

Chapter 1 : Suffled How It Gush : Shon Meckfessel :

Equal parts journalism, history, and personal memoir, Suffled How it Gush records Shon's travels throughout ex-Yugoslavia and the greater Balkans region, chronicling the beauty of an area too renowned for its ugliness.

The latter two groups are related to Roma, although Albanian-speaking. According to an extensively researched first-hand report put together by Voice of Roma in , in which pre-war and post-war populations of areas with Romani populations were surveyed, Kosovo was home to , Roma, Ashkalije, and Egyptians before the war. By , only 34, remained in Kosovo, either in their places of residence, or in IDP camps. The 88, thus driven from the country not counting the large number of internally displaced would thus make up These numbers, and the distortion thereof, are of great importance for two reasons. Were the cleansing to be shown to have cleansed equally as many Roma who have still never been shown to have systematically collaborated with the Serb forces as Serbs, the truly dire condition of human rights in Kosovo might come to light, and might call into question the legitimacy of the new Albanian-dominated state. In addition, Serbia has been reluctant to provide adequate aid to the Roma, as can be witnessed in downtown Belgrade, where a shantytown of perhaps 10, Roma refugees from Kosovo try to survive. If his position as a former highly-placed profession is currently so precarious, both politically and economically as his family struggles to find work as day-laborers in the poor Roma neighborhood of Shutka, one can imagine the disastrous conditions faced by the other 88, Roma refugees, and the tens of thousands of IDPs struggling to survive in refugee camps and villages within Kosovo. From afar, I have always been reluctant to show any preference for any of the Serbian candidates. However, from here, my feelings have been pretty clear-cut. All around me in the Serbian enclave, new posters have gone up daily for Nikolic, the candidate for the hard-nationalist Serbian Radical Party, often also featuring the gleaming face of Vojislav Seselj, who now sits in the Hague indicted for war crimes as a paramilitary leader in Croatia, Bosnia, and here. Such a conflict would not only endanger the various residents of Kosovo. I turned on the Serbian news tonight to see if the results had come in. Tadic was giving a speech, and his seriousness made me think he had lost. Anyway, I googled the election and let out a guilty cheer that Tadic had won without noticing the February date " google really has to work on their news engine. I told him that the candidate that wanted war had lost, and the other one was winning. He was old enough during the events of March which I have written about earlier on this blog to be horribly afraid, so he beamed and gave me a big hug. Over his shoulder, his mother looked at me sternly. We speak all the time, but I had never heard her discuss anything like elections. Usually, she is too tired from laboring to maintain her large household, besides her day job. Let there be war. Either peace, or war. This is not life. You know what happened to me the other day? At the border, she was turned away because her niece was with her, with a different last name. Stranded on the border unexpectedly, she caught a ride with an unofficial Albanian taxi van. He insisted on taking a route around the Kosovo border, though she protested, since as a resident she would have no trouble at the border. The 6-year-old niece, who has a remarkable intuition, began crying. After making them walk through wilderness around the border, he picked them up again, now with a number of Albanian passengers in the van. For the entire ride back, the passengers asked her threatening questions, whether her whole family had fought with the KLA during the war, where exactly she lived, and so on. Though also a fluent speaker of Albanian having grown up in an Albanian village among Albanian friends before the war , she kept silent, shaking with fear for the entire long ride, as the niece continued crying. Finally, they dropped them off at the border of their Romani neighborhood inside the Serbian enclave. I told her I knew about her ride. She looked firmly into my eyes. Let them make war. But for now, my teacherness gloms onto my time. I laid in bed the next day til 6pm considering a hospital visit, until I finally got some electrolytes down. They searched all our things thoroughly and made us eat unshelled pine nuts a gift from our Hungarian friends which we took out of politeness to assure they were not some pure unrefined drug. They softened when they saw our Roma-related goods Serbs sympathize with Roma to some extent not only because their nationalist identity relies on Romani musicianship, but because Roma have suffered in Kosovo by the same hand as the Serbs. The next day, with typical excessive consideration, they let us sleep in until

6pm, until our hosts in Kosovo probably thought we were dead as we promised to meet them at 2pm. We celebrated International Roma day with a family barbeque, and an unusual appearance in this quietly observant Muslim household of the beer bottle, for us guests. After spending five days wrestling with customs, we finally got our customs-exempt box of computers. And the English lessons are going swimmingly, but again, are too much of my current grain of existence to think of summing up. Ramush, we need you! Not that you need popularity to pay for a bunch of billboards. The one banal insight I might offer came from a walk around the village we took tonight. Which brings me around to my final point. Whether we can manage to slap fifteen janky laptops onto one wireless router in a little Romani village in central Kosovo remains a question. Posted in Kosovo on March 17, by Shon It appears that every one of these postings begins with a retraction. In the first analysis that I put up about the situation in Kosovo after the declaration of Independence, I wrote that I had initially feared a new outbreak of war, particularly as Russia seemed to be actively establishing itself in the region by signing energy contracts with Serbia and Bulgaria and eager for a show of its returning power on the geopolitical stage. If only things were so simple! However, I concluded the previous post by guessing that, after some initial symbolic protest by Kosovo Serbs, there was little chance in the short-term of serious conflict. Serbs in Serbia are exhausted after 20 years of war, sanctions, and isolation. The majority will quietly refuse to back any more hopeless military disasters, despite the rhetoric. Everybody seems willing to fight except, ironically, the very forces whose aggressive centralism drove the break-up of Yugoslavia. Let me repeat once again, I am speaking of forces in the political sphere, which I do not see as ever having represented the opinion of the majority of Serbians. Reading the news this morning, however, made me realize something terribly obvious. As Serbs opened fire on international forces in northern Mitrovica, and attempted to seize a rail line elsewhere in northern Kosovo, the similarity to the violence which preceded the wars in Croatia and Bosnia gave me pause. In those situations as well, the majority of inhabitants never supported the war. They protested, they voted, but they were ultimately left without a political voice. Political elites threatened by change were thus able to remain in power. In all of the above cases, the wars might most accurately be viewed as state elites waging war on their own populations, through the images and the bodies of The Other. A struggle for control within the Serbian state through the Other is again underway. And if nationalist Serb forces have learned anything through their experiences in Croatia and Bosnia, it is that aggressivity and war-mongering are always rewarded with the prize of partitioning. The fact that the private sentiments of the majority of Serbians lies against a new war, as it did against the previous wars, may or may not end up mattering. We can hope that Kostunica is no Milosevic. The nationalist right does not have the advantage of surprise this time. Gracanica is 25 miles from Mitrovica, which is a long ways in terms of lines of power. But as one of the largest enclaves of non-Albanians in Kosovo, it would not remain neutral if the conflict becomes serious. The precedent of clashes and cleansings under international eyes in , , and are not encouraging. The document drives home the point that Yugoslavia always had some deep structural problems, mainly a deep conflict of interest between centralized federation as embodied at the time by Slovenian Communist leader Kardelj and a decentralized confederalism which was already emerging through Croatian and Kosovar Albanian demands for increased autonomy. However, without the greedy rush for land and power of Milosevic and the other nationalist leaders, and the bumbling of conflicting international influences, this tension would never have resulted in war. Interestingly, at the time, the CIA was most worried that this tension would be exploited by the KGB as an excuse to expand Soviet influence in the area! Democratic everybody-else, a bit too simple-minded for me. However, I spoke with Ms. Perhaps the more recent editions of her book reflect this â€” I could only afford the edition. Death of A Nation. The related book is a classic in its way, but the documentary is amazing. All these totally incriminating things that I might not have believed, but that the incriminated are speaking for themselves, right into the camera. Not perfect, not so analytical, but really the best historical overview. Check for it in your local library. Germany, the Vatican, the U. Posted in 1 on March 3, by Shon Wow, apparently scandal is the best advertising. I just got a record number of hits after dropping a flamelet two days ago, on my last post. The interview was, in fact, conducted by female Montreal members of the authentically international group Global Balkans, who, unlike my idiotic self, but like Grubacic, are actually from the Balkans. As an explanation-but-not-excuse, Grubacic has penned many recent

Znet postings on the Balkans , and, in addition, the email in which I received the interview had been forwarded by him, making his name appear to my careless eyes as the by-line. Nonetheless, I fucked up, and carelessly undermined the very kind of networking and critical work which I claim to advocate. Whatever my differences in opinion from both Mr. Grubacic and some of the opinions expressed in the Tariq Ali interview, I sincerely apologize to both Mr. Grubacic and the Global Balkans collective, and commend their work. It is definitely worth reading for an idea of the spectrum of eloquent radical left opinions on Kosovo! Her toilet sounds more like a totalitarian novelty-gag. Then, just after escaping her Kafka-Stalin stall, she manages to dash off one line about some earthquake. Never to be heard from again. Sad, to think of the well-intentioned American peace-corps volunteer meeting such an untimely fate. Turkish toilets and earthquakes, one shudders at the meeting! I will not be relinquishing my own franchise of the aforesaid Albanian water-bottle label, nor suing Julie through the WTO for infringement of Intellectual Property Rights. Click on the name to check out the cover. I mean, seriously, click on it. Challenge to the Churches A Symposium.

Chapter 2 : GUSH - Definition and synonyms of gush in the English dictionary

An anarcho-punker with a wanderlust, Shon spent two years in the Balkans. He found himself feeling at home in the Balkan peninsula just as NATO began bombing it. Upon returning to the US, he found that many who opposed the bombing supported the same nationalist dictatorships which were brutalizing.

Transcript This is a rush transcript. Copy may not be in its final form. We turn now to the release of the two American hikers from Iran. Josh Fattal and Shane Bauer arrived in Oman, greeted by their friends and family. Two years in prison is too long, and we sincerely hope for the freedom of other political prisoners and other unjustly imprisoned people in America and Iran. That was Shane Bauer speaking to reporters in Muscat, Oman. Shane Bauer is a freelance journalist who reported for Democracy Now! Fattal is an environmental activist. Sarah Shourd was released last year. But there was also a fourth American hiker who was with them on vacation in northern Iraq. He was Shon Meckfessel. On the morning of July 31st, he set out to join them near a waterfall, when Shane telephoned him to say that they had been detained. Now, more than two years later, his friends have finally been released, and Shon Meckfessel is in New York, joining us on Democracy Now! Thanks for having me, Amy. Talk about your thoughts today. It just disrupts everything. It rends your life. It affects your relationships, your friendships, your family relationships, your work relationships. But, you know, I have to pull myself together. Yeah, I mean, this, for me, was when it really broke. I was kind of in shock when I first heard the news. Nobody is saying thanks for taking away two years of their life and their work in Evin Prison. He immediately called for the release of all political prisoners, all unjustly detained prisoners in America and in Iran. My heart broke, and just tears gushed. And we stood on the very spot that, you know, the murder occurred that Leonard Peltier was framed up for. Shon, when will Shane and Joshâ€”Sarah is with them in Oman, is that right? I think they probably need to catch a breath before landing here and dealing with everything. But I think pretty soon. Otherwise, he probably would have been writing about him. They got three phone calls of about a minute in two years. Shon Meckfessel, I hate to leave it there, but we have to. That ends the show. Please attribute legal copies of this work to democracynow. Some of the work s that this program incorporates, however, may be separately licensed. For further information or additional permissions, contact us.

Chapter 3 : Suffled how it gush

Find helpful customer reviews and review ratings for Suffled How it Gush: A North American Anarchist in the Balkans at blog.quintoapp.com Read honest and unbiased product reviews from our users.

Our staff consists of accomplished student writers who are both native and non-native English speakers. We actively seek to hire students from diverse backgrounds because we believe we are all improved by hearing multicultural voices. Learn how to become a consultant. I also love to travel and will never say no to an adventure, near or far. I recently graduated from UW Tacoma this last winter and am excited to be working with the wonderful community here at Highline College. My favorite thing about working here is being able to work with and get to know so many amazing people with different backgrounds and stories. My hobbies outside work include painting, gardening, and spending time with my friends and family. He has published two books on social movements and protest: Suffled How It Gush: I was a consultant for a year, and I have been the Lead Consultant since Summer I enjoy playing video games and reading fiction. I also love watching horror movies! Psychology Writing Classes Taken: Reading all your wonderful papers! I spent all of summer quarter completing Legend of Zelda: It was worth it. Alyssa This is my third quarter at Highline and my first quarter at the Writing Center! After my journey at Highline is complete I plan to transfer to a four year degree and then go to med-school in order to pursue my dreams of becoming a pediatrician. When I am not studying which is rarely I enjoy writing poetry, drawing, and hiking with my friends. English Writing Classes Taken: Helping people navigate the writing process! Anthony After 4 quarters of attending Highline, I am now working at the Writing Center and am enjoying my first quarter here! I am taking it easy after eight years of service and am in no rush academically. I imagine I may have a rather robust array of hobbies. I enjoy working on cars and rather miss my old Chevy small block. I believe the slow rumble of American muscle under the hood is distinct and exhilarating. Witnessing the Ah ha! I absolutely love the outdoors and do not mind getting my hands dirty with grease and soil but I also enjoy to geek out quite extensively. If you know who implemented the Rule of Two, you are already my friend. This is my third quarter at Highline and my second quarter at the Writing Center. Outside of school and work I enjoy cooking and spending time with my friends and family. I hope to transfer to a university in the near future and teach history at a high school level. Meeting new people and helping them. This is my fourth quarter at Highline and my second quarter at the Writing Center. I will be graduating in Outside of school and work I enjoy eating new foods and spending time with my friends and family. English, Spanish Writing Classes Taken: Meeting new people and helping them improve their writing. I lived in 2 different countries. This is my 7th quarter working as a tutor at the Writing Center and my third year at Highline. I plan to transfer to a for year after my time at Highline! My favorite aspect of being a consultant, is being there for the writer, and hopefully giving them peace about their assignment, that I would desire for myself! As well as when the student learns something and can confidently take away a tool from our session Fun Fact: I have a twin! English, Japanese Writing Classes Taken: Getting to help build your confidence with writing papers! I speak some conversational German so I may be able to provide some clarification on concepts in German for German speakers! I hoping to transfer in the next couple years to a University. I enjoy playing with my dog and cooking at home. I aspire to be a physical therapist in the distant future. Interacting and getting to know students and helping them strengthen their writing abilities one visit at a time. I am bad at fun facts. Which is a fact. David I am a current sophomore at Highline College, and I plan on transferring next fall. I enjoy creating memories with friends and also listening to music. I am very outgoing and love to talk as well. Computer Science Writing Classes Taken: I love to play basketball and tennis. I also enjoy dance, and creating choreography. English, Mandarin Chinese Major: Chemistry Writing Classes Taken: My favorite thing to do in my spare time is knitting or baking! I moved to Seattle from Los Angeles, Ca at the end of summer I love yoga, puppies, and food. Make an appointment with me and we can get all your English concerns taken care of. English Other Classes that had a Writing Component: Helping other students be the best they can be in English Fun Fact: I am an international student from Nigeria. Lending a helping hand to students who have difficulties in writing. I enjoy working on computers. I also enjoy

working out, playing computer games, and work! I am currently pursuing an AA with an emphasis in Political Science. I intend on transferring to a 4 year University and then applying for law school. I would like to come out of law school and pursue a career as a public defender and become an educator post-practice. English, Korean Writing Classes Taken: Helping people express themselves through words. I really enjoy biking as well. I love to spend my free time with close friends and family members. Getting to read the different aspects of each writer. Lucy I have been at Highline for two quarters. This is my first quarter at the writing center too. I enjoy volunteering and giving back to a community through charitable activities. When not out there doing charitable work, I listen to music. People may classify me as outgoing but I enjoy the indoors and me-time. I look forward to graduating and furthering my career to a nurse practitioner. Nursing Writing Classes Taken: Giving back to the community. I hope to one day major in psychology. I also love dancing and watching movies! Meeting new people every day and learning about them through their writing. I am an Irish step-dancer! Michelle I started at Highline in Fall and this is my first quarter as a writing consultant. I am a running start student from Mount Rainier high school. I hope to become a nurse one day. Helping people feel more confident in writing Fun Fact: I love running cross country and track. Nora Hi, I am Nora. At Highline, I am studying for my AA degree and plan to graduate next year. Then, I am planning to transfer to a 4-year university.

Again, readers, you'll have to forgive me for posting so little. It's too difficult in the middle of everything to try and have perspective enough to summarize anything for the commendably curious out there.

Share via Email Plenty of space by the water: Dan Chung Going anywhere nice this year? Why not consider Albania for your holidays? At the moment this is difficult. I can only say we are aiming at this. Foreign Office advice mentions "the widespread ownership of firearms" and strongly discourages travel in the north-east of the country. The Lonely Planet website warns of "armed robberies, assaults, mobster assassinations, bombings and carjackings", exhorts visitors to "avoid all large public gatherings" and says it is inadvisable to travel outside the main cities, or anywhere at night. This doom-laden paragraph is missing from the latest edition of its printed guide to eastern Europe, but the book does suggest that "corrupt police may attempt to extort money from you" and the word "banditry" is used in passing. It is said that there are fewer than two telephones for every inhabitants and just one cashpoint in the whole country. In Albania, they worship Norman Wisdom as a cultural icon. They shake their heads for yes and nod for no. They speak two languages, Tosk and Gheg. Although Albania still lacks a few of the amenities associated with popular tourist destinations, such as a tourist office, hour electricity and a reliable supply of potable water, things are said to be changing quickly. There remains, however, a dearth of information about the current state of play, a problem exacerbated by an apparently national reluctance to answer a ringing phone. The only way to find out what Albania is like right now, it seems, is to go and see for yourself. There are no direct flights to Albania from the UK. You have to change planes in Budapest. Clutches of bedraggled children beg for coins along the dusty walk to the taxi. The road to the capital, Tirana, is littered with half-built homes, some of impressive scale. As you approach Tirana, it becomes clear that Albania suffers as much from gluts as shortages in goods and services. If roadside sellers are anything to go by, the nation is swamped with car mats. For reasons unexplained Tirana itself has an embarrassment of dentists, at least one every 10 metres. Traffic is heavy and chaotic, but drivers proceed gingerly, because most intersections lack traffic lights. Where there are lights, they rarely work, and where they do work they are ignored. I chose the room Hotel Diplomat from its website, which bears the welcoming slogan, "Fill like at your home". Newly refurbished and gleaming in the afternoon sun, it sits between two partially devastated apartment blocks. The staff are friendly and English-speaking, the rooms clean and well-appointed, with electricity, running water, telephone, air conditioning, minibar and satellite television. Frankly, I had hoped for less. The heart of Tirana is Skenderbeg Square, home of two massive architectural one-offs, the Museum of National History, with its Stalinist mosaic frontage, and the Palace of Culture. One drawback for the tourist becomes immediately apparent: Guards wave you away from the steps of the museum if you produce a camera. Some Albanians will do anything to evade the path of a lens, to the point of turning around and running the other way. It is, however, a singularly unthreatening place to spend time. Young women go about alone and unmolested, exhibiting none of the modesty of dress described in the guidebooks. Tirana seems to be bursting with an improbable, if rather infectious, optimism - the streets are crowded with teenagers, the cafes are buzzing, new Mercedes creep along the Martyrs of the Nation Boulevard, hoardings proclaim the arrival of Vodafone and one can see that efforts are being made to clean up the great drifts of rubbish and rubble - but there is also a certain amount of local impatience with the pace of progress. The next morning, we hire a taxi to drive us to the main port of Durres, about 36 kilometres west of Tirana. The road is dotted with hundreds of the more than , concrete pillboxes commissioned by Hoxha after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in Corn is planted in untidy rows in front of every house. People are out walking cows as if they were dogs. But here, too, dilapidation coexists alongside understated splendour. Durres has its own Roman amphitheatre, unrestored and overgrown, all but hidden behind a row of apartments. Bar Torra - a little cafe atop an old stone tower - could be in any Italian city. The beach just north of town is composed almost entirely of hard-packed dust, concrete rubble, broken glass and twisted iron. The water is impenetrably murky for the first hundred yards out, before it shades into turquoise. The sea is nevertheless filled with local children, taking turns on a makeshift diving board. Families have spread out towels and pitched umbrellas on

the hard ground. Further up, pedalos circle a rusting derrick in the bay, against a backdrop of unfinished hotels and apartment blocks. It is the beaches to the south, however, on which Albania intends to stake its reputation. Along the coast, hundreds of hotels are being thrown up with unseemly haste. On the side of the road, sellers of towels, inflatables, sunglasses, bananas, umbrellas, sunblock and cold drinks form an unbroken line many miles long. At one point the beach is overshadowed by a long fence topped with coils of barbed wire and dotted with towers manned by armed guards. This makes for slightly uncomfortable bathing, although the fence actually encloses a Nato base, staffed by Italian soldiers. Further south, we encounter a stretch of beach more crowded than any I have seen in Europe. Where are you from? What do you think of Albania? Twenty per cent, they are very, very rich. A few hundred metres down the beach from the cove a magnificent new hotel stands in sharp contrast to its jerry-built neighbours, not least because it appears to be completely empty. Not a single deck chair on its meticulously raked stretch of beach is occupied. A black-shirted security guard steps forward as the Guardian photographer attempts to document the scene. He waves us over, introduces himself as Sami and poses for a few snaps. Sami four years in Hounslow then tracks down someone to give us a tour of the new Hotel Adriatik. This was off-limits to Albanians. An Albanian businessman, Gafur Dudaj, has rebuilt the Adriatik, adding two more floors and a huge circular swimming pool out front. The hotel is managed by a German, Peter Bartmann, who overflows with optimism about Albania. To fill the pool we had to make payments. I go down to the lobby and tell the receptionist what the recording said. She gives me a broad, happy smile and says, "She is lying, you can be sure!"

Chapter 5 : Freed in Iran: U.S. Hikers Urge Freedom for All Political Prisoners | Democracy Now!

"Shon Meckfessel appropriates the peculiar slogan of an Albanian mineral water company as the title for this uniquely intellectual book. Equal parts journalism, history, and personal memoir, Suffled How it Gush records Shon's travels throughout ex-Yugoslavia and the greater Balkans region, chronicling the beauty of an area too renowned for its ugliness."--BOOK JACKET.

However, this book compelled me to underline, circle and scribble my comments in the margins. Some of the comments were angry. The author often seems surprised when people, especially Albanians and Bosnians he meet, talk about the violence they wish to do to Serbians and judges them slightly for expressing their hatred. While I agree that hatred is bad, he has to understand that it is difficult to feel anything but hatred and the desire for revenge, to push back the occupying army just a little further to get your whole home back instead of being stuck with half a country. That could also be my semi-nationalist upbringing talking as I am Croatian myself. I guess I will never know for sure. He acknowledges his mistakes. He includes the voice of the Balkan peoples themselves, and that is what makes his book compelling. What I loved most about this book is the sheer amount of love that pervaded its pages. He captures our hedonism and openness perfectly and delivers sketches of the contradictory characters that populate the region, like the Slavic Nazi, with minimal judgement. He portrays an honest picture of the problems facing Balkan society, and unlike many Western authors recognizes how in many ways neoliberalism, capitalism and forced privatization destroyed the fabric of society. My favorite part about the book was the focus on the history of anarchism in the Balkans. I did not know about that aspect of our history but it gave me hope that there is some precedent for a better future, and the author is right in saying that many of the preconditions for an anarchist revolution do exist in the Balkans due to our millenia long history of resistance. I wanted to scream about that find from my tiny dorm window, "we were philosophers! We were thinkers too! We can be dreamers, not just fighters! I also want to recommend it to all of my Balkan friends. Us Balkan people have a complex of self-hatred left over from centuries of colonialism in which we think we have no culture or intellectual tradition and that Western Europe is so much better than us, but Meckfessel writes so lovingly that I became proud of my culture again. He has made me desperate to read more about the Balkans and about anarchism. I would like to close this review with one of my favorite quotations from the book: Thank you, Shon Meckfessel, for recognizing that. Thank you for writing this book. Shon I traded a bunch of zines for this with Shon at some zine fair in San Francisco back when it first came out. I also believe I saw him do two readings around that time. I still remember the one about the street dog and the mistranslation of Romans as being my favorite stories. Around that time as well, Tristan and I were talking about it at a party and we both agreed that the only thing that we had wanted to see was something tying the narratives together, more than just the knowledge that it was I traded a bunch of zines for this with Shon at some zine fair in San Francisco back when it first came out. Around that time as well, Tristan and I were talking about it at a party and we both agreed that the only thing that we had wanted to see was something tying the narratives together, more than just the knowledge that it was the same person relating all of the stories. A little stale in the action department so far. All in all I enjoy real travel tales where people fiercely try to understand the reality of citizens in other places and how the political unrest affects their daily lives.

Chapter 6 : On the eviction of Serb protesters from the Mitrovica courthouse. | Suffled How It Gush

Table of Contents (pdf). Suffled How It Gush A North American Anarchist in the Balkans by Shon Meckfessel The first edition of Shon's travelogue through the former Yugoslavia, from Albania to Zagreb.

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Chapter 7 : Bay Radical: Suffled How It Gush: Old News Book Reviews

Get a Suffle mug for your bunkmate Sarah. 2. suffle unknown. to gather, collect. Suffled how it gush from the source of the woods of Tepelena.

Chapter 8 : Suffled How it Gush | AK Press

Shon Meckfessel's Suffled How it Gush tells the story of the Balkans from the perspective of Beckett-quoting street kids, hard-luck drunks, black-eyed fighters, squatters, singers, and protesters.

Chapter 9 : Suffled How It Gush: A North American Anarchist in the Balkans by Shon Meckfessel

Enough, in fact, to create Suffled How It Gush: A North American Anarchist in the Balkansâ€”a comic, chilling, frustrating and engrossing look at the region. Meckfessel, who now lives in San Francisco, includes his reflections and experiences in the book, and the quantum logic of the observer affecting the observed is nowhere more appropriate.