leptir mašna / лептир машна

the literary magazine of students in balkan studies

No. 2/2004
лептир машна / leptir mašna

the literary magazine of students in balkan studies

we dedicate this issue to Bogdan Rakić,
nearly acquired master chef in our department
leptir машна/leptir маšna
the literary magazine of students in balkan studies

Volume II, Issue 1
June 2004

Publisher: University of Chicago, Department of Slavic Languages and Literature and the College

Editor-in-Chief: Nada Petković
Assistant Editors: Will McKinstry & Erik Houle
Technical Editor: Steve Clancy

Cover Art: Dale Pesmen
Cartoon: Dušan Petričić
Design: Steven Clancy & Nada Petković
Special Thanks to Stephanie Latkovski

Contact Address: 1130 E. 59th Street, Chicago, IL 60637
E-mail: petkovic@uchicago.edu
Telephone: (773) 834-2180, (773) 702-8033
Facsimile: (773) 702-7030
Internet: http://humanities.uchicago.edu/slavic
CONTENTS

Caitlin Casey ................................................................. 6
PEČENA JANJETINA (priča)

Chris Chitty ................................................................. 8
ŽALOSNA VEST (priča)

David Paunesku ......................................................... 8
ZIMA U ČIKAGU (pesma)

Chris Hummel ............................................................... 10
OHRID (putopis)

Chris Chitty ................................................................. 12
SRPSKO-FRANCUSKA PESMA (pesma)

Brian Kolva ................................................................. 14
PARIŽ (priča)

Peter Norstedt .............................................................. 16
MIRKO I MILEVA (priča)

Quinn Carey ................................................................. 19
U FOTELJI (priča)

Rada Yovovich ............................................................ 20
KAFEIN (priča)

Peter Norstedt ............................................................. 22
PRIČA IZ DETINJSTVA (priča)

Dorothy Shope ........................................................... 23
NEMIR (pesma)

Chris Cornelius .......................................................... 24
ŽARULJA (priča)

Erik Houle ................................................................. 28
PRIČA O VEŠTICI KOJA GRICKA NOŽNE PRSTE (priča)

David Paunesku .......................................................... 30
NADA (priča)

Chris Cornelius .......................................................... 32
VOŽNJA AUTOM (pesma)
EDITOR’S NOTE

I’m proud to present the second annual issue of Leptir mašna, which exhibits the work of students from the 2003-2004 academic year. It is my pleasure to include submissions not only from students in language courses, but also in South Slavic literature courses taught by Bogdan Rakić, who joined our department this past fall.

First, I would like to thank all my students for their everlasting enthusiasm and good work. It has been endlessly inspiring to teach and work with young minds from such varied backgrounds, each with his or her own sundry interests. This publication is an ideal tribute to the collective talent of our university, its methods and beliefs, and encompasses a collaboration that is sadly lacking in many parts of the world today, including the Balkans. He who ventures from this point on will uncover a treasure chest of prose, poetry, commentary, and reflection. The works in this issue express nascent ideas, perspectives, impressions, nostalgias, and simple artistic renderings; all in the tongues that were collectively referred to as the “most beautiful and melodic of the Slavic languages.”

I also wish to extend my heartfelt thanks to Steven Clancy, Erik and Will for their extra time and efforts, and further for their consistent sense of devotion at the last minute, particularly in moments of publishing crises.

Nada Petković
Editor-in-Chief
May 2004
PEČENA JANJETINA
Caitlin Casey

Sedamnaest jagnjadi je žrtvovano u moje ime. Moj tata i kum su pekli na ražnju po jedno janje godišnje u njegovoj garazi od mog prvog rođendana, i to je tradicija u mojoj porodici. Imam veliku porodicu u Hrvatskoj a druga polovina je u Irskoj. Ali kad se slavi moj rođendan Irči brojno nadmašuju. Svake godine (obično treće subote kolovoza) probudim se rano sa mojim ocem i kumom Tomislavom da spremamo janjetinu. Oštrim nožem ubacimo češnjak u tjelo janjeta, i trljam ga sa solju. Onda moj tata provuče motku kroz otvore na janjetu, i svežće noge bijelom vrpcom. Pošto se janje pričvrsti za ražanj, ljudi sjednu oko njega i brinu o vatri. Oni vode računa da ugalj ostane vruć, a za to vrijeme slušaju muziku na tamburici i razgovaraju. Onda svi umaču kruh u soft koji kaplje iz pečenja dok se peče. Po meni ovo je uvijek najljepši dan u godini jer ja uživam u posjeti moje familije okupljene oko janjeta. Uz to i još važnije je da je janjetina jako ukusna!
Seventeen lambs have been sacrificed in my name. My father and 'kum' have roasted an entire lamb on a spit in our garage since my first birthday, and it is a tradition that everyone in my family looks forward to. I have a large Croatian and half Irish family although on my birthday the Irish are outnumbered. Every year (usually on the third Saturday of August) I wake up early with my dad and kum Tom to prepare the lamb. We use sharp knives to insert cloves of garlic into the body of the lamb, and then we rub it down with a container of Morton's salt. My dad then inserts a pole through the lamb, and ties in the legs with white string. After it is attached to the spit, the men sit around it and attend to the hot coals. They make sure they stay hot, while listening to the tamburice music and talking. Then, everyone tries to dip their bread in the salty juices dripping from the lamb as it gets cooked. To me, this is the best day of the year because I enjoy visiting with my family as they are all gathered around the lamb. Plus, it is even better that the lamb is so delicious!
ЖАЛОСНА ВЕСТ
Chris Chitty

Да сам знао не бих ушао у стан свога пријатеља те кобне вечери. Ноћ је била тиха а моја глава хаотична. Ни сам знао да ћу видети што сам видео. Све се променило тога дана. Ни сакам знао да ћу сазнати што сам сакао.

Попео сам се великим степеништем, које је изгледало мистично јер сам имао црне слутње. Мислио сам да је све некако чудно и да су чудне ствари свуда унаоколо. Тежак је понекад задатак попети се уз степенице. Мој пријатељ је отворио врата али се није осмехнуо вити ме је пољубио. Он ми је дао стари хлеб и хладну кафу, али му нисам ништа казао. Ноћ је била плава али месец није сијао.

Када сам сакао жалосну вест, моје срце се охладило. Оооо, јално моје срце! Мој пријатељ ми је поверио да су панталоне са плисеом сада опет у моди. Он их је већ носио. Више никад нисмо ни реч проговорили.

ZIMA U ČIKAGU
David Paunesku

Brzo će proleće doći
Zato što snage sunce će smoći
Ali sada je hladno
Svi se osećaju jadno
“Kad li će rđava zima proći?”
BAD TIDINGS
by Chris Chitty

If I had known, I wouldn't have gone to my friend's apartment. The night was quiet, but chaotic in my head. I didn't know that I would see what I saw. Everything changed. I did not know that I would learn what I learned.

I climbed the big staircase, and thought that I was mystical because I had dark premonitions. I thought that strange things were all around. It's a hard task sometimes, climbing the staircase.

He opened the door but didn't smile at me or greet me with a kiss. He gave me some old bread and cold coffee, but we didn't speak of anything. The night was dark blue and the moon wasn't shining.

When I learned the bad news, my hard went cold. Oh, my heart! He told me that pants with pleats were back in style. He was wearing them! We never spoke again.

WINTER IN CHICAGO
by David Paunesku

Quickly will spring come
Because the sun will gain strenght
But now it is cold
Everyone feels lousy
"When will this awful winter pass?"
OHRID
Chris Hummel


Na južnoj obali jezera se nalazi manastir Naum. Naum je poznata građevina i ima mnogo slika u knjigama i na plakatama. Jednom u davna vremena, Ohrid je bio centar pravoslavlja. Sada su crkve i manastiri samo spomenici daleke značajne istorije.

Posle pada Jugoslavije, Makedonija je postala nezavisna država. Međutim, bez industrije i malog bogastva, ekonomija Makedonije nema dobru budućnost. Ljudi se nadaju da će turizam pomoći.

Moja prijateljica Liljana je simbol problema koje mladi imaju u Makedoniji. Ona je rođena u Australiji i doselila se u Makedoniju kada je imala četrnaest godina. Ona će imati diplomu o završenom engleskom jeziku i literaturi sa Univerziteta u Skoplju, ali nema nade za posao.
OHRID
by Chris Hummel

Lake Ohrid is located between Macedonia and Albania. On the northern shore is Ohrid town, a pretty and old town. It was the capital of Isav Samuel's empire and where Cyrillic was invented. When followers of Constantine and Methodious were expelled from Morova, there were welcomed in Ohrid. Now, the legacy of the followers can be seen in the many churches and monasteries.

On the southern shore is the St. Naum monastery. St. Naum is a famous building and there are many pictures in books and posters. Once upon a time, Ohrid was a capital of Orthodoxy. Now churches and monasteries are the only monuments to this important history.

After the fall of Yugoslavia, Macedonia became an independent country. However, without industry and little resources, the Macedonian economy does not have a good future. People hope tourism will help.

Liljana is a symbol of the problems that young people have in Macedonia. She was born in Australia and moved when she was 14. She will have a degree in English languages from the University of Skopje, but no hope for work.
СРПСКО-ФРАНЦУСКА ПЕСМА
Chris Chitty

Нада ме напала
Због мога француског језика
Али Ви тајно имате француску књигу.
Питајте ме, "Како је твој српски акценат".
Одговорићу ти да говорим љубавним језиком,
Имах љубавне везе, и љубавнице.
Ја не морај да имам добар српски акценат.
Зато што у спаваћој соби,
Ти морао да говориш француским језиком.
Ја имам врло добар француски акценат
Надо, опростите ми:
"je vous en pr?s!"
SERBO-FRENCH POEM
by Chris Chitty

Pardon me Nada
Because of my French speaking
Although you secretly have French books.
Ask me, “how is your Serbian accent?”
I would tell you that I speak the language of love,
I have many lovers’ trysts and lovers.
I don’t need to have a good Serbian accent
Because in the bed room
You need only to speak the French language
And I have a very good French accent
Nada! Forgive me!
“Je vous en pris”
PARIZ
Brian Kolva


Sada je moje secanje na Versailles, jedno od najlepših mesta koje sam posetio, vezano za jedno od najgorih iskustava sa restoranima. Na sreću za mene, pamćenje loše hrane ne bi potisnulo lepe uspomene iz Versaillesa sa mojom sestrom.
PARIS
by Brian Kolva

When my sister Julia told me she was going to study abroad in Paris last winter, I was excited because I knew it was possible that my parents would get me a ticket to visit her at some point while she was there. For Spring Break I went to Paris with my oldest sister Elissa. I was excited about this trip for two reasons; first I was going to Paris, where I had always wanted to go. The other reason was I would be able to spend time with Elissa, whom I do not see a lot because she lives in Los Angeles.

One day while Julia was at class, Elissa and I decided to go to Versailles and see the palace. We were both fairly confident that our combined seven years of French would be enough to get us around by ourselves, despite the fact that neither of us had been in a French class recently. We took the short subway ride and arrived at the Palace of Versailles, a truly magnificent sight. While touring the grounds of the palace I was impressed by my ability to read so much of the French. I was very surprised at how much I was able to remember. Unfortunately I let myself think that I knew more than I actually did. While we were at lunch, our waiter asked if we wanted French or English menus. Feeling confident I asked for the French. I was able to make out some of one entrée and from what I could translate, it sounded good, so I ordered it, having a vague concept of what I would be getting. What I got in return was payback for thinking I was much smarter than I actually was. The food was certainly one of the worst smelling dishes I have ever been served at a restaurant, and its taste matched accordingly.

Now, unfortunately due to my ignorance, my memories of Versailles, one of the most beautiful things I have seen in my life, is linked to one of my worst restaurant experiences. Luckily for me though, the bad food memory could never replace the wonderful memory of seeing Versailles with my sister.
МИРКО И МИЛЕВА
Петар Норстедт

Милева је напустила мало село Прокике, испод Велебит планине близу љуке Сењ на Јадранском мору кад је имала осамнаест година. Њен ујак који је дошао једну годину раније у Минесоту у рудник жељеза платио је њену карту за брод под условом да она ради за њега две године да исплати карту. Жivot у Америци је започела као слушкиња. Моја привреда је свима с поносом испричала како су сви путници осим ње повраћали на овом четири недеље дугом путовању.

Њене дужности у ујаковом пансиону укључивале су прање веша, мењање постељине, пражњење пљуваоница, спремање соба, припремање хране, служење на бару, учешће енглеског и коначно, брига о новцу. Она није похађала школу у старом крају, како је обично називала Југославију. Милева је била млада, јака и поносна што је била добра радница. Носила је дугу црну косу у плетеници која јој је палала низ леђа.

МИРКО Олановић је имао плаве очи и светлу косу. Дошао је у Америку кад је имао деветнаест година из једног села у Лици. У ствари, он је одрасла у само десетак километара од Прокика, али није познавао Милеву нако су обоје припадали српским породицама у Хрватској и били сличних година. Мирко је ишао у школу па је имао предност, те је брзо савладао енглески да је могао читати и писати на оба језика.
MIRKO AND MILEVA
by Peter Norstedt

Mileva Rajičić left the little village of Prokike, over the Velebit Mountains from the Adriatic port city of Senj when she was 18. Her uncle, who had come a year earlier to the Minnesota iron range, paid her boat passage on the condition that she work for him for two years to pay it off. Life in the U.S. began as an indentured servant. My great grandma proudly said that everyone on the four-week boat trip threw up constantly, except her.

Her tasks at her uncle’s saloon and boarding house included changing bedding, emptying spittoons and chamber pots, washing clothes, cleaning rooms, cooking food and serving in the bar, learning English and handling money. She had not gone to school in “the old country”, as Yugoslavia was always referred to. Mileva was young, strong and proud of being a good worker. She wore long braided dark hair that fell down her back.

Mirko Odanović had blue eyes and light hair. He had come to the U.S. at 19 from the countryside of Brlog-Lika. In actuality he had grown up only a dozen kilometers from Prokike, but he did not know Mileva although they were both Serbs living in Croatia and about the same age. Mirko had gone to school and learned English quickly so he was able to read and write in both languages. Mirko tried his hand at many activities to make a living in the new land. In Ironwood, he worked in the iron mines, opened a pool hall, and bought a car and ran a taxi service. In addition, he initiated a chapter of the Serbian Benevolence Society, a financial support group for Serbian families (after a death in the family or illness, for instance).

Mirko and Mileva married in fall of 1914, at ages 19 and 21, respectively. Essentially, he bought out her contract to her uncle and rescued her from the boarding house. There were tough negotiations to free her from her uncle, but never out of working hard. After the two got married, they opened their own boarding house and had boarders for many years to come. Mileva had four sons during the years 1916 to 1920. The youngest was Robert Odanovic, my grandfather. He handed down the flag of the Serbian Benevolence Society just before he died.
Мирко је окушао срећу у многим занатима да би зарадио за живот у новом свету. Радио је у руднику жељеза, отворио је билијарницу, купио је ауто и радио као возач таксија. Уз то, Мирко је основао једно Српско добровољно друштво које је помагало финансијски српске породице емиграната у тешким ситуацијама (на пример, смрт у фамилији, болести, итд.).

Мирко и Милева су се венчали у јесен 1914. године кад су били осамнаест и деветнаест година стари. Најважније је да је Мирко откупио Милеву од њеног ујака и разрешио је уговора с њим, и ослободио је пансиона. Било је тешко преговарати са ујаком око раскидања уговора али одлучити вредну Милеву од тешког рада није било могуће. После венчања млади пар је отворио свој приватни пансион и држали су подстанаре много година касније. Милева је родила четири сина између 1916. и 1920. године. Један од синова је мој деда Роберт Олановић. Заставу Српског добровољног друштва предао ми је деда пред своју смрт.
He sat in the armchair, next to me, but he didn’t see me. And he didn’t see the camera held in my hands. He had, in his hand, a small glass of golden whiskey. And when he sipped it, he winced and smiled a little at the same time, masochism of drink and memories. He looked at the wall with a distant gaze, and I thought that maybe, through the glass, he saw a glimpse of his own world. I didn’t want to speak to him. I didn’t want to destroy his illusion. I knew that it would vanish in the morning. In the morning only a hangover will remain.
КАФЕИН
Рада Јововић

Погледала сам на уобичајену неонску фимсу улазећи кроз предња врата, сва срећна што сам успела да нађем згодно место за паркирање у центру града Еванстона. Погледала сам кратко на знаке на огласној табли с леве стране на улазу, а моја пажња се усредсредила на море људи.

Приближно је било једанаест и по, и Кафени (наш омиљен кафе) је био у најбољој форми. Сви столови су били пуни, али није било реда међу људима који су чекали на стол. Стога је кафе живахан, и конобари нису забринути да ће муштерије отићи.

Узела сам кафу и угледала сам једног свог пријатеља, Мата како седи за солом масући рукама да привуче моју пажњу. Осмехнула сам се, махнула сам назад, и отишла сам да им се придружим за препуним столом. Нагурали смо се у сепареу, и ускоцила сам у разговор. Са мојим пријетелима расправљала сам промене у демографској насељености просторије.

"Где су Еванстонци?" Цилија је питала, једно фреквентно питање међу нама у Кафениу.

"Да, ко су ови клиници?" Хилари каже уобичајним маниром.

Одмахнусмо главима у неодобривању и настависмо разговор о другим стварима.
KAFEIN
by Rada Yovovich

I looked at the familiar neon sign as I walked through the front door, lucky to have succeeded in finding a convenient parking spot in downtown Evanston. I glanced briefly at the fliers on the bulletin board to my left in the entrance, but my attention shifted to the sea of people.

It was about 11:30, and Kafein (our favorite café) was in prime form—all the tables were full, but there wasn’t a line of people waiting for tables. The whole café is buzzing, but the waiters aren’t eager for the customers to leave.

I entered the café and spotted one of my friends, Matt, sitting at a table waving his arms to get my attention. I smiled, waved back, and moved to join the already-full table. I squeezed myself into the booth, and jumped into the conversation. My friends were discussing the change in demographics of the population in the room.

“Where are all the Evanstonians?” Celia asked, a frequent question for us in Kafein.

“Yeah, who are these kids?” Hilary said in the usual manner.

We shook our heads in disapproval and continued the conversation about a different topic.

Students at dinner party at Nada’s (photograph taken in December 2003)
ПРИЧА ИЗ ДЕТИЊСТВА
Петар Норстедт

Кад сам био дете волео сам псе. Највише би ме фасцинирали пси са
црним пегама звани даматинци. Моја друга страст је била бејзбол.
Тако, често бих се претварао да сам био глава од имагинарног бејзбол
тима који се звао „Пси из земље паса“. Кад сам био мали ја бих се
играо са мојом сестром сваки дан. Овде смо на фотографи са мојим
плишаним псом који се звао Ралф.

CHILDHOOD STORY
by Peter Norstedt

When I was a child I loved dogs. Most of all, I used to be fascinated by
the black spots on Dalmatian dogs. My other passion was baseball.
Thus, I would often pretend to be the manager of an imaginary baseball
team called the ‘Dogland Dogs.’ When I was young I used to play with
my sister every day. Here we are pictured with my stuffed dog, Ralph.
NEMIR
Dorothy Shope

Šetam sama u tihoj noći
Dok povetarac svira po lišću.
Mesec se skriva iza crnih oblaka;
Senke van kao i senke unutra.
Ko sam? Gde sam? Kuda ću idić?
Nada se gubi, i moja sudbina je ista.

ANXIETY
by Dorothy Shope

I walk alone in the quiet night
While the breeze plays through the leaves
The Moon is hidden behind the black clouds
Shadows outside like the shadows inside.
Who am I? Where am I? Where will I go?
Hope is fading, and my fate is identical.
Њоћ је била топла и влажна. Испод месечева српа, град је био необично миран, као да је заборавио сваки проблем који је створен за дневне светлости. Тамо, у малом стану у тихој улици града четири студента су седели, пили пиво и разговарали о животу покушавајући да се одбране од топлоте. Једна жаруђа је осветљавала целу собу, и у овом тамном месту где је ваздух био тежак и густ ови су гласови били пијани и неодређени.

"То је невероватно, зар не? Како смо изгубили толико времена?"
"Шта кажеш? Нисмо га изгубили!"
"Нисмо. Радили смо што смо хтели." Његов глас је усиљен, могуће је било да чује колико је имао туге и како воли да је дели са свима. То је била истина. Он је радио што је хтео. Осећао се као да је његов живот бежао од њега. Морао је да почне ново доба живота без свршетка бившег живота. Она није могла да га разуме. Био је тамо, у друштву другога после четири године ослобођена од његовог бившег живота. Раније кад су се први пут срели, били су млади, будалсти, са наивним идејама о људима, о свету, о својим будућим животима. А сада, су били одрасли. Цео је свет био пред њима, и имали су прилике да га освоје, да живе своје животе како желе. Заштог је био уплашен?

"Не, нисам радила све што волим, али живот није свршен. Још смо ми млади, можемо да радимо све што хоћемо."
"И не мари да је сутра крај нашег живота, и не знамо што ћемо радићи, где ћемо бити прекосутра? Не мари што нећемо бити сви заједно?"
"Наравно мари! Недостајаћете ми сви - ви сте ми као породица. Али живот иде даље, и не можемо да га зауставимо. Не бих волела да га зауставим." Сада су њихови другови спавали. Они нису били свесни да се велики конфликт догађао око њих. Конфликт имењу знаног и незнаног, између садашњости и будућности, између носталгије и наде. Он ју je гледао уморним очима. Знамо је да није разумела што је осећао. Мислио је да га она може разумети. Били су драги пријатељи од оног првог дана, кад је све било ново и туђе. Заједно су издржали лоше курсеве, лоше професоре, лоше односе међу студентима, али ипак су уживали у најбољим годинама њихових живота. Али сада, осетио је да има велика прича између њих, прича која ће увек остати међу њима ако ништа не кажу један другоме.
THE LIGHT
by Chris Cornelius

The night was hot and humid. Under a crescent moon, the city was unusually calm, as if it had forgotten all the problems that arose during the day. There in a small apartment on a quite city street, four students were sitting, drinking beer and talking about life, in an attempt to escape from the heat. A single light bulb illuminated the whole room, and in that dim place, where the air was thick and heavy, there were two voices, drunk and uncertain.

"This is unbelievable, isn't it? How did we lose so much time?" he asked her.

"What are you saying? We didn't lose it!" she said.

"We didn't? Did you do everything that you wanted?" His voice was strained, it was possible to hear how much regret he had, and how much he wanted to share it with everyone. It was true—he hadn't done everything he wanted. He felt like his life was escaping him, and that he had to begin a new era in his life without finishing the previous one. She couldn't understand him. He was there, with friends, after four years of liberation from his previous life. Earlier, when they had first met, they were young, foolish, with naive ideas about people, about the world, about their future lives. And now they were grown-up. The whole world was in front of them, and they had the opportunity to conquer it; to live their lives the way they wanted. Why was he afraid?

"No, I didn't do everything I wanted, but life isn't done. Listen to me—we're young, we can do anything we want!" she said.

"And it doesn't matter that tomorrow is the end of this life, and we don't know what we'll do, where we'll be the day after? It doesn't matter that we won't all be together?"

"Of course it matters! I'll miss you all - you're like family to me. But life moves on, and we can't stop it. I wouldn't want to stop it." Now their friends were asleep. They were unaware of the great conflict happening around them; the conflict between past and future, between the known and the unknown, between nostalgia and hope. He looked at her with tired eyes. He knew that she didn't understand what he felt. He wondered if it was possible for her to understand. They had been dear friends since that first day, when everything was new and strange. Together they had endured bad classes, bad professors, bad relationships, and also had enjoyed the best years of their lives. But now, he felt like there was a wide gap between them, a gap which would always be between them if nothing was said.
“Кад ћеш отићи сутра?”
“У подне, као што сам ти рекла.”

Јаруља је трепнула и борила се да остане упаљена. Није више могао да се скрива од стварности. Сада је имао све, али ће изгубити све сутра. А што онда? Његово је срце тукло, и није могао да лише. Заштото је ово морало да се догоди баш сада? Сада, посла свега, после свих могућих прилика да се ствари промене?

Он није знао шта те она радити, није знао шта би она била у стању да уради. Али није имао други избор. Сада или никад, мислио је. Изненада, осмехнуо се. Погледао је у очи и узео њену руку. Његово се тело тресло, и она је знала да нешто није било у реду. Затресао је главом, затворио очи, и рекао:

“Жао ми је. Не знам зашто нисам могао да ти кажем. Не знам шта ћу радити без тебе. Волим те...потребна си ми...то је увек била истина.”

И шутња. Рекао је. Она није говорила. Јаруља се гасила и све је било мрачно.
"When are you leaving tomorrow?"
"At noon, like I told you," she replied.

The light bulb flickered and struggled to remain lit. He couldn’t hide from reality anymore. Now he had everything, but he would lose it all tomorrow. And what then? His heart was racing, and he couldn’t breathe. Why did this have to happen now? Now, after everything, after every chance to change things?

He didn’t know what she would do; he didn’t know what she could do. But he had no other choice. Now or never, he thought. Suddenly, he smiled. He looked into her eyes, and grasped her hand. His body shook, and she knew that something was wrong. He shook his head, closed his eyes, and said:

"I’m sorry. I don’t know why—I haven’t been able to tell you. I don’t know what I’ll do without you. I love you... I need you... it’s always been true."

And, silence. He waited. She did not speak. The light bulb flickered off and everything was dark.
ПРИЧА О ВЕШТИЦИ КОЈА ГРИЦКА НОЖНЕ ПРСТЕ
Erik Houle

Ово је прича о вештици која грицка прсте на ногама. Вештица која грицка ножне прсте је живела у вечно мрачној и тамној мочвари, у коју ни чак најснажнији ратник никад не би смело да уђе, јер чак и најбуждаласћи човек је знао за опасност. Свако дете, из околних села, је било стално упозоравано да избегава ту мочвару. Јер је у тој мочвари, где је вечно мрачно, стајала ослабљена колиба страшно ружна. Али захтев, питајте, захтев су је се бојали становници околних села? Старији у селу су причали о томе, како би се вештица која грицка ножне прсте појављивала из мрачне мочваре у дубоку ноћ, кад није било чак ни најтапнијег месечевог срца. Онај мрачан и непријатан облик грбаве вештице би једва био видљив насупрот сломљеним гранама црне шуме мочваре. Кад би пролазила мимо њих, све животиње би ћутале. Злоспутан урлик страхног ветра би био звучан као да ју је нарочито пратио у оно порочно дивљаштво. Вештица која грицка ножне прсте би улазила у центар села и чекала... чекала до првог шмркња, кашља или цвиљења детета, онда би улетела у ону несрећну кућу, из које би долазио глас. Пошто није добро могла да види, ослањала би се на свој онтар слух и чуло мириса. Вештица би се приближавала, позивајући ветар да јој помогне. Док би у овој несрећној кући мирно спавала невина породица, она би опипавала слику, тражећи пукотину. Кад би ју нашла, казала би ветру тачно то, што би хтела. Кроз пукотину би продувао ветар, правећи језу у соби, у којој би спавала невина породица. Неизбежно би неко од спавача повукао ћебе (јер нико не жели хладног носа), и дао разлог због кога би вештица дошла... за дебељушкасте ножне прсте. Чим би она могла да остети откривена ножне прсте, ушла би кроз исту пукотину (нисам сигуран како!) и приближила се грамзиво и преждљиво голим, белим прстима. У јутру би се пробудила породица да би открила да нису више имали своје ножне прсте. Можда се питате, шта вештица која грицка ножне прсте чини са ножним прстима... Говори се да ниже огрлице од ситних костију.
TALE OF THE TOE BITING WITCH
by Erik Houle

This is the story of the Toe Biting Witch. The Toe Biting Witch lived in an eternally gloomy and dark swamp which the bravest warrior would never dare to enter, for even the most foolish man knew of its danger. Every child, from the nearby swamp, was constantly warned to avoid this swamp. For in this swamp, where it was eternally gloomy, stood the dilapidated house of the terrible and ugly witch. But why, you may ask, were all of the inhabitants of the nearby village afraid? The elders in the village told of how the Toe Biting Witch would appear from the gloomy swamp on a night so dark that not even the moon was visible. This unpleasant fiend hunched over barely visible branches of dark forest, would walk past, and would become an ominous howl of was audible as if paining her es-sinful savagery. Witch would enter the center of the village and would wait...wait for the first snuffle, cough or child’s whimper, then she would rush to the unfortunate home from which the noise came. Because she could not see well, she would rely upon her keen hearing and sense of smell. The witch would approach the house, calling upon the wind to help her. While in this unfortunate home there peacefully slept an unsuspecting family, she would feel along the wall, looking for a crack. When she found one, she would tell the wind exactly what she wanted it to do. Through the crack the wind would blow, creating a chill in the room, while the unsuspecting family peacefully slept. Inevitably, one of those who slept would pull up the covers (for nobody likes a cold nose), and would expose the reason for which the witch came...for those plump toes. As soon as she could smell the uncovered toes, she would enter through the same crack (I am not sure how), she would approach the naked, white toes greedily and voraciously. The next day the family would awaken to find that they no longer had their toes. You may be asking, what the Toe Biting Witch did with the toes. It is said that she threads necklaces from the tiny bones.

The young man woke up early in the morning. He was still tired, but hunger disturbed his sleep. In his bed were his younger brothers who were still sleeping. He didn't want to face the new day, but he thought of his siblings and gained his strength. He was thin but not weak, food was scarce since the death of his parents, and now he had to take care of the family alone. He then went to the store, where he bought a little food so that his brothers and sisters wouldn't starve. When he returned from the store, the children were awake and waiting for him. A letter arrived while he was outside, and he could see the hope in their eyes. Maybe the letter was from their rich aunt, but he did not have much hope, he had made that mistake before and he would have been stupid to again err in the same way. Still, somewhere deep in his soul, a little hope remained and he opened the letter.

"Who is it from," they asked with their eyes. But he didn't say anything. He just looked at them, and appeared full of hope for the first time in some time.
VOŽNJA AUTOM

Chris Cornelius

Ima otvorenog prostora na selu
Putujem pravim autoputom.
Nitko nije u mom autu osim mene,
Ali nisam usamljen danas.

Zrake sunca, vjetar ljeta, polje žita -
Ja sam u društvu mnogih drugova.
Ja ne znam gdje idem ni kad ću stići,
Ali to nije važno danas.

Ja mogu čuti disanje autoputa
I otkucaj srca svakog drveta
Možda trebam raditi ili učiti,
Ali danas samo vozim auto.
A RIDE
by Chris Cornelius

There is open space in the country
I am travelling down a straight highway
   No one is in my car except me,
       but I'm not alone today.

Sun rays, summer breeze, corn fields;
   I'm with many friends
I don't know where I'm going and I'll never arrive
   But that's not very important today.

I can hear the highway breathing
   And the heartbeat of every tree
Maybe I should work or study
   But I'm only driving today.
ПУТ У ИНДИЈУ
Will McKinstry

Ја сам био у Индији три месеца. То је било изванредно искуство, једно искуство које нећу заборавити. Кренуо сам за Индију у септембру, тачније двадесет четвртог септембра. После двадесет и шест сати, дошао сам у Мумбин на аеродром, у сред ноћи. Пошто сам узео свој пртљаг, одвезао сам се у YMCA у Мубаиу где сам остао три дана. Када су други студенти дошли кренули смо за Пуну. Пуна је средње величина град сто километара југозападно од Мумбаиа. У Пуни смо одсели у Best Western Pride Hotel-у три и по месеца.

Овај програм се састојао од три тронедељна сегмента који су заменили три квартала. Осим тога узимао сам часове хинди језика и књижевности. Прва секвенца се састојала од будизма, јашиизма, ислама и индијске књижевности. Други део је започео са индијском историјом о време британске империје и садашњом ситуацијом и политиком. После часова смо путовали по југу Индије, посетили старе градове и храмове који су основани још у доба Римског царства. На крају семестра смо се вратили у Пуну где смо писали наш завршни рад. Програм се завршио у децембру. Следећих тринаест дана једна школска другарица и ја смо ранцима путовали по северу Индије. Посетили смо Тадмахал, у Агри, Рајастхан, и Варнаси. Тамо је много тога о чему бих могао причати али ћу се ограничити на главне атракције: прво пиво је врло јефтино, друго изненадио се какве су плаже у Индији и одмаралишта; био сам у Гои, једној португалској колонији која је на Кариписком мору. Треће, што и није за причу, један мајмун се покакио на мене!

Све у свему, лепо сам се провео у Индији. Премда је било тешко напустити ову земљу, лепо је бити код куће у Чикагу ове зиме.
TRAVEL TO INDIA
by Will McKinstry

I was in India for three months, an amazing experience; one that I will never forget. I left for India on September 24th. Twenty-six hours later, I arrived in Mumbai’s Airport in the middle of the night. After I gathered my luggage, I rode to Bombay’s (Mumbai) YWCA where I stayed for three days. When the other students arrived we took a bus to Pune. Pune is a mid-sized city, 100 kilometers southeast of Bombay. In Pune, we stayed in the Best Western Pride Hotel for three and a half months.

The three quarter sequence was condensed into three three-week segments, in addition a basic Hindi course was offered. The first sequence consisted of Buddhism, Jainism, and Muslim studies and Indian Literature. The second course dealt with Indian history from the British to present, including modern politics. The final and most interesting course was about ancient Indian archaeological sites. During this class, we traveled around Southern India visiting ancient temples and cities that rivaled those found in Rome and throughout its empire. At the completion of this last course, we returned to Pune to write our final essay. The program ended on December 5.

For the next 13 days, a classmate and I backpacked through Northern India. There is so much to tell about India, but I will have to limit it to the highlights: First, alcohol is very cheap. Second, I was surprised that India had beach resorts. For several days, I stayed in Goa, a Portuguese colony that rivals the Caribbean. Third, never get too close to a monkey - they throw feces. Lastly, and most haunting - I took a boat trip down the Ganges, India’s most sacred and polluted river where I saw several dead bodies float down the current.

All in all, I had a great time in India. Although it was difficult to leave, it is nice to return to Chicago’s cold, bleak winters...
DEATH AND THE DILEMMA
Senad Osmanovic

Mesa Selimovic’s novel *Death and the Dervish* ostensibly relates the tale of one man’s struggle with personal insecurity and philosophical angst in the face of corrupt authority. Yet, through the vehicle of Ahmed Narrudin, the book in essence offers the reader the anatomy of an individual’s mentality and actions, and the dilemma evoked in them by external pressures. It is not just the portrait of a man mired in a sea of obligations and conflicts, but the exposure of an existential crisis as he attempts to grasp his relation to society his duty to himself. The dervish’s inability to fully understand and reconcile his own life is poignant in relation to the depictions of individuality that compose much of the story. It is an individuality that must contend with the inescapable impositions of society, power, and personal experience, and that is to some extent is reliant upon them for definition and meaning. It is thus through Narrudin’s plight, and his juxtaposition with other characters in the story, that a tragic and solitary picture of the individual emerges.

It is the focus of the story on the person of Ahmed Narrudin, not so much as a narrative device but as a manifestation of the individual’s dilemma, which provides a foundation onto which most of its themes are constructed. This separation and scrutiny of the solitary figure is not imposed on him, but is rather self-applied from the very onset as “I am everything; judge, witness and accused” (pg. 4). The isolation of the narrator, already evident in the prose, is enhanced by the imagery of the environment in which his tale unfolds. Although the setting for the novel is clearly that of Ottoman Bosnia, it is here that the acute descriptions cease. Neither a clear locale, only the kasaba, nor a well defined time-period encapsulate the events, thus rendering in them a certain time-less and universal quality. This ambiguity further isolates the narrator, as it symptomatic of the detachment with most of the world and society he experiences. It is thus not surprising that much of the novel takes places within the context of darkness, a both literal and symbolic veil on Nuruddin’s character. It is not without some irony that this actual and metaphysical darkness exists, considering Nuruddin means “light of faith”. Yet, the very fact draws attention to the dervish’s initial position, one in which his standing and faith serve as a bulwark against the incursion of external pressures and influences.

-Only with the imprisonment and subsequent execution of Nuruddin’s brother, Harun, the dervish’s isolation in the tekke is shattered and out-
side mechanisms are allowed to act and define the individual to a significant extent. It is in this interaction not just with the authority that he must contend with, but also with the principal characters, that the dilemma of the individual arises and its many facets are explored. Here the external realities of social and personal responsibilities take effect on the dervish and come into conflict. He can no longer hide from his own past and emotions, or from a future which inevitably depends on his actions. Thus, Nuruddin’s rebellion in the garden of the tekke is not so much an attempt to undermine authority as it is an expression of his long-suppressed need for personal volition, as represented by his formulation of the outlaw Ishaq.

The attempt to define his own agency in the context of the events that befall him is then the principal struggle that the narrator must endure in Selimovic’s tale. The scenes and characters become colored in the light of this individual dilemma, and further serve to emphasize and define the solitary figure. The very enemy he contends with; the power base of the kadi, musselim and mufti, are presented without substance or a clear link to Nuruddin. This nebulous nature of power evokes an understanding of the murky uncertainty that the narrator must face in himself, and the banality of evil that he is vulnerable to due to his faintheartedness. Against this obscure adherence he places the compassion and concern for his brother. Yet, the very absence of Harun illustrates that his character is but a manifestation of Nuruddin’s lingering attachments and a projection for his emotions. It is fitting that the dervish is not troubled much if he exhumes the correct grave in his moment of defiance, for it is the personal action which is of significance here. The only other well developed character in the book is that of Hassan, whose juxtaposition with Nuruddin casts light on the choices allowed to the individual in society. Whereas the dervish struggles with evaluating his thoughts and actions, Hassan has shunned the dynamic altogether. Hassan in many ways is the most solitary figure in the novel, as he admits that “conversation is a link between people, maybe the only one” (pg. 316). It is no coincidence that his friendship with Naruddin is strongest when the latter’s acceptance of individual responsibility is greatest.

Perhaps the greatest tragic paradox that the book portrays is not that of the narrator himself, but of the nature of the individual position. Despite his awakening to personal agency, Nuruddin is nonetheless defined in relation to outside events and how he reacts to them. His ultimate fall and immersion into the mechanisms of power illustrate this inescapable link. In this manner he annihilates his former self and assumes what is
essentially a new personage in the guise of his novel reactions to authority. Without doubt, Selimovic implies that there are degrees to this intercourse, as in the examples of Mullah Yussuf and Hassan. Whereas the former embodies the sacrifice of the individual to the influences of power and personal experience, the latter is characterized by defiance in the face of such forces. Yet, in either case, the decision hinges upon the external realities. This certain connection between the individual and the circumstances of the world surrounding him is where the dilemma inevitably arises, for a decision has to be made. Thus, Nuruddin’s moral cowardice and abstention in the first half of the novel is seen as unacceptable. The final abandonment of his youthful dreams, his “golden-bird”, of an uncompromised self is his ultimate acquiescence to the reality of the world. In this manner, to negate the world for what it is would be to negate oneself, for “there are no mistakes, only things we do not know” (pg.358).

The Death and the Dervish does not leave the individual helpless and adrift in the currents of the external forces. Rather, the bond with the reality of the world is exposed to emphasize the volition innate in him, and the responsibility that follows. It is in fact Mullah Yussuf, the former projection of Nuruddin’s complacency, who acts to free Hassan from the personal failure of the dervish. Selimovic thus provides commentary on the fallibility of man, perhaps the most confessional attribute of the book. For if there were no agency on the part of the individual in such a setting, there would be no dilemma to speak of.

Students with Dimitrije Golemović, an ethnomusicologist from Belgrade
NOĆI
prevela s turskog
H. Zeynep Bulutgil

Plakao bi krišom i kukavički dok su svi spavali
Noći su mu bile neuredne i mizerne
Samo kad pomisliš kako su dani
Daleko od Boga i nade
Ja poznajem njegove boli
I smijali su se mojim strahovima ne razumijući ih
Smijali su se

NIGHTS
translated from Turkish by
H. Zeynep Bulutgil

He would cry secretly and cowardly while all others slept
Nights are disorderly and miserable.
Just you think of the days
Far away from God and hope
I know his pain
And they laugh at my fears without understanding
They laugh

GECELER

A lardi gizlice ve korkakça herkes uyrken
Gece ler da inik ve peri şan
Sen düşün günleri artık
Allah’dan ve ı mitlerden uzak
Ben bilirim acıları
Ve gü lerler korkularına gaflet icinde
Gülerler
ОДА ВИСКОНСИНУ
Петар Норстедт

Чујем одјеке хладног ветра
Који дува у мојем вуначном шеширу
Како се склупчао у мојим устима.

Могу да подесим свој шешир
Да спречим агресивност ветра
Али не чиним то, и нећу то учинити.

 Моји прсти на ногама се мрзну,
Испод веома високог снега
Који стоји тако високо као мој струк.

Могу да се преселим у Калифорију
И да се сунчам на плажи
Али не чиним то, и нећу то учинити.

Исти ветар се баца о таласаста брда
И мете сесске друмове
Висконсина.

Исти снег загрли гране
Од јаворовог дрвета
У Висконсину

Хладно је
И има снега
Али лепо је
У Висконсину
ODE TO WISCONSIN  
by Peter Nordstedt

I hear the echo of a cold wind  
That blows into my wool hat  
And curls around my ears

I could adjust my hat  
To block the wind's aggression  
But I do not, I will not

My toes freeze  
beneath the towering snow  
Which stands as tall as my waist

I could move to California  
And sunbathe on the beach  
But I do not, I will not

The same wind skims over the rolling hills  
And sweeps the country roads  
Of Wisconsin

The same snow embraces the branches  
Of a maple tree  
In Wisconsin

It is cold  
And there is snow  
But it is beautiful  
In Wisconsin


I drugi događaji iz istorije nalaze mesto u književnosti. Često su deo određenog istorijskog vremena ali nisu usredsređeni na samo jedan događaj. Mnoge priče Scotta Fitzgeralda su o periodu džeza. On je pisao o filozofiji ljudi i kako je ta filozofija uticala na njihove živote.

LITERATURE AND HISTORY
by Ayse Kocakulah

Literature and history have a link. Literature is often history. This is because history gives writers' stories about various people. History is the story of human life.

One example is Homer's Iliad. Although the characters are fictional, the Trojan War is history. Homer tried to show how people react to war. His characters have many emotions. They are not always brave, or noble, or evil. Achilles is both noble and childish. He is the hero, but is not always strong.

Other historical events are found in literature. Often they are about an entire era of history rather than focusing only on one event. Many stories by F. Scott Fitzgerald are about the Jazz Age. He wrote about the philosophy of the people and how that philosophy affected their lives.

Futuristic literature uses history as well. It uses history to show how people react. These stories are based on history. Literature and history are consequently, always linked.
PESMA
Rachel Stipanuk

Zelene oči govore
Neizgovorene zavete
Zvezdana svetlost kruniše njenu kosu
Zlatni prah na njegove vrhove prstiju ostavlja
Njegov dodir gladi njen znoj, gladi
Sunčni nektar breskve na njenoj koži
Ukus soli
Toplog daha
Slatkih dojki
Usne zamršene u lozama
Lojalnosti i strasti
Proklinju vreme zbog stalnosti.

SONG
by Rachel Stipanuk

Green eyes speak
Unspoken vows
Starlight crowns her hair
Leaving golden dust on his fingers
His touch smoothing her sweat, smoothing
The sweet juice of peaches on her skin
The taste of salt
Warm breath
And sweet breasts
Lips tangled in vines
Of loyalty and passion
Curse time for its constancy
РУСКО-СРПСКИ КОШМАР
Quinn Carey

Хреновка није смешна
Ја не читајм, али они читају
Ноћи су црне и красне
И напољу је само стена.

Слова заједно су речи
Недеља је један дан.
Ако једеш твој живот није већи
Зар није ово чудан сан?

RUSSIANSERBIAN NIGHTMARE
by Quinn Carey

A hot dog isn’t funny,
I don’t read, but they read,
The night is black and beautiful,
And a rock is only outside.

Letters together are words,
Sunday is one day,
If you eat, your life isn’t bigger,
Isn’t this a strange dream?

NOTE: 1. читам- 1st sg. of Russian ‘to read’  5. речь- speech
2. красный- red  6. неделя- week
3. стена- wall  7. живот- stomach
4. слово- word
BITI ILI NE BITI ŠVEDANIN
Gustaf Bruze

Kada sam dosao u SAD pre nekoliko godina, shvatio sam da je stereotip mladog Švedanina visok, plav, plavook, malo rezerviran i formalan čovek. Ali nisu svi stereotipi tačni jer neki od nas, u stvari, imaju zelene oči.

Druga stvar koju sam naučio je da reč švedski može da ima puno značenja u zemlji kao što je SAD, gde su mnogi potomci bivših imigranata iz koktela evropskih zemalja. Moje poreklo je manje različito; moji roditelji su Švedani, rođen sam u Švedskoj, živeo sam celi život u Švedskoj, i došao sam u Chicago samo da počnem svoje postdiplomske studije. Međutim, niko u mojoj porodici nikada nije imao smestost da uradi detaljno geneološko ispitivanje našeg porekla zato što smo svi shvatili vrlo ozbiljno upozorenje mog deda. Sigurno je da se uvek može naći aristokrata ili neko drugo poznata ličnost u dalekoj prošlosti od kojeg cela porodica vodi poreklo, ali smo predosećali da bi bilo mnogo verovatnije da bismo našli nekog okorelog ubicu ili nekog ludaka.

Ovde u Chicagu, posvećujem većinu svojeg vremena studijama ekonomije. Završiću svoju treću godinu ovog prolećnog kvartala, dakle, završio sam većinu časova i sada pokušavam da počnem svoje lično delo. Rađujem se i volim da pišem, ali sam takođe malo nerovzan jer moram da stojim pred mnogima istaknutima profesorima za godinu dana i prezentiram glavnu tezu svoje disertacije.

Kada pričam postdiplomcima—studentima naše katedre da učim srpskohrvatski, oni prvo pitaju šta je to. Onda me pitaju zašto gubiš vreme na predmet koji nije ni u kakvoj vezi spojen sa mojm radom i tezama koje treba da odbranim na našoj katedri. Međutim, moj opis Nadinih zabavaih ubedi da postoji još mnogo toga u životu osim statistike, nacionalnog bruto proizvoda, i sl. Ja još dodajem na to i svoje lično interesovanje. Ili kada im samo objasnim kako imamo u razredu budućeg oficira vazdušnih snaga, igračicu ragbiju, devojku koja često kasni na čas zbog sinočne zabave, i OSCE posmatrača, shvate da to i nije tako loša ideja, da i oni treba da uče srpskohrvatski, ma šta god to bilo.
TO BE OR NOT TO BE A SWEDEN
by Gustaf Bruze

When I came to the US from Sweden some years ago, I realized that the stereotype of a young Swedish man was that of a tall, blonde, blue-eyed, slightly reserved and formal person. But not all stereotypes are true and some of us actually have green eyes.

Another thing I learned is that Swedish can mean different things in a United States where many think of themselves as descendants of past immigrants from a cocktail of European countries. I have a much less diversified background; my parents are Swedish, I was born in Sweden, I lived all my life in Sweden, and it was only when I started my graduate studies that I came here to Chicago. Then again, no one in my family ever had the courage to do a thorough genealogical study of our heritage because we all took the warnings of my grandfather very seriously. Sure, one can always hope to find some aristocrat, or other prominent person in the distant past from whom the whole family stems, but we always felt that we were much more likely to find a serial killer or some other lunatic.

Here in Chicago, I spend most of my time studying economics. I am about to end my third year this spring quarter which means that I have finished most of my course work and that I am now trying to do some work of my own. I like that, but it is also a little bit scary since I have to stand up in front of many prominent faculty members in one year's time and present the major outline of my thesis.

When I tell my fellow graduate students that I am taking a course in Serbo-Croatian, they first ask me what that is. Then they move on to ask why I waste my time on a subject that is not in any way related to the work I am required to do in my department. My description of Nada's parties goes a long way in convincing them that there is more to life than GDP statistics, and I add to that my personal interest. But only when I explain to them that there is a future U.S. Air Force officer, a rugby player, a girl who is often late to class because of last night's party, and an OSCE observer in my class, do they realize that they should also take Serbo-Croatian, what ever that is.
MARATONSKA TRKA
Will McKinstry

Pištolj pali. Poletesmo sa polazne tačke kao stado gurajućih ruku i nogu. Trka počinje. Prva milja se kotrlja u daljini ispod naših nogu.


Zamor obuhvata moje listove nogu, grčevi u mojim butinama. Mase nas bodre i pružaju hranu i vodu. Moje ruke traže dozu proteina. Kao uz dozu kafeina, ponovo se usredsređujem. Moje noge udaraju po pločniku sa obnovljenim oduševljenjem.


Stižem na pola puta. Sirova volja je razdvojila trkače od pešaka. Panika osvaja trkače. Ne završiti bi bilo ponižavajuće. Da nas ne zamene za pešake?

Probijam se napred pokriven znojom. Borim se do finiša. Samo jedna stvar nas razdvaja—linija između dobitnika i gubitnika.
MARATHON
by Will McKinstry

The starter pistol fires. We dash off the starting line as a herd of shoving arms and legs. The race has begun. The first miles roll into the distance under our feet.

Twinges of pain pull on our legs. Why did we begin this race? Did we embark for our own benefit? Is the investment of time and energy worth the reward? Doubt flashes over my competitors. Their pace slows.

Fatigue envelopes my calves, cramps overwhelm my thighs. Crowds cheer extending refreshments. My arms reach for an energy bar. Like a shot of caffeine, I refocus. I dig in. My feet pound the pavement with renewed enthusiasm.

I cannot explain the attraction of the race. No one understands why I run. Solidarity only exists among my fellow runners. The only thing that is important is the imprint our sneakers make on the on the racetrack.

I approach the halfway point. Raw will has weeded the runners from the walkers. Panic overwhelms us. Not finishing would be humiliating. Would we be mistaken for a walker?

I press on, covered with perspiration. I strive for the finish line. It is the only thing that stratifies us. Its immovable line separates the winners from the losers.
KNEZ I GOLUB
Rachel Stipanuk

U davnjoj prošlosti bio je veliki knez koji bi jednog dana vladao ogromnom kraljevinom ali je sada bio još mlad, i bez osećaja odgovornosti, trošio je većinu svog slobodnog vremena i dana na trgu, gde bi odlazio rano i lutao unakoko da bi gledao ljude dok su kupovali sveže voće, povrće, i meso.

Međutim, to jutro nije bilo kao druga. To jutro, dok je izlazilo sunce i jutarnja rosa se je presušila, blagim pogledom knez je video najlepšu devojku u blagoj svetlosti te je njegovo srce raslo kao mlada biljka na početku proleća. On se je pitao:

"Da li je moguća ljubav na prvi pogled"?


Knez je mislio kako je nikad više neće videti, i lio je gorke suze. Pogrešio je zato što devojka nije zaboravila njegovu dobrotu. Otada ona se šetala oko zidina palate i pevala je knezu. I otada su sve pesme bile radosne.
THE PRINCE AND THE DOVE
by Rachel Stipanuk

Once upon a time there was a great prince who would one day rule a large kingdom, but now he was still young, and without responsibility. He spent the majority of his free time in the square, where he wandered early so that he could watch people while they bought their fruit, vegetables, and meat.

However, this morning wouldn’t be like the others. In the morning, while the sun rose and the morning dew dried, with a gentle glance the prince saw the most beautiful girl in the soft light such that his heart grew like a young plants at the beginning of spring. He asked himself:

“Could this be love at first sight?”

She was young and rosy like the peach in his hand. Although she was perfect the prince knew that it could never be. What could he do? He prayed to God to send the girl to him with the wind, to do whatever he could. The next morning, there was one white dove on the windowsill of the palace. It flew over with a gust of wind, and immediately he recognized her by her eyes. It was a young woman! He fell in love at first sight.

Every day, she flew with a gust of wind, and she sang songs, but every day her songs became sadder. The prince tried to ignore her unhappiness, but he had a broken heart. He thought: “She misses her mother. Such is life. Such beautiful and young things must be free.” Then, he released her so that she could go. She flew around the palace and over the city before she returned home.

The prince thought he would never see her again, and he wept bitter tears. He was wrong, because the girl did not forget his kindness. From then on, she walked along the palace walls and sang to the prince. And from then on all of her songs were the happiest.
Video sam u Napulju malo decu kako su zavrnuli pantolone do kolena i turili ruke u jedan bakarni sud koji je imao puno riba i koralja unutra. Ali nisam video napuljske ribare u svojoj zemlji.

To je bio jedan zimski sunčan ali hladan dan. Moj drug je bio došao rano u moju sobu u hotelu. Otvorio je prozor i podigao zavesu

"Pogledaj vreme, rekao mi je. Da li još spavaš."


Video sam Pecheur Napolitaine u najnižim dvoranama. Rekao sam mome drugu koji je bio pokušao da se razdvoji od mene.


Počeli smo se smijati. Ali ja sam bio natovario Pecheur Napolitaine na ramena. Čuvari nisu mogli videti statuu koju nosim na ramenima. Pod ovom teškom statuom sam se oznijoj. Gledao sam okolo čudno. Pazi, niko ne vidi ovu statuu navrh mojih ramena. Žar je franc-uskva vlast ostavila...


"Što ne bismo išli na "Montmartre?"

"Neko drugo veče," kazao sam mu.


Autor: Said Faik Abasiyanik

1 Jedna fransuska skola u Stambolu.
TKO BI TAKO NEŠTO ZAMISLIO

Niko Banac

Tko bi tako nešto zamislio? U istoj sobi, pod istim krovom, u istom gradu, dva rodaka dviju vjera, danas zavađenih, ali kroz prizmu povijesti, možda mnogo bliži jednim drugim nego što bi ideolozi današnjice htjeli priznati. Ove je godine Metropolitan Muzej u New York-u otvorio izložbu s naslovom "Bizant: Vjera i Moć?" koja obuhvaća kasnije razdoblje bizantske umjetnosti pod vladavinom Paleologa, od 13. stoljeća do eventualnog pada Carigrada osmanljskim osvajačima Sultana Mehmed el-Fatih-a, čiji je turski derivat zapravo arapske konstrukcije, po kojoj je dotični poglavica također poznat u Bosni, Fatih Sultan Mehmed. No, trebali bismo gledati na to osvajanje Carigrada, pada bizantske moći, sa više stajališta, ne samo uz "narrative" 19. stoljeća koji za svoj glavni osvrt uzima ideju emancipacije balkanskih Slavena od "okrutnih" turskih "okupatora". Ne može silica "okupirati" zemlju petsto godina, a da ne ostavi duboke korijene i civilizacijske tekovine, koji se očitavaju u karakteru "okupiranih" naroda, pogotovo ne kada povijest svjedoči o bogatom svijetu ranije epohe njene vladavine.

Sam naziv "fatih" ima duboko značenje. Riječ dolazi od od arapskog korijena FTH, koji je vezan s pojmom otvaranja. Pritom, prva sura Kur'ana nosi naslov "Al-Fatiha" što znači "Otvaranje." Činjenica da se Mehmeda naziva el-Fatih-om govori nešto o mentalitetu tog vladara, čiji su vojni podvizi, mada puni krvoprolica kao sva osvajanja, nosili vidik otvorenosti umjesto zatvorenosti. Mehmed je otvorio bogatu kulturu Bizanta svijetu Islama, ali samog sebe zamišljao je kao novog Cesara, čemu također svjedoči ustupnost grčke birokracije novoj vlasti i nova struja u pravoslavnoj crkvi, koja je pod vodstvom Partrijarha Genadija II učinila najbolje što je mogla u političkim okolnostima, priznavajući autoritet Sultana i okrenuvši leda Rim-u. Nije ni čudo da iz ovog razdoblja dolazi poznata portreta Mehmeda od talijanskog slikara Bellini-ja.

U svakom slučaju, Mehmedovi pohodi u našim krajevima imali su malo drugačijeg odjeka, mada ne želim opovrgnuti brutalnost osvajanja Carigrada. S osvajanjem Bosne 1463, pogubio je bosanskog katoličkog kralja, Stjepana II Tomaševića. Ali, te iste godine, sklopio je sporazum s fra Andelom Zvidovićem, kustodom franjevačke provincije Bosne Srebren, koja je uspostavljena stoljeće ranije da bi iskorištena, donekle
WHO WOULD HAVE IMAGINED SUCH A THING
by Niko Banac

Who would have imagined such a thing? In the same room, under the same roof, in the same city, two cousins of two faiths, today in conflict, but through the prism of history, perhaps much closer to one another than the ideologues of our time would want to recognize. This year the Metropolitan Museum in New York opened an exhibit entitled “Byzantium: Faith and Power” which covers the later period of Byzantine art under the rule of the Paleologues, from the 13th century to the eventual fall of Constantinople to the Ottoman conquerors of Sultan Mehmed el-Fatih, whose Turkish derivative of that actually Arabic construction, by which this ruler is also known in Bosnia, is Fatih Sultan Mehmed. Still, we should look at this takeover of Constantinople, and the fall of Byzantine power, from several angles, not only through the 19th century “narrative” whose main thesis is the idea of the emancipation of the Balkan Slavs from the “cruel” Turkish “occupier.” A power cannot “occupy” a country for five hundred years, and not leave deep roots and cultural relics which are present in the characters of the “occupied” peoples, especially not when history speaks of a rich coexistence in the earlier epoch of its rule.

The very term “faith” has a deep meaning. The word comes from the Arabic root FTH, which is tied to the idea of “opening.” The fact that Mehmed is called “el-Fatih” says something about the mentality of this ruler, whose military campaigns, although full of bloodshed like all conquests, carried a perspective of openness as opposed to a closed-ness. Mehmed opened the rich culture of Byzantium to the world of Islam, and he thought of himself as a new Caesar, which is also evinced in the measures the Greek bureaucracy took towards the new authority and the new current in the Orthodox Church, which did the best it could in the political circumstances under Patriarch Gennadius II, recognizing the authority of the Sultan and turning its back towards Rome. It should not surprise us that from this period comes the famous portrait of Mehmed by the Italian painter Bellini.

In any case, Mehmed’s campaigns in our areas had slightly different consequences, although I do not want to dispute the brutality of the conquest of Constantinople. With the conquering of Bosnia in 1463, Mehmed executed the Bosnian Catholic king, Stjepan II. Tomašević. But that same year, he made an agreement with Friar Andela Zvidović, the custodes of the Franciscan province of Bosna Argentina (Silver Bosnia) which was established a century before in order, somewhat successfully, to root out
uspješno, bogumilsku herezu. Fra Andel otišao je na divan kod Mehmeda, tražeći prava za bosanske katolike i izboreći ahdnamu od sultana, kojom se zakleo na sigurnost katolika u Osmanluku, pod uvjetom da prihvote tursku vlast, sljedećim zavjetom: "Tako mi stvoritelja neba i zemlje, koji hrani sva stvorenja, i tako mi sedam musafa (svetih knjiga), i tako mi našega velikoga Poslanika, i tako mi sablje koju pašem, nitko neće protivno učiniti ovomu, što je napisano."

the Bogumil heresy. Friar Andela went before the divan by the field of Mehmed, seeking rights for Bosnian Catholics and [ultimately] securing an adhnama from the Sultan, by which he guaranteed the security of Catholics in the Ottoman Empire, under the condition that they accept Turkish rule, with the following oath: "By the creator of heaven and earth, who feeds all creation, and by the seven musafs (holy books), and by our great Prophet, and by the sword which I wield, no one shall do anything against what has just been written."

Now we finally come to the Metropolitan. Mehmed el-Fatih saw that the new territories of his empire could not be controlled by Turkish elites which even posed a potential threat. Thus, he decided to recruit Christian youth from various areas of the empire and convert them to Islam, having in mind great careers in the imperial service through the devşirme system. Such was the case of Mehmed-pasha from the Orthodox noble family of Sokolović by the town of Višegrad, who rose to the greatest heights of the Ottoman Empire, becoming grand vizier under Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent. One the first steps of Mehmed-pasha was to reestablish the Patriarchate of Peć under the leadership of his cousin Makarije (Macarius) Sokolović. In the portion of the exhibit marked "Islam, and Christians Living under Ottoman Rule" several icons from the artistic workshop of the Patriarchate of Peć were displayed, and the English subtitles spoke of the artistic renaissance of the Serbian Orthodox Church reinstated in 1557., among whose painters was the monk Longin (Longinus). To my amazement, in the same room, there is an Ottoman miniature, a testament to the rich tradition of Islamic miniature painting that encompassed a cultural space from Herat to Istanbul, in which Mehmed-pasha is conquering the city of Csanad in Hungary in 1557, the same year that the Serbian church was reinstated. Every educated state official in the Ottoman Empire would grace his library with valuable illuminated books, from traditional decorated manuscripts of Firdusi and Nizami [and] even to pornographic miniatures. But sultans and viziers would pay for representations of their military campaigns. So Mehmed-pasha, in this miniature, accepts defeat from Hungarian elders who humbly remove their hats to the head of the Turkish power. Nine years later, Mehmed-pasha, with a great army under the command of Sultan Suleiman, would face the Croatian-Hungarian ban (military leader), Nikola Šubić Zrinski, by the town of Sighet. Seeing that that there was no hope for his three hundred warriors against the Turkish army of 30,000 janissaries and spahis, Zrinski decided to run a charge against the Turks after thirty days of siege, dying with his companions in a battle which would later be declared the Croatian Thermopylae and become instrumental in the formation of a Croatian national consciousness, even having an influence in
Dubrovnik in the works of Mavro Vetranović. In any case, there are two cousins. One is the commander of the most powerful Islamic army in the world and answers only to Sultan Suleiman, a ruler who referred to himself as follows: “Slave of God, ruler of the world, I am Suleiman and my name is read in all the prayers of all the cities of Islam.” The other is a patriarch who did all he could to strengthen his church in the context of the Ottoman Empire and his millet. Is this a contradiction? Or does it say something about another time in which a religious orientation was not a call to murder, but rather presumed cooperation and coexistence? Do our historical prejudices perhaps fall under the category of narrowly defined perspectives, which insist on an equally narrowly defined national topos? Well, if their monuments in Bosnia and Kosovo, tarihs (inscriptions) and frescoes, are no longer visible, perhaps we can find at least some consolation, no matter how small, in the fact that these two cousins are finally together again. I think that even Ban Nikola, if he threw a glance at the current situation in the Balkans, would ask for his bones to be taken from Sighe: to New York.
NEMAM PRIČE
Di Shope

Mi sedimo opušteni i tihi u tamnoj sobi u tamnoj kući. Naše jedino društvo su naše boce piva i umiruća žeravica od gde je bila gorela vatra.

Govori mi: "Ispričaj mi priču".
Govorim ti: "Nema priče".
Pitaš me: "Kako nema priču"?
Stanka. Šutnja.
Nastavljaju: "Živiš, zar ne? Imaš priču".
Piljam u jasne i žeravice, i počinjem priču zašto neman priču.

Jednom, kažu mi da sam bila puna života i življenja. Jednom, kažu, bila sam pametna, energična i na putu uspeha. Iako sam došla iz siromašne familije i iz ruralne zajednice, radila sam vredno: studirala sam na istakнутом univerzitetu. Diplomirala sam s časti za vreme političkog i internacionalog nemira, tako kad sam dobila ponudu za visoko mesto u vojsci, prihvatila sam je.

Željno i odlučno, brzo sam naučila sve što su mogli da me nauče i uskoro se našao u inostranstvu, na opasnom terenu Evroazije. Nisam se plašila; opasnost me uzbudjava. Kako sam bila prisebna u svim opasnim situacijama, slali su me na sve komplikovanije zadatke. Zadatak bih uvek izvršila i vratila sa svim svojim ljudima, nepovredjenim. Uvek, sve do poslednje misije.

U pitanju mora de je bio neki insajder. Kako bi inače znali da dolazimo?

Izgleda da se ovo odigralo pre dve godine. Dejstvo virusa prestalo je posle pedeset sati i neprijatelj se iznenađio da je neko preživeo. Ispitivali su me i držali drogiranu. Grupa spasilača dovela me je kući prošle godine i onda je vlada takođe vršila ispitivanja i omogućila mi stručnu pomoć da se oporavim. Nije pomoglo jer se ničega nisam mogla setiti do trenutka
NO STORY
by Dorothy Shope

We sit, relaxed and quiet, in a dark room in a dark house. Our only companions are our bottles of beer and the dying embers of what was a roaring fire.

You say to me: "Tell me a story".
I say to you: "I have no stories".
You ask me: "How can one have no stories"?
Pause. Silence.
You continue: "You are alive, right? You have a story".
I stare at the ashes and embers, and begin the story of why I have no stories:

Once they tell me, I was full of life and living. Once they say, I was witty and intelligent, energetic and on the road to success. Though I came from a poor family and a rural community, I worked hard and studied at a prominent university. I graduated with honors during a time of political and international unrest, so when offered, I accepted a high-level position in the military.

With eager mind and strong determination, I quickly learned everything they had to teach and soon found myself overseas, in the dangerously boiling hotspot of the Eurasian continent. I was never afraid; the danger only excited me. Since I kept my head in all emergencies and intense situation, they sent me in deeper and deeper. And I always accomplished my mission, always got my men out in one piece - always, until that last mission.

It must have been an inside job. How else would they have known we were coming? By the time we found out, it was too late. When we reached our objective all we found was a metal box with a grating on one end that looked like a rat cage. In spite of all our training, preparations, and experience we couldn’t get out of the room. After ten hours we started to feel like rats in a cage. After fifteen hours, we thought we would starve to death in that little room. After twenty hours, we started to feel the effects of the virus from the metal box; inexplicable feelings of intense anger and paranoia. Twenty-five hours, hallucinations of crawling insects and other tortures. Thirty hours and our brains were frying causing convulsions. Thirty-five hours and I was the last one left conscious; my men sprawled awkwardly on the floor all around me. I wondered idly if they were dead yet, but I couldn’t remember anymore who they were or what had happened to us. I only had a vague feeling of guilt and failure and betrayal. That’s the last and indeed only thing I now remember.
kada sam se probudila u bolničkom krevetu. Kako pomoći nekome da se oporavi od trauma koje se ne seća? Na kraju se došli do zaključka da sam bezopasna i otpustili me.


Stanka. Šutnja.

Gоворим ти: "To je moja priča koja nije pričа. Reci mi, da li još misliš da sam živa"?

Gовориш ми, шапатом "Žao mi je".

Gоворим ти, гledајуći te pravо u očи: "Nije mi žao".
That was, apparently, two years ago. The virus was finished after 50 hours and the enemy was surprised to find someone left alive. They ran tests on me and kept me drugged. A retrieval team bought me home last year and then the government ran tests on me and gave me reconstruction counseling. But it didn’t really work, because I couldn’t remember anything before I woke up in the hospital bed. How do you help someone recover from a trauma they can’t recall? Finally they decided I was harmless and let me go.

I visited the people whom my paperwork claimed were my family and friends, but I only hurt them when I couldn’t remember them or their love. So I’ve been wandering ever since. Every now and then I get irrational feelings of anxiety what the doctors call PTSD trigger response. Sometimes I think I’m on the verge of remembering something important. But no such luck. Without a past, I can’t see a future, so I live for the present, haunted by that last moment of consciousness in the enemy compound.

Pause. Silence.

I say to you: "That’s my story, that’s not a story. "Tell me - do you still think I’m alive“?

You say to me, in a whisper: "I’m sorry“. I say to you, looking steadily in your eyes: "I’m not".
RELIGION, THE STATE, AND THE INDIVIDUAL:  
THE CONFLICTS OF IDEOLOGY IN  
BORISLAV PEKIĆ'S, "THE MIRACLE AT JABNEEL"  
by Ben Kraft

Religion provides ample fodder for discourses about ideology. Of course, this does not imply that religion is inherently ‘good’ or ‘bad,’ just that it carries with it certain implications with regard to people’s characterizations and roles under its ideological umbrella. In one of these discourses, Ideology and the State, Louis Althusser explains that traditionally, and most notably in the “Church” and other similar institutions such as “Duty” and “Justice” (167) “the ‘ideas’ of a human subject exist in his actions” (168). In other words, an order is assumed to exist which dictates that material proceedings follow from human beliefs and values. For example, a person who prays is ostensibly does so because he or she has a genuine ‘faith’ that this prayer will provide him or her with spiritual benefits; a sense of ‘faith’ motivates the tangible act of praying. However, after recalling “Pascal’s defensive ‘dialectic’” (“Kneel down, move your lips in prayer, and you will believe” [168]), Althusser proposes that living within ideology actually amounts to a reversal of the assumed order of actions following ideas. In this framework, prayer evinces the ‘idea’ of belief, rather than the reverse. This counter-intuitive order characterizes the manifestation in society of what Althusser calls “Ideological State Apparatuses,” such as the “Church,” and they function by way of “interpellating” subjects, or projecting identities onto individuals based on the material relations inherent in the establishment of such institutions.

According to Althusser, these apparatuses ensure the efficient functioning of their respective states by interpellating individuals into the appropriate types of subjects. Someone who prays is interpellated as faithful, and thereby conducive to the reproduction of the state. But already it becomes apparent that apparatuses within states may reflect a set of material circumstances which differ from those replicated by other apparatuses in the same state (note, for example, the possibility of a church, a mosque, and a synagogue existing on the same block) and also from ones in wholly separate states (Eastern Orthodoxy and Roman Catholicism, for example, follow well-defined geographical and political borders in Europe). These conflicts accordingly allow for contradictory interpellations of the same subject depending on his or her location. Though they may lend evidence which validates Pascal’s formula that belief follows prayer, the type of believing subject each religion (i.e. ideology) produces becomes the crucial difference. In Borislav Pekić’s fic-
tional religious discourse, "The Miracle at Jabneel," he offers the character Egla as an example to illustrate these very contradictory interpellations for which an application of Althusser's analysis allows. Ultimately he arrives at a conclusion similar to that of Althusser: that "ideology has always already interpellated individuals as subjects" (175). Because Egla truly is a "concrete individual" (Althusser, 171) in that her character remains static throughout the narrative, the contradictory characterizations she finds waiting for her as her physical circumstances change both within a single state and as she moves between rival states, become increasingly conspicuous. Thus, through fiction, Pekic can expose the paradoxes inherent in the way apparatuses "always already" act on certain individuals based merely on their physical conditions of existence, and not, as we would logically expect, the other way around.

Perhaps Egla's second husband Uriah accepts this rather dire proposition most readily by believing that "the proof was that he had been sentenced" (26). The "proof," Uriah's leprosy, is viewed in Pekić's fictional biblical society as a physical manifestation of sin. Egla cannot specifically remember the sin she is supposed to have committed, but her leprosy, like Uriah's, indicates that she must have committed one. Although Egla is more troubled by this retroactive identity than Uriah is, both characters were not considered sinners until a physical sign caused them to be interpellated as such. The lepers' situation mirrors that of Pascal's religious subject—just as praying indicates belief, so does leprosy indicate moral uncleanness. The dominant religious doctrines of the state of Old Jabneel only act on Egla once leprosy is apparent on her body, but nevertheless imply that sin had "always already" been present.

This retroactive identification causes Egla to discover what Uriah has already smugly accepted: "The existence of ideology and the hailing or interpellation of individuals as subjects are one and the same thing" (Althusser, 175). Just as the ideology which associates leprosy with sin was, in a sense, waiting for Egla, so was the sin which she had "always already" committed according to the doctrine. The assumption that Egla has sinned seems illogical to her; it is unverifiable and has no concrete basis in what she perceives as her 'real world.' However, it manifests itself in this world by causing her to be "hailed" in a certain way—in this case as a guilty leper. Thus, the ideological "proof" that Egla has sinned and the social stigma it confers upon her are simply different forms of the same phenomenon.

Uriah further demonstrates how his identity as an individual and the existence of ideology are interchangeable by joking, "For when I go up there [to God] I won't bring my skin with me" (26). Even though his sin was apparently always with him, he claims he can use the existence of
ideology to his advantage by ridding himself of this physical manifestation of it and hence manipulate the way even God will "hail" him. According to Uriah, a lack of leprosy is equated with a lack of sin regardless of who is doing the "hailing," and in this case God is just as susceptible to wrongly conflating the two phenomena—one being the ideology of sin and the other the physical ailment of leprosy—as are the citizens of Old Jabneel.

Egla, however, finds less luck on earth, and this involves her emigration from one state to another, and then back again, and the respective conflicting ideologies and "hailings" she finds waiting for her with each move. She is originally banished from Old Jabneel because of her leprosy, and the assumption that she is physically, and necessarily morally, "unclean." Of course, the leper colony of New Jabneel accepts her because the residents of this state recognize her plight differently than those of Old Jabneel. Some, like Uriah, attempt to free "sinners" exiled from Old Jabneel such as Egla, "from the conviction that their behavior had brought upon them an inexhaustible source of misfortune" (26). Some are simply aware of the possibility that any leper could be the product of a "divine oversight" (27). Pekić implies that these beliefs became prevalent in Old Jabneel because they provided a necessary source of comfort to these residents who have been eternally condemned which allows them to minimize the amount of desperation they might feel in their daily lives. In Althusserian terms, this ideology of the possibility of absolution from sin, although not housed in any structure or official organization, serves loosely as an "ideological state apparatus" to ensure that Old Jabneel continues to reproduce itself efficiently; one can imagine the chaos and deterioration that would befall a town in which the citizenry spends its days wallowing in its own despair.

But most importantly, New Jabneel's framework for interpellating the moral cleanliness of lepers is actually just a revision of one specific tenet of the overarching ideology of Judaism, which both New and Old Jabneel share in common. Old Jabneel functions properly by casting lepers out, and New Jabneel operates smoothly because it allows lepers not to dwell on their supposed sins. This ideological caveat in the new settlement promotes equilibrium between the two states, by allowing two 'realities' with one well-defined difference. So if two versions of the same ideology (which is a paradox in itself) interpellate subjects in a way that ensures the effective reproduction of both New and Old Jabneel separately and in relation to each other, how does Egla eventually find herself isolated between the two, unable to find an adequate subjectivity for herself in either town? By placing Egla in this very situation—outside of the community, but very much within the grip of ideology—Pekić exposes
the ultimate ideological irony.

Unfortunately for Egla, once she is cleansed of her leprosy by a “miracle,” her unique condition prevents her from being judged able to perpetuate either state or its corresponding apparatuses, and no state exists which will interpellate her as anything but an outcast. Until Egla’s miracle, examples of clean people who become lepers, and who are then cleansed again, are rare, if not completely mythical. She had already been interpellated as a sinner in Old Jabneel, and simply as a divine mistake in New Jabneel. Jeroboam, her first husband, confirms this situation upon her return to the old town by asking, “What about your heart, your circulation and especially your brain which enclosed like an egg, may still contain the murderous germs of leprosy?” (56). In this instance, he hails her as outwardly clean, but by evoking images of the heart and the brain, alludes to the possibility that she still carries an invisible, ideologically determined disease, just as she supposedly did when she was first exiled. Since the label of unclean had “always already” been waiting for her in Old Jabneel, it was still “always already” there when she returned.

Paradoxically, after being banished from Old Jabneel for the second time, she finds that her old interpellation as someone who benefited the leper colony of New Jabneel is no longer waiting for her. The new type of subject she becomes—an enemy, a clean person—was always present, but simply ‘finds’ Egla now that she no longer shows signs of leprosy. With this final interpellation, Pekić demonstrates “that there is no ideology except for concrete subjects, and this destination is only made possible by the subject” (Althusser, 170). What is ironic about Egla’s ‘concreteness’ is that she demonstrates little adherence to any official ideology in either settlement throughout the narrative. In the beginning of the story, in Old Jabneel, she retorts to Jeroboam, “A lot Egla cares about such nonsense,” (22) referring to religion. Later, as she is being stoned out of New Jabneel, and she realizes this same religion continues to place her in this desperate state of existence, she thinks to herself, “As far as [Jesus] was concerned...he had succeeded, but the vengeance for that defiance had fallen on her head. Certainly there was no accord between Father and Son” (68). The supposed “God-man” has healed her of leprosy, but this miracle only confirms her perpetual lack of faith. Perhaps most ironically, though, this internal, abstract lack of faith has no relation to her status as an outcast. She could have gone on living in either town just as easily with it. Only her physical appearance causes her to be “hailed” the same way in both places with competing ideological apparatuses: as an ‘Other.’

A true “concrete individual,” Egla becomes “constituted” into many types of subjects, based purely on the materiality of whatever happens to
be her present physical situation. Through these disparate characterizations, Pekić underscores the irony and confused logic involved in the statement “Kneel down, move your lips in prayer and you will believe,” and Egla’s ordeal allegorizes it. From her original to her final exile, these reversals and re-reversals proceed in the following order: in Old Jabneel, because she is a leper, she must be a sinner; in New Jabneel, because she is a leper, she must be wrongly condemned; in Old Jabneel, because she is outwardly clean again, she must still be unclean inside; and finally, in New Jabneel, because she is outwardly clean again, she no longer embodies the moral characteristics necessary to reside there. None of these “constitutions” is a concrete fact following from her actions, but a subjective inversion based on either her geographic location or physical appearance. As an outcast in both Old and New Jabneel, Egla finally and paradoxically achieves an identical subjectivity under two opposing ideologies and becomes an ideological “destination” par excellence.

HAJDE ZABORAVIMO SVE
Music by George Gershwin
Lyrics by Nada Petković

Stvari su se mnoge zbile
Ljubav to je čudna stvar
Ti mi ištes OVO, ONO
Ja ti dajem TAK i TO

Kako ćemo nastaviti
Tražim neki novi znak
Mi gledamo svaki svoje
Život više nije lak!

Ja kažem NEKO a ti kažes NETKO
Ja velim NIKO a ti veliš NITKO
NEKO, NETKO, NIKO, NITKO-
Hajd’ bona, zaboravimo sve!

Ja pijem MLJEKO a ti pijes MLEKO
Moje je BIJELO a tvoje je BELO;
MLEKO, MLJEKO, BELO, BIJELO -
Hajde da otkaæemo sve!
Ali, o, ako se razidemo, nećemo se više čuti
I, o, ako se razidemo, ja ću da ćutim a ti ćes da ćutis.

Ja se BRINEM a ti ne HAJEŠ;
Ja stalno IŠTEM a ti uvek DAJEŠ;
BRINEM, HAJEŠ, IŠTEM, DAJEŠ -
Hajde, da odkažemo sve.

Ja kuvam SUPU a ti kuhaš JUHU
U mojoj je MUVA, ti našla si MUHU;
SUPA, JUHA, MUVA, MUHA-
Bolan, zaboravimo sve!

Ali, o, ako se razidemo, nećemo se više čuti
I, o, ako se razidemo, ja ću da ćutim a ti ćes da ćutis.

Ti hoćeš na VAZDUH, ja hoću na ZRAK
Po tebi je ŠKURO za mene je MRAK;
VAZDUH, ZRAK, ŠKURO, MRAK-
Pa, neka sve odnese vrag!

Ti letuješ u JULU, a ja već u SRPNJU
na trideset GRADI, na visokom STUPNJU;
JULI, SRPANJ, GRADI, STUPANJ-
Hajde da pomirimo se!
Ma daj! Hajde pomirimo se.

Ali, čuj još smo uvek skupa tu i TI i JA
I sve, sve što smo zabraljali se spasti da!
Lala, la, lala, la, lala la lala...
CONTRIBUTORS

Gustaf Bruze is a third year Ph.D. student in the department of economics. Born and raised in Sweden, he lived in Stockholm before coming to Chicago and took classes in Serbo-Croatian in the city of Uppsala.

H. Zeynep Bultugil is a native of Istanbul, Turkey. She is a Ph.D. candidate in the Department of Political Science at the University of Chicago. She will be spending next year at Yale University working on her dissertation.

Quinn Carey, originally from Seattle, Washington, is a second year B.A./M.A. candidate in Slavic Linguistics. She doesn’t speak BCS so much as mangled Rusherbian. She makes movies with somewhat more success.

Caitlin Casey is BCS’s distance swimmer, where she swims for the University of Chicago Lab School. In addition to studying her patriarchal heritage, Nada’s class has given Caitlin a glimpse of University life before she returns to Hyde Park as a First Year in the College next autumn. Caitlin’s talents are not limited only to aquatics, but also the musical arts; she has played the tambourine for seven years.

Chris Chitty is a second year in the College. He is an International Studies concentrator with an interest in the Balkans. He can be found spending his free time shopping in the fabulous designer stores along Michigan Ave, and East Oak Street with money he wishes he had. He is very interested in the plight of those who labor to produce his clothes in third world countries around the globe, and hopes to someday work toward their emancipation from what is essentially slave labor for his fashion palette. BCS is his second foreign language after French, and he plans to use his linguistic abilities to help mediate world conflicts around the globe. In addition to being generally absurd, he is committed to his studies and to attending Law School upon graduation from the College. He loves his BCSN professor, Nada, very much.

Chris Cornelius is a fourth-year history major on the five-year graduation plan. He wandered into first-year BCS looking for a challenge and, despite his best efforts to escape it, is still caught in its grasp. In his free time, Chris is on the U of C Mock Trial team, and is just about to turn pro in the national procrastination circuit. He doesn’t like to talk about his future plans, but they will probably involve teaching something to someone, somewhere.

Erik Houle is a second year graduate student in Slavic Linguistics from sunny Southern California. The “Old Man” and “the Smoker” of the first year BCS class, Erik is currently narrowing down his interests and working toward a successful completion of his second year. His growing interest in the Balkans and South Slavic will take him to Bulgaria this summer and, with any luck, to Belgrade next summer. Having studied Russian, Polish and Bulgarian prior to BCS, Erik’s innate ability to come up with an incorrect answer in BCS often leaves him and the rest of the class wondering what the heck he’s saying!
Chris Hummel was born in Dallas, Texas. Chris grew up in south Florida amid palm trees, rednecks, and old people. Deciding that two seasons (tourist and rainy) were not enough, he moved north to attend Dartmouth College. Following his bachelor's degree in religion, Chris migrated to Zagreb, Croatia, where he bummed around on a government fellowship. He is now completing a M.A. in comparative religion with a focus on religion and violence at the Divinity School.

Ayse Kocakulah was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, a small, pronvicial, midwestern town. She became interested in the Balkans while researching a large paper about the genesis of modern international law. She has since spent many hours poring over various documents related to the Balkans. Also an accomplished actor, Ayse can be seen in numerous University Theater productions. She enjoys ice cream, balloons, and bubbles.

Brian Kolva is from Oswego, NY and is enjoying his first year in the college. In the fall, he plays for the varsity soccer team. Since the end of the soccer season, he has spent most of my time figuring out new and exciting ways to waste time and avoid doing work. Whenever this fails he can be found playing soccer or doing something soccer related.

Ben Kraft is in the Master of Arts Program in the Humanities here at the University of Chicago. Ben is 24 years old and a graduate of The College of New Jersey (not to be confused with Princeton or Rutgers), which is located right outside of historic Trenton, New Jersey. He used to have hobbies and interests before attending the University of Chicago, but now can't remember what they were. Ben spends most of his time writing papers and trying to figure out not only what to do for a career, but who will hire somebody with two liberal arts degrees and no marketable skills. However, he does enjoy learning Serbo-Croatian, and wouldn't mind applying some of the skills he doesn't have to a job there in the future.

Will McKinstry is a corn-fed Buckeye who is anxiously waiting his senior year. A third year concentrator in Psychology and working on his minor in Slavic Languages, he spends his weeks donning the Air Force uniform (ROTC), working as law intern downtown, tutoring elementary school children, and sleeping in the Regenstein Library. During his free time, he enjoys running marathons and mountain climbing. Much to the chagrin of Europeans, this college frat boy will be spending this summer in the former Yugoslavia.

Peter Norstedt (better known as Petar to his Slavic colleagues) is currently a 3rd year biology concentrator in the College and a first year in BCS. A native of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, he is one among the 3rd-American-born generation of the Odanovic family lineage. His main interests include music, soccer, travel, and foreign languages; he has studied Spanish and Arabic in addition to BCS. Other endeavors at the university include community service, biomedical research, tutoring, Model United Nations, and a deep love affair with the Regenstein Library. Peter works with cancer patients at the University of Chicago Hospitals on a weekly basis and plans to attend medical school after graduation.
David Paunesku was born in Belgrade in 1983 and moved to the Chicago area in 1991 when his mother’s lab was transferred to the Argonne National Laboratory. Upon graduating from Downers Grove North High School in 2001, David came to University of Chicago. After some initial exploration, he decided on a concentration in psychology. Starting last Fall Quarter, he enrolled in BCS to regain the capability to speak Serbian, which was since coming to the US. Though he believes that he has a long way to go before regaining the fluency possessed when he was young, he is very excited to be making progress in BCS.

Senad Osmanović was born on January 6, 1983 in Belgrade, Yugoslavia to a Bosnian father and a Serbian mother. After the violent break-up of the Yugoslav Republic, the family moved to Chicago where his parents resumed work as physicians and soon after Senad’s sister, Ivana, was born. Senad is currently a third-year at the University of Chicago, concentrating in biological sciences. After graduation, he plans to attend medical school, but might take some time off to travel first. Outside of school he enjoys playing sports and music.

May 30 Dress Rehearsal for the Slavic Show at Nada’s

Ibrahim Senay, born and raised in Istanbul, is a PhD candidate in the Psychology Department. Ibrahim completed his undergraduate degree in Turkey before coming to Chicago in 2001.

Dee Shop was born in Kansas. Dee grew up the oldest of seven home-schooled children. A first year in the College, she plans to concentrate in Linguistics. She accepted an U.S. Army ROTC scholarship in 2002. Her career of choice would be military translator or an ambassador’s advisor. Dee loves to read, sleep, dance, the words kikiriki, and haphazard, vanilla ice cream, and Celtic ruins, but hates leeks, unicorns, bad grammar, water guns, and wax sculptures.
Rachel Stipanuk is a third year in the college, concentrating in Anthropology with a minor in Slavic Languages and Literature. An avid fan of the Slavic Department and her experiences in BCSN, she plans on traveling to Belgrade this summer for Serbian language intensive study. She hopes to go on to do fieldwork in the former Yugoslavia, frequenting the Dalmatian coast as much as possible “for research purposes,” of course...

Rada Yovovich is in her second year in the University, as well as her second year in BCS. She plans to complete her concentration in Fundamentals: Issues and Texts. She is grateful to Nada for enabling her to communicate with those of her family members who do not speak English; as opposed to just smiling and wishing she knew what was going on.

Niko Banac is a first year at the University of Chicago. He has not yet decided on a major.
The Department of
SLAVIC
Languages & Literatures