Department of Slavic Languages & Literatures

lepтир машна, leptir mašna

the literary magazine of students in balkan studies

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We dedicate this issue to Bill Darden and wish him a long and happy retirement.
There is an old saying in Serbian: “Што је брзо то је кусо.” [“Haste makes waste.”] With this in mind we allowed an extra nine months to perfect the 2005 issue of Лептир машина.

The content of this year’s issue reflects the way in which our students have grappled with some of the classic literary work from the former Yugoslavia. Throughout the 2004/05 academic year, students in the intermediate and advanced level of language study concentrated on translations of various prose texts. Therefore, we have the pleasure to present selected examples of these efforts. The most significant project was a translation of Laza Lazarević’s novella, Џабица, which has never before been translated into English. This translation was a collaborative in-class effort by Ayşe Kocakulah, Rada Yovovich, and William McKinstry, undergraduate students in the advanced level course. The first ten pages of this 45-page work are available here for your enjoyment. Additionally, it is our honor to include a prize-winning translation of an excerpt from Ivo Andrić’s, Проклета авлија. Other pieces of writing in this issue also are concerned with broader literary and artistic topics and themes. And, as always, we have carefully selected pieces of creative writing done as part of the curriculum in both the elementary and intermediate levels of BCS.

For the first time, we have also accepted submissions from “guest contributors” (Gastmitarbeitern, if we may): students from Northwestern University and Indiana University’s Summer 2004 Workshop in Slavic, East European, and Central Asian Languages (SWSEEL). It gives us great delight to welcome writing from a wide range of students, and we hope that this spirit of collaboration will continue to flourish in the future.

In conclusion, we would like to extend our deepest thanks to the students represented in this volume for their everlasting enthusiasm. Special thanks to Will McKinstry, whose editorial ef-
Forces were cut short by the tragic event of graduation. Last but not least, very special thanks to Quinn Carey, without whose ingenious technical skills this issue would consist only of double-sided Word documents held together with a fancy imported paper clip.

Nada Petkovic
Editor-in-Chief

Andy Dombrowski
Assistant Editor
March 2006
STU MCKENZY, guest contributor, graduate student in the Slavic Department at Indiana University. He attended the Intermediate level BCS course at the 2004 SWETSL Summer Workshop at Indiana University.

WILL MCKINSTRY was enjoying the final quarter of his University of Chicago experience. Tired, frustrated, and burned out, he spends his time either in the Regenstein or furiously typing his BA.

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КЊИЖЕВНОСТ И ИСТОРИЈА
Нина Тјурина

Један писац је казао да је књижевност у Русији историја. Може бити, то је истина. Књижевност других земаља, посебно западних, само је слична са збињом, и она не жели бити ништа више. А у земљама као Русија и Србија књижевност ради стварност, зато што људи верују да њихова будућност зависи од њихове историје, а знају историју из књига.

У Русији, имамо много писаца који пишу о историји своје земље тако реалистично да њихове књиге могу да буду историјски уџбеници. Неки аутори су описали историју са свим ратовима, политичким променаме, и великим људима. Други воле да пишу о историји обичних људи, који су живели своје обичне животе, волели су, трпели су, и веровали су у то што су им њихове вође казали.

Мислим да такве књиге нам кажу више него сви политички часописи и озбиљне теорије.

Oh, my friend, can you imagine her little hand!
From that time, there were hundreds of such little things. I haven’t told you – why should I? The most important thing is that the two of us are friends. O, how many things she has told me! I would in all these conversations find more and more substance that attracted me so much, but I don’t know if I’m being honest enough when I tell you that I’m not in love (sit venia verbo).

But why all of this? A game, foolish little game! I work less and less and I’m more and more preoccupied with her. Everything’s turned upside-down.

But I’m still not that deep into it that I cannot withdraw, and on the other hand it’s about time that I give up this business which I’m not meant for. I will do it, I swear to you,

Your Devoted Friend
As I pretended to continue, I found Marseillaise.

“And do you like this?”

She looked at the picture for a few moments and then spoke naively:

“I don’t know what one can like here. Especially in your book. Must be that this is le plus âpre lettre. There are only a few characters with the whole nose. Everything is so smudged that it is barely recognizable. It’s no good, not at all.”

She started sweetly laughing and teased me:

“Take your book away! They call these pictures? They look like our cook made them using the pole from a butter churn!”

I protested and kept the book open that she tried to close.

“Oh, you believe you can close it by force? You are wrong.”

She tried even harder to close the book. In the end, I suddenly let it go and both halves slammed shut and lightly pinched her finger. I pressed the book cover trapping her finger. Finally, she managed to free it, but she skinned her finger slightly, and at the same time tore a piece of paper from the book.

“So sorry!” we said in unison – she, for tearing a page and I for injuring her finger.

“Please,” I said, “although I only have the right to beg for forgiveness, still I do not exercise my right because there is an agreement not to be angry with each other, so we don’t ask for pardon.”

“I can prove that I have more right than you, but since that right was revoked at the international Serbian-German Congress, I am not going to use it. Therefore, I am not asking to be pardoned.” And she started laughing sweetly.

If it weren’t for Don Carlos’s presence in the room, I don’t know what I would have said, she was so sweet.

The clock struck four.

“Now I must go. I have to tell you that I am afraid that you will regret signing such an agreement with me, because... never mind! No, I hope you give me your hand because if you don’t, I don’t even have the comfort of being angry.”

She extended her hand and laughed.

Uz pomoć nekolikih prijatelja se preselio se iz Londona u Njujork. Tamo je imao više slobode i novaca i uživao je u kulturi Njujorka. Međutim, posle nekoliko godina u Njujorku, nije mu više prijao taj život, i tražio je nešto više od života u gradu. Četvrtog jula je sedeo u donjem Njujorku, kad nije bio nikoga na ulicama. Zgrade su bile prazne, i grad je bio tih. Razmišljao je o životu u gradu i shvatio je, da problem sa životom u gradu je da nema više veze između građana i zemlje. Rekao je sebi nešto. Ponovo se preselio, ovaj put na selo, gde će moći obnoviti svoje veze sa zemljom. I u selu je imao tegoban život, tako je bilo nekoliko teških godina, ali je osećao i tada mnogo bolje nego ranije.


“Nice weather,” I said, restraining my laughter. She pouted her lips like a child.
“Ah, you are like a spoiled child.”
“No more talk about this. Give me your hand. We made our peace.”
She extended her hand, turning her head towards the window. I squeezed her hand.

Don Carlos, who at that moment was given a bottle of beer, coughed somewhat too loudly. I had leaned over the book and looked at the illustration.
“Ape,” she whispered as her response to Carlos’s cough.

I felt extremely pleased. She has never before spoken in my presence poorly of any member of our house.
“Listen to me, Miss. Let’s make a contract that neither of us can be angry about anything.”
“You get angry. I never get angry.”
“Who knows? Would you accept my proposal?”
She waved her hand to strike mine and then she put it softly on my palm, pressing it a little bit.
“I agree!”
I don’t know why I was so overjoyed. It seemed to me that I was now bound into a friendship.

Then I pulled my chair closer to her and continued to leaf through the Erckmann - Chatrian book.
I came across a couple in an embrace.
“Do you like this?”
She pouted her lips.
Again we came across a similar picture.
“And this one?”
She looked at me with a sharp stare, I lost the desire to joke and my questions seemed tasteless.
LETTER V

I don’t know how you came to that conclusion in your last letter. “You love each other, when you kiss each other you’ll see that I am not wrong.” You don’t know that by saying it you made me fantasize. Your conclusion is true, to a point: since my last letter I did not stop “dreaming about her.” As I had written to you that I thought I would do.

I also have cause to apologize to you – I was “cross” with her. I told you how I left the room and she did not give me her hand.

The next day I entered the dining room for breakfast very seriously (usually, you know, it’s fun and games). There was no one else, but we did not talk to each other. As soon as I had my cup of coffee I left.

“Good bye.”
“Good bye.”
She did not even ask me where I was going as she usually does. I returned for lunch at two o’clock. She softened a little. She struck me as surprisingly sweet.

During lunch I unintentionally touched her with my elbow.
“Mille pardons!” I bowed chivalrously.
She shook her head: you’re not excused.
To punish her, I touched her with my elbow once again.
She made a childish pout and looked at me protesting: why are you touching me?
Others were carried away in their conversation. I clinked her glass and whispered to her:
“To your health!”
She nodded her head.
Thus we reconciled. Well, am I wrong or is she really happy?
After lunch, she sat next to the window and leafed through the book, L’histoire d’un paysan - Erckmann-Chatrian. I stood above her.

“Nice weather,” I said, restraining my laughter. She

Lepo je opisano u priči kako se Rosicky pripremio za svoju smrt. Ipak nije znao da će umreti, spremao je svoju prodicu za smrt. U njegovom životu, Rosicky je radio za radost svoje porodice i prijatelja. Kad je umro, njegov život i ljubav su se nastavili u životima na koje je uticao. Sviđa mi se razmišljati o smrti u toj priči jer se ne vidi smrt kao nešto nerazumljivo i strano, već kao spavanje, obnavljanje, i ponovo sjedinjenje sa prijateljima i porodicom.

“What will you do with it?”
“Just give it to me, I know what to do.”
She smiled obligingly.
“You can have it, if you cut it off.”
“Never mind, I’m happy to know that it’s mine.” She nodded her head in approval.

I took her tiny finger and started caressing it. I held it for a while in my hand, and then she very carefully, as if she was not aware of what she was doing, pulled away and continued to knit.

Five minutes later, I pulled out my watch.
“Eleven, already. You know,” I said jokingly, “that I’m ill, and you still do not tell me to go to bed. And silly me, not to go on my own but to bother you with idle chatter. I know the time is long when you are with me.”

“If you know, then why don’t you go?”
It seemed to me that she meant: “Don’t make me tell you that I love you.” But still I got up to leave.

“Good night. Give me your hand at least.”
Without looking at me, she bid “Goodnight,” but she did not give me her hand.

“Miss, I didn’t deserve this treatment. Well, goodnight then.”

I came to my room. I don’t know why, but I felt upset.
I should not get so carried away, I thought. I should let go of this. There is nothing there that I thought there was. And in the end it should not be. What did I expect? That she...

Foolish. I spent the whole evening with her and still have so much to do. It would have been better if I had done something productive rather than staring into her eyes. What was the point?
I brewed some tea and worked till three in the morning to make up for the lost time.

When I lay in bed she entered my thoughts.
Go away! I have my own business, I’m a Serb, I have my old mother, I have a duty – no one should bother me!

My dear friend, that’s the end of the story. Anyway you did not expect anything more, you know me.

Your Devoted Friend
memory, and to me it sounded more beautiful than ever. Ana took out her needlework. I cracked the nuts and she dipped them in honey. Popesku didn’t want to eat. Then again he restarted Weber’s Aufforderung zum Tanze.

I stood up and got a glass of water. I drank half the glass.

“Ah, forgive me, I didn’t bring you one.”

She took my half-full glass.

“I drank from that glass; wait I’ll rinse it for you, and then I’ll fill it.” I reached for the glass.

She snatched the glass and finished it quickly.

“But, Miss!”

She appeared insulted. She didn’t want to say anything else.

We were both silent. Popesku finished playing the piano, closed the lid and stood.

“Good night!” He said.

“Good night!” We responded.

When we were left alone, I rested my head on my hand and looked into her eyes as they focused on her needlework. She noticed that I was looking at her; she did not take her eyes off the work for one moment.

“Miss, your finger is my patient,” I said. (She scalded it with boiling water. After the blister had burst, I applied silver nitrate to it.) “I have the right to check on it anytime. Please give me your hand!”

I reached for the hand and began to examine her finger that I treated long before she left for Gota.

She didn’t pull her hand away but appeared more sullen than I wanted her to be.

This is a good opportunity to peek into her heart, I thought.

“Miss, let me have this precious finger.”

She stared at the finger. She shook her head as a sign of refusal.

“You will not grant me even one finger?” I didn’t expect this. God knows, I said that with a lot of feeling, as if her distance had hurt me.

The story begins when a doctor tells him he has a problem with his heart, and should not work anymore. It is difficult for Rosicky not to work. Although he has five children who can work in the fields, Rosicky worries about his oldest son Rudolf and his young wife Polly. Because he cannot work, Rosicky thinks a lot about his work and family. When he was sitting in Lower New York, he thought only about himself, then he thought about his children. He thinks about what kind of life his oldest son would have if he worked in Omaha or New York. He decided that “the worst you can become in the small town is better than the best you can become in the city.” One day, Rosicky decided to help his youngest son and work on his field. While he was working, Rosicky began to get sick. Polly ran out of the house and helped him to return into the house. The next day Rosicky died from heart illness.

The story beautifully described how Rosicky prepared for his death. Although he didn’t know that he was going to die, he prepared his family for death. In his life, Rosicky worked for the joy of family and friends. When he died, his life and love continued in the lives that he touched. I like how this story conceives of death, because it does not see death as something incomprehensible and strange, but as sleep, renewal, and renewed unification with friends and family.
FANTASTIČNA PRIČA
Christian Hilchey

Pažljivo slušajte važne riječi koje ću vam sada ispričati. Svi događaji koje ću opisati su istiniti. Nitko, niti ja, nije vjerovao da to može biti istina, ali onda sam morao istinu pogledati u oči i suočio sam se s time da me sudbina želi ubiti. Umjesto da učim, Sudbina hoće da se bilo što desi, čak i da budem mrtav i zbog toga me često pokušava ubiti. Dakle, moram vam pokazati kakve imam odnose sa Sudbinom, jer ljudi moraju znati istinu i ako bih bio uništen od okrutne, nemilosrdne Sudbine, znat ćete koga proglasti krivim. Ali pazite da Sudbina ne pokuša ubiti i vas!

Sve je počelo prije šest godina kada sam počeo studirati na sveučilištu (University of Virgina). Prvog tjedna semestra bio sam kod doktora i otkrilo se da imam mali problem sa bubregom. Nisam mogao vjerovati da je to moguće...nisam nikada imao ni manjeg problema sa zdravljem i sada su me htjeli operisati od problema sa bubregom. Tada nisam znao, da me Sudbina već pokušava ubiti. Pa onda sam bio svaki dan kod doktora, pravili su se određene procedura i izbacio su mali problem sa bubregom. Nisam mogao vjerovati da je to moguće...nisam nikada imao ni manjeg problema sa zdravljem i sada su me htjeli operisati od problema sa bubregom. Tada nisam znao, da me Sudbina već pokušava ubiti. Pa onda sam bio svaki dan kod doktora, pravili su se određene procedura i izbacio su mali problem sa bubregom. Nisam mogao vjerovati da je to moguće...nisam nikada imao ni manjeg problema sa zdravljem i sada su me htjeli operisati od problema sa bubregom. Tada nisam znao, da me Sudbina već pokušava ubiti. Pa onda sam bio svaki dan kod doktora, pravili su se određene procedura i izbacio su mali problem sa bubregom. Nisam mogao vjerovati da je to moguće...nisam nikada imao ni manjeg problema sa zdravljem i sada su me htjeli operisati od problema sa bubregom. Tada nisam znao, da me Sudbina već pokušava ubiti. Pa onda sam bio svaki dan kod doktora, pravili su se određene procedura i izbacio su mali problem sa bubregom. Nisam mogao vjerovati da je to moguće...nisam nikada imao ni manjeg problema sa zdravljem i sada su me htjeli operisati od problema sa bubregom. Tada nisam znao, da me Sudbina već pokušava ubiti. Pa onda sam bio svaki dan kod doktora, pravili su se određene procedura i izbacio su mali problem sa bubregom. Nisam mogao vjerovati da je to moguće...nisam nikada imao ni manjeg problema sa zdravljem i sada su me htjeli operisati od problema sa bubregom. Tada nisam znao, da me Sudbina već pokušava ubiti. Pa onda sam bio svaki dan kod doktora, pravili su se određene procedura i izbacio su mali problem sa bubregom. Nisam mogao vjerovati da je to moguće...nisam nikada imao ni manjeg problema sa zdravljem i sada su me htjeli operisati od problema sa bubregom. Tada nisam znao, da me Sudbina već pokušava ubiti. Pa onda sam bio svaki dan kod doktora, pravili su se određene procedura i izbacio su mali problem sa bubregom. Nisam mogao vjerovati da je to moguće...nisam nikada imao ni manjeg problema sa zdravljem i sada su me htjeli operisati od problema sa bubregom. Tada nisam znao, da me Sudbina već pokušava ubiti. Pa onda sam bio svaki dan kod doktora, pravili su se određene procedura i izbacio su mali problem sa bubregom. Nisam mogao vjerovati da je to moguće...nisam nikada imao ni manjeg problema sa zdravljem i sada su me htjeli operisati od problema sa bubregom. Tada nisam znao, da me Sudbina već pokušava ubiti. Pa onda sam bio svaki dan kod doktora, pravili su se određene procedura i izbacio su mali problem sa bubregom. Nisam mogao vjerovati da je to moguće...nisam nikada imao ni manjeg problema sa zdravljem i sada su me htjeli operisati od problema sa bubregom. Tada nisam znao, da me Sudbina već pokušava ubiti. Pa onda sam bio svaki dan kod doktora, pravili su se određene procedura i izbacio su mali problem...
“A,” she said in a voice that moved me, I couldn’t resist, “are you ill?”

“No, I was, Miss. And how did you know?”

She got a little confused.

“Mr. Tumanov told me,”

“Yes,” Mr. Tumanov told me in his typical fashion. “As soon as she opened the door, Miss inquired about you.”

I looked out of the corner of my eye. She pretended that she wasn’t listening anymore, and continued to unpack the gifts for her mother.

I sat in a corner near the hearth and watched her. Maybe because I missed her or maybe because she was flushed from the road, she appeared to me exceptionally beautiful.

I didn’t say anything else. When her mother left to see to the dinner and Popesku went to buy tobacco, the two of us stayed alone.

Tumanov read the papers and asks every once and awhile: “Kak zta po russki.” She came and sat with me at the hearth.

“But you are now completely recovered?” she asked me, with hesitation.

“I am on the way to being completely recovered.”

“But you are so pale!”

“I haven’t eaten anything for eight days.”

“Thank God it’s almost behind you. You don’t take good care of yourself, and you are the doctor!” And then she burst into laughter. “I cannot do anything against your orders and yet you won’t let yourself notice anything. From now on, so help me God, I’m not going to listen to you.”

“You? No, you were always a good patient. You won’t jeopardize that reputation now, especially under my watch, please.” And I started to laugh, wanting to show her that I didn’t think that she cared about me so much.

She did not say anything in response. I made another discrete glance, but she didn’t look at me. It seemed as if I posed a question that she couldn’t answer, and as if I cared a lot about her. These kinds of situations irritated me. It bothers me to no end whether she actually cares for me as much as you all assure me.

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A FANTASTIC STORY
by
Christian Hilchey

Listen carefully to the important words which I will now say to you. All the events which I will describe are true. No one, not even me, believed that this could be the truth, but now I have had to look the truth in the eye and face the fact that fate wants to kill me. Instead of me studying, Fate wants anything to happen, even that I die, and because of that often tries to kill me. Therefore, I must show you what sort of relationship I have with Fate, because people must know the truth, and if I am destroyed by cruel and cold-hearted Fate, you will know who to find guilty. But take care that Fate doesn’t try to kill you as well!

It all began six years ago when I started studying at the University of Virginia. The first week of the semester, I was at the doctor’s, and it turned out that I had a small problem with my kidney. I couldn’t believe that it was possible...I had never had even the slightest problem with my health, and now they wanted to operate on me because of the problem with the kidney. I did not know then that Fate was already trying to kill me. And then I was at the doctor’s every day, they performed tests on my body. Finally, on the Friday of that week, they operated on me, sent me home, and I recovered for a week. I had a lot of work and I had to pause a little from my studies due to the medicine that they gave me for the illness. After a week, I could study again, but if things had turned out differently, perhaps I wouldn’t have been able to study any more. Vengeful and implacable Fate hadn’t had enough, and wanted to kill me even more and more.
časovi, jednog dana uvečer sam išao u planine da se skijam. Bilo je već kasno, tamno i hladno i želio sam ići kući. Bio sam na vrhu planine i trebao sam sćići dole da se vratim gdje sam parkirao auto. Subdina je morala znati da silazim dole poslednji put, jer me je odlučila oštetići. Bio je svuda led jer je ranije bilo toplije i snijeg se malo rastopio. Skijao sam se brže nego što sam se ikada skijao ali Sudbina me je uhvatila. Kliznuo sam i pao na snijeg i led i dalje se ne sjećam. Očividno su me našli na stazi i odvezli su me u skijaški centar. Onda smo išli ambulantim kolima u bolnicu. Imao sam potres mozga i slomljenu ruku. Još jedan put me je grozna Sudbina pokušala ubiti, ali ja sam pobjedio, iako baš u to vreme nisam znao da me hoće ubiti.


You know that he’s well informed in our affairs. Now, he is translating the memoirs of Prota Nenadovic into Russian. You still don’t know the two Romanians who are with us; one is a high school student here, the other a mathematician - a very good and responsible man.

LETTER IV

You wonder, I’m sure, why I’ve been silent – I am ill, or, better to say I was ill. I didn’t want to write to you, for fear that you’d worry, but now everything is fine. Even after this hiatus I still have nothing to write to you about.

From my last letter with my story with Ana, you didn’t draw any conclusions and asked to tell you only in details what happened between us. And twice you underlined the words in detail.

Fine, my friend. You don’t realize that you yourself are the one who creates this kind of drama. I now pay attention to every little gesture. You are actually to be blamed that I started to be interested in her, to tell you honestly, more than I’d like to be. I keep thinking: what should I write him now?

Here is what I gathered for this short letter, as my letters usually are.

When she arrived from Gota, I was feeling better enough that I even had lunch with them. Until then I ate in my room because I was too lazy to get dressed. She arrived in the evening; I heard Popesku and Tumanov open the doors excitedly and how the whole house suddenly became filled with joy. Tumanov ran into my room (I don’t know what’s gotten into him) and sure that I would be happy to hear the news: “C’mon, Ana has arrived!” I got dressed and went to the dinning room to eat.

When I entered the room, she was pulling out some gifts that her sister had sent to her mother.
Spalding took his razor to sharpen the pencil. He reads the paper all day long from the over-filled display rack. He sinks into the sofa and pulls them out, one after another. Sometimes having found something very important, he pulls it away, holding it in his left hand and looking at it from a distance. Then with his right hand, he hits the paper and looks at the person sitting closest to him and nods his head importantly and exclaims: Natürlich or Na-nu or Donnerwetter noch einmal! And then he starts attentively underlining everything in red pencil and after he blows away little particles on the paper, and sits comfortably on the sofa and continues to read.

These underlined pages are used the following by Ana’s mother to wrap the jars of compote.

He still talks without stopping about the war with France. About the world consisting only of Germans, about “the might of the German Empire,” etc, etc. His nose already got red, and as he enters through the door you can hear how the beer shakes in his belly. Tumanov will usually whispers, “Kraftige deustche Natur!” and spits.

Spalding, as he has always been in front of everybody, talks about his hatred of Germans. He beats up waiters when they want to cheat him for ten cents, but then he gives them a dinar for a tip. He drags his German-English dictionary all the time wherever he goes and has beefcake tartar for breakfast. I follow so that I can learn as much English as I can, and then I talk to her.

Her brother, the lieutenant, is bland in the same way. He’s ecstatic when he can assure us that he can’t wait to fight the French again: die Hunde haben noch immer die Jacke nicht voll. When there is talk about Serbia he keeps on insisting that we need to start a war with the Turks, and with any luck defeat them.

“Eh, if you people had just one of our corps, you would easily be done with the Turks!”

I had enough:

“If you knew the Serbian army and its campaigns, you would be embarrassed to say such a thing.”

Tumanov started to tell a story in his mangled German.

At the beginning of the next semester I hurt myself again. The first week of school, two days before our classes began, I went one evening to the mountains to go skiing. It was already late, dark, and cold, and I wanted to go home. I was on the peak of the mountain and I needed to go downhill in order to return to where I had parked my car. Fate must have known that I was going downhill for the last time, because it decided to damage me. There was ice everywhere because earlier it had been warmer and the snow had melted a little. I was skiing faster than I had ever skied but Fate caught me. I slipped and fell onto the snow and ice and I don’t remember anything afterwards. Evidently they found me on the path and took me to the ski center. Then we went in an ambulance to the hospital. I had a concussion and a broken arm. Terrible Fate tried to kill me yet again, but I won, although at that time I still didn’t know that it was trying to kill me.

Several months later I started to study Russian in summer school. Along with the other students I moved into the “Russian house” for the summer, I bought food and put it in the refrigerator. I didn’t know that the refrigerator did not work well and did not chill the food in it enough. I had a large steak and the next day I cooked and ate the steak. At night I felt very poorly. I felt bad and didn’t know why. My stomach hurt and I was unable to move. A friend of mine took me to the hospital and I stayed there until the next day due to food poisoning. Because we studied Russian for six hours every day, it was very important for us to attend every class. I was afraid that I would no longer be able to study in summer school. Fate almost won. But I talked with the professor and with great courage I decided to continue with my studies. I fought with Fate and then began to understand what I had not understood until then...that Fate is my eternal foe. But who can defeat Fate? If not me, then who?

Two months later a new semester started again. I was prepared for anything. If I am fated to die, it won’t be easy, and I will fight until the end of my life. I told my friends that some
Za dva mjeseca se opet počinjao novi semestar. Bio sam spreman za bilo što. Ako mi je suđeno da umrem, neće to biti lako i borit ću se do konca života. Pričao sam sa svim svojim prijateljima da će se nešto mora desiti, ipak nisam znao tačno kada, gdje i kako. Samo sam znao da će se nešto desiti na početku novog semestra. Onda, prvog tjedna novog semestra sam radio u knjižari za udžbenike i jednog dana sam se vraćao na posao poslije objeda. Vozio sam se na biciklu pored auta koji su bili zaustavljeni ispred semafora. Naglo nekoliko koraka preda mnom se otvorila vrata jednog auta. Nisam se mogao zaustaviti. Ukočio sam, preljetio sam upravljač, i sudarivši se sa vratima iskrivio sam vrata naprijed. Osim par ogrebotina, ništa se sa mnom uopće nije dogodilo. Svi smo bili sretni da sam to preživio jer Sudbina nije imala snage da me čak ni malo povrijedit. Dve i po godine su prošle bez ikakvih problema i činilo se da je Sudbina klonula duhom...ali onda me je osvetoljubiva Sudbina opet primijetila i vratila se sa osvetom...


Can you believe what crazy Nikola did - he shaved his mustache and enrolled in the Bursche! As the oldest medical student, I dared to give him a lecture. In response, he threatened to challenge me to a duel, at which Vidak the Smoker slapped him in the face.

Someone knocks at my door.
Ana calls me for dinner.

*Your Friend*

**LETTER III**

Since some time ago, our correspondence has been only about Ana. I do this perhaps, for a reason that you wouldn’t suspect: “Now he is silent, he is not writing anything about her. It is clear to me I know what it means!” You are just such a skeptic. Now at least you are going to believe that there is nothing between us, because she left to visit her sister in Gota five days ago. We are left alone - don’t laugh at me when I tell you that we are all somewhat sad. She kept us together; now we sit at the table silent and one can hear a pin drop. Max makes bad jokes at which we politely laugh. We talk to Tumanov a lot when we are in his room. Since it is hard for him to speak German, he hates to start when we are all together, and then he starts to speak Russian which no one else except for the two of us can understand - you know it’s very genant.

Our ‘Don Carlos’ continues to be a complete opposite of the name we gave him. He continuously looks furtively, combs his hair forward, wears short pants, large big shoes, and big red scarves on which he wipes his nose. He has a razor that has one side he uses only for bunions. I noticed that the other day when
You know she is not of age to ‘pursue love,’ to stand the whole night in front of the front gate and wait for the “lover” and kiss so passionately until they’re red in the face, in other words without giving God a second thought. I want to say: she’s not of age to play love scenes – giving “signals” like holding hands, meaning “be mine.” There is no such joke. A few more months and I am leaving school and standing on my own two feet, and even frivolous steps in love would be steps towards a marriage and you know very well that I cannot marry her. Dear God! What would my parents say? What would my friends, and in the end, especially you yourself? What’s more, she’s not even Serbian, maybe not even beautiful, but poor. And her family, at least her mother is all right, but the lieutenant and you know that I am getting too old for excess. At one time I thought I would be able to marry a maid, live with her on crumbs and be the happiest man. Perhaps, these years are the ones that make a man wiser. I would spit on them, but still I can’t be crazy. Everything passed. I would be embarrassed before the barber who shaves me three times a week.

Well, my dear friend! Without planning I made this introduction. Joca is to be blamed for this. When he visited us he spied on us and later he gossiped about it in front of you out of which you made this entire acquisition from which I am defending myself. The story is completed, believe me! I am only a gentleman with her: I accompany her on the piano when she sings; I pick pins when she drops them; I throw the cloak on her when she heads for a walk, etc. However, calmly and peacefully, I mind my own business and in two or three months I hope to become a doctor. Who will be worthy of me!
Sve je izgledalo da sam zauvijek pobjedio Sudbinu. Svršio sam školu, počeo sam raditi, sve je bilo u redu. Ali nedavno sam počeo ponovo studirati na Čikačkom Sveučilištu (University of Chicago) i ružna Sudbina se sa svom nevoljom vratila u moj život i pokušala me je ubiti. Prvog sijećanja sam bio u Češkoj i pao sam na rame i slomio ključnu kost. Umalo da se nisam mogao vratiti u Ameriku za školu jer sam bio nekoliko dana u bolnici i nisu me htjeli pustiti.

Ali ja sam snažan i neću dozvoliti da me trula Sudbina uzme u jamu mračnosti...ja ću se boriti! Imam mnogo ožiljaka od nje i svejedno mi je kako dugo ću se morati boriti, jer Sudbina ne određuje moju sudbinu!
Over the course of their Winter and Spring terms, the University of Chicago’s undergraduate students in advanced BCS (Ayse Koçakulah, Rada Yovovich, and William McKinstry) have translated a novella by the Serbian writer, Laza Lazarevic, Švabica. For the first time this classic piece of Serbian literature will be made available for English readers in the journal, Serbian Studies, edited by Bogdan Rakić. It will be published in this coming Fall’s edition (2005). This, the first 12 pages of the 45-page work, is available here for your enjoyment.

THE GERMAN GIRL
Laza Lazarevic

When I returned last year from Italy, this manuscript fell into my hands. I read it under the impressions left on me from Pompeii. When I was leaving from Pompeii, I sang the song, “Human Vanity Ceases at the Grave.” Oddly, that song was lingering on my mind even after this manuscript. What’s even more striking is that my companion in Italy, my friend and editor, when I read this incomplete manuscript to him, he offered to trade his album of Pompeii for it. I agreed to this swap, laughing at the old anecdote about moths and lava.

LETTER I
..................................................pleasant female company.............
Her mother, brother, a lieutenant...... manov, ...... Popesku, comptroller in the Ministry of Housing, one German student called Max ...... But you’re already familiar with the most prominent residents in these boarding houses, particularly her. During the day, we each are at work. For breakfast, lunch, and dinner we gather in the dining hall where there is also a piano and a dozen or so newspapers.

It seemed like I had defeated Fate forever. I finished school, began to work, everything was in order. But recently I started to study again, at the University of Chicago, and ugly Fate returned into my life with all of its misfortunes and tried to kill me. On January 1st I was in the Czech Republic and I fell on my shoulder and broke my clavicle. I almost wasn’t able to return to school in America because I was in the hospital for a few days and they didn’t want to let me out. Finally I was able to return to America and now I am happy that Fate does not hold power over me.

I am strong and I will not permit rotten fate to take me into its pit of darkness...I will fight! I have many scars from wretched Fate and I don’t care how long I will have to fight, because Fate does not determine my fate!
This is an old story about two brothers in a new and solemn form. Since time immemorial, two brother-opponents are reborn again and again in the world. One of them is older, wiser, stronger, more attuned to the world and real life, and to all that connects and inspires the majority of people; he is a man for whom everything comes easily, who knows at every moment what to do and what not to do, and who is always aware what can and cannot be demanded of others and of himself. The other brother is exactly opposite. A short life, ill fortune, and awkward beginnings are all he can expect; he is a man who constantly misses what is necessary, and moreover, what is possible. In the inevitable struggle with his older brother, he loses the battle before it begins.

The two brothers found themselves face to face when, in 1481, one day in May, Sultan Mehmed II the Conqueror died suddenly in the midst of a military campaign. The older brother, Beyazid was 34, and the younger Dzhem had just turned 24. Beyazid was the governor of Amasija, with its seat on the Black Sea, whereas Dzhem was the governor of Karamanija, in Konija. Beyazid was dark-complexioned, tall, slightly hunchbacked, composed and quiet, and Dzhem was stocky, blonde, strong, temperamental and restless. Dzhem, although still young, organized a circle of men of science, poets, and musicians at his court in Konija, and he himself wrote good poetry. On top of that he excelled at swimming, athletics and hunting. He was a “child of pleasure”, without restraint in his thoughts and pleasures to such an extent that, for him, the day was short and he borrowed from the night and his sleep as much time as possible in order to prolong it. He knew Greek and read Italian.

Beyazid was one of those people about who little is said. Cold-blooded, brave, and an
TEJA: Drama? Kakva drama?

LUKA: Tvoja drama.

TEJA: Druže Luka, ja sam pisao pesme, priče, pripovetke, eseje, ali drama nisam nikada, verujte mi. Nikada.

LUKA: Jesi, Teja.

TEJA: Kad, kad sam pisao?

LUKA: Sad.

NARATOR: Luka je izašao. On je ostavio magnetofon na Teji-nom stolu. Teja se vratio do stola, uvukao papir u mašinu, seo na stolicu i ponovo pritisnuo dugme na magnetofonu. Počeo je brzo, u jednom dahu, da prekucava dramu koja je tek bila snimljena.

EXCELLENT archer in battle, he knew his father’s great empire, its laws and regulations, its sources of income and relations with the rest of the world better, not only as the oldest and more experienced brother, but also because of his inclinations. He was one of those who at any given hour are occupied by one thought and one task only, and always the most useful and most needed at that.

In the race for the empty throne, Beyazid was faster and more skilled. Dzhem had more supporters, both at the court and in the army (It was known that Sultan Mehmed favored the younger son more and wanted him as successor). But Beyazid’s people were better connected both to him and among themselves, and worked faster. Beyazid reached Istanbul first and seized power. Immediately he began to ready the army against his brother, who, with his army, was on the way from Karamanija to Istanbul.

Dzhem’s army, under the command of Kedikpasha, arrived at Brusa, the ancient center of the Ottoman Empire, a beautiful green city on the slopes of tall mountains, and beset it with a battle. But Beyazid’s army was located on the plain near Ajaspas. Negotiations began. Each of the two brothers had sufficient arguments to his advantage in favor of his right to rule. Beyazid, older and steadier, was already accepted and recognized as the ruler in Istanbul. Dzhem based his right on different arguments. Beyazid was born during the reign of his grandfather, Murat II, while the brothers’ father was only heir to the throne, and his mother was a slave-woman. Dzhem was born after Mehmed II had already become sultan, and his mother was of royal stock from Serbia. Sultan Mehmed himself, during his life, while not openly saying anything, showed that his younger son was closer to him and that, in his soul, he saw him as the heir to the throne. Both brothers were spurred on by powerful pashas, led by real loyalty or by self-serving goals.

And as it always happens, each of the two brothers found sufficient confirmation in his surroundings and had enough faith in his right and his strength that he was able to do what he wanted and what he had already decided to do.

In such circumstances, negotiations could not bear fruit. When Dzhem sought his part of the empire in Asia, Beyazid calmly
replied that the empire is unified and indivisible, and that there can only be one sultan. He asked his brother to move to Jerusalem with his harem, and to live there in peace on the large sum of money that would be paid to him annually. Dzhem wouldn’t hear anything about that. The disagreement escalated to a battle. Beyazid had already succeeded in planting his own man, Jakub-beg, among Dzhem’s advisors. Dzhem lost the battle and barely escaped with his life. He fled to Egypt, where he was warmly received by the Egyptian Sultan, who welcomed this brotherly quarrel. Once again Dzhem tried his luck, with the help of the Egyptian Sultan, and once again he was defeated. Dzhem found himself on the coast of Asia Minor without an army, and with only a few of his most devoted men (His mother and wife with three small children stayed in Egypt). Cornered, knowing what awaited him if he was caught, he decided to flee to the Island of Rhodes, and there to seek asylum from the local Christian ruler.

Rhodes, which already had been besieged in vain for a few years under Mehmed II, found itself under the control of the powerful Catholic order of the Knights Hospitalers, and was a noteworthy fortified point of the Western Christian world. Dzhem had become acquainted with the knights earlier for he, on the order of his father, the sultan, had led negotiations with them. He turned to them with the request for asylum, and they, barely waiting, immediately sent a special galley, which transported him and his entire suite of 30 men from the coast to Rhodes.

There the insurgent and pretender to the throne was received with royal honors by the Grand Master of the knightly order, Pierre d’Aubisson, all the knightly brothers, and the entire population. The Grand Master again assured Dzhem that he was guaranteed freedom, the right of asylum, and agreed with him that it would be better to choose France as the country in which to live until his luck helped him return as sultan to Turkey.

Dzhem, with his suite, was sent to France. And d’Aubisson began to work on all sides in order to better take advantage of the unhappy prince in the interest of his Order, all of Christendom, and, also, for his own private interests. It was clear to him how important the prisoner he held in his hands was. Having been brought into

Ludak: Samo da vam objasnim, druže Luka. Ja sam predao rukopis...

LUKA: Napolje! Vuci se napolje! Znam ja tvoje rukopis.

NARATOR: Ludak je klimnuo glavom, pogledao me i napustio kancelariji. Marta me je posmatrala, kao da me prvi put vidi. Osmehnuo sam joj se.

TEJA: Marta, molim vas otkažite nam ručak, a zakažite večeru. Budite ljubazni, molim vas.

MARTA: Da otkažem ručak i zakažem večeru?

TEJA: Da, molim vas.

LUKA: Počela je kiša...Malo sam popio, a morao bih da tak-siram.

TEJA: Da taksirate?

LUKA: Da..Ne bi bilo loše, pre bolnice, da zaradim koji dinar. Nikad se ne zna... Parkirao sam taksi ispred hotelskog ulaza. Bojim se, odneće ga ovi moji.

TEJA: Izvinite, vi ste sad taksista? Vozite taksi?

LUKA: Da. A zašto te toliko čudi?

TEJA: Pa, dugo ste radili, i sad ste bolesni.

LUKA: Tu su ti knjige, tu ti je drama...

(Ludak crashes into the office)

Ludak: Ubiću te! Gde je moja knjiga?! Čim su te postavili ovde, uništio si mi knjigu! Ubiću te!

MARTA: Napole! Izidi napolje!

LUDAK: Ti Òeš da me teraš napolje?! Bolje bi ti bilo da gledaš ono dete!

MARTA: Dosta! Sram vas bilo!

Ludak: Malo ti je bio jedan ludak?! Gubi se. Gde je moja knjiga? Reci mi, gde je moja knjiga? Naredili su ti da mi uništiš knjigu... Ubiću te...

LUKA: Nemoj to da radiš.

LUDAK: A, šta ti hoćeš?!

LUKA: Pokupi ove knjige!

LUDAK: Ma, ko tebe šta pita? Šta se ti mešaš! šta ti hoćeš, druže Luka...

LUKA: Podigni knjige, stavi ih na sto i izlazi napolje!

LUDAK: Izvinite, mislio sam...

LUKA: Izlazi!

France, Dzhem was not released, but, contrary to d’Aubisson’s pledge, locked up in fortresses belonging to the Order of Knights Hospitalers of Jerusalem.

Around the “sultan’s brother” arose a whirlwind of gossip and machinations, in which all European states of the time played some role, even the Pope and sultan Beyazid himself. Both Matthias Corvinus, the king of Hungary, and Pope Innocent VIII wanted to have Dzhem turned over to them, so they could use him in the fight against Turkey and Beya-
zid II. But the cunning Pierre d’Aubisson kept the valuable captive in his power and, using him, was able to expertly blackmail all sides: Beyazid, and the Egyptian sultan and the Pope. Beyazid paid him a great sum of money for Dzhem’s keep, a sum destined, in reality, to keep d’Aubisson from handing Dzhem over to somebody else. The Pope promised him the rank of cardinal in exchange for Dzhem. The Egyptian sultan gave him significant sums of money. Even Dzhem’s unfortunate mother, who lived in Egypt and had not ceased to work towards her son’s liberation, sent money for Dzhem, but that money was kept by the Grand Master.

This extortion centered around the “sultan’s brother” and d’Aubisson’s skillful game lasted for eight years. All this time, Dzhem was constantly being moved from one French fortress to another, always under the strong guard of the Knights of Jerusalem. Little by little, he was deprived of his escort. At the end he was left with only four or five faithful attendants. All attempts to escape and save himself from the power of the treacherous Jerusalem Knights remained futile. Sultan Beyazid, on his part, did everything he could to free himself from the pressure exerted on him by the entire Christian world by means of the unfortunate brother, who became a tool in the hands of that world. He asked the Venetians,
from the population of Dubrovnik, and the King of Naples about his brother. He kept in constant touch with Pierre d’Aubisson and made him various important concessions. Despite all this, in a certain sense, their interests overlapped. It was important for D’Aubisson to keep Dzhem in his power for as long as possible and continue to use him to blackmail, little by little, the entire world, while, for Beyazid, it was important to have his brother-opponent locked up in some secure prison, and not at the head of an army moving against Turkey.

In the eighth year of Dzhem’s sojourn in France – the year was 1488 – the diplomatic fight around him escalated to its peak. Envoys from all over arrived in France, and all had, as their main goal, the procurement of Dzhem’s person. Beyazid’s emissary, a Greek and a Christian, Antonio Reriko, with the help of the representatives of the Kingdom of Naples offered significant sums to the French King and his courtiers, both openly and in secret; he offered power over Jerusalem when Beyazid defeated the Egyptian sultan and seized the city; he gave gifts over which the gentlemen and ladies of the court were very greedy. At the same time, the Hungarian king Matthias Corvinus sent a splendid delegation and sought the sultan’s brother for himself, in order to attack Beyazid with greater chances of success. And the liveliest was the delegation of Pope Innocent VIII, who, although old and sick, didn’t give up on his intention to launch the Christian rulers in a crusade against Turkey. And for that he needed to have, as a tool, the sultan’s renegade brother in his power.

But the Grand Master of the Island of Rhodes followed his own goal. For him, it was an easy task to convince the French King to change his way of thinking and to agree that Dzhem must
TEJA: Druže Luka, da vi niste slučajno malo pogrešili? U ovoj zgradi ima još nekoliko ljudi se imenom Teodor...


TEJA: Kako znate?

LUKA: Danas vam je 45. rođendan?

TEJA: Jeste.


TEJA: Smem li da pogledam?

LUKA: Naravno.

NARATOR: Uzeo sam rukopis povezan u plave korice i pročitao naslov.

TEJA: Besede O...O čemu su besede?

LUKA: O svemu.

TEJA: Aha...Sve četiri knjige su besede?

LUKA: Ne...Zelena knjiga je zbirka priča. Priče iz izgubljenog zavičaja. Treća je zbirka gradskih priča, pa joj je takav i naslov: Male gradske priče.

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In February 1489 the knights loaded Dzhem with his small escort on their galley in Toulon and after a long and difficult voyage they arrived in Civitavecchia, where they were awaited by a large papal delegation. In the middle of a splendid entourage, Dzhem entered Rome, where cardinals and the entire Papal court, together with diplomatic representatives, came to greet him. Both he and his escort were dressed in picturesque eastern costumes, riding good horses. The next day, the Pope received the much-desired Turkish prince very nicely in a formal audience. Dzhem refused to bow in front of the Pope, as convention dictated, and embraced him equal to equal, as a ruler to another ruler. Pierre d’Aubisson became a cardinal and his Order received not only recognition, but also other concrete privileges and advantages from the Pope.

A few days later the Pope received Dzhem in a private audience. Here they spoke more openly. Dzhem revealed that the knights from Rhodes had tricked him and had kept him locked in prison until then. He asked the Pope to let him go to Egypt where his mother and relatives lived. Dzhem spoke so movingly that the Pope broke down in tears. He comforted Dzhem with beautiful words, but they remained only words.

The great diplomatic game around Dzhem continued and became more animated. The Pope developed a plan of action for the concretization of the league of Christian rulers against Turkey. In that crusade Dzhem had an important role to play and the Vatican was, for him, a golden cage. Matthias Corvinus sought Dzhem for his campaign against Turkey. The Egyptian sultan did the same, and required a ransom of six hundred thousand ducats, and yet another sixty thousand from the land of Dzhem’s mother.

In the year 1490 Matthias Corvinus died. This was a heavy blow to the idea of a common Christian campaign against Beyazid. Beyazid, having discovered that Dzhem was in the Pope’s power, sent a special envoy to Rome. The Pope received him in an audience and then all d’Aubisson’s lies and gossip were revealed, and the amount of money that he received from Beyazid was made known. Beyazid wanted the Pope to keep Dzhem under the same conditions as the knights from Rhodes did, that is, in exchange for certain political concessions and forty thousand ducats per an-
In order to pay the amount of one hundred and twenty thousand ducats, prorated over three years, the envoy was ordered to personally see Dzhem and to make sure that he was alive and really there. Dzhem agreed to receive the envoy, but only as a sultan, with full ceremony. He sat with his legs crossed on a special throne surrounded by his supporters. One of the cardinals was by his side. Beyazid’s envoy prostrated himself in front of Dzhem-the-Sultan and gave him the letter and the gifts that his brother had sent him. The letter was read aloud for Dzhem and he gave the gifts to his supporters to share among themselves without even looking at them.

Innocent VIII did not stop working towards the realization of the leak against Turkey, and Beyazid devised plans against Hungary and Venice. In all of this, Dzhem’s personality played a great role. The sultan sent the Spear of Christ and other valuable relics to the Pope, seeking from him only one thing: to keep Dzhem imprisoned and not to turn him over to anyone else. The Pope requested that Beyazid not attack Christian lands, or else he would take advantage of Dzhem, use him, and put him at the head of a great campaign against Turkey.

And then Pope Innocent VIII died. For the period of time until a new Pope was elected, Dzhem was imprisoned in the Castle of the Holy Angel because of heightened security. Rodrigo Borgia, until then a cardinal, was chosen to be the new Pope under the name Alexander VI.

It looked as if better times had arrived for the Turkish royal slave. He made friends with the Pope’s sons, moved with more freedom, and participated in ceremonies. In chronicles and letters, as well as in the paintings of his contemporaries, Dzhem is depicted as a man of thirty years, but who looks as if he is over forty, well fed, dark complexioned, and with his left eyelid completely slack, so that he looks “like a sharpshooter.” He was dark, ill-tempered, and merciless towards the servants. He was given to pleasure, and especially to drinking, because in it he sought sleep and oblivion.

At that time, new great conflicts arose among the western Christian rulers. The young French king, Charles VIII, set out for Italy with an army to occupy the kingdom of Naples, to which he
NARATOR (Voice Over): Zovem se Teodor Kraj, ali moja majka me je zvala Teja, i prijateljki su me tako zvali...dok sam ih imao. Književnik sam...Imam četrdeset pet godina. Do sada sam objavio dve knjige. Knjigu pesama i knjigu pripovedaka. Depresivno malo!

Marta, moja sekretarica, uletela je u kancerlariju i poverljivo mi se obratila osvrćući se prema vratima, kao da je neko progoni.

(Marta Enters the Office)

MARTA: Traži vas neki čovek.

TEJA: Koji čovek?


TEJA: Jeste pisac. Sigurno je pisac. Šta vam je rekao?

MARTA: Da ga primate bez obzira što niste tu...kaže, ne dolazi zbog sebe.

TEJA: A zbog koga dolazi?

MARTA: Ne znam. Nosi neku tašnu i poveći crni kofer.

TEJA: Do sada su rukopis donosili u fasciklama.

lays claim, and to, as he stated, from there, lead the armies of the Christian league in a crusade against Turkey. The pope did everything possible to thwart his entry into Italy. At that time, Alexander VI led negotiations with Beyazid and even sought support from him against the French king. Beyazid sent him the agreed upon sum of forty thousand Venetian ducats for Dzhem’s annual living expenses, and in a special, private letter offered him three hundred thousand ducats if he would turn over Dzhem’s corpse. That correspondence was intercepted by the Pope’s enemies in Italy and publicized.

Charles VIII entered Italy. He quickly occupied one city after another and, on the last day of 1494, entered Rome. The Pope was left with no other choice but to reach an agreement with the young conqueror, to ensure as little damage and loss as possible. One of Charles’s demands was for the Pope to turn over to him “the sultan’s brother”, who he intended to use in the battle against Beyazid. They agreed that Charles would take Dzhem with him in his campaign against Naples, and later against Turkey. But the Pope wanted the king of France to guarantee him that at the end of the war the precious hostage would be returned to him. In the same way, the Pope made certain by means of an agreement that the forty thousand ducats regularly sent by the sultan will in the future continue to be sent.

In a formal audience, the Pope turned Dzhem and his already completely insignificant number of supporters over to the French king in front of numerous witnesses. When the Pope communicated this decision to Dzhem, Dzhem made it plain that he was a slave and that it was all the same to him who held him captive, the pope or the French king.

The Pope used beautiful words to dissuade and pacify Dzhem, and Charles VIII was attentive and behaved towards him as with a ruler.

When Charles VIII moved further against the King of Naples, he took Dzhem with his entourage, and the Pope’s son, Cesare, a cardinal from Valencia, as a hostage. But, on the journey, the cunning Cesare fled and Dzhem became ill. He was sick only a few days. He died in Kapua, before they reached Naples.

To his supporters, who spent all the years of captivity with him, he commanded that his body be brought to Turkey by any
means, so that the infidels would not also take advantage of it in death. He dictated a letter to his brother Beyazid, in which he asked to allow his family to return to Istanbul and to be merciful towards those who were his faithful escort during the long captivity.

Charles VIII ordered that Dzhem’s body be embalmed and put in a lead casket.

Immediately word spread that the Pope had poisoned Dzhem or that he had turned him over to the king already poisoned. The Venetian senate hurried to be the first to notify the Sultan Beyazid about Dzhem’s death, wanting to be the first to announce the pleasant news to the powerful sultan.

The campaign of Charles VIII ended poorly. Charles returned to France where he died soon after. Dzhem’s body remained in the power of the King of Naples. A long correspondence ensued around that dead body. The king of Naples was blackmailing Beyazid. Pope Alexander VI appeared and sought his cut of the deal, but the king of Naples reaped all the benefits for himself. That dead body served him to strike a favorable agreement with the sultan, and it was finally turned over to Beyazid only in September 1499. Beyazid formally buried Dzhem formally in a tomb in Brusa, where Turkish rulers lie buried.

his painting style to his ethnic background, to being a Dalmatian. Plein-air was naturalized as a characteristic of being from that Dalmatian land of sea and sun, a regional trait, an innate style. The interpretation of his style as regional is interesting not only for the generalizing ethnographic implications, but also because it is an example of outsiders recognizing the generative role of Dalmatia for Croatian culture.

After the closing of the Exhibition, the Croatian Pavilion of History and Art, in which this momentous exhibition of contemporary art was housed, was stripped down to its metal skeleton and transported from the fairgrounds in Budapest to Zagreb. The Art Pavilion was rebuilt with a permanent exterior in the lower city of Zagreb directly across from the railway station, in many ways emphasizing its very transplanted-ness, its foreign origin. It was a relic of the fair. It was not important that the structure looked Hungarian in every way, and was designed by a Hungarian architectural firm. The artists used it for their own purposes: to point out their cultural autonomy. They surprised Europe with a recognizable national style. The Pavilion was a trophy won, a piece of spolia from the battlefield of the Budapest Millennial Exhibition.
A BATTLEFIELD FOR AUTONOMY:
THE PARTICIPATION OF CROATIAN ARTISTS AT THE
1896 MILLENNIAL EXHIBITION IN BUDAPEST"
Rachel Rossner

(Abstract of a paper given at the, “Dahesh Museum of Art Second
Annual Graduate Student Symposium: New Looks at Nineteenth-

The Millennial Exhibition in Budapest, a grand exposition of national scope celebrating the one thousand years anniversary of Hungarian statehood, was the first international venue at which a group of artists who had been working together in Zagreb, Croatia since 1894 made their appearance. Under the dynamic leadership of the Dalmatian academic painter, Vlaho Bukovac (1855-1922), an exhibition of contemporary art was organized on the fairgrounds in the Croatian Pavilion of History and Art. The grounds of this exhibition were a physical battleground for the artists to assert greater Croatian cultural autonomy within the Kingdom of Hungary – an assertion of Croatian identity on the Imperial level relating the real desire for Croatian sovereignty over itself and the coastal region of Dalmatia.

It was during the 1896 Millennial Exhibition that international critics became aware for the first time that there was artistic life in Croatia. A national style was recognized, which was variously named the “Zagreb school” or “colorful Zagreb school.” It was, across the board, a surprise. The editor of the Berlin paper Das Volk wrote, with all the makings of a bad ethnic joke, with surprise about the Croat artists, “about whom in his country it is thought that they are only police men.” Other reviews reveal aesthetic reception. Many critics of the exhibition focused on the plein-air style of the Dalmatian, Vlaho Bukovac, and the warm, Adriatic sun that could be felt through his canvases.

Here, a slippage of national designations occurred. While Bukovac’s style is recognizably French in origin, (he studied with Alexandre Cabanel at the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, where he lived from 1877 until 1893), many critics seem to have attributed
Vi znate legendu o mojem pravedu? Kaže se da je bio ciganin, svirač violina. Uistinu ne zna se zapravo ko je on bio. Moj djed se rodio, moja prabaka se zatim udala za nekog Herr Rossnera, i nikad ne htjede reći mom djedu ko mu je bio pravi otac. Kako je nastala priča da je taj njegov otac bio ciganin ja ne znam. Možda zato što je ispio tamnoput, malen, veseo...a možda ima mrve istine u fantaziji, i otac mu je zaista bio ciganin. Ili barem svirač violina. No, istina nije važna. Važno je ono što vjerujemo, a ja sam odrasla misleći da sam barem malo od ciganske krvi. I pošto sam odrasla u Americi, gdje sam mogla misliti sve najromantičnije o egzotičnom životu putovanja cigana, ta mi se fantazija svidjela. Voljela sam putovati, i moj otac bi često rekao, tako voli i «moja rodbina cigana.»


„Signorina, ti son` cadute queste cose...“

Ne komponujem muziku, ali svirala sam mnogo pesama. Moja omiljena pesma za svirati je Međumorska obična nedelja. Sviram pesme sa mojim bratom i sestrom. Sviram melodiju, a oni sviraju harmoniju.

Pogledala sam svoju torbu. Bila mi je iza leđa i otvorena! Putpuno zbunjena, rekla sam mu
“Grazie.”
Ali on je gledao negdje drugo. Mahnuo je rukama. Pojavi se njegova mlada sestra, ljuta, preljuta. I ponudi mi moj fotoaparat!
“Anche questo ti è caduto, signorina.”
Opet ja:
“Grazie”.

PROKLETA AVLIJA (SAŽETAK)
Stephanie Zosek


Kad je Bajazit cuo da je brat sa Papom, on je poslao izaslanika u Rim. Bajazit je tražio od Pape da zadrži Džema, i on ga je plaćao. A Papa je tražio od Bajazita da ne napada hrisćanske zemlje ili on bi stavio Džema na čelo velikog pohoda protiv Turske. Onda je umro Papa Inokentije osmi.


I looked at my bag. It was on my back and open! Totally perplexed, I said to him:
"Grazie ."
But he was looking somewhere else. He waved his arms.
His younger sister showed up, angry, so angry. And offered me my camera!
"Anche questo ti e’ caduto, signorina."
I said again:
"Grazie."

Why did those two Gypsies decide to give me back those things that they had honestly stolen? I have no idea. Did they feel sorry for me? Were those things not valuable enough? Did they respect love? Most likely they recognized their own blood in me.
ФАНТАСТИЧНА ПРИЧА
Анди Домбровски

Када сам био млађи, написао сам прилично фантастичан текст за један филм. Хтео бих да овде испричам основни заплет овог филма. Главне личности су: једна група космичких гусара, неколико велоцираптора, који пуше марихуану и одлично знају кунг-фу, и једна флаша јефтине вотке, која једе људе да постане све огромнија. Велоцираптори се налазе у Лондону, где пуше марихуану и полако убијају краљевску породицу Енглеске. Енглеска војска је спремна да их убије када космички пирати силазе и спасавају их. Онда идуч заједну у Француску. Пирати дају велоцирапторима пушке. Велоцираптори са пушкама освајају целу земљу док се пирати боре против Жака Ширака. После тога, узимају све драгоцености из Француске и враћају се заједно у космос.

Истовремено, огромна флаша јефтине вотке једе разне људе, почевши са Борисом Јелцином. Флапа полако иде у Америку, и на путу наставља да једе људе. У Америци, флаша проба да поједе америчку скупштину. Америчка војска је спремна да једе њих код космичких пирата и велоцираптори, који пуше марихуану и добро знају кунг-фу, силазе, спасавају флашу вотке, и узимају је у космос где они сви живе заједно. Срећан живот космичких пирата им се много свиђа.

SUICIDE AS COMEDY
by
John Hulsey

In the films that we watched this semester from Serbia, Bosnia, and Croatia, we commented about how often these films show rape, unwilling pregnancies, and suicide or suicide attempts. Certainly, suicide is an important problem that films should treat. However, the majority of suicide attempts were used as comedy. This avoids a direct answer to the question of what it means to minimize suicide.

Often, a way of dealing with difficult problems is joking about them. For example, when I traveled to Novi Sad, people joked about war criminals. In one week I heard four or five jokes about war criminals. In this way, jokes about suicide would be a way of treating a problem that is otherwise too difficult.

When a film looks into the depths of human existence, there is only one thing worse than suicide; people who attempt suicide but are unable to. In Underground and Times of the Gypsies there were unsuccessful attempts. The scenes are funny, but perhaps have another meaning. When a person commits suicide, he often feels like he has lost control over life, and can again acquire control, but knows that this is only an escape. The horror of his life is outside of his control. Then, at the lowest point, we must be able to laugh.
У филмовима које смо гледали овог семестра из Србије, Босне, и Хрватске, коментарисали смо начин на који често показују ови филмови силовање, нежељене трудноће, и самоубиство или покушаје самоубиства. Сигурно је самоубиство важни проблем, и требало би да га филмови третирају. Ипак, већина покушаја самоубиства се користе у функцији комедије. То избегава директан одговор, шта значи омаловажати самоубиство?

Често је начин третирања тешке проблеме да се шали о њима. Например, кад сам путовао у Нови Сад, људи су се шалили о ратним злочинцима. Током једне недеље сам чуо четири-пет шала о ратним злочинцима. На тај начин би шале о самоубиству биле начин да се третира проблем који је иначе претежак.

Кад филм тражи у дубину људског постојања, имо само једна ствар која је гора него самоубиство: људи који покушавају самоубиство али не успеју. У Underground и Days of the Gypsies су били неуспешни покушаји. Сцене су смешне, али можда имају и друго значење. Кад човек извршава самоубиство, често се осећа да је изгубио контролу над животом, а може поново добити контролу, али сазна да је само пребагавање. Ужас његовог живота је изван његове контроле. Ту, на најнижиотачки, морамо моћи да се смејамо.

A FANTASTIC STORY
by
Andy Dombrowski

When I was younger, I wrote a fairly fantastic movie script. Here I would like to describe the basic plot of that film. The main characters of the film are: a group of space pirates, several pot-smoking kung fu velociraptors, and a bottle of cheap vodka that eats people to become larger and larger.

The velociraptors are in London, where they are smoking marijuana and killing the English royal family. The English army is ready to kill them, when the space pirates come down and save them. Then they go together to France. The pirates give the velociraptors guns. The velociraptors with guns conquer the whole country, while the space pirates fight against Jacques Chirac. After that, they take all the valuables from France and return together into space.

Simultaneously, the enormous bottle of cheap vodka is eating various people, starting with Boris Yeltsin. The bottle eventually goes to America, and on its way continues to eat people. In America, the bottle attempts to eat Congress. The American army is prepared to kill it when the space pirates and pot-smoking kung fu velociraptors descend, save the bottle of vodka, and take it into space, where they all live together. They greatly enjoy the happy life of space pirates.
General razgovara s naučnikom u pustinji. General kaže da je vojska našla vanzemaljca sa druge planete.

"To je vrlo važan događaj," kaže general.

"Zašto?" pita naučnik.

"Zato što," kaže general, s gađenjem, "možemo da upoznamo drugu kulturu, i pitačemo o njihovoj kulturi, nauci, veri, i tako dalje."

"Interesantno mi je," odgovara naučnik, "zašto mislite da vam treba znati o tome?"

"Važno je za celo svet!," više general. "Ti ljudi su mnogo pametni i možemo mnogo naučiti od njih."

"Imam pitanje," tiho kaže naučnik. "Ako su tako pametni, zašto uvek dolaze na našu planetu i, zatim, mi ih uhvatimo?"

"Mora biti da je to njihov plan," kaže general.

"Možda," kaže naučnik.

"Jasno je da hoće da nas studiraju."


"Imate pravo," kaže general. "Jasno je da su pametni, ali nemaju dobar ukus."
ship. Like Hinduism, these saints become highly subjective to varying families and kinship. Mitterauer (ibid) believes that this patron saint worship, the slava, helps create extended family bonds because of the intergenerational celebration of a special, family deity. Like Hinduism, this religious system helps to maintain patriarchal dominance because only the eldest male can carry out the slava worship rituals. This paternal priesthood is passed generationally to the succeeding male. Although the Ottoman Empire introduced Islam to the Balkans, as in India, only a small minority actually converted. Those who did are found predominantly in present Bosnia and are considered to be poor Muslims by the Koran’s standards.

Up until independence from the Ottoman Empire at the beginning of the 20th century, the vast majority of the Yugoslav population was rural and illiterate, residing in the rough mountainous terrain that covered much of the Balkan topography. It was not until after World War II when Marshal Tito introduced communism to the region that big cultural transformations occurred. Communism in itself is a social and political philosophy that is staunchly collectivist – the individual is insignificant next to the greater society. This ideal was congruent with the social systems already in place. The extended family taught the necessity of communal values – the interest of the greater good rather than one’s self-interest. Paradoxically, communism brought several other characteristics at odds with patriarchal systems. Primarily, there was greater gender equality. Although females were still encouraged to manage the daily chore in the home, socialists allowed female participation in factories and government offices.

Thus, a number of similarities (patriarchal practices associated with extended family systems, the lack of foreign interaction, and the recent effects of industrialization on their populations) make India and Serbia very comparable cultures. Moreover, the laggard paces these countries have taken to adopt modernism make them interesting to examine. One effect that does set the two countries apart concerns the way that the inhabitants have felt war and strife. While India has experienced war in its recent history, it has been predominately localized in the

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THE ALIEN
by
Stu McKenzy

A general was conversing with a scientist in the desert. The general said that the army had found an alien from another planet.

“This is a very important event,” said the General.

“Why?” asked the scientist.

“Because,” said the general, with disgust, “we can get to know another culture, and we will ask about their culture, science, faith, etc.”

“I’m interested,” replied the scientist, “in why you think you need to know about that?”

“It’s important for the whole world!” screamed the general. “These people are very intelligent, and we can learn a lot from them.”

“I have a question,” quietly said the scientist. “If they’re so intelligent, why do they always come down to our planet, and then, we always catch them?”

“It must be that that’s their plan,” said the general.

“Maybe,” said the scientist.

“It’s clear that they want to study us.”

“Why? We're not intelligent. We watch TV all day! And why did they come to the desert? Certainly other cities are more interesting. For example, in Chicago there are many beautiful buildings, a good university, and excellent clubs where people play the blues well.”

“You’re right,” said the general. “They’re clearly intelligent, but have bad taste.”
СТРАШНО, СТРАШНО
Емили Соверел

Ја сам у зоолошком врту. Гледам разне животиње а моја омиљена животиња је лав. Гледам два велика лава. Лавови имају златна крзна и дивне гриве. Такође имају дуге репове, големе зубе и оштре канџе. У кавезу са лавовима има дресер. Он је врло храбар али врло глуп јер лавови с времена на времена нападају дресера. Лавови скачу преко конопца и скачу кроз обруч. Дресер свира на хармоници врло рђаво. Музика ми се не свиђа. Ја сам сигурна да се ни њима не свиђа. Поздравим га,

"Извините што сам вас узнемирила и што сам љубопитљива о лаву."
"Њема проблема!"
"Како се зову?"
"Ово су Џим и Џан!"
"Колико им је година?"
"Џим има три године а Џану је пет година."
"Да ли могу наступати са другим триковима?"
"Наравно! Гледајте! Могу ставити своју главу у њихове чељусти! Не брините!"

Џим отвори чељуст. Дресер стави своју главу у Џимове чељусти. На моје очи Џим затвори чељусти. Полако ходам према излазу.

forced acceptance of the occupation, marriage, and education determined for them by their paternal elders. Much the same can be said for the Balkan region as a whole. The Balkans experienced similar isolation from foreign cultures for much its history. The Slavic tribes that settled the Balkan Peninsula, especially those located in present Serbia, had little interaction with foreign cultures. Although the Ottoman and the Austrian-Hungarian Empires riddle the history of the second half of the second millennium with invasion and occupation, little direct cultural impact on the family took place. Unlike India, the Balkans offers foreigners little natural resources, precious metals or man-made goods such as gold, spices, and textiles that were so sought after in India. Western Europe looked at the Balkans with condescension, seeing the inhabitants as backwards people with nothing to offer. The Ottoman Empire valued the Balkans mainly as a staging ground for their European conquest.

In addition to the lack of economic resources, geographically, the Balkan Peninsula is difficult to occupy. Mountain ranges run throughout the middle of the peninsula, offering inhabitants places to flee and escape potential foreign occupiers. For many, the mountains are seen as home rather than places to escape persecution. These individuals (e.g., in present-day Montenegro) are physically isolated from the rest of the world – cut off both culturally and economically.

Prior to the Ottoman invasion in the 16th century, Serbia was ruled by a dynastic monarchy overseeing a loose federation of lords and princes. At the end of the first millennium, uneducated, illiterate peoples who practiced pagan rituals, similar to the Celts and Bogomils, predominantly populated the Balkans. Two Christian monks, Methodius and Cyril, began to proselytize and establish missions to spread Christianity throughout the region. Although slow to be accepted, Christianity was eventually adopted by the majority of the Balkan inhabitants, and became what is now known as Eastern Orthodoxy.

Eastern Orthodox practices of Christianity carry some similarities to Hinduism and other polytheistic religions. The Orthodox doctrine places individual saints at the center of wor
Both India and the former Yugoslavia have similar histories in terms of their isolation from the rest of the world, their colonization by foreign occupiers, and similar complex religious systems that affect their social systems. Primarily, it is this isolation from the rest of the world that has helped to prolong the ideals of patriarchy and collectivism. Comparatively, the early histories of India and the Balkans provide less evidence of interaction with foreign cultures or countries compared to the dynamic histories found in other parts of Europe and Asia.

The European invasion of the Asian subcontinent during the 16th through 20th centuries made a large cultural impact. For the first time, India saw an emphasis placed on the individual rather than the greater society or the group. Protestant Christianity emphasized the importance of individual agency rather than the fatalistic beliefs inherent in Hinduism. For the first time in India’s history, completely new cultural beliefs and ideals about the individual, religion, and society as a whole were introduced.

Industrialization has taken India by storm. Manufacturing facilities created employment needs in Indian metropolises. This has recently been followed by the information technology boom, creating new emphasis on the need for higher education and foreign cultural knowledge. Lastly, the Internet is now proliferating throughout the country – bringing global news and information to the Indian masses. These changes are slowly seeping into all facets of Indian society, challenging young Indian men’s beliefs of themselves and their position in their country and the world as a whole. It is precisely this infiltration of foreign, liberal ideals that changes young men’s ideals and encourages them to break out from the extended families and

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FRIGHTENING, FRIGHTENING
by
Emily Soverel

I am at the zoo. I see many animals, but my favorite animal is the lion. I see two large lions. The lions have golden coats, and gorgeous manes. They also have long tails, large teeth, and sharp claws. In the cage, with the lions, is an animal trainer. He is very courageous but very stupid because lions, from time to time, attack the trainer. The lions jump over ropes and jump through hoops. The trainer plays the accordion very poorly. I do not like the music. I am sure the lions do not like the music either. I say to him:

"Excuse me for interrupting you sir but I am curious about the lions."

"No problem!"

"What are their names?"

"Their names are Jim and John!"

"How old are they?"

"Jim is three years old and John is five."

"Can they perform other tricks?"

"Of course! Watch this! I can place my head inside their jaws! Don’t worry!"

Jim opens his mouth. The trainer puts his head into Jim’s mouth. Right in front of my eyes Jim closes his mouth. Quietly, I walk towards the exit.
Kad sam bila mlada, bila sam vunderkind. Bila sam prvo dijete mojih roditelja: posvijetili su mi svu svoju pažnju i hrašnili su me i podržavali sve što sam pokušavala—ili su od mene napravili majmuna—vi ćete odlučiti!

Priča koju čujem svaki put kada se vratim kući u posjetu je slijedeća:


countries. Modern Hindi is the linguistic evolution of ancient Sanskrit, one of the original languages of the Indo-Aryan tribes. Both the Slavic and Sanskrit parental languages are closely related within the Indo-European linguistic family. Similarities include syntax and grammar rules, specifically the declension of nouns through multiple prepositional cases. Other languages that share similar characteristics are Greek, Farsi/Iranian, and Armenian. Geographically the migration line of these peoples is clearly evident.

In addition, both the Slavic and Indo-Aryan cultures are very similar in respect to the prevalence and emphasis placed on patriarchy. Religion helps to reinforce male superiority in these cultures. In both Serbia and India, the father and/or eldest male of a family hold highly regarded religious responsibilities for the family/kingroup. Therborn states that India’s patriarchic structure encourages religious authority to pass patrilineally from father to son. The father is not only the head of the household, he is the only member allowed to practice the necessary religious ceremonies to honor the Hindu pantheon (although women have taken an increased role in the past few decades). This view is also supported in Gore (ibid), Srinivas, Hofstede (ibid), Markus & Kitayama, Kakar, and Shweder.

Although both India and Serbia are regarded as collectivist cultures, neither country is predominately composed of a specific family type. Rather these countries have a cultural preference for a certain family composition over others. For Serbia and India, the joint family has been historically the norm. Mitterauer (ibid) found that clear geographical lines could not be drawn through the Balkans that could generalize to a specific type of family structure. In India, extended families were traditionally found in the more affluent Brahmin castes that were considered to be sanskritized. Herein lies one of the faults of characterizing a country as either individualistic or collectivist. Societies are generally not as homogeneous as the label implies.

Histories of India and Serbia
CULTURAL CONGRUENCY: SERBIA & INDIA
by
William McKinstry

This is an excerpt from William McKinstry’s Honors BA in Psychology. Using Indian and Serbian populations, he examined the influential effects extended and nuclear families have on important life decisions (i.e. marriage, education, occupation, etc.) on young men.

Superficially, this may seem an unlikely paring, but both cultures share very much in common with one another. Specifically: 1) both cultures are descended from the same Aryan tribes that migrated from the Russian steppes, 2) their religions share similar core beliefs, and 3) culturally both are moderately collectivist (as defined by Hofstede, Gore, etc.) although both are located in geographically extreme locations – India surrounded by staunchly collectivist societies, and Serbia surrounded by strict individualist societies.

The Indo-Aryan tribes originated from the Caucasus Mountains, north of the Black Sea and the present day Russian Steppes. These tribes lived at the Europe-Asia border around 5,000 B.C.E. and dispersed throughout Europe and Southern Asia. Those groups who traveled to west and south of the Caucasus Mountains became the ancient Slavic tribes that populated Eastern Europe from present-day Russia through the Ukraine and Poland and southwards to the Balkan Peninsula. The Indo-Aryan tribes that migrated east settled ancient Persia, Afghanistan, Pakistan, and India. The Indo-Aryan tribe that settled Northern India made their way through the Indus Valley region around 1500 B.C.E. Mitterauer, as well as Indian researchers, have found similar family structures in India and in the Caucasus Mountains ranges. More importantly, as I will illustrate, Indian and Balkan family structures themselves are very congruent with one another.

Another line of evidence that supports the relation between these cultures derives from their respective languages. Serbian is a Slavic language that shares the Cyrillic alphabet with Russian, Ukrainian, and a host of other Slavic speaking

CHILDHOOD
by
Rachel Rossner

When I was little, I was a wunderkind. I was my parents’ first child: they dedicated all their attention to me and encouraged and supported everything I attempted—or they made a monkey out of me — you’ll decide!

The story that I hear every time I go home to visit is the following:

I was at a party for the birthday of my (then and now) best friend, Katie. She was celebrating her second birthday, and mine was just two months later. We were all our mother’s children. That party was like a horse race: I’ll say that in my neighborhood, the parents competed through their children. We can even consider that birthday party to be the first competition. Anyway, let me get back to the story. At that time, Katie didn’t yet know how to talk, and I, the wunderkind that I was, sang her “Happy Birthday to You”— the entire song. All the mothers at the party were shocked. How was it that I was not only talking, but also singing, and able to remember lyrics? That day, my mother triumphed with her little canary. I can only wonder what kind of training was necessary for that performance!
PRIJATELJSTVO I LOJALNOST
Peter Nortsted

Friendship and loyalty seem like similar concepts. However, there is an important difference between them which must be understood. Friendship, maybe, is the only universal capability of people. Loyalty, on the other hand, can be good or bad. Loyalty to people could be necessary for a time, or could strengthen a friendship. Unfortunately, loyalty can be dangerous.

A good example is the current chaos in Iraq. Our president began the unneeded war which he built on false pretexts. He lied who knows how many times. There were not weapons of mass destruction, it was not connected to September 11th, and it probably isn’t a religious war. The incapability to change your ideas and motives when you should is terrible. Even worse is the loyalty to this idea which is shown to more than half of the American population, and their inability to realize their greedy desires: imperialism and money. Therefore, loyalty can be a good thing, but could be a harmful thing if it is declared incorrectly.