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A Word from the Editors

The Bard is a student-run magazine with the primary objective to foster student self-expression and encourage a thorough approach to language, literature, and culture. The magazine comes out biannually and is published by the Faculty of Philology, University of Belgrade, Serbia.

The Bard publishes original works of poetry, prose, flash fiction, and literary translation, along with impressions and studies of intertextuality in contemporary literature, music, and cinematography. By virtue of being the student magazine of the English Department of the Faculty of Philology, University of Belgrade, the scope of **The Bard** is Anglophone and, thus, the Editorial Board accept original works written in the English language.

The publication of **The Bard** resumes after a one-year break. The first issue of the second volume consists of works of students and alumni of the University of Belgrade and the University of Boston. This issue is the first one with international submission.

The Editorial Board extend their gratitude to the Faculty members for their invaluable guidance throughout the process of creating and ultimately publishing the magazine. With their help, **The Bard** aims to create a space for creativity and discourse, thereby nurturing the love of the written word amongst its student body and beyond.

Happy reading,
The Bard Editorial Board



Original Poetry

Consonance

Her beautiful eyes –
swim through its depths,
echo of a dolphin.

Nebojša Damnjanović
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
MA student

Hope is for fools (just like me)

Hope is a hopeful man's blessing,
A sunrise promising another tomorrow,
A warmth that keeps the heart beating
As we search for the meaning in the strangest places.

I find hope in the quiet you let linger,
My imagination staging a coup against the rational part of my brain,
Taking charge and making me imagine the silliest of things:
I imagine words in place of your silences,
Assurances, confessions, declarations,
All the things you might've wanted to say but held closer to your heart, instead;
I imagine you still wanting me, then,
But the web over your mouth would dissolve only months later;
I imagine you still wanting me, now,
And the timing is right,
And we are variants of ourselves who could make it last.

Hope is a hopeless lover's curse,
One's salvation and undoing intertwined,
Yet I keep dancing the same familiar routine,
Hoping this time it won't run me into the ground.

Teodora Šejmeši
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
First-year student

Chasing the stars

Hope

Rope

Dope

Nope

Hope. Rope! Dope. Nope!

Yesterday I saw a night star

I thought I would take you to *la mar*

Determination. Agitation.

I left my champagne on the bar

Moving to you across the crowded room

Everything was shiny and loud

But nothing feels real anymore

I'm immersed in a large cloud

As I was walking by the zoo station the other day

A little girl asked me for some dope

I said: "Nope!"

I seek life! I found myself a wife!"

She said "That's dope."

Yes, it's insane lore.

My dear, your expectations are tricked

My soul is wicked, so wicked...

Yesterday I thought I saw hope

Now, my shaking fingers keep getting tangled on a rope

There's a boat in me vaguing left and right

But in me, nothing is left

And nothing certainly feels right

I'm getting suffocated by a large cloud

And the crowd keeps getting more and more loud

The sweet sensation of the rope near my neck

Like dark waves, my soul is haunting fallen deck

The other day I thought I was fine

And for that, I'm paying a fine

I'm leaving the room for a night time walk

I've had enough of all of this nonsense talk

Usually I like some gossip

But now do I feel tired

Like a violin's, my heart is strangely wired

All the conveniences I can no longer stand

Like Gulliver I feel too big for where I land

I still hear Marie-Ernestine's piano in my ear

Jules is no longer here, have no more fear

And *la maison* is no longer *vide*

Empty valleys are echoing angry and fearful dogs bark

Like a cursed ghost, I'm running in my pants pitch-dark

Yet my ornate blouse is perfectly white

In my hand there's a red apple

Oh no, my silly dear, I'm not a tea person

I find myself only in the high-pitched scream of the kettle

I'm walking by a cliff

A bloody red rose between my teeth

With the whole world am I in a beef

Whirling, twirling, the wind's deserting the vast hills

Heathcliff, won't you come home to pay the bills?

Swishing, splashing and crashing fast

Dark waves below me also seem to feel no rest

All my life I've been trying to seize a giant whale

My knees grew weak from running, my cheeks pale

But I'm not a wolf

I'll never make it to the Lighthouse

The painting's unfinished, the corpse eaten by a mouse

Like Meursault I seek no one's mercy

But for your love, *merci*, my dear, *merci*

I've tried the apple

Behind me are the Good and the Wrong

So I seek a force that's brutal and all too strong

Like Julien, I'm torn between the Red and the Black

but my Red is passion

and my Black is death

My dear, only in verses am I rich

And your innocent dreams I shall bewitch?

Your dolly words are all too dear

And that's exactly what I fear

To feel alive I need raw emotion and passion

baroque's always been my favourite fashion

I desire to be plucked like a little flower

by an immense, yet irresistible Power

And to be soothingly swayed

as Rachmaninoff is being loudly played...

Words so strong can kill a man

Thankfully, of zen gardens I've never been a fan

Paradise's Lost, I've got myself a manly ban

A fellow fallen poet's wink

Life was nothing but a blink

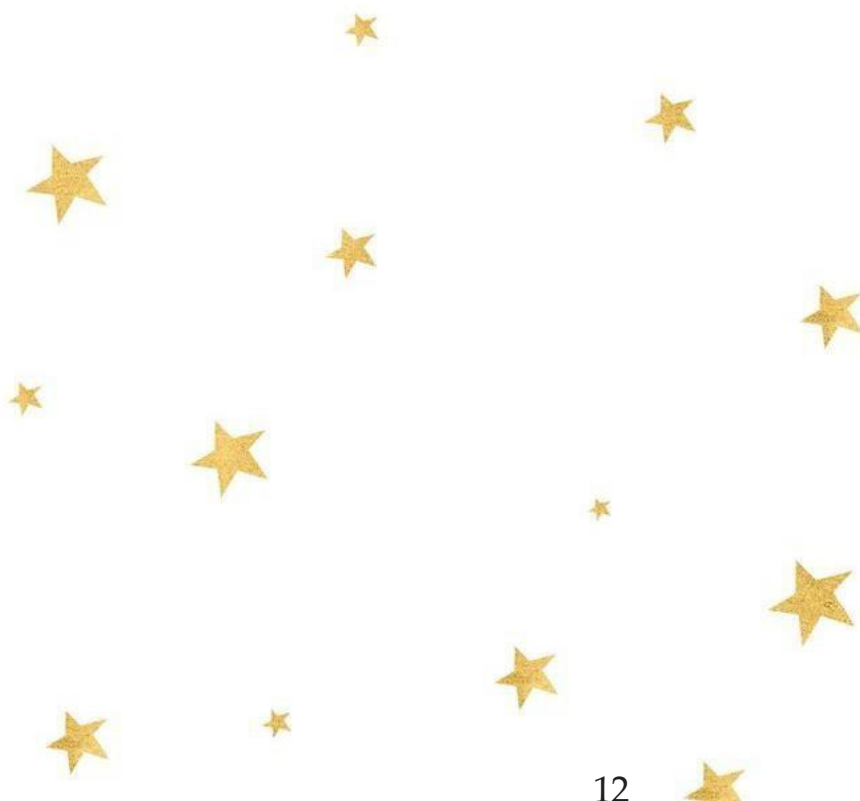
And just when I thought I was done

I witnessed yet another bloody birth of the Sun

Oh sweet morning lights

Forget me for my lustful nights

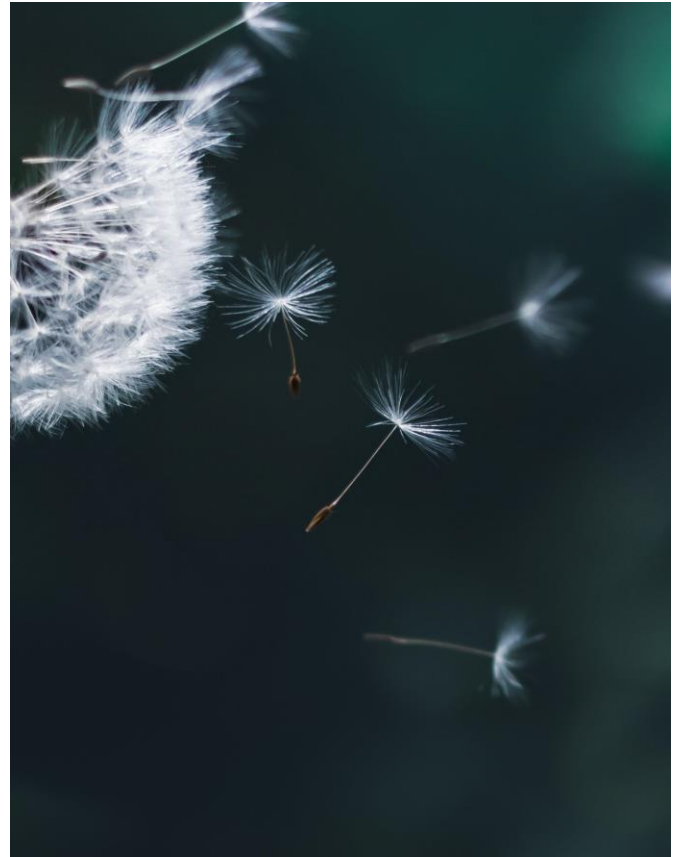
Teodora Mitrović
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
Fourth-year student



Untitled or The wind tried to steal my name

1

The wind tried to steal my name
Lift my skirt as if life's a game
To prod and pull my locks of hair
From my lungs to take the air
Out of tune to sing the song
That made our love last this long
Foolish is the enterprise of blind
When solely power plays its mind
Pay no mind to cheap endeavours
Until you grow to be enamoured
With the thread that pulls us through
To read between the lines of worlds



2

The chains are heavy
Sturdy, round
My dress is flowy
It makes no sound
I spin and fly
Right through the hoops
And only then
My freedom loops

Jovana Krstičević
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
Fourth-year student

Untitled or In the dark I try to see

1

In the dark I try to see
a secret flicker of light
a breeze in summer's eve.
I try to feel my heart's delights
When we dance around the pen at night
The surface of piano keys is clear
Black and white,
White and black are thee.
While the sequence swiftly flees
From the eyes of those
Who tired are of prose
Forgetting matter
From gentle souls
All alone arose
And sealed the letter
A wreath of thorns.

2

If I were to write the truth
Who would believe us
Not you, barely even I can trust
Yet we're stuck here in a moot
In between the earth and sphere
I cut the curtains with a spear
Spear me the lesson I can't hear
You should've told me to stay near
The air is no longer what I
Can steer my lungs clear
Away from the eye
To my sore heart always dear.

3

Do you understand the language I speak?
Now and again I wish'd thy lips were sealed
What ill fortune brought us to shores beneath
a benevolent wonder of life's valleys and peaks
Red handed spirits of yore can but scream
Down in the abbey is where they'd slither to meet
Supposing only silence to be their victory
Uprising of flags yet in hipocrisy lied humanity's defeat
Power and glory remained pains suppository
Arsonists danced while deeming the rest
A peasantry blind bereft
Redemption is honesty's purgatory
Die honourably or live as a coward
Solemnly swear no armour but a heart you'll bear.

4

What is a curse
worse than a woman
who values a poem
more than a purse?

Jovana Krstičević
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
Fourth-year student

Ghost of a Home in the Greek Countryside

Summer skies are different here.

The air is widening to cradle

little me inside its landscape.

Dry bushes scatter on the rough edges

of this sandy shore. The water is a familiar

blue-green glass bottle color.

I practically ran here, jumping on hot rock,

dodging spiky sea holly flowers.

You see, I have sensitive city feet.

Later, my soles will be red,

because I do not live in this town.

Where I live, they would call it a village.

The people here are rich in mundane pleasures.

They drink and smoke every day.

They have deep wrinkles and sun spots

on their joyful, wise, bronze faces.

They listen to American blues rock cassettes

in the tiny old cars they park at this beach.

An old man drove me here.

We have the same name.

A tall, free-flowing figure, lucid in form.

It greets me with frankincense.

Its language I know, but

my tongue has grown clumsy and foreign.

Still, no matter how pale or modern

I become, this face – I recognize.

The Ghost, color of golden dry grass fields,

whispers to me in a warm, low voice,

“Lest you believe your wandering is a curse,

plant your feet anywhere. Grow your roots

wherever your heart desires.”

Theo Svistunov
Boston University
Third-year student

Geese Migrating In Autumn

Maybe real revolution is gentle,
quietly occurring, like browning leaves;
maybe every overturn of power
is mercurial, like migrating geese.

There comes a time
when the weather changes,
and we must take flight,
in search of a home we cannot
anchor ourselves to.

We can only hope the landscape is kind
and we do not hold on too strongly,
for the tighter our grip,
the easier it slips away.

We must remember the branches
are not part of our bird-bodies.

We must keep in mind
that we do, in fact, have wings.

Theo Svistunov
Boston University
Third-year student

What/Who Lives in My Body

When they inspect my bones, they will discover
how I made space in my ribcage
for an ever expanding home, sheltering
all the people I love.

They will find, inside, a lovely fire called memory,
burning vignettes into the half-dazed brain,
behind big bug eyes which never could
see enough of this world.

I lived on the wind, like a wide-winged pelican,
arms spread out across an eager boat,
kissed by alien sun, surprised to see me,
knowing I was a stranger.

“Tired legs,” they will note, “too much wandering,”
tears stored in the dark undereyes, inherited
over centuries spent scraping the big, green country
for scraps of a respectable life.

Sailors, jazz drummers, soldiers, coal miners,
prisoners, policemen, bakers, and factory workers
all came together in an unassuming core,
dreaming of becoming an artist.

Theo Svistunov
Boston University
Third-year student

The Morning star

I

I've been in the dark for far too long
That was, until you came along –
So imperceptible, so unexpected,
Like a spark in the dark,
The lodestar in the night sky
To my wandering bark
In that haunting, everlasting night.

I can still remember how much time
I had spent begging for a sign
That this won't be forever
And that a new age will come;
A new light to brighten up the sky
And hope that another day shall arrive.

Your spark, that glimpse of light,
Kept me going in the dead of night
As it kept me warm in that stone-cold tower
Where I had locked away all my powers.

Yet doubts kept troubling my mind –
Thinking it's just a matter of time
When all of it will vanish into thin air.

Instead, you began shining so bright
I almost went blind from your light
And everything that was before
Became so irrelevant from that day on,

As my castle of doubts fell to ruins,
Daring me to try again
To have some trust, however small,
To once again *live for the hope of it all*.

The fire which helped me get through that awful storm
Had melted away what I once thought was beyond repair;
Once frozen in time and considered long gone –

All that poetry and prose
I had buried deep underneath that sacred ground,
No longer bound, came undone
As I started thinking of the days to come:

“Whatever you lost you can regain,
There’s a new dawn, a new chance to begin again.”

II

Suddenly, when the morning came
I could feel you under my skin, within my soul
It doesn’t matter whether you’re near or far away (anymore)
Instead, you’re constant as the stars above
And that is just about enough for me,
To remind me that there’s a different way to be.

I could finally see it clearly, in the light of day;
You never asked anything of me
So there was nothing left to fear,
And I think it’s the kind of thing
You just have to wait and see,
To have some trust (in you) and let it be.

To have some hope in a new world
Which you showed me could exist –
And it looks promising to me –
That hidden heaven on earth,
An entirely different universe –
Made out of endless possibilities.

Anja Zečević
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
Fourth-year student

Blessing in disguise

Eat the forbidden fruits
Or better yet – open the box and close it fast,
As the final verdict had been reached;
When the first sin had been done
It's already too late –
The damage cannot be undone
And the only thing left to do
Is to meet your fate.

Although deep inside that little box
One thing had been left untouched
Trapped inside like it was supposed to die last –
It's the breeze on a summer's day,
It's the small speck of dust
It's the breadcrumbs you might find along the way,
A path only for you to follow when you're led astray.

It's the terror in disguise,
The haunting in the middle of the night
If you still live with your ghosts –
'Cause they'll host a party and play pictionary
With their favorite recurring theme:
Forcing you to go through the hallway of your memories,
Filled with questions of "what ifs" and "what could've been".

It's a wretched thing, a real torment under a guise,
Motivation for some, defeat for others
But for everyone always quite out of reach –
Always keeping you on your toes, begging and longing for more
Never leaving you quite satisfied with what was before.

But be careful it does not run out;
If you lose it once, you'll never find it again –
Stuck wandering in the endless dark
So my honest advice is:
"Keep it shut in that pretty trunk."

It can mess with your mind and twist your perception
Of reality, urging you to go for the potential,
And not for what's sitting in front of you,
So in the end, you're met with pure self-made deception.

Keep both feet on the ground,
Carefully aim towards the sky, from time to time,
If you want to fly high and come back around;
But never go too close to the sun,
'Cause it might melt your wings
As you take the final fall to the ground.

Anja Zečević
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
Fourth-year student

something to believe in

a ruined structure stood unfazed
free from the formidable headache
of lords and ladies lavishing in lace
a quick glimpse, a story erased

was it a church or prison once?
rumbling walls ought to know
when did it dwindle into chaos?
they hit pause and ended the show

the thick curtain fell with a thud
never knowing who it was,
or what windows creaked, shrouded in dust
once glimmering, now covered in mud

the building reeked of desperate thoughts
forever hiding its history from us
who would know it, the flies or the moths?
it remained standing, forever alone

its age brought about a new life:
a lone wolf dragging his feet in
he started howling for the Lord above
to find something to believe in

Marija Đorđević
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
MA student

stars for eyes

vengeful thoughts seep in
she seeks answers within
rips open the palace of lies
never knowing what's inside

lying bare on the concrete floor
she found herself, stationary, a doll
picks it up, stretches its arms –
a weird occurrence: stars for eyes

inspecting it closer, she sighs wryly
“why must I do all the work?”
but the doll looks up at her, all smiley:
“you are everything, my keeper and clerk”

a faint scream escaped her mouth:
“I must have lost my mind somehow”
the doll closed her eyes and said:
“never again underestimate the dead”

Marija Đorđević
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
MA student

My dear, Dorothy

Under this roof, I will protect you.

Under our pillows, I will keep dimes and ibuprofen
for when our backs crack,
when your bristled locks dance with nuclear waves.

In my chest
I will lock away
your memories of hillsides and bays.

Grandpa had only one book:
Robinson Crusoe, stranded on an island.
I only have one story –
Us, stranded on barren and beaten land.

I promise you'll have more than one book.

Then, maybe, Goa will welcome us
when the ruins of our cities turn to soil.
Maybe Amsterdam will hug our bones
when our blood boils,
and the metal tornado takes everything to Kansas.

There's no place like home.

There's no place.

Nowhere

is home.

Papers and pictures turned to ashes.

Hair and eyes scrambled as dust

and nitid steel that never caught rust.

I can teach you about Córdoba,

and ancient cities built for those like us.

Their birds sing lullabies

slowly, still.

The love I have for you

is the only thing

left

to put in my will.

Andela Miloradović
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
MA student

When there is a map

When there is a map
Hold onto it
See the oceans when they start running
Keep it close to your heart
And tight in your hands
When it starts to fade
You can't let it stay
For it'll give you pain
And when it drops
And the moment stops
You feel the need to show it all
To let them see
What life you live
And all your sorrows
Just let them breathe.
It is a dark night
Curtains swallowed the room
You lay flat
And hear nothing at all
You look up
But there is no night sky
You wish to fly
As you always do
But tonight you lay in your own lagoon

Milica Rakić
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
Fourth-year student

Three life stages

Precarious Child

One day, one night

Somehow I just might

In the darkest night and sunniest day

Finally be enough and find my way

Middle-aged Man

Today, tomorrow

I'll probably be crying in the metro

Young and old

I do not have time of my own

Elderly Woman

Green or purple

I look at my life and see a turtle

Hurt and pained

I will take that secret to my grave

Milica Rakić
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
Fourth-year student

here's what I remember

up to my knees in a creek
two left feet, a lie so sweet
I count the steps to your street
a kiss on the cheek
go hide and go seek

gentle breeze and we sway
in rhythm with the hay
you tease while I freeze
and sneeze the spring away

and I joke
and you blush
one poke
and I shush
in my misery
salt to the injury
is each and every stroke

in the hollow of the oak
where I soak
in your laughter like a liturgy

Andrijana Prodanić
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
MA student



trans латион

The Blacksmith

Translated by Milica Rakić

A dark and bleak night. Frost catches and beats.

In the sooty smithy, an old blacksmith forges;

Close to the hearth his face scorches,

Down his hairy chest, sweat streams and greets.

Under the strong blow, sparks fly wide

As if a meteor scatters through the interlude

And he, with a heavy sledgehammer in his solitude

Appears as a symbol of strength hard to confide

Hardships have forged him into steel

O how stout! O how mighty he is!

He gleams like dusk on fir tree height...

While through the village the brambles sigh

With sooty hand he strikes more high,

From anvil leap the golden arrows of light...

Milica Rakić
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
Fourth-year student

Kovač

Noć mračna i pusta. Mraz hvata i bije.

U čađavoj izbi kuje kovač stari;

Na domaku ognja lice mu se žari,

Niz kosmate prsi znoj potokom lije.

Pod udarom snažnim lete iskre krupne

K'o da se meteor rasipa u noći,

I on, s teškim maljem u ovoj samoći,

Izgleda k'o simbol snage nedostupne.

Trudi su ga časi stvorili u čelik –

O, kako je zoran! O, kako je velik,

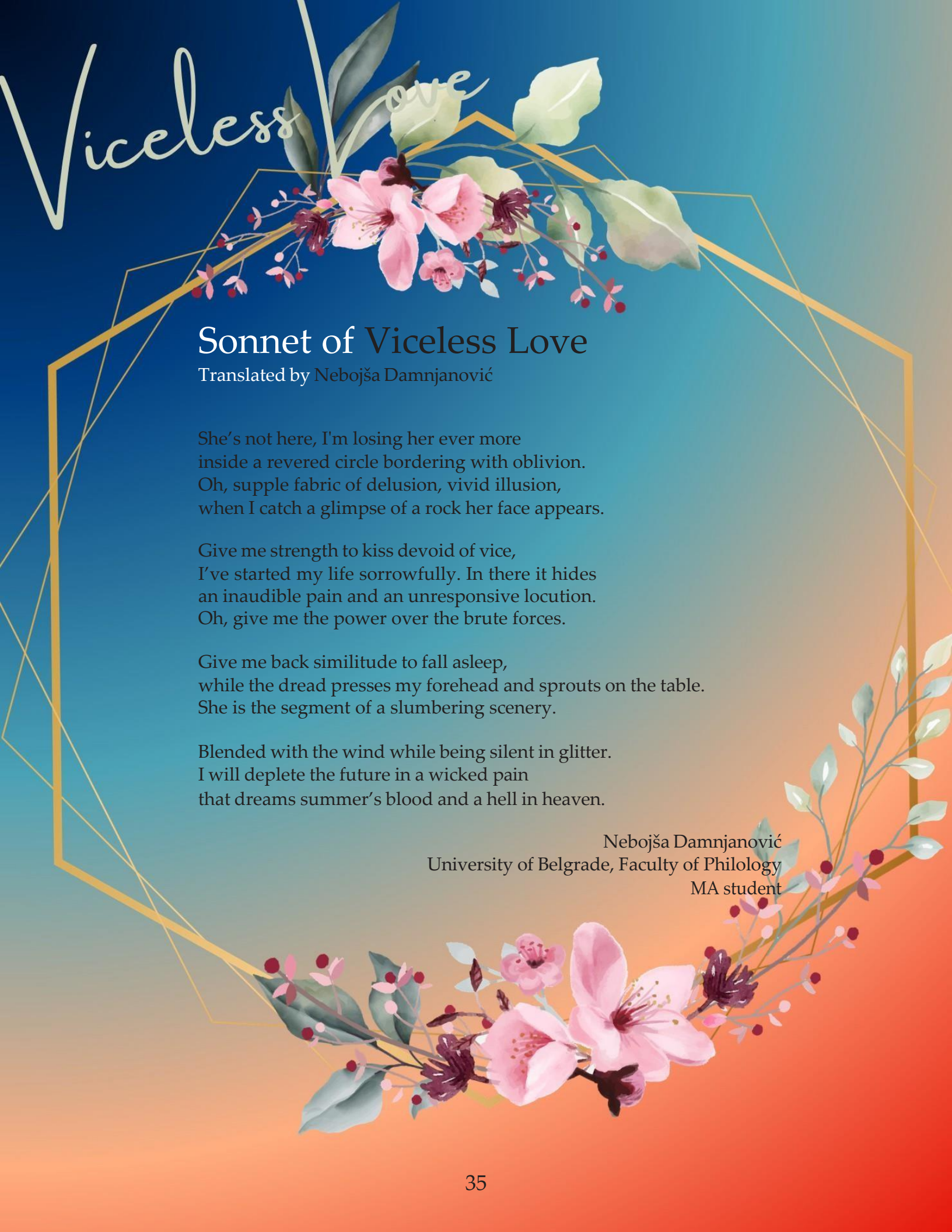
I sjajan k'o veče na vrsima jela!...

I dokle po selu šušti grmlje drače,

On garavom rukom zamahuje jače,

I s nakovnja leti snoplje zlatnih strela...

Aleksa Šantić



Viceless

Love

Sonnet of Viceless Love

Translated by Nebojša Damnjanović

She's not here, I'm losing her ever more
inside a revered circle bordering with oblivion.
Oh, supple fabric of delusion, vivid illusion,
when I catch a glimpse of a rock her face appears.

Give me strength to kiss devoid of vice,
I've started my life sorrowfully. In there it hides
an inaudible pain and an unresponsive locution.
Oh, give me the power over the brute forces.

Give me back similitude to fall asleep,
while the dread presses my forehead and sprouts on the table.
She is the segment of a slumbering scenery.

Blended with the wind while being silent in glitter.
I will deplete the future in a wicked pain
that dreams summer's blood and a hell in heaven.

Nebojša Damnjanović
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
MA student

Sonet o neporočnoj ljubavi

Nema je ovde, sve je više gubim
u časnom krugu kog zaborav rubi.
Oh, gipka sliko varke, varko živa,
kad kamen vida njeno lice biva.

Daj mi snage da neporočno ljubim,
dane započeo tužno. Tu se skriva
bol bez odjeka i reč bez odziva.
O, daj mi snage nad silama grubim.

Vrati mi sličnost da usnim, dok strava
tišti mi čelo i niče na stolu.
Ona je deo predela što spava.

Pomešana s vetrom dok ćuti u sjaju.
Iscrpem budućnost u svirepom bolu
što sanja krv leta i pakao u raju.

Branko Miljković

A Story

Translated by Milica Rakić

I only remember that she was
innocent and slender,
and her hair was
warm, like black silk
in her naked bosom.

And in the crack of dawn, in us
the white acacia's scent blossomed.

By chance I joylessly remembered,
because I like:
to close my eyes and keep silent.

Next year when the acacia's scent is felt again
who knows where I might be.

In silence I suspect
that her name I could never
remember again.

Milica Rakić
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
Fourth-year student

Priča

Sećam se samo da je bila

nevina i tanka,

i da joj je kosa bila

topla, kao crna svila

u nedrima golim.

I da je u nama pre uranka

Zamiris'o bagrem beo

Slučajno se setih neveseo,

jer volim:

da sklopim oči i ćutim.

Kad bagrem dogodine zamiriše,

ko zna gde ću biti.

U tišini slutim

da joj se imena ne mogu setiti

nikad više.

Miloš Crnjanski

The background is a dark brown, textured surface with a subtle, repeating floral pattern. The pattern consists of stylized flowers and scrolling vines, rendered in a slightly lighter shade of brown than the background, creating a classic, elegant look.

Flash Fiction

Hope dies last

The soil underneath my fingernails will remain unnoticed when the hound dogs dig their way through a thin layer of dirt covering my body. It will be enough to call off the search, to throw them off the scent of the real crime committed there, still rattling in the box where I had buried it somewhere below where my heart was found.

My feelings for you fruitlessly fighting their fate, searching for a way to evade the inevitable executioner that is Time, while Hope waits, relentlessly patient, for new hands to dig it up and bring us back to life.

Teodora Šejmeši
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
First-year student

Forsaken

They walked alone down the streets of the borough. The shanties on both sides exuded an impregnable, but still a familiar kind of reminiscence, one that would be capable of dissuading even the most hardened skeptics. Still, it didn't matter all the same. The shutters on the broken windows creaked under the gusts of wind, as if they were moaning.

There was nothing left. Just the doors, bare walls, and the rooftops with the ramshackled chimneys. For her, this was a far cry from the place where laughter and song could be heard, and dance, followed with a sparkle in the eye could be seen.

An invented place, conceived by people, a place that existed for a while, but which is now gone and a time that could never be replayed.

Nebojša Damjanović
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
MA student

The way of things

Just like a little lamb, you are doomed and cursed by the sheer innocence of your bleat. There is no escaping destiny for branded cattle. But maybe there is hope in shedding your wool and realizing you are bare naked. You are always the one sacrificed in the end; the finger pointing says it is the way of things. But you are bare naked and defiant against all odds. Not to obey even the gods. Your flesh will not be covered in blood prematurely – you repeat till you be-lieve. Just like a little lamb, you are doomed and cursed, but still, there is a whole life to be lived before the knife.

Jovana Marković
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
Fourth-year student

I hope for a better future

The most terrible feeling of helplessness a parent can feel is the feeling of being unable to give your child everything. Of course, I'd give my heart and soul for my son. But how can I give him a heart bleeding from the pain of helplessness?

Today, it happened again. My son asked me that dreadful question.

"Why can't I play with the King's daughter?" His eyes lit up, eagerly waiting for a response.

"One day, my dear," I replied, preparing the King's lunch with a special ingredient.

Marija Ćirković
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
First-year student

Student Essay

Students benefit more from having a kind teacher than a strict one. Discuss the topic giving at least one example from the movie Whiplash.

PLAN:

YES

- kind teachers shape their students into better people
- they provide a safe space for children with a difficult home life

NO

- strict teachers build discipline and persistence
- they push students to try harder and exceed their limits

During our school years, we encounter a wide variety of educators. Their behaviour plays a crucial role in our development and the dichotomy between stern and amiable teachers is thought to have a markedly different impact on students, with one always regarded as more constructive. I contend that having a compassionate teacher has a more positive effect on students.

On one hand, there are reasons to believe that kind educators are more beneficial for young people. For one, by exemplifying appropriate behaviour, they present a viable role model for their students and consequently shape them into better people. This warmth is especially vital for children living in dysfunctional families because it replaces the chaotic environment that they have grown accustomed to with a calm and peaceful one.

On the other hand, there are compelling arguments to suggest that having strict educators is more favourable. Firstly, sternness builds focus and tenacity, which is very helpful in a world where so many lines of work demand grit and discipline. Moreover, stern teachers will often push their students to overcome their limits, believing that greatness lies beyond those boundaries. In the film, Fletcher's strictness causes Andrew to sever ties with his loved ones and even injure himself, but it also eventually shapes him into an excellent drummer.

In conclusion, I firmly believe that having kind educators is better for students. Not only do they mould students into upstanding individuals, but they also foster community and trust. Despite this fact, both types of teachers belong in the education system.

Katarina Savković
University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology
First-year student

Events

Bloomsday and Beyond: Celebrating James Joyce and Irish Literature

In a testament to the growing scholarly interest in Irish and Joyce studies in Serbia, the Embassy of Ireland in Belgrade and the Faculty of Philology organised *Bloomsday and Beyond: Celebrating James Joyce and Irish Literature*, reflecting the appetite for celebrating James Joyce in Serbia.

On 12 June 2026, the Embassy organised a screening of *100 Years of Ulysses* (2022) at the Europe House. Directed by Ruán Magan on the occasion of the centenary of Ulysses, the 60-minute documentary anchors the themes of *Bloomsday and Beyond: Celebrating James Joyce and Irish Literature* in exploring the novel's history and academic and public reception, as well as its rich global afterlife.

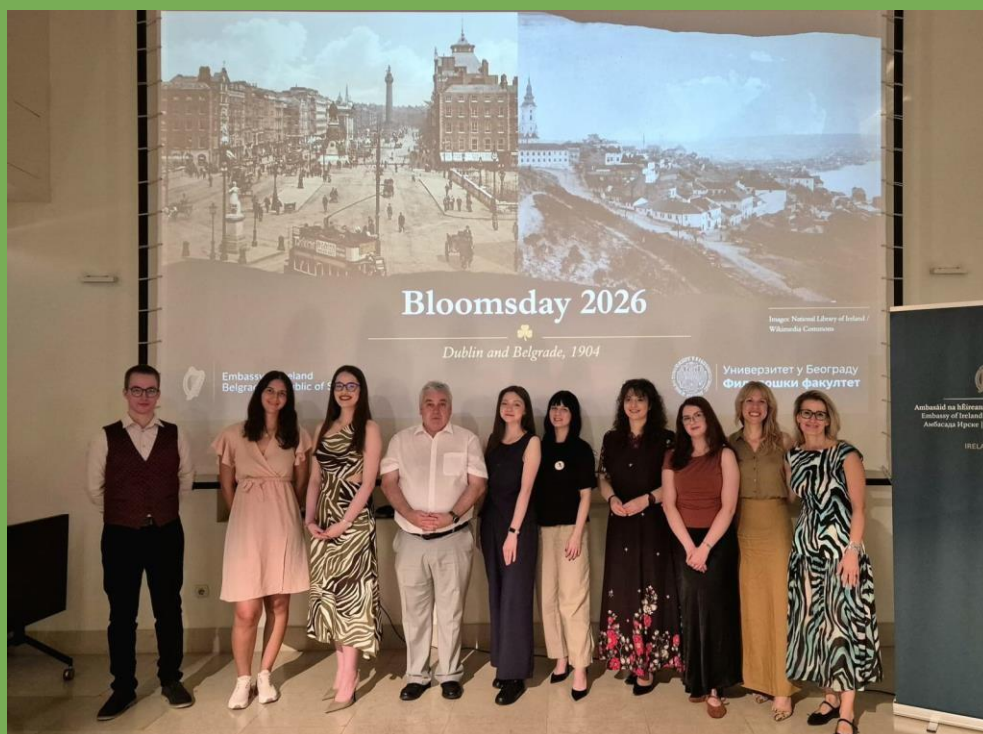
Bloomsday and Beyond: Celebrating James Joyce and Irish Literature gathered academics, students, and Joyce lovers at the Yugoslav Film Archive for an evening of celebration of Joyce in broader geographical and literary contexts.

Following the opening remarks of H.E. Keving Colgan, Ambassador of Ireland to Serbia, the programme by the Faculty of Philology introduced the audience to Joyce and Irish studies in Serbia. In two lectures and a student-led public reading, the programme mapped Joyce's Balkan Odyssey, and traced Joyce's enduring legacy in Irish and Serbian literature alike.

In "Bloomsday and Beyond: Orbiting around James Joyce", Aleksandra Vukotić, Assistant Professor, reflected on the growing interest in Irish and Joyce studies among Serbian scholars, the way Joyce is read and taught at Serbian universities, and the ways Serbian students interpret, celebrate, and reimagine Joyce inside and outside the classroom. On the other hand, "In Joycean Intertextuality between 'Bulgarad' and Belgrade", delivered by Mina Đurić, Associate Professor, positioned Joyce in direct dialogue with Serbian literature. Tying Joyce to Marko Ristić, Rastko Petrović, Danilo Kiš, and Lana Bastašić, Professor Đurić inextricably linked Joyce to 20th-century Serbian literature and contemporary post-Yugoslav prose, and situated Irish literature in direct comparison with Serbian literature, for their shared exploration of trauma, exile, identity, and auto-mythology.

The programmed closed with "Irish Literature beyond the Classroom: Readings and Reflections", a public reading and a series of student reflections on Irish literature beyond the academic context. Master's students Andrijana Prodanić, Irina Torde, Marija Đorđević, Nina Erceg, and final-year undergraduate students Natalija Novaković and Vasilije Vuksanović, read excerpts from Irish poetry and prose, offering personal testaments to the works' profound value and impact. Thus, the audience delighted in the works of Oscar Wilde, James Joyce, Samuel Beckett, Liam O'Flaherty, Frank McCourt, Sally Rooney, and Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin. An informal reception followed, and the programme culminated in the opening of the *Joyce: a Global Odyssey* exhibition.

Andrijana Prodanić
University of Belgrade,
Faculty of Philology
MA student



B L O O M S D A Y

