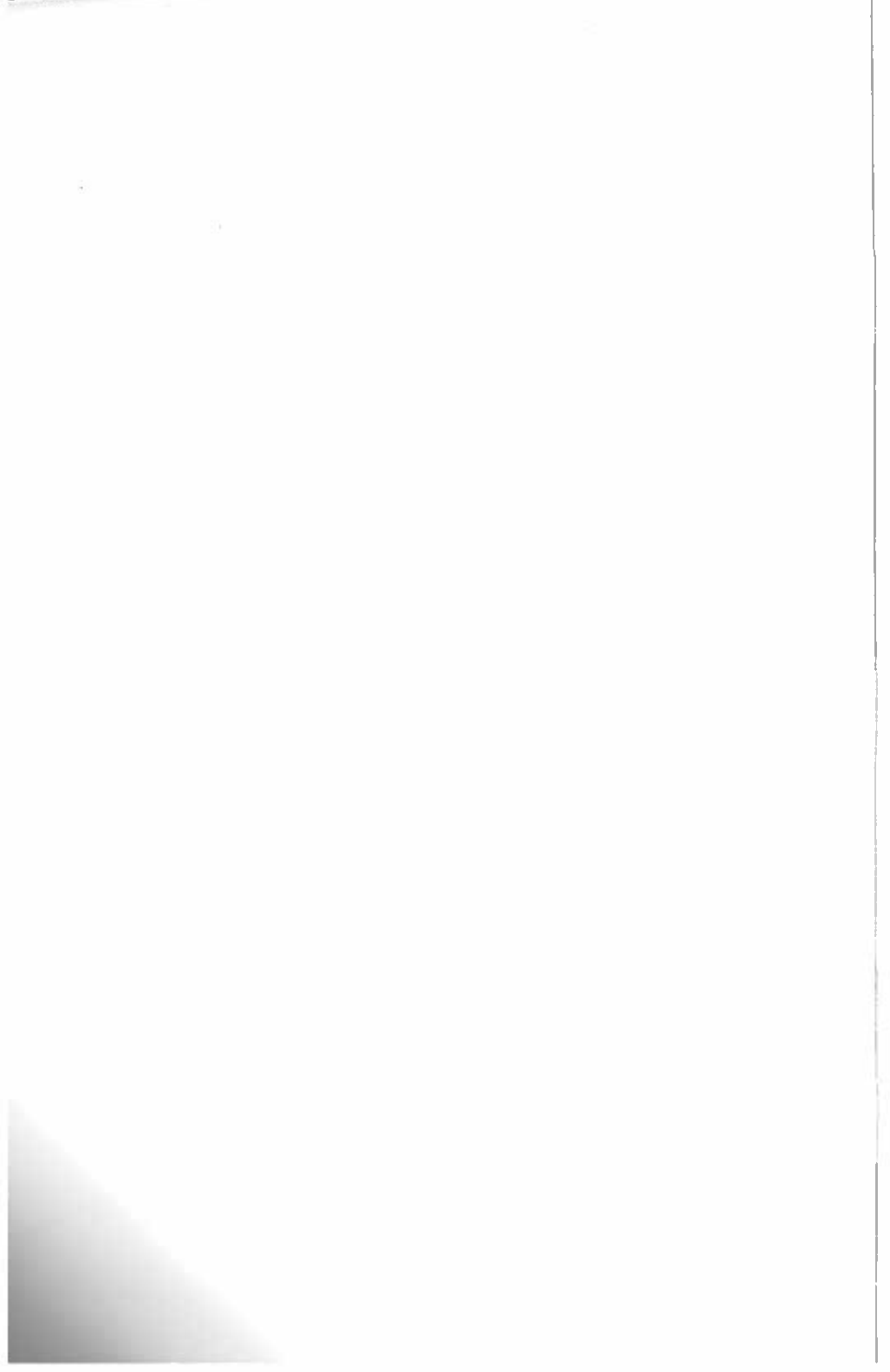




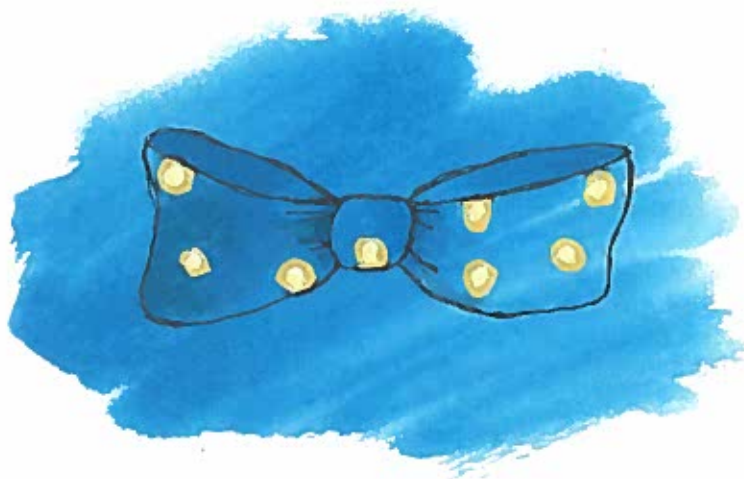
the literary magazine of students in balkan studies

No. 1/2003



лептир машна, leptir mašna

the literary magazine of students in balkan studies



we dedicate this issue to

Victor Friedman, a passionate collector of bowties

лептир машна, leptir mašna
the literary magazine of students in balkan studies

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The idea for “Лептир машина” was born a few years ago, when I resumed my teaching duties at the Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures and the College. The selected pieces in this issue represent the work of students from the past three academic years.

The main objective of the magazine is to promote the talent and creativity of these students, as well as to encourage the study of these less frequently taught languages. I hope that the project will also serve as a compelling invitation to those undergraduate and graduate students who are contemplating research in the Balkans.

Nada Petković
Lecturer in BCS
Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures

May 2003

LANGUAGE COORDINATOR'S NOTE

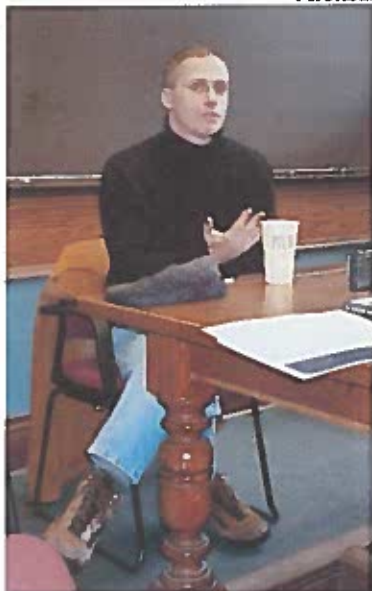
I was very pleased when Nada asked me to collaborate with her on “Лептир машина”. The quality of the work is quite high and I am proud of the efforts put forth by Nada and her students to make “Лептир машина” a success. It is my hope that we will see future issues of this journal and that it will serve as a model for literary journals in other languages. “Лептир машина” is just the sort of project that showcases the talents of our language students at the University of Chicago and is indicative of the high quality language instruction we are conducting in our program in Slavic Languages.

Steven Clancy
Senior Lecturer in
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Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures

May 2003

MICHELANGELO I LOPTA

Aleksandar Hemon



Otkako se Herman Lavoyer, čovjek koji je godinama organizovao nedjeljne fudbalske utakmice pored jezera, preselio na Floridu, ja nedjeljom igram fudbal u parku blizu jezera, niže ulice Belmont. Ljudi koji tamo igraju, imigranti su, kao i Hermanov svijet, skupljeni sa globalnog koca i konopce, mada ima više Amerikanaca i Evropljana, kako zapadnih, tako i mučenih istočnih. Jedan od ljudi s kojima igram na Belmontu je Lido Lippi, sedamdesetpetogodišnji Talijan. Budući da se jedva kreće, nikad ga ne pikamo kao igrača, ali ga uvijek puštamo da igra. Kao i kod mnogih muškaraca kad predju pedesetu,

Lido na krilima vlastite sujete često odleti u zemlju mašte u kojoj je on veliki igrač, još uvijek brz i vješt kao što je možda bio prije pedesetak godina. Poklopljen lošom perikom sa kojom redovno igra, Lido se ponaša kao da je on još uvijek fenomenalan igrač i nakon svakog kontakta s loptom, koja obično završi kod protivnika, on ti detaljno opiše svoje briljantne namjere i tvoje očigledne greške. Lido je, međutim, dobar čovjek.

On i ja se uvijek prvi ukažemo u parku prije utakmice, a Lido ponekad dode sav uzbuđen jer je na putu prema parku vidio naše američke suigrače koji se po parku sakrivaju i drže podalje kako ne bi morali ćakulati sa nama. "Kakvi su to ljudi?" pita se Lido uzbuđeno. "Čega se to boje?" Onda mi govori kako se to u Evropi nikad ne bi desilo. U Italiji, kaže Lido, ponosno noseći dres Fiorentine sa brojem deset (Rui Costa), ljudi su ti uvijek spremni pomoći. Ako ih upitaš za pomoć, oni će i svoju radnju ostaviti i odvesti te gdje treba. A znaju i sjesti i s tobom ljudski popričati, ljubazno, a ne kao ovi i onda pokaže na drveće u parku iza kojeg se kriju Amerikanci. Kad ga pitam kako često ide u Italiju, on kaže da ne ide tako

MICHELANGELO AND A BALL

by Aleksandar Hemon

translated by the students in 2002/03 Elementary BCS

Since Herman Lavoyer --the man who for years organized the weekly soccer match next to the lake-- moved to Florida, I play soccer every Sunday in a park near the lake, on Belmont Avenue. The people who play there are immigrants, as also is Herman's world. It's a gathering of all global sorts and kinds, although there are more Americans and Europeans, from the West as well as from the suffering East. One of the men with whom I play on Belmont is Lido Lippi, a 75 year old Italian. Because he can hardly move, no one picks him as a player, but they always let him play. As with many men before they are fifty, Lido often flies off on wings of his personal vanity into the land of his imagination, in which he is a big player, still always fast and skilled, like he perhaps was before he was fifty. Covered with a bad wig with which he regularly plays, Lido behaves as if he is still always a phenomenal player. After every contact with the ball, which always ends up with the opponent, he describes in detail to you his brilliant intentions and your obvious mistakes. Lido is, however, a good man.

He and I are always the first to show up in the park before the match, and Lido sometimes arrives all excited, because on the way to the park he saw our American opponents who are around the park hiding and keeping their distance so they don't need to chat with us. "What kind of people are they?" Lido asks himself excitedly. "What are they afraid of?" Then he tells me how in Europe this would never happen. In Italy, Lido says, while proudly wearing Florentine dress with number ten (Rui Costa), people are always ready to help you. If you ask them for help, they will leave their own shop and take you where necessary. And they know how to sit with you and talk with you humanely, kindly, and not like these, he says as he points to the trees in the park behind which the Americans are hiding. When I ask him how often he goes to Italy, he says he doesn't go often, because he has a beautiful Ferrari. The people, he says, are jealous, they steal his hubcaps and with keys they draw lines across the car. He doesn't want to go, he says, because the people aren't friendly. When I remind him that only a few minutes ago the Italians were incredibly kind, he says: Yes, yes, very kind! And then I give up. Lido is, it appears, capable to have two mutually exclusive opinions at the same time without internal conflict.

često, zato što on ima prelijepog Ferarija pa su ljudi, kaže, ljubomorni, krađu mu ratkapne i ključem mu crtaju štrafte po autu. Ne voli ići, kaže, jer su ljudi neljubazni. Kad ga ja podsjetim da su samo prije nekoliko trenutaka Talijani bili nevjerovatno ljubazni on kaže: —Da, da, vrlo ljubazni! — i ja onda odustanem. Lido je, čini se, u stanju da bez unutrašnjeg konflikta istovremeno ima dva međusobno isključiva mišljenja.

Lido je u Chicago došao iz Firence, krajem pedesetih. U Firenci su on i njegov burazer restaurirali freske renesansnih majstora. Nakon dolaska u Chicago, on je skontao da čikaški muzej—The Art Institute of Chicago—ima puno slika kojima je potrebna restauracija. Otud Lido u Chicagu ima uspješnu firmu koja se bavi obnavljanjem slika i fresaka—njegov najčuveniji projekat je svod u Hotelu Congress, ispod kojeg je Lido proveo mjesec, na leđima, kao Michelangelo, pažljivo lijepeći tanke zlatne listiće, i kičicom povlačeći tanušne linije.

Lido, što bi se reklo, voli život. Često biva spažen kako sa mladim, obdarenim ljepoticama hoda ruku pod ruku, a zna se desiti i da ih provoza u svom americkom ferariju. Lido ima i dvije kćerke: jedna je orkestrator u Simfonijskom orkestru u Charlstonu, South Carolina, a druga je violina u Simfoniji San Diega. Lido je, čini se, imao više žena-supruga—zadnja je iz Mexica i Lido kaže, mlada je i lijepa, mada ne priča engleski baš dobro. Sva je prilika da je jezik njihove komunikacije jezik tijela.

Iako on nikad ne čita knjige, ja sam Lidu poklonio italijansko izdanje svoje knjige, koju je onda pokazivao svima našim suigračima i uljepšavao moje uspjehe tvrdeći da sam “važan”, dok sam ja pokušavao da ih razubijedim, ne samo iz skromnosti (ja živim u pogrešnom ubjedenju da sam skroman) nego i da mi neko ne bi nogu slomio, u cilju prevencije pretjeranog kurčenja. Ne znam da li je Lido pročitao knjigu i da li će je ikada pročitati, ali ju je preda mnom prelistao. “Puno je talijanskih riječi,” ustvrdio je, a ja sam mu strpljivo objasnio da je to zato što je to prijevod na talijanski sve su riječi talijanske. Lido, naviknut na slike, kojima prijevod ne treba, ne shvata baš najbolje koncept prevodenja.

Prošle nedjelje Lido mi je sav uzbudjen pričao—nakon što mi je još jednom ukazao na Amerikance skrivene po žbunju—kako su diletanti i idioti upropastili svod Sikstinske kapele, Michelangelovo remek-djelo. Uprkos

Lido arrived in Chicago from Florence at the end of his fifties. In Florence, he and his brother restored frescoes by Renaissance masters. After arriving in Chicago, he discovered that the Art Institute of Chicago had many paintings which needed restoring. Lido consequently has a successful business in Chicago, restoring pictures and frescoes. His most famous project is the arch in the Congress Hotel: Lido was on his back under it for months, like Michelangelo, carefully gluing thin gold leaves, and with a brush drawing tiny lines.

Lido, it could be said, loves life. Often he can be seen arm in arm with young, gifted, beautiful women, and it is known to happen that he would drive them around in his American Ferrari. Lido also has two daughters: one is the orchestra manger for the symphony orchestra in Charleston, SC, and the other is a violinist in the San Diego orchestra. Lido, it appears, had many women-wives — the last from Mexico, and Lido says she is young and beautiful, although she does not speak English that well. Of course, the language of their communication is the language of their bodies.

Though he never reads books, I gave Lido the Italian edition of my book, which he then showed to all our teammates. He embellished my successes, claiming that I am famous, while I was attempted to reassure them that I am not, not only because of modesty (I live under the mistaken belief that I am modest) but also so that no one would break my leg, with the goal of preventing excessive arrogance. I don't know if Lido read the whole book, or if he will ever read it, but he would leaf through it in front of me. "There are so many Italian words," he concluded, but I patiently explained to him that because the edition was in Italian that all the words are Italian. Lido, used to pictures, which need no translation, didn't exactly comprehend the concept of translation.

The next week Lido excitedly told me the whole story — after he pointed out to me the Americans still hidden behind the bushes — about how dilettantes and idiots spoiled the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, Michelangelo's masterpiece. In spite of my sumptuous lack of knowledge, Lido described to me all of the mistakes which they made, all of the wrong methods which they used for the restoration. With a sponge and turpentine, let's say, they took off the patina from the fresco. Lido demanded that I imagine this: with a sponge and turpentine on the helpless Michelangelo. Then

mom raskošnom neznanju, Lido mi je opisao sve greške koje su počinili, sve pogrešne metode koje su primijenili pri restauraciji: spužvom i rastvaračem su, recimo, skidali patinu sa freske. Lido je od mene odrešito zahtijevao da to zamislim: spužvom i rastvaračem na bespomoćnog Michelangela. Onda ga je čovjek zadužen za restauraciju Sikstinske kapele, shvativši da su uprznili stvaranje svijeta po Michelangelu, molio da dode i popravi štetu, a Lido mu je napisao pismo od pet stranica i rekao mu neka traži pomoć od onih koji su se sjetili spužve i rastvarača. Ono što oni ne razumiju, kaže Lido, to je da je patina sastavni dio slike, da je freska Boga koji stvara svijet bila nedovršena dok se boje nisu slegle, dok ih malter nije temeljito upio, dok sve to nije malo potamnilo: bez patine to ništa pod milim Bogom ne vrijedi. Dok mi sve to priča, Lido sjedi na svojoj lopti (dječijoj i prenapuhanoj) i onda u uzbuđenju napravi pogrešan pokret, sklizne sa lopte i prevrne se. Pomognem mu da se dignu sa zemlje i osjetim naboranu, usahlu kožu na njegovoj nadlaktici i na svojim prstima osjetim njegovu ljudsku patinu.

Uto iza drveća i iz grmlja izađu skriveni Amerikanci, pristigne i ostatak planete, lopta se zakotrlja, i Lido—čovjek koji nepoštovanje prema Michelangelu shvata kao ličnu uvredu—se montira ispred protivničkog gola, u jalovoj nadi da će dati spektakularan gol. Ko god da je stvorio Lida može biti zadovoljan—Lido je potpuno dovršen. Mi se ostali moramo valjati po prašini, skupljati patinu, budalasto se nadajući da nas hladna ruka sa spužvom i rastvaračem neće pronaći.

the man responsible for the restoration of the Sistine chapel, realizing that they had spoiled the creation of the world according to Michelangelo, wanted to come and to repair the damage, but Lido wrote him a five page letter and told him to look for some help for those who remembered the sponges and turpentine. It was because they don't understand, said Lido, that the patina is an integral part of the painting, that the fresco of God creating the world was unfinished until the colors settled, until the plaster absorbed them into the base, until all that darkened a little: without the patina it would be worth nothing under God. While he told all this to me, Lido sat on his ball (a children's ball, and overstretched) and then in his excitement about the mistakes that had been made, he slipped from the ball and was knocked over. I helped him to rise from the ground and I felt the wrinkled, dried skin on his upper arm, and on my fingers I felt his human patina.

At that moment, from behind the trees and bushes come out the hidden Americans, and the rest of the planet arrives as well, the ball started rolling, and Lido — the man who took disrespect toward Michelangelo as a personal offense — positions himself in front of the opposing team's goal, in the vain hope that he could make a spectacular goal. Who ever made Lido can be satisfied — Lido is fully complete. The rest of us were left to roll in the dust, collecting a patina, and hoping that the cold hand with a sponge and turpentine will not find us.

“Michelangelo i Lopta” is published with the consent of the author.



Hemon in class with students (photograph taken on April 18, 2003)

ПАТРИК Margaret Hagan

Мој млађи брат Патрик је дао гол преко улице када је имао пет година. Он је показао голу гузу нашим суседима када је имао шест година, појео пурпурно корење кад му је било седам година и основао своју рок групу пре него што је напунио десет година. Последњи од петоро деце, обећавао да ће најуспешнији од га је затрпала у logs” и “Tinker хтела да он каријеру њеног милионера који ипжењер. Ми нападали и год би се указала смо хтели да он чувени играч



Патрик је имао идеју. За Божић кад је имао осам година добио је поклон који је био први на листи жеља — картонски и пластични сет бубњева. Лице великог бубња је имало слику глобуса на себи и “Rock The World” је било нашкрабано преко слике великим пурпурним словима. Неколико недеља касније, родила се његова група “Rock The World”. Ја сам се пријавила за место свирача тамбурине, али нисам се квалификовала. Само је позван отац да ступи у групу јер је знао основе акустичне гитаре. Дуо је трајао само две недеље: прве недеље су компоновали две песме — “We’ve Been Rocking Since 1969” и “Going Downtown” — а друге недеље су се spremали за њихов први и завршни концерт. Пред вечеру у недељу, “Rock The World” је узурпирао гостинску собу за само десет минута. Отац је имитирао пијаног Боб Дилан-а, а Патрик је покушао да буде одличан као Ринго док је ударао као карактер из Muppet Show-а. Мајка их је бодрила а ми деца смо се кикотали. Тако је Патрик отишао у рокерску пензију.

него што је година. мајчаних Патрик је бити деце. Мајка “Lincoln toys”, јер је понови деде је био деца смо га вређали кад прилика, јер постане хокеја.

различиту

PATRICK

by Margaret Hagan

My little brother Patrick ran naked through the streets when he was five, mooned the neighbors when he was six, ate purple crayons when he was seven, and began his own rock band before he was ten. The last of my mother's five children, Patrick was to be the successful one of us. He was born after my father's lung cancer treatments had just ended, and he was the new hope. My mother wanted him to replicate her grandfather's millionaire career as an engineer, and she lavished him with Lincoln Logs and Tinker Toys to trick him into becoming a genius. We children wanted him to be a millionaire hockey player, and we assaulted him at every opportunity to toughen him up.

But Patrick had different ideas. For Christmas one year, he received the cardboard and plastic drum set that had topped his wish list. The bass drum's face was colored to be a globe, with "Rock The World!" written in scraggly purple letters across it. A few weeks later, his band Rock the World was born. I applied to be the tambourine player, but I did not make the cut. Only my father was invited to join, since only he knew the basics of an acoustic guitar and only he would obey Patrick's directions without mocking or attacking him. The duo lasted only two weeks: one week to arrange two songs, "We've Been Rocking Since 1969" and "Going Down-town" and one week to prepare for their first and only performance.

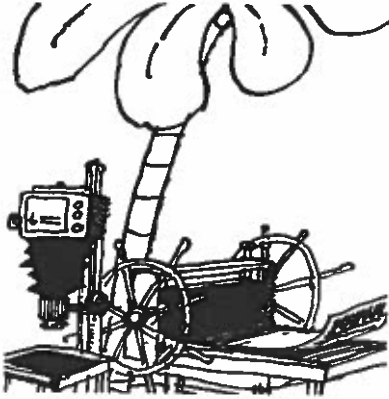
Before a Sunday dinner, Rock the World overtook our living room for ten minutes. My father -- who in his own youth had played in a homemade rock band with his fellow future priests while in the seminary -- was the lead vocalist. Reclining in a golden armchair, he channeled a stoned Bob Dylan, with his eyes squinted, face turned toward the ceiling, and the lyrics all mumbled. Patrick tried to keep cool like Ringo, whom he studied for hours on pirated Beatles video tapes every day after school. Instead, he ended up like Animal from the Muppets -- a small freckled boy under a huge mop of orange curls, twitching from eating too much sugar and smacking the cardboard drums wildly with his drumsticks.

At the end of the second and final song, my mother cheered, my father bowed, and we children snickered. Within seconds, Rock the World disbanded, and Patrick went into permanent rock star retirement.

FANTAZMAGORIJA

Chris Hummel

Jednog dana Mate je išao na Hvar gde je imao vikendicu u Starom Gradu i vinograd u ravnici. Ali, brod se potopio. Mate je preplivao na mali otok koji je imao samo jednu palmu. On je osnovao prvu komunističku štampu na otoku. Bio je osamljen i bilo mu je dosadno, te je počeo dnevnik "Novosti crvenog otoka". Svaki dan je pisao za novine - on je hvalio Tita i poricao fašizam. Pod drvetom sunce nije bilo jako. Imao je mnogo papira, pisaću mašinu i štamparsku presu. Ujutru Mate je lovio ribu i tako obezbeđivao hranu. Svake druge nedelje, policija je dolazila brodovima i pitala ga da li želi da se vrati na kopno, ali Mate je svaki put kazao "ne". Srećan je, jer on je najbolji komunista na otoku. Nema razmirica i sve je zajedničko.



PHANTASMAGORIA

by Chris Hummel

One day, Mate was going to Hvar Island, where he had a weekend home in Stari Grad and a vineyard in the valley. But his boat sank. Mate swam to a small island which had a palm tree. There he found a Communist printing press. He was lonely and bored so he started the "Red Island News" journal. Every day he wrote the news – he praised Tito and denounced Fascism. Under the tree, the sun was not too hot and he had plenty of paper. In the morning, he fished and looked for food. Every other week, police arrived by boat and asked him if he wanted to leave, but every time he said no. He was happy because he was the best communist on the island. There is no dissent and everything is commonly owned..

Story inspired by cartoon on p. 47.



ПРОЛЕЋЕ

Valena Beety

Срце чезне за пролећем
птице одговарају - зашто одлаже?
Спушта се вече и сунце шапуће
сутра.

Затварам очи-
вечерас, моји сни ће преноћити
у златној кожи.
Свежа зелена трава
вруће пластичне сунчане наочаре.
Али јутарњи мраз се враћа
и снег поново пада.

Умивам се хладном водом
и пијем моју кафу црну,
препознајем ове дуге дане.

SPRING

by Valena Beety

The heart longs for spring
The birds reply – Why do you leave?
Evening descends and the sun whispers
of tomorrow.

I close my eyes –
Tonight, my dreams will spend the night
in golden skin.
Fresh green grass
hot plastic sunglasses.
But morning frost returns
and snow falls again.

I wash myself with cool water
and I drink my coffee black.
I recognize this long day.

PO PUTEVIMA BOSNE I HERCEGOVINE

Andrew Gilbert

Postoje mnoge stvari koje sam morao da naučim kada sam došao u Sjeverozapadnu Bosnu da obavim svoje terensko istraživanje. To uključuje svakodnevne običaje ophođenja i lične komunikacije, snalaženje s lokalnom birokratijom u cilju dobijanja dozvole za boravak i navikavanje na činjenicu da će moja gazdarica dolaziti u stan u bilo koje vrijeme, da bi uzimala stvari koje je tamo ostavila. Manje ili više, sa malo strpljenja, dobro, sa malo više strpljenja, prilagodio sam se. Biti antropolog pomaže u tome, tako da na bilo šta da naidete — od birokratske odbojnosti do neprijaznih prodavaca — ulazi u terenski rad. Ali, nešto što me je stvarno nerviralo, bilo je navići se na vožnju.

Već po dolasku sam odlučio da će za moj rad od velike koristi biti nalaženje načina da brzo i pouzdano putujem u obližnja sela i gradove u kojima sam sprovodio istraživanje. Ići autobusom nije dolazilo u obzir, tako da sam prošlog ljeta postao ponosni vlasnik male, crvene Zastave 128 — limuzine. Iako je osnovni razlog za kupovinu ovog auta bila njegova niska cijena, ispostavilo se da je to u isto vrijeme i odličan način za zaštitu od policije na putu — ali više o tome kasnije.

Prije svega, da opišem stanje: najveći dio puteva u Bosni je sa dvije trake, jednom trakom u jednom smjeru, sa izuzetkom dionice od oko 18 km između Banjaluke i Laktaša, zabranjeno je voziti iznad 80 km / h (50 milja na sat). Da li to znači da većina vozača u Bosni poštuje ograničenja brzine? Ni u kom slučaju. Ali, šta vozač rizikuje brzom vožnjom, osim života ili dijela tijela? Susrete s policijom i olakšan novčanik.

Takođe je slučaj i da većina puteva u Bosni prolazi kroz planine i doline, pružajući na taj način policiji mnoga mjesta na kojima se mogu sakriti. Čuo sam i iskusio proizvoljnost kojom se sprovode ograničenja brzine, i kako novčanica od 10 ili 20 maraka može da vas spasi od kazne. Pored moje sklonosti da poštujem ograničenja brzine, jednostavno nisam ni mogao sebi priuštiti susrete s policijom koji bi me osiromašili, ili učinili da se predam njima na milost i nemilost zato što su me uhvatili kako vozim 120 na sat! Ali, brzo sam naučio da nije tako lako poštovati ograničenja brzine u Bosni, zato što nije uvijek jasno kolika su!

Na primjer, postoji nekoliko jednostavnih smjernica, koja kažu da ako

nije drugačije naznačeno, u gradu se ne smije voziti preko 40 km, u predgradima preko 60, a preko 80 se ne smije voziti na magistralnim putevima (opet, sa izuzetkom dionice između Banjaluke i Laktaša na kojoj je dozvoljeno voziti 100 km). Vozač se stalno susreće sa znakovima; na primjer, vozeći od Prijedora, gdje stanujem, do Sanskog Mosta, gradića udaljenog oko 30 km, nailazim na znak ograničenja sa natpisom Č/50, što znači da moram usporiti sa 80 km na 50km, obično zbog naseljenih mjesta sa seoskim kućama. Tako obično i uradim, samo što nema znaka koji me obavještava kad mogu ponovo da ubrzam. Nakon što prođem naselje, bez znaka koji bi me na to upozorio, nastavljam da vozim brzinom od



Andrew Gilbert in a cafe in Bosnia (photograph taken in 2002)

50km, iz straha da ne prekršim zakon. Nakon oko 5km te vožnje, nailazim na drugo naselje ispred kojeg ponovo stoji znak >50<: ovo jasno upućuje da je negdje između ova dva znaka bilo dozvoljeno voziti iznad 50km na sat, ali nije bilo znaka. Ovo ne znači da su takvi uslovi svugdje: dosta znakova pokazuje koliko se treba voziti nižom brzinom ili upozoravaju na ulazak ili izlazak iz zone ograničenja. Ali, nejasnoće se često dešavaju. Dakle, dok milim u svojoj Zastavi pokušavajući da poštujem ograničenja brzine, mercedesi, golfovi i lade me stalno pretiču. Iako pokušavam da poštujem zakone, ne uživam u nerazumno sporoj vožnji. Hoću da stignem tamo gdje sam pošao!

Bilo je potrebno nekoliko sedmica vožnje da bih se manje - više navikao kako da tumačim saobraćajne znakove, čak i one kojih nije bilo, pa i da rizikujem u situacijama kad mi nije bilo jasno. Postoje još dvije stvari koje mi dosta pomažu da izbjegnem iskorištavanje od policije: prva je divna solidarnost vozača. Ako na putu ima patrola policije koja zaustavlja vozila (bilo da se radi o radarskoj ili redovnoj kontroli), ljudi signaliziraju jedni drugima paleći i gaseći svjetla. Znači, ako vozim prema Banjaluci i automobil iz suprotne strane signalizira svjetlima, to je siguran znak da negdje ispred ima policije, tako da mogu da provjerim brzinu i usporim ako je to potrebno. Nakon što prođem pored policijske patrole, signaliziram drugim vozilima koja mi dolaze u susret. Druga stvar koja me je nekoliko puta spasila, kad me je policija zaustavila, bila je kombinacija mog auta i nacionalnosti. Ljudi ovdje vole Zastavu, ali ona je takođe i predmet mnogih šala (Kako naći rezervni dio za Zastavu? Otići do prve krivine i naći ćeš ga). Tako da je policiji smiješno i nerazumljivo zbog čega Amerikanac vozi Zastavu. Na primjer, kada sam vozio od Bosanskog Petrovca do Bihaća, kroz prelijepu dolinu Une, izgleda sam vozio prebrzo u zoni ograničenja od 40km, pa me je policija zaustavila. Rekli su mi da sam prekoračio brzinu i da moram platiti kaznu od 40 K.M. Nakon što su saznali da sam Amerikanac koji vozi Zastavu, pitali su me zbog čega vozim ovo auto. Kada sam im na dobrom lokalnom jeziku rekao da mislim da je to odlično auto, jeftino i pouzdano, nasmijali su se i rekli mi da ne brinem za kaznu, da mi žele prijatan boravak u zemlji i da pazim na brzinu. Sličan susret dogodio se jedne noći, na putu od Banjaluke do Prijedora. Jedan od mojih farova je izgleda bio slab, što je kvar za koji se plaća kazna. Nakon što sam izašao i rekao policajcu da se to vjerovatno desilo skoro i da ću ga popraviti sljedećeg dana, on je vidio da sam Amerikanac koji vozi Zastavu. Pitao me je šta ću u tom autu. Rekao sam mu istu priču: jeftino i pouzdano, a ja sam samo student. Američki student koji studira u Bosni? Da. To ga je izgleda začudilo i oduševilo na neki način, a ja sam prošao bez plaćanja kazne.

Dakle, kada ste u Bosni, zapamtite da pokažete vozačku solidarnost tako što ćete signalizirati svjetlima i spremite nešto maraka za policiju, osim ako ste Amerikanac u Zastavi!

РОДНИ И ЈА

Emina Stojković & Rodney Dale

Родни је увек пун изненађења - великих и малих. Када је Родни почео да учи српски, та су изненађења постала учесталија. У то време смо некако и одлучила да говоримо само српски код куће. Можете замислити колико је смешних ситуација било на самом почетку учења језика, колико духовитих и необичних ситуација.

Наши дијалози током вечере су постали нарочито занимљиви. После дугог и напорног дана у лабораторији, обично док кувамо у кухињи разговарамо о догађајима тога дана разменимо неколико доживљаја.

О науши увек дискутујемо на енглеском али све по питању кухиње и домаћинства причамо на српском. Најгоре је било у почетку јер Родни није знао ниједну реч на српском осим што је чуо током мојих телефонских разговора са родитељима или брацом, као на пример "hao мајкић" (how I greet my mom on the phone) или "лаку ноћ" (good night) или "добар дан господине Стојковић" (he has been practicing this phrase ever since we got engaged—he's been very nervous about meeting my father).

Сир је моја омиљена храна тако да током једне од наших првих вечера заједно питала сам Роднија да ми дода сир. Родни ме је погледао са великим знаком питања: "Why are you calling me Sir"? у страху да се код нас у току обеда чланови породице формално обраћају једни другима са "Sir" и "Madam".

Једном сам направила сендвич са бутером од кикирикија. Када сам објаснила Роднију шта кикирики значи, он се једноставно заљубио у ту реч и читав дан све у кући или ван куће је било звано кикирики. Чак је и песмицу написао "Како сам се ја заљубио у кикирики"...

Речи које имају љ или р - као виљушка или рерна представљају прави изазов за Роднија. За њега оне постану вијуска и хрејна. Али за сада он напредује, и што је најважније, труди се. Истина, није без значаја позната изрека: "Љубав не познаје границе".

RODNEY AND I

by Emina Stojković & Rodney Dale

Rodney is always full of surprises, big and small. When Rodney began studying Serbian, the surprises came more often. At that time we also decided somehow to speak only in Serbian at home. You can imagine how many amusing situations there were at the very start of learning the language, how many funny and unusual circumstances.

Our dialogue over the course of dinner has become particularly interesting. After a long and strenuous day in the laboratory, we often talk about the events of the day while cooking in the kitchen, and also trade a few stories about our adventures.

We always talk about science in English but for all matters of the kitchen we speak in Serbian. In the beginning it was worse, because Rodney didn't know a word of Serbian except what he heard during my telephone conversations with my parents or my brothers, like, for example, "ćao makić" (ciao mom — How I greet my mother on the phone) or "laku noć" (good night), or "dobar dan gospodine Stojković" (Good day, Mr. Stojković — He has been practicing this phrase ever since our engagement. He's been very nervous about meeting my father.)

Cheese (sir) is my favorite food, so at our first dinner together I asked Rodney to pass me the cheese. Rodney looked at me with a big question mark — "Why are you calling me Sir?" — in fear that during meals family members formally call each other Sir and Madam.

Once I made a peanut butter sandwich. When I explained to Rodney that 'kikiriki' meant 'peanuts', he simply fell in love with the word, and that whole day everything in and out of the home became 'kikiriki.' He even wrote a poem: "How I fell in love with kikiriki..."

Words which have the 'lj' or 'r' sound — like 'viljuška' (fork) or 'rečna' (oven) present Rodney with a real challenge. From these, the words become 'vijuska' and 'hrejna.' But now he is advancing and, most importantly, he is trying. Surely, the old saying holds true — that love knows no boundaries.

JABUKA

Daniel Megas

Jedan od svadbenih običaja u mnogim hrvatskim selima je bacanje jabuke. Po tradiciji mlada treba da prebaci jabuku preko kuće muževljeve obitelji. Ako jabuka pređe preko kuće, to je znak dobre sreće i uspješnog braka. Avaj, neke običaje je teško preneti sa sela na Balkanu u predgrađe Amerike. Kako je moja supruga hrvatskog porijekla rođena u Americi, njena je obitelj željela da ona nastavi ovu tradiciju. Međutim, kuća mojih roditelja u predgrađu Clevelend-a ima tri sprata i nije nikako bilo moguće da Anka prebaci jabuku preko tako visoke kuće. Tako smo morali improvizirati i ona je bacila jabuku preko jednospratne kuće njenih roditelja. Dosta je da se kaže da smo još uvek srećan par.



APPLE

by Daniel Megas

A marriage tradition in many Croatian villages is the apple tossing. Tradition holds that the new bride should throw an apple over the house of her new husband's family. If the apple makes it over the house, it is a sign of good luck and a strong marriage. Alas, some traditions are difficult to translate from Balkan villages to suburban America. Being Croatian-American, my wife's family wanted her to continue the apple throwing tradition. However, my parents' home in suburban Cleveland is three stories tall and there was no way for Anka to get an apple over such a large house. So we improvised and she threw the apple over her parents' one story ranch. Suffice it to say that we are still a happy couple.

Nâzım Hikmet: CEVİZ AĞACI

Başım köpük köpük bulut, içim dışım deniz,
ben bir ceviz ağacıyım Gülhâne Parkında,
budak budak, şerham şerham ihtiyar bir ceviz.
Ne sen bunun farkındasın, ne polis farkında.

Ben bir ceviz ağacıyım Gülhâne Parkında.
Yapraklarım suda balık gibi kıvıl kıvıl.
Yapraklarım ipek mendil gibi tiril tiril,
koparıver, gözlerinin, gülüm, yaşını sil.
Yapraklarım ellerimdir, tam yüz bin elim var.
Yüz bin elle dokunurum sana, İstanbul'a.
Yapraklarım gözlerimdir, şaşarak bakarım.
Yüz bin gözle seyredirim seni, İstanbul'u.
Yüz bin yürek gibi çarpar, çarpar yapraklarım.

Ben bir ceviz ağacıyım Gülhâne Parkında.
Ne sen bunun farkındasın, ne polis farkında.

ORAHOVO DRVO

translated from Turkish by Hikmet Zeynep Bulutgil

Moja je glava ko' oblak od pene, iznutra i spolja ja sam more.
Ja sam orah u parku Gülhane.
Širim grane, ja sam orah stari.
Niko me ne vidi, ni ti ni policija.
Ja sam orah u parku Gülhane
Moje se lišće praćaka kao ribice u vodi.
Moje je lišće čedno kao tanka svila,
uberi jedan i obriši suze, cvete moj.
Moje ruke su moje lišće, imam ih sto hiljada na broju
Dodirujem te hiljadama svojih ruku, dodirujem Istanbul.
Moje lišće su moje oči, gledam te s divljnjem
Gledam te hiljadama svojih očiju, gledam Istanbul.
Moji lišće pulsira kao stotine hiljada srca, moje lišće pulsira.

Ja sam orah u parku Gülhane,
Niko me ne vidi, ni ti ni policija.

БЕОГРАД У ЦРНОМ

Jessica Greenberg

12. марта. 2003. у дванаест сати, била сам на лету од Париза до Београда. Задовољно сам читала књигу, пила сок од јабуке десет хиљада метера изнад земље када је убијен премијер Србије, Зоран Ђинђић. Када сам стигла на аеродром, узела сам аутобус за град. Очекивала сам да стигнем на аутобуску станицу за пола сата и да одмах идем у Нови Сад. Имала сам дуг и напоран пут и хтела сам само да стигнем у мој стан. Сећам се да нас је возач информисао да су улице Београда блокиране -- мада нико није знао тачно шта се дешава. Питала сам девојку у седишту поред мене. Она је одговорила "Не знам, нешто о премијеру". Помислила сам наравно, да има некаква манифестација у граду, ослонила главу на седиште и затворила очи.

Када сам стигла на станицу, знала сам да нешто није у реду. Била је велика гужва али нико није казао ниједну реч. Изгледало је као у чудном, тихом базару. Мале групе људи стајале су или седеле у станици и околним улицама. Било је много полицајаца наоружаних пушкама који су посматрали људе и раговарали између себе. Никад нисам видела град у таквом стању. Јасно, аутобуси не иду нигде али одлучила сам да сачекам мало да видим шта ће се десити. После десет минута чекања, питала сам девојку шта се дешава. Она ме је гледала као да сам луда. "Премијер је убијен пре два сата," -- рекла је она. Нисам могла да верујем. У једном моменту, нисам могла да дишем. Онда ми је сто питања протрчало кроз главу. Шта то значи, како је то могуће, ко је извршио атентаг и зашто, шта ће се десити сада? Одлучила сам да је боље да останем у Београду ту ноћ-- нисам имала избора.

Када сам стигла до стана мојих пријатеља, они су били у шоку. Могла сам да чујем вести на телевизији, али нико није имао нове информације. Те ноћи, отишла сам до места на коме је Премијер убијен. Било је више од 150 људи. Неки су причали, плакали, гледали у црно, ноћно небо. Многи су донели свеће и цвеће и ставили испред зграде. У једном моменту, један млађи човек је захтевао да се ухапси Легија. Таласање руку и покушај да се изазове реакција међу светом. Нико није реаговао. Људи још нису знали да ли је моменат да буду љути. После неколико минута, када се нико није прикључио захтеву, он је ућутао и коначно отишао с пријатељима.

Одмах после атената, нико још није схватао шта ће то значити за земљу, али сви су знали да ће се нешто променити. Треба још неколико дана и недеља да се виде последице. Уопште, људи осећају да су изгубили нешто важно и неког великог. Људи често кажу да не знају шта имају док то не изгубе. Мислим да су и после две недеље, грађани још у шоку. Одмах после атената, људи су дубоко потресени, понекад безнадежни. Потом, мало времена касније, људи хоће одговор, одговорност и акцију.



Photograph taken from B92.net

HEY

Andy Graan

Ne sećam se gde smo sedeli. Znam da smo bili ispred jedne prodavnice, ali gde? Ne znam. Moj utisak je da Skopljanici nikad ne koriste ulice da se orijentišu. Oni već znaju gde se sve nalazi, ali ja ne. Pa, mogu da ti kažem da je ulica dućana bio bulevar. I njegovo drveće dominira zgradama koje su u nizu, iako su čak i one izgledale malo usamljeno. Drveće je toliko visoko usred ravne površine zemlje. I sećam se da sam video staru auto garažu. Ali na mapi grada, kad je pogledam, ne znam gde smo sedeli? Istina je.

Samo smo ležali na stepeniku. U dućanu smo kupili još jedno pivo, a isto tako sok, da pijemo kasnije. Sunce je počelo da izlazi, a mi smo produžili da se smejemu. Hladno je bilo u vazduhu zore. Možda smo drhtali, ali se ne sećam. Znam da se ona smešila. I zašto ne? Bio je nov dan.

Otišli smo da nazdravimo. Podigli smo ruke: "Nazdravje."

"Hej, nisi me gladao u oči."

Zaboravio sam da je pogledam u oči.

"Na Balkanu smo bliži. Znaš"

Treba da znaš da je moj jezik tamo i tada bio početni zbog toga uvek nesiguran i šaljiv.

"Da, znam, ali sam zaboravio. Pao sam u zaborav, zar ne? Ali još učim."

"Da, pao si i još učiš."

HEY

by Andy Graan

I don't remember where we were sitting. I know we were in front of a little grocery store, but where? I don't know. It's been my impression that people in Skopje never use streets to orient themselves. They already know where everything is, but not me. So, I can tell you that the street on which the shop was found happened to be a boulevard. And it had trees that dominated the buildings that ran alongside it, although even those seemed a little lonely. The trees were that tall amidst an otherwise flat stretch of land. And I remember that I saw an old auto garage. But on a map of the city, where were we? Really, I don't know.

We were lying on the step. In the shop we had bought yet another beer, but also juice, to drink later. The sun was beginning to rise, and we continued to laugh. The morning air was cold. Perhaps we were shivering, but I don't remember. I know that she smiled. And why not? It was a new day.

We went to toast one another. We raised our hands: "Nazdravje."

"Hey, you forgot to look me in the eyes."

I had forgot to look in her eyes.

"In the Balkans we are more personal, you know."

You must know that at this time my language was still young and because of that, uncertain and playful.

"Yeah, I know, but I forgot. I fell into oblivion, no? But I'm still learning."

"Yeah, you fell, and you're still learning."

ЈЕЛЕНА
Bill Sensakovic

Јелена никад није хтела да иде у Енглеску, посебно не преко лета. Она је провела цео свој живот, 17 година у свом малом селу и била је срећна - али није имала избора. Мама и тата су већ одлучили да је време за њу да види свет и никакво њено дурење није могло да то промени. Она је имала карту, пртљаг и породицу код које би одсела.

На аеродрому се понашала хладно и поздравила се без суза још увек помало љута на њене. Авион је слетео на аеродром и она је видела сиво небо и кишу. — Јадна земља — помислила је у себи. Ходајући кроз аеродром она је приметила човека њених година који је држао знак. То је био син породице у којој је требало да живи. — Ништа посебно — она је помислила у себи. Док су се возили колима разговор се брзо претворио у расправу. О чему год су причали, расправљали су се. Како се њен распуст настављао, ствари се нису много промениле. Што су више причали, то су се више расправљали — али, што су се више расправљали то су више хтели да причају. Лигија између љубави и мржње је танка и током лета расправа се претворила у пријатељство и више од тога.

У авиону на путу кући Јелена је плакала. Лето је било готово. Она је држала у крилу малу музичку кутију коју јој је он дао. Знала је да га више никада неће видети, али је такође знала да када се осети усамљеном увек може да слуша музику из кутије и да се сети лета.

JELENA
by Bill Sensakovic

Jelena never wanted to go to England, especially not during the summer. She spent her whole life of seventeen years in her small village, and she was happy to stay there – but she did not have a choice. Her mother and father had already decided that it was time for her to see the world, and none of her sulking could change their minds. She had the paperwork, luggage, and a family with whom she could stay.

At the airport she behaved coldly and said goodbye without tears, still a little mad at her parents. When the plane landed at the airport, and she saw the gray sky and rain she thought to herself—What a miserable country! Walking through the airport she noticed a man her age who was holding a sign. This was the son of the family with whom she had to live. —Nothing special—she thought to herself. While they drove in the car the conversation changed quickly to a argument. Whatever they discussed, they argued about. As her vacation progressed, things stayed pretty much the same. The more they talked, the more they argued. But, as they argued more, they wanted more just to talk. The line between love and hate was thin, and, over the course of the summer, the arguments changed into friendship and then more from there.

On the flight home, Jelena was crying. The summer was over. In her lap she held a small music box that he had given her. She knew that she would never see him again, but she also knew that when she felt lonely she could always listen to the music from the box and remember the summer.

СРЕЋНА СЛАВА

by Rada Yovovich

I walk into my uncle's house in Wilmette. After getting past five or so hugging and kissing relatives, I can unload a few things I'm carrying. First, the dish of "штанглице" I hand over to my aunt. Had my mother not made a double batch, there would likely be none left at all - my family has no power to resist the delicious cookies. Next, my cousin comes to carry my jacket and purse away to some distant closet. Before she can take my purse, I make sure to grab my camera.

I've been taking as many pictures of my grandfather as I can lately. I think it's partially because my respect and admiration for him is always growing and I want to capture his awesome presence, although I know that's impossible to achieve with something so simple as a picture. Sometimes I think that it's because he's now 92 years old and I am always afraid that I will lose my oldest relative - the only grandparent I have left. His physical health is astounding for such an age. He often has me feel his biceps, "You see det von? Det is your Деда. Ninty yers old, your Деда. You be proud be Yovovich."

Now that I've shed my excess, I make my way across the living room to where my grandfather sits on the end of the couch, seemingly deep in thought.

"Срећна Слава, Деда," I say in as accurate a Serbian accent as I can get. My family says it's very good for not really knowing the language.

"Срећна Слава, my Rady." He reaches up and puts a hand on either side of my face, pulls it down and kisses my forehead. I curl up at his side on the couch with my head on his chest. He puts his arm around me. I can hear the steady slow beat of his heart, and feel his shaking arthritic fingers tuck my hair behind my ear. "Rady, Rady. Како си?" How are you.

"Добро, Деда. Добро. Како сте ви?" I respond. Then, in the more respectful form, I ask him how he is.

"I em good, my Rady." I close my eyes to listen to his voice and heartbeat. He rolls his 'R's. I wish everyone did that.

Слава has always meant a lot to both me and my grandfather, but for very different reasons. For me, it's a chance to spend time with my family and

experience this part of me that is Serbian. The only side of my family that I'm in close contact with is the Serbian one, and it's become a very substantial part of my identity. I revel in the fact that I have this amazing heritage from my grandfather and I love all the time I can spend just being Serbian.

“Рада, ти си моја принцеза. You know vut mean princeza?” He suddenly speaks.

“Princess?” An obvious guess.

“Добро, Рада, шта радиш на универзитету?”

“Учим. Много учим.”

“Учим, учим, ...”

“Ох, да. Учим.”

“Добро. Још идеш у школу?”

“Да. Како се каже ‘to teach’?” Како се каже – one phrase that I've learned to pronounce perfectly.

“По-у-чити”

“Окау, да, поучим деца.”

“Децу. Врло добро.”

He seems at least marginally pleased that I'm trying. My dad comes over, and the two of them start discussing. I sit and listen, understanding scattered words and phrases, but focusing mainly on the sounds.

We are about to begin the dinner, so the traditional ceremonies are conducted. We all stand, as my aunt begins with the *жигто*. She crosses herself. Up, down, near, far. The Serbian Orthodox cross rather than the Catholic up, down, far, near. “Срећна Слава,” she says, as she takes a spoon, scoops a small amount of *жигто* and eats it. She places the spoon in the cup. She picks up the tray and goes around to each of us, and we each repeat her actions. Cross, spoon, “Срећна Слава,” *жигто*, cup.

For my grandfather, the occasion has a more religious meaning. It's very important to him that he gets to see his whole family, because we mean everything to him, but the religious origin of the holiday is of extreme importance to him as well. It's a celebration of the day of our patron saint, given to the Yovovich family (Јововић, in Cyrillic) on their induction into the Serbian Orthodox Church.

It sometimes bothers me, the things that I can't share with Деда. I'm not Serbian Orthodox. I'm not even Christian. In the seventh grade, I began studying different religions and found myself inspired by Buddhism. I

decided that it was the most accurate summary of my life philosophies and adopted it as my religion. Telling my grandfather this would not be a good idea. Neither would ever telling him about my boyfriends. He can hardly accept my seven ear piercings, if I told him I was Buddhist I'd be a disgrace to the Yovovich name.

We sit around the dining room table, stuffing ourselves with wonderful Serbian food, talking and laughing. I jokingly scold Деда for handing some meat to the dog under the table. "I be set down, he be come to my feet," he smiles.

"That's because he knows you'll give him our food!" I tease back.

"Rady, my Radojka. I be tell you des von. Hends is oll time dutty." He informs me again.

"I know, Деда. I always wash my hands before I eat."

"You be make sure you vosh em up hends." It's amazing. He doesn't believe in germs, but dirt he definitely believes in. If I get a cold, it's not because I was near someone who had a cold. It's because I went outside without enough clothing. I never argue.

"Okay, Деда. I'll be sure to always wash my hands."

"You are good gerl, my Rady, my preencess. I love you."

"I love you, too, Деда."

My grandfather is by far one the most amazing and fascinating people I have ever known, and will ever know. Few people mean as much to me as he does, and I can't imagine living without him. Our differences may be significant, but he is an enormous part of me, and that outweighs everything else.

ПИСМО
Gregory Freed

Драга Надо,

Повремено се питам да ли је Чикаго место за мене или само град у којем тренутно живим. Зими је боље не постављати то питање, нарочито не после пута у Остин. Топли зимски дани у Остину слични су летњим данима у Чикагу. За време распуста нисам боравио много у кући. Дора, моја мачка, сигурно је била тужна без мене. Али потребан ми је био одмор и требало је да путујем после напорног семестра у којем сам писао свој магистарски рад. Нисам хтео да будем у Хајд парку кад нико од мојих пријатеља (осим Доре) није ту. Такође нисам хтео да гледам телевизију цели дан. Тако, сиромаштво на страну, купих карту за воз.

Пре Остина отпутовао сам у Кентаки где живе моји родитељи и њихова мачка. Оставио сам Лексингтон пре десетак година, тако да немам шта радити тамо. За време боравка код родитеља обично сам много спавао, јео укусну храну коју је моја мајка спремала, и уопште претварао се у дванаестогодишњака. Али сваког госта три дана доста. Вратио сам се у Чикаго, опет не на дуго. Пут до Остина траје двадесет осам сати. Било ми је напорно да спавам у столици. То је можда јединствен случај да сам био задовољан својом висином.

Сваке године у кући једног од мојих пријатеља организује се вечера са музиком. Док сам живео тамо, ишао сам на те вечере често. Људи донесу инструменте, свирају, играју и певају. Обично не волим да певам пред публиком, али после чаше шампањца, одлучио сам да певам арију из Онегина од Чајковског. Опет боље ме не питај о томе. Храна у Остину такође није лоша.

Коначно воз ме је вратио кући у Чикаго где ноћ пада већ у четири сата. Стигао сам на сам почетак новог квартала. Сутра почиње настава. Хтео бих писати више, али већ је пет сати ујутро и време је за спавање.

До скорог виђења,
Грег

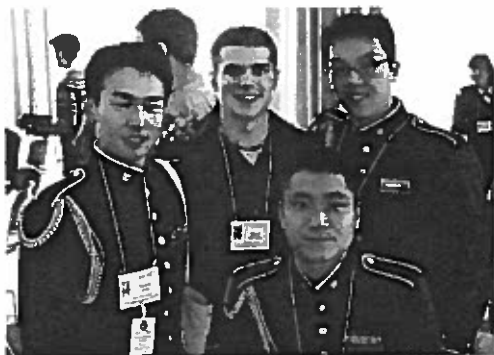
KADET

William Matthew McKinstry

Proslog meseca sam bio na simpozijumu o rukovodenju u Ratnoj Vazduhoplovnoj Akademiji u Colorado Springsu. Jedan od najinteresantnijih momenata je bio susret sa kadetima Narodnu Japanske Akademije za Nacionalnu Odbranu. Simpozijum su vodili profesori akademije, moderatori i gosti profesori. Posle simpozijuma svi posetioци su imali mogućnost da provedu jedan dan na skijanju u Keyston u srcu Stenovitih Planina.

Ovaj simpozijum je bio jedan od mnogih programa i događaja koji se nude kadetima Rezervistima u Ratnog Vazduhoplovstva oficira na treningu u korpusu (ROTC). ROTC je formiran da regrutuje i trenira buduće oficire za vojsku. Svaka vojna divizija ima ROTC ili sličan program za obuku oficira.

Velika beneficija ROTC-a je plaćena školarina za koledž s tim da student mora da radi četiri godine za vojsku. Nisam siguran koju karijeru ću ja izabrati kao obavezu prema ROTC-u. Moj vid nije dovoljno dobar te neću biti pilot. Nadam se da ću biti obaveštajni oficir na Balkanu.



CADET

by William Matthew McKinstry

Last month I attended a leadership symposium at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. One of the highlights was meeting a delegation of cadets from Japan's National Defense Academy. The symposium was led by moderators, Academy professors, and visiting professors. After the conference, all the attending students were given the option to ski for a day at Keystone in the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

The leadership symposium was just one of the many programs and events I am offered as a cadet in Air Force Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC). ROTC is designed to recruit and train candidate officers for the military. Each military branch has ROTC or a similar commissioning program.

The biggest benefit to ROTC is that the government pays for my tuition; I in turn owe a four year service commitment. I am not sure what career path I will perform for my commitment. My eyes are quite poor, so I will not be able to fly. Hopefully, I will be an intelligence officer in the Balkans.

ZIMA U JAPANU

Goran Lukić

Ja se zovem Goran i budući sam biznismen. Studiram na Biznis školi pri Univerzitetu Chicago. Zimski kvartal sam proveo u Japanu, tačnije u Yokohami gde sam učio na Univerzitetu Keio. Pohadao sam kurseve iz biznisa kao na primer, Pregovaranje, Strategija, i Sistem informacije. Također sam posvetio neko vreme traženju zaposlenja u Japanu po završetku studija. Ja govorim japanski prilično dobro. Živeo sam u Fukui pet godina, od 1991. do 1996. godine. U toku tih pet godina radio sam u Ministarstvu za obrazovanje prefekcije Fukui. Rukovodio sam grupom od sto deset zaposlenih stranaca u funkciji njihovog upravnika. Univerzitet Keio je smešten u Yokohami i ima oko 17 000 studenata, ali Biznis škola nema više nego 200 studenata. Škola je najstarija ove vrste u Japanu. Osnovana je 1890. godine.

Studiranje u Japanu se veoma razlikuje od studiranja u Americi. Evo jednog primera: Kada neko želi da promeni kurs za koji se registrovao on mora pitati profesora za dozvolu. Ponekad profesor ne dopusti studentu promenu ili se čak i uvredi. Jedanput, ja sam došao na predavanje iz strategije marketinga ali nisam prethodno pitao profesora za dozvolu da prisustvujem njegovim časovima. Kada je čas počeo profesor se zaustavio usred rečenice i pitao me: "Ko si ti?" Kada sam mu objasnio da sam student u razmeni, on mi je odgovorio da je prekasno za upis na njegov kurs. Svi prisutni studenti su znali da to nije istina. Bilo mi je veoma neprijatno.

WINTER IN JAPAN

By Goran Lukić

My name is Goran, and I am studying business at the University of Chicago. For the winter quarter, I stayed in Japan attending Keio University in Yokohama while staying in a dorm in Tokyo. I attended such courses as Negotiations, Strategy and Information Systems. Also, I spent some time looking for work in Japan. I speak Japanese rather well. I lived in Fukui (a western prefecture) for 5 years from 1991 to 1996. During that time I worked in the prefectural government's Ministry of Education. I managed a group of 110 foreign employees at that time.

Keio University is located in Yokohama and has around 17,000 students, but the Business School only has around 200 students. Studying in Japan is very different from studying in America. When someone wants to change a course, he must ask the professor for permission. Sometimes a professor will become angry and refuse. One time, I went to a Marketing Strategy class without having asked for permission before the class. After the class had begun, the professor asked me in front of everybody, "Who are you?" When I told him that I was an exchange student, he said "You cannot take this class. It's too late," even though all of the students knew that it was not true. I was very embarrassed.

RELIGIJA I TRADICIJA

Benjamin Nacev

Religija i tradicija se prepliću. Jedna ne postoji bez druge. Za neke ljude se može reći da je religija u stvari tradicija. Ali u najmanju ruku, religija se oslanja na tradiciju u svom postojanju. Sve religiozne ceremonije su praktično deo tradicije.

Može se smatrati da je religija superiornija od same tradicije ali ipak, baza je ista. Prisustvo religije među ljudima podstiče očuvanje drevnih tradicija jednog naroda. Zašto imamo tradiciju? Običaji i tradicija jednog naroda pomaže očuvanju tog naroda. Oni su alatka kojima se ovekovečuje jedan narod.

O običajima i tradiciji na Balkanu naučili smo mnogo od srpskog etnografa Veselina Čajkanovića. On nas je podučio o nekim starim gotovo zaboravljenim običajima koji nestaju sa progresom i razvojem ovog dela sveta. Tako, na primer, saznajemo iz jednog eseja pod nazivom "Imena od uroka" da se u prošlosti novorođenoj deci davalo još jedno ime osim krštenog imena i da se to ime isključivo koristilo. To se ime danas zove nadimak, a ti su nadimci dvojaki: jedni se daju detetu u kući od milja a drugi se dobijaju izvan kuće, često iz podsmeha. Oni nadimci dati u kući takode često nisu prijazni, te se postavlja pitanje šta je tome uzrok. Čajkanović nas upozorava da te uzroke treba tražiti u religioznim običajima naroda. Jedno objašnjenje je da su se imena poput, imena Vuk, Vučić davala deci da bi ih zaštitila od zla, ili kako se to kaže u narodu "od uroka". Nadimci, uopšte, davani su deci da bi se njihovo pravo ime sakrilo — da za njega ne bi doznali neprijatelji.

RELIGION AND TRADITION

By Benjamin Nacev

Religion and tradition are intertwined. There cannot be one without the other. For some people it is possible to say that religion is in fact tradition. But at least, religion depends on tradition for its stability. All religious ceremonies are practical parts of tradition.

It is possible to think that religion is superior to tradition alone, but, nevertheless, their base is the same. The presence of religion between people encourages the preservation of the ancient traditions of a country. Why do we have traditions? A country's habits and traditions help to preserve people and nation. They are the tools with which we perpetuate a country.

We learn much about the habits and traditions in the Balkans from the Serbian ethnographer Veselin Čajkanović. He taught us about some old, completely forgotten traditions which disappeared with the progress and development of this part of the Balkans. So for example, we learn from one essay entitled "Names from Spells," that in the past, a newborn child was given another name besides his Baptismal name, and that name was to be used exclusively. Today that name is called a nickname. Sometimes children are given two nicknames: one for in the home, out of fondness, and the other one outside the home, often derived from taunts. These nicknames, given at home, occasionally seem unkind, so the question becomes what is the reason behind this custom. Čajkanović warns us that these reasons need to be sought in the religious customs of the people. One possible explanation is that nicknames, like Vuk, or Vučić, are given to children to shield them from evil or, as the folk people say, "from spells." Nicknames, generally, were given to children to rightly hide their given names - so that enemies would not find them out.

ПРОЛЕЋЕ

Tessa Balach

Зима

Земља спава:
 ветар дува и температура пада
 животиње се крију
 земља је смрзнута и покривена снегом
 кад смрт је неминовна
 и све је безнадно
 сунце сија
 снег се топи и температура расте
 животиње се буде кад замља отопли
 свет почиње да живи
 све мирише слатко са кишом
 трава расте и цвеће цвета
 птице певају и зриковци зричу
 деца се играју
 сви су срећни и радосни.

То је пролеће.

SPRING

by Tessa Balach

Winter

The land sleeps:
 the wind blows and the temperature falls
 animals hide themselves
 the earth is frozen and covered in snow
 when death is unavoidable
 and everything is hopeless
 the sun shines
 the snow melts and the temperature rises
 animals wake themselves when the earth thaws
 the world begins to live
 everything smells sweetly with the rain
 the grass grows and flowers bloom
 birds sing and crickets chirp
 the children play
 everyone is happy and joyous.

This is spring.

PROLJEĆE

Annette Iskra

I vlažna rosa

Ovlažila je nježne cvetne laticice
Što je dodirnuo blag vjetar.

I kiša potapa zemlju

Upijajući vrelinu sunca
Spušta se u korijenje.

I mlada gajena biljka

Stenjala je pod tjeretom vjetra,
Dok i ona nije iznikla uprkos svemu.

I rosa je dotakla vjetar

Dotakla je zemlju, dotakla cvijetne laticice
I sve se je premestilo.

SPRING

by Annette Iskra

And the moist dew

Dampened the soft petals
That brushed against the gentle breeze.

And the rain soaked ground

Absorbed the heat of the sun
Released itself into yearning roots

And the young nourished plant

Groaned under the weight of the wind
Until it too, grew beyond.

And the dew touched the wind

Touched the ground, touched the petals
And all were transposed.

ПЕСМА О ПРОЛЕЋУ И ИШЧЕКИВАЊУ
Andy Graan

Однекуд ја сам видео
нестрпљиве очи, прекасно.
Тражиле су свет без
закашњења или обећања.

Неко је неиспаван,
његове трепавице су непокретне
чекају повратак—
који се рачва у три дела.

Они се неће надати, само раде,
уживају почетак који долази

И синоћ. А јутрос?

Недавно ја сам видео ове руке се отварају опрезно
Да се држе још једна за другу.

SONG ABOUT SPRING AND ANTICIPATION
by Andy Graan

From somewhere I saw
impatient eyes, too late.
Searching the world without
delay or promise.

Someone is unstressed.
His eyelashes unmovable—
They wait for a return.
A transition in three parts.
They don't hope, they only work
enjoying a beginning within reach.

And last night. And this morning?
Recently I saw
these arms cautiously opening
to hold again one another.

CONTRIBUTORS

Tessa Balach, a native of Chicago, graduated from the College of University of Chicago in 2001 with a B.A. in Biological Sciences. Throughout her years at the College, Tessa lived the life of a well-rounded student which was topped off by Serbian language classes taught by Nada Petkovic. It was there that Tessa was able to learn the native tongue of her grandparents—an outstanding experience that she will remember forever. Tessa currently resides in New York and attends New York Medical College where she is expected to earn her M.D. in May 2005.



Students at dinner party at Nada's. (photograph taken in March 2003)

Valena Beety completed two years of Serbian/Bosnian/Croatian before departing for a life of teaching taciturn kids in the north of France. Currently enjoying not only fine French wines, but potent Belgian beers as well, her ex-pat sojourn will soon come to an end as she returns to the U. of C. for three years of law school. She looks forward to future encounters with dark coffee, dictionaries, Nada, and Balkan languages.

Hikmet Zeynep Bulutgil is a native of Istanbul, Turkey. She is a Ph.D. candidate in the Department of Political Science at the University of Chicago. Most recently she defended her proposal for the doctorate thesis, and is planning to start fieldwork in Bosnia this summer.

Rodney Dale is a third year Ph.D. student in the Developmental Biology program at the University of Chicago. He graduated from Columbia University in 2000 with a degree in Biology. He is originally from Lorain, Ohio.

Greg Freed is a native of Kentucky. He earned his undergraduate degree in Austin, Texas and his M.A. in Slavic Linguistics at the University of Chicago in 2002. Currently, he is pursuing his M.A. in the School of Social Service Administration at the University of Chicago.

Andrew Gilbert is a Ph.D. candidate carrying out dissertation fieldwork in northwestern Bosnia-Herzegovina, in the municipalities of Prijedor and Sanski Most. His research considers the intersection of two internationally-mediated processes: the return of refugees and state building.

Andrew Graan is a recent Ph.D. candidate from the University of Chicago's Department of Anthropology. He will be spending the next year in Skopje, Macedonia to conduct the field research for his dissertation. His academic interests include the mass media, the politics of "democratization," and the aesthetics of discoteques.

Jessica Greenberg is a Ph.D. candidate in the Department of Anthropology. For the past eight months she has been doing her fieldwork in Serbia. Her project is to examine the role of the youth organizations in the country's school reform.

Margaret Hagan is a fourth year in the College, concentrating in Comparative Literature, with a focus on humanitarian literature and activism. This summer she will study intermediate Serbian and Croatian at the University of Pittsburgh, and then work at the European Roma Rights Centre in Budapest, Hungary with a Human Rights Internship.

Aleksander Hemon is the author of two books: *The Question of Bruno*, which appeared on Best Books of 2000 lists nationwide, and, most recently, *Nowhere Man*. Born in Sarajevo, Hemon arrived in Chicago in 1992 with a basic command of the English language, and already started writing in his second tongue in 1995. He is now compared to acclaimed writers such as Conrad and Nabokov. His work appears regularly in *The New Yorker*, *Esquire*, *Granta*, *Paris Review*, as well as in *Best American Short Stories* of 1999 and 2000. Hemon has visited our campus twice

this academic year, in October 2002 and March 2003. During the latter visit, he met with the students in BCS courses and talked with them about his writing, his native country, and the transition from writing in his native Bosnian to writing in English.

Christian Hummel studies religion and violence in the Balkans, in pursuit of an M.A. degree in the Divinity School. During the 2001-2002 academic year, he lived in Zagreb, researching democratization projects.

Annette Iskra is working on her doctorate thesis in the Committee on Human Development at the University of Chicago. She has just completed 15 months of fieldwork at Vukovar, Croatia, where she examined how people are rebuilding their social communities after war and ethnic divide. Her interest in the Balkans was stemmed by her visit in 1994 when she spent a summer volunteering in a refugee camp in Pula, Croatia. She has since returned in 1995 to conduct research on psychological trauma and mental health care providers in Bosnia and Croatia. Ms. Iskra received her M.S.S.A. from Case Western Reserve Universtiy, her M.A. in experimental psychology from Cleveland State University in 1998, and her M.A. in psychology and human development from the University of Chicago in 2000.

Goran Lukic is presently studying for his International M.B.A. at the Graduate School of Business. He has lived abroad in both Japan and France. As a concentrator in Finance and Accounting, he plans to continue his career in international business in either Europe or Asia upon graduation.

Anka Meges holds a M.B.A. from Loyola University Chicago and is a Registered Nurse from the University of Akron. Anka is currently working as a RN in the Labor & Delivery Department for Northwestern's Prentice Women's hospital.

Daniel Meges is a graduate of the University of Chicago's Committee on International Relations where he studied the language, culture and economies of the Balkan countries. He is also a graduate of Cornell University and Loyola University of Chicago.

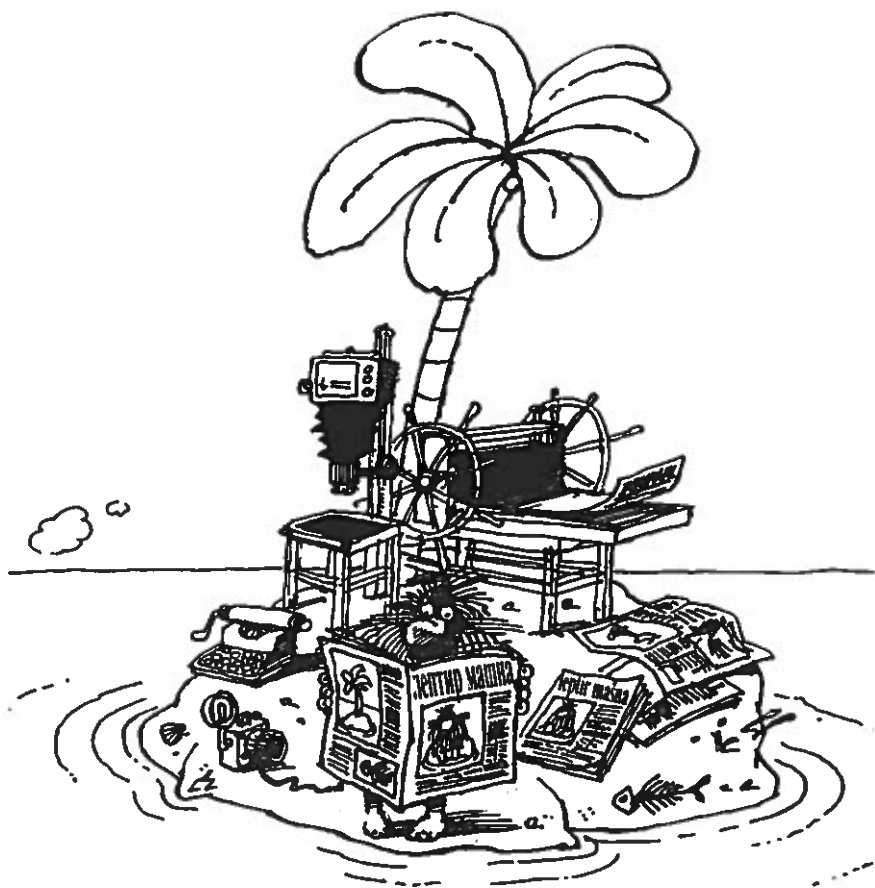
William Mathew Fischer McKinstry is a sophomore at the University of Chicago where he studies psychology. He is from Enon, a small town in Ohio. After he graduates, he will serve in the Air Force for four years.

Benjamin Nacev is a third year Biology concentrator in the College. Originally from Fort Thomas, Kentucky, Ben came to Chicago in the fall of 2000 and began taking Serbian in 2001 as part of an exploration of his heritage. After his expected graduation in 2004, Ben hopes to attend medical school.

William Sensakovic is currently a first year graduate student in the Department of Radiology of the Biological Sciences Division as a medical physics Ph.D. student. His current work involves the computer aided diagnosis of mesothelioma in thoracic CT scans and lung segmentation in MRI scans. He began studying BCS after meeting a Yugoslav girl as an undergraduate sophomore at the University of Chicago. He decided to continue with the study of the language after visiting Belgrade in the summer of 2000.

Emina Stojković is a third year Ph.D. student in the Biochemistry program at the University of Chicago. She graduated from St. Olaf College in 2000 with a degree in Chemistry. She is originally from Belgrade, Serbia.

Rada Yovovich was born in Evanston in 1984. She is now in her first year at the University of Chicago College. Her family is Serbian, so she is very excited to be learning the language.



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