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## THE BELARUSIAN LEADERSHIP, HIS COUNTRY AND SQUALOR AS DEPICTED IN THE WORK OF YOUNG BELARUSIAN PROSE WRITERS

KEYWORDS: Belarusian leadership, satire, humour, Miensk, provinces, urban settlements, Vılńia, squalor, violence, alcohol

ABSTRACT: This article reviews some of the recent texts of young Belarusian prose writers about leadership, the country itself, squalor and alcohol abuse. The attitudes to the Leader in this highly varied selection of stories are at best humorous and more often disrespectful, whilst the picture of Belarus given is of a backward, sometimes squalid country with serious social problems, like violence and excessive drinking.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.  
Shakespeare, 'King Henry IV', Part II, III, i, 31  
Then everything includes itself in power  
Power into will, will into appetite;  
And appetite a universal wolf.  
Shakespeare, 'Troilus and Cressida', I, iii, 119–120<sup>1</sup>

In an authoritarian regime like Belarus, attention to the leadership is not only natural in non-fiction works written outside the country,<sup>2</sup> but also in some of the poetry and prose produced in Belarusian creative writing, insofar as relative freedom of expression still exists.<sup>3</sup> Anatoł Ivaščanka (b. 1981)<sup>4</sup> in 'Čaroŭnaja krejdačka'

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<sup>1</sup> These and subsequent references to Shakespeare are from: *The Arden Shakespeare: Complete Works* (1998), Proudfoot, R./Thompson, A./Kastan, D. S. (Eds.). London/New Delhi/New York/Sydney: Bloomsbury.

<sup>2</sup> Apart from two books published anonymously in Miensk, Warsaw and Moscow, entitled 'Idyjot samy nastajaščy', two major academic studies in English throwing light on the leadership are: A. Wilson (2011), *Belarus: The Last European Dictatorship*. New Haven/London: Yale University Press, and B. Bennett (2011), *The Last Dictatorship in Europe: Belarus under Lukashenko*. London: Hurst and Co. A far more entertaining work, throwing light on the leadership through folklore and humour is: A. Astapova (2015), *Negotiating Belarusianness: Political Folklore Betwixt and Between*. Tartu: University of Tartu Press.

<sup>3</sup> Freedom of expression is a relative concept. During preparation for my book on young Belarusian poets (*Spring Shoots*) I found several books, openly or by implication, critical of the leadership, but when the translation was due to be published in Belarusian ('Ruń') the publisher in Miensk asked that three lines cited from two poets (neither of whose books had proved difficult for me to find) be removed, suggesting that otherwise 'we will all be arrested'. Only one of the two could be contacted, but he accepted this change without protest.

<sup>4</sup> The dates of birth of featured young writers are given in this article, where known.

(The magic piece of chalk) refers to the person behind the ruthless repression of demonstrations as *‘haŭnakamandujučy’* (shit commander) (Ivaščanka 2015, 64). In another story ‘Save’ Sieva goes from a violent computer game to thoughts of facing the AMON at a street demonstration, but is in two minds, and only at the end joins the remains of it (Ivaščanka 2015, 31–36). In his imaginative, quasi-documentary narratives, the author makes clear the brutal savagery witnessed, particularly in 2006 and 2010.

Liolik Uškin (pen name of Alieś Novikaŭ, b. 1972) in his book *‘Jak adradzić VKL (Fielietony, humareski)’* (How to regenerate the Grand Duchy of Lithuania [Feuilletons, humoresques]), offers mostly quasi-journalistic and humorous reactions to various political and other events, mainly from the middle of the first decade of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, although some pieces, including the last of them are purely imaginary. The book ends with *‘Kalaradyč (hrafičny-fantastyčny trylier’* (Kalaradyč [a graphic-fantastic thriller]), but this cartoon will not be considered here. A review of a few of the purely verbal elements in this imaginative collection, however, will give an impression of this writer’s attitude and approach to leadership. Firstly, it should be noted that Uškin’s feuilletons and humoresques are set in a variety of places in Belarus, as he sketches comic aspects of post-Soviet reality. In *‘Poŭny zaval’* (A complete failure), for instance, the setting is Škloŭ where the President, has just descended, in an attempt to stimulate growth and dissipate apathy. The phrase *‘новы этап дзяржаўнага будаўніцтва’* (a new stage in the building of the state) rings in people’s ears. The difference between the older generation and the younger one is clearly reflected in an oral exam at the university, following the presidential visit, as is seen in the following exchange between the examiner and a student:

Выкладчык: Ну, што там у вас?

Студэнт: Білет нумар 13. Пералічыць асартымент тавараў, якія, як канстатаваў прэзідэнт, цяжка знайсці на паліцах шклоўскай спажываепаперацыі.

Выкладчык: Ну?!

Студэнт, чухаючы патыліцу: Можа, ноўтбукі?

Выкладчык: Як можна такога не ведаць! Мука, крупы, мясныя і рыбныя прадукты, ніткі, лямпачкі, мыйныя сродкі. Ну віншую – пойдзеце ў войска (Uškin 2016, 14).

(Teacher ‘Well, what have you got there?’; Student, ‘Ticket no. 13. Enumerate the goods which, as the president established, are hard to find on the shelves of Škloŭ stores’; Teacher: ‘Well?!’; Student, scratching the back of his head: ‘Maybe notebooks?’; Teacher: ‘How can you not know such a thing! Flour, groats, meat and fish products, thread, light bulbs, washing materials. Well, I congratulate you – you will be going into the army.’)

Other satire, some of it rather obvious, is nonetheless also amusing. For instance, in *‘Jak myć dajarku’* (How to wash a milkmaid), following an instruction from on high that milkmaids should be clean before going to bed, the director of a collective farm delivers a speech about how pig farmers and milkmaids (two significant

professions in this context, as all but the youngest Belarusians know) should be washed. 'Jak halasavać pry talkovaj demakratyi' (How to vote in a sensible [stable] democracy) is also strongly satirical. More entertaining, however, is 'JeūraBRSM' (Euro-Belarusian Youth Organization) which contains some amusing exchanges with a young girl who has no clue who the Leader is, thinking perhaps that he might be a foreign pop singer or composer (Uškin 2016, 51). Finally, amongst a book that is almost entirely satirical, may be mentioned 'Na apošnim dychañni' (With the last breath) in which Uškin describes the shock experienced by a convinced supporter of the regime, film maker Jury Azaronak, who struggles when the leader, in the interests of economy, orders that all Belarusian television channels must follow the lead of independent film makers, as a result of which this loyal supporter finds himself sacked (Uškin 2016, 24–25).

An even worse fate than Azaronak's is experienced by the eponymous heroine of the story by Sieviaryn Kviatkoŭski (b. 1973), 'Siabroŭka Prezydenta' (The President's girlfriend), a controller on the Miensk transport system who, having caught a fare-dodger and been told ironically that she is working on the personal instructions of the President, takes the words seriously. He has often addressed her personally on the television, filling her heart with happiness, and his words make her forget all the bad things in her life. Acquiring the nickname of the title (Kviatkoŭski 2012, 66), she begins to accept requests from naive members of the public to bring various matters to the attention of her 'boyfriend'. When she moves away from the station where she had previously lived and worked, she has to pay her own fare to get there; meanwhile her hero has warned about fare-dodgers. One day travelling to work on a trolleybus, she does not pay correctly, dreaming of her responsibilities and the manly features of her friend. Suddenly the vehicle stops and amidst the chaos He enters the trolleybus, making a presidential check, demanding that everybody show their ticket. When he reaches the controller and she cannot produce one, she is taken off the bus and shot (Kviatkoŭski 2012, 69).

For a final example of direct satire on the leadership, the story 'Suka-krot' (The mole bitch) by Paval Kašciukievič (b. 1979) depicts a solemn ceremony at the Kurhan Slavy (Victory Mound) which is reduced to chaos. The following quotation will illustrate the eponymous animal's antics:

Нават дыктатар не можа нічога парабіць з кратом. Гэтая сука (у сэнсе, крот) – проста чарнявая шэльма! [...] А здзеклівая жывёліна прыпускае далей – адпальвае па-мастацку: піруэты, па, нават патройныя сальты. Занураецца, вынырвае, таньчыць брэйк-дэнс, спалучаючы сінхроннае плаванне з фігурным коўзаннем. Сука-крот! (Kašciukievič 2011, 114–15)

(Even a dictator can do nothing with a mole. This bitch (in the sense of a mole) was simply a dark little scoundrel! [...] And the mocking little animal carries on further – in masterly manner it carries out: pirouettes, pas, even triple somersaults. It buries

down, digs its way up, performs break-dances, combining synchronic swimming with figure skating. This mole bitch!)

The leader's cheeks twitch, shooting off the top of his epaulettes (Kaściukievič, 119). The great and good who are assembled on the Mount produce many fantastic suppositions about what is going on. The Head of the Security Services eventually calls a candle-lit prayer meeting, after which everybody falls into a black hole that has been dug (Kaściukievič 2011, 120–21).

Finally may be mentioned a somewhat bizarre piece by the political activist Taciana Śnitko (pen-name of Jania Źdanovič), 'Kurs maladoha bajca: Mistyčnaje apaviadańnie' (The course of a young warrior: A mystical story) which describes a young couple preparing for a demonstration (the metro has been closed), but they go home, depressed at its futility. The main themes are political dissidence, the ruthlessness of the KDB and police, with the addition of a rebellious but alcoholic journalist. Why the story is described as mystical is not entirely clear. The above direct and indirect disrespectful images of the Belarusian leadership, humorous and serious, are varied and often very inventive in their approaches to a familiar figure.

## 1. Miensk, the Provinces and Abroad; Idealization and Squalor

Alas, poor country.

Shakespeare, 'Macbeth', V, iii, 164–165

### 1.1. Miensk

Many people, including writers, have commented with anything from amusement to indignation on the number of (far from unpleasant) streets and squares in central Miensk that are named after people and phenomena emblematic of the Soviet era (Marx, Engels, Lenin, International, Communist and so on). Young poets have reacted against the impersonality of the city, and there are also several pictures in young prose of, for example, appallingly squalid and dangerous entrance halls in Miensk and other locations. It is against this background that the very personal essay by Aleś Jemialianaŭ (b. 1987), 'Vieršatop'<sup>5</sup> should be seen. In it he reflects on Miensk streets and poetic experience, beginning: 'Люблю менскія вуліцы. Але ж не ўсе, а толькі з цікавымі паэтычнымі назвамі' (Jemialianaŭ 2014, 61) (I love the streets of Miensk, but not all of them, only those with interesting names). He illustrates various streets with poetic names or personal associations, such as 'Soniečnaja'

<sup>5</sup> This word, an amalgam of the Belarusian words for 'poem' and 'place' does not appear to exist elsewhere, rather like the title of Jemialianaŭ's collection of poems, 'Parasoniečnaść' (2013). Minsk: Knihazbor.

(Sunny), ‘Viasiolkavaja’ (Rainbow) and ‘Pryhožaja’ (Beautiful), for instance, ending by expressing apprehension that they will disappear under skyscrapers and other developments. In many cases only the name of poetic-sounding streets will be left: ‘Як чалавек, ад якога засталася толькі імя, а ўсё астатняе страчана – ані хаты, ані роду, ані племені.’ (Jemialianau 2014, 62). (Like a person who has a name but everything else is lost – home, race and tribe.)

Maryja Roŭda (b. 1975) in ‘Kliničny vypadak, albo Daremnyja ŭcioki’ (A clinical case, or Fruitless flight), reflecting on Miensk, says: ‘Што Менск – там нават ружы прадаюць, як шлюх: у чырбоным падманым святле.’ (Roŭda 2015, 156) (As for Miensk, there even roses are sold like whores: in a red, deceptive light.) There are more roses in the subtitle of another story by Roŭda: ‘Hetkaj biady. Albo Kachańnie, jak štambavanaja ruža’ (Of such a misfortune. Or Love like a rose bush) (Roŭda 2015, 265). Other even less favourable images of Miensk will be mentioned later.

## 2. The Provinces and Urban Settlements

Uladź Harbacki (b. 1978) in his ‘Pieśni traliejbusnych rahuliaŭ: Kazki i proza żyćcia’ (Songs of the trolleybus poles: Fairytales and the prose of life) both praises and laments his native Viciebsk, and Aleś Byčkoŭski in his ‘Horad za 101-m kilamietram’ (A town more than a hundred kilometres away) describes vividly a hellish industrial settlement.

Probably the most bleak and memorable of all is the short but powerful debut novel of Źmicier Hud who was born in Homiel in 1986, ‘Poŭdzień-3’ (Midday-3). The narration begins in a leisurely manner, with much detail, depicting an industrial suburb full of big smog-covered furnaces and with identical buildings: ‘тыпавыя дамы нагадвалі пашыхтаваных на пляцы жаўнераў, апранутых у аднолькавую вайсковую ўніформу’ (Hud 2013, 7) (standard buildings resembled soldiers lined up on the parade ground dressed in identical military uniforms). The anti-social young inhabitants of this god-forsaken place often meet outside a store, waiting for it to open and re-supply them with alcohol. The central character of the novel stands apart; with the cruel nickname of Hlist, he was isolated and bullied at school and, after a schoolboy prank, is now regarded as a traitor and a coward. He is a pitiful character as is shown in this early description of him:

Гліст, напэўна, быў нават крыху падобны да толькі што выгнанага з раю біблейскага Адама: гэтакі ж бездапаможны і безабаронны, сам-насам з варожым навакольным светам і сваім смяротным целам, якое Гліст ледзь узяў з ложку, бо яно было знясіленае посталкагольнай млосцю (Hud 2013, 31).

(Hlist was probably a little like the biblical Adam just after being expelled from Paradise, similarly helpless and defenceless, totally alone in the hostile world around him and his mortal body, which Hlist could hardly raise from his bed, as it was weakened by post-alcoholic sickness.)

Only one of the locals, no less of a drinker than the bullies, nicknamed Praviednik (The righteous one) or Jesus on account of his long hair, makes an attempt to befriend him. Hud paints the background of many of the young people, almost all damaged by alcohol at home, including a girl, Esmierałda, who also shows sympathy for Hlist to the point of taking him with her to bed, but all ends in fiasco (Hud 2013, 49). Far the worst person in this settlement's collection of dysfunctional characters is a ruthless money-lender and gangster, Kavun, who in the end proves the cause of Hlist's torture and death. Later, on an unusually sunny day, the victim receives a funeral far better than anything the victim had known when alive (Hud 2013, 96–97). At the end the drunks realize that Hlist was their friend, now a dead friend. 'Poŭdzień-3' is far more absorbing in its plot and detail than the above summary can imply. It is one of the most memorable and grimly convincing pictures of provincial alcohol-soaked low life that the present writer has encountered for a long time.

The story by Maryja Maliaŭka (b. 1990), 'Žyvaja ryba', contains a less violent but none the less bleak picture of a little town in southern Belarus that has partly been built over a Jewish cemetery:

Канец 90-х. Невялікі гарадок на поўдні Беларусі здаваўся змрочным, як быццам там заўсёды быў прадвячэрні час – гадзінаў чатыры-пяць вечара ў асеннюю пару. Хоць, вядома, было і лета, шмат сонца. Але запомніўся гэты самы няпэўны час сутак, калі здаецца, што ўсё святло выпілі, а дабратворная цемра яшчэ не прыхавала голае няўтульнае наваколле (Maliaŭka 2006, 190).

(The end of the 90s. The little town in southern Belarus seemed gloomy as if it were always the time before evening – about four to five in the autumn. Although, of course, it was summer, and there was plenty of sun. But one recalls that same uncertain twilight hour when it seemed that all the light of the world had been drunk up, and the benevolent darkness had not yet covered up the bare, comfortless surroundings.)

### 3. Village life

Taciana Barysik (b. 1977), who often writes about animals and the country, depicts in a story from 'Kachańnie ŭ našym kuście' (Love in our group) 'Žadaju vam' (I wish for you) harmonious village life in a family with five children, using convincing rural language. In another story, however, from the same collection, 'Navina tydnia' (The week's news) she describes how a village woman, Liuba, five years into



her pension, regrets her lack of mobility but enjoys news by word of mouth. At the start of the story, she has some special news (perhaps a small whirlwind) and goes to her friend Savonycha to pass it on and speculate on its meaning; it was clearly too important to be shown on television (Barysik 2007, 66). They terrify each other with alarming superstitions, characteristic of this dying village, whilst over the horizon such primitive concerns are contrasted with modern worries.

Paŭlina Kačatkova in 'Liasnoje' writes miniatures about life on a farmstead, featuring animals, angels and ghosts (Kačatkova 2007, 131–34).

#### 4. Travel and Life Abroad

Viĺnia is a city to which Belarusians feel particularly close. A humorous account of women from Ašmiany smuggling food, cosmetics and other goods is in Kaściukievič's 'Ajčnaja kantrabanda' (The contraband fatherland). The 'aunties' buy Belarusian goods and sell them in Viĺnia, buying there more sophisticated goods to bring home. They describe the (now) Lithuanian city as a wonderland and they adapt the title of Karatkievič's celebrated novel, by saying 'Chrystos pryziamlüsia ũ Viĺni' (Christ came to earth in Viĺnia) (Kaściukievič 2011, 6).<sup>6</sup> The language used in this entertaining story appears to be authentic to Ašmiany.

Sieviaryn Kviatkoŭski offers an impressionistic picture of Viĺnia in his 'Viĺnia ũ kancy tuneliu' (Viĺnia at the end of a tunnel). The contrast between early morning Miensk and Viĺnia is very plain to the narrator (Kviatkoŭski, 17–18), who, despite his admiration, sees the Lithuanians as ghosts and not only ghosts of the many cultural figures of the past (Kviatkoŭski, 13). In a bar he meets a Belarusian called Marek who drives him to a place near the border, where at dinner everybody except an old man speaks Belarusian. There is a lively conversation in which the narrator explains humorously various aspects of his native country, but when the old man asks him about the Belarusian leader and gets a very negative reply, the visitor is thrown out and set down on the road to Miensk (Kviatkoŭski 2012, 19–20). A few days later an unknown Lithuanian rings to say that they had shown on television some crazy Belarusian who had asked to be put up in a (Lithuanian) police cell (Kviatkoŭski 2012, 20–21).

Maryja Roŭda in her already mentioned 'Kliničny vypadak' describes visiting Germany and when her gnome has, for some reason gone back to Miensk, she travels to the North Sea 'на п'яным нахабным ветры' (with its drunken insolent wind) and stares out 'перад санлівымі абрысамі Даніі' (towards the sleepy outlines of Denmark) (Roŭda 2015, 157).

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<sup>6</sup> U. Karatkievič (1966), *Chrystos pryziamlüsia u Harodni: Jevanhiełle ad Iudy*. Minsk: Mastackaja litaratura.

Arciom Kavalieŭski (b. 1979) is more abstract but no less vivid in his story 'Vandroŭnik' (The traveller), which opens with some typically imaginative images:

Вандроўкі, бы эскалатары. Яны лагодзяць здранцвеласць пачуццяў, аднаўляюць іх, вывозячы на паверхню новае прасторы. Ты ўсміхаешся кожнаму новаму месцу, а потым захлёбваешся кіслымі ванітамі салодкіх уражанняў [...] Цывілізацыі няма. [...] Цывілізацыя бы зубная паста: усё адно выплёўвацца... (Kavalieŭski 2008, 122).

(Travels are like escalators. They gratify our rusty feelings, renew them, take than to high new spaces. You smile at each new place, and then you choke on the bitter vomit of sweet impressions [...] There is no civilization [...] Civilization is like tooth paste; you are going to spit it out anyway...)

## 5. Squalor, Violence and Alcohol

In Shakespeare there are a considerable number of references to drinking, like Paralles's comment to an acquaintance: 'Drunkenness is his best virtue' (Shakespeare, 'All's Well That Ends Well', IV, iii, 249-50), but few could be less appropriate to Siarhieĭ Kalienda (b. 1985), whose 'Vomiting' is discussed later in this section.

Hud's powerful debut novel mentioned above falls into all the categories of this section. Uladz Harbacki gives a painfully detailed description of being attacked by a gang near his flat (Harbacki 2016, 74-75). Apart from her lesbian sexuality, which she clearly relishes, Nasta Mancevič (b. 1983) paints a bleak picture of her surroundings in, amongst other places, her re-creation of the traditional story of the three bears, 'Kazka' (A fairy story) where Mašeńka should have come in various sizes for the three bears, but as it is explained to the youngest bear: 'Разумееш, сынку, тут у нашым лесе, у гэтым засраным зарасніку жыве толькі адна Машэнька. Таму даводзіцца дзяліцца з усімі...' (Mancevič 2012, 17) (Understand, dear son, that in our forest, in these shitty bushes there lives only one Mašeńka. For that reason she will have to be shared between us all...) The last short paragraph is equally dismissive: 'Вось такая вось, рабяtkі, гісторыя. І ўсё-тка я ў ёй разумею... Але ж мы, блядзь, не ў лесе!' (Mancevič 2012, 17) (That, guys, that's what the story was like. And all the same I understand in it... But we, after all, fuck it, are not in a forest!)

Two stories by Alaksiej Palačanski are worth mentioning here. In 'Pad stołliu' (Under the ceiling) he depicts a box-like airless flat in which the narrator feels trapped, with the ceiling seeming to get lower and lower, rather in the manner of Edgar Allan Poe. Physical squalor here is matched by the terrible events of the narrator's life, such as his sister's stabbing of their mother. A kind of release comes with an all-destroying fire, with brilliant snow outside, although his family have all

fled. In a strong story 'Jak zakopvali duby' there is a vivid description of an 'official committee' coming to a homestead on a mission of destruction, while the mother and her boy hide in a barn and witness what is going on through a crack in the wall:

Мужчыны гаварылі і рухаліся вельмі хутка без бачных на тое прычын, яны ўсё рабілі рэзка – нечакана, як у старых нямых фільмах (Palačanski 2014, 101).

(The men spoke and moved very quickly for no visible reason, they did everything harshly and unexpectedly, like in old silent films.)

They bring machines to destroy the oaks, and depart leaving a wasteland:

Усе яны ўтваралі суцэльны гул, ператваралі чыстае спелае поле ў смярдзючы іржавы цэх, з далёкім рэхам лязгату і матарызны (Palačanski 2014, 103).

(They were all creating a wall of noise, transforming a pure ripe field into a stinking rusty workshop, with the distant echo of clanking and motors.)

Alcohol is a frequent theme in the work of young (and not only young) writers. Before turning to it and the often concomitant vomiting, it may be worth mentioning one story about the authorities' attempts to rid the country of this scourge: Siarhieĭ Kalienda's 'Niavykrutka' (No way out) describes the banning of alcohol in the 1980s with the urban settlement's apparent improvement, although in reality it produces a huge increase in violence, suicides and drug taking. As the author notes at the end: 'Талоўнае, што ніхто не п'е. Магілы маладзējuць, могілкі растуць...' (Kalienda 2009, 174) (The main thing is that nobody is drinking. The graves are getting younger. The cemeteries are growing...)

A grimly realistic glimpse of alcohol and its consequences is given by Paviel Kapanski (b. 1986) in his story 'Žyćcio z vialikaj litary Ž' (Life with a capital 'L'), in which a young man, returning home after a domestic argument, comes across a hopelessly drunk man. The essence of the story is the battle with his conscience: whether to carry this filthy alcoholic on his shoulder or to abandon him. The voice of his wife looking for him and (most improbably) saying that all is forgiven apparently enables the young man to abandon the drunk with a clear conscience. The moral of the story, if it has one, is unclear. Drunkenness is also near the centre of Sieviaryn Kviatkoŭski's satire on journalistic and literary life in 'Šampanskaje ū šafie' (The champagne is in the cupboard) (Kviatkoŭski 2012, 5162).

Maksim, the main character in 'Таўсціла і ліеж' (The fat man and the bream) by Andrej Adamovič (b. 1973), apparently revived his hard-won bream by being sick over it. Vomiting figures widely in Siarhieĭ Kalienda's world. 'Vanity' (Vomiting) is a prime example of his dyspeptic views, tracing the life of a photographer Danila Lakanaŭ from childhood at eleven, when he is sick at table, after being forced to eat revolting food and whipped by his father, to when he was sixteen and has come

to believe that vomiting is a way to purify his soul. It is also a point of ‘romantic’ contact with an anorexic girl, as they are sick together. A curious feature of the story is that numerations of the sections go from 0.6 to -0.1. Lakanau’s interests are philosophical (as might be expected from his name) as well as crudely physical. The following excerpt from section 0.5 gives a vivid example of his acute feeling of alienation:

Данілу Лаканаву толькі шаснаццаць, ён падлетак, але яму ўжо абрыдла жыць у гэтым наваколлі. Сярод людзей, жывёл, раслін, вычварэнцаў, дэгенератаў, філосафаў, мастакоў, сярод аўтамабіляў, тэхнікі, вялізарных будынкаў. ЁН НЕ ХОЧА БЫЦЬ ДЗІЦЁМ АСФАЛЬТУ, ЁН НЕ ХОЧА БЫЦЬ ДЗІЦЁМ ТЭХНАКРАТЫ, ЁН НЕ ХОЧА БЫЦЬ ДЗІЦЁМ АТРУЧАНЫХ ЛЮДЗЕЙ, ЁН НЕ ХОЧА БЫЦЬ ІХ ПАКАЛЕННЕМ! (Kalienda, 2009, 13).

(Danila Lakanau is only sixteen, he is a youth, but he is already revolted by living in these surroundings. Among people, animals, vegetation, freaks, degenerates, philosophers and artists, among cars, technology, immense buildings. HE DOES NOT WANT TO BE A CHILD OF ASPHALT, HE DOES NOT WANT TO BE A CHILD OF TECHNOCRACY, HE DOES NOT WANT TO BE A CHILD OF POISONED PEOPLE, HE DOES NOT WANT TO BE THEIR GENERATION!)

In a later section (0.3) he describes vomiting as ecstasy, inner cleansing, emptiness and lightness in the world:

І ён цяпер знайшоў адзіны шлях, дзе няма хлусні, дзе ты адкрыты ў першую чаргу сам з сабою – ванітаваць, такім ён бачыў шлях (Kalienda 2009, 17).

(and he had found the only path where there was no lying, where you are open in the first place only to yourself – vomiting that was where he saw his path.)

\* \* \*

To create an article linking leadership with frequently bleak views of the Leader’s country and with squalor and vomiting, should not be viewed as a Freudian or even logical connection, but simply as a natural progression.

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