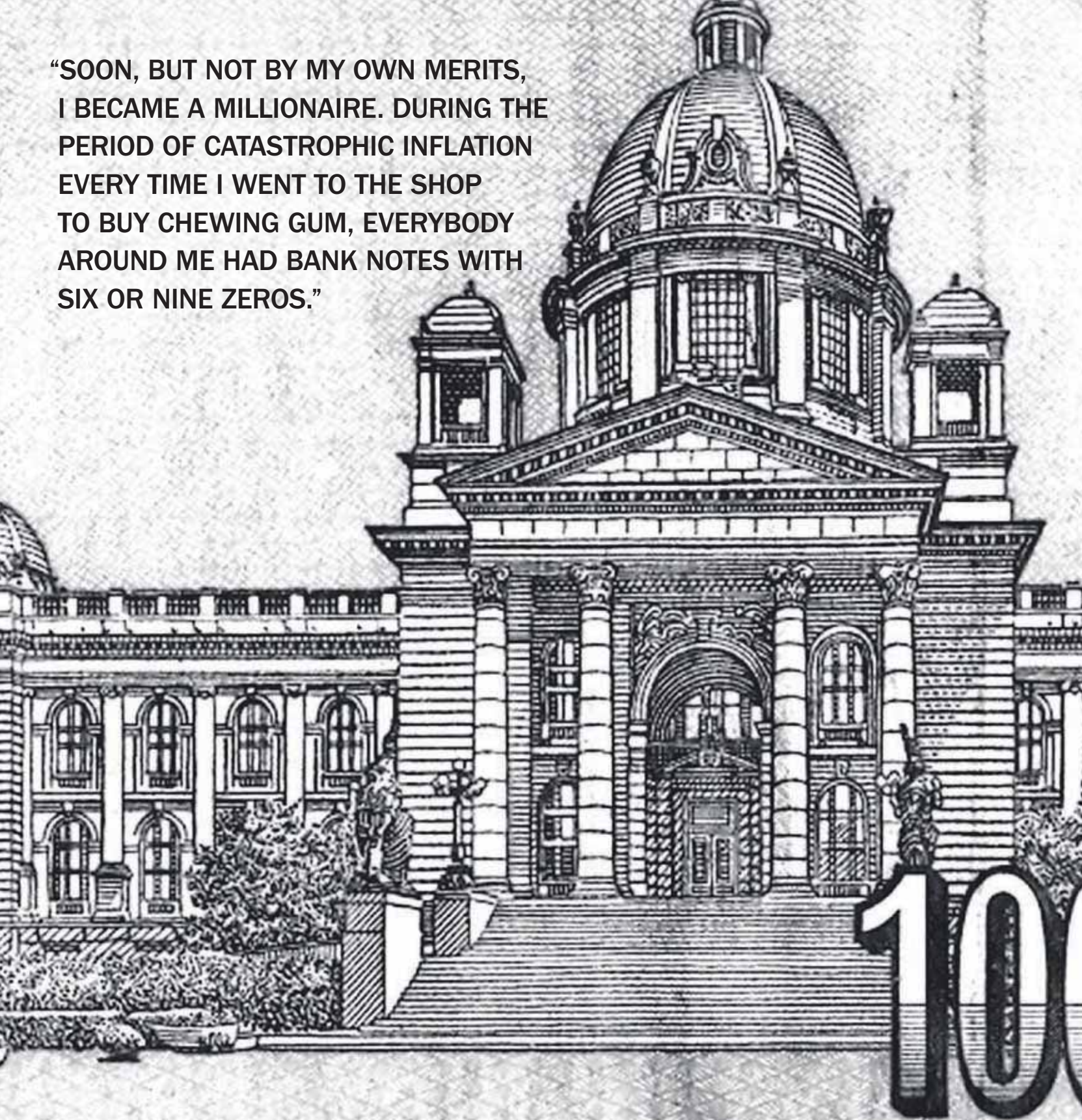


**“SOON, BUT NOT BY MY OWN MERITS,
I BECAME A MILLIONAIRE. DURING THE
PERIOD OF CATASTROPHIC INFLATION
EVERY TIME I WENT TO THE SHOP
TO BUY CHEWING GUM, EVERYBODY
AROUND ME HAD BANK NOTES WITH
SIX OR NINE ZEROS.”**



MARTIN CVETANOVIĆ

KULA, SERBIA

“Let’s hope he’s a good footballer and cleans up our room!” I can hear the ringing children’s voices of my two elder brothers on the cassette player in the B&B. In a nutshell, that is how they expressed their wishes and expectations for the newest member of the family.

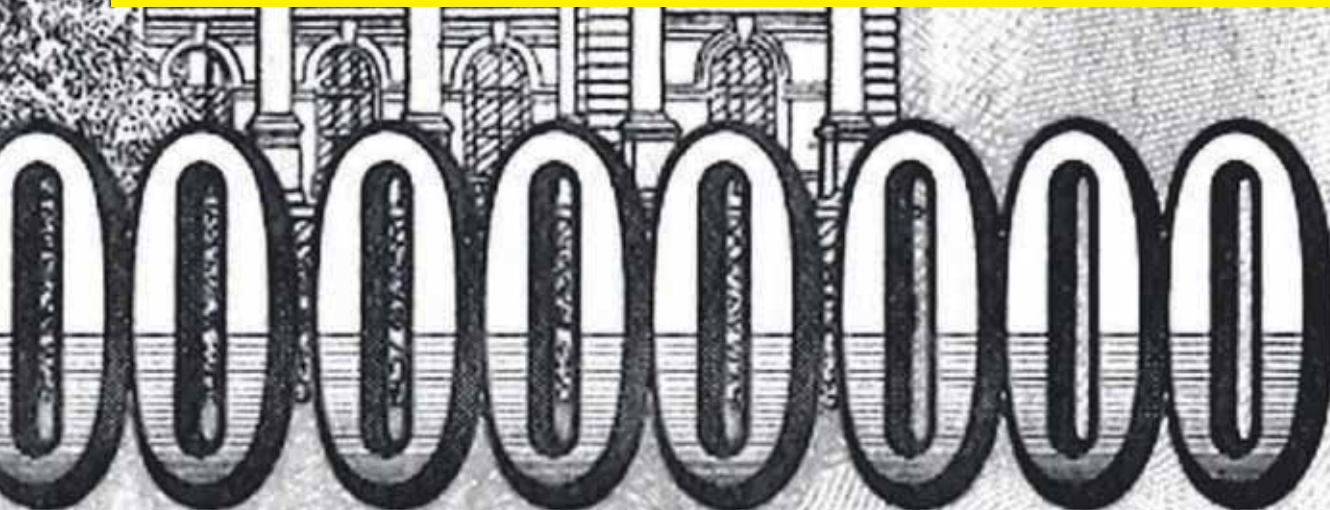
As a curiosity the story goes that our mother took them (there was no one to look after them) to the hospital to see the gynaecologist when she had to arrange an ultrasound before the birth. At the time family members were not allowed to go in and watch the screen. My brothers (identically dressed) were so irresistible that the doctor let them in and they were offered the sensational opportunity of seeing me before everybody else. I assume I’m the “snow” image on the monitor – they didn’t record anything else.

There was no dilemma surrounding the choice of name as my parents had, at the start of their married life, decided that my name would be Martina, to match my mother’s name Marta. Only there was no opportunity to use it! Fate decided it would for ever stay the “gold reserve”. They shortened the name by one “a” and called me Martin. So we became the 5M quintet which pleased each of us.

Although everyone taught me something, sang to me and read to me, I found it hard to start speaking. Like a small Chinese boy I only used the first syllables of a word: ta, mi,

mo, te, do, etc. I made up for this with mobility. I was already walking at ten months, and from eighteen months I climbed the wooden gate, shocking the good-natured old women as they rushed to church. I’m certain they also prayed for me because I suffered no mishap... except, when I come to think of it, when I placed my hand on the exhaust pipe of dad’s car. This can also be considered my baptism of fire. Then I became a real biker. First I rode with my dad, but then he made me a cross-country bike which I was very proud of. I enjoyed riding from eight years of age and taking part in bike competitions. One year I even won a prize for the youngest rider!

When I was born my relatives, with heavy sighs, stated times were certainly hard for a large family and had no inkling what was still to come! My mother diligently kept a diary. It has our scribbles, drawings and a graph of the three of us showing our progress in weight and height. In it she recorded that a friend, the musician Ernest, and my father were tiling the hall when we were told about the fall of the Berlin Wall. They even forecast that the two Germanies would unite. My parents were interested in all of this because they had travelled Europe by car for eighteen years. They had a transit visa for the former German Democratic Republic and just managed to catch the car ferry to Sweden in a day.



МИЛИЈАРДА ДИНАРА
MILIJARDA DINARA

At nostalgic retro-parties they used to talk of how they felt putting their passports in their pockets and setting off – which we had not experienced. That same 1989 they were full of emotion as they followed the fall of the Iron Curtain.

Soon, but not by my own merits, I became a millionaire. During the period of catastrophic inflation every time I went to the shop to buy chewing gum, everybody around me had bank notes with six or nine zeros. When they paid out child benefit six months late they were practically worthless. These bank notes were later used as wallpaper in many offices or sold to collectors for five German marks. Everybody bought DM but the rate for the dinar could change while you were standing in the queue. You could protect yourself by freezing old bread because one day in late 1993 the price of bread leapt 800%!

A considerable amount of baking was done at home. I recall this period because of my gastronomic activities. I learned to make kifla rolls (mostly without filling), cake without eggs, “mock” (i.e. meatless or cheeseless) burek, chestnut purée from beans... I also illustrated my cookbook, even – imitating my grandmother and mother – sticking in recipes.

My hyperactive mother used to take part in every possible prize-winning game and quiz. So she won a prize and took us to Hungary for a weekend to an ethno-farm. No sooner were we out of the train than we were straight into the first self-service store. Those observing us knew we were from Yugoslavia since we launched into the salt, oil, detergent, coffee, toilet paper, yeast and margarine. Thus loaded with travel bags we set off for our deserved holiday.

At first I didn't want to go to nursery school but spaghetti for lunch became increasingly attractive. In the evenings the electricity at home was restricted. Every day other streets were plunged into darkness. We had a wooden box with letters and next to the candle or 12V bulb fed from a battery we made up words – our own sort of Scrabble. That's how I learned to read at five years of age. A thank you to my brothers for sometimes letting me win.

My dad was called up in 1995 to dig trenches near the Danube. Fortunately he didn't have to take up arms. That left the four of us at home and my mother had to learn to pick clover. The name of the state was changed from the Socialist Republic of Yugoslavia to the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia, and the State Community of Serbia and Montenegro until Montenegro broke away on 21 May 2006. But the Republic of Serbia continued. Accordingly, the certificate of nationality was issued in a small version. The really interesting thing is that I have never moved once but I've changed the name of the country I live in four times.



“THE REALLY INTERESTING THING IS THAT I HAVE NEVER MOVED ONCE BUT I’VE CHANGED THE NAME OF THE COUNTRY I LIVE IN FOUR TIMES.”

Going to school was something boring, which I already knew. My strict lady teacher was unsurpassable with her famous saying: "And what was the author trying to say?" The chances of saying the right thing were less than ten per cent. Preparing for a written assignment we had already taken our notebooks away. We didn't dare write anything on the cover, but my mother had written the initials CM in lead pencil. In spite of that the teacher had ordered us children to take our notebooks the next day because mine wasn't there. It was 25 March 1999 when my mother washed the curtains in the early evening, perfumed them and started to hang them on the curtain rods. Then NATO forces started bombing and the first bomb fell on the army base in the upper town of Kula. Mother, without blinking an eye, continued hanging the curtains despite father's warning that they would be blown out with the window. The job couldn't be abandoned because the curtains would have wrinkled. Dad suggested removing the interior window casements. Early, before the morning shift, mother went to the shop to buy me a notebook. The shopkeeper persuaded her that there wouldn't be any time for either notebooks or school.

So we had an enforced spring holiday. I was very keen to have private English lessons. To the general astonishment of everyone, I loved irregular verbs. The woman teacher gathered us together so we wouldn't miss out on our classes. While the air raid warning sounded we would sit in her basement and revise our lessons. She just reminded us to wash the spinach and young lettuce in water with bicarbonate of soda as there were particles of "depleted" uranium in the air. I really couldn't understand what kind of uranium it could be that was more depleted than this nation! Again my father got called up for the reserve. I felt very sorry for him when they cropped his hair. This time he was stationed in an old brickworks and they roasted young goat, waiting empty-handed for enemy attacks, until an underground oil dump in a neighbouring village exploded. The inhabitants queued patiently for coupons with which they could buy ten litres of fuel. My brother couldn't get home from Novi Sad. The bridges there were under threat. And the TV tower blew up with my drawing of a blue apple which I had got an award for.

And so it was for seventy-eight days and nights. We bought dried bones – first they were stripped and next day they were cooked to give some flavour to the food. The hardest thing was when the water stopped. They bought mineral water and batteries in the shops. Neighbours came in and asked whether they could get rainwater from the well to give it to the pigs. People used to husk corn at night;

the husking machine was often connected to a tractor battery. Graphite connectors were hung on the long-distance power lines. You never knew when the electricity would go down. We installed a stove in the summer kitchen. The grease bucket served as a boiler.

And many years after these events I jump when I'm outside and hear an ambulance siren. Reflexes are strange and very deeply ingrained.

The biggest problem was shoes for us since both our parents were unemployed. Now and then we would get a box of toys, clothes and shoes from relatives and friends in Germany: then we would have fine shoes and thought we were really "in". As the youngest I inherited everything from underpants to the school bag. I could only distinguish myself by my hair style which I exploited in various situations. Like for the part of Cinderella I soon grew to 190 cm with size 45 shoes which gave me unusual satisfaction in that we had to buy them just for me!

I've rushed a little ahead chronologically. The September 2000 elections are in the offing. Demonstrations are being organised in our town too: people are gathering in front of the post office, the speakers are arriving, banners with "Resistance" are being stuck up. My brothers have gone off to Belgrade to attend a political demonstration. The satellite stations are showing pictures in front of the parliament building. Mother can't believe her eyes and switches the radio on. She weeps with joy. Dad has taken the loudspeakers on a lorry to the market in Kula. I help him with the cables to get power from the photo workshop. The people celebrate democratic change. Older as well as young people have plucked up courage to go out onto the streets. And life goes on frugally – there was produce in the garden, there was milk from the goat, there was heating from the soya bowl. I have my own bit of garden that looks like an experimental field. The thought has crossed my mind a couple of times of taking up gardening as a profession. I have and still do keep all kinds of rodents. I diligently bury individual victims at the end of the garden and make headstones for them.

My interest in music is growing, although there's no mention of my attending the music school (for which I have often repented recently). At home I practise and beat the drums with ever increasing enthusiasm, having rejected the help of my father, the drummer. At thirteen my first band, "Treš"[Trash], is formed. We arrange concerts for symbolic tickets and humanitarian causes. A couple of times we made a stage out of two tractor trailers. When expenses are deducted, the result is most often a positive zero.

The day after the gig we clear up the site because we are conscious of protecting the environment. I draw and do pencil sketches to my heart's content. Art draws me more and more like a magnet. I'm enrolled at the philological high school in Subotica, although I've never liked the town. However, school was a second family during working days. I assume that is why I became independent so early. It was a real pain travelling in disintegrating trains on a Sunday. I was always loaded with Hungarian, English, German and Spanish dictionaries. Avoiding the crowds in the train, I kept catching people with the drumsticks sticking out of the haversack. Being tall in this way I had on one occasion even to climb through the window to get just a place to stand. At times I felt I was in India not Eastern Europe.

I play hardcore punk! It isn't just a sort of fast, dynamic, wild music but the way of life I/we live from day to day. When my father had an attack of lumbago one summer I had to stand in and play a couple of gigs with his band at bike meetings. I've dropped playing but I've become known as a "brick" among senile rockers. What I am sorry about is that I've only heard praise indirectly but it is important that it indicated respect for me because my rhythm is unerringly precise.

I love maps; I often look at them; I copy them; I work out routes I want to follow. My room is completely decorated with maps. I joined a cycling club when I got my first professional road bike. Every summer we select another stage with this club, even abroad. The routes have become ever longer and harder. We've gone round the whole of Vojvodina, part of Romania, Austria, Hungary, part of Slovakia and Croatia. We've covered about 750 km in a week. Next summer we're going to Austria and Slovenia. So we'll have an opportunity to experience countries of the European Union of the same age. It is a big comfort to travel without visas and I'm satisfied that I've seen Austria, Greece, the Czech Republic...

Music follows me everywhere, I can't do without it. I've always believed that music has no frontiers. Finally we have the right situation and we're recording an album. I hope an opportunity will come to show Europe what we know! I think that with the talent we have inherited we have to act intelligently and develop it further.

My brothers have graduated in geography or history. It's my turn one fine day to graduate in Germanic studies which I've enrolled for in Novi Sad. My mother, as a graduate in tourism studies, works in an elementary school as a teacher on half salary. I have before me an example to be persistent in achieving my goals and in daring to dream great dreams.

It's just that knowledge and the freedom to be creative cannot be taken away. I try hard to perfect my knowledge of several languages and become a linguist, an interpreter. I live in a multi-ethnic and a multi-faith community; this has its advantages because there is tolerance and doesn't need learning from a book. In the early 20th century our townspeople lived with three languages. Like in the European Parliament today, once upon a time old women sat in front of their houses and each spoke in their mother tongue. The others understood everything and spoke in their own language. Many consider that those of us from Eastern Europe have a certain advantage because many of us are bilingual which is valued in Europe after all. My wish is that we, ambitious, young college-educated people contribute to the democratic changes in society!



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MARTIN CVETANOVIĆ

KULA, SRBIJA

-Samo da zna dobro da igra fudbal i da nam pospremi sobu!
-čujem zvonki dečji glas moja dva starija brata s kasete našeg kasetofona u penziji. Oni su sažeto tako formulisali svoje želje i očekivanja u vezi novog člana porodice.

Kao kuriozitet se prepričava da ih je mama odvela sa sobom u Dom zdravlja kod ginekologa kada je trebala da uradi ultrazvuk bebe pred porođaj. (Nije bilo nikog da ih čuva). U to vreme ni članovima porodice nije bilo dozvoljeno da uđu i pogledaju ekran. Oni – jednako obučeni – bili su tako neodoljivi da ih je lekar pustio unutra i pružila im se senzacionalna prilika da me vide pre svih ostalih. Pretpostavljam da sem toga da “sneži” na monitoru ništa drugo nisu registrovali.

Oko izbora imena nije bilo dileme, pošto su mi se roditelji već od početka braka odlučili za Martinu kao pandam za mamino ime Martu. Samo nije bilo prilike da se koristi! Sudbina je tako htela da ona zauvek ostane zlatna rezerva. Skratili su ime za jedno A, i mene su nazvali Martin. Tako smo postali kvintet 5M što se svakom od nas sviđa.

Iako me je svako podučavao, pevao mi i čitao priče teško sam progovorio. Kao mali kinez koristio sam samo prve slogove reči: ta, mi, mo, te, do... itd. Ovo sam nadoknađivao motorikom. S 10 meseci sam već prohodao, a s godinu i po dana penjao sam se na drvenu kapiju šokirajući dobroćudne starice koje su žurile u crkvu. Sigurno su se i za mene molile, jer mi se nije ništa loše dogodilo... sem tada, ako bolje razmislim, kada sam stavio dlan na vruć auspuh od tatinog motora. To se može smatrati i mojim vatrenim krštenjem u pravom smislu te reči. Tad sam postao pravi motoraš. Prvo sam se vozio sa tatom, a posle mi je on napravio jedan kroser na koji sam bio jako ponosan. Uživao sam ga voziti s 8 godina, pa još učestvovati na moto susretima. Čak sam jedne godine dobio nagradu za najmlađeg vozača!

Kada sam se rodio, rodbina je duboko uzdišući konstatovala da su baš teška vremena za veliku porodicu, a nisu ni slutili šta će se sve još dogoditi! Mama mi je godinama vredno vodila dnevnik. Ima tamo našeg škrabanja, crteža, a i grafikona nas trojice kako napredujemo u težini i visini. Tamo je zabeležila da su kolega muzičar Ernest i tata stavljali pločice u hodniku kada se pričalo o padu berlinskog zida. Čak su prognozirali da će se još sjediniti dve Nemačke. Moje je roditelje sve to interesovalo jer su osamdesetih godina motorom proputovali Evropu. Kroz tadašnju Demokratsku Republiku Nemačku imali su tranzitnu vizu i jedva uspeli da za dan stignu na trajekt za Švedsku. Na nostalgичnim retro večerima se pričalo o tome kakav je to osećaj staviti pasoš u džep i krenuti na put, što mi nismo okusili. Te '89. godine sa puno emocija su pratili i skidanje gvozdene zavese.

Ubrzo sam, ne svojom zaslugom postao milioner, i to svaki put kad sam krenuo u radnju da kupim sebi žvaku, silom prilika svi oko mene su imali novčanice sa 6 ili 9 nula za vreme katastrofalne inflacije. Kad su nam isplatili dečji dodatak sa zakašnjenjem od pola godine, već skoro ništa nisu vredeli. Te novčanice su kasnije služile kao “tapete” u mnogim kancelarijama ili ko se snašao, taj ga je prodavao kolekcionarima za 5 nemačkih maraka. Svako je kupovao marke, a dok je stajao u redu, već se promenio kurs dinara. Moglo se uštedeti i tako da se stari hleb zamrzne, jer je za jedan dan krajem '93. godine cena hleba skočila za 800%! Mesilo se kod kuće uveliko. Taj period pamtim po svojim gastronomskim aktivnostima. Naučio sam da pravim kifle (najčešće bez nadeva), tortu bez jaja, lažni burek, kesten pire od pasulja... svoj kuvar sam i ilustrovao, čak – oponašajući svoju baku i mamu – lepio recepte.

Moja hiperaktivna mama je učestvovala u svim mogućim nagradnim igrama, kvizovima. Tako je osvojila nagradno

putovanje i uspela je da nas odvede u Mađarsku na jedan vikend na etno-salašu. Čim smo izašli iz voza, svratili smo u prvu samoposlugi. Oni koji su nas posmatrali znali su da smo iz Juge, pošto smo se bacili na so, ulje, deterđent, kafu, toalet papir, kvasac i margarin. Tako natovareni putnim torbama krenuli smo na zaslužni odmor.

U obdanište u početku nisam voleo da idem, ali su me špagete za ručak sve više privlačile. Uveče nas je kod kuće čekala restrikcija struje. Svaki dan su druge ulice utonule u mrak. Imali smo drvene kocke sa slovima i pored sveće ili lampice od 12 V koja se napajala akumulatorom, slagali smo reči – neku vrstu “skrebla”. Tako sam naučio da čitam s pet godina. Hvala braći što su me ponekad i pustili da pobedim.

Tata je bio mobilisan ‘95. godine za kopanje rovova blizu Dunava. Srećom nije morao da uzme pušku u ruke. Tada nas je ostalo četvoro u kući i mama je morala da nauči da kosi detelinu. Ime naše države se promenilo od Socijalističke Republike Jugoslavije u Saveznu Republiku Jugoslaviju, pa Državnu zajednicu Srbije i Crne Gore, dok se Crna Gora nije odvojila 21.05.2006. godine. Pa je nastala Republika Srbija. Shodno tome i uverenje o državljanstvu je bilo ispostavljeno u ovoliko verzija. Što je zaista zanimljivo: nisam se ni jednom selio, a promenio sam četiri naziva zemlje u kojoj živim.

Polaskom u školu mi je ponešto bilo dosadno što sam već znao. Moja stroga učiteljica je bila nenadmašiva sa svojom čuvenom rečenicom: “a šta je time pisac hteo da kaže?” Šanse za pogodak su bile manje od 10 %. Spremajući se za pismeni zadatak već smo odneli vežbanke. Nismo smeli ništa da napišemo na korice. Mama mi je ipak grafitnom olovkom napisala inicijale CM. Uprkos tome učiteljica je naredila nama dečacima da sutradan obavezno odnesemo vežbanke pošto ni moje nema. Bilo je to 25. marta ‘99. godine kada je mama predveče oprala zavese, namirisala ih i počela ih kačiti na garnišnu. Tada je počelo bombardovanje NATO snaga i prva bomba je pala na vojnu bazu u gornjem gradu u Kuli. Mama je, ne trepnuvši, nastavila da kači zavese uprkos tatinom upozorenju da će odleteti zajedno s prozorom. Postupak se nije mogao prekinuti, jer bi se zavesa zgužvala. Tata je predložio da se skinu unutrašnja krila prozora. Pre prepodnevne smene mama je otišla do trafike da mi kupi vežbanku rano ujutru. Prodavačica ju je ubeđivala da neće biti neko vreme potrebe ni za vežbankom ni za školom.

Tako smo imali prinudni prolećni raspust. Jako sam voleo da idem na privatne časove engleskog jezika. Na opšte zaprepašćenje svih, voleo sam nepravilne glagole. Nastavnica nas okupila da ne gubimo gradivo. Za vreme uzbune za opštu opasnost iz vazduha dok su sirene zavijale, mi smo sedeli u njenom podrumu i ponavljali lekcije. Samo nas je opomenula da spanać i mladu salatu peremo vodom sa soda bikarbonom

pošto u vazduhu ima čestica osiromašenog uranijuma. To baš i nisam razumeo, kakav je to uranijum koji je siromašniji od ovog naroda?!

Tata mi je opet dobio poziv za rezervistu. Najviše mi ga je bilo žao kad su ga ošišali. Ovog puta je bio stacioniran u jednoj staroj ciglani i pekli su jare na ražnju iščekujući neprijateljske napade goloruki, dok nije eksplodirao podzemni rezervoar nafte u susednom selu. Građani su za to vreme strpljivo stajali u redovima za bon kojim su mogli da kupe 10 l goriva. Brat nije mogao da doputuje kući iz Novog Sada. Tamo su mostovi bili ugroženi. I TV toranj je odleteo u vazduh s mojom plavom jabukom za čiji crtež sam i nagradu dobio.

Tako je bilo 78 dana i noći. Kupili smo suve kosti – prvo ih ogulili, a sledeći dan ih skuvali da daju neki ukus (miris) jelu. Najteže je bilo kada je nestalo vode. U prodavnicama su pokupovali mineralnu vodu i baterije. Komšije su dolazile da se interesuju, mogu li dobiti kišnicu iz bunara da napoje svinje. Ljudi su noću krunili kukuruz, često je krunjač bio priključen na akumulator od traktora. Grafitne niti su visile na dalekovodima. Nikad se nije znalo kad će da nestane struja. Montirali smo šporet u letnjoj kuhinji. Kanta za mast je funkcionirala kao bojler.

I mnogo godina posle ovih događaja se trgnem na ulici kada čujem sirenu kola hitne pomoći. Refleksi su čudni i jako duboko usađeni.

Najveći problem je bio obući nas, pošto su mi oba roditelja bila nezaposlena. Ponekad smo dobili kutiju igračaka, odeće i obuće od rodbine i prijatelja iz Nemačke: tada smo se fino obukli i mislili da smo baš “in”. Kao najmlađi, ja sam sve nasleđivao: od gaća do školske torbe. Jedino svojom frizurom sam mogao da se istaknem što sam i iskoristio u raznim situacijama. Kao za Pepeljuginu ulogu, ubrzo sam izrastao do 190 cm visine i broja cipela od 45 što mi je pružilo neobično zadovoljstvo što moramo samo za mene da kupujemo! Malo sam požurio s hronološkim redom. Pred nama su još izbori septembra 2000. godine. Demonstracije se organizuju i u našem mestu: na platou ispred pošte se okupljaju ljudi, dolaze govornici, lepe se plakati “Otpora”. Braća su mi



otputovala u Beograd na miting. Sa satelitskih stanica se vide snimci ispred skupštine. Mama ne veruje svojim očima i uključuje radio. Plače od sreće. Tata je na kamionetu odneo zvučnike na trg u Kuli. Ja mu pomažem oko kablova da se iz foto radnje izvede struja. Narod slavi demokratski preokret. Ne samo mladi, već stariji ljudi su skupili hrabrost da izađu na ulice. I dalje se živi štedljivo – bio proizvodnja u bašti, bio mleko od koza, bio grejanje sojinom balom. Imam svoje parče bašte što liči na ogledno polje. Baštovan kao profesija mi se takođe okrenula par puta u glavi. Držao sam i držim sve vrste glodara. Nastradale jedinke brižno sahranjujem na kraju bašte i pravim im nadgrobna obeležja.

Moje interesovanje za muziku raste, iako nema govora da sednem u klupu muzičke škole (zbog čega se u zadnje vreme često pokajem). Kod kuće vežbam i lupam bubanj sa sve većim elanom, odbivši pomoć tate bubnjara. Sa 13 godina se osniva moj prvi bend "Treš". Organizujemo koncerte za simbolične ulaznice i u humanitarne svrhe. Par puta se bina sastojala od dve traktorske prikolice. Kad se odbiju troškovi, rezultat je najčešće pozitivna nula. Dan posle svirke čistimo okolinu, jer smo svesni značaja očuvanja ekološke sredine. Crtam, švaram grafite za svoju dušu. Sve više me vuče, kao magnet, umetničko izražavanje. Upisao sam filološku gimnaziju u Subotici. Mada nikad nisam voleo taj grad, a ni srednjoškolski dom. Ipak, društvo iz doma mi je bila druga porodica preko radnih dana. Pretpostavljam da sam se zato i tako rano osamostalio. Namučio sam se putujući raspadnutim vozovima nedeljom. Uvek sam bio napakovan mađarskim, engleskim, nemačkim, španskim rečnicima. Izbegavši gužvu u vozu, stalno sam zakačio nekoga s palicama za bubanj koje su virile iz ranca. Ovako visok sam jednom morao čak kroz prozor da se uvučem kako bi omogućio sebi barem mesto za stajanje. Ponekad sam se osećao kao u Indiji a ne u Istočnoj Evropi.

Sviram Hard Core Punk! Nije to samo vrsta brze, dinamične, besne muzike, nego i način života na koji iz dana u dan živim(o). Kada je tatu jednog leta uhvatio lumbago, ja sam umesto njega uskočio i odsvirao s njegovim bendom par nastupa na moto susretima. Spasio sam svirke, a i postao sam poznat kao klinja među matorim rokerima. Što mi je žao što sam pohvale čuo samo indirektno, ali je važno da je bio ponosan na mene, jer mi je ritam nepogrešno precizan.

Obožavam geografske karte, često ih gledam, prekopiram, pravim rute koje želim da obiđem. Izlepio sam svoju sobu njima u potpunosti. Uključio sam se u biciklistički klub kad sam dobio svoj prvi profi drumski bicikl. S tim klubom svakog leta biramo drugu etapu, čak i u inostranstvu. Rute su postale sve duže i teže. Obišli smo celu Vojvodinu, deo Rumunije, Austriju, Mađarsku, deo Slovačke i Hrvatske. Za nedelju dana


smo čak oko 750 km verglali. Sledeće leto idemo u Austriju i Sloveniju. Tako ćemo imati priliku da upoznamo vršnjake iz Evropske Unije. Velika uteha je što možemo bez viza putovati, mada ja sam već zadovoljan što sam video Austriju, Grčku, Češku...

Muzika me prati svugde, ne mogu bez nje. Uvek sam verovao u to, da muzika nema granice. Imamo konačno uslove i snimamo album, nadam se da će nam se ukazati prilika da Evropi pokažemo šta znamo! Mislim da s talentom koji smo nasledili treba pametno da se postupi i da ga još više razvijemo.

Braća su mi završila geografiju, odnosno istoriju. Na mene je red da diplomiram jednog lepog dana iz germanistike, koju sam upisao u Novom Sadu. Mama, kao diplomirani turizmolog, radi u osnovnoj školi kao nastavnik s pola norme. Preda mnom je primer da treba biti istrajan u ostvarivanju svojih ciljeva i smeti sanjati velike snove. Samo je znanje i sloboda stvaralaštva ono što ne može niko da uzme od čoveka. Trudim se da se usavršim u znanju što više jezika i da postanem lingvista, prevodilac. Pošto živim u multietničkoj i multikonfesionalnoj zajednici, to ima svoje prednosti, jer je tolerancija prisutna pri svakom koraku i ne treba iz knjiga da se uči. Naši meštani su početkom 20. veka pričali tri jezika sredine. Kao danas u evropskom parlamentu, nekada su stare žene sedele ispred kuće i svaka je govorila svojim maternjim jezikom. Druge su sve razumele i odgovarale na svom jeziku.

Mnogi smatraju da mi iz Istočne Evrope imamo izvesnu prednost, jer smo mnogi bilingvisti što se uostalom i ceni u Evropi.

Moja želja je da mi, ambiciozni i fakultetski obrazovani mladi doprinesemo demokratskim promenama u društvu!

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