

A Too Powerful Word



Spring 2023

On the cover Nikola Tesla Park in Buffalo, Niagara.

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TESLA
A CONSECRATED GENIUS

NOVEL ABOUT NIKOLA TESLA

EDITED IN ENGLISH BY *LISA LEE*

1 January 1943
Hotel New Yorker
New York City

Somewhere afar a star is glittering. One cannot know whether this is a beginning or an end, or whether it is a measure of something finite or else my misconception of the infinite.

My philosophy of life attempts to explain this with words that can only sink into a futile argument in order to reach the impossible, that is, into something that can hardly give birth to an idea in the human mind. This may be the reason why I am unhappy, because throughout my life people have failed to understand me. But I don't blame them for there is a justification for everything. To put it quite simply, what cannot be stated in words can only be experienced in a spiritual journey through the realms of the divine and, by this very token, through the inexpressible and the intangible. This then is a kind of spiritual confession before and men in order to justify myself and others for the good we did not do to one another and for the evil that can be forgiven.

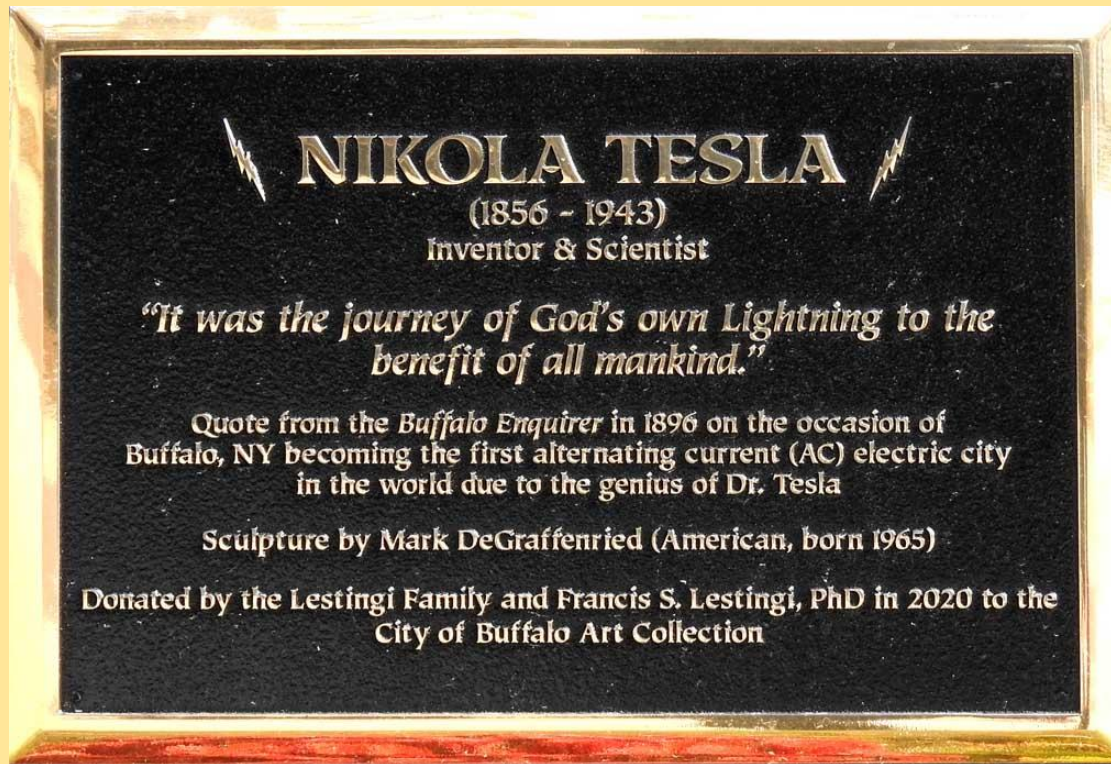
Where would this world be without a blessing and without forgiveness? During my whole life, I strove to give to mankind as many inventions as I could and that star ever glittered while the gifts of divine discoveries steamed forth like summer showers upon a dry and parched soil and its thirsty plants.



100 Serbian dinars

Everything has its beginning with regard to something else, if man can ever rightly rely on something except on love, that God-given feeling which again is a part of a special trait in men who attribute this meaning to love. Among those who deny this meaning, life seems to pass without an echoing response, without sense just like a mechanical phenomenon, even though ultimately everything does have a meaning. In the end, when a man adds up his accounts, if it can be said that one can add or subtract from one's life, all becomes crystal-clear only in moments of silence and enlightenment, returned to a remote memory which had been forgotten and had

suddenly revived in one's consciousness, or like a kindly and pleasant thought which instantly regenerates man and in a fleeting moment equals him with God. I have myself experienced this. But here lurks an abyss of evil: faced with the miracle of a secret and with providence, man does not become the slave of darkness, of a law that does not forgive, of a blade not of his choosing and that cuts according to some simple laws of geometry.



Finally, the only thing that man becomes conscious of without knowing its cause, is time. For man was created in accord with divine meaning. Time, which flows uninterruptedly and, for some, passes so rapidly, compels men ultimately to regret what they missed doing and to seek some traces of time that cannot be measured by any clocks or mechanisms. In seeking the meaning, they get lost in a sea of causes and consequences and thus meet their death as an ugly state of affairs that serve some purpose and then become obsolete and are thrown away, and replaced by new elements. Only a small number of chosen men see in death the liberation and realization of their aspirations towards the timeless and the eternal. The decay of the body does not entail the decay of the soul, because they both emerge from one source of misunderstood perfect energies of incomprehensible forms. It is a river that flows throughout the universe; it is both the cause and the consequence of itself, for how else can one explain the wondrous and the timeless, the eternal and the God-given.

In nature all is so harmonious and essentially so simple that it is unnecessary to explain some things because they are an end in themselves and are their own explanation, their cause and consequence whereas misconceptions can lead him into a labyrinth without egress, far removed from a solution or an answer. One showed not wonder at this for natural processes are slow and long but perfectly accurate and clear. A consequence, an answer to this problem is long to be awaited, only, in fact, at

moments of someone's enlightenment. I know no more beautiful or more precious moment in the world than that instant of ecstasy when man is illuminated by a heavenly light and when he feels the breath of eternity upon him. It is at such times that our minds are filled with timeless dimensions in divine realms which have been reached only by some rare, consecrated individuals in the history of human civilization and who are recorded in holy texts and books. It is they who preserve for future generations the secret and answer to the question as to what man's real essence is and what is the purpose and reason of his existence. And all this is as clear as a



spring day in my Smiljan, a day bathed in sunshine and adorned with flowers. And if this feeling can be measured by my present experiences, only my childhood days can be compared to the warmth and the bliss that glows inside me when I come upon a new scientific discovery. It remains for man only to stand in wonder before the laws of cosmic symmetry in spaces not subject to the laws of earthly geometry. Yet, one should not wonder at anything for everything is essentially so simple and that is what makes it so perfect.

My whole life, though spent among a multitude surrounding me, I have lived like a hermit and my sole regret now at its end is that it was not graced by a woman. But everything has its price and this was one of the prices of my success which, of necessity, had to be paid. I was fully aware of this as the price of glory among men, even though glory never meant much to me and was even less advantageous. Money itself meant virtually nothing to me – except in materializing my inventions. I would certainly have become very wealthy had I not squandered money like a prodigal son, handing it out to all sundry, forgiving people's debts to me, concealing court decisions regarding contracts for the payment of large sums of money in my behalf. It was precisely because I lacked funds that I was unable to realize many of my ideas and also because real financial backers were lacking for the large financial investments my huge projects required. Still, I can be satisfied because my childhood and the games we boys played in a near-by rivulet making a wheel turn by the water's flow are still vivid in my memory. What was born inside me, what struck me like a thousand thunder-bolts while perusing the story of the wondrous Niagara Falls in the dusty books of my father's family library? Was it the dream of a child to attain the

impossible or was the pure childish soul even then lifted high by the angel of light to be predestined to accomplish great deeds for the benefit of the whole of mankind? All this seethed within me at that time and gushed forth like a fountain out of nowhere, like a virtual miracle, like something inexplicable and yet so simple and as natural as the normal need of a bird to fly or a hungry man to eat, or else like the tired peasant tanned by the Lika sun, to quench his thirst for water.



Untapped Cities by Michelle Young

The light that enveloped me from early childhood, gleamed throughout my whole life and only now am I fully aware of its purpose and meaning; only now do I distinctly see the path taken by the chosen ones and which is paved with glory but which is so steep and arduous that ordinary mortals cannot ascend it. Fate originated my road and no one in the world could have prevented my setting out on it, even though I alone know how hard it was to overcome all its obstacles and ward off all temptations. In recalling all this at the end of my road and all my wanderings, I had to exert much effort to reach my good and certainly I would never have persevered had I not been blessed with good health, with an organism that worked for me like a reliable machine. But I never abused my health by over eating and drinking and my light meals gave me vitality and strength. In this manner, I took from my body the most I could and was able to work even 20 hours a day and then with only a few hours of sleep, to continue on the morrow fresh and rested as though I had not worked the previous day late into the night. There were times, however, when after excessive and tedious labour my organism entered into a crisis, compelling me to lie in bed motionless for several days until my vital functions revived. Afterwards all was as before and I was again ready for even greater spiritual and mental undertakings.

During my lifetime I have known many wonderful women, lovely in appearance and beautiful and even exceptional by their wealth and background. They all wanted to be near me even if they could not win me or induce me to marry them. For poets and artists, women are a constant inspiration. But for the inventor they are deleterious, his nature being so rigorous that he would devote all his creative energies to the woman he loved. Even in my days as a bachelor it was difficult for me because I felt very much alone. Women are lovely creatures designed to give birth to something new, something more beautiful and more perfect, but in many societies they are neglected and subjected to the old cultural traditions and customs which hold them in the slave-like power of men. Their time is yet to come when women will demonstrate their mental and physical abilities in the future development of civilization and social relations and culture.

Never throughout my life did I touch a woman and if I wonder wherein lies one of the secrets of my success, it would seem to be precisely because no woman ever occupied even my thoughts. My whole life's energy was directed towards learning and discovering and it is quite certain I would not have achieved the range of my accomplishments, had I devoted my soul and body to a woman.

Memories take me back to my student days. The only thing that has remained to me of my first and only love, is the ideal image of a slim, pretty, tall girl from the region of Lika, with beautiful eyes that show with a kind of divine energy and that charmed and intoxicated me. For nights I could not sleep. I ate and drank nothing and only her lovely face rose before my eyes. I wanted to hear her voice, to touch her and be constantly at her side. And when we happened to meet, I lowered my eyes and stood right as a rock before this creature who had charmed me. I was unable to utter a word, I could hardly breathe and a fine thrill coursed through my body each time our love-sick eyes met and were lost deep in our souls. Although we were smitten with love, no one knew anything about it nor would I ever have revealed my secret to anyone in the world. That summer was like a dream which I dreamt back asleep and awake; I felt as though I did not belong to this earthly life and that I needed no water nor food, no sleep, nothing except a pure and sincere love that was sheer magic. When I walked it was not upon the grass but on clouds; when I rejoiced it was not at the sun but rather at her eyes; when I sang it was about her hair that fluttered in the wind like the leaves of the birch-tree. Her eyes were seas of divine light that shone upon me from some endless distance and which enveloped me with the power of love stronger than eternity, stronger than all the laws of physics and mathematics, greater and more perfect than life itself.

That miracle ignited a volcano in me that would certainly have burned out my whole creative energy which I would inevitably have bestowed upon her. All that is now a misty dream; everything has blown away like dust and the fine morning light through which her lovely image shines and I am still confused and without an answer. I found solutions to so many problems, fashioning them into a series of natural laws. But for the ecstasy I experienced that summer while staying with my family in Lika during a holiday, I still have no answer and it will forever remain a secret. That girl will always for me be the ideal of a pure and noble love like an unfinished dream or a longing for what is lofty and unreachable.

Now, in thinking about myself and my experiences, I realize that man is indeed a complex and perfect divine creation. The whole universe is reflected in his thoughts and one can never be sure what will arise from the depths of his mind that will enchant you and light the way to infinite possibilities and countless causes and consequences. A whole universe is housed in man's subconsciousness and only a spark of light reaches his consciousness like a grand, fresh discovery that regenerates civilization. At the same time the feeling of love belongs to the sphere of the divine as



The Museum of Nikola Tesla in Belgrade

a higher form of man's existence or as a gentle flower that can enthrall man with its scents and yet be so weak that crushed, pale and withered, nothing removes except a pure idea in the mind of the observer who saw a flower that existed and had charmed him.

After my holiday was over, I returned to my studies and never again met that girl nor any other like her. During those student days, I devoted long hours to thoughts about her and all else seemed an emptiness. I lost the will to study techniques and my aim to become an engineer fell apart like a house of cards. I became totally incapable of undertaking anything because in my deepest soul I suffered and the distance that separated us only increased my pain. I began frequenting coffee-houses, I took to drinking and gambling, I was totally crushed and all the while I abandoned the lectures and studies. The way things were going, nothing would have come of a brilliant career as a scientist. However, my responsibility to my parents compelled me to continue studying despite my psychological condition. So, I mustered the strength and the will-power to return to my books. Yet, after a brief period of reading, I was unaware of what I had been reading or where I had stopped because her face was always before my eyes; all else was wiped out as though after an earthquake. I would then shut my book and go out for a walk in the hope of banishing her from my heart

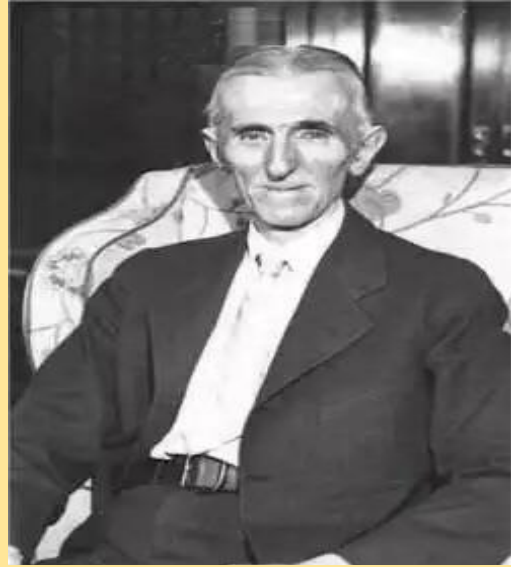
and mind. But all my efforts were in vain. I would again return to my reading only to see my attention vanished and thoughts of her would again possess me. At times my thoughts would wander off to distant Lika and I was then like a builder of a tower of illusions that crumbled from the force of an attack of love. Things became clear to me and I was practically prepared to abandon my studies and return to her in Lika so as not to expose my parents to unnecessary expenses. Those were agonishing days; I felt lonely and lost in an alien world. And then a miracle occurred. As I was returning home tired and exhausted after a night's drinking bout, a snow-white dove flew onto my arm. It had the same gleam in its eyes that had enchanted me in the pretty girl who was the cause of all my suffering. As the dove slid down into my hand, I stood petrified. It looked at me with quivering eyes as though from a remote distance. At that moment I could see the path stretching out before my whole life as the way for me to embark upon. The dove fluttered off and its quivering wings roused me from my trance. Seeing myself in that miserable condition on the edge of the pavement, everything suddenly became clarified and my former energy returned as well as my wish to continue my studies and carve into nature's secrets. Later, throughout my life, the dove was my friend, a divine herald and guardian angel whom I fed and cared for and as long as it lived, the torrent of my inventions flowed like a resounding waterfall in my homeland.



Tesla's lab in New York

In thinking of woman, I am filled with the idea that she is a part of a whole, a part of something lost from this entire creation and that the very power of this conditionality in the general cosmic order tends to return her to this whole while she in her beauty may be aware or unaware of this. Whether she is perfect or confused, she is compelled to participate in everything. As the goal and consequence of this cosmic process, there transpires the power which we call love. But as soon as two beings are

joined, there ensues the realization of the whole and thereby the initial power is weakened. It was my endeavour, knowing the end, to somehow find an answer and physical explanation for what had happened to me that summer and what later became my principle – to banish woman from my thoughts and to keep my distance from her. By this means the power of that second half of the totality of my being could weaken and disappear. All this is only my attempt to explain the inexplicable as perceived through the prism of my inventive spirit. I believe it was that second half of my overall being that was distant and that pulled me with the force of the distance that separated us. Never during my lifetime were we joined; perhaps it will be only after my death that my spirit will find its lost part towards which I always aspired and will realize the cosmic totality of my being which had been separated. This has led to my feeling of man being crucified and accursed, lonely and marked. All this was nothing compared to the happiness and ecstasy I feel when a new discovery materialized and only he who has never suffered can know how to find meaning and satisfaction even in the smallest things, or else the ecstasy of timelessness, the contact with eternity. I am aware that these are only crumbs of what is still to become known, but the knowledge possessed by civilization is interconnected and these first hesitant steps are the necessary foundation upon which the opulent palace of men's hope and striving will be erected.



Tesla in 1943. One of the last photos of him.

As I sit in the semi-darkness of my hotel room, I feel the slow running of the sand in the hour-glass of my life. I see in my mind's eye the figure of my mother calling to me from a strange distance and yet so close as though she were here at my side, on the 33rd floor of the New Yorker Hotel... "Nikola-a-a, Nikola-a-a-a, Nikola-a-a-a" resounds the voice of my mother, warm and gentle, but also slightly angry because I am lost somewhere in the surrounding woods carried away by children's games and playfulness.



The Night We Broke The Moon
by **Adrian Borda**



MELTING SKY by **Sonjaye Maurya**

Knife Painting

Texture White and Gouache on Board

21.00 x 25.75 Inches

We develop cities, roads, bridges and infrastructure without giving thought to the law of nature. To pave way to concrete jungle we keep uprooting trees and mountains and shake the balance of the eco-system. Earth's most important element, open soil, maintains actions-reactions taking deep within the crust of earth. Our unmindful over exploitation, pollution, scattering of junk and debris

tampers with this important element. A day will arrive when all this will explode in our face in the form of natural calamities.

'MELTING SKY' captures the anguish of Mother Nature as she faces the disregard of humans who in the name of modernization create havoc on earth. It depicts the exploding sky, shattered and pouring down with Mother Earth writhing in pain and despair.

Sonjaye Maurya

Tsipi Sharoor

COMMON LANGUAGE

We have a common language
like for instance
I could have been your father,
as a home for me and you.
My unconscious comes by your unconscious,
even words
are floodgates no more.
Our tongues are at ease.
Say ah and I'll follow you,
say a-ha and I'll follow too.
We're winding in sheets wrapped
like two weary wrestlers.
Even words
are floodgates no more.
I should be looking at you.
I should be coming to you too.
We have a common language.



Embracing The Present Moment
by **Adrian Borda**

E.Izabelle Cassandra Alexander

FREEDOM

Your car sits stuck in an old birch tree, meters away from me. The wheels no longer turning. The screams still echo in my mind, although they no longer resonate across the winding parkway and the mountainside. My ears throb in this emptiness. This deafening silence. Extreme thirst dries my lips. There's an acidic taste in my mouth as if I ingested crushed pills with their poison. My vision blurs.

Lying on the ground, I admire the top of the mountain. How its peak hangs in the sky above the cotton candy clouds. For a moment, the wind kisses my skin in a gentle blow. The opaque sky seems closer than ever before. If I reach out with my arms, lifting them high, I swear, I can touch the misty clouds. How is this possible? Have I grown so tall that I can stretch into the distance like a gateway into Heaven?

I rise, wavering, and sense the agony of fractured bones—in my ribs and thighs. Why was my life spared? Was I thrown from the car for a reason, a higher purpose? I hobble toward the mangled Mustang, dragging my feet. The branches creak and contort under its weight. Are you alive?

My presence with you was not worth existing keeps repeating in my mind. Like an abyss of blackness, it swallowed me. Nights stretched over my days. Eternal darkness strangled my sight, my breath, and my thoughts. In fear, I existed under your spell, a shadow. Death became a fine delicacy for my taste, and I yearned for it, but not now. Finally, I found a reason to reclaim my freedom.

There's no going back.

I smooth my hair off my forehead and inch closer to open the door. I pull as hard as I can, but it stays shut. Maybe it's meant to be a metaphor to keep me out and lock you inside. My prison cell has been opened. The tables have turned.

"It's your turn to stay." My voice sounds determined but weak. "You didn't let me run away."

You're silent.

I step closer to the edge of the road and look down on the ground. Within a patch of grass, I notice four heart-shaped leaves. They're connected. I bend to my knees and squeeze the stem of the four-leaf clover between my fingers, twirling it back and forth. The wetness as though blood seeps through the fragile particles of its green. Like a teardrop, it trails down, possibly leaving the mist of its sadness, crying over false beliefs—hunted for good fortune, never feeling at ease. Is it scared I'll pluck it? I wonder if a charm would bring me luck or broken dreams? My grandma had one; she found it as a girl. Later, she became a widow with a daughter abused by her husband and a bachelor for a son who beat her for more money. To buy more wine and liquor.

"Don't worry," I whisper, "I don't need you anymore."

The clover falls back limp.

“At least you should say thank you for leaving you be.” How I wished I was left to myself, to live on my own, but maybe now—

Like the clover, I stand alone. Freedom means more than disappearing. My intricate petals have been ready to unfold and soak up the warmth of the sun and the refreshing coolness of rain. I wanted to float and sway in the wind, but you refused to set me free, though I needed to fly. You wanted control. And held me back, but no more. I am free.

With my rolled-up sleeves, I wipe my eyes, and I shuffle back to the tree. “I’m leaving,” sounding stronger now, I say. “Starting today, I’ll make my own choices.



Fountain by **A. Borda**

Don't try to stop me. You shouldn't have come after me. Why did you haul me back? Why didn't you let me walk away?"

I close my eyes and picture you gripping my hands, forcing me into your car. I screamed. To no avail, I scratched and kicked. Then I grabbed and turned the wheel as you accelerated.

I breathe in deep to ease the dizziness scrambling my head, and I rub my eyes. I glance back and catch your stare. Your eyes are still open. Though death's rigid veil covers their sight and the way into your mind.

I caress my belly and smile. He or she will always be free— with me.

Istened Haddad

SILENT CITIES (AL-MAHDIYYAH¹)

Geography between you and me
You sleep under the Eiffel lighthouse
I am waiting under the domes of the Opera House.
Atlantic, Indian, Mediterranean Oceans And the African Sahara
Big History between us,
since JAMIL to you BOUTHAINA
Between us are the wars of CARTHAGE and the FRANKS and the wars of AL
MAHDIA
Among us were ships that fought the winds and castles destroyed by spears
And among us slaves have to fight the lions
And between us, moon, stars and messy air
Caress your hair while you are between my fingers,
Cut by writing and wars
And between us are sperm and woman's eggs not been grown yet
And between you and me is the apple of eternity
When anchored on the beaches of MARSEILLE, my ships
I will conquer your heart this time not with the gold earrings that you like
But Carnation collar
did you understand.
What is between you and me?
Are you still a child playing with mud
And burning my love messages
With your candles
Are you still laughing
You see that I am a teenager over fifty
Remember when
I went to the source of the fragrance
It was your hand.
I touched it
So my soul was perfumed
And feminine the place.

¹ A city in Tunisia, also called Mahdia, Al-Mahdia.

Gordana Dimitrijević

ETERNAL HUNGER

If we are to speak sincerely
- you aren't my best match.
Aside from that you are deaf
for my silence, and, you freeze
every my sigh
with an empty laugh.

To hell with these poems
you don't read yourself in,
you can't walk the road
Lit with the star for you.

If we are to speak openly
- I'm not either the button for your shirt collar.
I can't take myself off
When I get myself tight to your neck,
The noose around it

To hell with this hunger
you can't satisfy,
you - hungry for everything,
but having enough of me.



Love Slowly Kills VI by **A. Borda**

SHADOW

You leave your traces
stoned.

You look at me from the mirror
with my eyes.

You call me with silence,
caddling me with my
lock of hair.

The shadow walking with me
side by side
has your face.

Translated from Serbian by **Danijela
Trajković**



Facing Myself by **Adrian Borda**

Dan Raphael

SPACE BREAKS AROUND ME

what's true, glued, held until dark
raining on the buildings but not the street
we pretend every corner's a window to another dimension
events rippling like scales like feathers, negatively charged
choosing to serve or surf, to register or reduce friction

Epigenetic prejudice against the outs—
outcasts, outsiders, outrageous, outspoken—
shaping my immersion, however dilute or occasional
reduce weight not size, reduce voltage to brilliance

It's the wind-up and the bitch
ignoring the maps makes tangle or fade
folding an hour and stashing it for later

Skin stirs like the air i'm swimming between
crossing rivers without taking sides
i'm confused by the currents—water, electricity, opinions—
i'm slogging between, the table set before i get there
a glass of wind, a bowl of unidentified
it's too late for appetite, and tomorrow's sold out



Spanish Space Armada by **A. Borda**

Matthew Cummings

BROKE

Dirty streets, infested by forgotten people
Kicked unto the pavement, spoiled apples
Yet I feel so good, you know why?
I'm free to poke around, unwanted outlaws
You don't hear me complaining
about this plain life
Deaf ears are ringing 'cause the damned fools
who are rolling with Death are screaming into the nights
For their promised angels, praying that the bread
Doesn't break our heads, since
there is no tomorrow
worth the sorrow, amen

I know those places, they are mama and papa
To this broken child, like a piano without strings
I can make rhythms with words
But I haven't been gifted with melody
Jesus, those poor souls, all the money to be had
They aren't happy, always
scratching their wallets bald

I'm broke, true, but I don't get to pay
a cent
Make no dents in my life Having a rife with friends to survive
Jiving to our blues, yet we feel so good
We are flirting with Sandman, yet we are restless

Lighting up in the darkest nights with magical sands
Like my angel beckoning the reckless hopes
Sure, I got no brain to ascend beyond
This forsaken place, the only vein that keeps me alive
I got an ace in my pocket, my halo
hasn't been broken
For my sake, I love this life
Got no itch like those rich people
Paying for our suffering, carrying
out our unmarked graves
Which will never end this insane
cycle...
But what do I know?
I'm just plainly and sanely broke



My World by **A. Borda**

SOLUS

Arduous world
Supercilious people
Directionless, echoing heartless beats
Revenants, inside soulful recited songs
Asymmetrical views, without
contemplations
Spoken without words, with snide stares
Demiurge bowed out, nowhere to be
found
Urges being urgent
Make do as it is until we perished



Black Cat And His Flowers by **A.Borda**

Eugene Chigrin

BATHYSPHERE

A Room with a view – remember
Pissarro? -
Leap into verses, while holding onto
A silhouette in lilac under rows
Of ominous grey clouds. I wanted
To hold onto a mirage – the mystic view
That fog engulfed completely...
The painter reappeared like on cue,
Wrapped up a passerby in a coat
discreetly
And followed him to an empty lot
While he, Camille, whipped up a
downpour
Which then, voilà, became a lily pond
Surrounded by common and obscure
Weeds, then clouds turned to fog,
And - one, two, three - into a phantom
vision,
Then vanished. I am now alone. No
shock,
It's only a nightmare, rubbish, fiction!
The room is changing: shadows above
The shelf crossed wings and cleared.
The rainstorm is raging, I am hanging
tough
Inside a poem – as in a bathysphere...

Translated from Russian by **Irene
Gersh**

Emil Mureșan

JERUSALEM

Any desire is
Jerusalem.
Any love
Jerusalem.
Brother Earth,
Jerusalem! ...



Just Follow Your Dreams by **Adrian Borda**

BIG WHITE DOG

And with his gentle look
He told me he would accept me in his spell
Just for my wonderful connection
With my two dogs
And that my two dogs
They are not mine...
Then, enveloped in the aura of love,
They melted into the night,
Among the cherries...
— What is going on in this world?
The holy dog order
Went among the cherries...

*Translated from Romanian into English
by **N. Marianne***

Miroslav Manasijević

WOLVES IN ME

The morning has been
unusual,
The day as well,
And the night is following.
This evening has the scent of
lilac,
Of the willow tree that
smacks the sky,
Of the creaking of the gate,
Of the river that wants to
brake
The dam in me.

It has the scent of you.

I know,
Recongize the scent.

It is the scent of
Untraveled countries,
Of unfulfilled wishes
And lost friendships,
Of the purple flower
I have never
(Truly)
Leaned on your breasts.

But how could have I possibly done it?

Do I know you?
Do you know me?

The questions.
There are too many questions,
I have no answers,
I have nothing.
The wolves chase me,
The wolves in me,
As always when I meet yo



Enter The Void by **Adrian Borda**



Enter The Void II by **Adrian Borda**

KARMA

The Sun will outlast the day,
Van Gogh's blue ear flies.
A whisper like the cut of destiny
Bleeds on the glass
Of peeled words.

You tell the reality preparing
Modigliani's revenge in secret.

– Like a stone,
Like a leaf,

Cheating is simple.

(But, on whom do you think you cheat?)

On our fingertips,
All of us wait for the bullet
Coated with the lipstick kiss
Of **karma**, the unscrupulous widow.



Artist In Love by **Adrian Borda**

Translated from Serbian by **Danijela Trajković**

Cassandra Crossing

THE THINGS THAT I DON'T LIKE

Creative Nonfiction

I don't like politics. I don't like waiting for test results, and I don't like how so many people seem to focus on other things, dangerously gathering, instead of staying safe and help reduce the spread of COVID-19. What are they thinking? To choose this time to protest the display of Christopher Columbus's statue? On Friday, July 17th 2020, around one thousand protesters gathered in the city for a rally in support of the Black Lives Matter movement and called to defund the police. Their march ended at Chicago's Grant Park, where they tried to topple the Columbus statue. Couldn't this wait? When your life is in jeopardy, do you care if a monument still stands? They removed the statue this Thursday "in the dead of night," as per news reports. I'm not going to share if I agree with this decision or not. As I said, I don't like politics, but I do like Mayor Lori Lightfoot's reasoning. The Tribune reported, she did it to stop more protests ending in a battle between the police and protesters. She did it to save lives. I respect that.

In my opinion, how we handle the crisis that so far killed well over half a million people around the world lacks urgency. I find myself making excuses for how people are "acting out" against social injustice, racism, and whatever else has plagued our society for centuries. A coping mechanism, perhaps. They distract themselves from the dire issues at hand by focusing on worthwhile ones they believe they can do something about. Powerless against the invisible threat of the novel coronavirus, they gather together and use their voices to make a change. They assemble and march on the streets to be heard.

The virus doesn't listen. It infects and kills silently. Two weeks ago, coming home, a friend caught up with me by the elevators, and she entered after me without a mask. The signs on the wall direct us not to share an elevator with anyone but the family you live with; still, I didn't stop her. With my mask on, as per new information, a few minutes was not a threat to share the same air with someone who might have the virus. She's about ten years my senior—the mother of my teenage son's godmother. She's family.

"You're not wearing a mask," I said. "Why?"

"Mask makes you sick," she said, gesturing over her mouth. "Did you read Facebook?"

She

asked in her broken English, which has been broken since I've known her for over twenty years

now.

"No, I don't read stuff on Facebook."

"Yeah. The mask is the problem."

I wanted to tell her she's getting her information from the wrong place. That masks can save lives. Masks are for our protection. But the elevator stopped, and the doors opened. We stood looking at each other for an awkward moment without giving a usual hug and the kisses on both sides of our cheeks—we're both from Eastern Europe with similar traditions. After saying goodbye, I watched the shiny metal doors closing, wondering if I'd see her again.

I don't like our politicians holding political rallies without requiring people to wear face masks. Without ensuring there's enough space to distance. Shouldn't safety come before any other agenda?



The Pillars of Civilization by **Adrian Borda**

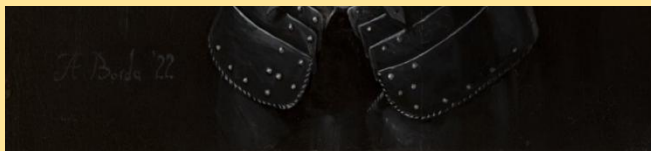
I don't like people standing together, holding hands, arm-in-arm when we are supposed to stay six feet apart. "The Moms of Chicago" flew to Portland, Oregon, to support the protesters of Black Lives Matter, and I'm proud of them. Still, I wish they kept their distance from each other. The question arises: Can you social distance during a protest and still be effective? I agree with their cause. Black lives do matter as all lives matter, but we seem to be losing the battle of this pandemic with the death toll rising each day. Are we doing enough?

We remember the first time a coronavirus jumped from animal to human and claimed around 800 lives in 2003. When it happened again in 2012, it killed over 900. According to Worldometers—a website keeping track of the numbers of infected by the novel coronavirus, critical, recovered, and dead—the US had 850 new deaths yesterday. The world's death toll for the day: 5,655, reported on July 25th, 2020. A friend shared a video from Facebook the other day. The day my fever spiked at 102. I wasn't keeping track of the numbers since April 30th, the last time I wrote a story about the pandemic. After watching the video, I checked again. The total deaths since this race to save humanity began is 149,340 in the US and 647,540 in the world. The numbers are staggering, yet the young woman claimed in the video, "The media is lying, trying to take our freedom. We need to wake up and fight because the number of infected is less than half percent, which is less than the common flu."

The video infuriated me. Every life should matter. If there's something we can do to prevent someone from getting ill, we should do it. We owe it to them. The death



The Silver Coil by **Adrian Borda**



rate climbed to 7% in the US and 6% throughout the world. Much worse than the flu. She also said,

“The numbers are inflated with probable cases.”

So maybe I’m one of the COVID-19 statistics since I got tested yesterday. The US today counts 4,315,659 cases while the world’s headcount reached 16,189,576. My test result will be available in 10-12 days. Perhaps until then, I’m part of these numbers, but when the results arrive, I’ll either stay or be removed—that is the procedure according to the CDC’s website. So I ask, what if 50% were probable cases of this over four million? Isn’t that number still too high? It’s stamped into my mind how she articulated with her whole face as she spoke, and I wish for a way to talk to her. I’d

say,

“Would two million ‘real cases’ be enough for you to stop spreading nonsense on the Internet? If you say half of them are already recovered or dead, wouldn’t a million people’s lives hanging in the balance prompt you to wear a mask and stop talking about not being free?”

However, people such as her hide and only infect the public with their venom from behind a computer screen. I don’t like people spreading rumors like these, and I don’t like having to wait nearly two weeks to find out if I’m infected with COVID-19.

Most of all, I don’t like injustice.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS AND ARTISTS



Željko Sarić was born in 1963 in Kraljevo, Serbia. He is an electrical engineer, and he specialized in the field of project management during his master's studies, where he continued his doctoral studies. He received his doctorate in 2022. He is also a senior curator, prose writer, poet and journalist. He has published three books of poetry: *Getting Out From the Day* (1998), *Why We Are Not Birds* (2004) and *Steps to a Dream* (2019). He has also published two novels: the novel about Nikola Tesla - *The Devotee* in five editions (1997, 1998, 2000, 2001, 2011) and a novel about Saint Sava of Serbia - *The Righteous Man* (2008). The novel *The Devotee* has been translated into Russian and published in 2010 by *Delfis*, Moscow. *The Devotee* was also published as an audio edition in 2006 by *The Blind and Visually Impaired Association of Vojvodina* in Novi Sad, Serbia. As well, he has published a documentary book: *Nikola Tesla - Cosmic Genius* (2007) as a phototype edition of the feuilleton, printed in the newspaper *Politika* (2006). Sarić has published a large illustrated monograph: *Nikola Tesla, a Genius Who Lit Up the World* (2011). He is the co-author of the monograph: *Point of Connection* (2013) about the history of PTT traffic in Serbia. Željko Sarić is the organizer and initiator of the *Tesla Days Event* in Belgrade, which was held in June and July from 2002 till 2006. He has also published numerous articles and gave many interviews about Nikola Tesla. He gave several lectures and took part in many radio and television shows dedicated to the life and work of the great scientist. Željko Sarić is a member of *The Association of Writers of Serbia* and was the secretary of *The Tesla Memorial Society*, New York, for the Balkans from 2002 till 2006.

Adrian Borda (1978) is a freelance visual artist surreal painter and photographer from Reghin, Romania. His work has taken the art scene by storm with its inventive themes and bold use of color. According to Borda, the place where he lives is peaceful with no social life, ideal to observe the artistic fights inside him.





Amb. Dr. (HC) Sonjaye Maurya is an eminent artist with international recognition.

A master painter, a colourful persona, an artist with a difference, a painter who always has good in mind for the artists and works towards their development and promotion. Amb. Dr. (HC) Sonjaye Maurya is an inspiring story of a self-taught artist, a businessman who shut down all his business and decided to follow his passion for art and to dedicate his life to art and artists. A story of rise to success in a short span of seven years with dedication, devotion, proper planning and understanding of

business, marketing, branding etc. He is also a photographer, a traveler, a writer and a poet. His works have a mysterious quality... a magical touch that makes them stand apart from the works of other contemporary artists. Everything that he paints has a deep meaning and message in it. May it be Buddha or even if he is painting fishes or a landscape. His works are many a times a transformation from realistic to abstract and vice versa. He deals with artistic perceptions about the human feelings and the different realms of life. His works explore the artistic transition from traditional to modern in vibrant colour palettes. His paintings reflect on fantasies and dreams. His works are a result of vast experimentation with medium, style and techniques, and in-depth study of the subject. Many of his works are neither realistic representation nor abstract. They can't be categorised to any specific school of art. He is also a part of growth and development of art scene. His works are entirely different from others with sensitivity and lyricism of poetry. He understands rhythm and harmony. His concentration is on creative pursuit rather than commercial aspect. There is no diversion of mind. He also works extensively on subjects related to 'Spirituality' and 'Buddhism', and themes that help us elevate life. Amb. Dr. (HC) Sonjaye Maurya is also one of the pioneer Indian Contemporary artists working on 'Buddha'. Amb. Dr. (HC) Sonjaye Maurya has many national and international awards to his credit, including many Golds, prestigious 'Kala Ratn', 'Kala Shiromani', 'Bharat Jyoti' and 'Swami Vivekanand Excellence Award' by Ministry of Sports and Youth affairs. But he says... Best is yet to come. He is also a 'World Peace' and 'World Humanity' Ambassador. He is not insecure and egoistic. He loves to spread love and happiness. His group 'Creative Art Affairs' has been recognized by 'WALHAC' (World Academy of Literature, History, art and Culture)- Mexico. His works have been appreciated by world renowned personalities like Padamshree, Padma Bhushan Indian Sculptor Ram V. Sutar, who also designed the world's tallest 'Statue of Unity', FIAS International (USA), Pujya Mahant Swami of BAPS International (Swami Narayan Temple) and many others. He has been conferred with Doctorate Degrees (Honoris Causa) by many organisations from all over the world. He is a true friend of artists of all age group. He is caring and friendly. He is gentle and knowledgeable. Any artist from anywhere can approach him for guidance and he obliges. He is very calm and soft spoken person, is easily accessible to all artists established or aspiring and respects their feelings. He spends time with artists and encourage them. He tells artists to work sincerely and not to be part of the rat race. Amb. Dr. (HC) Sonjaye Maurya

also curates and organises various events. He is the founder of 'Sonjaye Maurya Art World' and 'Creative Art Affairs'. These are initiatives to appreciate and promote young and upcoming artists. The groups have Futuristic vision n trend setting goals. And have been tirelessly yet zealously working for the core development of art and artists. The events organised by the groups and artists launched on platforms of repute were well received and highly appreciated. 'Sonjaye Maurya Art World' and 'Creative Art Affairs' help in its quest to discover new talents, providing them platform by organizing various art activities. There is continued effort on the part of the groups to find and cultivate dynamic, young contemporary artists who have the potential to contribute substantially to the understanding of art given the right environment and direction. The groups seek to promote contemporary Indian art and strive to deliver this by creating opportunities for the artists. Their moto is to promote excellence and innovation in all aspects of its work and explore the unique contribution that the art can make to our understanding of contemporary.



Tsipi Sharoor is a well-known writer, poetess, editor and an educator. So far, has published 37 books of prose and poetry, for adult and youth. She was the editor of "Moznaim", Literary Monthly published by the Hebrew Writers Association in Israel. Tsipi Hosts courses in creative writing of prose and poetry. Tsipi was a member of The Second Television and Radio Authority board of directors. She also was the chairwoman of the Committee for Communications Development on behalf of the second Television and Radio Authority.

Awards and scholarships: The prime-minister award for creation, CISAC (the Israeli branch) Award, Honski Award (the Writer Association- Award), Tel-Aviv Fund for Literature and Art, The President House Fund, Writer- Teacher Scholarship. Her book 'mommy is also the daddy' was published in French by 'Stavit' publishing house. Translation into French: Michel Elial-Eckard. Her recent novel "Calipso Ramla", which was published in Hebrew in 2012, was published in English on 2014, and has become a best seller in Amazon.



E. Isabelle Cassandra Alexander emigrated from Hungary. She writes short stories, creative nonfiction essays, flash fiction, plays, and poetry. She's also working on a few novels, a series of children's books, and illustrations. Isabelle's work has been published in Spark Literary Journal 2016, 2018, 2019, and 2020, in the Illinois State Poetry Society's (ISPS) Anthology, Distilled Lives, Volume 4, 2018, and on the ISPS website, 2017-2019, in Yearning to be Free by The Moonstone Art Center, 2019, by The Scarlet Leaf in 2018 & 2020, by WOW! Women on Writing, 2019 &

2020, by The Book Smuggler's Den, 2019, Tint Journal, 2020, Unlimited Literature (UL-LitMag), 2020-2022, Ariel's Dream Literary Journal, 2020-2022, Pages & Spine, 2020, Beautiful Words by Ariel Publishing, 2020 & 2021, L.eX | Literary Excellence, 2020 & 2021, The Bookend Review, 2021, and more.

Istened Haddad is a director and writer, having work in the diverse field of Theater, Cinema, Television and Ballet. He has written poetry and visual criticism, worked in the television industry and as a member of the Arab press in Iraq, Jordan, The United Arab Emirates, Tunisia, and Saudi Arabia and has obtained diplomas in arts and film direction. He migrated to Australia in August 2005. and has since studied film and TV production in TAFE Perth



completing written short film projects (Glasses Eyes) for ScreenWest company 2018. Won the best director Award from Cheongju International Acting Awards South Korea Acting Festival 2020.* He has a poem (Reeds of House) in The Small Poetry Museum in Italia The Piccolo Museo della Poesia Chiesa di San Cristoforo/ Italy 2020. * Judge in International Multicultural Film Festival, Australia 2021.*Judge in international Muslim Film Festival Australia 2020 and 2021.*Won 5 awards for his play (Clouds) from Cheongju International Acting Awards/South Korea 2021.* Share and reading his poems with many groups in the world by web ZOOM 2020/2021. ** Fragrant East. A joint poetic group, published the book by the Australian-Arab Cultural Forum 2022.* Appreciation Award, Fifth International Babylon Festival/ Iraq 88 About the gypsy wagon show. * Appreciation Award for

Feature Film Script Competition /Cinema and Theater /Iraq for the scenario I Love It Like This / 1987 * 2 poems in Tunisian Radio 2022 *One poem in Tunisian Radio 2023. Istenad is a member of : * The WA poets Inc. * Perth Poetry Club * Community TV/ C TV, West TV Perth .* Wings organisation for Cross-cultural development .* Net Work film perth .*The Iraqi Australian filmmakers association NIC . He lives in Perth, Australia.



Gordana Dimitrijević (1974, Vranje, Serbia) is a Serbian poet, short story writer, playwright and critic. Her works have been published in many journals. She has published a book of poetry *Eternal Hunger*, Alma, Belgrade, 2018. Graduated from the University of Niš, Department of Serbian Language and Literature. She has been one of the organizers for publishing American and Indian stories: *The Island of Fairies* and *Where Does The Day Come From*. She was the editor of the children's newspaper *Srećni dani* in 2012, 2013 and 2015. She was a member of the editorial board of a printed literature

magazine *Suština poetike*. She is the author of the screenplay *The Bridge of Love* and the director of the same play, awarded for the original scenario and the play by the Ministry of Culture, as the part of the project *Through the Vranje's Streets With Grandma Zlata*². Her story *Unattainable Happiness* was awarded with the Mrgud prize at the Kočić Days 2018 in Doljevac. She lives in Vranje and works as the director of the National University, organizes humanitarian actions, sings in the church choir, etc.

² Grandma Zlata was the grandma of famous Bora Stanković, born in Vranje, one of the best Serbian novelist and story writer. Nowadays, many schools and streets are called by his name, also the street where he lived with his grandma is called Baba Zlatina street. Their home is a museum now.



Dan Raphael is a poet, performer, publisher and reading host. He has published more than 20 poetry collections and his newest *In the Wordshed* has been published by Last Word Press 12/1/23. More recent poems appear in *Bindweed*, *Fireweed*, *SurVision*, *Across the Margin* and *Subjectiv*. Most Wednesdays Dan writes and records a current events poem for The KBOO Evening News. He lives in Portland.

Matthew Cummings is a disabled poet who has been writing for a few years now with the moniker of Trapped Poet on Facebook. The poems OFFERS A GLIMPSE INTO THE LIFE OF A YOUNG POET STRUGGLING TO FIND HIS PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE. THE POEMS PRESENTED IN THE COLLECTION CAN EVOKE SNAPSHOTS OF EMOTIONS, FLAWS, OR SHORT-LIVED TRIUMPHS OF SELF-DISCOVERY WHICH ANYONE CAN RELATE TO. "TRAPPED" IS THE LITERAL METAPHOR FOR THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENTIALISM AND THE PROFOUND LIBERATIONS OF SELF-DETERMINATION TO LIVE THROUGH POETRY.



Eugene Chigrin is the member of the International PEN-Club, of the Russian Writer's Union. He is the poet, essayist, editor, the author of six books of selected poems, which are « The Drover» (The Time Publisher's House, Moscow, 2012), «The Non-sleeping Bay» (The Time Publisher's House, Moscow, 2014) and «The Underwater Ballon» (U NikitskihVorot Publisher's House, Moscow, 2015), «The Invisible Guide» (U NikitskihVorot Publisher's House, Moscow,2019) and also «The Lamp above the Sea» (Pero Publisher's House, Moscow,2020), «The Old Nomad» (ST&HI Publisher's House, Moscow-Tver, 2020). His works were published in a lot of literary

magazines, the prestige European and Russian antologies. The poems are translated into 14 languages – English, Spanish, Polish, Serbian, Makedonian, Czech, Romanian, French, Arabic, Turkish, Hindi, Azerbaijanian, Ukranian, Bellorussian. He is the laureate of the Central Federal District of Russia premium in the nomination «The Literature and Art» (RF President Administration,2012), the laureate of the International premium in the honour of Arseniy and Andrey Tarkovsky (2013), of Maxim Gorkiy’s literary premium in the poetry nomination (2014, the jury president N.S. Mihalkov), the All-Russian Literary Premium in the honour of Pavel Bazhov (2014), and also the National Gold Delvig literary premium for the Faith to Word & Native Land (2016) and Orenburg’s regional premium in the honor of Sergey Arsaikov (2017). In 2018 he became the laureate of the Premium for the great contribution in Russian poetry of the III International literary festival-competition «Russian Gofman» (Kaliningrad). Eugene Chigrin is rewarded by the several medals, including the Konstantin Simonov medal (Russia,2012) and the Nicolay Gogol medal (Ukraine). He is the participant of a lot Russian and International literary festivals and books fairs (in Canada, Poland, India, Ukraine, Armenia, Czech Republic, Serbia, Makedonia, Russia). His books were published in foreign languages in Poland, Ukraine, Makedonia, Serbia. He is the participant of a lot of TV and radio programmes. He is the originator of «The Moscow Poetry Year» anthology (U NikitskihVorot Publisher’s House, 2014) and also of the book «The Late Imperia Portrait» (in the memory of Andrey Bitov). The poets and critics – Eugene Reyn, Andrey Bitov, Jury Kublanovsky, Oleg Hlebnikov, Bahit Kenzheev, Danila Davidov, Mihail Sinelnikov, Pavel Basinsky, Kirill Ankudinov, Igor Belov, Stanislav Aydinyan, Zahar Prilepin, Vitaly Naumenko, Vitaly Molchanov, Maxim Zamshev, Nina Geyde, Daniil Chkonia, Natalia Gorbanevskaya, Emelyan Markov, Inna Rostovtzeva, Efim Gofman, Maria Bushueva, Sergey Batalov, etc. The poet lives in Moscow and Krasnogorsk, near Moscow.



Emil Mureșan was born in Ceanu-Mare commune, Cluj county, Transylvania, Romania. He holds a Bachelor and Master in Legal Sciences. He has published bilingual books of poetry: *Feathers of Peacock* ,Grinta Publishing House, Cluj–Napoca, 2017. and *Jerusalem*, Timișoara 2020. He has poems translated into German, included in the anthology of contemporary poetry Wort Vergessen – Dionysos Publishing House, Boppard am Rhein/Germany Rheinland-Pfalz (2020). He lives in Cluj-Napoca.



Miroslav Manasijević was born in 1987, in Vranje, Serbia. He has published two books of poetry *Wolves In Us*, UKV, Vranje, 2018. and, *30000 Separated Japanese And The Piercing of The Reality* (2019). His poems have been published in many journals. He is also an artist. Currently he lives and works in the Netherlands.

Cassandra Crossing

immigrated to the US from Europe and now resides in the Chicagoland area. Poetry and writing have been her life-long dream. She writes from personal experience about love, despair, loss, and hope. Her work includes short stories, creative nonfiction essays, flash fiction, plays, and poetry. She's also working on a few novels and novellas. Her poetry and prose has been nominated to the Pushcart Prize and has been published in several literary journals and magazines like WOW!



Women on Writing, The Scarlet Leaf Review, Unlimited Literature Literary Magazine, Ariel's Dream Literary Journal, Beautiful Words by Ariel Publishing, The Illinois State Poetry Society, and L.eX|Literary Excellence, and more.

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