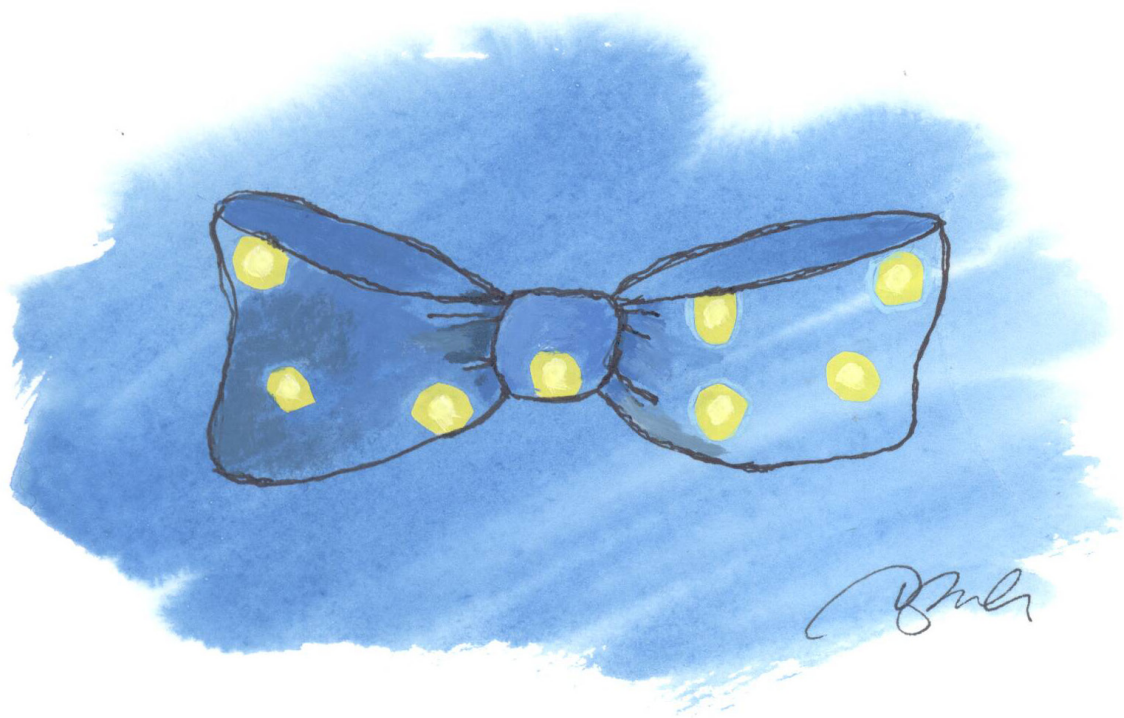


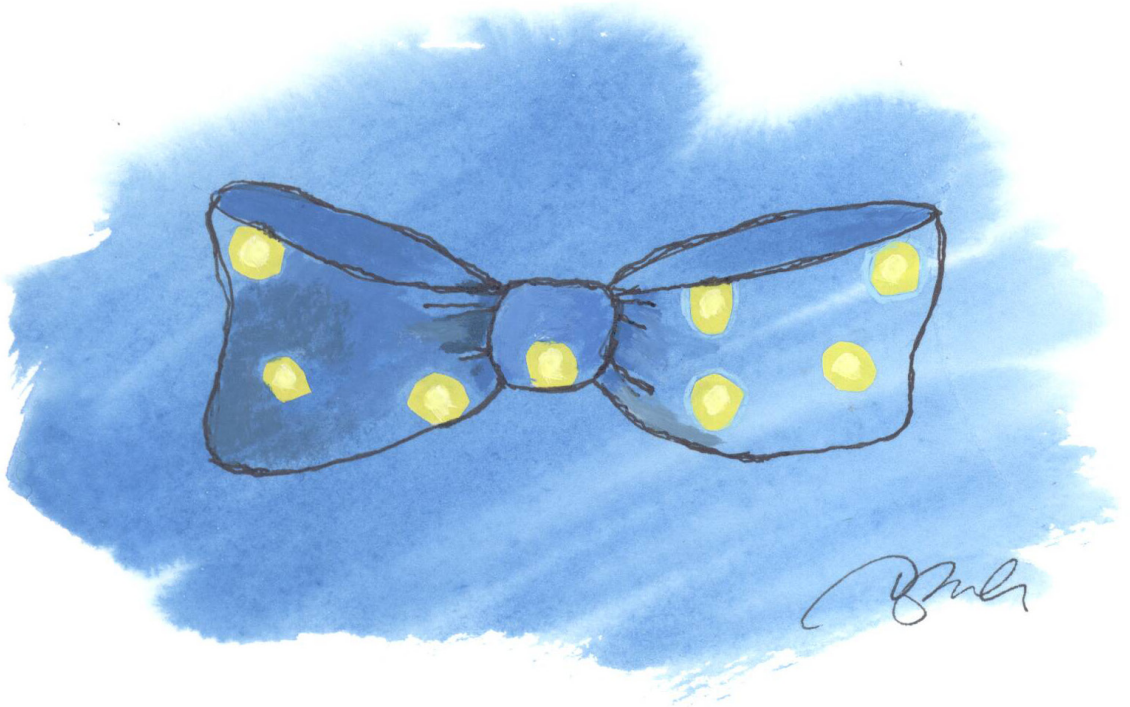
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the literary journal of students in balkan studies

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We dedicate this volume to all the heritage speakers who have enriched and enhanced our cultural and linguistic understanding.

лептир машна, leptir mašna, вратоврска пеперутка
ПАПИОНКА
the literary journal of students in balkan studies

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EDITOR'S NOTE

As you probably noticed, the editorial staff of *Leptir Mašna* changes every year. This year, in an attempt to solicit greater attention from our distinguished readers, we have decided to change the format of the journal. This has required extra time for technical adjustments, learning new skills, and, most importantly, incorporating fresh ideas into this ever-evolving journal. So, we admit—we are delayed!

However, it is never too late to perfect a language, especially your mother tongue. The 2009-2010 academic year afforded us with many heritage speakers of Bosnian, Bulgarian, Croatian, Montenegrin, and Serbian, both in language, literature and culture classes. We salute these young students who, despite their heavy course loads have decided to learn, maintain, or perfect these languages, increasingly less taught in American academia. We appreciate their contributions not only as students but as proliferators of their respective cultures, family histories, and individual observations.

With this in mind, we dedicate this issue to them, and we thank them on behalf of all the teachers and students of the Balkan cohort.

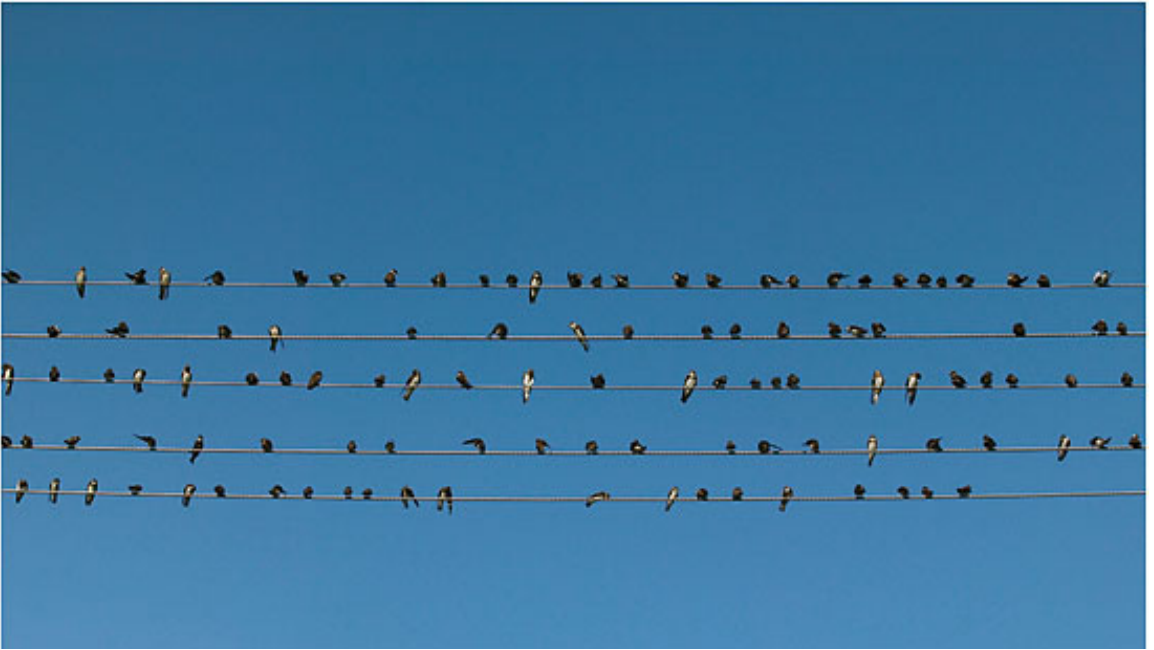
Nada Petković
Spring 2010

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Special thanks to Dragoljub Zamurović

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TO SYMBOLIZE IS TO SUFFER

Chloé Wilcox

In *Imagining the Balkans*, Maria Todorova considers the image of the Balkans that the West invokes. She writes, “It is...distinctly male. The standard Balkan male is uncivilized, primitive, crude, and without exception, disheveled” (Todorova, 14). This “primitive” and “disheveled” male image, for the West, satisfactorily encompasses the perceived violence, filth and backwardness that define the Balkans. In light of this stereotype, Balkan women seem to fall to the wayside. However, engaging in a close examination of Orhan Pamuk’s *Snow* and Milcho Manchevski’s *Before the Rain* reveals the very important role women play in helping to mitigate, as well as to fully comprehend, the full consequence of such projected stereotypes. In her analysis of *Before the Rain*, Katarzyna Marciniak writes, concerning the role of women, “Even though [women] are narratively “punished” for their transgressive acts, through their actions both women [Hana and Zamira] point to the urgency of critiquing the intersection of patriarchal hegemony and the logic of ethnic violence. Their affiliations with men outside their “blood” signal cross-cultural, cross-ethnic openings...” (Marciniak, 75). Marciniak suggests that women, in providing positive contrasts to the “primitive, crude” men, present an escape from the totalized and internalized masculine stereotype that Todorova asserts characterizes the Balkan image. However, it is equally important to consider the other ways in which women play a crucial role in shedding light on the “urgency of critiquing,” not simply as “sites of critical possibility,” but also as “sites” of illumination. Yesim Arat

If women are able to break from the symbolic “identities” that the men in their communities have imposed upon them, they will necessarily enforce a change on those communities.

notes, considering the role of women in Turkey, “As women redefin[e] their identities in search of political gains, the state and society against which those identities were formed also change[s]” (Arat, 118). This observation not only informs the importance of women’s roles in relation to their nations, but also in terms of the projections they receive. If women are able to break from the symbolic “identities” that the men in their communities have imposed upon them, they will necessarily enforce a change on those communities. Without the ability to project problems, fears and responsibilities onto other bodies, those who project will be forced to recon-

sider their claims. Just as the Balkans as a whole has been reduced to a place of “violence and primitiveness,” so women in both *Snow* and *Before the Rain* are completely reduced to mediatory political

symbols. The transformation of women into such totalized and potent political symbols in *Snow* and *Before the Rain*, and their inability to escape the responsibilities that such symbols project onto them, illuminates the harmful consequences projecting unfounded stereotypes or roles inflict on those who are projected upon, as well as on those who enforce the projections to the extent that they allow social problems to be ignored. This compound understanding of the harmful nature of projected images in *Snow* and *Before the Rain* elucidates the damaging nature of Western Europe’s perceptions of the Balkans.

The inextricable terms through which the associations between women and the political

conflict that dominates Turkey come to be expressed throughout Pamuk's *Snow* and illuminate the extent to which socio-political projections strip individuals of their humanity. Explaining the centrality of women in the conflict between secularism and Islamism, Muhtar, one of the Islamist leaders, says, "All across Turkey, our support of the covered girls is the key expression of our political vision" (Pamuk, 55). That "support of covered girls" is "the key" to Muhtar's, and other Islamists' political campaign reveals the extent to which women have been drawn into the conflict. Without the means to "express" and advertize the "political vision," the "vision" would cease to exist. The audience's reaction to the physical image of a headscarf girl at the National Theater Performance further emphasizes the overpowering nature of projected images. Pamuk writes, "no one expected to see an actual woman onstage wearing a head scarf. When they did, they took it to be a sort of head scarf that has become the respected symbol of Islam" (Pamuk, 158). "Headscarf girls" have become so mythologized as symbols that concrete images of them are shocking. The audience's need to mitigate their shock at seeing the "woman wearing a head scarf" by reinterpreting her headscarf into a "respected symbol of Islam" further elucidates how inextricable the woman have become to the image: no one can conceive of a woman wearing a headscarf in a apolitical manner.

The fact that the wearing or removing of headscarves can be interpreted both positively and negatively according to differing political perspective emphasizes the inescapable framework of social projections. In her performance on stage, Funda Eser announces, "When the angry girl tore the scarf off her head, she [is] not just making a statement about people or about national dress, she was talking about [their] souls, because the scarf, fez, turban, and the headdress [are] symbols of the reactionary darkness in [their] souls" (Pamuk, 158, 162). So focused on the political tensions that dominate the

Turkish political landscape, the people have all but forgotten about the lives and the personalities who carry the burden of this political symbolism. That the headscarf is immediately understood either to be "the respected symbol of Islam," or a "symbo[l] of the reactionary darkness in [Islamists] souls" points both to the lack of agency women retain once transformed into symbols, as well as the inescapable nature of that role. Once established as "key expressions" to the Islamist "political vision," nothing women do can be construed as apolitical. On the one hand, wearing a headscarf promotes an image of staunch, "reactionary" Islamism, on the other, removing it necessarily connotes heretical atheism. The mediation of the association between the "actual woman" and the "head scarf" by a "stage" also illuminates the contrived nature of this symbol. Just as acting on a stage represents a departure from reality, so the woman's association, which has become so inextricable in Turkish society, with politics by virtue of the "headscarf," is equally unreal. The conflict has come to surround them completely.

The fact that Mitre, Bojan and their gang have no tangible evidence tying Zamira to the crime, but continue to pin the burden of culpability on her, provides complementary insight to the often unfounded, yet totally overpowering, nature of projected images the situation of women in *Snow* presents. After Zamira is captured, it quickly becomes clear that there is no real evidence confirming her role in Zdrave's death. When Aleks goes to the hut where Bojan and Mitre are guarding Zamira, he asks Bojan angrily, "What evidence do you have?" to which Bojan has no satisfactory answer (Manchevski). The fact that Bojan and Mitre refuse to give her up despite their obvious lack of evidence reveals that Zamira has come to be associated with much more than simply Zdrave's murder: she has come to symbolize all of the tensions and bitterness that characterize the relations between the Macedonian Orthodox and Albanian Muslim populations. Such comments

throughout the film as “Five hundred years of our blood. It’s our chance for payback” point to Bojan’s and Mitre’s ultimate desire to seek vengeance against the entirety of the Albanian Muslim community. The association these statements forge between Zamira’s death and “payback” for Ottoman wrongs suggests that it is not so much Zamira’s alleged crime that makes her so despicable and worthy of mortal punishment, but rather her connection, by virtue of her Muslim religion, to Ottoman rule, emphasizing her role as a symbol. In the Balkans, after the fall of the Ottoman Empire, the Muslim population, whether actually Turkish by descent or not, became inextricably associated with the past Ottoman oppressors. By virtue of this association, they became the focus of much of the bitterness that persisted long after the fall of the Ottoman Empire amongst the Orthodox populations (Todorova, 178). Because a widescale attempt at retribution against the entire Muslim community is not feasible, especially in light of the war occurring across the border in Bosnia that is occurring throughout *Before the Rain*, the Macedonians pin their hatred and resentment onto Zamira’s person. It does not matter if she has actually committed the crime at hand or not. What matters for them is that they finally have something tangible on to which they can express their long held frustrations and concerning Ottoman domination.

The fact that Zamira’s grandfather and brother also inflict cruelty upon her in mirroring the dual burden with which the “headscarf girls,” in their roles as political symbols twice constituted by the secularist as well as the Islamists, must contend in *Snow*, further underscores the totalizing nature of projections. When Zamira’s community discovers her and Kiril after she has been on the run, they do not greet her with relief or kindness, but rather prove to be just as cruel as Mitre and his gang. Zamira’s grandfather beats her mercilessly and forces Kiril to leave. Her grandfather’s cruelty, in addition to the fact that her own brother shoots her, indicates

the transformation and reconstitution Zamira’s symbolism undergoes. Throughout the film it becomes clear that many of the Albanian Muslims, Stojan in particular, are just as antagonistic as Mitre and Bojan. The fact that later in the film (though earlier in time), Stojan threatens to “slit” Aleks’ throat simply because he is a Macedonian Christian clearly indicates Stojan’s indiscriminate hatred for the Macedonians. Based on the hostility he expresses in this earlier encounter, it can be assumed that Zamira’s relationship with Kiril, a Macedonian Orthodox man, that is revealed through her pronouncement that “He [Kiril] saved me...He loves me,” and her attempt to run away from her community to join him, constitutes treachery in the eyes of Stojan. Just as the same act of wearing a headscarf in *Snow* is interpreted two ways, as “reactionary” on the one hand, and “respected” on the other, so Zamira’s position can be interpreted in opposite ways. As a symbol this time for treachery, Zamira is again transformed into the culpable party. While the Macedonians hate her for being an Albanian, the Albanians punish her for crossing the social boundary. The fact that he is able to bring himself to shoot her reemphasizes the totalizing power of projecting images. The power of her projected “treacherous” identity is so overwhelming that Stojan is able to disregard all other moral and emotional attachments.

The central role Zamira plays as Zdrave’s supposed murderer, despite the lack of tangible evidence implicating her in the crime, in the unfurling of the ethnic-religious conflict throughout *Before the Rain* illuminates the ways in which projected identities serve as a justification for otherwise unjustifiable, and extremely destructive, actions. Stojan’s shooting of his sister not only emphasizes the extent to which the symbol he has projected onto Zamira’s being overshadows her identity, but also alludes to the ends such projected symbolism accomplish. Stojan has just witnessed his grandfather brutalize his younger sister until she is bloody. As the scene pro-

gresses, focused shots of Stojan's face reveal the emotional discomfort he feels witnessing such violence. He grimaces and looks almost helpless. In so projecting a negative image onto his sister, Stojan is able to distance himself from the guilt and responsibility of standing by while she is tortured. Shooting her, he confirms her role as culpable, rather than questioning the nature of her culpability, and reassessing his own, deeply ingrained hatred. Similarly, the fact that, at the moment of Aleks' death, Zamira once again receives the burden of the blame, though it is in fact Bojan who is physically responsible for the murder emphasizes the ways in which projecting symbols allows culpable parties to avoid the often painful and embarrassing burden of accepting their mistakes. In immediately turning his gun on Zamira at the realization that Aleks is dead, Bojan divests himself of having to acknowledge the terrible deed he has just committed. It is much easier to divorce oneself from the guilt, projecting it onto a scapegoat, than it is to accept the responsibility of committing a crime and the subsequent punishment.

The ways in which projecting a symbolic meaning onto women provides a distraction from both Stojan's and Bojan's own personal crimes mirrors the ways in which Western Europe uses the Balkans' as an excuse for their own perpetration of brutality. Discussing the ways in which Western European sought to explain both World Wars, Todorova quotes Robert Kaplan who wrote, "Nazism, for instance, can claim Balkan origins. Among the flophouses of Vienna, a breeding ground of ethnic resentments close to the southern Slavic world, Hitler learned how to hate so infectiously" (Todorova, 119). Though the widespread and very thoroughly



enacted atrocious brutalities that constituted the Holocaust are undeniably German (or Austro-German), and thus Western, Kaplan somehow manages to stake the blame onto the Balkans. Kaplan's incentive to do so can only be explained by the uncomfortable position such violence places the West. The West is supposed to be the stronghold of the "rational and liberal," and it is from this image that they are able to maintain a superior position to the rest of the world, and the Balkans more particularly (Todorova, 137). Events such as the Holocaust, in providing quite convincing contradictory evidence, seriously jeopardize this image, and through it, general Western hegemony. Furthermore, considering the

horrors of the Holocaust, accepting responsibility for producing those horrors is an extremely difficult and shameful prospect. Just as Bojan and Stojan turn on Zamira, in her double symbolic role as both villain and traitor, allow them both to avoid the fact of their criminal responsibility, so the deeply ingrained Balkan stereotype allows the West to avoid the full responsibility of its crimes. That Kaplan is able to make use of the projected stereotype of Balkan violence, as a place of "ethnic resentment" and "hatred" to soak

up the responsibility for Hitler's terrible scheme precludes having to consider what it is that is so wrong about the West that it would inspire some of the most terrible deeds in human history.

As it is Zamira who suffers in *Before the Rain*, so in *Snow*, it is the "headscarf girls," transformed into a vehicle for the "key expression of political views," who must suffer the brunt of the political wrath; their suicides clearly point to the extremely destructive results of projecting essentialized identities

onto communities. In *Snow*, the narrator observes, “According to officials, press interest had served only to push more girls over the edge” (Pamuk, 15). Though it is allegedly “press interest” that pushes women to suicide, the women are only at the mercy of that attention as a result of the political nature of their projected symbolism. Discussing the political ramifications of their deaths, the media attention the “headscarf girls” receive only serves to augment their political, rather than personal, images, thereby adding to the debilitating dehumanization the projections force them to suffer. The abrupt manner in which the girls are reported to commit suicide indicates



that the root of their unhappiness lies in their ‘symbolic burden.’ Considering Ka’s reaction to the suicides, the narrator observes, “the thing that shocked and frightened Ka was the way these girls had killed themselves: abruptly, without ritual or warning, in the midst of their everyday routines” (Pamuk, 14). Committing suicide so “abruptly, without ritual or warning,” the “headscarf girls reject” the contrived nature that is associated with the symbolic and reassert their agency as individuals. The fact that they so pointedly avoid all things “ritual[istic]” in death locates the responsibility in their projected identities. Symbols are inextricably related to performance. As Funda Eser’s speech at the National Theater elucidates, as “expressions” of a political debate, women’s actions can never be neutral. They are always playing a part. The fact that these girls feel that the only way to reassert their individuality and identity beyond the scope of the political message is through death points to the terrible consequences of projecting an image onto a person, a culture, religion or place. Projections appear to be so totalizing and all encompass-

ing that they leave no room for individual reassertion reveals that the individual must necessarily perish, either subsumed into the image, or extinguished through death.

The fact that Ka’s shock at the “abrupt” manner, described in the previous paragraph, in which the suicides were conducted so easily distracts away from harsh realities that dominate the lives of “headscarf girls” underscores

the negative consequences symbolic preoccupation can bring about upon a society, in addition to the individual. No less important than the fact that these “beatings” and other violations are a direct result of political pressure that these projec-

tions burden the women and their families with is the way in which these symbols distract attention away from the internal issues they create. Ka’s concern with the manner in which these girls died, causes him to completely pass over “the constant beatings to which these girls were subjected, or the insensitivity of fathers who wouldn’t even let them go outside, [and] the constant surveillance of jealous husbands” (Pamuk, 14). Considering the “headscarf girls” suicides in terms of the girls’ symbolism, rather than in terms of their humanity, draws attention away from other possible contributing factors. In view of the gravity of some of these other factors, including “constant beatings,” however, such short-sided scrutiny of the situation is extremely problematic, especially when approached at a state level. Just as the centrality of the scarf as a symbol distracts Ka’s comprehension of the bigger picture, so such political symbolism allows leaders, both secularist and religious, to ignore the greater social issues that underlie such symbolic projections. Rather than recognizing the suicides as indicators of deeply ingrained national problems, the

state is able to subsume these problems into the already central issue of religious discord. Gathered into the totalized, and ungrounded, world of the symbolic, the terrible state in which these women live appears less real and thereby less pressing. Conveniently distracted by the larger political scheme, the state is able to avoid the need to address underlying socio-economic issues.

The ability to project symbolism, whether positive or negative, on women confers on both men and political factions bolsters our understanding of how European essentialized projections of irreversible brutality and primitiveness onto the Balkans provide the grounds by which the West can ignore the problems present in Balkans, as well as its role in helping to shape these conflicts. Throughout *Imagining the Balkans*, Maria Todorova points to the ways in which the inherently violent and overall negative stereotypes that the West projects onto the Balkans constitute primarily a means to avoid both confronting the West's own flaws, as well as taking responsibility, and providing aid, for the problems that plague its continent. Discussing the Yugoslav conflict, and the general lack of European intervention, Todorova writes, "The...Yugoslav atrocities, and in general Balkan atrocities...are expected natural outcomes of a warrior ethos, deeply ingrained in the psyche of the Balkan populations" (Todorova, 137). Projecting upon the Balkan populations a "warrior ethos, deeply ingrained in [their] psyche," characterizes conflict as something natural, thus transforming the event of "atrocities" from a terrible wrong that must be quickly arrested, the problems at its root ameliorated, into something that, in its ordinariness, can be ignored. Just as the secularists and the Islamists in *Snow* are able to ignore the underlying suffering the "headscarf girls" suffer as a result of their burdensome politicized role and the nations discord, so the West allows itself to be distracted from the underlying conflicts that explain conflicts in the Balkans. If a problem can be explained

away and sectioned off, it no longer poses a threat. Essentializing the Balkans as generally "violent," the West can avoid confronting particular cases of violence with a 'clear' conscience. As a result of this Western indifference, however, the Balkans must continue to suffer unaided.

The ways in which women in both Orhan Pamuk's *Snow* and Milcho Manchevski's *Before the Rain* suffer throughout each respective piece elucidate the problematic, and ultimately deeply detrimental, aspects of projecting totalizing images onto others, and inform a critique of the Western tendency to project essentialized images of violence onto the Balkans as a whole. Returning to Katarzyna Marciniak's assertion that women in *Before the Rain* present "sites of critical possibility," despite the suffering they must endure, helps to moderate the demoralizing state of affairs that each piece presents. In *Snow*, both Kadife and Ipek successfully mediate the two worlds of secularism, embodied in their father, and Islamism, embodied in Blue, just as Zamira and her mother are able to reject their social symbolism, even if only temporarily, by virtue of their love. Their ability to love, fight and retain their own personal lives and relationships rejects the essentialism that necessarily accompanies projected stereotypes and symbolisms. Their refusal to accept the terms projected on their lives, and thus to provide a convenient distraction from social problems, helps effect the "changes" their conflict-torn "state[s] and societ[ies]" leave unaddressed (Arat, 118). The hope their ability to cast off their roles also informs the relationship between the Balkans and the West. Just as the symbolic roles of women are a product of male manipulation and conflict, this male vision of the Balkans is simply a product of European stereotypes. In this parallel, women and the Balkans align, united in their "Otherness," while masculinity and Western are analogous. Extending this parallel, Europe takes on the "boorish" and "crude" qualities that are associated with Balkan masculin-

ity. As the scene in the restaurant in Manchevski's *Before the Rain* illustrates, "Balkan-
esque" violence is not so easily divorced from the West. Ulster, and the people who fight
and suffer there are not all that different from Serbia or Bosnia or Macedonia. By the same
vein, and in conjunction with the fact that women refuse to be fully tied down by their
symbolic roles, we realize, that the Balkan people are much more than just the image of
Western projections.

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BEZIMENA PLANETA

Juraj Nevjestić

Ova planeta je vrlo mala, možda nije ni planeta, nego svemir—možda, ali nije niko siguran, i štoviše niko ne zna da li je stvarno mala—ali tako svijet priča, pa i ja ću tako da pričam. Oko planete ima jedna siva magla, i kroz nju se ništa ne može vidjeti, ali je moguće da je planeta lijepa—da ima velike planine, zelene šume, i druge takve ljepote svijeta. Isto tako sam čuo da je sve mrtvo i smrdljivo, ali ko će znati! Jedan momak (moje godište i moj dobri drugar) mi je rekao da planeta uopće ne postoji i da je sama metafora. Kad je čula ovu mladalačku glupost, moja tetka je meni objasnila kako je to istinska planeta i kako njena pokojna majka je na nju putovala svakog lijeta kad je ona bila mala. Ja sam sve ovo fino napisao svojoj profesorici Padi Netković, ne znajući da će uskoro početi da galami na mene. Kaže meni profesorica: “O Juraj, idiote, ovo je bio samo jednostavni domaći zadatak, na koji već kasniš dvije sedmice!” Ovo je meni bio sumnjiv odgovor, i nisam ga nimalo prihvatio.

NAMELESS PLANET

Juraj Nevjestić

This planet is very small, perhaps it isn't even a planet, but a moon—maybe, but no one is certain, and what's more no one knows if it truly is small—but that is what men say, so I will say it too. Around the planet there is a gray fog through which one cannot see anything, but it is possible that the planet is pretty—that it has large mountains, great forests, and other such earthly beauties. On the other hand, I have heard that everything is dead and fetid, but who can say! A young man (my age and a very good friend of mine) told me that the planet does not actually exist, but rather that it is a metaphor. When she heard of this youthful stupidity, my aunt explained to me how it really does exist and how her late mother vacationed there every summer when my aunt was little. All of this I amiably explained to my professor Pada Netković, not knowing at the time that she would soon begin to yell at me. The professor tells me: “O Juraj, you idiot, this was supposed to be a simple assignment, on which you are already two weeks late!” This struck me as a dubious answer, and I didn't accept it in the slightest.



AN ALBANIAN LOOK AT THE JERS

Andrew Dombrowski

On the basis of grammatical parallels between southern Montenegrin and western Macedonian dialects, documentary historical evidence, and the relatively frequent presence of Slavic loanwords in Albanian, the existence of a contiguous belt of Slavic speech communities between Montenegrin and Macedonian has been hypothesized (Popovich 1958, Greenberg 2000). The border between East and West South Slavic would have run through the territory encompassed by these dialects, making this an area of particular interest for the historical development of South Slavic.

Popovich 1958 argues that southern Montenegrin dialects in which both jers yield /ea/ (or [e]) are remnants of a transitional group of dialects in which both jers merge, but with an East South Slavic reflex (Popovich 1958: 2000). The other possibility for such a transitional dialect would be to merge the jers, but with the other possible East South Slavic reflex (i.e., /o/). I argue in this paper that the Albanian dialect of Opoja preserves evidence of exactly this.

The Albanian dialect of Opoja was almost certainly formed on the basis of a Slavic substrate (Mladenovic 2001, Lutovac 1956). Opoja itself occupies a position slightly north of the Slavic dialect of Gora, which is notably divergent from the nearby northern Macedonian and Prizren-Morava varieties of Slavic. Among other features, it has /o/ and /e/ as jer reflexes, unlike the Prizren dialect, which has schwa (Mladenovic 2001, Ivic 1956/2001). Therefore, geographically, Opoja lies on the precise boundary of an isogloss that appears to have spread out more widely into northern Albania. No direct evidence of the jer reflexes in Opoja have been preserved, but I argue that relevant traces have been left in the Albanian dialect of Opoja after language shift took place.

In particular, Opoja is characterized by the widespread presence of /o/ in inflectional and derivational morphemes (Pajaziti 2005). In some cases, this /o/ directly corresponds to /ə/ in Albanian, while in other instances, there are independent motivations for hypothesizing an intermediate development from some other vowel to /ə/. This strongly suggests that the widespread /o/ in Opoja is due to a shift from *ə>/o/. Also of note is that this /o/ innovates vowel-zero alternations in some morphological environments that parallel comparable alternations in Slavic, e.g. Opoja *i vesh-om* 'clothed-masc.sg.' ~ *e vesh-me* 'clothed-fem.sg.' like Macedonian *sladok* 'sweet-masc.sg.' ~ *slatka* 'sweet-fem.sg.' (Pajaziti 2005: 135). This development strongly suggests that an association between alternating Slavic /o/ and alternating Albanian /ə/ was implemented during the process of language shift and applied to Albanian. The fact that only /o/ is attested, instead of /e/, suggests that the original situation in Opoja was the other logical possibility suggested by the one-*jer* Montenegrin dialects with /e/; i.e., that both jers merged to /o/ in Opoja.

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FUNDAMENTALISM IN SCARE QUOTES
Dušan Makavejev Against the Dziga Vertov Group
Eliza Rose

Bathed in the chilly blue light of aged film, officers plunge their hands into the pockets of disintegrating corpses and extract molting passports and withered identification cards. The bodies are caked in soil and moss. At best, the bodies are distinct and their parts and features identifiable. But often the corpses have already putrefied into a heap of clothing and earth. The officers who tiptoe through this decomposing maze must confront the fragile boundary between human life and inorganic waste. Filmmaker Dušan Makavejev slyly weaves this terrifying documentary footage of the Katyn Forest Massacre into his narrative 1974 film *Sweet Movie*. These short windows into a reality submerged in death are difficult to process. Early on in the film, it is unclear whether they've been added for gratuitous shock value, or as sober pauses from the hedonistic fever that dominates the rest of the film. Makavejev's motives remain dangerously opaque until the end of the film. The footage is married to a context loaded with historical enmity: filmed by the Nazis, it was initially wielded as anti-Soviet propaganda. The context compliments its content; the footage becomes an interesting footprint of two ideological monsters crossing paths.

In his article *Radical Evil as a Freudian Category*, Slavoj Žižek dissects nationalistic fundamentalism into its three gravest consequences. He explains that ethno-centric fundamentalism builds up a blind spot blocking one's perspective on qualities internal to one's culture. One of the features that exist outside the field of vision of the fundamentalist is "the obscene undertext" of his ideological platform. Žižek argues that for every system of beliefs, there is a crude and graphic underbelly. It is in this subterranean territory that theory acts out its most extreme and sensational implications. The subtle power dynamics discreetly tucked into an ideologi-

cal system rear their ugly heads in this subtext. Žižek anecdotally cites the photographs of tortured prisoners at the Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq to illustrate his point. He argues that these images emerge from a swarming hotbed of violent and sexual impulses that is always present in the American pathos, but is usually covert.

Upon seeing the photographs, George W. Bush's defensive instinct was to distance these obscenities from his definition of "American values," insisting that they "were isolated crimes which do not reflect what America stands and fights for." Bush maintains this disconnect because, according to Žižek's logic, he has been completely absorbed into the "fundamentalist" standard ethics of the culture of American capitalism. The photographs don't resonate with him because their relevance falls within his blind spot. To re-forge the connection, to position the behavior of the soldiers at Abu Ghraib as a symptom of the "obscurity" latent in the ideology that fueled the war in Iraq, would force Bush to break with his fundamentalist mentality, and to critically reevaluate his ethical platform. This sort of self-analysis, according to Žižek, is alien to the mechanisms of fundamentalism.

I believe that the uncomfortable parallels and analogies Makavejev draws in his films are meant to instigate a rupture of exactly this nature. He arranges gruesome juxtapositions, sandwiching documentary images of decomposing bodies within melodramatic and sensational scenes rolling back and forth between sex and murder and murder and sex. These provocative scenes resist serious readings, but run up against the sudden brick wall of footage that requires the viewer to adjust his attention. Regardless of whether the unrestrained sexuality ram-

pant in the rest of the film makes you laugh or feel nauseated, it is impossible to process the footage of the massacre without adjusting your countenance. But the shifts are sudden and extreme; *Sweet Movie*'s audience must be nimble and flexible in its attitudes. Makavejev forces congruence in an abrasive and unexpected way. His objective is to reestablish the visible continuity between overt ideology and its obscene subtext. In doing so, he interrupts the momentum of aesthetic uniformity that he finds so problematic in fundamentalism.

“Fundamentalism” as a concept is always at risk of becoming a blanket term. In Žižek's article, he applies it to hegemonic thought structures in a rotating panorama of oppressed nation-states. His usage of the term is, however, more precise than it appears. For Žižek, fundamentalism is the format of a dominant ideology that either perpetrates or has the capacity to perpetrate radical evil. Žižek borrowed this term from Hannah Arendt, who characterizes radical evil in the following terms.

When the impossible was made possible it became the unpunishable, unforgivable, absolute evil which could no longer be understood and explained by evil motives of self-interest, greed, covetousness, resentment, lust for power. When the impossible was made possible it became the unpunishable, unforgivable, absolute evil which could no longer be understood and explained by evil motives of self-interest, greed, covetousness, resentment, lust for power and cowardice; and which therefore anger could not revenge, love could not endure, friendship could not forgive. Just as the victims in the death factories or the holes of oblivion are no longer 'human' in the eyes of their executioners, so this newest species of criminals is beyond the pale even of solidarity in human sinfulness.

For Arendt, the category of radical evil is deliberately reserved for Nazism and the genocide it brought into the world. Žižek subtly rephrases Arendt's criteria to justify applying

the term to various incarnations of totalitarianism. The main features of Arendt's definition remain; for Žižek, radical evil is made possible by an ideological apparatus that reconfigures and distorts personal guilt, rendering impossible crimes suddenly possible, within the autonomous logic of a system of ideology.

Faced with the gigantic volume of corpses in the footage of the Katyn Forest Massacre, it is hard to imagine what radical evil would look like if this isn't its very face. The Katyn Forest Massacre of 1940 was the Soviet secret police's mass-murder of Polish officers, intellectuals and prisoners of war by the thousands, primarily in Russia's Katyn Forest. To integrate footage from this context in a film brimming with Marxist dogma, both explicit and allusive, can only be a pointed choice. Makavejev artfully layers didactic speeches and aggressive social critiques with the grotesque consequences of ideological absolutism. One of *Sweet Movie*'s heroines is a Marxist revolutionary by day and a serial murderess by night. Her radical philosophy and her violent deeds are bound up with one another. Yet Makavejev neither condones nor condemns the passions of his protagonist. His stance as the film's choreographer is much more complex.

Sweet Movie rejects the repressive conventions of bourgeois society with actions as much as with words. However, the film is hardly confident in communism as the best alternative. By this measure, it has objectives similar to those of the Dziga Vertov Group, but achieves them more comprehensively. The Dziga Vertov Group was a small cooperative of politically minded filmmakers, most notably Jean-Luc Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin, who made films collaboratively between 1968 and 1972. Their films directly discussed Marxist philosophy and incorporated Brechtian aesthetic conventions. They made films as a collective, eschewing the concept of individual authorship. Formally, their films are of the same ilk as Makavejev's *Sweet*

Movie and *WR: Mysteries of the Organism*. Many of their films harvest and manipulate archival footage to flesh out their visual worlds. Their sensibility is soaked in primary colors, similarly to the flamboyant color palettes of *Sweet Movie* and *WR*. They structure their films as a layer of genres, pivoting drama against documentary. They have fractured storylines, keeping a safe distance from conventional narrative structure. Many of the group's films feature actress Anne Wiazemsky as a mouthpiece for radical ideology. As a beautiful but stubborn revolutionary, she calls to mind the militant heroines of *Sweet Movie* and *WR*.

The affinities between Makavejev's films and those of the Dziga Vertov Group don't go much further beyond their stylistic resemblances. The directors of the Dziga Vertov Group were mostly French, but their films are acutely aware of their neighbors in Eastern Europe engaging in communism outside the safe parameters of reading groups and street rallies. Their 1970 film *Pravda* is an hour-long assemblage of documentary footage of Czechoslovakia after the revolution of '68. Godard himself narrates the film through voice-over, subjecting the pool of images to his constant interpretation. One scene features Czech director Vera Chytilová sitting on a park bench, while Godard rattles off a didactic lecture on the shortcomings of communism in Czechoslovakia. He claims for himself the exclusive right to narrate the film. A similarly aggressive gesture is made in *Vladimir et Rosa*, made the following year, in which Godard and Gorin take it upon themselves to play Vladimir Lenin and Karl Rosa, a hybrid of Karl Marx and Rosa Luxembourg.



The effect is belittling; the films become pantomimes. They resemble puppet shows, starring young and naïve French schoolboys who make-believe they are Karl Marx's last living disciples.

Makavejev is certainly in cahoots with Godard and company as far as their attack on bourgeois culture goes. If they're playing cowboys and Indians, then Makavejev plays along. The moment where his view divorces from theirs is difficult to pinpoint, but it is clear that the Marxist dogma proselytized

by the Vertov Group is inadequate for him as a philosophical model. In *WR*, his heroine insists that no Marxist revolution can succeed unless it is accompanied by a sexual revolution. Her view is representative of Makavejev's own sentiments, but this discrepancy alone does not fully explain his distaste for the stringent Marxism of the Vertov Group's films. For Makavejev, dogmatic Marxism represents yet another face of fundamentalism. He makes this point subtly. It is difficult to determine where exactly his allegiances

end. He doesn't fully reject Marxism itself; he rejects its slogans and the literality of its codes. His deft manipulation of the Katyn Forest Massacre imagery in *Sweet Movie* is a clear marker of his conflicted attitude towards the political absolutism personified in the character of Anna Planeta.

Within the rhythm of the film, the archival footage functions as a series of somewhat anonymous, almost mechanical pangs of conscience. They pepper the film's narrative, which forks into two parallel plots. One of the plots follows Anna Planeta, a Polish Marxist

who sails down a canal in a generic European city. Her boat has the elaborate appearance of a parade float. It is weighed down with ornament and boasts at its bow a gigantic papier-mâché bust of Karl Marx. Anna sings rallying songs championing global solidarity through communism, and takes as her lover a handsome sailor named Potemkin. She is a highly stylized portrait of a communist radical gone awry. Throughout the film she gradually transforms into an avatar for excess. She personifies unrestrained libidinal indulgence to the extent that her behavior looks grotesque from even the most lenient perspective. She lures children and lovers and children as lovers into her private, floating kingdom stocked with an endless supply of sugar, candies and sexual attention. The situation doesn't end well for anyone. At one point early on in the film, Anna warns her newest conquest that her boat is filled with corpses. The accuracy of this statement isn't clear until the end of the film, when she stabs her lover to death while making love to him in a basin filled with granulated sugar. Her storyline runs into a dead end when the police seize her boat and evacuate a series of corpses wrapped in cellophane.

From the image of the bodies lined up on the river bank, Makavejev cuts back to the Katyn Massacre footage. It is impossible to see these scenes in sequence without drawing an analogy between Anna Planeta's crimes and the mass extermination of thousands of Poles. Makavejev draws this parallel to demonstrate that fundamentalism, even on a personal level, can have fatal consequences. At the same time, this dynamic filmmaker is not one to let his judgments fossilize. As soon as *Sweet Movie* feigns to settle down as a condemnation of Anna's political rigidity, Makavejev shifts his weight and casts doubt on his own conclusion. The film draws to a close with one last glance at the bodies of Anna's victims lined up on the waterfront. The cellophane bundles bare a striking resemblance to cocoons. This impression is only sharpened when they begin to rustle,

and children wriggle out of their deathbeds, as if reborn. This strange dash of hope brings about another moment of disconcerting incongruence, and Makavejev's ultimate moral evaluation regains its fluidity. Makavejev is constantly checking his impulses and undermining his juridical authority. This level of introspection is the exact element that is so sorely missed in the Dziga Vertov Group's work.

The Dziga Vertov Group's style of filmmaking, oversaturated with ideology and entirely bereft of self-skepticism, embodies the intellectual tendencies of which Makavejev is so adamantly critical. It is precisely this kind of cinema, however, that provides him with an ample reservoir of footage and material to draw from in his own films. Makavejev has called cinema "the perfect consumer, with a stomach for anything." His films are like the stomach of a shark; they swallow and internalize everything they question, but the objects of their critique are shown in their entirety, undigested and standing alone, with Makavejev's whisper of skepticism faint and off-screen. Some of his movies are so well stocked with nods to agitprop cinema that they disorient the viewer. It often takes concerted effort and a nuanced eye to separate these genre-affects, meant to be subject to scrutiny, from Makavejev's own attitude. This raises a critical question of form: is there enough of a palpable difference between quoting propaganda and making it?

In his article *On Makavejev On Bergman*, Stanley Cavell analyzes Makavejev's work as a filmmaker by discussing a paper and an "experiment" Makavejev presented at a conference held at Harvard in 1978 on Ingmar Bergman. At the conference, the preamble to Makavejev's talk was a reel he had edited together of non-verbal sequences from Bergman's films. He used three screens, centering those scenes filmed in black and white, and flanking them with widescreen scenes shot in color. The effect must have been stunning but also idiosyncratic, calling to mind the

collage technique that so consistently styles most of Makavejev's films. His intention was for the sequence to draw to the surface Bergman's hidden motives. By cleansing the imagery of plot, he hoped to elucidate its latent subnarrative structure. He explains in his paper that "it is in these [nonverbal] sequences that Bergman tells us of many subliminal processes occurring beneath the level of the verbal interaction."



This language sounds familiar. Makavejev visualizes the structure of Bergman's films as a layered sedimentation of meaning, wherein the vigorous viewer can excavate low-lying truths. He turns away from the verbosity of Bergman's lengthy dialogues, and plunges beneath the surface of the film to render visible that which has been neatly concealed. This technique is similar to the methodology he applies to his own films, where explicit Marxist theory functions as the surface of his analysis. The subtext he brings forth, then, is ideology's obscene underbelly, as described in Žižek's article.

The final sequence of the footage of the Katyn Forest Massacre ends with a quote projected on the screen: "Let us think of these things always and speak of them never." This title

card could serve as an ironic heading for a great portion of Makavejev's material. To speak of "these things" is Makavejev's audacious priority. His films are successful only when they violate this dictum. He harnesses the unspoken but the ever-present, forcing confrontation between theory and its sometimes-obscene incarnations. Through his willingness to welcome the unimaginable into his diegesis, he provokes strange collisions and strips the fundamentalist of at least a few of his thousand layers of self-assurance. As arbiter, he rescinds the right to narrate without absolving the viewer of the pressure to have an ethical reaction. His moral landscape is far from deserted, but its features are generous and constantly changing.

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“KAD BIH SAMO MOGLA BITI
STRAŠNA...”

Lana Jovanovic

O, da sam samo bila kao “Barbie” ne bih imala moj trenutni problem—
gdje ne mogu da se snađem,
da smislim nešto o čemu da pišem.
Ma, joj! Grozno... gadno... nevjerovatno...
nedopustivo!

Refren:

Ah, da sam samo bila kao Barbie
moj svijet bi bio ružičast i sretan.
Ne bi postojao uspijeh koji bi bio nemoguć,
život bi bio lak i sretan...

O, da sam samo bila kao ta fantastična bar-
bika u mojim rukama.
Da sam samo bila takav sretan tip, ne bi
postojio cilj koji bi mi bio težak...
Uspijela bih živiti u jednoj zemlji gdje nikad
ne bih osijetila gorki ukus razočarenja.
Da sam samo bila kao Barbie...

Refren:

Ah, da sam samo bila kao Barbie
moj svijet bi bio ružičast i sretan.
Ne bi postojao uspijeh koji bi bio nemoguć,
život bi bio lak i sretan...

Ali, na žalost, nemam takvu sreću,
nikada neću biti na tom nivou ‘strašnosti’!
Nije mi nadohvat... nažalost--nisam Barbie.

IF I ONLY COULD BE AMAZING

Lana Jovanovic

O, if only I could be like “Barbie” then I
wouldn’t be facing this dilemma—
I can’t find my way,
Can’t conceive anything to write about.
O, darn! Terrible... inconceivable... unbeliev-
able... unacceptable!

Chorus:

Ah, if only I was like Barbie
My world would be pink and lucky.
There wouldn’t be a single goal that I’d find
troublesome
Life would be easy and happy...

O, if only I was like that fantastic Barbie in
my hands,
If only I was of that lucky sort, there
wouldn’t be a single goal I’d find inconceiv-
able,
I would get to live in a world where I would
never feel the bitter taste of disappointment.
If only I was like Barbie.

Chorus:

Ah, if only I was like Barbie
My world would be pink and lucky.
There wouldn’t be a single goal that I’d find
troublesome
Life would be easy and happy...

Unfortunately, I don’t have that sort of luck.
I will never reach that caliber of awesome-
ness.
It’s not within reach.
Regrettably I’m just not Barbie.

“WOMAN AS OTHER”

Sevda And Gyulfié In Anton Donchev’s “Time Of Parting”

Svetlozara Stoytcheva

Women play a very important role in the rhetoric of nationalist narratives. The most common function of femininity within the context of nationalism is that of the symbolic. Nationalist narratives are made more credible through their “naturalization” in the context of traditional masculine/feminine gender roles. In order to achieve these aims, the feminine is reduced to the level of the symbolic. Instead of acting as individuals, women become equated with the landscape and with the borders of the nation. They also have a highly symbolic role not as individual mothers but as vessels for the future heroes of the nation. Because the feminine is so intricately connected with the nation, the trauma of rape is an extremely productive trope in nationalist narratives. Within nationalist rhetoric, women function within the realm of the passive and the symbolic while men are active and endowed with individual agency that manifests itself in the form of epic/heroic acts in defense of the nation. While the symbolic is the most common function of the feminine within nationalist narratives, women can also play a different role—that of members of “the Other.”

Anton Donchev’s *Time of Parting*, published in 1964, is a prime example of nationalist narrative. A close reading of the novel reveals not only myriad examples of women filling the role of the symbolic but also two prominent examples of the functions of women as “other”—the characters Sevda and Gyulfié. Sevda is the only Bulgarian woman with significant agency, but this agency is dangerous because it a product of her unrestrained sexuality and ultimately leads to her betrayal of the nation. Her betrayal and conversion ultimately separates her from the nation and makes her a member of “the Other.” Gyulfié is the only named female member of “the Other” that reader is presented with. Through the tropes

of infertility and desire for members of the nation, Gyulfié fills the role of a member of “the Other” desiring the ‘essence’ of the nation.

The trope of ‘the traitor’ is central to the rhetoric of nationalism throughout the Balkans—the most notorious example of this idea is, of course, Serbia’s Vuk Branković, on whom tradition places the burden of having betrayed his king at the Battle of Kosovo. This trope functions within nationalist narratives in order to explain the fall of the nation. In his analysis of historical perspectives on nationalism, historian Lloyd Kramer points out one definition of nationalism as “the religion of modernity” and within that definition traitors take on the role of heretics and other “evil figures” in religious narratives (Kramer, 533). Because of this elevation to the realm of the spiritual the nation as an entity is endowed with a ‘God-like’ infallibility. For something so great to fall, the weakening must come from within, thus necessitating treason. One potential role for women within nationalist narrative is to fill that need for internal corruption.

Given the intimate relationship between women and nation, the role of women as traitors is problematic. Because women are symbolically linked with the physical being of the nation, this treason is possible only with the transition from the realm of the general and the symbolic into the realm of the individual. Women are divorced from the landscape when they are given agency as individuals, but this agency comes with a perversion of their purity and the demonization of their sexuality. Sevda is the example of this function of femininity in *Time of Parting*. She is the only female character on the Bulgarian side with significant individual agency and her agency is also intricately linked with her

sexuality and her betrayal.

Within the novel, Sevda acts as a character-foil to Elitsa—paragon of purity, virtue, and the role of women in the realm of the symbolic. With Elitsa's elevated role as the physical embodiment of the Rhodope Mountains comes a special sort of impotence. Through-



Sarajevo

out most of the novel, Elitsa is not in a position to make decisions. For example, she has little say in her marriages—all three of which are significantly symbolic. Because of the importance of her wedding to Manol, all Elitsa can do when Momchil asks for her nosegay is, with “lips quivering” and eyes shining “boldly and desperately,” tell him it’s already been given and flee (Donchev, 149). Similarly, after Manol dies, his wedding rings, and Elitsa along with them, are simply passed down to Momchil as a symbolic ‘passing of the torch’ through generations of male heroes. There are no scenes in the novel where Elitsa makes choices about her own fate—these decisions are made for her to best fit her role as the nation incarnate. Although Elitsa is thrice mar-

ried, only her relationship with Momchil is consummated. That act is also a very symbolic one during which not her womb, but “the earth’s womb” opens up, allowing her to, in some sense, retain her purity (Donchev, 241). When her son is born, Elitsa too becomes reduced to a vessel and widowed. Sevda then proposes to Manol that they would “suit each other well.” However, Manol is quick to rebuff her and reproaches her by asking about all of the young men who “wait at the threshold when the sun goes down” and “sing at night, when the moon shows itself” (Donchev, 27). Although Sevda is portrayed as a beautiful woman, her beauty is a dangerous and immodest one: despite being a widow she leaves her hair uncovered and her beauty is compared to that of “Dalilah, who took the strength of Samson” (Donchev, 26).

Unlike Elitsa’s beauty—which is signified by purity and nature imagery—Sevda’s beauty is corrupted by her sexuality. This corruption and the danger implicit in it are most evident in a passage from page 62, when the Venetian narrator first encounters Sevda. The language that he uses to describe her face at that moment is exactly that of corruption, of “rotting.” “Her face changed,” he observes, “Shadows glided over it. They appeared from the white flesh as lightly as rot appears where soft fruit has been touched with rough fingers—at the spot where the fruit will begin to rot... The secret light revealed the future” (Donchev, 62). In his analysis of historical literature about nationalism, Lloyd Kramer also follows several threads of nationalism scholarship in relation to sexuality. He outlines the ideas of scholars like George Mosse who first drew the connection between the rise of nationalism in the nineteenth century and the “emergence of new ideas about proper social behavior—especially the bourgeois emphasis on controlling sexual passions” (Kramer, 538). In effect, ideas about ‘the nation’ and the individual’s responsibility to ‘the nation’ were coming into being simultaneously with ideas about the importance of modesty, chastity, and sexual purity and the

two concepts became closely intertwined. To be, in Kramer's words, a "good nationalist" also meant to be a morally upstanding member of society. Therefore, Sevda's immodest and corrupt sexuality could not bode well for her future as a member of 'the nation' and ultimately leads to her betrayal and conversion.

Sevda's first betrayal of the Bulgarian nation and ultimate sin is throwing her husband's dogs into the pit. She throws the dogs into the pit even though they are not mad—leaving the wretched beasts to devour each other. This is of great symbolic significance as the dogs represent the Bulgarian people. Thrown into the pit, or faced with conversion, they are pitted against one another. Their intolerable howling is a recurring image throughout the novel, constantly foreshadowing the horror that is to come. It is described on numerous occasions and in various ways but the tone always remains the same—foreboding and horrible. A prime example of this notion is the Venetian's pained description of "an indescribable, long-drawn-out howling of dogs... devils must be coming for the sinner's soul" (Donchev, 75). Throughout the narrative, there are numerous curses directed at the wretch who dared pit brother against brother and incite this haunting howling. That "wretch" is Sevda and her abandonment of the dogs acts as prophesy of her more direct betrayal of Bulgaria later in the novel.

Sevda is the first Bulgarian to convert to Islam. She converts and moves into the Konak out of her own self interest. In her heart, having abandoned the dogs, Sevda has already lost faith in the future of the Bulgarian people. She moves into the Konak because it would be in her interest to side with the victors. Ironically, the framework of the novel makes it appear that it is her act of betrayal that weakens the Bulgarians and makes the Turks the victors, necessitating her betrayal. Later, Sevda becomes Karaibrahim's lover—making her the bed fellow of the novel's most "evil" and paradigmatic "Other" character. Of

course, her most direct act of betrayal is luring Goran away from his watch post during Manol's wedding, which leads to the capture of the Bulgarian notables and the downfall of Elindenya valley. The latter of these acts are both explicitly sexual and further link Sevda's sexuality with "evil" and "betrayal."

Unlike the male individuals in the novel, the female characters endowed with agency, namely Sevda, act selfishly and in direct opposition to the interests of the group. Sevda betrays 'the nation' solely for personal gain and her conversion is driven solely by this egoism. However, male characters in the novel endowed with agency act in the interest of the group. Most notably, there are the Manol and Momchil figures that actively defend the nation. However, even a comparison between Sevda and the first male convert—Pop Aligoroko—uncovers a drastic difference between their applications of their agency. Pop Aligoroko is a very sympathetic character in the novel. He is one of the two narrators and the reader is given vast insight into his mind and his reasoning. His conversion is portrayed as a very painful one and one that is necessitated by the best interest of the group. Aligoroko converts in the interest of the survival of the Bulgarian people. If all of the Bulgarians were Manol figures, Bulgaria would be a race of martyrs but also an extinct people. These stark differences between the applications of male agency (driven by the interest of the group) and female agency (driven by selfishness and sexual corruption) act to portray the individual agency of women outside of the acceptable symbolic realm as implicitly dangerous.

At the end of the novel, even Sevda's agency is revoked and her fate is decided not by her but by the father of her child. Once the Turks have been expelled from Elindenya, the village elders must decide what to do with the traitors and the converts. Sevda is not killed because of the possibility that her child might be Goran's and not Karaibrahim's. Sevda's role as mother is reduced to that of vessel

and it is the paternal lineage of the child that is important. Within Sevda's daughter rests the potential to be either, if she's Goran's daughter, an Elitsa figure of symbolic importance, or, if she is Karaibrahim's, a dangerous traitor and an example of corrupted femininity.

One interesting aspect of the Sevda character the novel is the dynamic between her and Syuleiman Aga's wife, Gyulfié. Gyulfié absolutely despises Sevda from the very beginning of the novel, constantly referring to her as not a woman but as "a bitch in season" (Donchev, 62). That is because Gyulfié, as the only named female Turkish character in the novel, represents the other end of the spectrum of female "otherness." Within the novel, Gyulfié is the "Other" that longs for the nation. She is the female counterpart to the Venetian—an outsider attracted by the perfection that is the nation. However, her desire of the nation is of greater symbolic importance because she is not only an outsider, she is a fully-fledged member of "the Other."

Philosopher Slavoj Žižek, in his book *Tarrying with the Negative*, describes the individual's connection 'the nation' as the appreciation of some essence "accessible only to us" that derives its value from the fact that it is both intensely desirable and inaccessible to "the Other" (Žižek, 201). Within *Time of Parting*, Gyulfié fills the role of "the Other" desiring this 'essence'—however it remain-permanently outside of her grasp. This desire manifests itself in her sexual longing for three specific Bulgarian men.

Gyulfié is not beautiful. Because she is not a member of 'the nation' she does not share Elitsa's pure, natural beauty or even Sevda's dangerous, immodest beauty. Her overwhelming physical characterization is her girth, she is fat: "in front she swelled out as if she were holding two sacks of flour to her breast" (Donchev, 57). She is also barren. Throughout the narrative, Gyulfié is preoccupied with her inability to procreate and

with her husband's impotence. At one point in the novel, the Venetian points out Gyulfié's obsession with this idea by asking her "Gyulfié, why do you talk to me only of wombs and fertility?" (Donchev, 309). Syuleiman Aga's impotence manifests itself after he kills his brother and is a symbol of the unnatural and perverted order of things within the realm of "the Other." To be good is to be natural is to belong to "the nation." Outside of the realm of the nation, the natural order of things is corrupted: brother willingly kills brother and woman is no longer viable in her most important capacity as a vessel for future generations of 'the nation.' Gyulfié's infertility is a symbol of her exclusion from the nation. However, despite this exclusion, she harbors an intense longing for the nation.

Gyulfié herself declares that there are only three men who could "warm" her womb and make her fertile: Manol, Goran, and Karaibrahim. It is of great symbolic importance that it is exactly these three men that can so affect Gyulfié. They are all representative of the Bulgarian "essence" in its most virile form. They stand as foils to Syuleiman Aga's impotence. The three men are brothers—all 'sons' in some sense of Old Galoushko. However, together they represent a spectrum of "purity of essence." Manol is the most "Bulgarian" of the three—he has one hundred mothers and one hundred brothers and was raised by the entire community. He is also the novel's ultimate epic hero. Karaibrahim is the most corrupted of the Bulgarian essence because through the imposition of "otherness" onto the nation he is taken as a Janissary and returns to kill his father and brothers – the ultimate perversion of the natural order. Goran falls somewhere in the middle, firmly identifying with the Bulgarian cause but still susceptible to temptation and to Sevda's luring him away from the wedding ceremony. They are all characterized as being impossibly handsome and strong. Gyulfié's attraction to them represents her attraction to the Bulgarian essence.

However, despite her powerful desire of the nation, this essence is unattainable to Gyulfié. Although she almost manages to seduce Goran by bartering with him for entrance into the Konak this only leads to Goran's mugging a knife inside the compound, wounding Karaibrahim, and martyring himself (Donchev, 245). All three men die before Gyulfié has a chance at an intimate relationship with them. Manol remains inaccessible to her forever. Goran commits suicide in the fire after making the barter at the gate. With Karaibrahim, she hopes to lure him in with the prospect of advancing his position, but he too is dead before Gyulfié can fulfill her desires. The essence of 'the nation' remains inaccessible to "the Other" and the last appearance of Gyulfié in the novel is her bitter exile from Elindenya.

It is interesting to note that from the viewpoint of "the Other," Gyulfié's role in the novel is also of a traitor – she allows Goran into the Konak – who's treason is motivated by her unrestrained sexuality. Another point of interest in regards to the Gyulfié character is her intimate relationship with the Venetian. During one of their first interactions, the Venetian notes that "a secret seemed to link" them and that it seemed as if they "had grown up together" (Donchev, 58). This point of convergence is their shared outsider's desire for the nation. The Venetian is allowed some access to the nation – he adopts the name Slav and moves to the Elindenya valley. However, because of her status as a fully-fledged member of "the Other," this luxury is not afforded to Gyulfié.

Within Anton Donchev's *Time of Parting* and within nationalist narratives as a whole, women are allotted several roles of symbolic significance as physical embodiments of the nation and as the nameless mothers of the nation's defenders. However, there is also room in this rhetoric for women as members of "the Other." In *Time of Parting*, this 'otherness' takes two principle forms – that of the traitor and that of "the Other" longing for

the essence of the nation. In order to become agents of treason, women are divorced from the realm of the symbolic and given agency that is dangerous and sexually driven. Sevda fills that role in the narrative and her abandonment of the dogs into the pit is symbolic of her betrayal of the nation. The latter role of "otherness" in the novel is filled by Gyulfié who desires the "essence" of the Bulgarian nation. This desire manifests itself in her physical desire for Manol, Goran, and Karaibrahim and her barrenness is symbolic of the unnaturalness of her "otherness" and of "otherness" in general and of her exclusion from 'the nation.'

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ANALIZA BARKODOVA

Stephanie Robey

Ponedjeljak i srijeda od tri do pet
Knjižnica je moj autoritet
Utorak i četvrtak od dva do četiri
Umirem od dosade za malo nagrade.

Police su visoke i klaustrofobične
Ja sam spora i neproduktivna
To je još dosadnije nego predavanje
Ali to je posao, plata, a trebam novac

Između knjiga
Ja sam sama
Kretanje mojih ruku
Su automatizam.
Prašina i trulež
Na knjigama koje ne čitam
Da li sam ćaknuta?
Dok radim, sanjam.

KUKAVICA

Juraj Nevjestić

Ja volim snijeg. Ali
grad ne voli.
Od njegovog teškog,
paćeničkog života,
ružno ljeto je najlakše.
Za njega je ljepota—
bolest.
Kad njemu mećava dođe
da mu malo život uskrati,
treba mu samo
dva,
tri,
četiri dana
da po ulicama
sav gar povrati.

BARCODE ANALYSIS

Stephanie Robey

Monday and Wednesday from three to five
The library is my authority.
Tuesday and Thursday from two to four
I die of boredom with little reward.

The shelves are tall and claustrophobic.
I am slow and unproductive.
It is more boring than a lecture,
But it's a job, it pays, and I need money.

Among the books
I am alone.
The movements of my hands
Are automatic.
Dust and decay
On books that I don't read.
Am I cracked?
While I work, I dream.

CRYBABY

Juraj Nevjestić

I love snow. But
the city doesn't.
In his difficult,
insufferable life,
ugly summer is easiest.
For him prettiness is—
a sickness.
When blizzards come
to threaten his health
he needs only
two,
three,
four days
to spew on the streets
his putrid black wealth.

KAD SAM NESREĆAN
David Luke Pritchard

Da li si nesrećan?
Da li se ponekad osećaš izolovan?

Kad sam nesrećan...
Milujem moje mačke
A-woo-woo-woo!

Prijatelji, prijatelji, prijatelji
će te zaboraviti
i devojke će te napustiti
S mačkama nikada nećeš biti sam!

Biti voljen uvek
Odgovar je mačiji
Kupi svoju sreću
To je put američki

S mačkama nikada nećeš biti sam!

Ona bi gledala
sa mnom televiziju
i probudila bi me lizanjem ujutru

S mačkama nikada nećeš biti sam!

Prijatelji, prijatelji, prijatelji
Tajna sreće je misliti kao mačke
Prihvati mrgođenje
i okreni ga naopačke

S mačkama nikada nećeš biti sam!
Nekada hoćeš biti sam

WHEN I FEEL UNHAPPY
David Luke Pritchard

Are you unhappy?
Do you sometimes feel alone?

When I'm unhappy,
I pet my cats
A-woo-woo-woo!

Friends, friends, friends
Will forget you
Girlfriends will leave you
With cats you will never be alone!

To be forever loved
The answer is feline
Buy your happiness
It's the American way!

With cats you will never be alone!

She would watch
Television with me
And would wake me up in the morning
By licking my face

With cats, you will never be alone!

Friends, friends, friends
The secret to happiness
Is to think like a cat
Take that frown and
Turn it upside down!

With cats
You will never be alone!

USPOMENA
Alicia Caillier

Kao uspomena bleđi
duh koji je živeo u njoj ostaje sa mnom.
Njenu dugu plavu kosu talasa vetar
Njen smeh zvoni u ušima.

Refren:

Njen život je bio tako kratak, ali on je dodir-
nuo srca mnogih
Nikada neću zaboraviti lepotu njenog lica
moja prijateljica, moja sestra, moja Emma.

Ona se vozila svojim automobilom svuda
Ko je znao da se jedne noći ona neće vratiti
kući
nesreća proganja moje snove
bol živi u meni.

Refren:

Njen život je bio tako kratak,
ali on je dodirnuo srca mnogih
Nikada neću zaboraviti lepotu njenog lica
moja prijateljica, moja sestra, moja Emma.

MEMORY
Alicia Caillier

As memories fade,
her spirit stays with me.
Her long blonde hair waves in the wind
Her laughter rings in my ears

Chorus:

Her life was so short,
but she touched the hearts of many
I will never forget the beauty of her face
My friend, my sister, my Emma

She drove her car everywhere
Who knew that one night she would not
return home
accident haunts my dreams
the pain stays with me

Chorus:

Her life was so short,
but she touched the hearts of many
I will never forget the beauty of her face
My friend, my sister, my Emma.

GNJAVAŽA
Alec Mitrovich

Gnjavaža, moj večni brat
Stanuje kod mene na sedmom spratu
Šta ću da radim? To ne znam.
Samo znam da neću da vežbam.
Možda je lenjost pravo ime mog druga
Ali, šta se rimuje sa druga? Ah, tako je—
kruga.

Refren:

Barem sam dobro sa rimom to je što je
važno.
Ovde je vruće, a napolju je hladno.
Neću da pevam i neću da igram
Da sam tigar, ja bih voleo da tigram.

Šta moram da radim tako sâm u mojoj sobi?
Sve o čemu ja mislim, meni je tako grozno.
Oprostite, molim vas, što sam propustio čas.
Katastrofa je bila to što se desilo između nas.
Moj budilnik nije zvonio i ja sam se uspavao.
Dok ste vi imali lekciju, i neko je na srpskom
nešto rekao.

Refren:

Barem sam dobro sa rimom to je što je
važno.
Ovde je vruće, a napolju je hladno.
Neću da pevam i neću da igram
Da sam tigar, ja bih voleo da tigram.

BOREDOM
Alec Mitrovich

Boredom, my eternal brother
Resides with me on the seventh floor.
What shall I do? That, I do not know.
All I know is that I don't want to exercise.
Perhaps laziness is the true name of my
friend.
But what rhymes with friend? Ah, that's it—
circle.

Chorus:

At least I have rhyming, that's what is im-
portant.
Here it's hot, but outside it's cold.
I don't want to sing and I don't want to
dance.
Were I a tiger, I would tigrate.

What must I do so alone in my room?
Everything I think about seems so ghastly.
Excuse me, please, for missing class.
It was a catastrophe what happened be-
tween us.
My alarm clock didn't ring, and I slept on,
While you had a lesson, and somebody said
something in Serbian.

Chorus:

At least I have rhyming, that's what is im-
portant.
Here it's hot, but outside it's cold.
I don't want to sing and I don't want to
dance.
Were I a tiger, I would tigrate.

НОВО ТРБОВЉЕ

Алек Митровић

Када сам отишао на Ново Трбовље, сви моји снови су се остварили. Прва ствар коју сам урадио пошто сам слетео је била да разгледам планету како је велика и лепа. Фабрике, сломљени аутомобили, смеће свуда наоколо. Било је као да сам се вратио у детињство. Људи тамо нису изгледали као људи са земље, али су се понашали као да јесу. Мушкарци су прдели и псовали, жене су плакале и цмакале своју децу, и Цигани су свирали очаравајућу музику. Није било ни жбуна, ни дрвећа, али је било пива и ракије. Ванземаљци су знали како да пију. Свима се свиђало да играју и да се бију кад су пијани. Јели смо врло добро тада. Жене су нам кувале—пекле кобасице, рибу, правиле купус, палачинке—и после јела су нам доносиле, смокве, јабуке и јагоде. Свидело ми се Ново Трбовље и био сам тужан кад сам морао да одем. Никада нећу заборавити мој пут на ову планету и можда ћу поново отићи негде у будућности.

LAILA
Ni Qian

Ja sam sletela na Lailu pre nedelju dana i ostala da istražujem. Laila je treća planeta od sunca u različitoj galaksiju. Topla je i ima mnogo biljaka i cveća. Još ne vidim životinje ali mislim da životinje moraju da postoje zato što ima okeana i vodopada a planeta je blizu sunca. Trava je plava, a žbunje je crveno. Cveće je razne boje. Okean je zelen i lep. Vodopad je četrdeset milja visok. Nadam se da me životinje neće ubiti. Ima kiseonika na planeti pa mi ne treba skafander. Mogu da šetam bez sumnje zato što ima zemljine teže na planeti. Srećom imam dovoljno hrane zato ne moram da tražim hranu na planeti. Ne mogu da jedem bilje.

NEW TRBOVLJE

Alec Mitrovich

When I went to New Trbovlje, all of my dreams were realized. The first thing I did after landing was notice how big and beautiful the planet was. Factories, broken cars, garbage all around; it was as if I had returned to my childhood. The people there didn't look like earthlings, but they behaved as if they were. The males farted and cursed, the females wept and smacked their children, and the gypsies played splendid music. There were neither shrubs, nor trees, but there was beer and brandy. The aliens knew how to drink. All of them liked to dance and fight when they were drunk. We ate extremely well there. The females cooked for us—baked sausage, fish, sauerkraut, pancakes—and after meals, they would bring us figs, apples, and strawberries. I liked New Trbovlje and I was very sad when the time came for me to leave. I will never forget my trip to that planet and perhaps I will return some time in the future.

LAILA
Ni Qian

I landed on Laila last week and stayed to explore. Laila is the third planet from the planet in a different galaxy. It's warm and has lots of bush and flowers. I haven't seen animals but I think that animals must exist because there are oceans and water falls, and the planet is close to the sun. The grass is blue, and shrubs are red. The flowers are multi-colored. The ocean is green and beautiful. The waterfall is 40 miles tall. I hope that the animals won't kill me. There's oxygen on the planet so I don't need a spacesuit. I'm able to walk without problem because there's gravity on the planet. Fortunately I have enough food so that I don't need to look for food on the planet. I can't eat plants.

MOJI PRIJATELJI
Mihajlo Gašić

MY FRIENDS
Mihajlo Gasic

Drugovi su mnogo važni u životu. Oni su uvek tu kad ti trebaju. Ja najviše volim da razgovaram o svemu sa mojim drugovima. To je meni najinteresantnija stvar. Samo da provedem pet sati sa mjim drugovima u razgovoru. Naši dugi razgovori se dešavaju često, bar nekoliko puta nedljno. Ja mislim ovo izmenjivanje ideja je najvažnija stvar zato što naučim mnogo od svojih drugova. Meni je žao što Stefan ne govori mnogo. Ali imam mnogo drugih drugova koji vole da razgovaraju sa mnom. Imam drugaricu iz Ethiopie koja voli da priča sa mnom. Kad razgovaramo mi se šalimo mnogo. Mi isto razgovaramo mnogo u vezi sa politikom.

Ja mislim da je najvažnije da su ljudi interesantni ako bi oni hteli da budu moji drugovi. Kad pričamo o nečemu važnom, čini mi se da su interesantni ljudi oni koji znaju mnogo u vezi sa politikom i šta se dešava oko nas. Ponekad mi govorimo ružne stvari o drugim ljudima koje ne volimo i to je meni mnogo zabavno. Ja mislim da je jedan čovek rekao da je najlakši način da se slažes sa nekom drugom osobom je da imate iste neprijatelje.

Sve u svemu, drugovi moraju biti interesantni ljudi koji obožavaju duge razgovore sa mnom. Ja sam srećan što imam bar deset drugova koji imaju strpljenja slušati mene bog zna koliko dugo vremena.

Friends are very important in life. They are always there when you need them. I love to talk about everything with my friends. To me, that is the most interesting thing I could do. Just spending 5 hours in conversation with my friends would be enjoyable. Our long discussions take place frequently, at least a few times a week. I believe that the transfer

of ideas in between me and my friends is the most important thing because I learn so much from them. I am sad that Stefan does not like to talk much. However I have many other friends who do like to talk with me. I have a friend from Ethiopia who

likes to talk with me. When we speak we joke a lot. We also talk a lot about politics.

I think the most important thing is for people to be interesting if they wish to be my friend. When we speak about something important, I feel that the most interesting people are those who know a lot about politics and what is happening around us. Sometimes we say mean things about others whom we do not like, which for me is lots of fun. I think a person told me once that the best way to get along with someone else is to have a common enemy.

All in all friends have to be interesting people who like to have long discussions with me. I am very happy that I have at least ten friends who can listen to me patiently for God knows how long.



ЦИФРА 108A57Г, DLP
Давид Лука Причхард

NUMBER 108A57G, DLP
David Luke Pritchard

Ми смо ишли ка планети цифра 108A57Г (такође познатој као “Нови Нови Сад”), послани од стране међупланетског већа за изванредне облике живота. Наша мисија је била сакупљати друга жива створења, нарочито биље. Плаве алге покривају већину површине планете. Алге миришу као мокар пас, али срећом, укус је као најбоље српско пиво. Атмосфера планете се састоји од десет процента кисеоника и деведесет процента гаса смеха. Требало нам је два месеца дуже да завршимо нашу мисију јер смо се много забављали. Има само једна врста живих створења на планети, мала животиња звана “ипупупупупу.” Ипупупупупу, звана по буци коју чини кад је неко шкакљи, спава цели дан и сличан је животињи са земље познатој као лори. Стварно, ова планета је мало осамљена...

We went to planet number 108A57G (also known as “Novi Novi Sad”), sent by the Interplanetary Counsel on Alien Life Forms. Our mission was to collect strange living things, especially plants. Blue algae covers most of the surface of the planet. The algae smells like wet dog, but, fortunately, it tastes like the best beer in Serbia. The atmosphere of the planet consists of ten percent oxygen and ninety percent laughing gas. It was necessary to stay two months longer to complete our mission because we were having too much fun. There is only one other species of living thing on the planet, a small animal called “Ipupupupupu.” Ipupupupupu, named for the sound it makes when tickled, is similar to the animal on earth known as the lori. Indeed, this planet is a little lonely...

МОЈА ДОМОВИНА
Maria Bankova

MY HOMELAND
Maria Bankova

Moja domovina je prazna.
Nisu više tamo moji prijatelji
Prazno je dečje igraliste
Smeh mojeg detinjstva
Nikad više neće da se čuje tamo.
I more je prazno jer moji prijatelji ne čekaju
tamo izlazak sunca.
Oni večeraju u luksuznim restotanima
Negde na zapadu.
Ali onda piju da zaborave
Svoje more i zlatni izlazak morskog sunca.
A ja pijem prljavu vodu velikog jezera
I nadam se da ću pamptiti kakav je bio ukus
slane vode
Pri izlasku sunca.

My homeland is empty—My friends are no longer there.
The playground is empty
The laughter of my childhood will no longer swing there again.
The sea is empty—My friends no longer wait for the sun to rise.
They eat at fancy restaurants,
Somewhere in the West.
But they drink to forget
The sea and its golden Sun.
As for me, I drink the dirty water of the great lake
And dream to remember the salty waters of the sunrise.

FRUSTRATED MASCULINITY:
Social Disorder, Violence, And The Male Hero In 1990's Serbian Cinema
Biljana Droca

Numerous cinematic works in 1990's Serbia share a striking resemblance to each other. While their plotlines differ, these works illustrate a thematic trend in 1990's Serbian cinematography. Namely, the films center on the lives of male protagonists enveloped in a pattern of senseless and disturbing violence, brutality, and illicit activities as they try to cope with the disorder and disillusion of war-torn and post-war Yugoslavia. Two such films are *Wounds* (1998) and *Cabaret Balkan* (1998). Both of these works follow the lives of male characters whose sense of frustration and hopelessness in a Yugoslavia plagued by war, social disintegration, and chaos propels them to engage in violent behavior. Economic hardship—including high unemployment and inflation—a rise in nationalism, and an influx of refugees, among other factors, profoundly destabilize these characters' sense of manhood, leading them to take refuge in violence. In this sense, directors Srdjan Dragojevic and Goran Paskaljević respectively show the close interconnectedness between social instability and wounded masculinity in a male-centered society. The crisis of the male hero mirrors the crisis of the country at large, allowing the directors to explore and come to terms with the origins of violence and disorder in the former Yugoslavia. Through an analysis of scenes and theoretical arguments, this paper will analyze the theme of frustrated masculinity in *Wounds* and *Cabaret Balkan*, showing that frustrated masculinity is deeply rooted in the social disorder of 1990's Serbia. Through the lens of male characters, both *Wounds* and *Cabaret Balkan* demonstrate, and try to come to grips with, the tragic causes and consequences of a decaying and hopeless society.

The film *Wounds* explores the theme of frustrated masculinity by following the lives of two disillusioned young men in early 1990's

Serbia attracted to a dark and dangerous world as the society around them disintegrates. Through skillful juxtaposition of images, Director Dragojevic establishes a link between the chaotic situation in Serbia and the behavior of Pinki and Shvaba, the movie's main characters. For example, as the film opens, Pinki and Shvaba are mocking and taunting their nerdy friend, Dijabola, a scene closely followed by images of rowdy street demonstrations in Belgrade. Similarly, the camera alternates between images of Pinki engaging in sexual gratification in the bathroom of his home and images of Serbian tanks moving into Croatia shown on a national newscast. In other words, Dragojevic demonstrates how the actions of these young men closely mirror the political and social context of early 1990's Serbia. This point is further reinforced by the situation of Pinki's father, Stojan, a former Tito supporter who spends his days watching television reports about sanctions and war, shouting obscenities at his neighbors, and sitting at home, unable to provide hope or a good example for his son. By contrast with his father, Pinki is fascinated by his neighbor, Kure, a local criminal who offers an alternative way of coping with the social disintegration. As Shvaba says in one scene, "our only hero was our neighbor from across [Kure]." In a society in the midst of upheaval, "their parents do not have an answer to war, chaos, misery, and ideological madness; society is powerless before its own disintegration, and so the young men go with the flow" (Kronja Film Criticism). In other words, when it seems that there is no alternative to violence, that there is no hope or solution to the social disorder, Pinki and Shvaba idolize a man who teaches them to care only for "money, guns, drugs, and media fame" (ibid.). The only path to self-realization and the affirmation of masculinity becomes violence. The crisis of the male he-

roes, Dragojevic shows, is rooted in the crisis of the larger Serbian society, a patriarchal society that provides men with little choice but violence as a way to maintain a sense of manliness.

Pinki and Shvaba typify the wounded male figure that resorts to violence as a way to cope with a failing social order. From a theoretical perspective, *Wounds* explores the phenomenon of masculinity in crisis, as well as its origins and repercussions. As Ivana Kronja argues, *Wounds* is a film in which “the breakdown of the social order and the imposition of corrupt, violent strategies of survival are predominantly seen through the drama of male heroes who cannot respond to a pre-supposed patriarchal role. If they are very young [as Pinki and Shvaba], they respond to the situation by participating in violent rituals that compensate for the loss of male pride due to the lack of social affirmation and loss of hope” (Kronja Film). This is exactly what happens in *Wounds* as Pinki and Shvaba, clearly affected by the decaying society in which they live, engage in acts of humiliation, sexual gratification and violence. Kure’s world of violence and sex offers an escape for Pinki and Shvaba and an opportunity to feel powerful, proud and cool. For example, in one scene, Shvaba repeatedly hits his head against Kure’s fist, bleeding profusely, to which Pinki says, “Beatings can be good sometimes because you can check if you’re a man.” Similarly, both Pinki and Shvaba engage in sexual gratification with a prostitute and they mock their reserved friend Dijabola when he initially cannot do the same. Repeated sexual activity and beatings are rituals through which Pinki and Shvaba constantly reaffirm their masculinity. In a society where their ability to perform masculinity in conventional ways—such as through economic stability—is compromised, Pinki and Shvaba enter the life of violence to salvage their male pride. Both characters almost always carry guns in their hands, rejoice in committing robberies, and kill with ease and satisfaction. In one scene, they are swimming naked

in a pool full of money as they brutally kill the man whose house they have broken into. In yet another scene, they torture a man by placing his hand in a pot of boiling water as one of them says, “It’s better to torture others than oneself.” These acts of humiliation, torture and cruelty are Pinki and Shvaba’s way of projecting their sense of pain, loss, and frustration onto others and thereby reassuring themselves of their masculinity. In these moments, they feel powerful in a society that is powerless; the life of gangsters and drug dealers, a life of easy and fast riches, is an attractive alternative in a society mired in poverty and hopelessness. Pinki and Shvaba’s actions seem senseless and disturbing, yet Dragojevic shows that these actions are propelled by the characters’ fear of weakness, their emotional wounds, and their sense of disillusionment. After his father dies, Pinki says, “Torture helped me forget my stupid dead father.” He is heartbroken by his father’s death yet he holds back tears because he says, “I wanted to cry, and I did cry, but you won’t see that. I’m not a wimp.” To cry is to be weak and effeminate; to hold back tears, on the other hand, is to illustrate masculine fortitude. Although these instances of emotional expression are rare in the movie, Dragojevic nonetheless utilizes them to make Pinki and Shvaba profoundly tragic characters whose brutal actions—senseless as they may appear on the surface—are driven by profound inner conflict and pain.

In a mostly patriarchal society, social disorder breeds violence that becomes cyclical and self-destructive as males try to adjust to their changing position in the social order. In addition to killing others, Pinki and Shvaba also engage in mutual and self torture, testing each other’s courage and releasing anger and pain. During a guest appearance on the show “The Asphalt Pulse,” Shvaba shoots himself in the leg, screaming in excruciating pain. Similarly, in a bizarre ending to the film, Pinki and Shvaba engage in a duel at the cemetery, inflicting wounds upon one another and ultimately dying as Dijabola shoots

them. These wounds may be physical, but they also symbolize the emotional wounds of these characters. The scene confirms again the “self-referential, self-destructive macro-world of Serbian reality and micro-world of these young criminals, who, in the absence of any other criteria, chose violence to fulfill their lives” (Kronja Film). On a deeper level, the ability to inflict and withstand pain symbolizes the release of frustration and the performance of masculinity in the absence of alternatives. *Wounds* is a story about the “defeated, horrified, and terrified individual, who does not see any exit from the abyss” (ibid.). The change that Dijabola undergoes in the film illustrates the inescapability of violence in this society. An introverted, nerdy young man, Dijabola is the only character who has the potential to remain unscathed by the social disintegration and serve as a model of a different kind of masculinity. Yet, in the end, Dijabola himself is drawn to violence in avenging the murder of his mother. Dijabola’s loss of innocence—symbolized among other things by his shooting of Pinki and Shvaba—illustrates the impossibility of resorting to anything but violence to survive as a male in this social disorder. Both a cause of and a response to the predicament of these male characters, violence is cyclical and inescapable.

Similarly, the film *Cabaret Balkan* (1998) follows the lives of male figures whose violent behavior serves as a means to cope with a disintegrating social order. Unlike *Wounds*, which focuses on two male figures, this film centers on the lives of multiple protagonists whose lives become intertwined through a web of violence and brutality. *Cabaret Balkan* depicts 1990’s Serbia through the stories and actions of male heroes whose behavior is inextricably linked to the state of the society in which they live. As in *Wounds*, this is a highly dysfunctional and hopeless society, one where law and order are weak and where every man must fend for himself. People are fighting for scarce resources such as gasoline, refugees have arrived from neighboring

states, and unemployment is high. In other words, the story of these male characters is situated in a “war-torn country in which the basic laws of civilized behavior have eroded in a climate of all-consuming suspicion, hatred, and vengeance” (Holden). According to Marko Živković, such social conditions constitute the context for a crisis of masculinity as males resort to aggressive behavior to reassert their manliness. Živković identifies a number of factors that trigger a crisis of masculinity, among them, fragmented and arbitrary enforcement of laws, resurgence in nationalism, and economic displacement. Combined, these factors ‘depress’ the “male pole of the gender balance respective to some sort of stable socialist-era position of the ‘gender relationship gage,’” leading to rhetoric and actions that seek to recover some “ideal, proper, traditional” masculinity (Živković 260). In the context of the former Yugoslavia, war and economic instability led many men to express their sense of disempowerment through rage and violence directed against weaker or more effeminate members of society, such as women and gays. Such displays of violence were a means to perform masculinity in the absence of conventional means such as serving as breadwinners.

Živković’s theoretical argument is illustrated in a number of scenes in *Cabaret Balkan*. As in *Wounds*, male characters engage in acts of senseless brutality, humiliation, and pain that mirror and express their inner conflicts, frustration, and wounds. For example, when a youngster named Alexander crashes into the car of another character named Jovo, the latter knows he cannot rely on law and authority to resolve the problem. The police show up, but not much gets resolved as Alexander escapes. As a result, Jovo and a friend of his violently trash the apartment of Alexander’s father, breaking everything in sight, including a picture of Alexander’s mother. Jovo’s sense of frustration at his predicament and his awareness of the fragility of the social order, propels him to take matters into his own hands and seek revenge through vio-

lence. In yet another scene, two long-time friends throw punches at one another in a boxing ring and confess instances in which they have betrayed one another, including sleeping with one another's wives and killing each other's dogs. The "punches escalate in fury, with the conflict ending in the shower as one attacks the other with a broken beer bottle and slashes him to death" (Holden). This scene is very similar to the very last scene in *Wounds* where Pinki and Shvaba wound one another in a duel that tests their courage and pain tolerance. In both instances, male friends find pleasure and relief in insulting, attacking and injuring one another because, as they engage in these activities, they release their frustration and prove their manliness; at the same time, these scenes reveal the emotional turmoil of these male heroes who resort to violence as a way to compensate for their displaced masculinity. As in *Wounds*, violence in *Cabaret Balkan* is a coping mechanism for the male figure who finds himself having to renegotiate his role in a disintegrating society. Director Paskaljević shows how, in the absence of stability in a male-centered society, men search for ways to regain their sense of masculinity, and such a situation creates a "fertile ground" for aggressive behavior (Živković 259). As such, *Cabaret Balkan* is an apt illustration of the theoretical arguments made by Živković.

Cabaret Balkan places an emphasis on the use of humiliation as a means to feel powerful, in control, and masculine. In one scene, a crazed young man enters a bus that is 15 minutes late because the bus driver is drinking coffee. Outraged by this, the young man terrorizes the passengers of the bus with a knife, focusing in particular on a young lady named Ana whom he forces to open her legs as another man looks on. Paskaljević clearly illustrates that the source of this young man's anger is the situation of society at large, the lack of responsibility, punctuality, consistency and order. As one of the female passengers comments, "in every other country this would be considered bad but for us it's become nor-

malcy." In other words, chaos has become the norm in this social order and the rage of this young man is his response to this frustrating situation. As in *Wounds*, sexual gratification and humiliation in this particular scene in *Cabaret Balkan* is a mechanism for performing masculinity and exercising some type of control over others. Sexual manipulation becomes a way for a man to restore a sense of control in a society largely out of control. Like Živković, Elaine Enarson attributes this kind of behavior by men to social decay. Specifically, in times of social unrest and crisis, "some men may feel threatened and powerless, unable to enjoy the fruits of reenforced, institutionalized male supremacy" (Albanese 1003). As a result, men engage in violent behavior because it allows them to recuperate power, pride and control. Weakness is seen as a feminine quality so males look for ways to reestablish their power in a society that has left them economically and otherwise powerless. In this context, women are especially susceptible to becoming victims because, as weaker members of society, men can overpower them and humiliate them and in doing so restore their sense of male superiority. We see this in one of the last scenes in *Cabaret Balkan* where Ana and her boyfriend George fall into the hands of a drug dealer, Topi, and his sidekick. "While Topi, laughing wildly, bites Ana's face and breaks her fingers one by one, his cohort holds a gun to George's head and forces him to sing a Macedonian folk song" (Holden). This is a profoundly humiliating situation, both for Ana and her boyfriend whose masculinity is wounded as he witnesses the rape of his girlfriend. But for Topi, the brutal violence he inflicts on Ana and his meticulous humiliation of her as her boyfriend looks on is an incredibly empowering act. He is in full control of the situation and finds pleasure in inflicting pain on others. Ana's shame and pain feed Topi's sense of power, allowing him to cope with his inner, wounded masculinity.

In the 1990's, numerous Serbian films have explored the theme of wounded masculin-

ity, showing the close interconnectedness between an unstable society and a disillusioned and aggressive male population. As his paper has shown, films like *Wounds* and *Cabaret Balkan* are replete with scenes of male-perpetrated acts of violence, sexual humiliation and brutality. The male characters in these movies are enveloped in a cycle of violence from which it is difficult to escape because these men have few alternatives to perform their masculinity and preserve their sense of manliness. Their response to social violence is to commit violence themselves because it is sometimes the only option they have to make sense of the senselessness that surrounds them. As such, both of these films are profoundly tragic, illustrating how the predicament of the male figure mirrors the predicament of society, thereby attempting to explain and understand what happened to pre-war and post-war Serbian society.

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MOJE DVIJE RUKE
Stefan Mitrović

Gdje bih ja bio bez ruku? Šta bih ja radio bez njih? Sigurno ne bih ništa važno ni konkretno mogao da napravim. Ali još pored toga ne bih ni mogao da obavim svakodnevne poslove. Kad bih se probudio svako jutro, ustao bih iz kreveta, otišao bih u kupatilo, i saznao bih da se ne bih mogao da umijem. Krmeljice bi mi ostale u očima i kosa bi mi ostala nepočešljana. Vratio bih se u sobu i vidio bih da ne bi bilo moguće da se obučem. Ne bih bio budan ni dvadeset minuta i već bi mi dan bio pokvaren! Kako bih mogao da napustim sobu i da izađem napolje ako sam gol i neumiven?

Ruke su sredstvo kojim se ljudi uklapaju u svojem svijetu. Čovjekov najvažniji i najkorisniji alat su ruke jer sa njima čovjek može da napravi svoj život. Ruke zagrađuju i lome, popravljaju i kvare, napadaju i brane, drže i nose, pišu i slikaju i tako dalje. Da čovjek nije stvorio ruke koje sad imamo, da nam služe kao noge i ništa više, ljudi bi i dalje živjeli kao životinje. Ne bi postojala civilizacija i ne bi bilo razvijeno društvo; samo bi živjeli za slijedeći obrok i za parenje.

Drago mi je zbog moje dvije ruke. One su snažne i pažljive. Kad vježbam u teretani one su dosta moćne da uhvate željezne tegove i da ih dignu u zrak. Ali kad vidim djevojku koja je meni draga, moje ruke znaju kako da je zagrle i da drže njezine nježne ruke. Isto je tako kad se vratim kući i pođem da zagrlim roditelje. Te iste ruke koje znaju biti jake i moćne u teretani ili na fudbalskoj utakmici, isto mogu biti nježne sa osobama koje volim.

MY TWO HANDS
Stefan Mitrović

Where would I be without my hands? What would I do without them? Surely, I would not be able to do anything of importance, let alone be able to handle everyday chores. I would wake up every morning, get out of bed, go into the bathroom, and realize that I could not even wash my own face. I would not be able to get the rheum out of my eyes and my hair would be left uncombed. Returning to my room, I would realize that I would not even be able to dress myself. A mere twenty minutes into the morning and my day would already be ruined! How could I leave my room and go outside if I am naked and unwashed?

Hands are the medium by which people connect to the world. Mankind's most important and most useful tools are the hands because with hands, a person can create their life. Hands build and destroy, fix and demolish, attack and defend, hold and carry, write and draw, etc. If people never developed the hands that we now possess, if they were to serve us as our legs do and nothing else, we would have continued to live as animals. Civilizations and advanced societies would not have existed; our lives would have only consisted of searching for our next meal and finding a mate.

I am grateful for my two hands. They are strong, yet gentle. When I am working out in the weight room, they are powerful enough to grasp iron weights and lift them into the air. However, when I see a young lady who I care for, my hands are also capable of hugging her and gently holding her soft hands. Similarly, my hands understand how to hug my parents when I visit home. These same hands which know how to be strong and mighty in the weight room or on the football field, also know how caressing and gentle to be with the individuals that I love.

РОВИЊ
За Диди
Toma Longinović

Нема мира у прелакој самоћи
И замору од беса незнања и
Утехе коже уместо наше љубави
Скривене од магле и отрова

Само теби још могу да се јавим
Као другоме који то не сме бити
Свежег погледа на светове прошле
У барци над плочницима пловиш

Људи у магли и онда само магла
И призор недодирљивих зидина
Замишљена склискост назирања
У губитку влаге и данима светлости
Можда стварним у тек времену

Ниси само град соли и камена
Већ и тела жедних једно другог
У пролазу према мору и бескрају
прегладних душа светлости наше

БОЈА ПРОЛАЗНОСТИ
За Дијану
Toma Longinović

Jad prvoga daha bez tvoje topline
U carstvu sam sivom preziveo danas
Kopneo za telom divnim sred praznine
Zamisljao sreću već rođenu za nas
U snovima divnim sanjao blizine

Kroz dodire lake a potom i jake
U dubini tvojoj ja već slutim zvezdu
I vreme bez kraja za živote naše
Dok sanjam o nekom savršenom gnezdu
Sto dalje od ljudi sto reze i plase

U otvore bica najdivnijeg uvek
Ulazim da nadjem bez oblika silu
Sad nalazim razlog da ti živim dovek
dok posvuda cutim ljubav tvoju milu
u belini leda gde gubi se covek



LITAR PO LITAR
Muamera Hadžić

LITER BY LITER
Muamera Hadžić

Sa sobom uvijek imam bocu vode, to je nepisano pravilo—zakon, koji slijedim. Ali to nije samo obična plasticna boca vode, to je boca koju upotrebljavam do iznemoglost a potom na red dodje druga kao zamjena onoj dotrajaloj. Ja ih neprekidno punim, te svoje drage plastične boce. I sama sebi mogu i moram priznati da je ovo prešlo sve mjere i preraslo u opsesiju. Počelo je to sa jednim punjenjem kad bih popila kupovnu vodu, pa potom jedan put preraste u dva, pa potom postane tri, i tako dalje i tako dalje. Sve je to nekad

bilo pod nadzorom moje mame. Ona je jedna od onih plašljivih osoba (kao što ih ovdje zovu: health nuts) pa se boji raka od plastičnih boca te javnih veš mašina i nečistih limenki. Ali sad kako sam otkrila da u biblioteci kraj

studenskog doma prodaju vodu u mojim meni tako dragim plastičnim litarskim bocama ne mogu da odolim a da ih ne čuvam bar sedmicu dana. Kako bilo da bilo i bez maminih neprekidnih upozorenja skontala sam i ja svoj sistem. Obično znam da je vrijeme zamjeniti bocu kada mi voda poprimi onaj mašinski, haman industrijski šmek. Obožavam taj ukus pošto mi stavlja do znanja da sam iskoristila tu ogromnu, savršenu bocu baš onoliko koliko sam mogla, po mom ukusu. I baš po svome ustaljenom ritualu, samo ih punim na određenim mjestima i to na fontani na drugom spratu Reynold's Club-a, sa slabim mlazom u Language centru i u kupatilu moje spavaonice. Pretpostavljam da vam to zvuči veoma nehygienički ali sumnjam da je sistem filtracije Fiji ili Voss kompanija nešto bolji od mog. Ali trebate razumjeti da nije uopšte važna voda niti njena filtracija



I always carried a bottle of water with me; it is a written rule, law, that I follow. Yet this isn't just an ordinary water bottle, I this one use to the point of exhaustion, until I am forced to replace it. I relentlessly refill them, those beloved plastic bottles. I can even admit that this has passed all normal standards and reached the point of obsession. It began that one time when I refilled a bottle after buying it, then there was the second time, and then the third, and so on and so forth. All this was under my mother's supervision. She is one

of those fretters, or as they call it here: health nuts, so she's scared of cancer from plastic bottles, washing machines, and unsanitary cans. But now that I discovered that they sell water at the library next to the dorms, I adore buying a li-

ter of bottled water, and I can't help, but keep them for at least a week. By being distanced from my mom's constant warning I was able to find my own system. Usually I know that it's time to replace a bottle one I detect that mechanical, industrial scent. I love that taste and how it represents that I've really put that huge, perfect bottle to use. And just for this steady ritual, I only fill it in certain areas—one the second floor of Reynold's Club, the weakly flowing fountain in the Language Center, or in the bathroom in my room. I suppose this sounds rather unhygienic, but I doubt that the filtration system of Fiji or Voss companies is much better than mine. You must understand, however, that it's not the water that's important, nor the filtration, nor the entire process. None of that interests me. What attracts me is this concept of filling and emptying. As the day passes, I expe-

niti me taj cijeli proces interesira. Već, vrlo jednostavno privlači me pojam i djelo punjenja i pražnjanja. Kako prolazi dan, tako i ja skupljam događaje, misli, stvari koje mi smetaju, nešto što me nasmije, i slicno. Onako ot prilike ocjenim koliko mogu sažeti i stegnuti svaku stvar da mi stane u bocu, i tako stalno skupljam stvari sa sobom.

Na primer:

Dok profesor Narcis se smješi sam svojim vicevima, moram se nečim zabavljati da ne bi otkrio moju duboku mržnju za njegove anegdote i samoljublje. Sigurno bi me moje grimase i sarkastični osmjesi odali da nisam imala svoje boce da me zabavljaju. A pošto Profesor Narcis veoma često zaustavlja predavanje da nam nešto, tobož, važno pripovjedi, ja isto tako, veoma brzo ispraznim svoju bocu. Dok nam prosipa iz šupljog u prazno o putovanjima u Afganistan, vrijeme kada je predavao našim američkim ratnim pilotima ili onaj jedan put kad se je sreo sa osobom x... i moja voda tako gutljaj po gutljaj nestaje. I ta cijela zamorna i uspavljiva tirada provlači se cijelih 50 minuta a sa tim i moje usporeni snimak punjenje boce. Ali umjesto gutlaja vode svaki put kada Profesor Narcis pogrešno izgovori riječ „nuclear” ja svaku tu riječ nježno smještam u svoju bocu. Ruku na srce, to se mnogo više ne dešava jer smo već prešli preko nuklearnog naoružanja i Hladnog rata i sad se kaljamo po rovovima Iraq-a. Ali priče, te njegove priče, su neprekidne i s tim moje prelijevanje, nalijevanje i punjenje teče svojim tokom. Da, do momenta dok mi ne odvrati pažnju moj drug-idiot par redova ispred mene koji stalno nalazi nove YouTube spotove pa se glupavo smije i nastoji da priguši svoje smijanje. Netripeljivost za svaki video spot koji ga nasmije je toliko velika da ne mogu dopustiti da slobodno plove kroz internet mrežu pa ih slatko uhvatim i uguram u svoju bocu da se vesele sa debilnim izgovaranjem važnih riječi i jednako glupim pričama starog, umišljenog profesora. Ili nekada kada čujem zvukove kroz prozor odšarafim kapak da ih uhvatim. Tako radim i

rience events, thoughts, things that bother me, things that make me laugh, and so on. And all of that can be compressed and bottled, collected.

For Example:

While professor Narcissus sits there laughing at his own jokes, I must amuse myself with something so that I won't reveal the extent of deep seeded hatred for his anecdotes and ego. I am certain that if I didn't have my bottles, my grimaces and sarcasm would have revealed it, and since Professor Narcissist often stops to talk to us about something, ostensibly important, I also very quickly finish my bottle. As he rambles on about his lackluster travels to Afghanistan, like when he trained our American military pilots—or when he met with person X, I watch my water disappear, sip by sip. And the whole tedious tirade runs on for 50 minutes with that and my seemingly slowed process of filling the bottle. But instead drinking water every time Professor Narcissus utters the word “nuclear” I take each word and store it in the bottle. I promise, however, that it does not happen as much as before since we've finished with the nuclear weapons and the Cold War and are onto the filthy trenches Iraq's. But his story, that is where my constant process of filling, emptying, and refilling comes into play. Yes, to the moment when my attention turns to my idiotic friend a few rows in front of me who always finds new You-Tube videos, which he foolishly smiles at as he tries to stifle his laughter. I can't contain my revulsion for each music video at which he smiles so widely. I can't allow him to freely fly through the internet. So with a sweet catch, I fit them into my bottle to moronically where he can say more important words and tell equally foolish old stories. Or sometimes, when I hear noise from outside, I twist my lid to catch them, along with other things that I pick up along the way, until I get to another filling station. I like to analyze how fragmented my days are, or more specifically how fragmented my thoughts are between

sa drugim stvarima koje pokupim usput dok ne dođem do jedne od stanica za punjenje. Volim analizirati kako su mi dani fragmentirani ili konkretnije kako su mi misli fragmentirane po tim stanicama i punjenjima. Koliko mi sudbina, ako se tako može reći, dâ da pokupim i nosim. Nekada su naslagane uspomene na časove, nekada moji misli, spiskovi, obzervacije. Koliko sam soli taj dan posula po hrani, s koliko sećera sam taj dan kafe pokvarila, salвете potrošene po restoranima, sve stolice na koje sam taj dan i ovih svojih 20 godina sjedila, boje kojima sam lakirala nokte, kada pomislim na prijatelje koje sam imala i zaboravila, stvari koje me plaše, koliko se znam naljutiti, koliko sam puta mjerila otkucaj srca, koliko sam puta udahnula i gdje su sve moji reciklirani uzdasi dopreli. Neprekidni su spiskovi/liste ali vada se mjenjaju.

Mislim da mi je ova navika zamjena za dnevnik ili neki drugi izlaz svakidanjašnjim mislima.

Mama kaže da će mi uskoro kupiti metalnu, Sigg, bocu. Al, ne znam da li mi to baš treba. Nisu baš veličine litre a i ne mogu ih mnogo mjenjati.

those sops and refills. What a fate, if it can be called that, to pick all of that up and carry it. Sometimes it's memories piled up from class, my thought, lists, observations... how much I salted my food that day, how much sugar I used to prepare my coffee, napkins wasted at restaurants, all the chairs that I've sat on today and in the past 20 years of my life, all of the times I've measured my heart rate, the colors I've painted my nails the friends I've lost and forgotten, and all the times I've sighed. Constantly making lists, each varying.

I think this habit is my substitute for a diary or some other release for daily thoughts and frustrations.

My mom tells me she'll soon buy me one of those metal Sigg bottles, but I don't know if I really need it. They aren't quite the size of a liter and can't really change I very often.

NE NEDOSTAJEŠ MI
Ni Qian

Ja sam sedela u mojem autu kada sam te videla
Nisam mogla da vidim tvoje lice, ali sam videla kako xodaš.
Kako mogu da zaboravim kako šetaš?
Odmah sam se sakrila da ne možeš da me vidiš.
Nisam htela da me vidiš i onda da odeš a da me ne primetiš.
Moje srce bi se slomilo.
Ležala sam na sedištu i samo sam mogla da čujem otkucaje mog srca.
Kada zatvorim oči mogu da nas vidim
Zajedno opet,
Ruka u ruci.
Ne nedostaješ mi!

I DON'T MISS YOU
Ni Qian

I am sitting in my car when I saw you
I can't see your face, but I saw the way you walk.
How can I forget the way you walk?
Immediately I hide so you can't see me.
I don't want you to see me and then leave without acknowledgment.
My heart would break.
I was lying on the seat and I could hear only the beating of my heart.
When I close my eyes, I can see us
Together again
Hand in hand.
I don't miss you at all.

HEJ TAMO...
Michael Polczyński

Hej tamo negde iznad crne vode
Sedi na konju Kozak mladi
Lepo se pozdravio sa devojkom
Ali isto tako sa Ukrajinom.

Hej, hej, hej...
Sokolovi bežite sa brda, šuma, polja i dolina
Zvone zvona, zvone zvona
Moja ševa, moje stepe...

Krasna ševa moja mala
A ja na drugoj strani danju i noću
Žudim za njom.

HEY THERE...
Michael Polczyńska

Hey there, somewhere above the black water
The young Cossack sits on a horse
He nicely greeted his girl
But also his Ukraine.

Hey, hey, hey...
Falcons run away from the hills, forests, fields
and valleys
Bells ring, bells ring,
My birds, my steppe...

My beautiful little lark
And I, on the other side, day and night
I yearn for her.

MALA BANKOVINA
Michal Polczynski

Nedaleko od nas se nalazi planeta koja se zove Mala Bankovina. Na ovoj planeti postoje mnoga bića ali oni nisu svjesni svoga mjesta u svemiru. Misle da žive na koži velike crvene jabuke. Mala Bankovina ima četiri mjeseca za koje stanovnici misle da su četiri grozda. Na Maloj Bankovini postoji legenda koja kaže da će nestati onog trenutka kad veliki crv koji živi u srži jabuke pojede svoj put prema površini.

Ljudi su tamo često ljuti i nestrpljivi. Oni su također nepošteni i nisu iskreni. U početku su lukavi, ali na kraju su kao ubod škorpiona. Nemoguće je opisati sve njihove karakteristike jer ih ima vrlo mnogo.

Postoji mnogo bića na planeti. Jedan ima ljudski oblik ali samo sa jednom rukom, u sredini su prsa i ima jednu nogu; noga i ruka odašiljaju strele. Trče brže od konja jer trče poskakujući na jednoj nozi i kad su umorni saviju se u krug kao kotač.

Drugo biće ima ljudski oblik osim što su im noge kao u bika sa kopitima. Iako imaju ljudske glave, lica su im kao u pasa.

To je čudna planeta. Ovi opisi su preuzeti iz 13. stoljeća o ljudima koji su živeli u carstvu Mongola.

LITTLE BANKOVINA
Michal Polczynski

Not far from us there is a planet called Little Bankovina. On this planet there are many beings, but they are not aware of their place in the universe. They think they live on the big, red apple skin. Little Bankovina has four months, which people think are the four bunches of grapes. On Little Bankovini There is a legend that says that will only end when a worm that lives in the heart of the apple eats its way to the surface.

People there are often angry and impatient. They are also dishonest and insincere. At first, they appear cunning, but in the end, they are like a scorpion's sting. It is impossible to describe all their traits because they are so many.

There are many creatures on the planet. One has a human form but with only one hand. In the middle is the chest attached to one leg. The foot and hand shoots arrows. They run faster than horses because leap on one leg. And when they are tired they curl them in a circle like a wheel.

Another being has a human form except that their feet are like those of a bull. Although they have a human head, their faces are like a dog's.

It's a strange planet. These descriptions are taken from the 13th century, from the people who lived in the realm of the Mongols.

MAXIMILIAN
Owen Kohl

Bila jednom jedna porodica u staroj Austrougarskoj monarhiji koja je bila jako siromašna, ali ne u duhovnom smislu. Posebno Maximilian, otac porodice, je dao njegovu četvoro dece sve što je mogao, što nije bilo lako, jer je njegova žena poginula u ranim godinama posle njihove svadbe. Kada nisu imali dosta hrana za sve, Max je izdržao i bez hleba. Kada je padala kiša, Max je pustio njegovu decu koristiti njihov jedini kišobran. Kada su se morali preseliti iz Bohemije u Štajersku, Max nije uzeo ništa od svojih stvari osim violine da bi mogla deca preneti više igračaka.

U stvari Maxova mala porodica dugo je živjela bez doma, uvijek tražeći novi posao. Max je radio u mnogim različitim profesijama—kao konobar, dimničar, drvorezac, čak i kao izrađivač ljesova! Ali uvijek mu je falilo nešto. Nije mogao dati sve od sebe, jer su ga je interesovale drugi stvari više nego taj posao koji je obavljao rukama.

Na primer taj mali broj ljudi koji su ga dobro znali, bili su svjesni toga da je Max bio jedan od velikih ljubitelja muzike u cijeloj imperiji. Među prijateljima Maxova porodica je bila poznata po tome što su svi bili talentirani violinista. Rijetko su pokazivali svoj dar na javnim mjestima. Samo jedanput su išli na koncert u Pragu, ali tada nisu pustili decu svirati, mada njih četvoro - Ana, Bojan, Fritz, i Ivan - je bilo tada darovitije od većine najboljih muzičara u Bohemiji. Kada je promotor koncerta odbio njihovu molbu da svi-

MAXIMILIAN
Owen Kohl

Once upon a time there was an family in the ancient Austrian monarchy that was very poor, and not in the spiritual sense. In particular, Maximilian, the father of the family, provided his children with everything that he could. This wasn't an easy task given that his wife had died in the earlier years of their marriage. When they had food for all, Max went without bread. When it was raining, Max give the single umbrella to his kids. When they had to move from Bohemia to Styria, Max didn't take any of his things apart from his violin, so that his children could bring more toys.

In fact, Max's family went very long without a home, always looking for new jobs. Max worked in various professions—as a waiter, chimney sweeper, xylographer, and even as a coffin maker! Yet, he always seemed to be missing something. He couldn't give his all because other things interested him, things apart from the work that sullied his hands.

For example, of the small number of people who knew him, each was well aware of the fact that Max was one of the greatest music lovers in the empire. Among friends, Max's family was noted for the fact that each individual was a talented violinist. Rarely, however was this talent shown in public.

They only went to a concert once, in Prague, but they didn't allow children to play then—even though Ana, Bojan, Fritz and John were more gifted than the majority of the best



raju, jako je bila razočarani. Max im je rekao: “Nemoj biti žalostni, moje mlade zvezde, bit će neki drugi put.”

Preselili su se u Graz jer je Max čuo da je neki poznanik otvorio gostionicu a bila su teška vremena u Pragu za nezaposlene. Na žalost, u Grazu nije bilo ništa bolja. Iako je gostionica otvorila i vest je bila tačna, Maxov poznanik nije imao posao za njih. Maxovom poznaniku je bilo žao što nije mogao biti porodici od pomoći, ali nije imao čak dosta para za sebe. “Kako im mogu pomoći”, pitao se on “kada sam nisam pojeo dobru šnitzlu u poslednih 20 godina?”

Jedne večeri sjedili su Max i njegova deca preko puta gostionice. Max je bio jako tužan. Mala Ana je htjela ocu pomoći. “Nemoj plakati, tata,” rekla je kćer ocu, “hajdemo svirati neku zabavnu pjesmu zajedno.” Max i Anina braća su se nasmiješili. Raspakovali su svoje violine, i počeli su svirati koncerto od Vivaldija. Formirao se veliki krug tamošnjih ljudi oko njih. U publici je bio slučajno dirigent Bečke filharmonije. Posle svirke došao je dirigent Maxu: “Sjajno! Nevjerojatno! Da li biste htjeli posjeti našu Akademiju pre početka sezone? Trebaju nam dobri violinisti” Max nije mogao vjerovati svojim ušē— konačno će imati neki sponzora, konačno će imati hrane za djecu, i na kraju krajeva imat će posao Max o čemu je uvijek sanjao.

Kada su došli u Akademiju filharmonije u Beču, jako su bili zadivljeni bogatstvom te zajednice. Beč je bio veći od većine mnogih gradova u Moravskoj, u Galiciji, u Tirolu, u Dalmaciji, u Bohemiji, i Štajerskoj u kojima su tražili posao. Ni djeca čak ni Max nisu znali da muzičari mogu biti toliko dobro obučeni i dobro nahranjeni.

Međutim među muzičarima Max se osjetio malo neugodno. Njegova djeca nisu znala kako koristiti viljušku i nož, a u usporedbi svaki član orkestra je bio vrlo učtiv - nisu bili samo imućni i dobro dotjerani, ali su govorili najvišim njemačkim jezikom. Maxu je bilo

musicians in Bohemia. When the concert promoter refused their request to play, they were brokenhearted. Max told them: “Don’t be sad, my young stars, there will be another time.”

They then moved to Graz after Max learned that a friend had opened a tavern and it was a difficult epoch in Prague for the unemployed. Unfortunately, in Graz it was no better. Although the rumor about the tavern was sure, there was no work to be found there. Max’s friend was so remorseful that he couldn’t help the family, but he didn’t even have enough money to sustain himself as it was. “How can I help them,” he wondered “if I did not eat any good schnitzel in the last 20 years?”

One evening, Max and his children sat across the street from an inn. Max had been very sad and little Ana wanted to help her dad.

“Don’t cry, Dad,” the daughter told her father. “Let’s play a fun song together!”

Max and Ana’s brother laughed and unpacked their violins and began to play a Vivaldi concert. Soon a large group of people formed around them, circling them and in the audience was a random conductor from the Vienna Philharmonic. Once the performance came to an end the conductor said to Max: “Great! Incredible! Want to visit our academy before the season? We need a good violinist.”

Max could not believe their luck at possibly having found means to sponsor his family, eventually have food for his children, and even attain that dream that Max had always hoped for.

When they arrived at the Philharmonic Academy in Vienna, they were incredibly impressed by the wealth of the community. Vienna was larger than any of those cities in Moravia Galicia, Tyrol, Dalmatia, Bohemia, and Styria, where they had travelled in

nezgodno otvoriti usta, iako je godinama govorio njemački. Odmah bi mislili da govorim žargonom, mislio je.

Posle nekoliko nedelja saradnje sa orkestrom, Max i njegova mala djeca su se osjetili bolje među ostalim muzičarima. Iako su imali potpuno drugačiji životni put od tih sinova austrijskih bogataša, zaslužili su njihovo poštovanje, jer su bile jako dobri violinisti. Nitko od tih već dobro poznatih muzičara nije bio toliko darovit kao što su bili Ana, Bojan, Fritz, i Ivan i njihovim mladim godinama. I Maxa su sada smatrali najbolja violinista u cijeloj imperiji, mada Bečka javnost je do tada samo čula glasine jer sezona još uvijek nije počela.

Jednog dana pre početka sezone dirigent orkestra je pitao Maxa da li može govoriti privatno u njegovom kabinetu. Pun nade i optimizma je pogledao djecu njezinog oca. Svi ostali muzičari u orkestru su bili jako zavidljivi. Većina ih je samo razočarana otišla kući. Ti nabusiti članovi su potrošili cijeli večer u brauhausu u blizini. "Ko je to ikad čuo?" pitao je Glockenspilista za pivom, "da će jedna obična porodica zauzeti mjesta od prve do pete violine!"

Max se nadao da će da će porodica konačno imati mjesto gdje može živjeti i raditi. Htio je školovati njegovu nepismenu djecu, i možda sebi naći novu ljubav posle svih tih godina osamljenosti.

"Sjedite" rekao je dirigent Maxu. "Kako Vam se dopada kod nas u Akademiji?"

"Nama je odlično ovdje, gospodine, hvala na pitanju!" odgovorio je Max odmah. "Mislim da bi djeca bila beznadežna osim dezerta koje ponekad imamo za ručak!"

Dirigent je dugo uzdisao gledajući kroz prozor na omiljenu pekaru. Kako mu je nedostajalo vremena kada nije bio odgovoran za čuvenu Akademiju i još je mogao sjediti uz Schillera i schwarwald torte.

search of employment. Neither the children nor Max ever imagined that musicians could be so well dressed. Max felt rather uncomfortable among the musicians.

His children didn't know how to use a fork and knife, and they were being compared to the members of the orchestra's family—all of whom were not only well-mannered, but spoke in the most wonderful German. Max felt uncomfortable opening his mouth, even if he'd spoken German all of his life. They'd automatically think I use too much jargon, he thought to himself.

After several weeks of working with the orchestra, Max and his children found themselves amidst the other more experienced musicians. Although they came from a completely different life than those well-bred Austrian, they still deserved respect for their talent as violinists. None of those other well known and highly regarded musicians were so gifted as Ana, Bojan, Fritz and John, even with their young years. And, naturally, Max became regarded as the best violinist in the whole empire, although the Venetian people had only heard rumors of it since the season had yet to begin.

The day before the season began the orchestra's conductor asked to speak with Max in private. Full of hope and optimism he looked over at his children. All of the other musicians were very envious; many were so devastated that they headed home. The blunter members spent the entire night in a bar in the vicinity. "Who ever heard," Glockenspilista asked, "of a fucking family taking the place of the first five violinists?!"

Max hoped to finally provide his family a place to live and work. Maybe even educate his illiterate children so that they could find themselves a new love after so many years of isolation.

"Sit," the conductor said to Max. "Do you like it here at the Academy?"

“Meni je žao, Maximilian”, priznao je dirigent, “ali imamo samo jedno mesto za Vas petero.” “Ostali će morati u neki drugi orkestar prekosutra.”

Maxovo srce je palo. Kako može izabrati jedno dijete za to jedno mjesto? Kako će ostati preživjeti zimu bez posla? Šta bi radila njegovom pokojna žena na njegovom mjestu? Cijeu noć mu se vrtilo to pitanje po glavi dok su djeca dobro spavala ne znajući da će završiti taj san za barem troje od njih ujutro. Kada su se probudili, njihov otac više nije bio u spavaonici, ali bili su pečeni krumpiri uz jednu kratku zabilješku na stolu. Ana koja je najbolje čitala od djece je pokušala razumjeti tatin rukopis.

“Tata je našao posao za sebe, a krumpire za vas. Žao mi je, djeco, ali vi imate više vremena na ovoj planeti nego ja. Želim vam uspjeh i sve najbolje bez mene. Molim vas, ostavite sobu kao što je bila pre vašeg posjeta. Zbogom.”

“We are great here, Sir, thanks for asking!” Max immediately replied, “I think my children would have lived a hopeless life, save for those desserts we sometimes have for lunch.”

The conductor had spent much time lamenting those moments spent looking through a window of his favorite bakery. How he missed those times when he wasn't charged with looking after the Academy, a time when he could sit and relax with a Schiller and Black Forest cake.

“I'm sorry, Maximilian, but we only have one place for the five of you,” the conductor admitted. “The others will have a different band the day after tomorrow.”

Max's heart fell, how was he supposed to assign that spot to one of his kids? How would he survive a winter while unemployed? What would his late wife do if she were in his current position? The entire night his head was throbbing with those questions as the children slept, unaware that their dream would soon end. When they woke their father was no longer in his bedroom, but there were baked potatoes with a short note on the table. Ana was the one who tried to make something of her father's handwriting.

The message read: “Dad found a job for himself and potatoes for you. I'm sorry, kids, but you have more time left on this planet than I do. I wish you luck, success and all the best without me. Please, leave the room as it was before your visit. Good bye.”

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Marija Spajic

Za vikend, ja sam otišla u kazaliste da vidim film sa mojim prijateljima. Mi smo htjeli da vidimo film o Sherlock Holmesu. Kad smo stigli u bioskop, kupila sam kokice. Uvijek volim da kupim kokice u bioskopu! Onda smo otišli da gledamo film.

Mislila sam da je *Sherlock Holmes* bio vrlo dobar film. Meni su se svidjele akcije i humor u filmu. Također, ja mislim da su glumci bili dobri. Posebno volim da gledam Rachel McAdams. Ona je vrlo talentirana glumica. Moj omiljeni lik je bio Watson, koji je bio prijatelj Sherlocka. On je pomogao Sherlocku mnogo puta. Film je bio vrlo zanimljiv i na kraju, Sherlock i Watson su riješili misteriju.

Ja nikad nisam čitala Sherlocka Holmsa. Ali sad, hoću da ga čitam. I ja sam radoznala da vidim drugi Sherlockov film.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Marija Spajic

For the weekend, I went to the theater to see movies with my friends. We wanted to see a film about Sherlock Holmes. When arrived at the movies, I bought popcorn. I always like to buy some popcorn in the cinema! Then we went to watch a movie.

I thought that *Sherlock Holmes* was a very good movie. I always have liked the action and humor in the movie. Also, I think the actors were good. I especially like to watch Rachel McAdams. She is a very talented actress. My favorite character was Watson, who was a friend of Sherlock. He helped Sherlock many times. The film was very interesting and finally, Sherlock and Watson solved the mystery.

I've never read a Sherlock Holmes. But now, I want to read it! I'm curious to see another Sherlock film.



ПЛАНЕТА НАРАНЦА
Stefanie Robey

Ја сам прва особа која је ходала на овој планети. Планета се зове Наранца планета јер је зрак сличан наранчасти магли. Кад сам изашла из свемирског брода, открила сам да зрак има другачију масу од зрака на Земљи. Он је дебљи. То је материја на пола пута између зрака и воде. То није довољно густ да се може пливати горе у наранчасто небо, али је довољно густ да је ходање теже него на Земљи. Ипак, убрзо сам се навикла на чудне магле и ја почела гледати околу. Нема дрвећа или цвијећа овде. Они не могу преживети на густом zraku. Ту су стијене, међутим, и њихове боје су пуно свјетлије него на Земљи: свијетло љубичасте, неон зелене и жуте као канаринци. Унаточ тим бојама, многе од стијена изгледају сиве због сиве маховине која расте на њима. На први поглед, ја нисам схватила је да то је маховина. Вјеровала сам да су стијена сиве, као на земљи. Али онда сам видела неко створење. Створење је упола високо као ја, али неколико пута шире. Оно има чудне канџе на ногама којима се држи за грубе површине планете и да се користе за гурање напријед. Ово створење такођер има крила, али не може летјети. Умјесто тога, користи крила да гура против густог зрака и да се креће брзо. Створење једе само сиву маховину. Оно гребе маховину са стијена својим ноктима и онда једе ту маховину. Не знам да је интелигентно ово створења. Ако ови ванземаљци имају језик, то је врло различит језик од језика на овој планети. У ствари, не мислим да комуницирају путем звука као ми. Они немају уши. Умјесто тога, вјерујем да комуницирају помоћу вибрације у тијелу које узрокују вибрације у магли. Они нису били заинтригирани са мном као што сам ја била заинтригирала њима. Они су ме игнорирани. То је добро и лоше. То је добро јер ми омогућава да истражујем без ограничења. Међутим, то је лоше јер сам желела комуницирати с њима.

PLANET ORANGE
Stephanie Robey

I am the first person who has walked on this planet. The planet is called Orange Planet because the air looks like an orange mist. When I got off of the spaceship, I discovered that the air has a different weight than on Earth. It is more dense. It is like a material halfway between air and water. It is not dense enough that one can swim up into the orange sky, but it is dense enough that walking is more difficult than on Earth. Still, I quickly accustomed myself to the bizarre mist and I began to look around. There are no trees or flowers here. They cannot survive in the dense air. There are rocks, however, and their colors are much brighter than on earth: bright purple, neon green and canary yellow. Despite these colors, many of the rocks appear gray because of the gray moss that grows on them. At first glance, I did not realize that it is moss. I believed that they are gray rocks, like on Earth. But then I saw a creature. This creature is half as tall as I am, but several times wider. It has strange claws on its feet that cling to the rough surface of the planet, and can be used to push it forward. This creature also has wings, but it cannot fly. Instead, it uses the wings to push off against the heavy air so that it can move quickly. The creature eats only the gray moss. It scratches the moss from the rocks with its claws and then eats the moss. I do not know if these are intelligent creatures. If these aliens have a language, it is very different from the language of my planet. In fact, I do not think that they communicate through sound like we do. They have no ears. Instead, I believe that they communicate using vibrations in the body that cause vibrations in the mist. They were not as fascinated by me as I was by them. They ignored me. This is good and bad. It is good because it allows me to explore without limits. However, it is bad because I would like to communicate with them.

BALKANSKA KNJIZEVNOST:

Putovanje U Sebe

Phoebe Heyman

U romanu 'Putovanje u sebe' se radi o djevojci koja je radnik na socialističkom projektu u Rhodopima. Ona se zove Raina, i ima osamnaest godina na početku romana i dvadeset godina na kraju. U stvarnosti, također u knjizi se radi o temi identiteta—identitet Raine i identitet Bugarske države u ranim pedesetima.

Uglavnom, tema Rajninog identiteta je izražena kroz rod. Fokus romana je Rainino iztraživanje u njenoj ulozi žene u nekoliko različitih uloga u njenom životu. Na primer, po zanimanju ona je 'spiderman,' radnik koja se bavi sa čelikom, i ona je sama žena u tom zanimanju. Iako su druge žene na gradilištu, one nemaju tako opasna zanimanja, nego su električari ili vozači ili slično. Uz njeno neobično zanimanje, Raina također pokušava da se predstave kao osoba koja nije žena ni muškarac, s kratkom kosom i nošenjem farmerkama. Ona vrši eksperiment s svojom ženskom stranom kada je u vezi s arhitektom na gradilištu, Vladom Radevom. Raina i Vlad igraju tradicionalne uloge polova jednom s drugim; na primer njihovo veza počinje kad Raina ispegla Vladovu košulju.

Raina posebno traži svoj identitet metodom zamišljanja sebe u različitim situacijama. Ove perspektive također pokazuju druge identite u romanu, naime identite socialističkog mentaliteta države. Činjenica je da se roman bavi temom pola, i kako pol diktira perspektiva i okolnosti u državi, pokazuje važnost spoljašnje okoline najljudski identitet. Na primer, socialistički perspektiv za rod se u glavnom bavio s gledanjem žene i muškarci kao premce u poslu. Fokus na ljudskom kapacitetu kao radnici je izbacio tradicionalu strukturu pola. U romanu, ovaj novi fokus pripremi Rainu za njeno putovanje u otkriće

BALKAN LITERATURE:

Travelling Within One's Self

Phoebe Heyman

The novel "Journey into One's Self" is about a girl who is a worker in the Socialist project at Rhodope. She is called Raina and is eighteen years old at the beginning of the text and twenty at its end. The piece deals with the topic of identity—that of Raina and Bulgaria in the early fifties.

Mainly, the theme of Raina's identity is expressed by ethnicity. The focus of the novel is Raina's discovery of her role as a woman in various phases and facets of her life. For example, by profession she is like "spiderman," a female worker who deals with steel. Although the other women in the construction field, it's not in such a dangerous occupation, but electricians and the driver or the like. In addition to this unusual occupation, Raina also tries to present herself as a person who is neither female nor male, with her short hair and worn-out jeans. She conducts an experiment with her feminine side when in a relationship with the architect at the construction site, Vlad Radev. Raina and Vlad play traditional gender roles in the relationship; for example, their relationship begins when Raina irons Vlad's shirt.

Raina searches for her identity by imagining herself through totally different perspectives. These perspective also show other identities in the novel, namely the Socialist mentality of the state. The fact is that this novel deals with the topic of gender and how it is creates perspective and circumstance of the state, demonstrates the importance of external environment in dictating the human identity. For example, the Socialist perspective mainly dealt with watching women and men as unparalleled in the business. This focus on human capacity as workers discarded the traditional structure of gender. In the novel, this new focus prepared Raina for this journey to self-discovery, which is centered on the

sebe, koje je centriralo na povratku u tradicionalan život žene.

Fokus na identitetu je od velikog značaja u knjizi o Balkanu u kojoj se radi o vremenu kad je artikulacija narodnog identiteta u Bugarskoj, u socialističkom periodu. Mnoga dela balkanske književnosti se bave ovom temom izraženom na različite načine. Verovatno, je nacionalni identitet izveden iz duge borbe i ustanka protiv Osmanskog carstva. Osmanska okupacija je možda najzvečiji i najznačajniji događaj u istoriji Balkana. Kroz roman kao *Putovanje u sebe*, koji istražuje ljudske odnose i identitet, može se izvući metafora za istraživanje i artikulaciju tradicionalne prirode, koji su iskusni u Balkanim narodima posle izlaza vladajućeg Osmanskog carstva. Ovo je čitanje Balkanske književnosti koja spaja istoriju i književnost.

return to traditional womanhood.

The pivotal focus on identity, in Balkan literature, deals with the articulation of national identity in Bulgaria during the socialist period. Many pieces of Balkan literature deal with this topic expressed in different ways. Presumably, the national identity was derived from the long struggle with, and the rebellion against the Ottoman Empire. The Ottoman occupation was perhaps the most horrific and significant event in the history of the Balkans. Throughout the novel, *Journey to One's Self*, which explores identity and human relationship, the quest for a traditional nature and being appears to be one following the end of the Ottoman rule. This reading of Balkan literature connects the historical and literary.



THE RABBI'S PRIDE

Sophia Rehm

Marginalization and persecution are themes which have always loomed large in Jewish identity. The Sephardic Jews' expulsion from Spain in 1492 was one of many such incidents of mistreatment. But in the city of Salonika, Greece, the suffering of exile was transformed into a rare manifestation of freedom and prosperity for the Jewish community. The city's nicknames from the 16th through the 19th century were *Madre d' Israel* and the 'Jerusalem of the Balkans' (Molho: 2005, 37). The extent to which the Jews felt that the city belonged to them as their home, so unusual in Jewish history, is apparent in the Judeo-Spanish folktale *The Sanctification of God's Name*, recorded in Judeo-Spanish from a former Greek citizen in 1969 (Ben-Amos: 2006, 49). This tale depicts the confidence of the Jewish people in the city they shared with Muslims and Christians, and communicates and affirms their pride in their Jewish identity.

The significance that the tale places on the association between Jews and the Turkish elite suggests that the Jews of Salonika valued and achieved acceptance into mainstream culture. The head rabbi himself, Rabbi Covo, is legitimized at the beginning of the story by the fact that the Sultan had confirmed his position as *hakham bashi*, or chief rabbi. This position was a creation of the Ottoman Empire, and the fact that the tale's narrator legitimizes the head of the community by citing his approval by the Sultan to fulfill this role shows not only an acceptance of the Empire, but also an internalization of its hierarchy. The narrative incorporates Turkish words without explanation, suggesting that the narrator assumes his audience is familiar with the Turkish lexicon. The Turkish words in the text almost all apply to official positions in the administration of the city or the millets within it. This was the daily life of all

citizens in Salonika. The fact that the narrator of the tale does not translate the words demonstrates that Jews felt as much a part of the city as the several other groups living there. Their attitude about their integration is suggested by the narrator's emphasis on the rabbi's legitimacy in the Ottoman structure, and the ultimate authority of the Sultan.

The entrance of the Christian merchant into the tale establishes a comparison between the Muslims, Christians and Jews of Salonika by grouping them together and challenging them all with a test. The merchant is characterized as an outsider, from Bulgaria. He is vulnerable and clearly knows no one in Salonika for he "looked for a safe place to store [his money] but could find no one" (Ben-Amos: 2006, 45). The situation created by the arrival of the merchant can be examined using the framework of Vladimir Propp's "Functions of the Dramatis Personae" in folktales. Propp's twelfth function, in whichb "The Hero is tested, interrogated, attacked, etc." (Propp: 2008, 39) bears similarities to this juncture in the Judeo-Spanish tale. In this framework the "hero" is as yet undecided—the people of Salonika make up the entity being tested, and the three major religions of the city are its representatives. The merchant functions as a narrative device for bringing these groups together for the sake of comparison.

In their responses to the merchant the three religious groups representing Salonika assert their own identities that differentiate them from one another. In this way they can be compared to the figures in another motif of Slavic folklore: the three brothers. In tales that utilize this trope, before a distinct hero emerges, three brothers are approached with a request or challenge. Their individual

responses reveal their characters, and also often their fates. The youngest brother ultimately is the heroic or righteous one. The first of the three “brothers,” then, to be tested in *The Sanctification of God’s Name*, is the Greek Orthodox Church, represented by “the Christian patriarch of Salonika” (Ben-Amos: 2006, 45). When put to the test, the patriarch is cruel, greedy and deceitful: he “denied having ever received the money” that the merchant “had entrusted to him for safekeeping” just a few days before (Ben-Amos: 2006, 45). The merchant is thus in even more desperate straits when he visits the second “brother” of the story than he was as a solitary and vulnerable traveler appealing to the patriarch. The second “brother” represents the Muslims, but it is telling that the representative is a kadi, or judge, rather than a religious figure. As the ruling group in the Ottoman Empire, the Turks existed as a political and powerful entity beyond the religiously defined millet. The kadi is not explicitly unjust; he simply “replied that there was nothing he could do in this strange affair” (Ben-Amos: 2006, 46). His response appears objectionable as well as useless only when compared to that of the third “brother.”

The response of the representative of the Jews establishes this group as a distinctly community-oriented people in relation to the Christians and Muslims. The first indicator of this is the way in which the merchant comes about asking the rabbi for help: he “was walking in the Jewish quarter and bumped into one of his acquaintances” who noticed that he was upset and assured him that “the Jews’ hakham bashi...was very clever and would find a remedy for his affliction” (Ben-Amos: 2006, 46). There has been no mention of a Christian or Muslim quarter in the tale, nor have any representatives of those faiths interacted with the merchant other than the patriarch and the kadi. The merchant meets the rabbi’s people before he meets the rabbi himself. The people and their community are what lend the rabbi power, rather than his hierarchical position.

The analogy of the Jewish people with the youngest of the three brothers in the ‘three brother’ motif corroborates the sense of community by identifying the Jews as powerful in unconventional ways. The fact that there is a Jewish quarter itself suggests that, while the Sultan may have confirmed Rabbi Covo’s title, the Jews are still a subordinated people and separate from the ruling class. The facts that the Jews are the last group the merchant consults, that he does not even think to consult them, and that it is stated that he has already “consulted with lawyers and influential people” (Ben-Amos: 2006, 45) indicate that the Jews are the politically weakest of the three religious groups. Like the third, youngest and weakest brother in other tales, the Jews seem the least likely group to be helpful in the situation. But the unconventional strength of this group becomes clear as soon as the merchant enters the Jewish quarter. Compassion is the first strength that is demonstrated, when the merchant’s Jewish acquaintance notices that his friend is troubled and offers his concern and advice without being asked. His recommendation of the rabbi, and the fact that this conversation occurs in the Jewish quarter, establish that there is a firm community behind Rabbi Covo, supporting him and ultimately giving him his significance. Furthermore, the rabbi is described as “very clever” (Ben-Amos: 2006, 46) rather than strong or powerful—thus this tale, like many others, emphasizes the power of wit. When the rabbi finally enters the story, his response to the merchant illustrates other strengths—in saying he will “try to recover” the money “with God’s help” the rabbi is not claiming omnipotence but rather is humbly declaring his human reliance on help, specifically on God’s help. This is also, of course, an affirmation of faith. This tale is set up, like the three brothers tales, to be one in which moral virtue overcomes conventional powers.

The Patriarch’s destructive actions and the distinct identity of the merchant set up a

conflict between the Jews and the Muslims in the tale. It has already been mentioned that the patriarch's response to the merchant is uniquely malevolent, in its deceitfulness and cruelty. The Church's identity as the "eldest brother," and therefore the first to be tested, is strengthened by the fact that it represents the merchant's own religion. Like the eldest, strongest brother, it seems the most likely to help the merchant, just as Judaism seems like the least obvious choice. The situation of the merchant is much worse once he has been mistreated and turned away by his own people. The Church also looks particularly bad having treated a Christian so poorly. All of this amounts to putting Muslims and Jews in a situation distinctly different from

poor behavior of the representative of his religion. He is also alone and looking for someone to trust. Despite the Muslims' political power in this city, the Jewish religion is in a position now to compete with this empowered group on religious terms.

The merchant's desperate situation provides a specifically Jewish bent to the story, for there is a great emphasis on charity, or *tzedakah*, in the Jewish tradition. *Tzedakah* literally means righteousness in Hebrew, and is "considered to be one of the cardinal commandments in the Bible and the criterion of the righteous;" thus it "holds a central place in Judaism" (Haboucha: 1977, 154). This is the root of the widespread sentiment

in Judeo-Spanish tales that "even one dependent on charity is obliged to give to those less fortunate than him or herself;" because "charity is the legitimate right of the poor and the obligation of the donor, since one's possessions really belong to God and are in his power" (Haboucha: 1977, 160-161). The Jewish people are not portrayed as starving or impoverished in this tale, but the narrative makes it clear that they are not in a position of authority.



that of the second two brothers in the three brother tales. For they are not confronted with the same request that the patriarch was confronted with. The patriarch has created a problem that must be rectified, and the Muslims and Jews are the two groups vying to do it. In order to rectify the situation one of the two groups must take the man in as his own religion failed to do. Particularly in light of how bad the Church is made to look here, this seems very much like a competition to convert this Christian. The merchant is the perfect material for conversion, as he was unwittingly tricked by the patriarch, therefore remaining an innocent person despite the

Unlike the Muslim Turks, but similar to the Christian merchant, they are at a disadvantage compared to the patriarch. If this juncture in the tale corresponds to Propp's twelfth function of the *dramatis personae*, in which "the donor tests the hero" (Propp 39), then the test here is to perform *tzedakah*. When the rabbi is the only religious leader to take on this challenge, he is demonstrating, as a representative of the Jewish people, one of the most esteemed and valued virtues in Jewish tradition. One form of *tzedakah* that the Jewish tradition stresses in particular is *tzedakah* towards strangers. During Passover, an important Jewish holiday, it is tra-

ditional to include strangers in need, often non-Jews, in the Seder, the Passover meal. The fact that the merchant is introduced in this tale as a foreigner from Bulgaria, “staying at an inn among strangers,” identifies him as a member of a category that Jewish tradition specifically encourages and values tzedakah towards (Ben-Amos: 2006, 45). His neediness is established when the patriarch steals the money “on which his life depended” (Ben-Amos: 2006, 45). As a disadvantaged group reaching out to do whatever is possible to provide charity to this stranger in need, the narrative immediately defines the Jews to a Jewish audience as the heroes of the tale.

The position of the Jewish people among its “brothers” in Salonika is elaborated in the manner in which Rabbi Covo goes about solving the merchant’s problem and performing tzedakah. His relationship to the representatives of the religious groups he shares Salonika with does in fact seem brotherly. There is no indication that the patriarch is surprised when the rabbi visits him at home to have a casual conversation, suggesting that this is not an unusual occurrence. The rabbi and the patriarch enjoy two friendly visits in each other’s homes in the course of a few days (Ben-Amos: 2006, 46). The rabbi later invites the kadi and wali (the Muslim judge and “guardian”) to his home as well (Ben-Amos: 2006, 47). But the rabbi is simultaneously ridiculing and criticizing the patriarch. The rabbi creates a false pretense in front of the patriarch of being “on his side” by describing the merchant as “some common man” (Ben-Amos: 2006, 46). The fact that in showing disrespect for this stranger and claiming that he “threw him out of my house,” the rabbi is establishing himself as on the patriarch’s side is a critique of the patriarch’s character in a Jewish context (Ben-Amos: 2006, 46). For these actions are directly opposed to the Jewish concept of tzedakah. The patriarch is further condemned by his “delighted” response to the rabbi’s words and the fact that he immediately “began to bad mouth the merchant” (Ben-Amos: 2006, 46). His in-

telligence is also called into question when the rabbi, in his great cleverness, is able to trick the Christian patriarch into believing his words and then, on the second visit, into obliviously allowing his own worry beads to be stolen (Ben-Amos: 2006, 46). While the Jews may enjoy a brotherly relationship with their Christian neighbors, they clearly seem to harbor feelings towards the Christians that are not entirely affectionate or kind.

The rabbi’s actions suggest some disrespect on the part of the Jewish people for the Christian and Muslim religious groups in Salonika, as well as a feeling of disempowerment. The patriarch’s uncharitable actions and words are highly objectionable in the Jewish tradition, as already discussed. The kadi’s response that “there was nothing he could do” also appears more problematic in light of the Jewish belief that no matter what one does or does not have at one’s disposal, one can and must always give to those in need. The rabbi’s efforts to help the merchant, the non-Jewish stranger, as well as his subtle critiques of the patriarch’s actions speak highly of the Jews and portray them as morally superior. The rabbi’s reliance on wit and tricks, though, seems to compound the Jews’ “youngest brother” status in the city. The rabbi’s strategy of retrieving the pouch of money behind the patriarch’s back and then revealing it to him rests on the assumption that there is no other way the rabbi would have the authority to refute the patriarch’s claim or convince him to confess. And, indeed, when the rabbi first tells the patriarch “Heaven has revealed to me that that merchant’s pouch is in your possession and that you took it from him,” the patriarch “jeered at this notion” (Ben-Amos: 2006, 47). His act of calling the patriarch, kadi and wali to his home to witness the truth of his accusation seems vindictive. It is not necessary for the rabbi to have an audience when he proves the patriarch wrong, and it seems he simply wants to publicly humiliate the man, and make the point to the Muslim representatives that he was successful where they were not. These desires im-

ply anger and resentment on the part of the rabbi, for he would not feel the need to make these points if he felt that his views and people were adequately recognized and respected by the other religious groups of the city.

But the tale's portrayal of Rabbi Covo is ultimately humorous and contradictory, and in this way the tale softens its criticism of the other religious groups of Salonika. While he seems morally superior to the patriarch and kadi in taking on the merchant's predicament, the rabbi's virtuous actions to rectify a deceitful crime are themselves deceitful. He lies to the patriarch about his feelings, tricks him by getting him drunk and obtaining his trust, and finally steals the pouch of money from him that he originally stole from the merchant. His righteousness in upholding the Jewish commandment to perform tzedakah is called into question by his dubious means of doing so, as well as his seemingly vindictive motives.

This conflicted portrayal of the rabbi is part of a larger ironic and in some ways derisive treatment of religion in the tale, which contributes to a strong portrayal of the Jewish community, if not to the highest praise of its religious leader. The fact that the rabbi almost sarcastically makes reference to God's help when he has received no such divine help (Ben-Amos: 2006, 46, 47), can be seen as impious. It can also be viewed as once again mocking the Muslim and Christian leaders by demonstrating the ridiculous things they will believe. This is closer to the point, because the argument that it would be ridiculous to believe that God could transport a pouch of money to an urn sheds light on the general attitude of the story.

The tale's lighthearted attitude towards religion points to the fact that this is not, in fact, a religious tale with a religious moral. The rabbi's references to God are not genuine and the description of his prayers over the urn is satirical—he "read a few psalms and recited a kabbalistic formula" (Ben-Amos:

2006, 47). The tale subverts the religious notion of tzedakah, for a rabbi's charitable acts are carried out through deception and stealing. Tzedakah is also traditionally considered most honorable and virtuous when it is carried out in secret and not spoken about afterwards, for the charitable person is not supposed to be motivated by hopes of praise. This is clearly not how the Rabbi Covo carries out his tzedakah; instead, he insists on an audience. The patriarch's just desserts in this tale are his recognition of the rabbi's superior wit, and the loss of his position in Salonika. These are low prices to pay compared to the death, starvation or miserable afterlives suffered by the uncharitable in more religious folktales (Haboucha: 1977, 162). And the merchant who is, ultimately, converted to Jewish belief (Ben-Amos: 2006, 47) has really been fooled. The story surely glorifies Judaism, but it glorifies a cultural, everyday Judaism, the Judaism of the community represented by the rabbi.

The tale's power is in its humor and entertainment, and these are rooted in its realistic representation of and commentary on the daily lives of the Jews of Salonika in the 19th century. The attitude that it would be unbelievable for God to intervene in this relatively mundane situation reflects the fact that the Sephardic Jews of Salonika do not identify as Jews because of God's constant and active presence in their lives. The things that really identify the Jews, according to this story, are their cleverness and wit and their superior use of modest means and authority. And they are certainly aided by their esteem for kindness and charity, but their form of tzedakah is an imperfect form, not a biblical one. The rabbi in this tale is standing in for the Jewish people and as such is not simply a religious figure but a witty, subversive, confident figure. His greatest strength is his pride in his identity, and this tale is satisfying and enjoyable for its audience because it affirms that he has good reasons for such pride.

Their pride and confidence despite the au-

thority of other religious groups made the Jewish community of Salonika unique. Jews are historically “normally minorities in both the demographical and the cultural sense” and “they only rarely maintain close relations with the other ethnic or social minorities with which they cohabitate. The Jewish minorities differ in their behavior from other minorities in that they do not have any political aspirations” (Molho: 2005, 45). This tale demonstrates just how different the Jews’ situation was in Salonika. They were not, in fact, a minority for much of their history in the city (Molho: 2005, 243). This tale portrays both brotherly and competitive feelings towards the other ethnic groups in the city, but it certainly makes it clear that the Jews had “close relations” with these groups. And, while the tale is not a contest between the religious beliefs of the three represented groups, it is a contest of wits between the representatives of these groups. The confidence exhibited by the tale demonstrates that Jews in Salonika not only aspired to have power among neighboring groups, but they in fact achieved such power. Tragically, this tale now represents a fragment of what was lost when the Nazis murdered ninety six percent of Salonika’s Jewish population (Molho: 2005, 42). But it is a testament to the strength of the community and to the stability it once enjoyed that this tale could be told with such humor and pride in 1969, in the face of the memory of such destruction.

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NEKI ČUDNI LIK

Lana Jovanovic'

Ljepo sam kunjala, malo i dremnula, kad od jednom jedna grozna buka me je probudila. Nisam imala pojma šta se desilo, ali znala sam da sam bila bjesna; tko je ima pravo da me tako probudi?! Trepnula sam jednom... dva puta... ono što sam vidjela me je protreslo. Nisam imala pojma šta da mislim o tome.

Vidjela sam plave leptire koji su bili vec'i o moje šake i imali su najc(udja lica... glava im je bila paradajz sa dva prompira umesto oc(iju). Nisam znala šta da mislim ili uradim. Letili su oko mene, vrištali na nekom nepoznatom jeziku, ali odakle nemam pojma jer nisu ni imali usta. Bilo ih je toliko puno da ih nisam ni mogla izbrojiti... darem dve tisuće! Vrtili su me se oko glave i dali mi glavobolju, šta mi se desilo?

Ne zam kako, ali sam našla snage da se dignem i moram prinati da nisam bila spremna za ono što sam vidjela. Odjednom sam vidjela više leptira, ili šta god im je ime, nego bi ikad mogla nabrojiti. Skupili su se u razne grupe i pretvorili se u oblike ljudi. Bilo je nevjerovatno... c(udnije nego išta što sam ikad vidjela! Stajala sam, kompltno ukoc(ena dok se taj c(udan lik spuštao i pokupio nešto c(udno, ne mogu ni da opišem šta je bilo jer me još uvijek zbnjuje. Kao kreten, stajala sam tu dok mi se približao, i onda me je udario stvarom i pala sam, klomula sam.

THE ENIGMA

Lana Jovanovic'

I was taking a nice nap, even dreaming a little, when a sudden and terrible sound woke me. I had no idea what it was, but I knew I was furious; who had the right to try to wake me like that? Blearily I woke, blinking once... twice... and what I saw left me shaken. I had no idea what to make of it all.

I saw blue butterflies that were larger than my hand and had the oddest faces... their heads were tomatoes with two potatoes in place of their eyes. I didn't know what to make of it or do. They flew around me, screeching in some foreign language, but how they did it baffles me since they didn't even have mouths. There were so many of them that I couldn't possibly even count them all—at least two thousand! They flew in circles around my head, giving me a headache... what happened to me?

I'm not sure how, but I finally got up the energy to get up, and I must admit that I wasn't prepared for the sight I was met with. All of a sudden I saw more butterflies, or whatever the name is for those creatures, more than I could ever possibly count. They grouped together in the oddest form, creating the shape of a person! It was unbelievable... weirder than anything else I'd ever seen. I stood completely frozen as the odd figure lowered himself and picked something up. I can't even describe what it was since it still perplexes me. Like an imbecile, I simply stood there as he approached me and hit me. I promptly passed out.

REČI I STVARI

Antje Postema

Izražavanje razlike u pričama Davida Albaharija

U ovom eseju, diskutovaću dve priče Davida Albaharija, koje se zovu “Šta trava oseća?” i “Ime stvari.” Albahari je srpski pisac, koji sada živi u Kanadi. Još uvek piše na srpskom i iako sporo učenici književnosti prevode njegove priče i romane sa srpskog jezika na engleski. Mnogo ljudi u svim delovima sveta sveta, gde uglavnom govore i čitaju na engleskom, ne znaju ni Albaharija ni njegovo pisanje. Zato, prvi deo mog projekta je prevod priča na engleski.

What Does the Grass Feel?

If I bend down low enough, I can understand the pain that the grass feels when I step upon it.

I try to explain this to my wife.

She says to me, “some things about you I can’t manage to understand, some things, but I can’t lose hope, however, that one of them I will understand. But how the grass concerns you, no, that I will never understand. How can someone like you,” she asks me, “how can someone like you think at all about what the grass feels?”

Well, in that regard, she is like that woman in a David Albahari story, only that this woman couldn’t understand his love for blacks. That is, she thought that he was a faggot, while he only tried to think differently.

In other words, I think in different ways. That is what my wife can’t grasp.

So I ask, “what do you think—someone like me? What kind of a person am I?”

“I don’t feel like talking about it,” she says. “I don’t want to open my mouth and I don’t feel like closing it afterward. We’ve discussed this so many times.”

But I don’t give up: “How do you know,” I say, “what I am talking about? When have you bent down like that? When have you seen the blades of grass?”

She turns around, the first time she truly

looks me in the eye and she still has those same plump lips that force me to think about a totally different thing, the one that I never fail to think about whenever I look at those lips. And, all the while I’m thinking about that, she says, “you believe in words so much it makes me sick. I almost feel like throwing up when I listen to you.”

Those are serious accusations, and I would like to have a little time to think them over, but if I stop now, she will fall asleep, surely she’ll drop off and then what will I do?

“Those are serious accusations,” I say, “and I would like—”

She interjects: “don’t drag this out like some kind of cunt. Just answer right now, if you have anything to say.”

“You are wrong,” I say. “I asked the question. You need to answer.”

“This is going nowhere,” she says and lifts her hand to pull the switch on the lamp above the bed.

Well, she raises her hand and behind it, from under the cover, creeps a breast, but at the same moment, darkness falls and I can’t see where I am anymore.

“Why did you go silent?” she asks.

A little later: “Why’d you shut up?”

Then she offers her hand: “Did you get an-

gry?”

But I'm already far ahead. I do see her hand behind me, but I don't care. Even a soft touch wouldn't bother me. I'm old enough to take care of myself, if that's the matter. about myself, if I'm in the middle of it. And who is not? Oh, if it was already solved, then I would know why we would need to waste time with further explanations. Call me Nenad and I will come. Call me Predrag, I will answer. Call me Smilja and I will come running. I adapt myself excellently. I'm even willing to concede, if concessions are necessary. But no, they aren't. "My dear," I say with tremendous delay. I hear her droning breath like the noise of some stylish chairs on which I sat only once. I wait a little. I wait, but don't try to search for it, I don't know from which side to search. "Dear," I say once more. Someone gets up from that chair and the waiting room is now surely empty. If you don't know where someone is, then it's best to pretend that you know, and I say straight into the darkness above me: "You're right, I do believe in words."

The Name of a Thing

In some instances, they say, I am very peaceful.

In other words, if I touch a body, I know that I'm touching a body. If I walk up to the window, I know what I need to watch. If I'm thirsty, I take a cup and fill it with water. If I'm not here, nothing can bring me back.

I tried to explain this to them. I said, "life is not a sentence, speech is not acquainted with textual symbols. You can't command someone to call things by names which you have selected.

"We haven't selected anything," they said.

"If I wanted something to be called by your name, then I would make that happen," I said. "But if I wanted it to be called

by another name, no one would prevent me from doing that."

They looked at each other. "That's fine by us," they said. "We don't have anything against that."

"Then what's the problem?" I asked.

"U čemu je onda problem?" pita žena u priči, i takođe ga pita Albahari. Kao mnogo pisaca, Albahari se brine zbog ovog pitanja. Protiv ženi na prvoj priči, ovo pitanje je najvažnije za Albaharijeg naratora. Takođe ovo pitanje ("u čemu je onda problem?") ima mnogo smisla za Albaharija. Pitanjima on može da istražuje i misli o razlikama između stvari. Glavne razlike, za njega, su sledeće: između ljudi i između stvari i reči.

Razlike među ljudima su jasne u "Šta trava oseća?" Iako je muž siguran da razume bol, koji oseća trava kada on stane na nju, nije uspeo da ženi objasni kroz celu priču. Još gori od toga, žena neće da ga sluša i samo kaže stvari koje pokazuju da ona ima potpuno drugačiji pogled. Ne veruje ona ni da trava može nešto osećati ni da je njen osećaj važan za ljude.

U priči "Ime stvari," Albahari takođe opisuje razlike među ljudima. Pripovedač govori o imenima stvari, kako može da se nazovu stvari, ali ljudi s kojim on govori čak ne mogu da ga razumeju. Nemaju nikakvih mišljenja o imenima. Zato ne mogu da zaista slušaju pripovedača. To je odlična prilika, od kojeg bi brinuli oba (i pripovedač i drugi ljudi), onda bi se razumeli. Na kraju, nemamo ništa zato što reči, koji kaže pripovedač ne znači ništa za slušaoce.

Razlike među ljudima, posebno između spikera i slušača su fokusivane na razlike između stvari i reči. Kada spikeri probaju da kažu nešto slušačima, rade to zbog važnosti izražavanja i zbog važnosti razgovora. Definicijom, razgovor među ljudima je pokušaj da prevedu nešto iz područja iz iskustva u

područje jezika. Pripovedač veruje da je prevod iz iskustva u izražavanje jedan od glavnih problema ljudskog života. Živeli bi ljudi na svetu, bili bi samo kao životinje ili i trava. Razlika među ljudima i životinjama je da ljudi uvek žive između stvari i jezika. Kada ljude ne interesuje ta razlika, u tom trenutku, ljudi ne mogu da razgovaraju i jedno drugo i sebi razumeju.

Albahari zna da se nalazi nada u tome: da bi verovao čovek u reči, mogao bi on da se nađe za komunikaciju s njegovim komšijama. Samo rečima može da nazove stvari i, takođe, da razmišlja o ovim stvari. Kada se brine od reči, može da se brine od ljudi. Kada se brine o rečima, može da se brine o ljudima. To ne znači da je život rečenica. Kao što je kazao Albahari u "Ime stvari," pogreška je da njegove slušaocce misle da su život i rečenice isti. Rečenice rade prema pravilima, koja nisu slična kao pravila života. Na primer, samo zato što čovek može da napravi rečenicu ili nazove nešto ne znači da je stvarno nešto radio. Dokaz se nalazi samo kad ovaj čovek uspe da tu rečenicu objasni nekom drugom čoveku i on je razume. To je snaga reči, koja je glavni problem u pisanju Albaharija.

EURO AMERIČKA VIZIJA

Cécile Jouhanneau

Jedne subote poslije podne sam se uzbuđeno zaputila u sjeverni dio Chicaga. Nadala sam se da ću tamo naći neki kafić iz bivše Jugoslavije ne bih li mogla odati se svojoj tajnoj strasti: praćenju Evrovizije -- Europskog famoznog muzičkog takmičenja.

U Francuskoj, možda i u Zapadnoj Europi uopšte, Eurovizija je većini ljudi djeluje smiješno, bezmisleno, anahronično. Ali ja sam još kao mlađa počela da je gledam, da se uživljam u pjesme na raznim jezicima učesnika, da brinem ko će pobijediti. U Francuskoj, program Eurovizije se ne vrti samo oko pjesama nego i oko reportaža koje pokušavaju probuditi neki Evropski osjećaj u gledaocima. Zato uživam u Evroviziji i mnogim njenim čarima, naročiti slikama starih pjevača od početka formiranja Evropske Unije. Naravno da je Evrovizija i prilika da francuska javna televizija i ministarstvo kulture pokažu svoj nacionalizam, kao u toku velikih sportskih događaja. Uvijek se prenose iste reportaže o « zlatnoj dobi » Evrovizije, kada su francuski pjevači često pobjeđivali i kada je Evrovizija bila izvor novih talenata kao što je bila na primer France Gall (pobjedila je šezdesetih godina s jednom pjesmom Serge-a Gainsbourg-a). Međutim, odavno nije Francuska pobjedila, niti primila više od desetak sramotnih poena.

Mislila sam da je moja strast za Euroviziju neka vrsta anahronizma, sve dok nisam došla u Bosnu. Tamo sam sa zadovoljstvom primijetila da se većina ljudi, naročito mladih ljudi, interesuje za Euroviziju, da se pjesma koja će učestvovati u takmičenju stalno čuje na radiu – drugim riječima, da nije van mode gledati Euroviziju.

Međutim, ove godine u Chicagu, zabrinula sam se : kako ću gledati Evroviziju? Nedavno sam čula jednu reportažu o Evroviziji na

EURO-AMERICAN VISION

Cécile Jouhanneau

One Saturday afternoon, I headed off to the north side of Chicago. I was hoping to find a café run by a Yugoslav in order to satisfy my old passion for watching Eurovision—the famous European music competition.

In France, maybe in Western Europe in general, Eurovision appears to the majority of people as a funny, senseless anachronism. But even as a young girl, I started to watch and engross myself in the songs, singing different languages. In France, the Eurovision program does not revolve only around the songs, but rather around the media coverage that tries to awaken some kind of European identity among the viewers. Therefore, I enjoy its many charms, especially the pictures of old singers from the beginning of the European Union. Of course, Eurovision is also a chance for French public television and the ministry of culture to express their nationalism, just like during big sport events. They always broadcast the same coverage about the golden era of Eurovision when French singers often won, and when Eurovision was a source of new talent, for example France Gal (who won in the sixties with one song by Serge Gainsbourg). However, France has not won for a long time, nor received more than a bunch of embarrassing points .

I had thought that my passion for Eurovision was some kind of anachronism, until I arrived in Bosnia. There I with joy noticed that the majority of people, especially young people, are interested in Eurovision and that the song that represents the country in the competition was constantly played on the radio—in other words, that it is not out of fashion to follow the competition.

This year, however, in Chicago, I was worried about finding a place to watch Eurovision. I recently heard one report on Public Radio:

Chicago Public Radio: novinari su je nazvali rajem kitsch-a. Pitali su se da li će Istočna Europa pobjediti protiv Zapadne Europe. Po meni, je pojam Evrovizije sasvim drugačiji. Mislim da se na Evroviziji ne radi o razlici između Zapada i Istoka, nego da je Evrovizija takmičenje migranata i manjina. Ne može se glasati za vlastitu zemlju ako se u njoj živi, ali se može za nju glasati ako je glasač u dijaspori. Kao rezultat ovog pravila, one zemlje koje imaju veliku dijasporu pobeđuju. Uvijek mi se sviđa prognozirati da li će Švedska dati dvanaest poena Bosni i Hercegovini, ili da li će Njemačka najviše glasati za Tursku ili za Hrvatsku. Po mom mišljenju Evrovizija nije igra geopolitike nego igra dijaspore.

Imajući u vidu da se Amerikancima ne gleda Eurovizija, pretpostavila sam da ću naći više razumijevanja kod ljudi iz bivše Jugoslavije. Zaputila sam se ka Lincoln trgu zato što sam mislila da je tamo jedna bosanska knjižara i sigurno neki kafići s ovih prostora. Čim sam došla u to naselje, primijetila sam prijatne kafiće s terasom, neku trattoriu s cvijećem, ali i jedan mračni kafić. Jelovnik je bio napisan ćirilicom i brzo sam se uvjerila da se radi o srpskom jeziku. Ne bez treme, ušla sam u mračni, skoro prazni kafić. Na zidovima se nalazilo nekoliko televizijskih aparata. Zbog toga sam se nadala da će možda prenositi Euroviziju. Ali su sve televizije isključivo prikazivale neki teniski meč. U dnu kafića je stajila jedna mlada konobarica. Prišla sam joj i upitala je na svojem francusko-bosanskom jeziku da li zna gdje mogu da gledam Euroviziju. Ljubazno je odgovorila da nema pojma o tome, da ovdje prenose samo sport, ali da se sigurno dâ gledati Eurovizija u « jednom od naših restorana ». Kada je to izgovorila, pogledala me je od glave do pete, odmeila me je, da bi se uvjerila da li sam «naša» ili ne. Onda se obratila jednom starijem, debelom, mračnom čovjeku koji je sjedio nedaleko i čitao novine. Izgledao je kao vlasnik kafića. I on me je pogledao od glave do pete, ali mi se činilo da nije zaključio da sam «naša». Grubo je rekao da ne zna gdje bih mogla to da nađem. Gledao me je tako sumnjivo i hlad-

journalists called it “the paradise of kitsch.” They wondered whether Eastern Europe would beat Western Europe. In my opinion, the idea of Eurovision is something completely different. I believe that Eurovision is not about the different between East and West, but rather that Eurovision is a competition of migrants and minorities. One cannot vote for the country in which he or she lives, unless you live in diaspora. As a result, countries with large diaspora communities win. I always like to predict that Sweden will give 12 points to Bosnia and Hercegovina, or that Germany will vote mainly for Turkey or Croatia. In my opinion, Eurovision is not a geopolitical game, but a game of diaspora.

Having in mind that Americans don't watch Eurovision, I hope to find more understanding among people from former Yugoslavia. I headed towards Lincoln Square, because I thought that there was a Bosnian bookstore, and certainly some kind of café run by people from the region. AS soon as I arrived in that neighborhood, I noticed nice cafes with terraces, a trattoria with flowers, but also one dim café. The menu was written in Cyrillic, and I soon was assured that the language was Serbian. Slightly anxious, I entered into this dark, almost empty café. On the walls were several TV sets. This made me think that they may broadcast Eurovision. However, all the screens revealed a tennis match. In the back of the café, stood a young waitress. I approached her and asked, in my French-Bosnian language, if she knew where I could watch Eurovision. She kindly replied that she knew nothing about it, that they only show sports events, but that certainly be able to watch Eurovision in “one of their restaurants.” Having said that, she looked at me from head to toe, sizing me up, in order to figure out whether I was one of them, or not. Then she turned to an older, fat, gloomy man, who sat there reading the news. He looked like he could be the owner of the café. He also looked at me from head to toe, and realized that I was not one of them. He said plainly that he did not know where I could

no da sam imala dojam da se ponovo bavim istraživačkim radom u Brčkom i da neki ljudi misle da sam špijun. Taj neugodni, sumnjivi razgovor je trajao malo duže, sve dok čovjek nije pitao konobaricu: “A o kojem programu ona govori?”

Onda sam shvatila da uprkos osjećaju da se nalazim u nekom kafiću u Bosni, ipak sam u Americi. Iako je Eurovizija postala bitnim kulturnim događajem u savremenim zemljama bivše Jugoslavije, možda ljudima koji su davno otišli ne znači ništa.

Ova priča nema pouke – nisam našla niti jedan kafić gdje bih mogla pogledati prenos Eurovizije.

find it. He looked at me so coldly and suspiciously that felt like I was again doing my research in the field in Brčko, where some people thought I was a spy. This unpleasant and suspicious exchange lasted a bit longer, until the man asked the waitress: “And what is the program she is talking about?”

Then I realized that although I felt as if I were in a Bosnian café, I was actually still in America. Despite the fact that Eurovision became an important cultural event in the new countries of former Yugoslavia, it may not mean anything to those who had left long ago.

This story has no moral—I did not find any café where I would be able to watch the broadcasting of Eurovision.

SNOVI
Antje Postema

Nedavno sam sanjala da je došao Obama na naš čas srpsko-hrvatskog jezika. Radili smo neku lekciju o pedagogiji jezika da bismo mogli predavati jezik na fakultetima ili gimnazijama. Kao gost, Obama je predavao o stvarima koji će nam trebati da znamo pre nego što počnemo da podučavamo studente u prvom razredu. Malo čudno je bilo što Obama nije zapravo ništa kazao o jeziku ili o metodama koje bi bile korisne u učionici. Sedeli smo u sobi koja se nalazila u podrumu. Ova soba je bila mnogo veća nego što nam je trebalo zato što je bilo na času samo deset ili dvanaest studenata. Predavajući, Obama je imao u ruci flašu vina ili nečega jačeg. S vremena na vreme je pio naglo ali bez prestanka njegovog izlaganja. Posle toga je ovaj san postao potpuno čudan. Ljudi su počeli da jure jedno drugo oko sobe. Niko nije ništa čuo o čemu je Obama govorio.

Iako ovaj san nije najbolji primer o čemu se radi, naravno neki detalji su jasni. Zbog toga što će uskoro biti izbori u SAD-u, mislim često o ličnostima ovih kandidata, čitam stvari u novinama, i slično. Čak i apolitičan čovek ne može da stvarno opstane bez novosti o izborima. Interesantno je da snovi kao da su napravljeni od delova naših života.

Dok spavamo, stvari iz svakodnevnog života uđu u naše snove: ljudi, događaji, ili misli. Možemo da sanjamo direktno o nekom događaju—ili samo o malom delu ovoga izvornog događaja. Najjasniji slučajevi su kada sanjamo o nečemu važnom. To može biti politička situacija kao što sam već objasnila. Ali to dotiče samo mali deo puteva kojima stvarnost uđe u snove. Obično su delovi stvarnosti u snovima najmanji i najbeznačajni. Ukratko, ovo su stvari koje bismo zaboravili—ali naprotiv mi sanjamo o njima. Jasno je da ovi segmenti nisu potpuno beznačajni zato što često razmišljamo o ovim

DREAMS
Antje Postema

Recently I had a dream about Obama coming to our Serbo-Croatian language class. We had a lesson about the pedagogy of teaching a language, in order to prepare ourselves to teach languages at universities and high schools. As a guest, Obama lectured about issues that we would need to know before we start teaching students at the first level. It was a little strange that Obama did not actually say anything about the language or the teaching methods that would be useful in the classroom. We were all sitting in a room that was located in the basement. The room was much bigger than we needed, since we had only ten or twelve students in class. While lecturing, Obama held in hand a bottle of wine, or something stronger than that. From time to time he would take a sip quickly without interrupting his presentation. After this, the dream turned out to be quite bizarre. People started to chase each other around the room. Nobody could hear anymore what Obama was talking about.

Although this dream was not the best example of the facts, certainly some parts are, of course, clear. Owing to the fact that we'll soon have the elections in the US, I often think about the characters of the candidates, read about it in newspapers, and the like. Even a person not interested in politics cannot survive without news about the elections. It is interesting that dreams are made of pieces from our real lives. While asleep, things from everyday life enter our dreams: people, events, or thoughts. We can dream about a whole event or only about a small portion of it. The clearest examples are dreams about something very important. This could be a political situation, as I have already mentioned. But this accounts for only a small percentage of the ways in which our reality penetrates the dream. Usually, the parts from reality turn into the smallest and least

stvarima noću. Još ne znam šta znači moj san o Obami u učionici, ali verovatno će biti vrlo važan u budućnosti. Ili mi se čini da je razgovarati o politici isto što i o pedagogiji jezilka.

significant portions of our dreams. In short, these are the things that we would like to forget, however, it is clear that these segments are not completely insignificant because we often contemplate them at night. I still don't understand the meaning of my dream about Obama in the classroom, but perhaps it will be very important in the future. Or at least it seems to me that to speak about politics is the same as to talk about language pedagogy.

MOJI ZEMLJACI *Nicolás Grosso*

Moji su zemljaci iznad svega dobri i ljubazni ljudi, koji vole život i prijatelje, uprkos mnogim problemima u svojoj zemlji.

Iako mislim da su Argentinanci jedan narod, postoje razlike među Argentinacima iz Buenos Airesa i meštanima iz drugih mesta u zemlji. Zapravo, Argentinanci u „unutrašnjosti“ zemlje (kao kažemo na španskom) mislimo da su „portenjos“ (kao zovemo meštani Buenos Airesa, i znači „lukanin“) arogantni i da misle da je Argentina samo Buenos Aires.

Buenos Aires je jako veliki grad, sa oko dvanaest miliona stanovnika. Također, je vrlo lepi i evropski grad, sa lepim zgradama i ulicama, i portenjos su naravno mnogo ponosni. Oni imaju mnogo kosmopolitski i preopterećen život, ali vole da se opuste šetajući parkovima, pijući „mate“ (vrsta napitka) preko vikenda i idući u kazalište uveče da gledaju nove predstave.

U unutrašnjosti zemlje, s druge strane, ljudi su opušteniji jer su gradovi manji i nema toliko brige. Uopšte, u malim gradovima se radi na poljima, na djelatnostima povezane sa poljoprivredom. Ljudi vole spavati za vreme „sieste“: svakodnevno dućani se zatvaraju oko ručka i ponovo se otvaraju oko pet sati, do deset sati.

Tipična tradicija Argentinaca je „asado“ – kako zovemo biftek – u nedelju. Prijatelji se okupe da spremaju meso – uglavnom muškarci spremaju meso a žene prave salatu i slatkiše. Ovo je uopće društveni događaj, često je samo prilika da se ljudi sretnu, a može biti i proslava rođendana, na primer. Sa mesom, naravno, pije se crno vino, naročito u Mendozi – moja provincija –, jer postoji velika tradicija vina.

Kad god je Argentina bila demokratska, politika je uvek bila tema rasprave za argentin-

MY COUNTRYMEN *Nicolás Grosso*

My countrymen are above all good and kind people, who love life and friends, in spite of the many problems in their country.

Even though I think that Argentines are one people, there exist differences between Argentines from Buenos Aires and locals from other parts in the country. In fact, Argentines from the “inside” of the country (as we say in Spanish) think that “porteños” (as we call locals of Buenos Aires, the word means “from the port”) are arrogant and think that Argentina is only Buenos Aires.

Buenos Aires is a really big city, with about twelve million residents. Also, it is a very beautiful and European city, with beautiful buildings and streets, and porteños are of course very proud. They have a very cosmopolitan and busy life, but like to relax walking in the parks and drinking mate (a kind of herbal drink) during the weekend.

In the “inside” of the country, on the other hand, people are more relaxed because cities are smaller and there are not so many worries. In general, in small towns people work in the fields and activities connected to agriculture. People like to sleep during the time of “siesta” (nap): everyday shops close around noon and open again around five, until 10 in the evening.

A typical Argentinean tradition is “asado” – as we call stake – on Sunday. Friends get together to prepare meat – in general the men cook the meat while the women prepare salads and desserts. This is in general a social event, and often it is just an opportunity for people to meet, or it can be a birthday celebration, for example. With meat, of course, red wine is drunk, especially in Mendoza – my province – because there exists a great tradition of wine.

kim stolom, posebno zato što se Argentinci vole žaliti o ekonomskoj i političkoj situaciji. Nije teško naići na protest šetajući centrom Buenos Airesa u običnim danu, i često učesnici zaustave saobraćaj na ulici, tako da se i vozači žale s pravom.

Međutim, mislim da su Argentinci dobri i ljubazni ljudi, i ja ih, kao pravi Argentinac, volim.

As long as Argentina has been democratic, politics has been a big topic at the Argentinian table, especially because Argentineans like to complain about the economical and political situation. It is not hard to run into a protest when walking around the center of Buenos Aires on a normal day, and sometimes the protesters block the traffic on the street, so that drivers also rightfully complain.

Nevertheless, I think that Argentineans are good and kind people, and I, like a true Argentine, love them.

МОЈ ЖИВОТ НА СЦЕНИ
Seyma Dachowitz

Памтим моје прве мисле о роду, када сам била мала: знала сам да ћу бити глумица, на бини испред обожајуће публике. Нисам имала разлог да страхујем од неповољних коментара—моји родители, бака и деда су плескали после сваке представе у којој смо моја сестра и ја глумиле, све комаде сам ја написала у дневној соби. Заплети су рекли приче о пријатељицама које су одступале једна од друге, али су се зарекле, једући сладопед, да увек остану најбоље пријатељице, или о младим вештицима које се крају од сумњивих местана. Костими и сценографије су били мимитирни—само што бисмо бих налазиле у кући—али нисам марила шта је видела публика. Била сам тако срећна да живим у свету мојег стварања!

Овладававши уметносћу глуме, мој следећи циљ је био да учим да плешем. Када сам имала седам година, почела сам да учим балетске позиције, стојим право и отворим бокиве—свегибајући се! Моја инструкторка Дорит, која је увек носила њену косу у дугој плетеници, често ме је китиковала Мислим да је она веовала да ја сам плесала певајући, и то ће био зашто нисам могла да упамтим кореографију. (У истину, бројала сам откуцаје.) Схаватила сам да нисам била најјача или најталантовнија ученица, али волела сам да плешем. Када сам порасла, моје плешуће тело у огледалу је почело да ме одвраћа. Растала сам се од Дорит кад сам имала 13 година, и две године после тога оставила сам балет.

Недостајао ми је увек балет, али сада нашла сам себе на сцени где смо плеселе сваког лета—у аудиторију у школе. Моја прва улога у представи «Драма клуб» је био посетилац музеја који коментарише слику с човеком, који се будио и мисли да је сликар Дега. Говорила и стојила сам на

MY LIFE ON STAGE
Seyma Dachowitz

I still remember my first thoughts on my future work, when I was little: I knew that I would be the most successful actress, on stage in front of an adoring audience. I had no reason to believe I could ever receive unfavorable reviews—my parents, grandmother and grandfather clapped after each performance in which my sister and I acted. I wrote and staged each play in the living room. The plays told stories of friends who move away from each other, but, while eating ice cream, promise to remain friends, and young witches who hide themselves from suspicious townspeople. Costumes and sets were limited to what we found in the house, but I didn't care what the audience saw. I was just happy to live in a world of my own creation!

Having mastered acting, my next goal was to learn to dance. When I was seven I began to study the ballet positions, to stand straight and to square my hips—all while moving. Dorrit, my instructor, who always wore her hair in a long braid, always had a critique for me. I think she thought I was singing to the music under my breath, and that was why I couldn't memorize the choreography. (In truth, I was counting the beats.) I realized I wasn't the strongest or most talented student, but I loved to dance. As I grew older, my dancing body in the mirror began to bother me. Dorrit moved away when I was 13 years old, and two years later I had to quit ballet.

I always missed ballet, but now I found myself on the same stage where we had performed every year, in the high school auditorium. My first role in a Drama Club play was a museumgoer who muses over a painting with a man who wakes up and thinks he has become the artist Degas. I was speaking and standing on a stage in front of a laughing audience! This was, I thought, my first taste of fame.

сцени испред смејуће публике! То је био, мислила сам, мој први укус славе.

После тога, моје име се указивало ретко у програму. Нисам била у центру пажња, а помогала сам пумцима вежбају. Коначно мој пријатељ ми је прешао, а ли би ме занимало да режирам комад о жени, која жуди снагу у предузећој Америци, Наравно! Режирао сам два друга представе, једну, о научницима који покушавају да путују на месец, и другу (моја највољенија), вулгарна сатира британских мистерија о убиству. Волим да режирам и видим сада како толици на журналистику—и један и други треба иштина да охрабре људе да кажу или аде шта желе, без да то кажу.

Данас ја сам задовољна да гледам опере и концерте с стрицем, али представе ме инспиришу једног дана ћу да певам...и само на сцени!

After that my name rarely appeared in the playbills. I wasn't in the spotlight, but I helped actors apply their make-up. Eventually my friend asked me if I would like to direct a play about a power-hungry woman in corporate America. Of course! I directed two other plays: one, about scientists trying to travel to the moon, and the other (my favorite), a vulgar satire of British murder mysteries. I love to direct and now I see how similar it is to journalism: Both require encouraging people to say or do what you want them to without telling them.

Today I am content to watch operas and concerts with my uncle, but the performances are beginning to inspire me to sing some day...but only on stage!

CONTRIBUTORS

MARIA BANKOVA was born and raised in Bulgaria, and obtained her BA and MA degree in Bulgarian philology at the University of Sofia, Bulgaria. She is currently a graduate student in the Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures at the University of Chicago. She took BCS for fun.

ALICIA CAILLIER is a native of Louisiana. She is a third year in the college, majoring in Anthropology. She is a member of an all-female a cappella group at the University of Chicago known as Men in Drag, as well as a member of Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority, Council on University Programming, and Dance Marathon. As co-chair of the Dance Marathon Board, she raises money for the Children's Place Association, a non-profit international organization whose mission is to help children who are affected by HIV/AIDS. This summer she will work there as the Development Intern in hopes of raising even more money for the CPA. In her free time, Alicia likes reading books and listening to music, as well as writing her own music blog (<http://oh-hey-lili.tumblr.com>).

SEYMA DACHOWITZ, born and raised in New York, will enter her third year as a journalism student at Northwestern University this fall. She aspires to write about science in Eastern Europe while eschewing technology. In her free time she enjoys studying aerial arts performance, spending time with her grandparents, and listening to Nordic rock music.

ANDREW DOMBROWSKI is a 5th year Ph.D student completing a joint degree in the Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures and the Department of Linguistics. His main area of research is contact linguistics, with a focus on languages of the Balkans (especially BCS, Macedonian, Albanian, and Balkan Turkish) and north Russia (Russian and its interactions with Baltic and Finnic languages from the medieval period through the present).

BILJANA DROCA was born in the former Yugoslavia in 1987. At the outbreak of the Bosnian war in the early 1990s, she moved with her family to Serbia where she spent the next seven years of her life. In the summer of 1999, she moved with her family to Chicago, Illinois where she has since resided. Passionate about politics and campaigning, she spent my high school years working at the office of then Senator Barack Obama. In 2010, she graduated from the University of Chicago with a Bachelor of Arts degree in political science. As an undergraduate at the University of Chicago, she developed a passion for research and writing. Her academic interests include international relations, comparative politics, identity politics and ethnic conflict. She hopes to attend graduate school in the near future. Currently, she works for a small law firm in downtown Chicago.

MIHAJLO GAŠIĆ was born in Belgrade, Serbia. His family moved to America when he was four years old. Mihajlo is a first year undergraduate student at the University of Chicago, majoring in political science. He has many passions, but wishes to work internationally one day. He does not like to be so specific in order so that he may keep doors open for the future.

NICOLAS GROSSO: I was born in San Rafael, Argentina, and spend my childhood in the south of Argentina, then in Venezuela and in Peru. In 2007 I won a scholarship to an United

World College (an international school) near Trieste in Italy, where I studied with other 200 students from around the world. Amongst them were many students from the Balkans, coming from all the countries of the ex-Yugoslavia, with who I became friends. I became really interested in the region, and had the opportunity to travel to Croatia, Serbia and Bosnia to visit them. Apart from the immense cultural diversity and interesting history, one of the aspects that most interested me was the language, which I found hard to get around without; therefore, when I decided to study it when I saw that Northwestern offered it, and hopefully some day return and experience the Balkans at their full. Now I am freshman at Northwestern hoping to major in Chemical Engineering.

CÉCILE JOUHANNEAU was a visiting Ph.D. student at CEERES, working under the academic supervision of Dr. Susan Gal in the Department of Anthropology. She is a student at the Institut d'Etudes Politiques in Paris, France. She is conducting doctoral research on "War Memories and 'Transitional Justice' in Bosnia and Herzegovina" under the supervision of Pr. Jacques Rupnik and Pr. Marie-Claire Lavabre. Ms. Jouhanneau has funding from the doctoral exchange program of the France Chicago Center.

LANA JOVANOVIĆ was born in Dubrovnik, Croatia, two weeks before the war moved there. Her family was fortunate enough to get a lottery ticket to Italy where they lived for two years, before she moved to New York City on her fourth birthday. After growing up in a Serbian-Bosnian neighborhood in New York and spending a quarter of every year in Dubrovnik, she has become thoroughly proud of her heritage. Moreover, with a mother who force-fed her Yugoslavian history and enforced a no-English household system, it was pivotal to have the chance to get proper schooling in Croatian grammar, which led her to take BCS 101 at UChicago.

OWEN KOHL is a graduate student in the Department of Anthropology at The University of Chicago. He is currently conducting a study that considers how hip hop music production in Croatia, BH, and Serbia relates to social differences and similarities. He is interested in how local hip hop musical practices — rap, DJing/turntablism, beat-making — use language, history, and narratives to craft connections and draw distinctions between groups both within and outside the region. One of the primary focuses of my study is on how artists think about their potential audiences while preparing recordings and performance strategies.

TOMISLAV LONGINOVIĆ is Professor of Slavic and Comparative Literature at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. His books include *Borderline Culture* (1993), *Vampires Like Us* (2005), co-edited and co-translated volume, with Daniel Weissbort: *Red Knight: Serbian Women Songs* (1992), edited volume: David Albahari, *Words are Something Else* (1996). He is also the author of several books of fiction, both in Serbian (*Sama Amerika*, 1995) and English (*Moment of Silence*, 1990). His forthcoming book *Vampire Nation: Violence as Cultural Imaginary* will be published by Duke University Press next year. His research interests include South Slavic literatures and cultures; Serbo-Croatian language; literary theory; Central and East European literary history; comparative Slavic studies; translation studies; cultural studies.

ALEC MITROVICH was born and grew up in Northern California. After years of mirth, he began to move around. Washington D.C., Rome, Massachusetts—his travels and studies helped shaped his beliefs about morality. These days, he loves to remember Tito and the days of wondrous Jugoslavija.

STEFAN MITROVIĆ was born in Pakrac, Jugoslavija (currently Croatia) and his family lived in nearby Daruvar. After the conflict began, they settled in Nuremberg, Germany before moving to the United States in 1996. In 1999, they moved to the Cleveland, OH area where he became active in a Serbian Folklore group. Ten years later, he is an Economics and Public Policy major at the University of Chicago and also devotes time to the varsity football team. He aspires to work internationally with the financial industry, specifically in the German-speaking and Balkan regions of Europe.

JURAJ NEVJESTIĆ was born in Zenica, Bosnia. His family lived in Italy for three years before he moved to the United States. He wants to major in Philosophy.

MICHAEL POLCZYNSKI is a PhD candidate in the history department at Georgetown University. He focuses his studies on the frontiers of the Ottoman Empire and Central/Eastern Europe in the Early Modern period. While completing his Master's Degree at the University of Chicago in Middle Eastern Studies he had the pleasure to study BCS under the tutelage of Nada Petković and hopes to continue his study of Balkan languages and history.

ANTJE POSTEMA received her BA from the University of Chicago in 2003 and returned to the academic fold in Autumn 2007. She is studying Balkan literature within the Interdisciplinary track of Slavic PhD program at the University of Chicago. In addition to her long-term nattering about a broadly-defined Central Europe, she hopes to take up questions of national identity and its foundational myths in both literary and historical contexts. She can most easily be found in Ex Libris coffeeshop or careening around campus (and the Midwest) on her bicycle.

DAVID PRITCHARD is a senior at the University of Chicago majoring in Sociology. He was born in New York State, grew up in Florida, and now calls Chicago home. He has no Balkan background, but finds the region endlessly fascinating. After graduating, he wants to travel the world teaching English and learning languages.

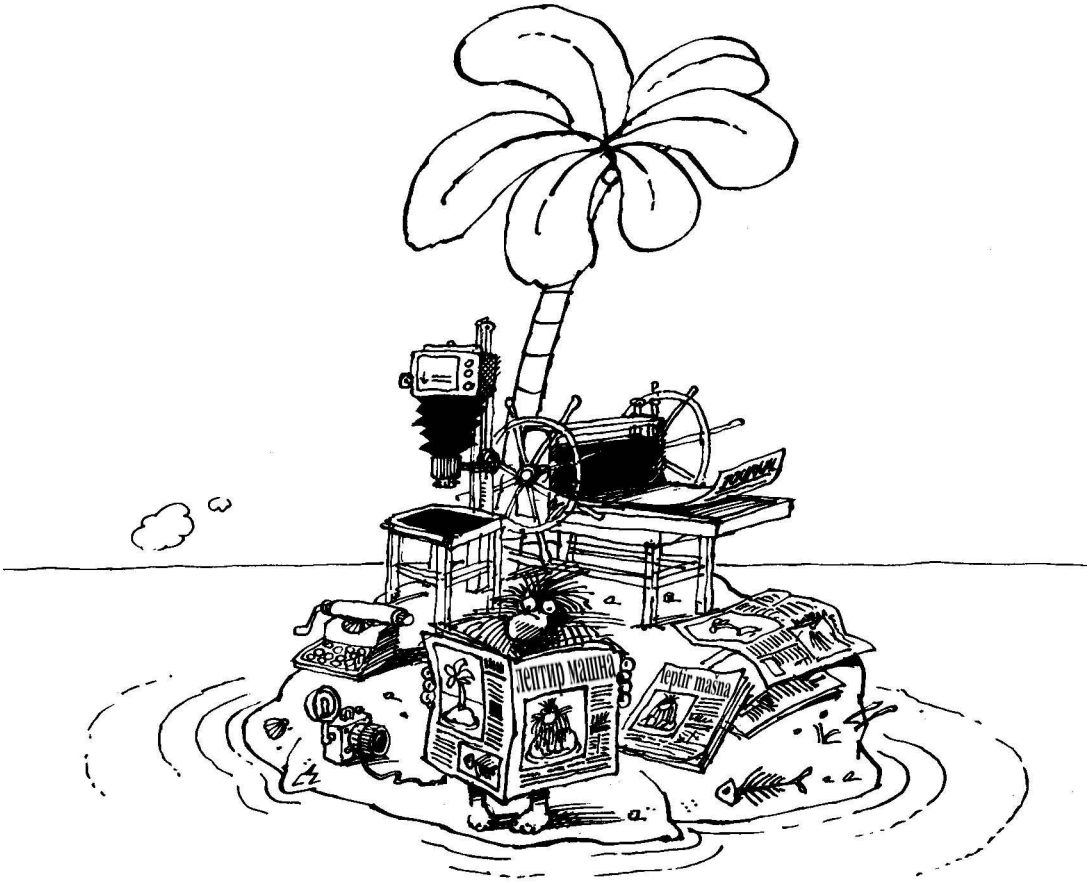
NI QIAN is a fourth year undergraduate student at the University of Chicago, where she studied economics. She will be staying in Chicago another year to work at Novantas, a strategic consulting firm downtown. She plans on returning to New York, her hometown, within the next two years to attend Columbia Law School. She really enjoyed learning Bosnian/Croatian/Serbian this year and plans to continue in the future.

STEFANIE ROBEY is a first year in the college and a native of the DC metro area. She is new to BCS, having decided on a whim to take the introductory course last fall instead of continuing to study Spanish, which she had studied for six years. Both of her parents are scientists; however, her only real connection to science is through her job: barcoding books at Crerar, the science library. Instead, she hopes to study anthropology, Slavic studies, and film—and hopefully eventually to find some form of employment that involves one (or all) of these disciplines

ELIZA ROSE graduated from the University of Chicago's Interdisciplinary Studies in the Humanities program in 2010. Her field of concentration was Slavic literature, with a focus on Polish 20th century literature. Her studies culminated in a BA thesis on paranoia as a narrative mode in the works of Bruno Schulz, Danilo Kiš and David Grossman. She's currently

excited about topics such as the career of iconic tableaux vivants in the works of Tadeusz Kantor and Lech Majewski, dramatic and decorative arts of the Młoda Polska movement, and the urban history of sanatoriums and spa towns in Poland. She now lives in Krakow.

MARIJA SPAIĆ is currently a sophomore working towards an engineering degree at Northwestern University. Although she lives in Alaska with her family today, she was born in Chicago. Marija's interest in BCS comes from family of those origins. Marija's father was born and grew up in Herzegovina and the Spaić family consistently makes efforts to visit family and friends from the area. After spending so much time in the Yugoslav area and not being able to communicate effectively, Marija opted to take a BCS course at Northwestern. Now a year later, she's thoroughly enjoying the language as well as the class's fun and open atmosphere and she looks forward to taking the language next year!





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