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## Love after genocide

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"Historicism rightly culminates in universal history. It may be that materialist historiography differs in method more clearly from universal history than from any other kind. Universal history has no theoretical armature. Its procedure is additive: it musters a mass of data to fill the homogenous, empty time. Materialist historiography, on the other hand, is based on a constructive principle. Thinking involves not only the movement of thoughts, but their arrest as well. Where thinking suddenly comes to a stop in a constellation saturated with tensions, it gives that constellation a shock, by which thinking is crystallized as a monad. The historical materialist approaches a historical object only where it confronts him as a monad. In this structure he recognises the sign of a messianic arrest of happening, or (to put it differently) a revolutionary chance in the fight for the oppressed past. He takes cognizance of it in order to blast a specific era out of the homogenous course of history; thus, he blasts a specific life out of the era, a specific work out of the lifework. As a result of this method, the lifework is both preserved and sublated *in* the work, the era *in* the lifework, and the entire course of history *in* the era. The nourishing fruit of what is historically understood contains time in its *interior* as a precious but tasteless seed." [1]

# Monad I The Unidentified [2]

# DRAFT

Like in a mass grave,  
everyone has died of one's own death,  
apparently,  
love  
of the same thing  
What is his collarbone doing  
next to this frontal bone  
And what will he look like  
Reassembled from different parts  
When the day of resurrection  
comes

It is a particular question  
From what will we reassemble ourselves  
if again  
we decide to love one another  
*There is no prior order of things*  
*The same things can be assembled in different ways*  
*Targeted reduction semantics*

*grammar*

*communication*

a man gives a lecture  
about things that have nothing to do with the above

He doesn't know that everything in life  
Is one and the same thing  
Like the clothes-line in the yard stretched from end to end  
On which only infrequently  
is the laundry changed.

The poem stages the impossible; it extracts the present and condenses it with the mass grave; it strikes against the threat of the perpetual status quo among the dead and the living; and it announces a new subject who will decide on a new order of assembling.

### **Love After Genocide (Definitions):**

1. To return to the mass grave in order to suspend the violence of the law of the mass grave to which the dead and the living alike are subjected;
2. To suspend the ambiguity around the mass grave and repoliticize relations therein.

**DRAFT**  
To sift through the bones and the life that has survived in order to identify the particular on behalf of which the universality of the new subject is to be articulated.

Genocide has ushered in the law of the mass grave. This means that today Bosnia and Herzegovina is a mass grave of the dead and the living. Each day, mortal remains and popular memories are managed as ethnic. This is done through strategic collaboration between forensic science, multiculturalist post-conflict management – using the tools of its politics of reconciliation –, and religious ritual. This is an uncouth alliance between the Scientist, the Bureaucrat, and the Priest. In its ethnic management of both the bones and life that has survived, this alliance repeats the logic of the perpetrator of genocide; it upholds and exercises the law of the mass grave. For, under the same law, those who were executed were reduced to being the ethnic Other from the perspective of the executioner.

In the public domain, those who survived can only mourn their loved ones as ethnic dead victims, themselves being politically reduced solely to members of an ethnic group. The surviving ethnic victims therefore mourn the dead ethnic victims, whilst the elites who fought the wars and got rich in the chase after the capital through genocide, remain in power. Thus, the law of the mass grave continues the logic of the executioner and genocide becomes genocide in perpetuity, now endorsed through the local and international management of loss. In this new regime of governance, the law of the mass grave produces the subject – the ethnic victim, whether dead or alive, it matters little.

If today Bosnia and Herzegovina is a mass grave of the living and the dead, love after genocide suspends that entombment. Love envisions and introduces a different social mandate, one that moves beyond the fascination with the ethnic and reclaims a policy of equality, with reclamations starting right from the mass grave. Love calls for and enacts a different order of justice – one that does not stem out of righteousness, but as one through which righteousness can be materialized with the help of concrete acts. Love comes *after* genocide chronologically, through taking a stand *before* it literally. To take a stand before genocide is to claim explicitly a position that is prior to the letter of the law of the mass grave. To stand prior to the letter of the law is to reassemble the dead and the living in a different order: an order that keeps justice separated from the power of the Scientist, the Bureaucrat, and the Priest. The life upheld is thus truly unbribable: at once indivisible and not foregone by being harnessed to serve the law of the mass grave.

**1. To return to the mass grave in order to suspend the violence of the law of the mass grave to which the dead and the living alike are subjected**

“Like in a mass grave, / everyone has died of one’s own death”[3] – two mutually exclusive orders are brought together; this paradox indicates a gap in the law of the mass grave. The collective grave is juxtaposed to individual deaths in a necessary first step in order to separate the executed from the political project on behalf of which the executions took place. What is the moment of this utterance? It is the efface, present and subtracted, yet at the same time likened to the mass grave. The poem that effaces its own site of utterance – the present – only to equate and condense it with the mass grave. What is the present? The present is the time and space surrounding the mass grave, but nonetheless dominated by the law of the mass grave and permeated with the violence of this law. The present is only known as mediated through the mass grave. To be in the present is to be in the mass grave and be subject to the violence of its law.

“All violence as a means is either law-making or law preserving.”[4] In its lawmaking capacity, Benjamin goes on, the function of violence is to establish that which is law, and this is the reason why violence is intimately bound to the law. At the moment of lawmaking, “it establishes as law not an end unalloyed by violence but one necessarily and intimately bound to it, under the title of power. Lawmaking is powermaking, assumption of power, and to that extent an immediate manifestation of violence.”[5]

The law of the mass grave holds that “everyone has died of one’s own death / apparently / love / of the same thing.”[6] To whom is this apparent? This “whom” refers to both, the dead as well as their executioners. But in the mass grave nobody dies of their own death, but because they are executed on behalf of some cause – their death is not their “own.” In relation to executioners – is that love? “Love of the same thing” – of that which demanded executions, on behalf of which the trigger was pulled?

This ambiguity is the very core of the fantasy of power; in it, power asserts its origins as timeless and ineluctable, as fate itself. Fate shows itself “in its deliberate

ambiguity.”[7] For Benjamin, violence “crowned by fate” originates the law and it is the decisions over life and death in which “the origins of the law jut manifestly and fearsomely into existence.”[8] Crucial for the law of the mass grave is that which needs to be upheld and maintained: fate is inescapable. The poem identifies that ambiguous site from which fate, through the law, threatens and exercises its power. The violence of fate is mythic and only brings about guilt and retribution.[9] In the poem, “apparently” advances as an utterance from the subtracted present that is merged with the mass grave. There is no reprieve; everyone is pulled in and comingled: the executed, the executioner, and the dismembered us. “Love of the same cause,” with its mythic violence, is placed in the domain of fate as mere manifestation: in this domain, mythic violence is shown as a demanding sacrifice.[10] “Apparently” aims at dismantling the demand of the mythic violence for sacrifice and the retroactive necessity thereof built through fate.

In its return to the mass grave, the poem suspends the violence of the law of the mass grave by calling for a different regime of reassembling. In its comingling of the present and the mass grave, in its erasure of temporality between the past and the present, the poem aims at the ambiguity itself: “like” and “apparently” not only disturb what is in the mass grave, but disturb the logic of its creation. The poem arrests the demand on behalf of which the mass grave was created in the first place and suspends the power that is behind the lawmaking of the mass grave. In its condensation, the poem aims at the lie that remembers the truth of the mass grave itself – the “common grave” cannot be parcelled out and reduced into a series of individual deaths; the “mass grave” cannot be the metonymy for the present. From this moment, the poem announces a different love, not one that demands sacrifice, but a form of love in which the thing itself is open to question – the domain of love that belongs to the regime of decision.

## **2. To suspend the ambiguity between the outside and the inside of the mass grave and re-politicize relations therein**

Fate and the violence legitimized by it depend on the ambiguous boundary between the inside and the outside of the mass grave. Hidden and clandestine mass graves are the extreme manifestations of this. Such graves are not kept clandestine merely in order to hide the crime; rather, they stand for an indistinct zone, deliberately ambiguous, in which power can be exercised by way of threat. This is the domain of law-preserving violence, whereas the threat does not serve as a deterrent, but as a claim that everything that exists, including the threat itself, belongs to the order of one particular fate.[11] The ambiguous boundary established through the law of the mass grave thus remains an unwritten law, the infringement of which incurs retribution, which constructs any such infringement as being in the domain of “fate’s orders themselves.”[12] The poem puts an end to this ambiguous boundary by first erasing it and then returning to the mass grave.

The outside of the mass grave can only be re-politicized from the inside of the mass grave. The erasure of the ambiguous boundary between the outside and the inside of the mass grave corresponds to the condensation of the present with the mass grave.

Both the erasure of the boundary and the condensation of the present belong to the the domain of proper suspension of the law of the mass grave. Such suspension requires the severing of all relations as pure means. This domain of suspension, which strikes against the alleged ineluctability of fate, is the domain of what Benjamin calls "divine violence." [13] Against the violence of the law of the mass grave that creates and perpetuates its logic, that sets the ambiguous boundary between the mass grave and the outside, that ushers in the guilt of the living ethnic victims and the retribution of the dead ethnic victims – stands love. Love, as divine violence, destroys the law of the mass grave; destroys the ambiguous boundaries between the mass grave and the outside; and destroys the guilt and retribution.

Who can enter the mass grave? The law of the mass grave is maintained by exhuming, counting, reassociating, managing, and consecrating bodily remains as *ethnic* remains. This is done through the strategic collaboration of: forensic science, multiculturalist post-conflict management with its politics of reconciliation, and religious ritual – an uncouth alliance between the Scientist, the Bureaucrat, and the Priest. In doing so, the Scientist, the Bureaucrat, and the Priest assume the perspective of the perpetrator of the crime. For it is in the fantasy of the perpetrator that the executed person is the ethnic *other*. This is the pernicious "mythic form of law": lawmaking function in its executive form and lawpreserving function in its administrative form. [14]

The law of the mass grave governs both the inside and the outside of the mass grave. It sets the boundary between the mass grave and non-mass grave in order to threaten against the return to the mass grave. To suspend the boundary is to suspend the administrative law-preserving violence of the Scientist, the Bureaucrat, and the Priest. This means to bring about "the final state of emergency" [15]; to activate public space in order to break the silence around the mass grave. The question: "What is his collarbone doing / next to this frontal bone" [16] arrives at its address: the cause of the mass grave, the political project -- "apparently love of the same cause" – that resulted in a mass grave. This suspension of the boundary claims that what was executed and dismembered in a mass grave was neither a private individual nor an ethnic particular – but a political universal, the very political subject.

### **3. To sift through the bones and to identify the particular on behalf of which the universal of the new subject can be articulated.**

The poem sifts through the bones beyond the logic of lawmaking and lawsustaining violence. It identifies "the unidentified" – the particularity, indivisible, and unidentifiable: the bone that resists any administrative identification, quantification, burial, and sacralization. This bone is the remainder of the unbribable life itself, as that which is in excess of the legal category of "identified missing person" and that which cannot be further divided. Equally unidentifiable is the dismembered "we" as the speaker of the poem: the dismembered speaking subject who identifies the particularity of the question of reassembling "ourselves." The unidentified bone and the dismembered "we" are literal remains – as that which remains – after genocide. Both refuse to be foregone and put in the service of the violence of the law of the

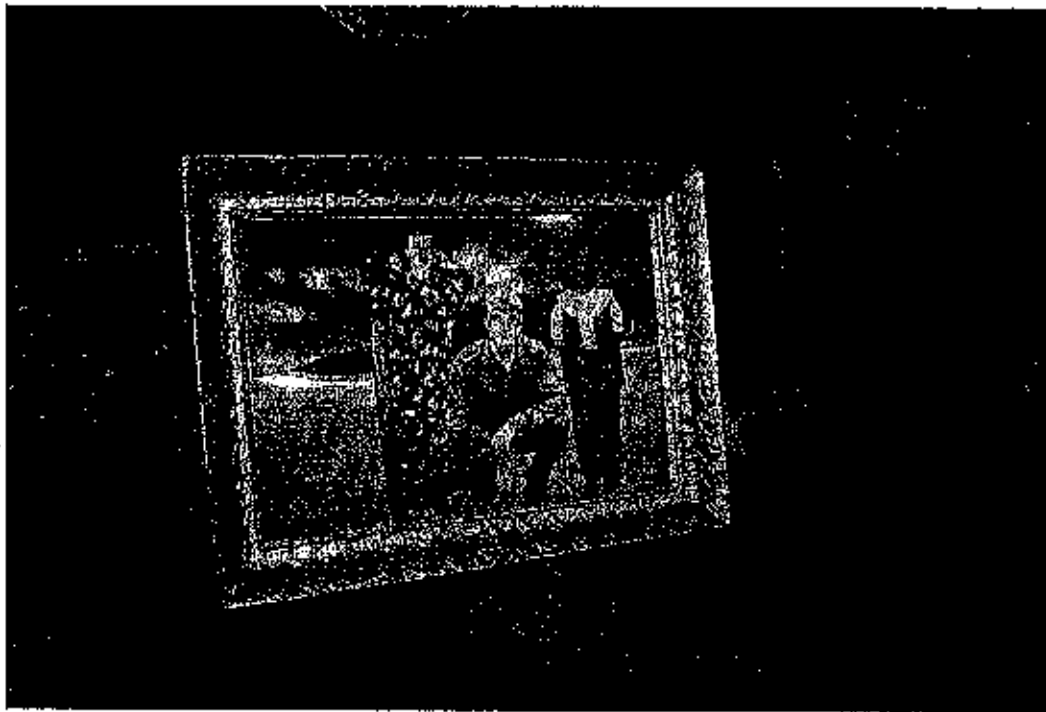
mass grave. In their refusal, they are indivisible leftovers, unbribeable, literally *bribe*: a crumb, a bit. It is from the position of an unbribeable life – as voice of the dismembered body and the unidentified bone – that claims are made for a different order of justice.

Poetry returns to the question of the subject by placing it at the core of its refusal to adopt any administrative category, since no “prior order of things” exists. It insists on the unidentified and, on behalf of unbribeable life, suspends the boundary between the inside and the outside of the mass grave. It is only from this position that the question: “From what will we reassemble ourselves if again we decide to love one another?” can be articulated. The *what* of reassembling ourselves becomes the “sign and seal” [17] of love as divine violence of the very possibility of us reassembling ourselves at all. This “violence outside the law” or “revolutionary violence” [18] creates the very register in which this question can be posed. As this collectivity of the dismembered, we will realize that we are endowed with a weak messianic power to blast open the linear continuum of history. [19] On behalf of the unidentified we, revolutionary love authorizes itself and “expiates’ the guilt of mere life” [20] – it goes beyond the pious (*ex-piare*): it profanes. Against the law of the mass grave, which depends on and perpetuates bloody mythic violence, revolutionary love strikes against the guilt of mere life, relieving such life of law. Revolutionary love is “pure power over all life for the sake of the living.” [21]

## Monday II

**DRAFT**  
Niobe – violence as mere manifestation  
Benjamin also has used this myth to examine the violence of law as mere manifestation. In order to illuminate how the violence of lawmaking upholds the domain of fate, Benjamin draws on Niobe, who challenges fate and is in turn subjected to the burst of violence upon her from the “uncertain, ambiguous sphere of fate.” Niobe is left behind “as a mute bearer of guilt,” petrified. [22] The equivalent of Niobe, petrified and weeping, *das Ausdruckslose*, whom power has deprived of expression, is found in Bosnia and Herzegovina today in the unbribeable life that remains after genocide. Unbribeable life reminds us to keep justice separated from power: justice belongs to the domain of revolutionary love and power to the domain of violent lawmaking.

Unbribeable life after genocide is thus: a photograph of a woman holding a framed picture.



DRAMA  
One sees three figures in the framed picture: the woman herself, a young man in uniform, and a young girl. The young man in uniform is the missing husband of the woman who holds the picture. The image of him – her most beloved image of him – is one of him wearing the JNA uniform, the uniform of the Yugoslav People's Army, the same army that took him away, killed him, and buried him in a clandestine mass grave. The teenage girl, standing next to her father in the picture is their daughter, who was just one or two years old when he fled to the woods and she and her mother were expelled from the Srebrenica region by that same army who then went after him in the woods. This image of him – a digitally manipulated collage that the mother had commissioned and which was put next to the relatively recent image of mother and teenage daughter – is how the woman and the young girl remember him as a husband and a father, whilst waiting for him to be located, excavated, reassociated, identified, and then buried – a proper burial in the company of these two women. This moment will be the instant in which the family, as a family, will be physically present once again, in which these two women will be reunited with the bones of their husband and father.

The woman, the young man, and the teenage girl in this picture are a Frankenstein family – the family that never was, never could be like this, and never will be – patched together in the work of mourning. In this collage of disparate elements, idealized in the idyllic surroundings provided by the background setting, the figures are digitally combined, like the disparate parts of Frankenstein's monster. It is the result of the woman's desire – the desire of a mother and of a wife – to assemble and recreate the long gone family and the long gone man. The picture is the only monument the woman has, both to him and to the family. The picture is an image

through which the teenage girl can remember her father -- that and her mother's stories.

This essay enables the photograph above to be published for the first time. The possibility emerged as a result of the joint conversations between the artists Milica Tomić and myself, in which we, over a period of time, discussed the context in which such a photograph could appear, without repeating the mechanisms of representation, which carry with them the logic of the law of the mass grave. This is a reproduction photograph of Milica Tomić's work *Sigurnost u putu*. In this work, Milica Tomić, in a conversation with women survivors, draws portraits of their missing male relatives.



*Sigurnost u putu* follows the trace of the collage and the appearance of the most beloved image of a missing man in it. The act of drawing, through the relationship between the artist and women survivors, through a reconstruction of the love between the missing man and the woman survivor, reveals the truth of the relationship between the woman and her missing husband. The artist's desire to draw the image of a missing man in a reconstructive narration enables the woman survivor to remember him, to relieve him of the uniform, to rediscover who he is for her and to remember their relationship. *Sigurnost u putu* thus breaks the confines of the Frankenstein family -- the confines of the post-genocidal folkloric management of victimhood as the expression of the law of the mass grave -- and opens up the possibility for the a hopeful and loving memory of a missing husband to appear.



HEROINE[23]

He is gone and gone and gone,  
The wardrobe has lost his scent.  
The children only think they remember him.

He lay down long ago  
*And long has he still to lie...*

Untouched grasses over him.  
Leaf mulch layers over him.

He is gone and gone and gone.  
You watch over a withered keepsake.  
His image: a pressed flower.

Your dignity, our song of praise.  
You, the love of our dreams.  
You, our beacon of loyalty.  
You, all too fit for our picture frame.

And he is gone.

And gone

And gone.

Nobody hears the night  
Bite your fists until they bleed  
Thrust your fingers inside your self.  
Bash your head into the pillow.

You in your bed alone:  
You don't remember him.

What does one find in "HEROINE"? First of all, one finds "HEROINE," as the title and frame of the poem.

The title evokes the deed of a kind of deed (heroic: courageous and self-sacrificial), which in turn evokes one of the domains within which such deeds are carried out: myth. In the poem, the reader encounters a split between the gaze and the voice. The speaker of the poem adopts the position of the heroine herself, but her words are mediated to the reader, the access to them is never given directly. This is because the heroine speaks from the other place; her speech resembles a mute bearer of guilt speaking, deprived of expression, deprived of the right to language. What is this other place? This is the space of loss in which the struggle over mourning takes place: the struggle over relating and anchoring loss in reality. But from the perspective of her gaze, the heroine reveals to the reader the trajectory of the desire of unbribable life, or, in other words, the heroine shows us "the line of sight that defines desire." [24]

The poem at its very start echoes the loss of the male body and simultaneously attempts to counter this loss by way of repeating: "He is gone and gone and gone." The constant repetition throughout the poem encircles this loss and all symbolizations thereof, revealing them as lacking and incomplete. The insistence on the negativity of loss introduces an interval in the poem whose function is to enable a distance between the heroine as the living monument and the dead man. The only future offered to the heroine from amongst the available symbolizations is the future vision of an evoked epitaph: "He lay down long ago / And long has he still to lie..." This is how the monument to the dead man is built: the living woman needs to be petrified as the monument, allowed only to ventriloquize the epitaph. The position of the heroine is revealed as the obverse of the victim. Her future is thus secured in society: a weeping, petrified victim, who can only continue the epitaph by bearing witness to the unknown location of the dead man's remains and an unknown duration of loss. It is as if, for a grieving being, the only available social position entails space and time unmoored from the present, and moored only in the loss itself; the loss of the loved other, the loss of space, and the loss of time.

The heroine's insistence on the loss — the position of Niobe — undoes the relationship between the lost other and the grieving, which takes place in both, memory and real life. In this insistence, the heroine unties, for herself and for the reader, all available connections to the *image of loss*. In other words, her gaze undoes the societal gaze and believes in of all images related to loss that belong to the order of the imaginary. [25] It is through the "false metaphors" of sanctified being, both of the survivors and the dead, that the law of the mass grave is exercised: "Your dignity, our song of praise / You, the love of our dreams, / You, our beacon of loyalty." [26] The false metaphors of being, in which the dead and the grieving subject are ambiguously merged (indeed as the very metonym of the ambiguous boundary between the inside and the outside of the mass grave), are desacralized through the metonym of reality: "You, all too fit for our picture frame." Herein, we encounter the true liberating power of profanation — testimony itself is liberated through its desacralization. [27]

Testimony such as that in the last verse repeats and interrupts the collective gaze, on behalf of which the idealizations of both the lost man and the heroine herself are articulated. However, the echo of the loss in the stanza that follows continues the gaze of the heroine's desire and, in doing so, undoes the false metaphors of loss. What remains liberated are the heroine's living body and the trajectory of her desire. It is through her liberated body that the heroine ultimately evokes her desire and viscerally negotiates the loss of the man. In the stanza: "Nobody hears the night. / Bite your fists until they bleed. / Thrust your fingers inside yourself. / Bash your head into the pillow," [28] the solitude of the heroine's position and the societal blind spot in relation to her loss are both confirmed and resolved on her body. The heroine literally excites herself: ex-cites, calls out her desire, and does not give up on it. The trajectory of her desire goes beyond the lost other; what is known to be most real is that the object of her desire no longer exists. It is in the fidelity to her desire that the heroine integrates loss into the everyday reality and also relieves herself of the sanctified hero-victim position, untangling herself of the power relations in which the collective

gaze has trapped her. Hers is perhaps the borderline zone, inhabited by the grieving being, which has managed to go beyond the law of the mass grave by sacrificing the false metaphors of loss in favor of staying true to its desire. The heroine gives us the proper *tertium datur*. Hers is a righteous deed of the unbribable life that profanes, this time heroic in true sense, one that undoes the logic of one fate, that undoes the position of the victim, and that goes beyond the mute bearer of guilt.

### Monad III

#### Rujejda Politics – the Act of Revolutionary Love

If the heroine evokes for us the righteous deed of unbribable life through which the act of revolutionary love asserts power over all life for the sake of the living – in other words, if she secures for us the relationship of such an act – what would be an Antigone-like move in relation to this Niobi? Who would be the subject of the destruction of the law?

The answer is Ruvejda. And the act of revolutionary love is what I am naming Ruvejda politics.

"They gave me his t-shirt and the top of a track suit. When it was buried, the top was blue. But now, it wasn't blue any longer, it was decomposed and it wasn't Grandpa's. Grandpa's top I knew, this one I didn't." [29] This is the beginning of a short story by Šejla Šehabović, one of the most promising young women writers in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Throughout her work she problematizes war, post-war transition, identity, belonging, and silence of women in Bosnia and Herzegovina and cultural memory. This particular short story is entitled *Rujejda*. In it, a 35-year-old narrator from Eastern Bosnia, now living in America, returns to Bosnia to give a sample of her blood to help identify her grandfather's remains. It is a story of the retrieval of male genealogy in the cultural memory – the reconstruction of male fate and identification – through blood samples harvested from women. But not all women are "good" for identification – only mothers, daughters, sisters, or granddaughters – those with direct blood lineage. Married women, who only have their husband's last name, not his DNA, cannot assist in identification. "Granddaughters are good for identification," the narrator continues. "They don't remember anything, they don't cry, and they are not afraid of needles. They are also good because only they are of male blood. The blood is most important. Irreplaceable."

The narrator shifts constantly back and forth between two cultures: Bosnian and American. The translatability of signs between these two cultures is constantly negotiated: the memory of the grandfather, a tailor, who used to iron the legs of trousers and, in the apartment of the narrator's lover, an ineptly hidden trouser leg, belonging to the trousers of the lover's wife, and protruding out of a wardrobe. The trouser leg is blue, just like the Grandfather's top.

In attempting to uncover the protruding trouser leg belonging to another woman, the narrator – interrupted by a sudden question from her lover standing behind her: "What is it you're looking for inside there?" – spills red wine on the carpet whereby she

leaves, as the narrator says, "a blood red stain." She walks away from the apartment, slamming the door as hard as she can.

"Do you have a number we can call you on to let you know about the results of the DNA analysis?"

The official was compassionate this time. She came from one of the European countries and would probably use all this to write her Master's thesis.

'I only have my American mobile. But I've switched it off.'

'If all is OK, there will be no need for you to give another blood sample. Sometimes it takes us several attempts, because everything is so badly organized here.'

She looked at me conspiratorially. I grabbed the back of her tiny, Asiatic hand, and snatched the sample lying on the desk. I put it in my bag with such speed that she barely managed to let out some half-articulated sounds of amazement. Rising from her chair, her mouth gaping, she watched me leave.

That was the last time I was in the morgue."

A brief moment of decision. If blood is the symbol of mere life, Ruvejda insists on bloodless violence and insists on it literally. She withdraws blood from the circulation of guilt and the mythic violence that is perpetuated by such circulation. If violence of the law and of the mass grave in Bosnia and Herzegovina today, both as lawmaking and law sustaining, is "bloody power over mere life for its own sake," Ruvejda's act is an instance on pure violence as "pure power over all life for the sake of the

living."<sup>[30]</sup> What we are dealing with here is *zahorenta mopebo* – the life of the unidentified bone and the mere life of a penniless, voiceless woman are mobilized so as to withdraw from the economy of guilt and the law of the mass grave. Ruvejda puts an end to the model of governance in which life is put in the management of the victims. She puts an end to a model in which to count the remains of the dead is to govern.

Ruvejda, through her act of revolutionary love, gives us something – the unidentified bone. She gives us the ossuary as the corporeal surplus that cannot be identified, quantified, buried, sacralized, and ultimately revictimized.<sup>[31]</sup> This ossuary is now part of our new commons – we have to proclaim it as such – and it is with these new commons that we will have to start reassembling ourselves "if again we decide to love one another."<sup>[32]</sup>

## Notes

I would like to express my enormous gratitude to Tag McEntegart, Brankica Aćimović, Nebojša Jovanović, Tatjana Rosić, and Milica Tomić for their helpful comments on earlier drafts of this text.

[1] Walter Benjamin, "On the Concept of History," in: *Selected Writings, vol. 4, 1938–1940*, Belknap Press, Cambridge/MA, London/UK, 2003, p. 396.

[2] Jozefina Dautbegović, "Neidentificirani," in: *Sarajevske sveske*, no. 4, 2003, p. 271.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Walter Benjamin, "Critique of Violence," in: *Selected Writings, vol.1, 1913–1926*, Belknap Press, Cambridge/MA, London/UK, 2003, p. 248.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Jozefina Dautbegović, 2003, op. cit.

[7] Walter Benjamin, "Critique of Violence," op. cit., p. 249.

[8] Ibid., p. 242.

[9] Ibid., p. 249.

[10] Ibid., p. 250.

[11] Ibid., p. 242.

[12] Ibid., p. 249.

[13] Ibid. FG: Please enter this endnote with a page reference to Benjamin

[14] Ibid., p. 242.

[15] Walter Benjamin, "On the Concept of History (Thesis VIII)," op. cit., p. 392.

[16] Jozefina Dautbegović, 2003, op. cit.

[17] Walter Benjamin, "Critique of Violence," op. cit., p. 252.

[18] Ibid.

[19] Walter Benjamin, "On the Concept of History (Thesis II)," op. cit., p. 389f.

[20] Walter Benjamin, "Critique of Violence," op. cit., p. 250.

[21] Ibid.

[22] Ibid., p. 248.

[23] Adisa Bašić, *Promotivni spot za moju domovinu*, Dobra knjiga, Sarajevo, 2010, p. 8.

[24] Jaques Lacan, *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis, 1959–1960*, Norton, New York, London, 1992, p. 247.

[25] The heroine's position is one from which we can distinguish the "false metaphors" of being (*l'étant*) from the position of being (*l'être*) as used in Jacques Lacan, *op. cit.*, p. 248.

[26] Adisa Bašić, 2010, *op. cit.*

[27] Shoshana Felman, "The Return of the Voice: Claude Lanzmann's Shoah," in: Shoshana Felman and Dori Laub (eds.), *Testimony: Crises of Witnessing in Literature, Psychoanalysis, and History*, Routledge, New York, 1992, p. 219.

[28] Adisa Bašić, 2010, *op. cit.*

[29] Šejla Šehabović, "Ruvejda," in: *Priče – ženski rod, množina*, Nezavisne novine, Banjaluka, 2007, pp. 13–21.

[30] Walter Benjamin, "Critique of Violence," *op. cit.*, p. 250.

[31] Cf. also the distributive publication by Grupa Spomenik entitled *Matem* of 01/15/2010, in which we, members of Grupa Spomenik, analyzed the production of the discursive object "genocide in Srebrenica."

[32] Jozefina Dautbegović, 2003, *op. cit.*

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