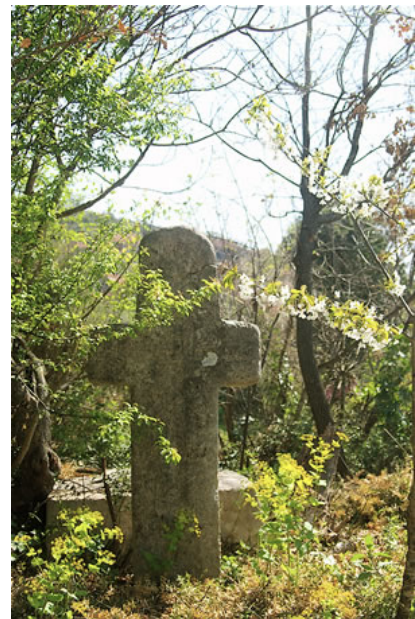


Keith Doubt

## **PICTURES OF STECAKS WITH QUOTATIONS FROM LITERARY AND OTHER**

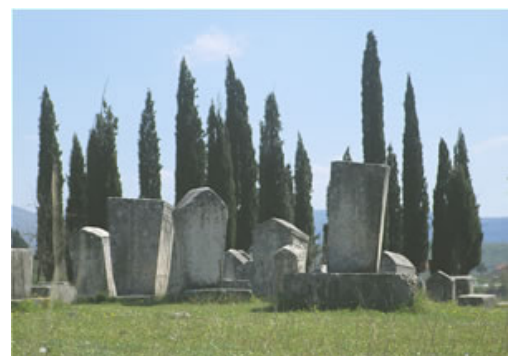
Ms. S “A traveler in these regions cannot fail to come across them, for the most part in large burial grounds, but sometimes isolated by the roadside or on steep slopes shaded by mountain forests.”

Oto Bihalji-Merin



“What is the explanation of these curious latter-day necropolises? The strange art of the graveyards of Bosnia and Herzegovina was in every sense a spontaneous product of its native soil. Powerful emotional forces must have been at work to account for this primordial art, so suggestive of the early ages of man.”

Oto Bihalji-Merin



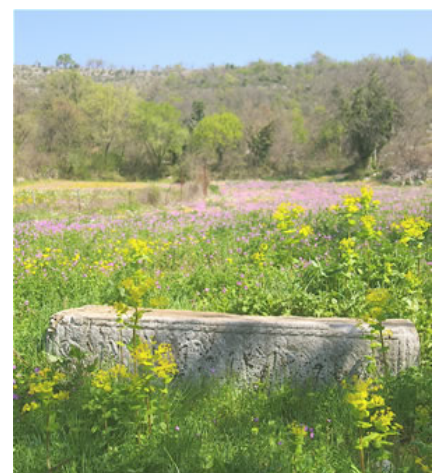
“The necropolises are almost always situated on hills, river banks, or other sites offering a good view of the surrounding country.”

Alojz Benac



“We feel the most powerful rhythm in the representations of the kolo: the figures move in measure, the feet beat out the time; we almost seem to hear the muffled note of the tambura , a kind of mandolin, or of the shepherd's pipe, accompanying these dancers graven in stone.”

Alojz Benac



“A frequent motif is the enormous upraised hand, an archetypal symbol of supplication to a higher power. It need not necessarily be taken as an act of worship, an appeal to distant divinities, but may signify an attitude of communion with the magical forces of the earth.”

Oto Bihalji-Merin



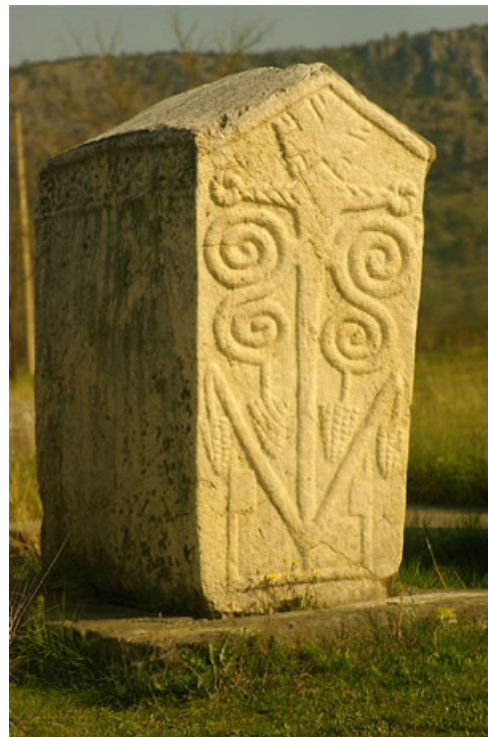
“ With my palm I touched the slab of a large tombstone; it was the only thing between the wastes of the earth and sky, soothed by the centuries and undiscovered by anyone. I strained to hear a voice from that stone, or grave, as if beneath it were hidden the secret of life and death. ”

Meša Selimović, *Death and the Dervish*, translated by Bogdan Rakić and Stephen M. Dickey (Evanston, IL: Northwestern University Press, 1998), p. 447



“A marble stećak through the scenes on its side in silence speaks.  
Stronger than rain's claws, vampires, and raid.  
Its moon and sun that mean afterlife ships,  
Having ferried the soul long ago, now are forever moored.”

From “Stećak” by Skender Kulenović, translated by Omer Hadžiselimović  
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