

TOLERANCIJA I NJEZINA SJENKA: PRVI PUT U LJETNOJ ŠKOLI GASI

/ TOLERANCE AND ITS SHADOW: THE FIRST TIME AT GASI SUMMER SCHOOL

Elvir Bećirović

UVOD

Ne znam je li riječ o jungovskom sinkronicitetu ili o slučajnosti. U redu, znam, u analitičkoj domeni nema slučajnosti. Nekoliko dana prije nastanka ovog eseja saznao sam da je organizacija iz Švicarske u kojoj sam spremio matične stanice svoje djece prestala postojati. Kružila je priča da su neke stanice propale zbog nekvalitetnog skladištenja, a druge su premještene negdje u istočnu Europu. Ta me informacija uznemirila. Kako sam saznao, to se dogodilo prije više mjeseci. Nisam dobio nikakvu obavijest. Tu sam uslugu skupo platio i odlučio sam otvoriti jednu staru adresu elektroničke pošte, kojom se nisam koristio mjesecima, možda i godinu dana, da bih provjerio je li na nju stigla kakva obavijest. I nakon otvaranja pošte nailazim na zamolbu s jučerašnjim datumom – da opišem svoja iskustva o ljetnoj školi u Rijeci. Poziv je stigao od osobe koja mi je draga. No probudio je sjećanje na iskustvo koje me uznemirilo. Dok su sjećanja na neke događaje

INTRODUCTION

I do not know whether it is Jungian synchronicity or "coincidence". All right, I know, there is no "coincidence" in analysis. A few days before this essay came to light, I received the information that a Swiss organization where I had stored the stem cells of my children had ceased to exist. According to one story, some stations had collapsed due to poor storage and others had been relocated to Eastern Europe. This piece of information annoyed me. As I found out, this happened months ago. I did not receive any notice. I paid dearly for this service. So, I decided to check an old mail address, which I hadn't used for months, even a year, to see whether I had received any notification. After opening the e-mail, I came across an invitation, with yesterday's date, to write down my own experiences about the summer school in Rijeka. The call was from a person I liked. On the other hand, the e-mail awoke the memory of experiences from the summer school that upset me. While the memories of some of the events during the summer school were fading, one was quite vivid.

tijekom ljetne škole blijedjela, jedno je bilo prilično živo. Nekako sam ga u posljednjih nekoliko mjeseci potisnuo, ali svjestan sam da je tu. Nisam o njemu želio mnogo govoriti iako me uznemiravalo. Smatrao sam da je to moj doživljaj i da ga trebam rješavati sam. Nakon što sam primio tu zamolbu pomislio sam da to nije slučajnost i odlučio podijeliti svoj doživljaj prvog sudjelovanja u ljetnoj školi GASI u Rijeci.

POČETAK

Sjećam se odluke da sudjelujem u ljetnoj školi. Radovao sam se putu u Rijeku. Bio sam ondje nekoliko puta, ali kratko. Sjećam se da sam Rijeku doživio kao ljepši grad nego što sam očekivao. Osim toga, Rijeka ima epitet tolerantnog, otvorenog grada, na neki način slično kao i moj grad. Radovao sam se i što ću sresti neke drage ljude. Tema škole bila je tolerancija. Ne znam zašto, ali ta tema malo me zabrinula. Znao sam da takve teme znaju probuditi svoje suprotnosti.

Okupilo nas se oko stotinu. S različitih strana svijeta, od Engleske, Rusije i Indije do Australije. Organizatori su se potrudili. Radionice su se održavale u dvama prostorima. U veličanstvenoj Guvernerovoj palači i u jednoj privatnoj školi. Škola je bila intenzivna, organizirana u vidu predavanja, male grupe,

Somehow, during the preceding months, I had suppressed it. But I was aware that it was there. I did not want to talk much about it, although it bothered me. I thought that it was my experience and that I needed to address it on my own. After seeing this call, I started thinking it was not a "coincidence". So, I decided to share my experience of first participation in the GASI Summer School in Rijeka.

THE BEGINNING

I remember the decision to attend summer school. I was looking forward to the trip to Rijeka. I've been there a few times, but only briefly. I remember experiencing Rijeka as a nicer city than I expected. In addition, Rijeka is the epitome of a tolerant, open city, which is in some ways similar to my city. On the other hand, I was looking forward to meeting some of my close friends. The theme of the school was Tolerance. I do not know why, but this topic worried me a little. I knew that such topics could awaken their opposites.

About a hundred of us gathered there. We came from different places from England to Russia, India, and Australia. The organizers did their best. The workshops were held in two spaces, in the magnificent Governor's Palace and in one private school. The school schedule was intensive, organized in classes, small and discussion groups, and supervisory and



grupe za raspravu te supervizijske i velike grupe. I kako to obično biva, što su grupe bile veće, rad u njima bio je primitivniji i kaotičniji i budio je primitivnije osjećaje. Moj najintenzivniji doživljaj bio je povezan s grupom za raspravu i obilježio je moje sudjelovanje u ljetnoj školi. Probudio je osjećaje od ljutnje do straha i razočaranja.

PRVI DAN

Prvo predavanje o povijesti Rijeke i toleranciji potaknulo je priče o tome kako se sve prikazivalo ljepšim nego što je bilo. Htjela se prikazati tolerancija tijekom svih razdoblja, ali činjenice su govorile da je bilo razdoblja kad to i nije bilo tako. Te su činjenice na neki način prešućene ili reinterpetirane da bi dobile drugo značenje.

Nakon predavanja prema rasporedu je slijedila grupa za raspravu. Ta je grupa posebno utjecala na mene. I to od prvog dana. Obilježila je moj doživljaj cijele škole. Bilo nas je dvadesetak u grupi. Prvog dana otvorena je tema koja je dotaknula moje strahove i možda moje potisnute brige. Podsjetila me na neke moje strahove koje sam bio uspješno potisnuo. Nisam to očekivao. Ispričavši jedat ću kako je sve počelo. Na početku, dok smo se predstavljali, jedan član grupe rekao je da dolazi iz Engleske, a inače je podrijetlom iz istočne Europe

large groups. As is usually the case, the larger the groups, the more primitive and unstructured the dynamic, and the more primitive the feelings they were evoking. My most intense experience was related to the discussion group and it marked my participation in the summer school. It awakened feelings that ranged from anger to fear and disappointment.

DAY ONE

The first lecture on Rijeka's history and tolerance aroused some rumours about how things were presented to be more beautiful than they actually were. The intention was to portray tolerance across all times, but the facts said that there was a time when this was not the case. In some ways, those facts were silenced or interpreted in a way to form another meaning.

A discussion group followed the lecture. It was a group that has particularly influenced me. From day one. And it marked my experience of the whole school. There were about twenty of us in the group. On that first day a topic was introduced which touched my fears and perhaps my suppressed concerns. It reminded me of some of my fears that I had successfully suppressed. I didn't expect that. I'll tell you how it all started. At the beginning, while introducing ourselves, one member of the group said that he came from England, and that he was originally from Eastern Eu-

(iz zemlje u kojoj su sad pohranjene matične stanice moje djece). Netko se dotaknuo priče o Brexitu i on je rekao da je glasovao za izlazak i za ograničavanje imigracije u Englesku. Učinilo mi se nelogičnim da netko tko je i sâm useljenik želi ograničiti useljavanje pa sam prokomentirao da takvo stajalište nije pošteno. Odgovorio je: „Life is not fair.“ Ton i način na koji je to rekao nisu mi se sviđjeli. Učinio mi se arogantnim i ignorantskim, a to sam i rekao. Počeo je objašnjavati kako ne želi da se u Englesku useljavaju muslimani. Ne sjećam se je li rekao još nešto. Mene je ta rečenica pogodila i uznemirila. To je bila rečenica koja je obilježila moju školu. Većina članova u grupi bili su „bijeli Europljani“, kao i ja. Možda je to zbog toga rekao, misleći da tu nema muslimana. Ne znam. Rekao sam da sam ja musliman. Rekao sam da me to uznemiruje. I to je bila tema koja se provlačila sve dane i na svim grupama za raspravu. To sam interpretirao kao, govorit ću o osobnom doživljaju, da nisam dobrodošao. Ako je on bio glas grupe, taj je glas govorio da drugačiji nisu dobrodošli. Još je veću uznemirenost izazvala nejasna, neosvijestena zabrinutost: što ako je on glas cijelog društva? To je oblikovalo moj doživljaj GASI-ja. Ta tema i to ozračje jasno su se mogli osjetiti u grupi za raspravu. Sljedećih smo dana najviše nas dvojica govorili o svojem doživljaju. Ono što me dodatno iznenadilo jest da on ne smatra da je pogriješio.

rope (the country where my children's stem cells are now stored). Someone touched on the topic of Brexit and he said he had voted for leaving the EU; the reason was to restrict immigration to England. It seemed illogical to me that someone who was an immigrant himself wanted to restrict immigration. So, I commented that such an attitude was not fair. He answered "Life is not fair". I didn't like the tone and the way he said it. He seemed arrogant and ignorant and that's what I said. He began to explain that he did not want Muslims to immigrate to England. I don't remember if he said anything else. This sentence struck and upset me. That was the sentence that marked my school. Most of the members of the group were "white Europeans", just like me. Maybe that's why he said it; thinking there were no Muslims. I do not know. I said I was a Muslim. I said it bothered me. That topic became the main topic, at least for me, throughout all the days and discussion groups. I interpreted that I was not welcome, at least that was my personal experience. If he was the voice of the group, that voice was saying that others were not welcome. Even more disturbing was the unclear concern: what if he was the voice of the entire society? This has shaped my experience of GASI. This topic and atmosphere could clearly be felt through the discussion group. In the following days the two of us mostly talked about our experiences. What also surprised me was that he didn't think he was wrong.



Poslije grupe za raspravu uslijedila je velika grupa. Ostala je u sjeni grupe za raspravu. I ostatak ljetne škole za mene je ostao u sjeni grupe za raspravu. Kasnije sam saznao da se dio sudionika okuplja jedanput na godinu u grupi koju nazivaju Sjenka – *Shadow group* – istražujući vlastite sjenke. Vjerojatno i grupne sjenke. Uistinu, jedna takva sjenka pojavila se na mojoj supervizijskoj grupi.

DRUGI DAN

Drugi dan počeo je predavanjem na temu „Mad as hell and not going to take it anymore: Intolerance as a virtue in the analytic group“. Da, bio sam ljut, ali i razočaran svojim iskustvom od prvog dana. Grupa za raspravu počela je s istom temom, koja je ostala nerazriješena i nedovršena. Čudio sam se kako je on podvlačio da ne misli da je pogriješio. Pokušavao sam izraziti svoju nevjericu činjenicom da tako razmišlja i svoj osjećaj povrijeđenosti. Svaki pokušaj da rasprava krene u nekom drugom smjeru završavao bi na tome. Barem sam ja osjećao da je to toliko snažno i važno da razgovor o bilo čemu drugomu u tom trenutku nema mnogo smisla. Činilo mi se da i drugi to osjećaju. Činilo mi se da nitko ne zna što drugo ponuditi. Rasprava se uglavnom vodila između nas dvojice. Netko je rekao kako je njegova izjava zvučala autentično. To me dodatno naljutilo i

The discussion group was followed by a large group. But it stayed in the shadow of the discussion group. And the rest of the summer school, at least for me, was in the shadow of the discussion group. (I later learned that this group of participants meets once a year in a group they call the shadow group - exploring their own shadows. Probably also group shadows. Indeed, one such shadow appeared in my supervisory group.)

DAY TWO

The second day began with a lecture on “Mad as hell and not going to take it anymore: Intolerance as a virtue in the analytic group“. Yes, I was angry but also disappointed with the experience of my first day. The discussion group started with the same topic, which remained unresolved and unfinished. I was astonished that he underscored that he did not think he was wrong. I was trying to share my disbelief that he was thinking that way. I was trying to share my feelings of being hurt. Any attempt the group made to move in a different direction would finally end on this topic. At least I felt it was so strong and so important that talking about anything else at that point didn’t make much sense. Others seemed to feel the same. No one seemed to know what else to offer. The discussion mostly went on between the two of us. Someone said that his statement sounded authentic. It made me even angrier and I said that being authentic does not mean it is correct.

rekao sam da to što je nešto autentično ne znači da je ispravno.

Onda je netko u grupi rekao da se grupa ponaša kao UN – događa se sukob, a UN stoji sa strane i promatra. Ta rečenica zatekla me nespretnim. Neočekivano. Neplanirano. Umjesto ljutnje i osjećanja odbačenosti dominantne emocije postale su strah i nevjerica. Te riječi jednostavno su me vratile u vrijeme rata u mojoj zemlji. U jednom trenutku uistinu sam vidio članove grupe kao predstavnike pojedinih država kako blijedo gledaju i ne poduzimaju ništa dok sam ja „napadnut“. Tako sam se i osjećao. I ako sam prvog dana imao osjećaj da zastupam ispravno stajalište, to se poklopilo s osjećajem koji sam imao početkom agresije na moju zemlju. Sjetio sam se da sam i tada vjerovao da je borba za „pravu stvar“ vrijedna sama po sebi i da će to svi prepoznati i stati iza nas. Kako sam samo bio u krivu. Ta jedna rečenica probudila je sve to. Sjetio sam se razdoblja kad smo bili opkoljeni. Sjetio sam se gladi. Sjetio sam se svakodnevnog straha od smrti. Sjetio sam se etničkog čišćenja, kako smo mi to voljeli reći, „u srcu Europe“. Tada sam bio bolno svjestan da mi nismo „srce Europe“. Ali to sam nekako bio potisnuo. Sada je to ponovo isplivalo. Pojavio se strah. Govorio sam o tome. Rekao sam kako je „Europa“ to promatrala. Rekao sam i kako znam da to baš nije potpuno točno, bilo je mnogo ljudi koji su pomagali, koji su tražili da se nešto učini, ali Eu-

Then someone in the group said that the group was acting as a UN - there was a conflict and the UN was standing by and watching. That sentence caught me off guard. Unexpected. Unplanned. Instead of anger and a feeling of rejection, the dominant emotions became fear and disbelief. These words simply brought me back to the time of war in my country. At one point, I really saw the group members as representatives of states, watching disinterestedly and doing nothing while I was “attacked”. That’s how I felt. And on the first day I had the feeling that I was representing the right position. It overlapped with feelings I had at the beginning of the aggression against my country. I remembered that even then I believed that fighting for the right thing was simply worthwhile in itself. I believed that everyone would recognize it and stand by us. How wrong I was! That one sentence woke up all those memories. I remembered the period when we were surrounded. I remembered the famine. I remembered my daily fear of death. I remembered ethnic cleansing “in the heart of Europe”, as we liked to say. I was then painfully aware that we were not the “heart of Europe”. But I kind of suppressed it. In that moment all was floating again. Fear rose up. I was talking about it. I said how “Europe” was only watching and did nothing. I also said that I know that this is not entirely true. There were a lot of people helping. There were a lot of people insisting on something to be done. But, in the end, Europe did nothing. Even then, we felt that this was mainly



ropa nije ništa učinila. I tada smo imali osjećaj da je to ponajviše zbog toga što smo mi „muslimani“. I ponovo se probudio taj strah, bolje je reći muka. Rekao sam da na kraju nije intervenirala Europa, nego Amerika. Zaista se nisam osjećao dobro. Nisam očekivao te osjećaje, pogotovo takva intenziteta.

Neki su iznosili svoje viđenje te situacije, ali meni se sve to činilo nekako blijedo i neuvjerljivo, „kao rezolucije UN-a“. Od nekih sam osjetio tiho razumijevanje, pogledom, koje mi je bilo vrlo važno. To sam interpretirao kao potporu, koja mi je trebala. I sad sam im zahvalan jer nisam siguran kako bih reagirao da to nisam osjetio. Ali strahovi su bili probuđeni. Tek poslije ću shvatiti što je u suštini tih strahova. Te sam se noći pitao što se događa. Odakle taj strah? Shvatio sam da su se ustvari probudili strahovi za moju djecu. Sve sam doživio kroz prizmu vlastitih doživljaja u ratu. Činilo mi se očitim da se ono što sam ja proživio može dogoditi i njima. Samo zato što su „drugačiji“. Iako ja nikad nisam mislio da sam ja „drugačiji“, da bih trebao biti „etnički očišćen“, niti mislim da su oni „drugačiji“, da bi nam trebalo biti zabranjeno nekamo putovati.

TREĆI DAN

Na sutrašnjoj grupi govorio sam o onome šta sam shvatio prethodne noći. Iako godinama nisam plakao, u jed-

because we were “Muslims”. And again, that fear awoke, better to call it anguish. I said that in the end it was not Europe but America who intervened. I really didn’t feel well. I did not expect these feelings, especially of such intensity.

Some expressed their view of this happening, but it was kind of vague and unconvincing to me, “like the UN resolutions”. I felt a quiet understanding from some of the members. It was a simple look but was very important to me. I interpreted it as the support I needed. Sill, I’m grateful to them because I’m not sure how I would have reacted had I not felt it. But fears were awakened. Only later would I understand what these fears are all about.

That night I was wondering about what was going on. Where did that fear come from? I realized that there were, in fact, fears for my children. I experienced everything through the prism of my own experiences in the war. It seemed obvious to me that the same things that I was experiencing could happen to them. Just because they are “different”. Although I never thought that I was “different” and therefore should be “ethnically cleansed”. Nor do I think they are “different” and should be banned from traveling somewhere.

DAY THREE

In a group held on the following day, I talked about what I had realized the pre-

nom trenutku bio sam na rubu suza i morao sam prestati govoriti. Nakon toga se dogodilo još nešto što me se dojmilo. Jedna članica grupe govorila je o svojem osjećaju krivnje jer je živjela u zemlji čija je vojska napadala moju zemlju. Osjećao sam se tužno i zbog nje. Nisam želio da se ona tako osjeća. Onda je i on govorio o mogućim razlozima takva svojeg stajališta. Misli da je proizišao iz njegova straha od odbacivanja koje je doživio u vlastitoj zemlji. Nekako sam očekivao da će reći da je pogriješio po pitanju svoje izjave, ali nisam to čuo. Niti je ostavio dojam da smatra da je bilo što pogrešno u toj izjavi i stajalištu. Moram priznati da me to i zbunjivalo. Meni se činilo posve jasnim da je to stajalište pogrešno. Njemu ne.

ČETVRTI DAN

Na posljednjoj grupi govorio sam o kolektivnim strahovima nas muslimana. Povezano je sa sjećanjem na Kordobu i Granadu. Muslimani koji su živjeli u Španjolskoj prije više od šesto godina protjerani su i nema im ni traga. S velikog dijela teritorija moje zemlje „očišćeni“ su muslimani koji su tu živjeli oko šesto godina. Je li riječ o nekim ciklusima? Ratni zločinci se veličaju, a ime Radovana Karadžića, osuđenog ratnog zločinca, nose obrazovne institucije. Jedna rečenica odbacivanja pokrenula je sve te strahove u meni. A oni su opet pove-

vious night. Although I had not cried for years, at one point I was on the verge of tears, so I had to stop talking. After that, something else happened that touched me. One member of the group spoke of her guilt because she lived in a country whose army was attacking my country. I felt sad for her too. I didn't want her to feel that way. Then he talked about the possible reasons for this attitude. He thinks it stems from his fear of rejection that he has experienced in his own country. Somehow, after that, I expected him to say that he was wrong about his statement. I didn't hear it. He did not find anything wrong in that statement and that attitude. I have to admit that it confused me. It seemed quite clear to me that this view was wrong. He didn't.

DAY FOUR

In the last discussion group, I talked about the collective fears that we “Muslims” have. It is related to the memory of Cordoba and Granada. Muslims who lived in Spain for more than 600 years were expelled and there is no sign of them. Much of the territory of my country has been “cleared” of Muslims who lived there for about 600 years. Are there historic cycles? War criminals are extolled. Even educational institutions are named after Radovan Karadžić, a convicted war criminal. One sentence of rejection triggered all these fears in me. Fears tied to my children's future. I



zani s mojom djecom. Ispričovijedao sam priču o Andaluziji (Španjolskoj). To je priča koja je dio kolektivnog sjećanja i pripovijeda se u „muslimanskim“ obiteljima. Ne znam koliko je istinita. Govori o protjeranom vladaru Granade koji se okrenuo da pogleda svoj grad iz kojeg je protjeran i zaplakao. Majka mu je rekla: „Plači kao žena kad se nisi znao boriti kao muškarac.“ Rekao sam da je to iskustvo u meni ojačalo stajalište da uvijek moram biti spreman na borbu. Nitko neće doći da ti pomogne. Moram biti spreman zauzeti se za sebe i svoju djecu. Nikoga nije briga i „promatrat će sa strane“. No cijelo sam vrijeme bio svjestan da stajalište „tuk na utuk“ ne donosi nikome sreću. Bio sam rezigniran.

NOĆ

Gala večera održala se posljednje noći škole u vrtu Guvernerove palače. Večer je bila prekrasna. Nakon toplih dana počeo je puhati lagan povjetarac. U daljini iznad mora mogli su se vidjeti oblaci koji su se sporo gomilali. Kad smo se svi okupili, iznenada se podigao snažan vjetar i odjednom dovukao kišne oblake iznad nas. Pljusnula je kiša, mnogo prije nego što smo očekivali. Otjerala nas je s travnjaka Guvernerove palače. Pokvarila nam je planove. Srećom, nije potpuno pokvarila ozračje. Mokri i bez planirane strukture, uspjeli smo se organizirati. Čak i zaplesati.

told the story of Andalus (Spain). It is a story that is part of a collective memory and is told in “Muslim” families. I don’t know how true it is. It is about the exiled ruler of Granada, who turned to look at his city from which he was expelled and wept: his mother told him: “Cry like a woman since you didn’t know to fight like a man.” I said that the experience in this group reinforced the view that I have always had about being prepared to fight. No one will come to help you. I need to be prepared to stand up for myself and my children. Nobody cares and people will only “watch while standing by idly”. On the other hand, all the time I was aware that this attitude did not bring happiness to anyone. I felt resigned.

NIGHT

A gala dinner was planned for the last night in the garden of the Governor’s Palace. The evening was beautiful. After warm days, a light breeze began to blow. Clouds were slowly piling up in the distance above the sea. Once we were all assembled, a strong wind suddenly came up and pulled the rain clouds over us. It started raining, long before we expected it. It drove us off the lawn of the Governor’s Palace. It ruined the plans. Fortunately, it did not completely spoil the atmosphere. Wet and without a planned structure, we managed to organize ourselves. We even danced.

PETI DAN

Posljednjeg dana nije bilo grupe za raspravu. Učinilo mi se da su prethodnog dana svi odahnuli kad je grupa za raspravu završila jer više neće biti tog tereća. Mogli su se „odmoriti“ petog dana. Samo, činilo mi se da je posao ostao nedovršen. Možda je ovaj tekst način da ga dovršim. Prisustvovao sam posljednjoj velikoj grupi. Valovi u grupi i dalje su se dizali, spuštali i zapljuskivali nas. Valjda tako mora biti. Valovi će se uvijek dizati i spuštati i udarati o obale i litice.

OSTALE GRUPE

Velike grupe, koje su se obično održavale nakon grupa za raspravu, osjećao sam kao valove koji su zapljuskivali riječke obale. Svakim danom snaga tih valova bila je sve veća. Dizala se s nekom nekontroliranom silinom i zapljuskivala sve sudionike. U jednom trenutku učinilo mi se da će se sve potopiti. I poput Jungove sjene, koja je nekoliko puta spomenuta u velikoj grupi, iz teme tolerancije izronila je netolerancija u raspravi. I to ne samo netolerancija nego i fašizam i nacizam. Više je puta spominjano i zlo utjelovljeno u „našem kolegi“ Radovanu Karadžiću. U pojedinim trenucima jako se podizao ton. Ponekad previše i bez pravog razloga. Jedan od razloga bio je to što smo sjedili u tri koncentrična

DAY FIVE

There was no discussion group on the last day. It seemed to me that everyone was relieved when the discussion group ended. That burden was gone. On the fifth day they could “rest”. It just seemed to me that the work remained unfinished. Perhaps this text is a way to finish it. I attended the last large group. The waves in the group kept rising and falling and splashing all of us. I guess that it has to be so. The waves will always rise and fall and hit the shores and cliffs.

ON OTHER GROUPS

Large groups, which usually took place after the discussion groups, felt to me like waves that flooded the shores of Rijeka. Each day the power of these waves increased. They were lifting with some uncontrollable force and splashing everyone involved. At one point it seemed to me that they were threatening to flood us all. And like Jung's shadow, mentioned several times in a large group, intolerance in the discussion emerged behind the topic of tolerance. And not only intolerance, but also fascism and Nazism. And evil embodied in Radovan Karadžić, “our colleague”, was mentioned several times. At moments, the tone was very uplifting. Sometimes too much and sometimes for no reason. One of the reasons for the uplifting of the was the order of sitting. We sat in three concentric circles because many



kruga jer drugačije nismo mogli stati u prostoriju. Oni u središnjem krugu najbolje su se čuli i dominirali raspravom, kako je to obično u životu. Druge je ponekad bilo teško čuti, pogotovo one koji su sjedili u vanjskim krugovima.

Žao mi je što je i mala grupa ostala u sjeni tih događaja. Bilo je to korisno iskustvo. Članovi su mi ostali u posebnom sjećanju. Ali iskustvo povezano s grupom za raspravu jednostavno je obilježilo sve. Supervizijske grupe također su pale u drugi plan.

EPILOG

Što se dogodilo s matičnim stanicama moje djece? Obaviješten sam da su sačuvane. No ne prema ugovoru. Premještene su u drugu zemlju, ali su sačuvane. Naveli su da su očuvani standardi skladištenja. Ja se samo nadam da mi nikad neće trebati.

Moje iskustvo sudjelovanja u ljetnoj školi u Rijeci bilo je neočekivano snažno. Možda ne onoliko ugodno koliko se o takvim događajima često fantazira i *post festum* piše. Otkad sam zamoljen da o njemu pišem, ne napušta me osjećaj da to možda i nije slučajno. Nadam se da su moji strahovi neopravdani i da su samo refleksija prethodnih iskustava. Iako se još ne mogu oteti dojmu da nisu potpuno neopravdani. Možda je ovaj tekst način da dovršim

of us could not fit in the room differently. Those in the centre circle were heard best and dominated the discussion, as is usual in life. Others were sometimes hard to hear, especially those sitting in outside circles.

I am sorry that a small group remained in the shadow of this event. It was a rewarding experience. The members have become a special memory of mine. But the experience of the discussion group simply left a mark on everything else. Supervisory groups were also underutilized.

EPILOGUE

What happened to my children's stem cells? I have been informed that they have been saved. Although not according to contract. They were moved to another country but were preserved. They stated that storage standards were maintained. I just hope I'll never need them.

My experience of attending a summer school in Rijeka was unexpectedly strong. Maybe not as pleasant as one would like these events to be or as they are often described *post festum*. Since I received an invitation to write about the school, I cannot dispel the feeling that it might not be a "coincidence". I hope my fears are unjustified and are just a reflection of past experiences, although I still cannot escape the impression that they are not absolutely unjustified.

djelo koje je, čini mi se, ostalo nedovršenim. Vidjet ćemo se i u nekim sljedećim školama i u nekim drugim grupama. Možda ćemo na njima saznati da su i naša iskustva sada na sigurnom i da se naši strahovi nikad neće ostvariti. Možda ćemo shvatiti i da nisu na sigurnom. Da nije moguće da su potpuno na sigurnom. Znam da su takve grupe, bez obzira na intenzivne osjećaje koja ponekad mogu izazvati, važne za rješavanje naših vlastitih sukoba. Možda su još važnije za razumijevanje društvenih nesporazuma i kao pomoć za rješavanje društvenih sukoba.

Uvidio sam kako su se moji osjećaji mijenjali. U početku bijaše ljutnja. Kasnije se probudio strah. Zatim se odnekud pojavila i tuga. Ljutnja više nije dominantna. Ne mogu reći da se slažem s njim. Mogu razumjeti da i on djeluje iz svojih strahova. Mislim da sam u tom trenutku očekivao drugačiju reakciju grupe. Znam da to ne ide tako. Grupa ima svoju dinamiku. A ona ne završava sa završetkom grupe. O tome među ostalim govori i ovaj tekst.

To me iskustvo naučilo da ne treba biti tolerantan prema netoleranciji. Čak i ako zvuči „autentično“, kako to reče netko u grupi. Možda zvuči kontradiktorno. Scott Peck pisao je da je suština paradoksa sposobnost da imamo dva kontradiktorna koncepta u umu, a da

This text is maybe, for us, a way to finish the work which seems to me to have remained unfinished. We will meet at some of the next schools and in some other groups. Maybe we will learn in them that our experiences are now safe and our fears will never come true. Maybe we will realize that they are not safe or that it is not possible to be absolutely safe. I know that groups like this are, despite the intense feelings they sometimes provoke, important in resolving our own conflicts. They may be even more important for the comprehension of our social misunderstandings. They may be important as a tool in resolving social conflicts.

I could see how my feelings were changing. In the beginning there was anger. Later, fear awoke. Then, sadness came from somewhere. Anger is not dominant anymore. I can't say I agree with him. I can understand he acts out of his fears. I think in that moment I was expecting a different reaction from the group. Although I know it doesn't work that way. A group has its dynamics. And it doesn't end with the group ending. This is, among other things, discussed in this text.

Through this experience, I have realised that one should not be tolerant of intolerance. Even if it sounds "authentic", as someone in the group put it. This may sound contradictory. Scott Peck wrote that the essence of paradox is the ability to keep two contradictory concepts



ne poludimo¹. Ja ih imam više. Nakon te škole istodobno sam i tolerantniji i netolerantniji, uznemireniji i mirniji, uplašeniji i hrabriji. Neću objašnjavati kako. Samo se nadam se da nisam poludio.

P. S.

Volio bih znati kakav je bio doživljaj ostalih sudionika grupe za raspravu. Mogu razumjeti da im to nije bilo važno kao meni. Ne znam koliko je moj doživljaj iskrivljen mojim životnim iskustvima. Koliko su ta iskustva od guštera napravila zmiju? Volio bih pročitati njihov komentar na tu temu, koju sam htio zaboraviti. Očito ona nije htjela zaboraviti mene. Jednostavno mi se čini da nisam mogao od nje ni pobjeći. Ne znam u kojoj su mjeri naše grupe rezonatori velikih društvenih skupina kojima pripadamo. Nadam se da će njihovi komentari pomoći da bolje razumijemo rezonantnost društvenih skupina u našim iskustvenim grupama. Možda će pomoći da se barem neki naši strahovi umanje, a budući nesporazumi spriječe. Ili da se barem bolje nosimo s njima.

in the mind without going crazy¹. I have several. After this school I am at the same time more tolerant and more intolerant, more upset and calmer, while also more fearful and braver. I will not explain how this is possible. I just hope I haven't gone crazy.

P. S.

I would like to know what the other participants in this discussion group have experienced. I can understand that it was not as important for them as it was for me. I do not know how much my group experience is distorted by my life experiences. Did it create a snake out of a lizard? I would like to read comments on the experience I wanted to forget. Obviously, this topic did not want to forget me. It seems like I couldn't escape it. I do not know how much our groups are resonators of our large social groups. I hope their comments will help us better understand the resonance of social groups in our experiential groups. It may help to alleviate some of our fears and prevent future misunderstandings. Or at least help us deal better with them.

¹ Izraz poludjeti upotrijebljen je kao u originalu.

¹ The term crazy is here used as in the original.