamenetskaya

In this issue's book review we explore different works by three of the most remarkable contemporary writers of Russian fiction. Coincidentally each book investigates themes of time, connection, and the multidimensionality of life within its dreams, fantasies and memories.



Aethereal Worlds

Stories by Tatyana Tolstaya. Translated by Anya Migdal. Knopf, 2018

Tatyana Tolstaya comes from a famous Leningrad family (her grandparents were literati and her father was an eminent physicist). She has been writing fiction since the early 1980s and almost immediately gained critical acclaim and readership. Later, Tolstaya moved to the USA where

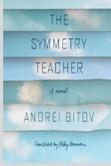
she worked as a professor of Russian literature and creative writing, and contributed to the local press. Today, Tolstaya lives in Moscow. She continues to write, blog, teach and travel.

Her newest collection of short stories is written in the first person and inspired by a wide variety of real-life events: buying a new house, meeting an old friend, driving in the dark, cooking kholodets, shopping, entering an apartment which has been sitting abandoned for years.

But this constitutes only the first layer, only one entrance to the aethereal worlds where memories live, where small routine coincidences develop into life altering events, where old flats are inhabited by house elves and have doors that lead to parallel dimensions. These worlds are imaginative but not imaginary.

Tolstaya plays masterfully with time, has a brilliant gift for dialog and possesses a sharp eye for detail (not to mention sharp tongue). She is simultaneously tender and keenly eager to hear what the world has to tell her.

As the collection unfolds, we see how time accelerates: themes change, places are transformed, and childhood becomes increasingly remote. Most importantly, the door that connects these worlds remains stalwartly in place.



The Symmetry Teacher

a novel by Andrei Bitov. Translated by Polly Gannon. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2014.

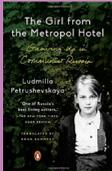
Andrei Bitov is a radically independent writer. Even though he is frequently cited as one of the first postmodernist writers in Russian literature, that description does little to define him. It is unlikely, however, that Bitov cares exactly what he is called. What he cares about is language; his long journey as a writer has been centered around exploration of language—its boundaries, semantic twists, and the relationship between so-called real life and literature.

Among his most famous works translated into different languages, are novels such as Pushkin House, A Captive of the Caucasus, and The Monkey Link.

The *Symmetry Teacher* is a three-part “novel-echo,” consisting of seven stories. Bitov states in a preface that he did not write the novel but only made a translation of an unknown English text by A. Tired-Boffin. The novel depicts a life, from beginning to end, of a man called Urbino Vanoski.

None of this is true, or untrue in the practical sense. “Urbino Vanovski” may be an anagram for Sirin\Nabokov as Sirin was Nabokov’s pen name and “A. Tired-Boffin” is most likely an anagram for “Andrei Bitov” where ‘v’ is replaced with double ‘f’. But, don’t worry, obfuscation is not the author’s intent.

The *Symmetry Teacher* is provocative, frustrating, fragmented, and sometimes annoying. It’s art for the sake of art. It’s not easy to follow and requires a certain patience and some experience as a reader, but broadens enormously perceptions of conventional storytelling.



The Girl from the Metropol Hotel

Growing Up in Communist Russia by Ludmilla Petrushevskaya, translated by Anna Summers. Penguin Group (USA), 2017.

The voice of Ludmilla Petrushevskaya is genuinely unique, no matter what she writes about – the unhappy women of post-Soviet era, tales for kids about Peter the Piglet or, as in this case, stories about her childhood.

Now 80, Petrushevskaya reflects vividly on her life – first on growing up as an orphan, beggar, and street performer, then on the Second World War, her family history, and on her first attempts to write, and finally on her adult life as a prose writer, a playwright and performer.

The Girl from The Metropol Hotel is not a memoir in the classic sense of the word: but a collection of short and very short essays, written disparately and, at some point, collected in a single volume. The narration is as chaotic as the memory itself, but, perhaps, that helps the author from becoming overly sentimental, accusative, or playing to her readers’ sympathies.

Petrushevskaya is elegant and brimming with humor. She is capable of keeping her distance and writing emotionally at the same time. She plays with narration, sometimes allowing it to remain simple in its wording. Although her childhood was miserable, she never goes too far in pointing the finger at those who might be responsible for her and her family’s troubles. The result is a book that makes you, the reader, happier.

Contributors

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Zsuka Nagy
Artyom Serebriakov
Arlo Voorhees
Christopher Whyte



Illustration by Nedžad Blička, *Flora*
Painters Palace

Artists of Panel

Dana J. Ardell

Budapest-based photographer. Her work has been published in the Calvert Journal and the Chicago Tribune.

Victor Gusev (aka Vitya Lyuty)

a tattoo artist from St.Petersburg, Russia. He is much more an “artist” than just a “tattoo artist”. He constantly pushes the boundaries of genre, changes his creative palette and, while travelling around the world and meeting new people, grows and develops as an artist.

Lyudmila Martynova

born in Slavyansk, Ukraine. Lyudmila studied architecture and graduated from Kharkov State University. Works as an architect, a painter, a set designer for theater productions. Has been living in Budapest for 7 years now.

Alex Nodopaka

originated in 1940, Kyiv, Ukraine. He has studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Casablanca, Morocco. He is a multifaceted artist who practiced traditional painting, drawing, photography, etching & sculpture. Subsequently his art has evolved into pure computer graphics.

Evgeniy Shchetinkin

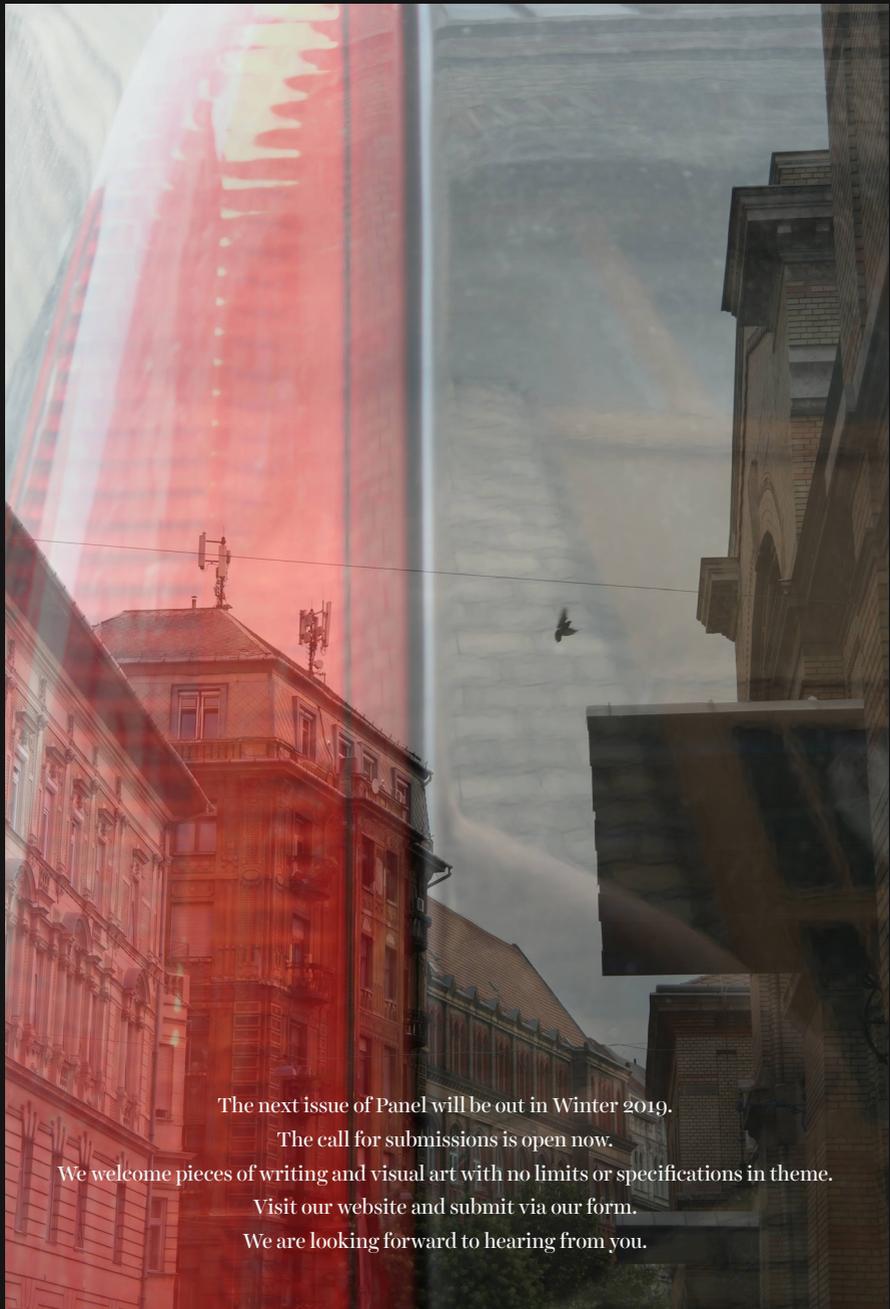
Moscow-based artist who mainly works in interior design and architecture. His projects include the Skolkovo residential quarters, L'oreal beauty academy, Microsoft technology center, Genova blueprint competition. He has participated in and won various international contests. He is also an author of the artistic project Analogform (Perm, Russia).

Oksana Zinchuk

photographer from republic of Karelia, Russia, who is currently based in China. She does candid and street photography, capturing a wide range of subjects, from architecture and travel to landscape and macro views.

Natalia Zakharova

photographer from St.Petersburg, Russia. She had worked as an art manager, co-organized international schools of photography, exhibitions and workshops. As an artist, she's been working mainly with black and white images. She uses different techniques of film developing, and manual printing.



The next issue of Panel will be out in Winter 2019.

The call for submissions is open now.

We welcome pieces of writing and visual art with no limits or specifications in theme.

Visit our website and submit via our form.

We are looking forward to hearing from you.