

# Space Place, and Memory as Context for Landscapes of Communal Trauma in Bosnia

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*“‘But what was this world created for?’ said Candide*

*‘To drive us mad,’ replied Martin.”*

- (Voltaire 1947, 95)

The world of Sarajevo, Bosnia-Herzegovina, decades after the Yugoslav civil war is a complex setting of trauma laden landscapes. The landscapes visible in Sarajevo are one example of the way communal trauma is built and communicated between members of a group. According to Antonius Robben and Marcelo Suarez-Orozco, collective violence and trauma can be best understood through a socio-cultural lens (Robben et al 2000) making anthropological research a key factor on this important topic. The community and its landscape shape daily life as well as encourage a communal sense of a loss of like Giorgio Agamben’s *zoë* (Agamben 1998), a loss of the political sense of self and reduction to purely biological life. Similarly, post-war Bosnians carry around a continued sense of lost place. Much like Angela Garcia’s *Elegiac Addict*, landscapes find personal experiences embedded in them, which also reflect the inner life of the community as a whole (Garcia 2008). Understanding the current crisis of post-war recovery, as well as potential avenues to reconciliation through a better understanding of communal trauma, is not only crucial to Sarajevo and Bosnia-Herzegovina, but also to other civilian communities which have experience with large scale violence.

When I arrived in 2015, I had not been to Sarajevo since the summer of 1992, shortly after civil war broke out. The mortar damage was still visible on my grandfather’s apartment building, once we drove up and tried in vain to find nearby parking on the narrow street. The ice cream shop I ran to hide in with my father when the snipers first shot at us was still there. The heavy green door to the building looked older, but unchanged from when the building was still shiny and new. The stairs to the basement, where we hid from mortar attacks with our neighbors were now gated off, but still visible. Though I was excited to be there to begin my research in neighboring

Tuzla and Zenica, my reaction was unexpectedly intense and visceral considering how many years had passed since I fled the country in 1992. The first night in Bosnia the nightmares did not cease. Sleep was not an option.

## A Divided Community

The next morning the sun shone, no one seemed to mind the mortar damage, and children played outside in front of the building. Teenagers laughed and strolled around the small stores in the area, and neighbors chatted. I had been gone over twenty years. My personal experience of returning to a place of childhood nightmares, and joy, did not seem to affect today's inhabitants of Dobrinja 4. Dobrinja is the name for the suburbs built during socialism, as housing for workers of major companies. Each Dobrinja has its own central plaza, which houses small businesses and acts as a bomb shelter in case of emergencies. The shelters were designed by the Communist Party for defense against external attacks, but came in handy during the civil war. The bunkers are another reminder that war is always around the corner in this part of the world. Dobrinja 4 is particularly close to Sarajevo's airport and is cut in half officially since the Dayton Accords, which only served to institutionalize ethnic division (Belloni 2007) (Horvat and Stiks 2015) (Drapac 2010). The Western half lies on the federation side, and the other half is part of the *Republika Srpska (Serbian Republic)*. In 1992, Serbian militias had surrounded and besieged the city of Sarajevo with snipers and mortar for years in order to ethnically cleanse it. The vast majority of Serbs, whether they were involved in the militias or not, are now confined to East Sarajevo, away from the metropolitan center of Sarajevo. When returning from the Serbian side graffiti written in English on the walls reminds the Serbs of the separation: "This is D4 Cetnici.<sup>1</sup> Welcome to the city." On the other side, Serbian nationalist graffiti attempts to terrorize the population of Croats and Muslims living in Dobrinja 4, creating a constant reminder of ethnic divisions going back to the 1990's conflict.

In my interviews with residents of Dobrinja and the bordering part of East Sarajevo, both sides were frustrated by the division. There were, of course, Serbs who lived on the federation side, though they did most of their chores, such as shopping or obtaining necessary services, on

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<sup>1</sup> Cetnik is the word for Serb fascists during World War II, and continues to be used as a term of derision used to place Serbs into the category of war criminals much the same way Croats are called "Ustase", after the name the Croat Fascists carried during WWII. These terms are not only used to disparage ethnic groups, but they also revive memories of war crimes committed, and induce fear of a repeat of said crimes.

the Serb side. Some Serbs who come in and have to face the hateful graffiti mentioned above, express their discomfort. One of my respondents from the Serbian side noted: “I just don’t always feel comfortable going down that path [on the way to Dobrinja 4]” for obvious reasons. Respondents from the Croat-Muslim federation side have similar misgivings about going to the Serbian side. A Croat resident of Dobrinja 4 noted: “I was held in a concentration camp by Serbs there [in East Sarajevo]. I will never go there again willingly.” Though he was also freed by a Serb relation and has nothing against all Serbs as a people, the place that is now East Sarajevo indexes these negative memories for him and the space has been warped into something entirely inaccessible by events from the past.

In fact, none of the respondents said that they had anything against a particular ethnic group as a whole and all of them had relations or friends from all sides, though several cited their discomfort with the divisions in the city when it came to visiting those friends, or relations. The landscape was seen as the core divider of the community. As one respondent noted: “Before the war Marijin Dvor [central to Sarajevo] was just around the corner, but now it seems as far as Germany.”

On my first day and within only 24 hours, I went from experiencing my own unexpected war-related memories to seeing a peaceful and pleasant day to day life, which was nevertheless full of reminders of violence and division. It was clear that these were both extremes and not representative of routine living in Bosnia for its residents. In order to function on a daily basis, resilience and humor are second nature to most Bosnians, and to expect anyone to act as if the war happened only yesterday is absurd, though this does not make the divisions less real. The complexities of communal trauma as seen in the landscape need to be understood on many levels.

The streets of Sarajevo are covered in what are known as the “Sarajevo Roses,” red Plexiglas embedded in the streets where the mortar shelling or sniper fire from the Serbs that surrounded the city during the longest siege of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, lasting over 1200 days and about 300 days longer than the siege of Stalingrad, shot and killed random citizens running through open spaces. One informant, a middle aged male native of Sarajevo, noted angrily about the Sarajevo roses: “Oh we are all artists now! Now that so many are dead!” Some did find them important as reminders of the losses that occurred, that did not change their re-experiencing of loss whenever they walked among the “roses.”

Aside from personal memories that anyone who has lived through the siege may have, politically reinforced and divisive memorials take many forms within Bosnia. Politically these sites are used divisively to favor or demonize one ethnicity over others, even as they focus on indisputable loss and suffering of individuals that no one would openly denigrate. This effectively places all debates into informal spheres, in homes among families and friends, where, much as popular disaffections in socialism, frustrations are vented. Open discussion that is not inserted into particular politicians' agendas does not occur. Even those attempts at memorializing which are not created with nationalist agendas in mind are frowned upon by the general population as exploitative, and needless reminders of suffering. I interviewed people from both sides of the conflict and even those who told me they used to support the memorials were now frustrated with them. One middle aged native woman of Sarajevo with family on the Muslim and Serbian sides noted: "You know I used to cry at the memorials for the victims, but now I feel that they just use the dead to help the politicians get elected, that is not right. It's the way they use 9/11 in your country, maybe that makes more sense to you."

## Attempts at Reconciliation

While ethnic divisions seem clean cut on the surface, because of the history of socialist nationalism and accompanying ethnic mixing before Yugoslavia's collapse, relations among neighbors, friends, and family complicate and crosscut divisions. Due to this complexity there are organizations dealing with victims and memorials who attempt to denationalize their effort and memorialize with a reconciliatory message. Bosfam, an NGO I worked with, proudly assisted Serbian women as much as Muslim or Croat women. For Bosfam in particular, helping Serbian women in Srebrenica is a major task, as few Muslim women remain after the ethnic cleansing campaign. Though Beba Hadzic, head of Bosfam, disclosed that some Serbian women told her, "Why would you help me? We are Serbs," she also noted that the woman asking her this became a close friend over time. "Bosnian tradition, family and labor," Bosfam's motto, is meant to be unifying, as Bosnian women's crafts produced by Bosfam are specifically meant to be conciliatory and a reflection of the value of female labor and socialist solidarity across ethnic boundaries. Ms. Hadzic was an elementary school principal in socialist Yugoslavia during the war. Her work at Bosfam was born out of her time as a Srebrenica refugee in Tuzla. Beba found herself in a school gymnasium crowded with other refugees, sleeping on thin foam mattresses. Many of the children

from her previous school recognized her, were happy to see her alive and, as she told me, looked to her as though she still had authority. Though she herself had lost everything she began to use the memory of her authority to organize with the children's parents, to redistribute resources as needed. Soon a knitting group was started to provide clothing for children, or to mend clothing already available, or even take apart donated wool sweaters to make other ones for children. Her background is strongly embedded in the generation that valued communism, even though they were aware of its shortfalls. Like many people I interviewed, who had had successful long term careers before the war, they had a strong understanding of socialist values, and mourned the lost state. Everyday stability, predictability, and order in the former Yugoslavia, as well as a sense of togetherness and equality, permeates the memories of many of the older survivors.

While Beba was organizing and taking a leadership role to assist families, and in the process taking her mind off her own sense of loss and confusion, she met an Oxfam International representative, surveilling the situation within refugee camps all over Bosnia. Oxfam already had a history of providing aid in conjunction with local leaders on the ground. Oxfam provided financial and material aid to Beba who ended up founding Bosfam from a simple movement to mend children's clothes they went on to mend their community through many programs, including scholarships to those same children whose clothes had been mended at an early age.

Beba's placement as an educated strong leader, with knowledge of the refugee community, lent itself well to the philosophy of Oxfam, and they supplied funding to her project, until Bosfam was established and able to subsist on its own. While the premise is embedded in socialist ideology from its British donors and Bosnian recipients, the project itself is inherently neoliberal in nature. Socialism in this view involved the state providing for the community. Although the value of labor was key, citizens were not required to "pull themselves up by their bootstraps" and find a way to make income out of nothing, as current NGO's do with pride. Exemplifying Zygmunt Bauman's concept of the neoliberal liquid state, politics are divorced from power within the community, and capital flows all over the world in many forms (Bauman 2000). While Beba told me she expected Bosfam to not be needed for socio-economic support at some point, the lack of state services has made Bosfam an ongoing, necessary source of income and stability for women, even though the conflict that displaced them was over twenty years in the past. While Bosfam's leadership and staff harken back to the time of Titoist socialism and claim to follow its tenets, the structural realities do not support its being socialist. The state is constructed as a NATO protectorate, with a

tripartite, shared presidency. Although the personal commitment to solidarity with neighbors and friends is demonstrable not only in Bosfam but also among recent protest movements and translates into local grassroots action, it is more often than not critical of the current state and external funding sources.

## Political Exploitation of Trauma: Deploying Landmarks

The landscape is littered with symbolism from all sides. In the very center of Sarajevo, there is a statue of Tito, which is always surrounded by freshly placed flowers, in spite of the rumor that the fenced off area in front of "Tito's Bunker" is a minefield, according to my respondents: "It's scary," and a cab driver noted, "a child could stick their hand in there, who knows!" in itself an interesting combination of the past with very real physical violence in the present.

Several memorials represent those lost in the war. The fountain of the dead children stands in a popular park in the center of town, across the street from the biggest multi-story shopping center to be found in Bosnia. Next to the fountain a new sculpture was added as part of the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Srebrenica massacre. It is the image of a Muslim man standing in front of an open grave; according to the accompanying plaque, he was forced to call for his son to come to him, and both of them ended up slaughtered by Serbs and placed in the grave he had dug.

On a particularly sunny and lovely day in the spring of 2015, I took a walk in the center of Sarajevo with three respondents. It was just meant to be a nice day out and they were going to show me around town. We ran across all the above noted monuments in our walk and at every one of them the mood darkened significantly. For my benefit they took the time to look over every statue, but it clearly made them uneasy.

Politics made visible in Bosnia extend past memorials of the recent war. A statue of Franz-Ferdinand has been erected on the Federation side, to make a point about the Croat-Muslim Federation's disagreement with the murder of Franz-Ferdinand by Gavrilo Princip, a Serb, and an event which triggered WWI. In response to this the Serbian side of Sarajevo created Gavrilo Princip plaza and park, with murals of Gavrilo Princip, and a life size sculpture Princip to complete the setup, with a large historical plaque explaining the importance of Princip's act to the Serbian people and the foundation of Yugoslavia. On the East Sarajevo side a young woman noted: "Can you believe they built a monument to Franz-Ferdinand? It's just to spite our statue of Gavrilo Princip."

By Dobrinja 4 there are several mosques along the boundary, a new Catholic church, and just on the edge of the Serb Side, on a small hilltop a Serbian Orthodox church with an increasing number of fairly loud bells. The Catholic church bells, and the Mosque's Iman are not to be outdone, to my grandfather's dismay, who exclaimed: "Be done with all of them and their noise!" While some residents laugh about the spitefulness of the competing sides, they are at the same time mournful, because they know what these petty spiteful acts represent; political incompatibility, wartime grudges, the current disarray of the country, and the diversion of state funds on both sides into these "spite projects," as I have started to call them, serving to reinforce ethnic divisions while funding is needed for schools, hospitals and other essential services. In any case, ethnic tensions translated into the landscape through allocations of infrastructure funds are almost a welcome distraction from the lack of employment and the deindustrialization plaguing the country.

Bosfam's Beba is aware of the complex landscape of memory in Bosnia. While she lives in Tuzla, a majority Muslim town, she is not exposed on a daily basis to the many civic sculpture projects invoking war time memory. The need for "spite projects" seems much lower in areas where the Serb Republic is not sharing half the city. Instead Tuzla memorials are sparse and then focus on solidarity and overcoming suffering together. Beba's experience with a landscape of mourning is less political and more personal. While we were having a cup of coffee in her office, she told me the story of her sister's teenage son, who became separated from the rest of the family during their forced evacuation of Srebrenica. The boy was missing for years. Beba then smiled and told me of a lake house she had with her husband outside of Tuzla, a place she would go to get away from the heat of the city in summer and where she loved to swim. A few years back a major drought left the lakebed exposed. Bodies were found to have been dumped here. One of the bodies in the lake was identified as Beba's nephew. Needless to say she has not visited the lake house since, or even considered swimming. In spite of this disturbing pollution of the landscape, in a literal way, Beba distributes food and supplies to Serbian women in Srebrenica, has Serbian friends, and expresses that reconciliation is the biggest blow to the dangers of nationalist rhetoric.

In 2015, during the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Srebrenica massacre, Sarajevo was full of well-guarded limousines. People in Sarajevo told me: "No one would look at them twice if they took

the Metro.” Dignitaries from all over the world came to honor the dead of the largest massacre in Europe since WWII.

The event was intense, for both sides. President Vucic of Serbia was to give a talk about the events at Srebrenica, though he denies claims of genocide. In addition, a YouTube video was making the rounds at the time showing Vucic saying loudly to a group: “For every Serb, we will kill 100 Muslims!” A group was at the event holding up a banner with Vucic’s quote (Fig 1). Individuals arrested were condemned for the attack and an official apology from the side of the federation was issued. At the time of the attack on Vucic, Beba was waiting to be interviewed as a representative of the Bosnian women who had made the Memorial Carpet, decorating the back of the stage in front of which all the leaders, including Bill Clinton, spoke (Fig 2). She had planned to speak about the diverse group of women from all Bosnian ethnicities who had worked on the carpet, and that though they mourn the genocide, their goal is living in peace with their neighbors again.

Just when Beba was to be interviewed, the journalists got word that Vucic was attacked and left to cover that story. This event is emblematic of the obstacles to reconciliation in Bosnia. After the incident in Potocari, the burial site of the Srebrenica massacre, ethnic tensions in Sarajevo intensified. The event itself was intrinsically stressful, given the reminders of the bloody division of Bosnia, and so many lost lives. The attack on the Serbian president, whose attitude toward Muslims anyone with access to YouTube could indisputably see, instilled fear on both sides of Bosnia. I made a point of visiting Republika Srpska and the Federation that day. There was crying and fear on both sides. On Serbian T.V., the attack on Vucic was an attack on Serbia and showed a wish for revenge on the Serbs for the massacre. The Serbs were terrified that they would be attacked by mobs, wanting revenge for the events from 20 years ago. One young woman born during the war, told me through tears that she had nothing to do with the war, but that her family had suffered just as much as anyone on the Federation side and that she felt her and her family’s situation, of poverty and underemployment, was not relevant. This is a popular sentiment that Srebrenica massacre victims get most of the aid, though everyone should be getting it equally. On the Federation side, the rumors were flying that Serbs had thrown the rocks, to give Vucic an advantage of becoming a victim, instead of apologizing for the genocide in Srebrenica being commemorated that day.

## Tuzla's Unusual Lack of Ethnic Divisions

Most of these tensions and fears of the resurfacing of the war, while prominent throughout Bosnia, are centered in on the capital Sarajevo. Tuzla and Zenica, the respective seats of Bosfam and Medica Zenica, are affected by the politics coming out of Sarajevo, but they experience memory through their surroundings without the highly charged and expressive, competitive public politics conducted in Sarajevo on both sides of the border. The border itself can be crossed without any difficulty, and structurally if not symbolically is the equivalent of a county line. The symbolic divide, however, is deeply felt and has concrete, material implications. Serbs cannot easily find work on the Federation side, which occupies most of Sarajevo, especially the old downtown Sarajevo, while the Serbs are pushed out to the rural areas past the Dobrinja housing projects. In what has been termed a “Vukojebinja,”<sup>2</sup> most of the constructions in East Sarajevo are new buildings, as most of it was uninhabited land until the area became the center of Republika Srpska. The very existence of East Sarajevo is a reminder of the exile of Serbs from the center of Sarajevo, that began during the siege in which Serb-led military forces assailed the city for years trying to take it over and cleanse it of non-Serbs.

Sarajevo and its complex landscape have a strong influence on the rest of the country. Tuzla, however, is majority Muslim and does not have a line drawn through its center. Tuzla is also famous for its commitment to communist worker movements, and even in 2016, I saw fliers on street lamps inviting passersby to communist worker monthly meetings. In this Tuzla is exceptional. It is known as the town with the least tension, despite the many Srebrenica refugees. Moving to Tuzla with my assistant from Sarajevo, my assistant was shocked, and happy, to see neighbors from all backgrounds sitting together in front of their buildings at night and drinking together without much thought given to ethnic backgrounds. More recently Tuzla has been in the news for its activism, as in the protests against the inefficient and corrupt local government were led by activists from Tuzla. When we arrived, the buildings of the administration still had broken windows and traces of where the buildings were set on fire by angry protesters. While there were similar signs of destruction in Sarajevo, the feelings about the protests were divided in the capital, whereas in Tuzla, there was an unmatched optimism that at least the attempt to improve the state was worth it, though like all Bosnians they curtailed their enthusiasm. As Larisa Kurtovic noted

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<sup>2</sup> “The place where the wolves fuck” meaning out of the way of civilization.

in her talk at the American Ethnological Society in 2017 about political activists in Bosnia, the people she works with confided in her that they had no hope of actually improving the country, but instead felt it was their duty to try so they could tell their children that at least they did all they could. This Sisyphean attitude is the strongest form of hope for a stable and prosperous future in Bosnia. Tuzla has managed to organize labor and re-open a dish detergent factory, which advertises solely through social media as the company that Bosnians should buy, as it is returning work opportunities to Bosnia. In an intense viral video a man buys a German product instead of a Bosnian equivalent and is surrounded by people chanting "shame" at him wherever he goes. Again, while this is socialism, it is far removed from the state or the Tito era; it is a grassroots, pulling ourselves up "*together in solidarity*" by our bootstraps, much like the philosophy of Bosfam, that is strangely Emersonian in its socialism, and where ultimately all citizens can do against corporate interests is vote with their wallet.

## The Deindustrialized Trauma Landscape

Zenica's trauma landscape is more so based in the trauma of deindustrialization. Zenica is predominantly Muslim, and has 70% youth unemployment. Many of the Srebrenica refugees made their way to Zenica much like they did to Tuzla, as both towns are fairly close by. Zenica was a major industrial steel center. Within the former Yugoslavia it was the leader in the building of large scale transport ships with around 20,000 employees shortly before the beginning of the war. While there is still some minor work being done within Zenica's steel industry, employment has gone down to 2000 employees. The city motto is "Eternal Love of the City of Steel" and is painted in large letters across a wall on a major intersection leading to the newly built highway. The local soccer team is called simply "Celik" or "Steel", while its fans are nicknamed "Robijasi" or robbers, as a nod to the fact that the largest prison in the Former Yugoslavia was based in Zenica, and still flourishes.

After the war the state lost control over the industry and it was privatized. This meant that wealthy investors bought the remainders of the factory for a fraction of its pre-war value and sold it for scrap in order to make a quick profit. Larisa Kurtovic, among other Post-Socialist scholars from the region, has called this: "Primitive Accumulation of Capital" (Private Correspondence 2014). And as such, it has indeed created a large standing army of unemployed and dispossessed

workers with nowhere to go except for temporary trips north for various work projects in the European Union, or even at times in Dubai.

Zenica's post-industrial landscape at first glance seems quaint. In spite of claims of high levels of pollution of the Bosna river and the air in general, the town is nothing but parks, fresh air, and plenty of fishermen around the river Bosna, around which Zenica has grown, to indicate healthy wildlife in the water. The park surrounding the river has been equipped with playgrounds, and decorative sites, whose plaques explain that they have been donated to Zenica by the city of Istanbul and the Turkish government. Children are out playing and the stray dogs seem well fed, though they are scruffy. The town has a favorite stray, Vucko, or "little wolf," and everyone I spoke to knew about him and spoiled him. There was no political graffiti in the area, unlike the anti-government slogans in Tuzla, or the ethnic-based hate speech found in Sarajevo. All Zenica graffiti was romantic in nature and consisted of messages professing love from one partner to another. This prompted my assistant and me to name Zenica the "Paris of Bosnia," to the amusement of locals.

Our building in the suburb just in front of Zenica, named Radakovo, had its resident stray dog. At all times of the day the building was surrounded by groups of young men, chatting, laughing, and wandering back and forth. Whenever we took my son out for a walk the young men were happy to play with him and to chat with my assistant and me. They became our neighbors and friends soon and, due to their lack of employment, they were always available to show us around, help us get interviews, or even provide interviews themselves. This was unlike Tuzla or Sarajevo, where most were busy working insecure day jobs and only were around their homes in the evening, while in Zenica, unemployment and youth crime were far higher.

Soon it became clear that the clean air and water meant the industry was dead in Zenica, the many stray dogs were kept by communities because, as our neighbors told us, people could barely feed their own children let alone afford a pet, and the state provided no pet shelters or neutering services, so everyone made sure to feed the stray animals to keep them friendly toward people. Graffiti was depoliticized in Zenica, because there was no labor movement, or hope for one, and all the Serbs had left or been forced out during the war. As a result, Zenica was in fact a fairly homogenous Muslim community. Ethnic cleansing had worked in that ironic and limited sense: there was no one to scare off with anti-Serb messages. The new mosque being built at the entrance to town overshadowed a decaying elementary school right next to it. While the city was

not shelled as much as Sarajevo or even Tuzla, there are personalized depoliticized memorials set up by families to lost relatives in particular spots around town during the war, with short inscriptions and an image of the always young-looking person.

Though we made friends everywhere we went, the unfortunately drastic youth underemployment allowed to make our closest connections in Zenica. The most prominent aspects of the Zenica landscape are the frequent, large and carefully done murals celebrating the local soccer club “Celik.” It is an identifier of the community and particularly the young men organize their schedule around club events. Other favorite activities are found in the countless gambling shops found on every corner of any town in Bosnia, or spending time in coffee shops/bars. Another reminder of the few opportunities, and the fact that many people will sink what little they make into gambling, as the only way out of the bare minimum they have.

Zenica’s citizens enjoy the parks and the fresh air. One time we took a walk along the river front, with our son, and met some of the young men who lived in our building on the way. We talked about the lovely weather. Their mood took a turn at this, and they reminded us that, while they enjoy the fresh air, it is also a constant reminder of the lack of industry and work, that Zenica and their fathers used to have. Zenica does not mourn the war, they mourn the loss of the steel industry and Ford-style factory that gave stability and lifetime employment to its citizens. Privatization of industry has not worked to the benefit of the workers in the region. The dismantling of the state and its influence on industry is felt in Zenica more than anywhere else in Bosnia. Most of the violence that Medica Zenica deals with, as its safe house indicates, is no longer the violence perpetrated against refugee women during wartime, but instead domestic violence exacerbated by a collapsed economy without any potential for improvement. Many people I interviewed in Zenica, in particular women working in the service industry, stated again and again that they can have temporary jobs in the service sector, but that they are painfully aware that those jobs are few and fewer because there is nothing concrete, aside from the diasporic remittances and some UN funding, bringing any income into the town as a whole.

## PTSD vs. Communal Trauma

Allan Young’s work on Post Traumatic Stress Disorder in returning US soldiers has set a strong precedent for dealing with trauma in anthropological terms (A. Young 1997) (A. Young 1995). However, Young's population has been removed from the places of trauma and relocated

back to a peaceful homeland, in which their war-altered subjectivities no longer fit. The work of Angela Garcia, however, in spite of its lack of involvement with overcoming war trauma, is much more useful for the dynamics of complex communal, rather than individual, trauma. Garcia's work does not deal with warzones, but the experience of the "Elegiac Addict" she discusses, along with the difficulty of living in a symbol-laden landscape, filled with constant reminders of violence, injustice, loss, and dispossession mirrors the experiences of the people I spoke to much more closely than the clinical analysis of soldiers being reintegrated into life far away from the places in which they experienced trauma (Garcia 2008).

According to Robben et al.: "The hegemony of the PTSD concept has been so great, and the psychotherapeutic treatment of individuals such a large and important professional practice, that collective manifestations of massive trauma and their impact on the surrounding society continue to neglected areas of scientific inquiry" (Robben et al. 2010, Pg 21). To understand the complexities of the impact of strategic physical violence on an entire civilian population, with severe socio-economic consequences, I turn to the work of Joan Ringelheim on varied and gendered experiences of violent histories, and their embeddedness in contemporary life. The work of Angela Garcia on the dispossession and loss of Native communities in the United States resonated with the trauma of deindustrialization, and the loss of not just Agamben's *bios*, but also *zoë* as the state and sense of belonging to the international community crumbled for Bosnians. One respondent noted: "The whole world used to respect us, now we are just a problem, we are nothing". Another respondent played me a song by Dzorđe Balasević, a famous singer from the region, in which it states: "[T]he world used to paint its face for us.... Go on Europe [without us]... Go on planet we have it good just the way we deserve it." Many respondents also mentioned what one of my cab drivers did: "Tito [Yugoslavia's lifetime dictator] was respected wherever he went, he met all the world leaders. Who would meet with what we have in charge now? No one!" Before the war there was a sense of the former Yugoslavia, of which Bosnia was part, as a leader in the Third Block; however that is no longer the case. In addition to the sense of international alienation, trauma is ever present in the community and underlines the sense of *bios* opposed to *zoë*.

While all the towns I worked in look lovely, green, and like most other European towns on the surface, over time I found indicators in the landscape that reminded the residents of the stark differences in their daily lives opposed to their past and those of most European countries. The

memory of the divisive war is still stronger, more so through the broken state and lack of any economically stable future, which the landscape of the three cities reflects in its own way. Even driving from town to town, there are burnt homes along the road on the Federation and Serbian side, indicating where ethnic cleansing took place. Enormous rusting factories are reminders of an uncertain future and the fact that an industrial modern past did not bring the linear increase in success and wealth accumulation as many assumed it would. Much like Angela Garcia's landscapes of communal as well as personal dispossession can affect subject formation, so is the post-industrial, post-socialist, post-war landscape laden with complex stories in which the inhabitants see their own lives reflected (Garcia 2008). Bauman's liquid modernity, with its capital "on the run" and the loss of stability or purpose, has hit Bosnia intensely. The inhabitants of this space are aware of what it was, what it could or should have been, based on past socialist ideologies, but the hardest part of this is that there is no predictable future economically (Bauman 2000). Economic stability ranked highest in my questionnaires on mental and physical health as a positive and crucial influence on both. The population itself has no purpose beyond being sustained by concerned outsiders who have left, and declining external funding only provided to keep the region "stable." Where there was a purpose to life in socialism, where the work of laborers mattered to the state as well as to their families, and when Yugoslavia saw itself courted by powerful parties of all three economic blocks as a path to the future, now the citizens feel abandoned as a whole.

Like the Elegiac addict, the loss of Agamben's *zoē*, a purposeful political life, and step down to *Bios*, bare biological life attributed to refugees and inhabitants of camps, (Biehl 2005) has disoriented the population and lent them, even in their day to day resiliency and bravado, a deep sense of melancholy and dispossession as a community. While Agamben discusses all of modernity to be a movement towards concentration camps, it is more towards a lack of stability and sense of purpose or progress which causes melancholy and creates public spaces overly determined by the conflict which has come to stand for a breaking point in the community and has been emblazoned on the community landscape.

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