

лептир машна, leptir mašna, папионка,
вратоврска пеперутка, flutur...

2014

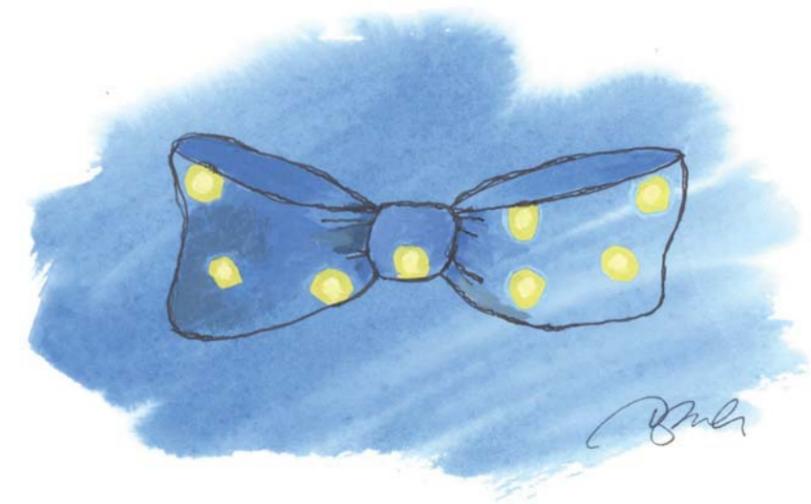
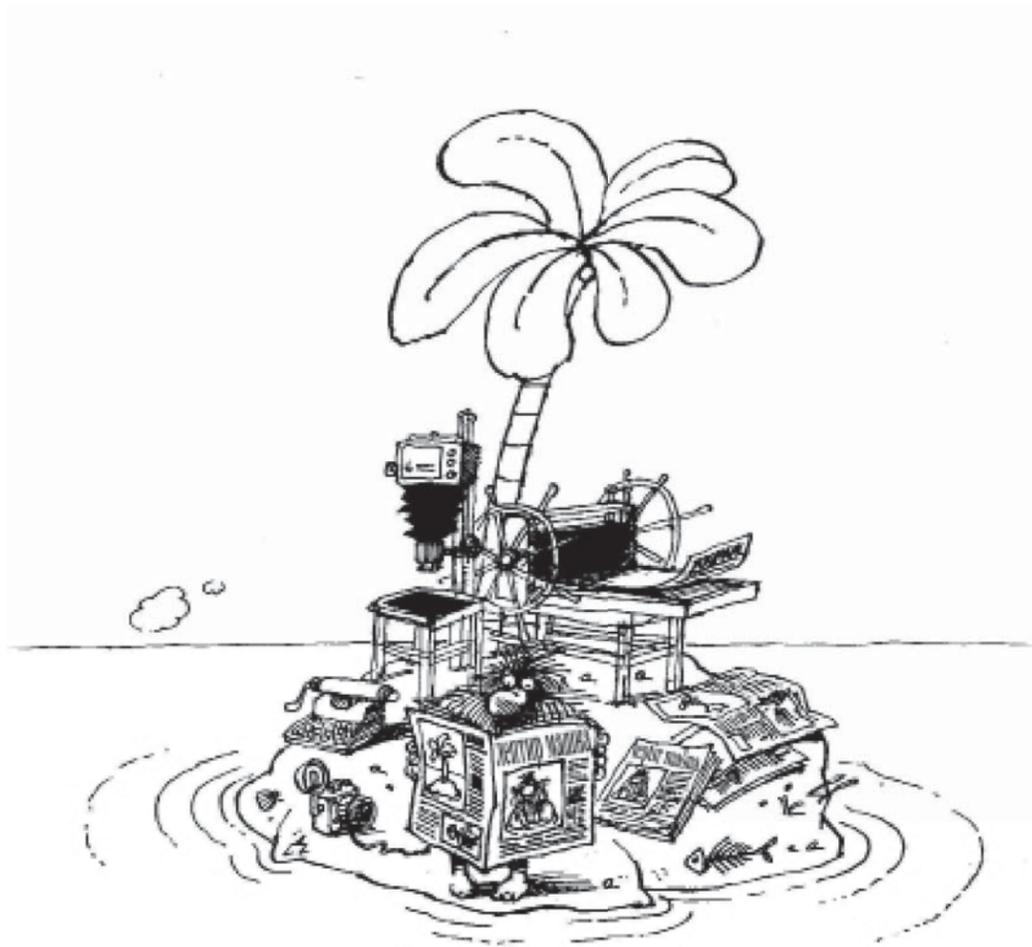
the literary journal of students in balkan studies



UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO COLLEGE
DEPARTMENT OF SLAVIC LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE
THE CENTER FOR EAST EUROPEAN AND RUSSIAN/EURASIAN STUDIES

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Spring 2014

**лептир машна, leptir mašna, папионка,
вратоврска пеперутка, fluter...**



We dedicate this issue to Tracy Davis for her diligence and grace while making things happen.

ЛЕПТИР МАШНА, leptir mašna, папионка, вратоврска пеперутка, flutur...

the literary journal of students in balkan studies

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The Brighter Side of the Balkans: Humor and Satire in Literature and Film

Spring 2015, SOSL 26610/368; NELC 20884/30568; CMLT 2/33301; ANTH 2/35908

Laughter is universal but its causes are culturally determined. A joke in one culture can be a shaggy dog story in another. The figure of the trickster occurs in many places and times and under many guises. Stereotypes can be revelatory about those who deploy them. At the same time, humor can be both an outlet and a danger.

There is a special word in Russian for those sentenced to prison for telling political jokes. This course focuses on Balkan humor, which, like the Balkans itself, is located in a space where “Western Europe”, “Eastern Europe” “Central Europe” “The Mediterranean”, “The Levant”, and the “Near/Middle East” intersect in various ways (linguistically and culturally), compete for dominance or resist domination, and ultimately create a unique--albeit fuzzily bounded--subject of study. In this course, we examine the poetics of laughter in the Balkans. In order to do so, we introduce humor as both cultural and transnational. WE unpack the multiple layers of cultural meaning in the logic of “Balkan humor.” We also examine the functions and mechanisms of laughter, both in terms of cultural specificity and general practice and theories of humor. Thus, the study of Balkan humor will help us elucidate the “Balkan” and the “World,” and will provide insight not only into cultural mores and social relations, but into the very notion of “funny.” Our own laughter in class will be the best measures of our success – both cultural and intellectual.

plate the responses to this existential position of identifying symbolically with a normative site outside of oneself -- self-consciousness, defiance, arrogance, self-exoticization -- and consider how these responses have been incorporated in the texture of the national, gender, and social identities in the region.

Orhan Pamuk, Ivo Andrić, Nikos Kazantzakis, Aleko Konstantinov, Emir Kusturica, Milcho Manchevski

Poetics of Gender in the Balkans: Wounded Men, Sworn Virgins, Eternal Mothers

Autumn 2014, SOSL 2/37610, CMLT 2/33902, GNSE 27607

Through some of the best literary and cinematic works from Southeastern Europe, we will consider the questions of socialization into gendered modes of being – the demands, comforts, pleasures and frustrations that individuals experience while trying to embody and negotiate social categories. We will examine how masculinity and femininity are constituted in the traditional family model, the socialist paradigm, and during post-socialist transitions. We will also contemplate how gender categories are experienced through other forms of identity—the national and socialist especially—as well as how gender is used to symbolize and animate these other identities.

Balkan Folklore

Winter 2015, SOSL 26800, CMLT 233, NEHC 20568, Anth 25908

Vampires, fire-breathing dragons, vengeful mountain nymphs. 7/8 and other uneven dance beats, heart-rending laments and a living epic tradition. This course is an overview of Balkan folklore from historical, political and anthropological, perspectives. We seek to understand folk tradition as a dynamic process and consider the function of different folklore genres in the imagining and maintenance of community and the socialization of the individual. We also experience this living tradition first-hand through visits of a Chicago-based folk dance ensemble, “Balkan Dance.”

Burden of History: The Nation and Its Lost Paradise

Winter 2015 (SOSL 2/37300, CMLT 2/33401, NEHC 2/30573)

How and why do national identities provoke the deep emotional attachments that they do? In this course we try to understand these emotional attachments by examining the narrative of loss and redemption through which most nations in the Balkans retell their Ottoman past. We begin by considering the mythic temporality of the Romantic national narrative while focusing on specific national literary texts where the national past is retold through the formula of original wholeness, foreign invasion, Passion, and Salvation. We then proceed to unpack the structural role of the different elements of that narrative. With the help of Žižek’s theory of the subject as constituted by trauma, we think about the national fixation on the trauma of loss, and the role of trauma in the formation of national consciousness. Specific theme inquiries involve the figure of the Janissary as self and other, brotherhood and fratricide, and the writing of the national trauma on the individual physical body. Special attention is given to the general aesthetic of victimhood, the casting of the victimized national self as the object of the “other’s perverse desire.” With the help of Freud, Žižek and Kant we consider the transformation of national victimhood into the sublimity of the national self. The main primary texts include Petar Njegoš’ Mountain Wreath (Serbia and Montenegro), Ismail Kadare’s The Castle (Albania), Anton Donchev’s Time of Parting (Bulgaria).

Imaginary Worlds: The Fantastic and Magic Realism in Russia and Southeastern Europe

Spring 2015, SOSL 27700/37700; CMLT 27701/37701; RUSS 27300/37300

In this course, we will ask what constitutes the fantastic and magic realism as literary genres while reading some of the most interesting writings to have come out of Russia and Southeastern Europe. While considering the stylistic and narrative specificities of this narrative mode, we also think about its political functions —from subversive to escapist, to supportive of a nationalist imaginary—in different contexts and at different historic moments in the two regions.

EDITOR’S NOTE

As we enter our journal’s second decade, there is cause for concern as well as cause to rejoice. Many people have advised me to put the journal online. Frankly, people like me, who cling to the physical concept of book as book or magazine as magazine, are still uncomfortable with the idea. Please check back with me in a decade.

My favorite literary form is the short story. Surely, it is the genre that best lends itself to novice writers; it’s not as daunting as the novel, and perhaps not as revelatory as poetry. The mere length of the short story, however, is better suited to today’s technologies than most other literary forms.

With this in mind, we open this issue with the story *A Chronicle of Hovering* by Vladimir Pištalo, a contemporary Serbian writer and Professor of Liberal Arts at Becker College, who visited our campus last October. Pištalo is the author of eleven books ranging in genre from poetic prose to novels. His work has been recognized with many prestigious literary awards, prizes and nominations, including the Miloš Đurić Award for his translation of Charles Simić’s poems, and the 2009 NIN Literary Award for Best Novel for his most recent book, *Tesla, A Portrait Among Masks*. His stories have been included in all major anthologies of contemporary Serbian prose, and his books translated into fifteen languages. The English translation of his novel *Tesla* will be released on January 6, 2015 by Graywolf Press.

Nonetheless, our editorial board is sympathetic to a broad range of theoretical and critical approaches, and is strongly committed to presenting the work of talented young students who are trying to break new ground in their respective fields.

Well, herein lies a showcase of talents as testament to that mission—a gift, I hope. There is one small service you can do for me—read it before you recycle it!

Nada Petkovic,

Spring 2014

CONTENTS

ХРОНИКА ЛЕБДЕЊА1
Владимир Пиштало

A CHRONICLE OF HOVERING7
Vladimir Pištalo, Nada Petković, transl.

THE HERO'S VALIANT STALLION: THE PLACE OF THE HORSE IN TRADITIONAL HEROIC TALES OF THE BALKANS13
Kelly Peyton

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT AND DIMINUTIVES IN ENGLISH AND SERBIAN 19
Jelena Vujić

THE TALES OF NASREDDIN HODJA AS A DIALOGICAL SPACE 25
Allen Wu

SONG AS A SOURCE OF WOMEN'S STRIFE AND STRENGTH IN THE BALKANS..... 30
Allie Dudley

“RETURNING THE GAZE”: HOW WESTERN HEGEMONY IS INTERNALIZED AND CHALLENGED BY TWO ARTICULATIONS OF THE BAI GANYO NARRATIVE” 32
Arielle Mosley

CASE SYNCRETISM IN BCS AND TORLACHKI DIALECTS: AN ANALYSIS THROUGH CHVANY, JAKOBSON, AND LURAGHI 34
Bronwyn Koehl

EXAMINING THE WALLED UP WIFE: ANALYSIS OF SIX VARIATIONS FROM ACROSS THE BALKANS..... 39
Emma Christenfeld

CIRCLE OF EXCHANGES: BLOOD, MONEY, AND THE VAMPIRE IN BALKAN FOLKLORE..... 42
Treva Walsh

FACT AND FICTION IN SERBO-CROAT EPIC: MARKO KRALJEVIĆ46
Zytha Kock

BULGARIAN VIEWS ON THE WEST AND THEMSELVES: THEN AND NOW.....51
Zoe Richters

MY FAMILY 54
Arielle Mosley

CHARLESTON 55
Ana Lanier

MY FAMILY 56
Ana Lanier

MY FATHER 57
Ana Lanier

UPCOMING COURSES IN SOUTH SLAVIC AND BALCAN STUDIES
 OFFERED BY THE SLAVIC DEPARTMENT

Elementary Bosnian/Croatian/Serbian

BCSN 10100/10200/10300, Autumn, Winter, Spring 2014/15

The course is designed for both undergraduate and graduate students with a wide range of interests. The major course objective is to build a solid foundation in the basic grammatical patterns of written and spoken BCS, while simultaneously introducing both the Cyrillic and Latin alphabets. Students will become proficient in the basics of oral comprehension, speaking, reading, and writing, with an emphasis on mastering the grammar. Given the region's recent history and linguistic controversies that have surrounded the Wars of Succession, the course will include a sociolinguistic component, an essential part of understanding the similarities and differences between the languages. The course is complemented by cultural and historical media from the Balkans, guest speakers, cultural events, and dinner parties. No knowledge of Slavic languages or background in linguistics is required.

Intermediate Bosnian/Croatian/Serbian

BCSN 20100/20200/20300, Autumn, Winter, Spring 2014/15

The course is designed for both undergraduate and graduate students with a wide range of interests. It combines a linguistic and literary approach to the study of the language(s) through a series of literary readings, in both Latin and Cyrillic alphabets, by modern Bosnian, Croatian, and Serbian writers. The first quarter is devoted to an overview of grammar, with emphasis on nominal and adjectival morphology and syntax. The second quarter reviews and amplifies the verbal system through continued readings, grammar drills, compositions, and conversational practice. In the third quarter, students further develop active mastery of the language by concentrating on word formation, syntax, essay writing and style. The course is complemented with cultural and historical media from the Balkans, guest speakers, cultural events, and dinner parties. The course prerequisite is one year of formal study of the target language(s) or equivalent.

Advanced Bosnian/Croatian/Serbian

BCSN 30100/30200/30300, Autumn, Winter, Spring 2014/15

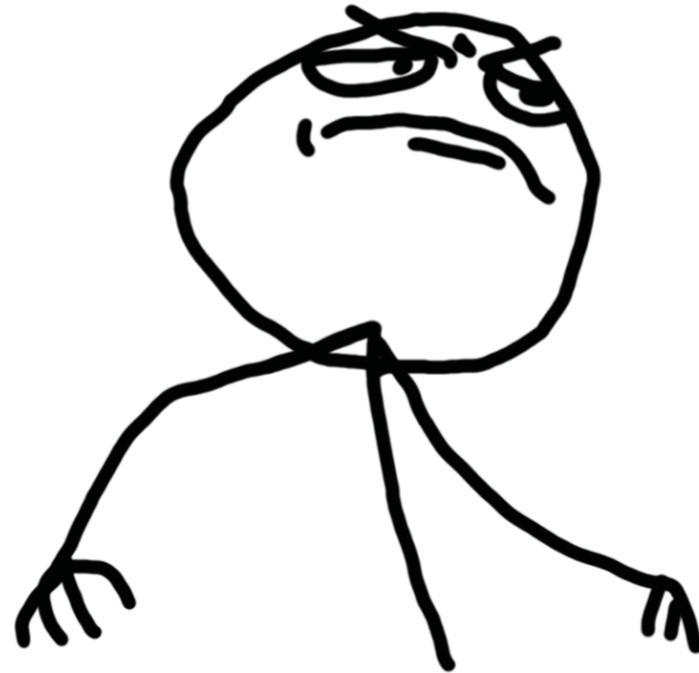
The course is designed to lead a diverse group of students – including heritage speakers – through a variety of topics and subjects to impart nuanced communication, comprehension, and writing proficiencies. While the first two years are focused on language structure and grammar, supplemented with short readings, the third year seeks to improve students' overall competency in the target language(s), as well as improving their cultural awareness. The texts we will use are complete short stories, research papers, and printed interviews from a wide variety of disciplines (contemporary literature; political science; economics; linguistics; history; art history; literary criticism; anthropology; music; cinema and media studies), geared toward the interests of the current cohort of students. The emphasis is not on word-for-word translation using textbooks and dictionaries as tools, but rather to train students to comprehend through context and common lexical roots within the text. Simultaneously, grammar and vocabulary are reinforced and further developed as each text is parsed and analyzed. Selected texts act as individual learning units; the progression of both vocabulary-building and grammar comes from a natural synergy within the text. The variety of genres also enhances development of cultural and literary contexts.

Returning the Gaze: the Balkans, the Rest, the West

Autumn 2014 (SOSL 2/37200, CMLT 2/33201, NEHC 2/30885)

Aware of being observed. And judged. Inferior... Abject... Angry... Proud... This course provides insight into identity dynamics between the “West,” as the center of economic power and self-proclaimed normative humanity, and the “Rest,” as the poor, backward, volatile periphery. We investigate the relationship between South East European self-representations and the imagined Western gaze. Inherent in the act of looking at oneself through the eyes of another is the privileging of that other's standard. We will contem-

You got Serbed!



Get Creative.

Finish your language requirement

like a Boss-nian.

BCSN 10100 - Elementary Bosnian/Croatian/Serbian

Fall 2014, M/W/F 10:30-11:20

Nada Petković, petkovic@uchicago.edu

IDEAL PARTNER	58
<i>Emma Christenfeld</i>	
COOLINARY TALE	58
<i>Emma Christenfeld</i>	
ONE OF MY SKILLS	59
<i>Emma Christenfeld</i>	
MY COUSIN MILAK.....	59
<i>William Bursich</i>	
MY FAMILY	60
<i>John Doyle Wagner</i>	
MY FAMILY	60
<i>William Bursich</i>	
MY FAVORITE FOOD	61
<i>Mladen Rašić</i>	
KINSHIP	62
<i>Bronwyn Koehl</i>	
LETTER.....	63
<i>Nora Dolliver</i>	
ONE OF MY SKILLS	65
<i>Nora Dolliver</i>	
MY FAMILY	66
<i>Sabahudin Redžepović</i>	
MY CITY	67
<i>William Bursich</i>	
MY IDEAL HUSBAND.....	68
<i>Zytha Kock</i>	
MY STORY ABOUT FOOD	69
<i>Zytha Kock</i>	
CHILDHOOD	70
<i>Erin Franklin</i>	

making films with Fire Escape.

SABAHUDIN REDŽEPOVIĆ is a rising-third year student at the University of Chicago. He is originally from Bosnia & Herzegovina but was born in Germany due to the war at the time. His father Arslan is from Sarajevo and his mother Vahida is from Novi Pazar (Sandžak, Serbia). Sabo is a first-generation college student and is majoring in Economics with a strong passion to pursue Finance as a career path. When he is fortunate enough to have free time, he likes to cook domestic Bosnian food (taught by his mother), likes to play rugby and ping-pong, and loves to hang out with his friends.

ZOE RICHTERS is a twenty-year old from East Tennessee, where she is the youngest of three girls. She was the first of the three to leave the state, but she greatly enjoys Chicago and does not regret her decision. Starting her third year in College, she has decided to major in biology. As of right now, she works in plant lab at the University, but she hopes to move toward more animal related science. Her interests include taking care of her dog, soccer, and reading. Her love of reading has led her to explore and enjoy the variety of non-science classes that University of Chicago offers.

MLADEN RAŠIĆ is a fourth year Chemistry major at the college. After graduation, he will be studying for the MCAT exam, followed by a short trip to Belgrade in Autumn. When not doing research in his chemistry lab or volunteering at the hospital, he enjoys traveling and visiting friends and family across the globe. In his free time he enjoys running and reading. Mladen plans to work in his research lab full-time during his gap year.

JELENA VUJIC is an Associate Professor at the University of Belgrade, Faculty of Philology, the same institution at which she earned her MA and PhD. Her MA thesis dealt with composition as a word-formation process in computer register in English, and her doctoral dissertation examined inflection as a word-formation process in English. Currently, she teaches courses in descriptive grammar of English. She is a well-published author who has presented her work at more than 40 international conferences worldwide. Her current interests include word-formation patterns in English and Serbian, features of loanwords, aspects of inflection, sociolinguistic aspects of the language of diaspora, contact languages, etc. She is the author of the following books: *Osnovi morfologije engleskog jezika* (2006), *Describing English through Theory and Practice I* (2011) and *Describing English through Theory and Practice II* (2012). Last academic year, while an associate of the University of Chicago CEERES, professor Vujic visited BCS language and linguistics classes, and shared her work and expertise with our students.

JOHN DOYLE WAGNER is a first year graduate student in Slavic Languages & Literatures in the contact linguistics track at UChicago. He is particularly interested in the role of linguistic contact in language change in the realms of morphosyntax and phonology. While most of his interests are in languages of Central Asia and the former USSR, he took BCS out of personal interest—his mother's family is originally from Slavoniji and Vojredina.

TREVA WALSH is an undergraduate student of Anthropology and Philosophy in the College, where she pursues interests in psychoanalysis, animacy hierarchies and multispecies being, and local/global economies of gift and debt. She also studies variation in the functional morphology of the head as an undergraduate researcher in the Department of Organismal Biology and Anatomy. There, her work traces the heterogeneity of the skull's physical and functional presence across lizards and primates, by documenting feeding in vivo. Her new ethnographic project examines practices of image-making that draw up domestic pests, calling on folklore and fossil narratives with the hope of addressing contemporary anxieties over the security of home and state.

ALLEN WU is a third-year math major. He likes thinking about the ways scientific and mathematical theories might help understand human psyches and cultures, specifically with regard to movies and short stories.

CONTRIBUTORS:

WILLIAM JOHN BURSICH is a first year at the University of Chicago. He is majoring in Biology with a specialization in Neuroscience, in hopes to become a neurologist and to pursue research. When he has free time, he likes to read, write fiction and poetry, and to ride bikes. He is taking BCS out of personal interest because he is half Croatian from his father's side, but he was never taught the language.

EMMA CHRISTENFELD is a second-year undergraduate student at the University of Chicago, studying History with focus on South-Eastern Europe and the Balkans. She is originally from San Diego, California and would like to be a college professor when she completes her studies. In her free time, she loves to read about revolution, write fiction, and spend time with her pets: 2 dogs, a cat, 2 goats, 8 chickens, 3 turtles, and 15 fish.

NORA DOLLIVER is a second year student in the College. She is majoring in Slavic Languages & Literatures with a concentration in Interdisciplinary Studies. In addition to studying BCS, she studies Czech. She will be spending this summer at Azbukum Serbian Language Institute in Belgrade and Novi Sad, Serbia after receiving a Foreign Language Acquisition Grant.

ALLIE DUDLEY is a third year at the University of Chicago. Originally from Charlottesville, Virginia. She is majoring in Cinema and Media Studies. In addition to making movies, she also enjoys playing folk songs on her accordion.

ERIN FRANKLIN is a PhD student in Slavic linguistics. Her research involves the connection between gesture and conversation structure in Russian. An interest in language contact led to the Balkans and BCS. She has studied BCS for four years and has spent a summer in Belgrade and Novi Sad.

BRONWYN KOEHL joined the linguistics track of the University of Chicago's Slavic Department in 2012 after completing her undergraduate degree in Russian and Linguistics at the University of Pennsylvania. She is interested in sociolinguistics and contact linguistics, with a focus on Surzhyk. Her languages of interest are BCS, Ukrainian, Russian and Georgian.

ZYTHA KOCK is a rising third-year student of history and public policy in the College. Her history major is focused on South-Eastern and Central Europe. Her interest in Balkan history stems from the two years she spent in at the United College located in Trieste, Italy. At this school she encountered many students from former Yugoslavia. After arriving in Chicago, she decided to continue pursuing these interests and study BCS. Besides this fascination, she enjoys going to concerts at the CSO, reading existentialist novels, and learning new dances. After graduating, she would love to pursue a PhD in history and do her research in the Balkans.

ANA LANIER is a first year at the University of Chicago. She is majoring in Psychology, and hopes to attend medical school after college. She is interested in working with kids. In her free time she likes to dance—specifically ballet and contemporary. She is also involved in Peer Health Exchange and other community service around Chicago.

ARIELLE MOSELEY is a fourth year Political Science major, minoring in Slavic Studies. When not reading or locked away in the stacks, Arielle enjoys playing rhythm guitar in her band, "Aya and 'Dem." Post-graduation, Arielle plans to teach high school math before travelling to Serbia to study abroad.

KELLY PEYTON is a rising third year and an Anthropology and Comparative Human Development double major. She is particularly interested in how the spatial and material conditions of people's existences shape their development. She is also the RA for Wallace House, and, for fun, she loves playing broom ball with her house, storytelling, making art with Southside students through the Neighborhood Schools Program, and

ХРОНИКА ЛЕБДЕЊА

Владимир Пиштало

На самом прелазу између прошлог и овог века моја баба је залебдела од страха када је схватила да је нико од рођака није дочекао у њујоршкој луци. Деветогодишња девојчица обрела се сама у огромном Новом Свету. На Елис Ајленду случајно ју је нашао Ђуро Басара и повео је својој кући у рударски град Експорт у Пенсилванији. Она је и даље лебдела од страха, па ју је Ђуро Басара држао за руку и вукао кроз ваздух, као балон. Требало јој је много времена да се спусти на земљу новог континента. Повучена девојчица се касније удала за једног Ђуриног рођака и родила моју мајку.

Колико је моја баба остала заувек уплашена од живота, толико је моја мајка била својеглаво дете. То својеглаво дете би на забавама изненада скочило и викнуло: „Митар се курва са Милевом!” Жене су је мрзеле, а ни девојчица која ће постати моја мајка ноје имала добро мишљење о сусеткама у Експорту.

„Све саме курветине!” говорила је.

Моја мајка је покушавала да заустави неморал у малом рударском граду. Она је и рођеног оца уходила и све дојављивала својој мајци. Кад је стари рудар сазнао за ухођење, ожиљак на челу му се пробудио и поцрвенео. Бесни деда је дохватио винско буре, изгурао га на брег изнад куће, заковао кћеркицу у буре и буре гурнуо низ падину.

Док се моја мајка окретала у бурету у Експорту, мој отац је у недалеком Вилмерднгу продавао новине. У Вилмерднгу река је била загађена сумпором, а градић је био присутан црним прахом челичане. Новине које је он продавао звале су се

„Питсбург Прес.” Дечак који ће постати мој отац признао је да није волео да продаје новине:

„Новине су коштале два цента. Дешавало се да ми неко да 10 центи и каже да задржим кусур. Ја бих онда сместа избројао четири броја новина и бацио их у реку.”

У то време, кад је у Европи почињао Први светски рат, много је сирочади било међу нашим емигрантима у Америци. У фамилији мог оца су знали да они нису Американци. Англосаксонце су називали „кексарима” зато што једу кекс, који и није нека права храна. Мој отац је остао без оца у десетој години. Мајка му није говорила

енглески и носила је неку врсту народног одела. Син је се никад није стидео. Водио ју је под руку у шетњу. Остао је без ње у четрнаестој години. Отац је заувек сломио срце свом „поочиму” брату Тими, кад је одбио да настави школовање и уместо тога се, као осамнаестогодишњак оженио шеснаестогодишњакињом. Од малог наследства купио је ауто „Студебекер” и почео да учи моју мајку да вози. Мајка је, као у комедији, са аутом завршила у излогу бербернице. Ускоро се млади пар преселио из Вилмердинга у Чикаго.

У време мог детињства улица је била улица, а не нечија перцепција улице. У оно време ја сам носио кишобран не зато што сам мислио да пада киша, већ зато што сам знао да пада киша. Сад мисле да је све у свести људи. Међутим, суседства у којима смо ми живели била су стварна. Једно од граничних суседства било је ирско, друго је било италијанско. Тамо си се лако могао потући. У мом суседству није било банди. Мајке су седеле на улици. И старе нежење су заустављале децу на улици, пропитивали их знају ли за Пупина и Теслу и досађивали им питањима о школи.

Дошли смо у Чикаго крајем двадесетих година и мој отац је добио посао на железници. У то време имати посао била је велика ствар. Отац је могао да отплати кућу да је био неки други човек. Уместо да планира и штеди, мој отац је пуштао бркове, показивао лепе зубе у тренуцима кад је свирао тамбурицу. Звали су га „Шеик” по Рудолфу Валентину. Неко је рекао како већина Јужних Словена стално размишља „о једној ствари који ће пружити решење за све.” У случају мог оца, било је то клађење на коње. Отац је веровао да ће се клађењем на коње обогатити, јер је имао систем. Верно га се држао, па је новац губио систематски. Мајка му је отварала очи речима:

„Јебо те систем.”

Отац је разрађивао систем са јеврејским момком Беном. Моја мајка се о њему изражавала лаконски:

„Јебо те Бен.”

Двојица несхваћених визионара, Бен и „Шеик” налазили су се у бару и климали носевима над „системом.” Бенова жена је мрзела оца једнако колико је мајка мрзела Бена. Бенове очи

су сјајиле, свиласто, као да има грозницу. Он је жмиркао и жалио се оцу из дубине напашеног срца:

„Кад си ожењен Мађарицом, не треба ти ташта.”

Мале кладионице у којима су Бен и Шеик опробавали свој систем држала је мафија. Клађење је било илегално. Отац ме је понекад водио са собом у илегалне кладионице. Закуцали би на врата и ушли у уску просторију. „Блаблаблабла!” Радио је бљубао податке о свим тркама, као олук усред провале облака. На зиду су висиле листе тркалишта. Коњи су имали мистична имена. Сва сам их знао: Хајлија, Санта Анита, Арлингтон...Отац је нервозно црткао по својој листи и после ми дуго објашњавао зашто нису добили:

„Падала је киша тог дана, а наш коњ, знаш, слабо трчи по киши.”

У мом сећању издваја се једна лепа сцена у вези са очевим клађењем. Играо сам бејзбол на Клајборнавенији и био прилично задовољан што је сад – сад, што сам ја—ја и што играм бејзбол на Клајборн авенији. Тада су се пред кућом зауставила велика кола са светлећим знаком на крову. Из невиђеног луксуза који се зове такси изашао је мој отац и пијано промрљао:

„Синко, иди горе и узми паре од маме, треба да платим такси.”

Устрчао сам уз степенице:

„Мама! Тата је пијан. Мора да плати такси.”

Мајка је увек мислила да је живот блесав и мирно је избројала новац. Сишао сам на улицу и платио такси. Тата се тетурало уз степенице, и ја сам се посрамљено пео за њим. „Пјано!” насмејала се мајка оцу у лице кад смо ушли у стан. Одједном, отац се усправио и у тријумфу показао своје лепе зубе. Посегнуо је руком у џеп и почео да вади и наоколо разбацује новчанице. Није био пијан, добио је много новца на коњу који се звао „Шпијунска песма”. Ђутали смо и стајали задивљени. Сада ми се чини да су снени долари, које је бацао, лебдели по соби читавог тог поподнева. Ти разбацани долари залебде ми пред очима сваки пут кад помислим на оца.

Много касније потражио сам његов савет кад сам се забављао са девојком чија је сестра била заинтересована за мене. Рекао сам оцу да мислим да ...то не било у реду. Шејкове очи су се прелиле свиластм сјајем, као Бенове, и рекао је:

„Биће ти жао.”

Сада сам остарио и жао ми је.

Упркос клађењу на коње, отац је редовно слао новац мајчиној пордици у Експорту. Угљенокопи су били у кризи. Била је дересија и многи људи из Експорта и Вилмердинга стизали с у Чикаго и остајали са нама док се не запосле. И кад би се запослили, понекад би остали, плаћајући за стан и храну. Много наших станара радило је на постављању чикашких трамвајских шина. Целе године били су вани са својим чекићима и бушилицама. Сећам се неких имена: Теди Вишњић, Џо Белић, његов брат Дукси, Пит Басара и чини ми се Мики Мановић. Њихова имена су ми и блиска и екзотична. Ја, наиме, разумем, али не говорим српски. Био сам плаво дете и поп који нас учио језик рекао је:

”Ти ниси Србин ти си Рус!”

Престао сам да долазим на његове часове. Тај поп ме је нервирао и зато што је стално говорио о парама.

Наши станари били су на гласу као лепа људи. Увече би изашли са углачаним ципелама, белим кошуљама, краватама жирадо шеширима. Седели су пред Дороти и Џон Бошњаковом кафаном...Били су дивљи. И пили су и смејали се. У мом сећању они су бркати, топли великодушни. Онако високи, стали би у круг и, у широком луку, добацивали ме један другом преко собе.

Ово су искуства пре искустава. Искуства вољеногдететакomesесветчиниовеликодушним. Сеча, се како су браи Сими и Владимиру Ослићу саопштили да ће им отац ослепети. Браћа су отишла код хирурга и предложила да дају сваки по једно око—да њихов отац има оба... Мирко Драговић је био двометраш и тако леп да су га жене пратиле на улици. А био је муцавац. Женама се представљао као Мајкл Скот. Сањарио је о скупим баровима као „Раш Стрет.” Касније се обогатио са својом грађевинском компанијом. Зауставио би ме на улици, ставио ми руку на раме и рекао:

„Ссссс-синко, зз-наш шта морамо имати?! Мм-морамо имати ссс-стила!”

Мој рођак Милош Матјовић једном се возио са пријатељима од Алеквипе у Пенсилванији до Чикага и није престајао да говори четрнаест сати. Кад су прве чикашке зграде стале да промичу око њих, он је престао да прича, изненађено кашљуцнуо и пожалио се:

Мама каже да су заиста старе. Старије него она. Она каже да су још старије него бака Ева. Нисам сигурна, али верујем јој. Бака Ева је врло, врло стара. Кад је била мала, нису имали телевизори.

“Мама, можемо ли видети сада морске лавове?”

“Нису овде, драга.”

Морски лавови су моје омиљене животиње. Они стварно смешно изгледа, али су веома лепа и чине гласне глупе звукове. Нисам могла да их видим последњи пар пута када смо дошли у зоолошки врт. Мама каже да су болесни и морају да оду кући да би њихова мама могла да се брине о њима. Сећам се када сам имала богиње, све ме је стварно сврбело и Мама ми није дозволила да се играм са другом децом, тако да се не би разболели. Није ми било драго, било ми је досадно, али могла сам да једем пуно сладоледа и гледам цртане филмове. Питам се да ли морски лавови воле телевизор и сладолед.

“Мама, свиђа ли се морским лавовима сладолед?”

“Не знам, драга, зашто питаш?”

“Можда, ако бисмо им дали сладолед они би се осећали боље и вратили се да се играју.”

“О, мила, не знам да ли је то могуће са морским лавовима. Али ти можеш да добијеш сладолед.”

“Mama, can we see the sea lions now?”

“They’re not here, baby.”

The sea lions are my favorite. They’re really funny looking but they’re very nice and they make loud silly noises. I haven’t gotten to see them the last couple times we’ve come to the zoo. Mama says they’re sick and had to go home so their mama could take care of them. I remember when I had the chicken pox, I was really itchy and Mama wouldn’t let me play with the other kids so I wouldn’t get them sick. I didn’t like that, it was boring but I got to eat lots of ice cream and watch cartoons. I wonder if sea lions like TV and ice cream.

“Mama, do sea lions like ice cream?”

“I don’t know, sweetheart, why do you ask?”

“Maybe if we gave them ice cream they would feel better and come back to play.”

“Oh, honey, I don’t know if that works for sea lions. But why don’t we get some ice cream for you instead.”

“Мама, могу ли да добијем балон?”
“Можда када одемо”

Протрчала сам кроз капију и вукући руку моје мајке, кад сам видела прве животиње. Волела сам све о овом месту: мали каменчићи, који су слепљени да направе тротоар; ужасни мириси који значе да су животиње ту; штандови са крововима од траве, који продају кокице и пића са глупим сламкама. Идемо прво на сва моја омиљена места. Кућа змија је мрачна и хладна и мирише као унутрашњост старих ормара. Волим је јер је пуна мрачних ћошкова, где могу да се сакријем и искочим да уплашим сестру. Она плаче све док не одемо да јој мама купи лимунаду са једном од смешних сламки. Ја не смем да добијем лимунаду али моја сестра срећом попије само мало па ја могу да је завршим.

“Мама можемо ли добити књигу о слоновима?”

“Не, мила, већ имате пуно књига о животињама, зар не?”

Тигровисубилиследећи. Волимдапосматрам како их људи хране. То је мало одвратно. Они добијају велике комаде меса, која, можете се видети, су део тела неке животиње. Код куће, наше месо не изгледа да је део животиње. Мама каже да је то зато што тигрови воле свежије месо. Питам се да ли су тигрови икада желели да поједу човека који их храни. Овог пута, само један од тигрова је видљив. Његово име је Шер Кан, као у Књизи о џунгли. Шака Кан, тигрица, је моја омиљена, али чувар је рекао да је топло па је спавала.

“Мама, можемо ли добити сада кокице?”

“Не сада, драга, можда после ручка.”

Мрзим зоолошки врт у којем се животиње могу миловати. Козе су средња и они воле да једу моју одећу. Последњи пут кад смо били у таквом врту, мала црна коза плунула је по мојој новој жутој хаљини. Такође, ту је кака свуда. Треба да пазите где ходате и смрди ужасно. То је међутим, омиљено место моје сестре, тако да морамо да идемо. Она воли како се роје око ње и како је оборе да нађе храну у њеним џеповима. Она мисли да је то смешно, па нас Мама увек тера да идемо. Ја останем уза зид и гледам корњаче.

“Mama, can I have a balloon?”
“Maybe on the way out”

I skipped through the gates tugging on my mother's hand as I caught sight of the first animals. I loved everything about this place: the little pebbles stuck together to make the walk ways, the horrible smells that meant the animals were there, the stands with the grass roofs that sell popcorn and drinks with silly straws. We go to all of my favorite places first. The snake house is dark and cool and smells like the inside of the coat closet. I love it because it is full of dark corners, where I can hide and jump out to scare my sister. She cries until we leave and Mama buys her a lemonade with one of the funny straws. I'm not supposed to have any but my sister only wants a little so I get to finish it.

“Mama can we get a book about the elephants?”

“No, darling, you already have a lot of books about animals, don't you?”

The tigers were next, I love watching the people feed them. It's kind of gross, they got really big pieces of meat that you could tell came from an animal. At home our meat doesn't look like animals. Mama says it's because Tigers like fresher meat, I wonder if the tigers ever wants to each the person who feeds them. This time, only one of the tigers is out. His name is Sher Khan, like in the Jungle Book. Shaka Khan the girl tiger is my favorite, but the zookeeper said that it was too hot out so she was sleeping.

“Mama, can we get popcorn now?”

“Not now, honey, maybe after lunch.”

I hate the petting zoo. The goats are mean and they like to eat my clothes. Last time we came the little black one spit all over my new yellow dress. Also there's poop all over the place. You really have to watch were you put your feet and it smells terrible. It's my sister's favorite though, so we have to go. She likes the way they crowd around her and knock her down to get at the food in her pockets. She thinks it's funny, so Mama always makes us go. I hang back against the wall looking at the tortoises. Mama says they're really old. Older than she is. She says they're even older than Grandma Eva. I'm not sure I believe that. Grandma Eva is really old. When she was little they didn't have tv's.

„Нешто ме грло гребе, одједном.”

Он је касније у суседству отворио бар који се звао „Мајкс.” Кад би у бару избила туча, Милош би се залетео, побацао кавкације на све стране и туча би сместа престала. Десило у се једном да се, правећи сендвиче, посекао и изгубио мало крви. Он се стршно забринуо. Уносио ми се у лице и поверљиво шаптао:

„Синко, а да не изгубим ја због овога мушку снагу?”

Милош је био ожењен са Мери, која је била сироче и Хрватица. Једном је Мери побегла од мужа на годину дана. Милош је сумњао на аутомеханичра преко пута. Тукао је песницом по хауби кола испод којих се аутомеханичар крио и викао:

„Изађи да ти ноге полозим.”

Мери се касније вратила мужу и бринула се о њему кад се разболео. Остарили су заједно међу пластичним пепљарама које је она скупљала, у стану где су се свађали пас и папагај а телевизор увек горео на најјаче.

У бријачницу Чарлија Зеровића муштерије су привлачили мање његов чешаљ и маказе, а више оно што је причао док шиша и како је то причао. Доводио сам студенте да се ошишају код Зеровића и виде његову представу. Чарли се плашио прехаде као тенор. Његова жена Лилиан увек би смлачила пиво, јер је он пазио на свој „орган.” Берберин је личио на Салвадора Далија. Подизао је бркове и кажипрст и објављивао:

„Стаљин—то је превара. Тек следећа револуција ће бити права револуција!”

Ја, иначе, верујем да су Срби глумци, а Црногорци сликари. Сташно је много театару било око нас. Чарли је био берберин-глумац. А глумци су били његова два брата, Џек и Про Зеровић. Они су били кечери. У њиховим мечевима све је било намештено, знало се и ко ће победити и ко изгубити. Нико није бивао повређен. Џек је био негативац под именом „Луди Рус.” Чинило се да он удара људе у муда и гура им прсте у очи. Проово професионално име било је „Пијер Ламар, ” по француском плејбоју. Сви емигранти са Клајборн авеније волелеи су Пјер Ламара.

Породица Симић држала је месарску радњу на трамвајској линији. Горњи део Данице Симић биле су саме груди. Она је говорила граматички исправно, језиком образованих људи. Мојој

мајци је била помало смешна, а помало јој се дивила. Даница је била Катерина Велика у тој својој продавници. Док је продавала месо, држала је лекције о свему. Њене три кћери имале су велике груди на мајку и добре фигуре. Маријана је свирала клавир, удала се за српског попа, лепог али дивљачног сељака, који ју је малтретирао. Савета је била контра алт, удала се за Данила Драговића. Здравка је била балерина. Изазивала је мушкарце, прислањаласетеломпри сусрету, али, у ствари, нико није имао никаквог успеха код ње. Младићи из суседства зазирали су од сестара. Та аура нечег специјалног их је одбијала.

„Срање! Говорили су младићи.”

Нервирао ме одувек тај српски нихилизам и мржња према свему што би могло бити специјално, драгоцено... Јер, Здравка је глумила кад говори—дизала главу, узмахивала рукама. Мојим либералним пријатељима са факултета се свиђала. Није се свиђала момцима из гета. Отац девојака, Данило Симић, био је соколаш. Веома усправан, ужурбаних кретњи. Кад се окретао, окретао се раменима, никад само главом. Мангупи из комшилука су га сажалевали, зато што је Даница водила радњу. А била је у суседству једна госпођа, лепа и мирна као анђеоло. Моја мајка ју је звала „жалосна врба.” И онда се испоставило да је Данило туцао ту анђеоску госпођу. Све кћерке су се окрениле против Данила и нису му упућивале ни реч. После неког времена њихов отац, усправни соколаш, добио је срчани напад и умро. Здравка је театрално стављала надланицу на чело и узвикивала:

„Зашто? Зашто сам ја била тако груба према свом оцу?”

„Луда!” Говорили су српски младићи из гета.

Јако сам волео свој стари комшилука, али ме је та одбојност према свему другачијем гонила да одем, да се оградим, да побегнем што даље. И што је најважније, осећао сам да је то чему су се мангупи из краја подсмевали квалитетнији од самих подсмевачи.

*

Застајем пред портретом професора Мелвина Бобића, човека који ми је поверио ове догађаје. Четкица сликара Ејблиса овенчала је Бобићево чело венцем беле косе. Кроз уске прорезе сијају подругљиве очи, зелене као у козе. Портрет је готово сасвим довршен, изузев што на месту

уста зјапи празнина.

„Нисам могао да му насликам уста,” усплахирено ми објашњава сликар Ејблис—зато што Бобић ни једног часа није престајао да прича.

„Портрет начињен речима хвата управо оно што измиче сликару,” уверавам Бобића док излазимо из атељеа.

Бобић ме не слуша. Његову пажњу заокупља нешто друго: у алеји се пале улична светла! Светлост је синила тачно на размеђи мрачне улице и бледоплавог неба. Не зна се да ли су то светла залебдела у крошњама или је улица у трену залебдела између дана и ноћи. Стари професор Бобић диже прст и узвикује:

„Погледај што је лепо!”

Мора да је било лепо и пре тога, али је изгледало као да је тек подвик „Погледај!” упалио светла у алеји. Испод подмлађених фењера, Бобић се накашљава и наставља са својом причом:

„Једном сам био домаћин Хани Арент када је гостовала у Њу Хемпширу, на нашем универзитету.

„Чикаго и није град него раскршће,” рекла ми је тада Хана Арент. И није била једина која је осећала да је Чикаго обележен неком специфичном емигрантском муком, да је тужан град. Мени није био тужан. Мени је био жив. Ветар се дизао с језера Мичиген, великог као море и звиждао преко челичних мостова. Људи су се склањали у мале ресторане да пију пиво из бокала и глођу ребра са роштиља. Између зграда је решетао Ел—надземна железница и сваки прозор је севао као блиц. У Чикагу се у време мог детињства настанио Дионис, бог Џеза. Клубови су цветали и весељаци су сипали шампањац свирачима у трубе. На репертоару џезера је, у то време, без сумње, била и песма „Шеик из малог града.”

Моја школа је била добра. Била је пуна људи са свих страна света. Англосаксонаца, Пољака, Јевреја, Срба, Хравата, карипских црнаца. Мени је Чикаго био срећан. Мајка би ми направила доручак и ја бих весело отишао у школу. Било је то доба Капонеа и осталих, али је мања шанса била да те неко опљачка или нападне на улици него сад.

На истоку је била Златна обала, на западу су била гета, сиромашна суседства. Ја сам живео

више западно, а моја школа је била ближе „Златној обали.” Школа је била у богатијем крају, не тако далеко од Линколн парка. Парк је био тамно зелен са статуама. У њему су биле скулптуре Линколна и Гетеа дело мајстора Августа Сејнт-Годена. У Линколн парку је био зоолошки врт са живим животињама и горилама. Ту је била и ботаничка башта са тропским биљкама где је наш разред ишао да учи ботанику. Парк се простирао миљама уз језеро које је трептало дивном плавом бојом.

Отац ме је повремено испраћао на воз и ја сам потпуно сам путовао код мајчине фамилије у рударски град Експорт. Кад бих тамо стигао, људи би ми се дивили што сам тако мали а путујем сам. Многи стари Срби, иако на само двадесет две миље од Питсбурга, никад нису били у том граду. Некадашњи сељаци су се бојали да ће им се плитки корени пуштени у Америци потргати ако се поново помере са прага и да ће, све држећи се за руке, као балони одлебдети у небо над Новим Светом.

Окрутни деда, који је мајку својевремено заковао у буре и гурнуо низ брдо, према мени је увек био диван. Кад бих ја дошао, он би испекао јагње на ражњу. Деда је у руднику добијао чврсто заклопљену алуминијумску посуду на спратове. Део тог рударског следовања био је колач. Деда га никад није јео у руднику него би га увек осавио за мене. Ја ту врсту колача нисам волео али му то никад нисам рекао.

Мој деда Милош је у време прохибиције пекао ракију и држао илегалну кафану. И кад је престала прохибиција, људима је остала навика да долазе пред нашу кућу. Лети би се окупљали под одрином. Зимом је кућа увек била топла јер је било доста угља из рудника. И хлеба и разговора. Кад сам био мало дете, ствари у дединој кући су биле безимене и свака од њих је сијала. Ја сам учио имена ствари, позивајући их, гасио сјај једне по једне од њих. Ствари су се гасиле, али настављали су да сијају људи и њихове приче. Кад би деда Милош ушао у собу, соба би се осветљавала. Светлост би се још повећала када би у његову собу ушла његова ћерка Ката, приповедачица. Од часа кад би она ушла нико други више није стварно говорио.

Ја нисам тај живот запамптио као лош, било је добре приче и оговарања и мудровања. У ствари, мој рођак Матјовић, који је говорио

MOJA PRIČA O JELU

Zytha Kock

Prošle subote moja sobna drugarica i ja odlučimo da pravimo pečene krompire. Nikada nisam jela pečene krompire i moja sobna drugarica je mislila da su pečeni krompiri deo američkog iskustva.

Pa otišla sam u samouslugu da kupim sve potrebne sastojke. Moja sobna drugarica je mislila da nam treba četiri krompira, ali kada sam videla koliko su bili veliki krompiri, odlučila sam da kupim samo tri krompira.

Sledeći sastojak na mojoj listi bio je luk vlasac. Ali nisam mogla da ga nađem, gledala sam svuda i čitala sve znake i etikete. Čak sam pogledala i sliku vlasca na internetu. Još uvek nisam mogla da ga nađem. Odlučila sam da kupim zeleni luk umesto vlasca. Mislila sam da su dovoljno slični.

Trebalo mi je takođe da kupim strugani sir, slaninu, i pavlaku. Pošto sam našla sam ove sastojke vratila sam se kući. Onda smo moja cimerka i ja počele da kuvamo. Ona je stavila krompire u pećnicu. Ja sam isekla zelene luk i slaninu. Moja drugarica me je pitala koliko komada slanine nam je potrebno. Ona je mislila da nam je potrebno četiri režnja slanine, ja sam mislila da nam potrebna osam. Odlučile smo da skuvamo šest komada slanine.

Posle jednog sata sve je bilo spremno. Stavili smo sve sastojke na vrh krompira. Bio je ukusan ali težak i pojele smo samo po jedan krompir. Na kraju smo obe bile presite i ostao nam je još jedan celi krompir.

MY STORY ABOUT FOOD

Zytha Kock

Last Saturday, my roommate and I decided to make baked potatoes. I've never had a baked potato and my friend thought that baked potatoes are part of the American experience.

So I went to the store to buy all the ingredients. My friends thought we needed four potatoes, but when I saw how big the potatoes were, I decided to buy only three potatoes.

The next ingredient on my list was chives. But I could not find them, I looked for it everywhere and read all the signs and labels. I even looked at the pictures of chives on the internet. Yet I could not find them. I decided to buy green onions instead of chives. I thought it was similar enough.

I also needed shredded cheese, bacon, and sour cream. After I found these ingredients, I went back to the house. Then my friend and I started cooking. She put the potatoes in the oven. I cut the green onions and bacon. My friend asked how many pieces of bacon we needed. She said that we need four bacon, I thought we needed eight pieces, we decided to cook six pieces.

After an hour everything was ready. We put all the ingredients on top of potatoes. It was tasty but heavy although we had just one potato each. Finally, we were both too full and still had one potato left.

MOJ IDEALAN MUŽ
Zytha Kock

Moj idealan muž je stariji i viši od mene i privlačan. On ima tamnu kosu, crnu ili smeđu, i tamne oči. On mora da bude pametan i zainteresovan za svet i vesti.

Nije me briga da li je romantičan, ali mora da bude brižan i sladak, možda po malo romantičan ali to nije vrlo važno. On mora da voli da gleda filmove i da čita knjige.

On mora dobro da kuva, zato što ne volim kuvati. On treba da ima dobar ukus za modu. On mora da voli da raspravlja o politici i on ne treba da se plaši da kaže da sam u pravu. On treba da govori najmanje tri jezika. On mora da bude veran i optimističan zato što sam malo previše pesimistična i cinična. I ako se venčamo, on ne treba da brine ako ne uzmem njegovo prezime. Ako budemo imali decu on mora da se brine o deci.

MY IDEAL HUSBAND
Zytha Kock

My ideal man is older and taller than me and appealing. He has dark hair, black or brown, and dark eyes. He has to be smart and interested in world news.

I do not care if he is romantic, but he must be caring and sweet, maybe a little bit romantic, but it is not very important. He must love to watch movies and read books.

He must cook well, because I do not like to cook. He should have a good taste for fashion. He should like to discuss politics and he should not be afraid to say that I am right. He should speak at least 3 languages. He should be faithful and optimistic because I'm a little too pessimistic and cynical. If we get married, he shouldn't worry if I don't take his name. If we have kids, he should take care of them.

четрнаест сати није био никакав изузетак. Међу емигрантима у Експорту постојало је нешто чега сам и сам живи пример, а што професори називају „вербалном културом.“ Сви су се много дерали, нико није уста затварао. Одрастао сам уз легенде о штрајку, о томе како су са крова те исте куће, моја мајка и комшија Италијан Брока бацали камење на компанију полиције.

Ја сам био мали, једини унук. Нисам стварно разумео проблеме. То је мени све било сликовито... А у Експорту деца нису имала ципела... Или су имала једне и чувала их за зиму. Многи су носили само панталоне са трегерима. Дечаци су скупљали лопте на терену за голф. Затим би лоптицу за голф чврсто обмотали шпагом и њоме играли бејзбол. Као палице су користиле дршке од ашова из рудника. Ја о томе нисам мислио као о сиромаштву. Јер мене је на крилу држао Раде Банда који је имао очи као гавран. Његов побратим Шарац био не суреалан јер је имао златни зуб и сламни шешир. Причао је смешне приче, углавном о Старом Свету, где су као што се зна, најлепше трешње и облаци. Кад би се много девојака окупило, почео би да користи ружне речи и тако би их све растерао. Они су били пријатељи мог деде и убрајали се у богове мог дечијег Олимпа.

У центру града у ком су живели деда, Ката и остали били су пумпа и биоскоп. Али прави центар града била је разјапљена рупа у земљи—окно рудника угља! Мене су као дете држали даље од тог подземља. Рудник је био нешто опасно, тамо су се људи повређивали. Та рупа је била извор плућних болести. Рудари су се стидели да буду туберкулозни, па су крили што је многе коштало живота. Та мрачна рупа је коначно уграбила и мог деду. Глас му је постајао шупаљ и за њега су се лепили одједи. Послали су нам телеграм у Чикаго када је умро. Из вечне ноћи рудника дошла је сушица која је однела моју тетку Кат у тридесет другој. О деди и Кати мислим као о двама лампама, угашеним црном прашином рудника. Увек сам имао утисак да су ти људи који су ме држали на крилу и причали ми приче били жртве, да им није дата шанса. Да би њихов живот некако требало улепшати; и можда га ја улепшавам у сећању.

Кад је касније баба умрла, поп у руској цркви нам је показао књигу. У њој су биле молитве које је плаћала за људе који су умрли. По мало,

колико је кад имала. По десет центи, четврт долара. У књизи је било много непознатих људи за чије се душе баба бринула. Ни сам нисам био равнодушан према душама људи у Експорту. Волео сам њихову...боју. Никад их нисам одбацивао. И, истовремено, што сам бивао старији, желео сам да побегнем што даље. Нисам поносан на све разлоге због којих сам хтео да одем. Делом је то била идеја успеха. Веровао сам да је богатији живот и бољи живот, о чему би се дало расправљати. Затим, нервирала ме је подружљивост света у којем сам живео према свему „узвишеном.“ Желео сам да се отргнем од гета у Чикагу, од црне прашине челичане у Вилмердингу, од рупе која је јела људе у Експорту. Ако сам успео да побегнем, то се десило тако што су се са неба спустиле лестве Јаковљеве и ја сам залебдео успињући се њима.

Што сам био старији, то сам се радије враћао у Чикаго. „Сјајно је бити југословенски Американац“--биле су речи којима је Словенац Луис Адамић приводио крају своју књигу „Повратак земљака“. Та емигрантска књига била нам је препоручена у школи у емигрантском граду Чикагу. Књига која је изазвала контраверзе међу јужнословенским емигрантима, за мене је просто оличавала идеју отаџбине.

Боже, сећати се исто је као возити једрилицу. Ако ухватиш добар ветар, живот ти тако брзо прође испред очију. Моја средња школа је била добра, и тамо ми је било занимљиво. Девојка која се звала — ха, ха — Мери Бубало, имала је највећи просек у целој школи. Беци Милановић, сопранискиња из наше школе после је певала у њујоршкој опери. Покварила се себи живот тиме што се удала за неког певача коме је празна глава служила као резонатор за диван тенор. Певач је после одмаглио да снима филмове у Мексику. Мој друг Рођер Вилијамс, карибски црнац био је један од најбриљантнијих људи које сам у животу срео, способан да безбројне цитате из литературе наводи по сећању. Теодор Бено, виолиниста, и Ђефри Кастон, црни бас, били су такође из наше школе. За време тридесетих година, многи уметнички програми били су стипендирани из владиних фондова. Није залуд моја баба палила кандило за Рузвелта. Људи су учили да свирају и сликају у школи. Двојица мојих колега, Алкса Казовић и Хералд Милер, написали су романе у гимназији. Херолд Милер



ме је касније срео и поверио ми:

„Знаш, гимназија је била најсрећније доба мо живота. После, живот се никада није ни примакао томе.”

У то време школски саветодавци нису толико причали о твојим личним проблемима, него су гледали да ти нађу посао. Моја хрома професорка Лора Лубергер ме је позвала и рекла да има посао за мене. Рекла ми је и како да стигнем тамо. Претрчао сам један блок, па онда ухватио трамвај. Па онда Ел, надземну железницу која грми између зграда, па поново трамвај. Нашао сам се на Златној обали, на месту које се зове Нубери парк. Самуел Нубери је тамо основао библиотеку за научнике. Свако је могао да уђе, али се књиге нису износиле. Атмосфера је била врло достојанствена. И било је тако тихо. Кад сам ушао у ту зграду чинило ми се да сам све дотадашње године свог живота провео у неподношљивој граји. „Можда није граја живот, а тишина смрт—него обратно,” написао је сицилијански писац Безуалдо Буфалино. Ушао сам дакле, кроз велика врата и пео се мермерним степеницама. Било је тако тихо да ми је сваки сопствени покрет личио на халуцинацију. Чинило ми се да се уз те степенице пењем право из мрака рудника у Експорту. И веровао сам да се оне настављају све до поткровља библиотеке, где анђели из златних чаша пију шампањац.

Завирио сам у читаоницу и видео клупе и људе како раде и ни звук се није чуо. И ту сам угледао повијени нос Џона Т. Вилдмора, човека са белом косом и достојанственим држањем.

„Јасам чуодате интересује запослење,” рекао је повијени нос. „Да ли то знаш Дјуијев децимални систем који се користи у каталогизирању?”

„Не господине.”

Вилдмор ми је укратко објаснио систем, а онда уперо прст:

„Видиш оне књиге на гомили?”

„Видим, господине.”

„Поређај их према овом систему!”

Крв ми је проврела и поређао сам књиге за тили час.

„Примљен си,” објавио је Вилдмор. „Сутра дођи овде и буди тачан. Ту је каталог, људи ће писати своја потраживања, са бројем где седе, ти ћеш наћи књиге и однети им. У реду?”

Ишао сам сваки дан у школу до два сата. Затим сам скакао на трамвај и стизао да

радим у библиотеци до шест. Тада није било копир машина. Колекције су биле врло важне. Имали смо индијанску колекцију, са сликама Индијанаца и њиховом историјом. И историју железнице. И собу са генеологијама. Био сам импресиониран људима који су тамо радили, мојим колегама. Џони Полит, нешто старији од мене, касније је постао глумац. Марселус ван Редлик био је на гардероби. Његов хоби била је опера. Ја сам сијао осмехом и свиленом краватом, радио у библиотеци и читао Хенрија Џејмса.

Био сам добар у том послу. Људи су наручивали, а ја сам налазио књиге. Под прстима сам осећао како приповедачки слапови, слични онима који су жучно навирали на уста мојих рођака у Експорту, нечујно теку између тих корица. У неким либрима листови су били од танких златних огледала. Читаоци су их окретали лагао и у њима огледали злаћане одразе својих наочара и брада.

Био сам брз, и тих, као ветар на цртежима. Нечујно сам трчао уз и низ степенице, и налазио књиге. Једном су ми дали гомилу наслова који су недостајали годинама и ја сам их нашао.

Управник библиотеке Стенли Паргелос био је професор енглеске литературе са Јејла. Његова прелепа ћерка каткад је долазила да га посети у библиотеци. Ја нисам имао појма да он зна да ја постојим. Онда је дошло време да идем на колеџ и неко је рекао:

„Бобићу, др. Паргелос хоће да те види.”

Ушао сам у његову велелпну канцеларију. Управник ми је пружио руку и рекао:

„Бобићу, мени су рекли да ти познајеш ову библиотеку боље од иједног живог створа.”

На те речи ја сам одлепио од земље, залебдевши од узбуђења. Свилена кравата је висила као и пре, али су моје ноге повиле унатраг и све више стремиле ка таваници. Покретом који је започео као руковање, управник Паргелос ме је сада држао у ваздуху као балон. Он је искривио врат и упитао.

„Хоћеш да идеш на колеџ?”

„Хоћу,” промуцао сам.

„Да ли си заинтересован за Харвард?”

Уместо одговора, снажније сам стегао пружену руку професора Паргелоса, у страху да ћу, ако ме пусти, сместа одлебдети и нестати у узвртложеном небу Новог Света.

MOJ GRAD *William Bursich*

East Chicago je grad u Indiani. East Chciago je mali grad. Ima trideset hiljada ljudi. Pošto East Chicago nije velik, nema zračnu luku, kino, galeriju, muzej, ili kazalište. Ima nekoliko farmacija, kao Fagen's, i dva dragstora Walgreen's. Ima jednu plažu, ali plaža je ružna—smeće svuda! Plaža je blizu dva kazina, do kojih ima hotela. Također, blizu kazina je mala tužna luka. Ima jedna pošta, jedna policija, jedan kolodvor, jedna bolnica sa monogo hitnih pomoći, i jedna kafana u koju nikada nisam išao. Ima nekoliko prodavnica i samousluga, raskrsnica, ali nema trga. Ima šest banaka. Ima dve biblioteke... moja majka radi u biblioteci. Ima jedan fakultet, ali je mali. Ima mnogo crkava.



MY CITY *William Bursich*

East Chicago is a city in Indiana. East Chciago a small town. There are thirty thousand people. Because East Chicago is not a big city, it has no airport, theater, art gallery, museum or theater. There are a number of pharmacies, a Fagen's, and two Walgreen's. It has a beach, but the beach is dirty—there's trash everywhere! The beach is close to two casinos, one of which has a hotel. Also close to the casino is a sad little port. There is a post office, a one police station, one hospital (with a lot of ambulances), and a cafe, but I never went. There are several shops and supermarkets, raskisnici, but no square. There are six banks. There are two libraries ... my mother works in a library. There is one school, but it is small. There are many churches.

PORODICA
Sabahudin Redžepović

Moje ime je Sabahudin Redžepović, ajli možeš da me zoveš Sabo. Ja sam rođen u Nemačkoj u 1993. Došao sam u Ameriku s porodicom 1999. Bili smo moji roditelji, stariji brat, starija sestra, i ja. U 2002, majka mi je rodila mlađu sestru – ona se zove Layla (Lejla). U Americi, imamo samo jednu grupu rođace sa moje mamine strane. To su moj dajdža, dajnica, i troje njihove dece. Svi drugi u mojoj familji žive u bivšoj Jugoslaviji.

Sa mamine strane, svi su se rodili u Novom Pazaru, Sandžaku, u Srbiji. Imam dve tetke koje sada žive s svojim porodicama u Nemačkoj, jedan dajdža koji živi u Švajcarskoj, i još jednog tetka i tetku koji još žive u Srbiju.

Moj babo misli da je otac moje babe imao oko trinaest supruga. Zbog toga, moj babo ima mnogo braće i sestara po ocu. Svi moje amidže i hale su rođeni i još žive u Sarajevu, Bosnu. Ipak, moj babo nema upravne braće i sestare – on je rastao sam, bes braće i sestara, sa njegovom maćehom zato što je njegov otac umro kad je imao samo deset godine. Isto, njegov prava majka ga i njegov otac napustila kad je bio vrlo mlad.

MY FAMILY
Sabahudin Redžepović

My name is Sabahudin Redžepović, but you can all me Sabo. I was born in Germany in 1993. I came to America with my family in 1999. It was my parents, my older brother, older sister, and myself. In 2002, my mother gave birth to my younger sister—her name is Layla (Lejla). In America, we have only some relatives from my mother's side. Those are my uncle, aunt, and three cousins. And others in my family live in the former Yugoslavia.

On my mother's side, everyone was born in Novi Pazar, Sandžak, Serbia. I have two aunts who now live with their families in Germany, one uncle who lives in Switzerland, and another uncle and aunt who still live in Serbia.

My father believes that my grandfather had thirteen wives. Because of that my father has many brothers and sisters from his father. All my uncles and their wives are born and still live in Sarajevo, Bosnia. Still, my father doesn't have direct brothers and sisters—he grew up alone, without brothers and sisters, with his step mother because his father died when he was only 10. His biological mother left him when he was very young.

A CHRONICLE OF HOVERING
Vladimir Pištalo
Translated by Nada Petković

At the very cusp of the twentieth century, terror swept my grandmother off her feet when she realized nobody was waiting for her at the New York port. The nine-year-old girl found herself alone in the humangous New World. On Ellis Island, she was discovered by one Đuro Basara, who took her home to the mining town of Export in Pennsylvania. She was still hovering from fear, so Đuro Basara took her hand and pulled her through the air like a balloon. She needed ample time to settle into her new continent. This quiet girl later married one of Đuro's relatives and gave birth to my mother.

As much as my grandmother was forever afraid of life, my mother was equally stubborn as a child.

At parties, this stubborn child would suddenly jump up and shout, "Mitar is screwing around with Mileva!" The women in Export hated her, but the girl who eventually became my mother did not think well of her neighbors either.

"All whores," she would say.

My mother tried to stop immorality in the small mining town. She even spied on her own father and reported everything to her mother. When he found out, the scar on his forehead deepened and turned red. The old miner grabbed a wine barrel, pushed it up the hill near their house, nailed my mother inside, then pushed it down the slope.

While my mother was rolling in a barrel in Export, in nearby Wilmerding my father was selling Pittsburgh Press newspapers. In Wilmerding, the river was polluted with sulfur, and the small town was covered with black dust from the steel mills. The boy who later became my father admitted that he hated selling newspapers.

"The newspaper cost two cents. If somebody happened to give me ten cents and tell me to keep the change, I would immediately count four papers and throw them in the river."

While the First World War was raging in Europe, there was a lot of orphans among our immigrants in America. My father's family was aware they were not American. They referred to Anglo-Saxons as "keksars" because they ate cookies, which to us were not real food. My father was left without his father when he was ten. His mother did not speak English,

and she wore traditional folk clothing. But my father was never ashamed of her. He held her hand proudly, as they walked. She passed away when he was fourteen. When, at eighteen, my father refused to continue school and instead married a sixteen-year-old, he broke his stepfather Tima's heart. Out of his small inheritance, he bought a Studebaker and started teaching my mother how to drive. Like in a slapstick comedy, that ended when, she plowed the car through the window of the barbershop. Soon after that, the young couple moved to Chicago.

During my childhood, a street was a street and not some idea of a street. I carried an umbrella, not because I thought it might rain but because it did rain. Now we think that reality is all in people's minds. But the neighborhoods we lived in were very real. On one side, we bordered the Irish neighborhood and on the other, the Italian neighborhood, where you could easily get into a fight. In my neighborhood, though, there were no gangs. Mothers congregated on the street. Old bachelors stopped children to ask if they knew about Pupin and Tesla and pestered them with questions about school.

We came to Chicago in the late 1920s, and my father got a job with the railroad. At that time, to have a job at all was a big deal. My father could have paid off the house if he were some other man. However, instead of planning and saving, he grew a moustache, flashed his beautiful teeth and played the tamburica. They called him Sheik, after Rudolph Valentino. Someone once said that most South Slavs were constantly obsessed with finding "one thing that could solve all their problems." In the case of my father, that one thing was betting on horses. My father believed that he would get rich because he had a system. He stuck to his system faithfully and lost money systematically. My mother tried to snap him out of it.

"Fuck your system," she said.

My father perfected his system with his Jewish friend Ben. Mother expressed her feelings about Ben laconically.

"Fuck Ben."

Ben's wife hated my father just as much as my mother hated Ben. Ben's eyes blazed feverishly. He

squinted and kvetched to my father from his deeply suffering heart.

“When you are married to a Hungarian you don’t need a mother-in-law.”

These two misunderstood visionaries, Ben and Sheik, found themselves in bars, nodding their noses and testing out their system. Those small betting parlors were controlled by the Mafia. Gambling was illegal. My father sometimes took me with him. We would knock on the door and enter a narrow room. Blaah, blah, blah, blah, blah! The radio spit out data about all the races like a downspout after a rainstorm. The sheets for all the race tracks hung on the wall. I knew them all: Hialeah, Santa Anita, Arlington.... The horses had mystical names. Father nervously drew on his list and later explained at length why we didn’t win. It was raining that day, and our horse, as I knew, ran poorly in the rain.

One beautiful image of my father’s betting days stands out. I was playing baseball on Clybourn Avenue and was happy with the fact that now was now, that I was who I was, and that I was playing baseball on Clybourn Avenue. A large car with a lit sign on its roof pulled up in front of the house.

From that unseen luxury called a taxi, my father stepped out and mumbled drunkenly, “Son, go upstairs and get money from your mother. I need to pay the taxi.”

I ran up the steps. “Mom! Dad’s drunk. He needs to pay the taxi.”

My mother thought life was crazy, so she calmly counted out the money. I went down and paid the taxi. Father staggered up the stairs, and I shamefacedly followed him.

“You drunk!” Mother barked when we came in. Father suddenly straightened up and flashed his beautiful teeth in triumph. He reached into his pocket, pulled out money, and threw it all around the room. He was not drunk. He had won a lot of money on a horse named Spy’s Song. We stood speechlessly, astonished. Now it seems to me that those dreamy dollars danced around the room the whole afternoon. They float before my eyes every time I think about my father.

Later in life, I sought his advice when I was dating a girl whose sister was interested in me. I told my father that I thought... it wasn’t a good idea.

Sheik’s eyes filled with that silky sheen like Ben’s, and he said:

“You’ll be sorry.”

Now I’m older, and I am sorry.

Despite his betting habit, my father regularly sent money to my mother’s family in Export. The mines were in crisis. It was the Depression, and many people from Wilmerding came to Chicago and boarded with us until they found work. Even after they found work, they would sometimes stay on, helping toward rent and food. Many of our boarders laid tracks for the Chicago streetcars. They hammered and drilled outside all year long. I remember some of their names: Teddy Višnjić, Joe Belić, his brother Ducksy, Pete Basara, and, if I recall, Nicky Manović. Their names are close to me and also exotic. To be precise, I understood but didn’t speak Serbian. I was blond, and the priest, who taught us Serbian, told me, “You are not a Serb, you’re Russian.”

I stopped attending his classes. That priest also got on my nerves because he constantly talked about money.

Our boarders had a reputation as handsome people. In the evening they would go out with polished shoes, white shirts, ties, and Girardi hats. They sat in front of Dorothy and John Bosnjakov’s café, drinking and laughing wildly. In my memory they were mustachioed, warm, and generous. Tall as they were, they would stand in a wide circle and toss me, one to another, around the room.

These were the experiences before experience. The experiences of a beloved child to whom the world appeared generous. I remember when Sima and Vladimir Oslić were told their father would go blind. The brothers went to a surgeon and proposed that they each give one eye so their father could have two. Mirko Dragović was six foot five and so handsome that women followed him on the street. But he stuttered. He introduced himself to women like Michael Scott. He fantasized about expensive bars like the “Rush Street.” Later, he became rich from his construction business.

He would stop me on the street, put his hand on my shoulder, and say, “Ssss-s-sonny, yyy-you know what we need? We need to have ccc-c-lasss.

My cousin Miloš Matjović once drove with friends from Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, to Chicago and didn’t stop talking for fourteen hours.

When the first Chicago buildings started to pass by, he stopped talking, coughed, and complained, “I suddenly have a tickle in my throat.”

He later opened a bar in the neighborhood

JEDNA OD MOJIH VEŠTINA

Nora Dolliver

Hodam jako brzo. Uvek sam šetala ovako, a ne znam tačno zašto. Možda zato što sam iz Njujorka, gde ljudi uvijek žure svuda—to nije samo stereotip, nego istina—ili je možda tako jer imam visokog oca. Mislim da je uzrok i jedno i drugo, jer ako neko živi u velikom dinamičnom gradu sa visokim ocem, naravno da će da hoda brzo.

Ali kad sam bila u srednjoj školi često sam šetala brže od kolega, iako su oni naravno bili iz istog velikog grada kao i ja. Kad bih bila na metrou ujutro i videla kolegu ili koleginicu iz škole, ponekad im ne bih prišla zato što nisam želela da zakasnim u školu. Sama sam mogla da hodam brže.

I ja sam uvijek želela da hodam, za razliku od kolega, koji su govorili da možemo da putujemo metroom ili autobusom gratis—imali smo specijlane karte za studente—i nije im bilo jasno zašto bih ja hodala tako dugo! Zašto, ponavljam, zašto ja idem pešice? Jer moram da šetam, jer je to jedna od mojih veština, i ako ne hodam često, mogu ja da izgubim tu veštinu.

ONE OF MY SKILLS

Nora Dolliver

I walk very fast. I’ve always walked this way, I don’t exactly know why. Perhaps because I am from New York where people rush everywhere—this is not just a stereotype but the truth—or perhaps because my father is tall. I believe, the reason for my quick pace is the combination of the two.

When I was in highschool, I often walked faster than my classmates, although they were from the same city as me. Sometimes, when I would see a classmate on the metro in the morning I would not approach him or her because I didn’t want to be late for school. I knew I would be faster on my own.

Also, I always liked to walk unlike my classmates who would always suggest metro or a bus for free—we had students’ monthly passes. They didn’t understand why I needed to walk for so long. Why, why do I like to go on foot? Because I have to walk, because this is one of my skills and if I don’t walk often enough, I can lose this skill.



Znam da kad bi znala istinu o mojoj porodici, ne bi želela da bude deo te porodice. Ti i ja nis-
mo prijateljice, to ne mogu da poreknem. Ali vo-
lim tvoju sestru, i ti je takođe voliš. Ti moraš da
se složiš da ovaj brak ne bi uspeo. Tvoja sestra
će biti sama i tužna. Zašto ne uradimo nešto za-
jedno? Šta ti misliš, šta možemo da uradimo?

Srdačno te pozdravlja,

Nora

would happen if Marko would become my brother's
son-in-law? That would be a catastrophe. Indeed,
Marko is the worst son-in-law on Earth for my broth-
er. What would they do together? I know. They will
drink, probably with your brother and my father.

Can I speak with your sister? I know that if
she would know the truth about my family, she
would not desire to be part of that family. You
and I are not friends, I cannot deny that. But I
like your sister and you also love her. You have
to agree that this marriage would not succeed.
Your sister will be alone and sad. Why don't we
do something? What do you think we can do?

Sincerely,

Nora

called "Mike's." When a fight would break out in the
bar, Miloš would rush in, throw the troublemakers
to all sides, and the fighting would stop. Once while
he was making sandwiches, he cut himself and lost
a little blood.

He got concerned, leaned into my face and whis-
pered, "Sonny, I won't lose my manliness from this,
will I?"

Miloš was married to Mary, an orphan from Cro-
atia. Once, she escaped from him for a year. Miloš
suspected the mechanic across the street.

He pounded his fist on the hood of a car, un-
der which the mechanic was hiding, and shouted,
"Come out so I can break your legs."

Later, Mary returned to him and took care of
him when he got sick. They grew old together sur-
rounded by plastic ashtrays she collected, in an
apartment where the dog quarreled with a parrot
and a television set always blared.

At Charlie Zerović's barbershop, the customers
were less attracted to his comb and scissors than
what he said while he worked and how he said it. I
would bring students to get their hair cut at Zerović's
and see his show. Like an opera singer, Charlie was
afraid of catching a cold. His wife Lillian would al-
ways warm his beer because he was so concerned
about his "organ." He looked like Salvador Dali.

He would curl his moustache, lift a finger, and
announce, "Stalin is a fraud. The next revolution
will be the real one."

I believe Serbs are actors and Montenegrins
painters. There was so much theater around us.
Charlie was a barber-actor. His two brothers, Jake
and Pro, were also actors. They were catch wrestlers.
In their matches everything was set up, who would
win and who would lose. Nobody got injured. Jake
was the bad guy named the Crazy Russian. It would
look like he hit his opponent in the balls and poked
them in the eyes. Pro's professional name was Pierre
Lamar, after the French playboy. All the immigrants
from Clybourn Avenue loved Pierre Lamar.

The Simić family owned a butcher shop on the
train line. The upper half of Danica Simić was all
chest. She spoke with proper grammar, using the
language of educated people. My mother thought
she was a bit odd and at the same time admired her.
Danica was like Catherine the Great in her shop.
She lectured on everything while selling meat. Her
three daughters had large chests like their mother
and good figures. Mariana, who played piano, was

married to a Serbian priest, a handsome but wild
roughneck who abused her. Saveta was a contralto
married to Danilo Dragović. Zdravka was a balle-
rina. She rubbed her body against men to provoke
them, but the truth was nobody got lucky with her.

"Shit!" young men from the neighborhood would
say. They were intimidated by the sisters. That aura
of something special repelled them.

I was always irritated by Serbian nihilism and
hatred of everything special or dear... like Zdrav-
ka who theatrically raised her head and waved her
arms while speaking. My liberal friend from college
liked her. The guys from the ghetto did not like her.
The father of the girls, Danilo Simić, was a member
of Soko. Very well postured and quick moving, he
would turn from his shoulders, not his head. The
bullies from the neighborhood pitied him because
Danica ran the shop. There was a lady in the neigh-
borhood, beautiful and quiet as an angel. My moth-
er called her Weeping Willow. It turned out Danilo
was screwing that angelic woman. His daughters
turned against him and wouldn't speak to him.
Later their father, the upright Soko member, had a
heart attack and died.

Zdravka theatrically placed the back of her hand
on her forehead and cried, "Why, why was I so cruel
to my father?"

"She's crazy!" said the Serbian guys from the
ghetto.

I loved my old neighborhood very much, but
that distaste toward everything different forced me
to leave, to isolate myself, to run as far as I could.
But most importantly, I felt that what the bullies
from the neighborhood mocked was worth more
than the mockers.

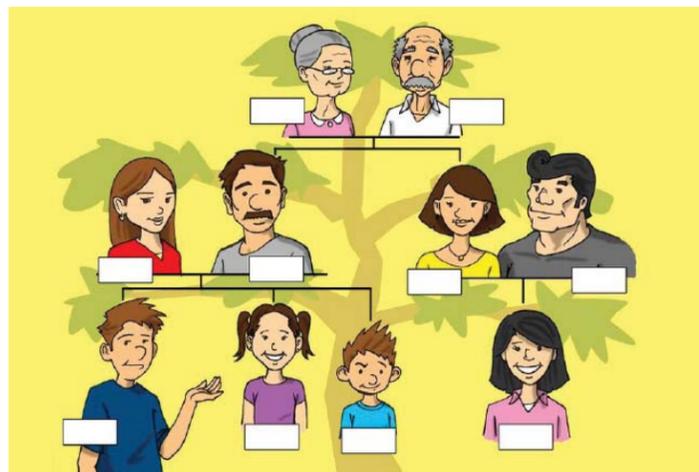
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I stand before a portrait of Professor Melvin
Bobić, the man who entrusted these stories to me.
The painter's brush has crowned Bobić's head with
a wreath of gray hair. Through narrow slits shine
mocking eyes, green as a goat's. The portrait is al-
most finished, except that instead of a mouth there
is a gaping void.

"I wasn't able to paint his mouth," explains paint-
er Abels flusteredly, "because Bobić never stopped
talking."

"The portrait made of words catches what es-
capes the painter," I assure Bobić as we leave the
studio.

Bobić is not listening to me. Something else oc-



cupies his attention, the street lights are lighting up the avenue. The light flashes exactly at the meeting point of the dark street and the pale blue sky. One cannot tell whether the light floats into the treetops or the street floats at the moment between day and night.

Old Professor Bobić lifts his finger and exclaims, “Look how beautiful it is.”

It must have been also beautiful before this moment, but it seemed as if him exclaiming: Look! illuminated the avenue! Under the rejuvenated streetlights, Bobić clears his throat and continues with his story.

*

Once I hosted Hannah Arendt when she was a guest speaker at our university in New Hampshire.

“Chicago is not really a city but a crossroads,” Hannah told me. She wasn’t the only one who felt Chicago was marked with some sort of immigrant hardship, that it was a sad city. To me it wasn’t sad. It was alive. The wind rose off Lake Michigan, large as a sea, and whistled through the steel bridges. People hid away in small restaurants to drink beer from pitchers and gnaw ribs from the grill. Between the buildings the ‘El’ rattled, and each window gave a flash. During my childhood, Dionis, the god of jazz, lived in Chicago. Clubs flourished, and revelers poured champagne into the musicians’ trumpets. In every jazz player’s repertoire at that time was a song called “The Sheik from the Small Town.”

I went to a good school. There were students from all parts of the world, Anglo-Saxons, Poles, Jews, Serbs, Croats, and Caribbean blacks. Chicago made me happy. Mother would prepare a breakfast for me, and I would gladly go off to school. It was the time of Capone and the gangsters, but there was less chance of getting robbed or attacked on the street than nowadays.

In the east was the Gold Coast. In the west were the ghettos, the poor neighborhoods. I lived further west, but my school was near the Gold Coast in the wealthier part of the city, not far from Lincoln Park. In the park were statues of Lincoln and Goethe made by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. There was also a zoo with live animals and gorillas, as well as a botanical garden with tropical plants, where our class studied botany. The park stretched out for miles along the lake, which sparkled a beautiful blue.

Occasionally, my father saw me to the train and I traveled by myself to my mother’s family in the

mining town of Export. When I arrived, people were impressed that I had traveled alone so young. Although the town was only twenty-two miles from Pittsburgh, many of the older Serbs had never been there. Villagers once upon a time, they were afraid that their shallow roots in America would be ripped away if they crossed the threshold again, and that they would, holding each other’s hands, float like balloons into the sky above the New World.

My cruel grandfather, who had sealed my mother in a barrel and pushed her down a hill, was always good to me. Whenever I arrived, he would roast a lamb on a spit. At the mine, he would get a tightly closed tiered aluminum lunch box. Part of the daily allowance was cake. He never ate it at work but always left it for me. I didn’t like that cake, but I never told him.

During Prohibition, my grandpa, Miloš, made *rakija* and ran an illegal tavern. Even after Prohibition ended, people kept the habit of coming to the house. In the summer, they would gather under the grapevines. In the winter, the house was always warm because there was plenty of coal from the mine. And also bread and conversation. When I was a small child, objects at my grandpa’s house had no names, and they all shined. I learned the names of these objects by calling them out, which extinguished their shine one by one. But the people and their stories continued to shine. Whenever my grandpa Miloš entered a room, it lit up. The light would brighten even more when his daughter Kata, the storyteller, walked in. In her presence, nobody else would actually talk.

I don’t recall that life as bad. There were good stories, gossip, and wisdom. In fact, my cousin Matjović who talked for fourteen hours was no exception. Among the immigrants in Export existed what scholars call an “oral tradition,” of which I am a living example. Everybody yelled, and nobody ever shut their mouths. I grew up with tales about the strikes, about my mother and her Italian neighbor Brocca throwing rocks at the police squad from the roof of that very house.

I was little and the only grandson. I did not understand problems. To me all of this was scenic. Actually, in Export children did not have shoes, or they had a single pair, which they saved for winter. Many wore only pants with suspenders. Boys snatched balls from the golf course, wrapped them firmly with rope, and played baseball with them.

PISMO
Nora Dolliver

Draga Bronwyn,

Da li znaš da su moj ludi brat i tvoja lepa sestra zaručeni? Pretpostavljam da ne znaš, zato što da si to znala, ti bi mi rekla nešto o tom odnosu. Nadam se da se slažeš da taj odnos ne treba da se nastavi. Kao što znaš, ako bi moj brat oženio tvoju sestru, ja bih bila tvoja jetrva, a ti bi bila moja jetrva. To—sigurna sam da se slažeš—bi bila strašna katastrofa. Jednostavno nije moguće. Ja te ne podnosim! A ti ne podnosiš mene! To je jedina stvar o kojoj se slažimo.

Sećam se dobro prvi put da smo se upoznale. Bili smo na fakultetu, gde si bila lingvistica a ja, studentkinja književnosti. Mislila sam onda da si bila aroganta i ohola, i bila sam u pravu. Volela sam tvoju slatku sestru i čak tvog bivšeg momka, Jovana, iako nije bio previše pametan. Ali ti, pa dobro znaš da nikad nisam volela tebe. I ja znam da uvek si osećala isto—kao što sam rekla, to je naš jedini sporazum. Mislila si da sam površna i prosta. Verovatno to još uvek misliš. Premda smo ponekad bile prijateljski raspoložene, nikada nisam zaboravila da nismo bile prave prijateljice.

Ali to nije aktuelan problem. Nismo više na fakultetu. Sada je problem što moj brat i tvoja sestra žele da budu zajedno zauvek. Tvoja sestra je dobra devojka. Moj brat, kako sam rekla, je lud. Nije samo lud nego je i ženomrzac, ženskaroš, ženskar. A moj otac? Pa, on je tačno tip koji bi imao sina kao moj brat. Kako može da bude svekar tvoje sestre? I moja majka verovatno ne može da bude svekrva tvoje sestre. Moja baka i deda davno su umrli, ali baka je bila kockar i deda je bio besposličar. Moj ujak je alkoličar, i njegova žena, moja ujna, je narkomanka. Tatin brat, srećom, je neženja i nema decu. Zaista samo volim moju sestru u celoj porodici. Ona bi bila odlična jetrva tvoje sestre, kao što je odlična svastika mog muža.

Opet, tvoja porodica nije bolja. Na primer, tvoj muž. On, kako dobro znaš, je ženskaroš i istina je da je džukac. Čak mislim da ti si bolja od njega. Jovan je bio glup, ali Marko je strašan. Šta bi se desilo ako bi Marko bio zet mog brata? To bi bila katastrofa! Stvarno, Marko je najgori zet na svetu za mog brata. Šta bi oni radili zajedno? Znam: oni bi pili, verovatno sa tvojim bratom i mojim ocem.

Da li mogu da razgovaram sa tvojom sestrom?

LETTER
Nora Dolliver

Dear Bronwyn,

Do you know that my crazy brother i your beautiful sister are engaged? I presume you don’t, because if you knew, you would have told me something about their relationship. I hope that you agree that this relationship should not continue. As you know, if my brother would marry your sister, I would become your sister-in-law. That would be a catastrophe, I’m sure you agree. It is simply not possible. I cannot stand you, and you cannot stand me! This is the only thing we agree upon.

I remember clearly when we met for the first time. We were at the university, where you were a linguistics student and I a student of literature. I thought at that time that you were arrogant and cruel, and I was right. I liked your sweet little sister, even your ex-boyfriend Jovan, although he was too smart. But, as you well know, I never liked you. And I also know that you felt the same way. As I previously said, this was our only agreement. You thought that I was superficial and lacking sophistication. You probably still believe the same. Although we used to be friendly to each other, I have never forgotten that we actually were not true friends.

But, this is not our current problem. We are not anymore at the university. The problem now is that my brother and your sister want to be together forever. Your sister is a good young woman. My brother, as I said, is crazy. Not only that he is crazy, but he also hates women, and he is a womanizer. And my father? He is exactly the type of man who deserves a son like my brother. How could he possibly be a father-in-law to your sister? And my mother probably cannot be a mother-in-law to your sister. My grandmother and grandfather died long ago but my grandfather was a gambler and my father is a bum. My uncle is an alcoholic and his wife, my aunt, is a drug addict. My father’s brother fortunately is unmarried and has no children. I really like only my sister in the entire family. She would be an excellent sister-in-law to your sister, as well as she would be a perfect sister-in-law to my husband.

Again, your family is not better. For example, your husband. He, as you know well, is a womanizer. And, for sure, a jerk. I even think tt you are better than him. Jovan was stupid, but Marko is terrible. What

РОДБИНСКИ ОДНОСИ

Бронвин Коел

Драга Нора,

Наша продица је пуна лудих и будала. Мени их је лично доста. Баба ујна одбија да узима своје лекове, мислећи да председник Обама жели да је убије. Рекла сам јој да Обама не зна да она живи уопште. Она није толико важна жена. Рекла ми је да је не поштујем. Прилично тачно. Муж наше сестре, наш зет Марко, пије ракију целог дана и шета по граду са скитарама сваког викенда. Груб, безобразан простак! Не могу да разумем зашто је наша лепа, паметна сестра одлучила да се уда за њега. Казала сам јој да он није добар човек, али ме она никада не слуша.

Штавише, моја јетрва Лара има велики проблем са шопингом. Може да се каже да је она у потпуности зависна. Лара купује нову хаљину сваког дана. А то нису јефтине хаљине! Поврх тога, оне су ружне. Модерне, али ружне. Нема укуса, а убрзо неће имати ни пара. И још се бринем о ујаку. Не може да одбаци ништа. Има хрпе новина и гомиле празних боца и доноси животиње кући. Мислим да има више од двадесет кућних љубимаца. Кућа је прљава и опасна због овог његовог проблема.

Помози ми! Више не могу сама.

С љубављу,
Бронвин

KINSHIP

Bronwyn Koehl

Dear Nora,

Our family is full of crazy foolish people. I've had enough of them personally. My great aunt refuses to take her medication, believing that the President Obama wants to kill her. I told her that Obama is not even aware that she exists and that she is not that important of a person. She told me that I do not respect her. Very true. The husband of our sister, our brother-in-law Marko, drinks Rakiya all day long and he roams through the city with street-walkers every weekend. Crude, rude, and disrespectful. I cannot understand why our beautiful smart sister decided to marry him. I told her that he was not a good man but she never listens to me.

Moreover, my sister-in-law Lara has a big problem with shopping. One can say she is completely dependent on it. Lara buys a new dress each day, every day. And those are not cheap dresses! Worst of all, they are ugly. Modern, but ugly. She has no taste, and soon, she won't have money either. And I still worry about my uncle. He cannot throw away anything. He has piles of newspapers and piles of empty bottles and he brings animals home. I believe that he has more than 20 house pets. The house is dirty and hazardous because of this problem.

Help me! I cannot cope with this anymore.

Love,
Bronwyn.

They would bat using the handle of a shovel from the mine. This was not poverty to me. Because, I sat in the lap of Rade Banda, who had eyes like a raven. His half-brother Šarac was surreal. He had a gold tooth and a straw hat. He told funny stories, mainly about the Old World, where, as we all knew, the clouds and the cherries were the most beautiful. When many young women would surround him, he spoke vulgarly to shoo them away. These men were friends of my grandfather, and they were gods on my childhood Olympus.

In the center of town were a gas station and a movie theater. But the real center of the town was a gaping hole in the earth—the coal-mining shaft! They kept me far from that hole in the ground. The mine was a dangerous place where people got injured. The hole caused lung diseases. Miners were ashamed of having tuberculosis, so they hid it, which cost many lives. That dark hole eventually grabbed hold of my grandfather. His voice shrank to a hollow echo. They sent us a telegram in Chicago when he died. Consumption arrived from the eternal night of the mine and took my aunt Kata at the age of thirty-two. I think of my grandfather and Aunt Kata as two lamps extinguished by the mine's black dust. I always believed that these people, who had told me stories while holding me on their laps, were victims, were not given a chance, and that their lives somehow needed to be embellished. Perhaps I embellished them in my memory.

Later, When my grandmother died, the priest in the Russian church showed us a book. In it were prayers she had offered for the dead. She gave, little by little, whatever she had at the time, ten cents, a quarter... In the book were many unfamiliar people whose souls my grandmother had cared about. I, personally, was not indifferent to the souls of the people in Export. I loved their ...color. I never abandoned them. At the same time, the older I became, the further away I wanted to run. I am not proud of all my reasons for leaving. Partially, it was my idea of success. I believed that a richer life was also a better life, about which there is room for debate. I was also unnerved by people's disapproval of all things "sublime."

I wanted to tear myself away from the ghetto in Chicago, from the black dust of the steel mill in Wilmerding, and from the hole that devoured people in Export. If I did successfully escape, it was because Jacob's Ladder descended from heaven, and I

floated upward on it.

The older I got, the more eagerly I returned to Chicago. "It's wonderful to be a Yugoslav American," wrote Slovene writer Louis Adamič at the end of his book *The Native's Return*. This book was recommended to us students in the multi-ethnic city of Chicago. Although it caused controversy among South Slavic immigrants, to me the book simply personified the idea of homeland.

To remember is just like sailing a boat. If you catch a good wind, life passes quickly before your eyes. My high school was good and interesting, and I liked it. A girl named Mary Bubalo had the highest grade average in the whole school. Betsy Milanović, a soprano from our school, later sang at the New York Opera. She ruined her life by marrying some singer whose empty head served as a resonator for his great tenor. The tenor later ran off to make films in Mexico. My friend Roger Williams, a Caribbean black and one of the most brilliant people I've ever met, was capable of reciting the longest literary quotation from memory. Theodore Beno, a violinist, and Leonard Caston, a black bassist, were also from our school. In the 1930s, many art programs were funded by the government. It was not in vain that my grandmother lit a candle for Roosevelt. Students learned how to play music and paint. Two of my colleagues, Alex Kazović and Harold Miller, wrote their first novels in high school.

Later, Harold met me and confided, "High school was the happiest time of my life. After that, life never even came close."

At the time, school advisers didn't talk much about your personal problems, but rather tried to find you a job. My teacher Laura Luburger, who limped, called me into her office and said she had a job for me. She also told me how to get there. I ran one block then took a streetcar. Then I hopped on the 'El' that thundered between the buildings, and then another streetcar. I found myself in the Gold Coast at a place called Newberry Park. Every evening, anarchists, socialists, and others gave political speeches there. Samuel Newberry founded a research library across from the park. Anyone could visit, but books could not be checked out. The atmosphere was very lofty and so quiet. When I entered the building, it seemed that I had spent all my previous years in unbearable noise. "Perhaps noise is not life, and silence death, but vice versa," wrote the Sicilian writer Gesualdo Bufalino. I entered through

the large door and climbed up the marble stairs. It was so quiet that all my movements seemed surreal. It felt as if by these steps I had ascended straight from the darkness of the mine in Export. And I believed that they continued up to the attic, where angels drank champagne from golden goblets.

I peeked into the reading room and saw people working at benches. Not a sound was heard. And there I saw the hooked nose of John T. Wildmore, a man with white hair and a dignified demeanor.

“I heard that you are looking for work,” said the curved nose. “Do you know the Dewey Decimal System used in cataloging?”

“No sir.”

Wildmore quickly explained the system and then pointed his finger.

“Do you see that pile of books?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Arrange them according to the system.”

My blood boiled as I arranged the books in no time.

“You’re hired!” announced Wildmore. “Come tomorrow, and be on time. The catalog is here. People will write their requests and their seat numbers. You will find the books and bring them to their seats. Got it?”

I was in school every day until two. Then I hopped on the streetcar and came in time to work at the library until six. At that time there were no copy machines. The collections were very important. We had a special collections department and a music room where concerts took place. We had a Native American collection with portraits of people and their history. We also had a history of the railways and a genealogy room. I was impressed with my colleagues who worked there. Johnny Polit, who was somewhat older than I, later became an actor. Marcello von Redlich worked in the cloakroom. Op-

era was his hobby. I shined with my smile and silk tie, worked at the library, and read Henry James.

I was good at that job. People ordered books, and I found them. Under my fingers, I felt the narratives silently flowing between the covers, similar to the narratives, gushing from the lips of my relatives in Export. Some books had pages made of thin gold foil. Readers turned them slowly, watching the golden reflections of their cheeks, glasses, and beards.

I was fast but quiet as a painted wind. I ran up and down the steps silently searching for books. Once they gave me a bunch of titles that were missing for years, and I found them all.

The head of the library, Stanley Pargellis, was a professor of English literature from Yale. His beautiful daughter sometimes came to visit him. I had no idea that he even knew I existed.

Then the time came for me to apply to college, and somebody said to me, “Bobić, Dr. Pargellis wants to see you.”

I entered his magnificent office.

The library head shook my hand and said, “Bobić, they tell me you know this library better than anybody.”

At those words, I left the ground and started to float in excitement. My silver tie hung suspended, but my legs gave out and gravitated toward the ceiling. With a movement that began as a hand shake, Pargellis held me in the air like a balloon.

He tilted his head and asked, “Do you want to go to college?”

“I do,” I stammered.

“Are you interested in Harvard?”

Instead of answering, I squeezed his hand tighter for fear that if he let go, I would immediately float off and disappear into the swirling sky above the New World.

MOJE IDEALNO JELO

Mladen Rašić

Jednog dana ja sam hteo da naručim kinesku hranu iz restorana u gradu. Kao pravi student koledža, ne volim da pripremam sebi ručak, i po mom mišljenju, balansiranje učenja i kuvanja je nemoguće. Posle tridesetak minuta, ja pozovem telefonom i očekujem glas drugog čoveka. Telefon zvoní i zvoní ali ništa ne čujem sa druge strane. Opet ja probam da pozovem, opet ništa. Sada sam bio u panici, naš grad je poznat na restoranima koji nikada ne spavaju, i evo mene, bez hrane, i bez nade.

Znam šta se dešava kada ne mogu da naruim hranu iz mog omiljenog restorana. Prvo, se umudrim. Da li želim picu, meksičku kuhinju, ili gladovanje. Drugo, zbog neodlučnosti se naljutim. Osećam se kao životinja u kavezu. Na kraju, najgore se dogodi, sam treba da spremim večeru. Ko zna šta će biti na mojem jelovniku.

Posle jednog sata, mrtav gladan, sedim sa sastojcima za ručak. Imao sam jednu bundevu, tri glavice luka, dva krompira, dve šagarepe, i buljon od piletine. Odlučio sam da ću praviti supu od bundeve. Prvo je trebalo da oljuštím povrće. Bez sprave za ljuštenje povrća, koristio sam nož. Bundeve je čudan bostan, i nije htela da se seče. Nož se slomio na kori i moja krv je lila kroz kuhinju. Kada sam zaplakao, čujem zvono telefona i brzo otrčim da ga podignem slušalicu. Taj glas nikada neću zaboraviti, bio je to glas iz mog omiljenog restorana! Dan je spašen!

MY FAVORITE FOOD

Mladen Rašić

One day I wanted to order Chinese food from a restaurant in the city. As an ordinary college student, I don't love to make my own food, and in my opinion, balancing cooking and studying is impossible. After 30 minutes, I call and expect to hear the voice on the other line. The phones rings and rings but I hear nothing from the other side. Again I try to call, again nothing. Now I was in panic, our city is known for restaurants that never sleep, and here I am, without food, and without hope.

I know what happens when I can't order food from my favorite restaurant. First, I become serious. Do I want pizza, Mexican food, or to starve. Second, because of my indecisiveness, I become angry. I feel like an animal in a cage. In the end, the worst happens, I have to make dinner alone. Who knows what will be on my menu.

After one power, I feel deadly hungry, I am sitting there with the ingredients for my lunch. I had one pumpkin, three onions, two potatoes, two carrots, and chicken broth. I decided to make pumpkin soup. First I needed to peel the vegetables. Because I didn't have a peeler, I needed to use a knife. Pumpkin is a strange vegetable, and didn't want to be cut. The knife broke, and my blood was spraying around the kitchen. Then I heard the phone ringing and I ran to pick it up. I will never forget that voice, it was my favorite restaurant. The day was saved!!

МОЈА ПОРОДИЦА
Јован Дојл Вагнер

Моја породица има много чланова и ми смо сви из разних држава. Моја мајка се зове Лидија и она је рођена, као и ја, у Аустрији, у граду Линз. Њена мајка се зове Терезија и она је рођена у бившој Југославији, у месту Бели Манастир код Осијека. Моја бака уме да говори шест језика течно: српски, немачки, мађарски, јапански, чешки, и енглески. Кад сам био врло млад, ја сам разговарао са њем на српском и немачком, али мој брат и моја сестра још не разумеју немачки, па бака сада говори са њима енглески. О, да! Имам и брата и сестру. Брат је рођен у Калифорнији и он се зове Роберт и сестра се зове Шарлота. Она живи у Сијетлу.

МОЈА PORODICA
William Bursich

Moja obitelj nije velika. Ja sam jedinac; nemam braću ili sestre. Međutim, imam mnogo rođaka. Moja majka se zove Suzana. Ona je Meksikanka. Moja baka (sa kojom živim za sada) je Meksikan-ka također. Baka je iz Meksika. Baka ne govori en-gleski vrlo dobro, ona preferira govoriti španjolski. Njezin muž (moj djed) nije živ. Dok baka ima mno-go nećaka i nećakinja (moji rođaci), moja baka sa otoka Krka samo ima samo jednog unuka--mene, i dvije unuke, koje se zovu Lisa i Mary. Moja majka je bila očeva žena i oni su moji roditelji. Moj otac je bio star. On je imao sedamdeset i osam godina kad je umro. Sada, on bi imao osamdeset godina da je živ. Nemam snahu, zeta ni nećaka ili nećakinju. Imam mnogo rođaka: tetke, ujake, stričeve, teče, i ujne, ali moja omiljena tetka je Nada... i moj hr-vatski ujak Tony.

MY FAMILY
John Doyle Wagner

My family has many people and we are all from dif-ferent countries. My mother's name is Lydia and she was born just like me in Austria in the town called Lys. Her mother's name is Teresa, and she was born in former Yugoslavia in the town of Belimanastir near Osijek. My grandmother can speak six lan-guages fluently: Serbian, German, Hungarian, Jap-anese, Czech, and English. When I was very young, I spoke with her in Serbian and German, but my brother and my sister still do not understand Ger-man. So my grandmother now speaks English with them. Oh, yes! I also have a brother and a sister. My brother was born in California and his name is Rob-ert and my sister is Charlotte. She lives in Seattle.

MY FAMILY
William Bursich

My family is not large. I am an only child; I have no brothers or sisters. However, I have many rel-atives. My mother's name is Susan; She is Mex-ican. My grandmother (with whom I now live) is also Mexican. Grandma is from Mexico. Grand-ma does not speak English very well, she prefers to speak Spanish. Her husband (my grandfather) is not alive. While grandma has many nieces and nephews (my cousins), my grandmother with Krka only has one grandson (me) and two granddaugh-ters, named Lisa and Mary. My mother was his fa-ther's wife, and they are my parents. My father was old. He was seventy-eight years, now, he would be eighty years old if he were alive. I have no sisters-in-law, brothers-in-law, or nieces and nephews. I have many aunts, and uncles, but my favorite is my aunt Nada ... and my Croatian uncle Tony.

THE HERO'S VALIANT STALLION:
THE PLACE OF THE HORSE IN TRADITIONAL HEROIC TALES OF THE BALKANS
Kelly Peyton

Much effort has gone into deconstructing the heroes of Balkan fairy tales and epics; the historical veracity of these eminent personalities, their place-ment in origin myths, and the social values they showcase are prime topics of study. It is perhaps not surprising that these heroes – these men of superior brawn, wit, and battle skill – have received so much scholarly attention. But this essay calls for a redirec-tion of that attention to the hero's overlooked yet unfailing companion, his equal in many ways, the figure on which his person both figuratively and lit-erally rests – that is, his horse.

Specifically in the Albanian magic tale *The Stir-rup Moor*, the Serbian epic *The Wedding of King Vukašin*, and the Serbian epics of Marko Kraljević, the protagonists are decidedly accompanied by their valiant stallions in a manner distinctly unlike that of other domesticated animal figures charac-teristic of these tales. These horses are named, they live lives in parallel with their heroic riders, and they often have access to supernatural information crucial to the hero's growth and the plot of the story. As will be seen, the pairing of the horse and hero is no coincidence; according to Maria-Corina Nicolae, the Balkan archetype of the equestrian rider has an-cient origins. In addition, Steven Soward's account of Balkan history attributes the prominence of the horse to the military values of the Ottoman Em-pire, which stretched across the Balkan Peninsula during the fourteenth century, the time these tales took place. Economically, the horse was a vehicle for trade, a key tool for food production in rural Bal-kan communities, and an advertisement of status, but the literary role of the horse is equally signifi-cant. In the aforementioned tales, horses serve to advertise and place the heroes within the synthe-sized Balkan and Turkish social and military hier-archy; to transition the hero from the natural to the supernatural world and subsequently connect the hero to his destiny and death; and to develop the hero's virtuous character by reinforcing the hero's sworn brotherhood bonds. This paper will launch from a historical account of the pairing of the hero and horse into the different functions of the horse within the three heroic story groups. It invites the reader to distribute his or her attention equally to

both the hero's horse and the horse's hero.

As stated, the coupling of the horse and hero in the Balkan tradition has ancient roots. Marina-Co-rina Nicolae proposes that the archetype stems from ancient Greek literature and art. The very term 'hero' employed by Homer implied possession of excellent equestrian skill, as the word in ancient Greek meant "warrior" or "Lord" – both figures that were consistently mounted on horses (Nicolae, 159). Moreover, Nicolae describes how a general-ly accepted Greek myth of the 5th-3rd century BC positioned the horse as the vehicle by which a boy transformed into a man, capable of participating in social life that revolved around hunting and battle:

The rider is represented as a youth, without beard, walking his horse. We might consider that this moment represents the first phase of the ini-tiation ritual, which aimed at training the male in order to take part in battle, acquiring thus the skills needed in warfare. The next moment is exempli-fied by the beard rider, dressed in a princely gar-ment (with the cnemid), killing the boar and the bear during an initiatic trial. Due to his strength and courage, he succeeds in obtaining a new social status. The final moment of this process is repre-sented by the ritual procession in which the rider, represented as a full grown man, holds in his right hand a vase of libation. (161)

Thus, the prototype that Nicolae deems the "Hero Rider" or "Thracian Rider" (163), painted on countless pieces of Greek pottery, exhibited the virtues and abilities necessary to reach maturity in Grecian society: skills for battle, hunting prow-ess, and courage. As Nicolae emphasizes, one was expected to embody these heroic qualities, though without necessarily attaining the prominence of an actual hero: "Hunting and fighting are activities of brave adult men, and they can be done heroically; that is, heroes hunt and fight, and so do real men. The latter are like heroes when facing extraordinary danger unflinchingly and successfully" (161). There-fore, the image of the equestrian rider exhibited and enforced civic expectations of Greek and Thra-cian men. In addition, the horse symbolized high status. Nicolae says, "The horse was a symbol of prestige, wealth and high status. Social rank has of-

ten been defined by the ability to own and maintain a horse. The Aristocratic families that ruled Athens during the 6th century BC often took pride in their nobility by starting or ending their name with the word hippos, horse” (162). Horse ownership shaped one’s public image and marked one’s affluence. It is not surprising, then, that the prestigious Thracian horseraces, which continue to present day in modern Greece, Turkey, and Bulgaria during Horse Easter, were key features of social life, as they reproduced hierarchy (Albanidis et al., 3).

The symbolic value of the horse, which signaled prestige, social status, masculinity, maturity, and prowess in battle in ancient Greece, continued to appeal to the highly militaristic and hierarchical Ottoman Empire, which occupied the Balkan Peninsula during the fourteenth century. Steven Sowards’ description of the Ottoman state in his *Twenty-Five Lectures on Modern Balkan History* explains why the Ottomans assimilated this once Greek Horse-Rider archetype. The Ottoman Empire centralized on the “military principle” (Sowards, 2), or the preservation of tightly controlled armies in conjunction with stable, religious, dynastic rule. The military organized itself around the cavalry, which augmented the value of equestrian skill and horses themselves. Often only those of high military rank and Muslim faith were legally allowed to own a horse (5). The resurfacing of the horse-riding hero archetype during the fourteenth century, then, aligned with contemporary Turkish values of military and monetary prestige, not unlike the values of ancient Greece. Even the local, conquered peasant towns found the horse symbol appealing, perhaps because it provided them a means of creating their own powerful heroes that both fit into and defied the Turkish heroic story model. In any case, historically, the equestrian rider was a long familiar symbol to the Balkan people, one that resonated with mesmerizing images of wealth, power, and masculinity dating back to ancient Greece that became increasingly relevant under Ottoman rule.

With this history in mind, the paper turns to the place of the horse in the tales themselves. As stated, *The Stirrup Moor*, *The Wedding of King Vukašin*, and the epics of Marko Kraljević all date to the fourteenth century and incorporate historical elements into their otherwise fictitious frameworks. For instance, Duke Momčilo, the protagonist in *The Wedding of King Vukašin*, was “a nobleman of the

fourteenth century who lived in Rodopa and died in 1361 – at Peritheorion – in a battle against the Turks” (Holton and Mihailovich, 87). In addition, Marko Kraljević was a fourteenth century Prince of Prilep (161), though he did not die in the grand way chronicled in the epics, but rather, like Momčilo, ingloriously in a battle for the Turks as a Christian knight (162). The first magic tale, *The Stirrup Moor*, follows a Prince of the human world on his quest to acquire the Princess of Jinns as his wife. The story launches from the synchronized births of the Prince and the king’s mare’s foal, both of whom are born with magical stars on their foreheads. Both the Prince and his grown stallion set out to find the Princess, who had dispatched to marry another Jinn. During the journey, the Prince assists a maiden and her seven brothers in a battle and swears brotherhood with the Moor, an “Earthly Beauty” disguised as a man (Elsie, 76). The second story, the epic of *The Wedding of King Vukašin*, chronicles the adulterous scheme of Duke Momčilo’s wife, Vidosava. Having received a letter from King Vukašin cajoling her to kill her husband and become the King’s wife instead, Vidosava betrays Momčilo and brings about his death by coating his magic sabre in blood and burning the wings of his mighty horse, Jabučilo. The final group of tales, the epics of Marko Kraljević, follow the “peasant hero” (Holton and Mihailovich, 162) Marko, a man consistently defiant of Turkish authority, and his “dappled” horse, Šarac. The following three epics particularly showcase Šarac, whom Holton and Mihailovich acknowledge to have “a character of his own” (162). In *Marko Kraljević and Mina of Kostur*, Marko abides by his mother’s command and serves the Tsar’s army (183), and solely his and his horse’s presence secures the defeat of the “Arab” enemy forces (186). In *Marko Kraljević and the Vila*, with Šarac’s assistance, Marko avenges and heals his sworn brother, who had been attacked by an envious vila. Lastly, in *The Death of Marko Kraljević*, Šarac’s stumbling signals Marko’s imminent death, and a vila directs Marko to a well to discover his fate. Marko kills his beloved Šarac before dying himself. Hence, in light of these summaries, the Prince’s Stallion in *The Stirrup Moor*, *Jabučilo*, and *Šarac* demand their own literary space in these stories. Their consistency and human-like complexity, their functions within the narratives as characters rather than objects, require greater investigation.

Firstly, horses situate their heroes within and re-

JEDNA OD MOJIH VEŠTINA

Emma Christenfeld

Jedna od mojih veština je da zaboravim sve što sam naučila. Ja zaboravim koliko je sati i gde je moja kuća. Ne zaboravim ime knjige ali zaboravim sva imena mojih prijatelja. Moja majka i moj otac ne mogu da razumeju a ja ne mogu da objasnim. Ne mogu da zaboravim lice kad treći put vidim nekoga, niti kako sam tu osobu upoznala prvi put. Takođe, zaboravljam srpski jezik ali nešto još uvek pamtim iz španskog. Probam da kažem nešto na srpskom i shvatim da sam sve zaboravila, probam da kažem na španskom...ali ne prolazi. Profesorka se ljuti i kaže:

“Envidio tu maestro español!”

MOJ ROĐAK MILAK

William Bursich

Moj rođak Milak je preružan! On ima preveliku glavu i ružnu, prljavu kosu. On ima smeđe oči... jedno veće od drugoga! Njegove uši su premale za njegovo lice. Njegov nos je kriv. On ima bradu kao guzica. Njegova usta su velika i bučna. Velika ramena, ali male ruke...velike bokave, ali kratke noge...velika, prijava stapala. Njegova kolena su kao grožđice, njegove laktovi su kao grejp. Nikako, njegov struk, zglob, bedro, gležanj, i vrat, su iste veličine. Ali, njegov vrat je vrlo dug. Njegovi palci i prsti su lepi, međutim. Također, memam rođaka Milaka.

ONE OF MY SKILLS

Emma Christenfeld

One of my skills is to forget all I learned. I forget what time it is, and where my house is. I do not forget the name of a book, but I forget the names of my friends. My mother and my father cannot understand and I cannot explain why. I can recognize the face once I see someone for the third time, and I remember how I met that person. Also, I forget my Serbian but I still remember some of my Spanish. I try to say something in Serbian and I realize that I forgot everything. I try to use some Spanish, but it doesn’t fly. My teacher gets angry and says:

“Envidio tu maestro español!”

MY COUSIN MILAK

William Bursich

My cousin Milak is really ugly! His head is too big and he has ugly, dirty hair. He has brown eyes ... one is bigger than the other! His ears are too small for his face. His nose is curved. He has a beard big like an ass. His mouth is large and noisy. Large shoulders, but small hands, big hips, and short legs ... big dirty feet. His knees are like raisins, his elbows like grapefruit. Somehow his waist, wrist, hip, ankles, and neck are the same size. But his neck is very long. His thumb and fingers beautiful, however. Also, I don’t have a cousin Milak.

IDEALAN ŽIVOTNI SAPUTNIK
Emma Christenfeld

Moja idealna žena mora da ima kovrdžavu crnu kosu. Ona mora da nosi naočare. Mora da igra neki sport. Mora da bude sportski građena. Da studira lingvistiku i antropologiju. Ona mora da bude vrlo romantična i da voli romantične filmove. Može da bude visoka, niska, vitka, tanka, mršava, debela, okruglasta, i jaka. Volim da diskutujem i da se raspravljam o antropologiji. Ja bih volela da se ona bavi antropologijom Afrike. Ja bih volela da zajedno putujemo u Južnu Afriku. Ja volim egzotičnu hranu pa bih volela da i ona ima sličan ukus. Ja bih volela da ona bude starija od mene. Ako se venčamo, mi ćemo dodati naša prezimena. Ona bi trebalo da ima hobi, preciznije da voli da čita i gleda filmove.

KULINARSKA PRIČA
Emma Christenfeld

Jednog dana, jedna od mojih prijateljica bila je gladna. Ona nije želela da kuva zato što je imala mnogo domaće zadaće. Ona je odlučila da skuva ramen. Otišla je u samouslugu da kupi ramen. Ramen je supa sa knedlama. Kada je uzela ramen, vratila se u dom. Otišla je u kuhinju sa prijateljem da kuva. Ona je otklonila omot sa poklopca ramena dok je razgovarala sa prijateljem. Stavila ga je u mikrotalasnu pećnicu i uključila je. Posle devet minuta, osetili su miris paljevine. Ramen nije teško skuvati ali ona je zaboravila da doda vodu. Posle su joj se svi studenti u našem domu smejali zato što praviti ramen ima samo tri radnje a to su: 1. ukloniti omot sa poklopca, 2. dodati vodu 3. staviti ga u mikrotalasnu pećnicu da se skuva. Ona je zaboravila da uradi jednu radnju od tri radnje u procesu. Mikrotalasna pećnica je preživela ali dom je mirisao na izgorele knedle. Ima mnogo priča o kulinar-skim veštinama mojih drugova u domu.

IDEAL PARTNER
Emma Christenfeld

My ideal woman needs to have curly black hair. She has to wear glasses. Must play some kind of sport. Must be athletic. Must study linguistics and anthropology. She needs to be very romantic and love romantic movies. She can be tall, short, slim, thin, very thin, fat, rounded and strong. I love to discuss and argue about anthropology. I would love to be an anthropologist of Africa. I would love us to travel to South Africa. I love exotic food, so I would love for her to have the same taste. I would love that she be older than me. If we get married, we will add our last names. She would need to have a hobby, more precisely, to read and watch movies.

COOLINARY TALE
Emma Christenfeld

One day, one of my friends was hungry. She didn't want to cook because she had a lot of homework. She decided to cook some ramen. She went to the store to buy ramen. Ramen is a soup with noodles. When she got the ramen, she returned home. She went into the kitchen to cook with a friend. She removed the wrapping from the lid of the ramen while she was talking with her friend. She put the dish into a microwave and turned it on. After 9 minutes, we could smell something was burning. Ramen is not hard to prepare, but she forgot to add water. Later on, all the students in our dormitory laughed at her because to prepare ramen needs only three steps, and those are: 1. to remove the wrapping from the lid. 2. To add water. 3. To put it in the microwave in order to cook it. She forgot to do one of three steps in the process. The microwave survived but the dorm smelled of burned noodles for a long time. There are many stories about culinary skills of my friends in the dorm.

inforce the Ottoman social and military hierarchy. As previously explained, under Ottoman rule, often only those of high military rank (achieved by displaying remarkable skill in battle) and wealth were allowed to own horses. Therefore, horses in tales enabled readers to recognize the high status of the horses' respective heroes (here, dukes and a prince) and advertised the heroes' dexterity on the battlefield, wealth, and prestige. In short, horses render main characters powerful, anomalous, even superhuman warriors, qualities necessary for the construction of the Turkish and, by assimilation, Balkan heroic image. In *The Stirrup Moor*, what marks the Prince as both aristocratic and exceptional is his profound bond to his horse. The tale begins with the declaration that the horse is solely the prince's privileged possession: "[T]he queen had a son with a star on his forehead and the mare had a foal with a star on his forehead. The king gave the stallion to his son and no one else was allowed to ride it. Everyone marveled when the two rode out together" (Elsie, 71). The narrator calls attention to the union between the prince and stallion by making it physically visible. Moreover, the placement of stars on their foreheads alludes to a cosmic or supernatural connection, which situates the Prince in a position of divine authority, though he remains nameless throughout the story. The horse-rider image also reflects and bolsters Ottoman and Balkan masculine virtues such as hunting ability and prowess in battle – virtues that heroes epitomize. Predictably, then, the narrator adds that "[The Prince] loved to hunt and went out every day with his stallion" (71). On the battlefield, the Prince's horse also takes center stage. When the Prince agrees to defeat the approaching army seeking the maiden's seven brothers, he defeats these enemies by blinding them with his and his horse's foreheads: "The king's son got up and mounted his stallion, stroking its mane and the forehead with a star on it. Then he took off his fez and set upon the soldiers. The two of them shone so brightly that the soldiers were blinded, and the youth was able to charge into their midst and slay almost all of them" (75). The Prince defeats his enemies through his connection to his horse, a metaphor for his acquired skill and brawn as a warrior. In conjunction with blindness as an allusion to divinity, this episode epitomizes the values promoted during the Ottoman's reign. The horse enables the heroic Prince to fit the ideal of the hero-rider, of

the warrior citizen – an ideal assimilated by Balkan people under highly militaristic and religious Ottoman rule.

The horse, then, can be seen as an extension of the Prince, as the externalization of his great warrior capability, so overpowering that it escapes his mere human body and takes the form of his majestic, enormous horse. In short, the horse channels and augments the omnipotence of the main character and transforms him into a warrior hero that meshes well with militant Turkish values. This not only applies to *The Stirrup Moor*, but also to *The Wedding of King Vukašin and Marko Kraljević and Mina of Kostur*. Duke Momčilo's horse, *Jabučilo*, resembles *Pegasus* in that he possesses enormous black wings (Holton and Mihailovich, 89). This broadens Duke Momčilo's freedom of movement in battle, rendering him undefeatable. As Vidosava states, "And Momčilo has a horse, *Jabučilo*,/*Jabučilo*, a horse that flied on wings,/that can fly o'er whatsoever he wishes" (89). *Jabučilo*, endowed with a name to identify him as significant and superhuman powers of flight, when paired with Momčilo, constructs the Duke's omnipotent, heroic image. It is only after Momčilo's wife burns *Jabučilo*'s wings that Momčilo's heroic power can be subverted; the horse's inability to fly prevents the king from hurdling the town gates to escape King Vukašin's troops (93). Furthermore, in *Marko Kraljević and Mina of Kostur*, Marko's notoriousness as a terrifying warrior, as perceived by the Arab soldiers in the epic, is largely derived from his horse, *Šarac*. The Arab soldiers only intend to attack the Tsar's troops once they know Marko, the Tsar's vassal, has departed, since they attribute the Tsar's battle success entirely to the renowned Marko Kraljević. They exclaim, "Go attack now, you fierce Arab soldiers!/ There is no more of that frightful warrior/on that huge horse, that immense dappled horse" (186). Marko's image as a warrior, in line with the Turkish conception of a hero, hinges on the grandness of his dappled horse, who, like *Jabučilo*, acquires heightened significance by being named. Thus, in order to attain warrior prowess and a heroic reputation in emulation of Balkan and Ottoman social values and hierarchy, Momčilo and Marko depend greatly on their equally heroic horses.

In addition, horses serve as the vehicles by which the heroes journey from the natural to the supernatural world. Horses are obviously heroes' main

method of transportation in heroic fairy tales and epics, but their contribution of movement to the narrative propels plot, promotes the heroes' character development, and launches them on what Joseph Campbell calls "The mythological adventure of the hero" (Campbell, 30). This adventure, according to Campbell, amounts to a separation from the mundane home followed by penetration of the once distant, supernatural world, which imbues the hero with divine power. He summarizes this formula as "separation-initiation-return" (30). This process parallels a dying to the world and rebirth; Campbell says, "[T]he really creative acts are represented as those deriving from some sort of dying to the world...so that he comes back as one reborn, made great and filled with creative power" (35-36). This death of the everyday man and rebirth into the hero is facilitated by the "herald" (51), a character that sets the hero's quest in motion. The "herald" parallels V. Propp's "magical agent" (Propp, 35) in his work *Morphology of the Folktale*. Propp defines the magical agent as that "which permits the eventual liquidation of misfortune" (39). The magical agent houses crucial, often otherworldly knowledge that enables the hero to enter the supernatural world and defeat the villain. Propp also emphasizes that magical agents are "objects of transmission" (44). In other words, they promote the movement of the hero from the natural to the supernatural sphere, though they often appear without plot buildup or introductions (45). What better agent of transmission than a creature of movement and symbol of the travel – the horse? Unsurprisingly, Propp specifically cites the horse as an example of a magical agent (35).

The Prince's horse, *Jabučilo*, and *Šarac* fulfill the role of magical agents. They act as facilitators of their heroes' journeys from the natural to the supernatural world and providers of crucial knowledge. In *The Stirrup Moor*, the Prince's horse, like the other tales' main horses, is endowed with speech. He can therefore relay a plan to the Prince that launches his journey to the other world of the Jinns:

When the son of the king of the humans heard that the maiden had been taken away, he became ill again and went to his stallion to tell him his tale of woe. The stallion said to him, 'Since you are going to die of longing for the maiden, go to your father and ask him to have his servants bring you your best clothes and to have them saddle me with two

pouches of money. Then say to him: I want to go out into the courtyard and ride my stallion before I die, because I cannot give up the ghost without have ridden my stallion one last time with my best clothes on.' (Elsie, 74)

Without his stallion, the Prince would not have been able to create such a precise plan – a plan so precise that it implies some knowledge of the future. The information allows the Prince to escape the confines of the palace to encounter foreign creatures, both human and inhuman. In *The Wedding of the King of Vukasin*, *Jabičulo* also discloses knowledge crucial to the demise of the villain, *Vidosava*: "Then his good horse answered him with a neigh: /O my dear lord, my dear Duke *Momčilo*, /do not curse me, and do not spur me on, /for no longer can I fly forth today. /May God strike down your love, *Vidosava*! /For it was she who set my wings on fire" (Holton and Mihailovich, 93). This line effectively seals the fate of all the characters in the story; it assures the swift denouncement of the wife, the demise of *Momčilo*, and the triumph of *Vukašin*. Notably, it ties the hero directly to death, once a distant afterthought in the mind of a seemingly indestructible man. Horses are also employed later in the epic to signify death; when *Momčilo* discovers that his nine brothers have been killed by *Vukašin*'s forces, "[H]e was met by nine jet-black horses, /not one brother rode on any of them" (92). The linking of the color black, symbolizing mourning, with these horses signifies death as something in motion, an imminent event approaching *Momčilo*. In short, it signals the transmission of the hero to the world of death. The horse's intimate connection to death and the supernatural is also illustrated in *The Death of Marko Kraljević*. *Šarac*'s stumbling foreshadows and, in fact, enables *Marko*'s death (209), as it drives *Marko* to inquire about *Šarac*'s sudden imperfection, just as *Marko* is jarred with the recognition of his own mortality. The fact that the horse is mourning also demonstrates that he somehow possesses supernatural knowledge concerning *Marko*'s fate in the manner of a magical agent. The *vila* soon tells *Marko* to "[r]ide your *Šarac* up to that very place," to the well of water, which will tell him his time of death (211). The horse is *Marko*'s figurative and literal transporter to death, to the supernatural world he is destined to enter. Thus, these three heroic horses enable their riders' to embark on their adventures, engage with the supernatural, interact

MOJ OTAC *Ana Lanier*

Moj otac je vrlo visok. On ima sedu kosu. Njemu nedostaje jedan zub. Slomio je ruku kad je imao petnaest godina. Ima dve ruke, dva oka, dva uha, i jedan nos. Njegov nos je dugačak i uzak. Njegove noge i struk su vrlo tanki. Moj otac radi mnogo pa su mu butine vrlo mišićave. Moj otac je takođe slomio palac pri padu niz stepenice. Imam zglobove mog oca—veoma mršave.

MY FATHER *Ana Lanier*

My father is very tall. He has gray hair. He is missing one tooth. He broke his arm when he was 15. He has two hands, two eyes, two ears and one nose. His nose is long and narrow. His legs and waist are very thin. My father works a lot so his thighs are very muscular. My father also broke his thumb in a fall down the stairs. I have joints like my father—very thin.



MOJA PORODICA
Ana Lanier

Moja porodica je mala. Moja majka nema braće ni sestara. Moj otac ima jednu sestru. To je moja tetka, Julie. Julie ima jednu ćerku koja se zove Megan. Megan je moja rođaka, tačnije moja sestra od tetke. Moji deda i baka sa mamine strane žive u Beogradu. Moj deda i baka sa tatine strane žive u Winston Salem. Moji strina i stric žive u Konektiketu. Moja tetka radi u Njujorku. Moji brat i sestra su blizanci. Oni imaju osamnaest godina. Julie je ćerka moje bake i dede, a njen muž se zove Robert. Robert je zet moje bake i dede. Nemam ujaka, ni ujnu, ni sestru ni brata od ujaka, kao ni sestrića ni sestričinu ni...

MY FAMILY
Ana Lanier

My family is small. My mom doesn't have any brothers or sisters. My father has one sister. She is my aunt, Julie. Julie has one daughter named Megan. Megan is my cousin, more precisely my sister from my aunt. My grandfather and grandmother from my mother's side live in Beograd. My grandfather and grandmother from my father's side live in Winston Salem. My aunt and uncle (on my father's side) live in Connecticut. My aunt works in New York. My brother and sister are twins. They are 18 years old. Julie is the daughter of my grandmother and grandfather and her husband's name is Robert. Robert is the son-in-law of my grandmother and grandfather. I don't have an uncle on my mother's side, nor an aunt on my mother's side, nor a cousin from that side, as well as a niece or a nephew...



with death, and, in some cases, die themselves.

Lastly, horses promote the hero's virtuous character by epitomizing and strengthening the hero's sworn brotherhood bonds. Whenever the three heroes discussed (the Prince, Momčilo, and Marko) swear bonds of brotherhood, their horses are notably present. Perhaps this is not surprising because the ardor and loyalty these heroes direct toward their stallions is not unlike that of two sworn brothers. For instance, in Marko Kraljević and the Vila, Marko establishes a code of obligation between himself and Šarac. He demands that the horse bring him to the vila that harmed Duke Miloš, both promising the reward of riches if he succeeds (as if money and decoration mattered to a horse) and the punishment of broken legs if he fails:

[Marko] embraces and kisses dear Šarac./'O my dear Šarac, my dear horse, my right hand,/if you catch her, vila Ravijojla,/I will shoe you with shoes of pure silver,/of pure silver and of bright, shining gold!/I'll cover you in silk cloth to your knees,/and from your knees, right down to your pasterns!/I'll braid your mane with threads of purest gold,/and adorn it with tiny, shiny pearls!/But if you fail, if you don't find the vila,/I'll gouge out your eyes, I'll tear them from your head!/I'll break your legs, I'll smash them one by one!/And I'll leave you behind, to live like that,/to drag yourself from fir tree to fir tree,/just as I would without my sworn brother. (206-207)

In this episode, Marko is projecting human desires and fears of punishment onto his horse, treating him as an equal, as a sworn brother. In short, the hero's horse epitomizes the brotherly loyalty Marko is expected to maintain with other human figures in the story. Marko's loyalty to Šarac is even more intensely displayed in The Death of Marko Kraljević. Upon looking into the well and realizing he is doomed to die, Marko declares, "I would never, never part with Šarac" (210), and, in accord with such a promise, he kills Šarac and gives him "a splendid burial" before lying down to die himself (212). Even in death, the horse and his heroic rider are inseparable, respectful of one another, and unwaveringly loyal, an idealization of the grip of Balkan and Turkish social bonds. The same display of brotherhood between the hero and horse paralleling human brotherly bonds is present in The Stirrup Moor. When the Prince and the Moor realize that both they and their horses are equals in a

fight, the Moor proposes that they become brothers: "[T]he Moor said, 'You are very strong indeed. Let us become brothers...The youth replied, 'All right, let us become brothers,'... So the Moor gave his word and they trusted one another... They called the other boy, took the horses with them and all went together" (Elsie, 77). During this episode, the Moor's mare and the Prince's stallion (the gender alignment reinforces the masculinity of the Prince) engage in a parallel truce and form a brotherhood with each other. This subsequently reinforces the brotherhood established between the Moor and the Prince. Interestingly, horses not only serve to positively promote the maintenance of brotherhoods, but they also reinforce the social conception that disloyalty is something worthy of great punishment. Just as Marko threatens Šarac for not following through with his demands, in The Wedding of King Vukašin, horses are employed in the context of punishment for betrayal. Vidosava, Momčilo's treacherous wife, is killed by quartering: "And [Vukašin] summoned his good, faithful servants./And they seized the bitch Vidosava./They tied her up to the horses' long tails,/they drove horses out below Pirlitor,/and the horses tore her apart alive" (Holton and Mihailovich, 95). Here, horses, symbols of ultimate loyalty, are selectively and appropriately chosen to punish unfaithfulness. Horses function to bolster and enforce social obligations of brotherhood and fidelity, and they are therefore a fitting companion for the hero, who must remain dedicated to his vassal in battle and his brothers in oath.

Without their horses, the Prince in The Stirrup Moor, Duke Momčilo, and Marko Kraljević could not have ripened into heroes immortalized in Serbian and Albanian tradition. The starred stallion, Jabučilo, and Šarac transform these three men into heroic, divine-like beings by situating them in positions of high social status and military power; by rendering them omnipotent warriors; by transporting them to the supernatural world and providing knowledge necessary for the completion of their heroic journeys; and by epitomizing the inviolability of sworn brotherhood. In this magic tale and these epics, horses, great, mystic beings themselves, enable their riders to attain greatness and become Balkan society's ideal men. In studying heroic tales, then, one must consider both the men atop the horses and the horses themselves.

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**CHARLESTON***Ana Lanier*

Živim u Charlestonu. Charleston se nalazi na obali Atlantskog okeana. Plaža se nalazi deset minuta od moje kuće. Ja ne idem u crkvu, ali Charleston ima preko stotinu crkava. Poznat je kao "sveti grad." Mnogi ljudi se venčavaju u Charlestonu. Postoji sedam crkvenih tornjeva koji su najviše tačke u gradu. Ima pet biblioteka u Charlestonu. Charleston je poznat po umetnosti. Ima monogo galerija i pozorišta. Svake godine Charleston ima veliki umetnički festival koji se zove "Spoleto." Charleston nema železničku stanicu, ali ima veliku luku. Korisiti se za velike i male brodove. Zbog toga što ima toliko mnogo reka, to je lako ići okolo čamcem. Charleston ima nekoliko autobuskih stanica, ali javni prevoz se ne koristi često u Charlestonu. Charleston ima dve bolonice na istoj raskrsnici. Ima mnogo hitnih pomoći u tom delu grada. Moji roditelji rade u bolnici. Oko glavnog trga nalazi se mnogo prodavnica, kafana, i muzeja. Na jednoj raskrsnici postoji pošta, policija, crkva, i sud, koji se zove raskrsnica "četiri ugla prava". Ona je veoma poznata. Jedna od ulici je moj omiljeni restoran, "Brzo i Francuski." Hrana je odlična. Moja kuća se nalazi deset minuta od centra grada izvan Charlestona. Dva bloka od moje kuće je samposluga i apoteka. Dve milje od moje kuće je bioskop. On se nalazi u malom tržnom centru. Kada sam bila mlađa išla sam u bioskop svakog vikenda. Charleston je veoma mali grad sačinjen od pet ostrva. To je lepo i toplo mesto, i takođe je popularna turistička destinacija.

CHARLESTON*Ana Lanier*

I live in Charleston. Charleston is located on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean. The beach is located 10 minutes from my house. I don't go to church, but Charleston has over a hundred churches. Charleston is known as the "Holy City." A lot of people get married in Charleston. There are seven church towers in Charleston, which are the highest points in the city. There are five libraries in Charleston. Charleston is known for its art. There are many galleries and theatres. Every year Charleston has a big art festival called "Spoleto." Charleston doesn't have a train station, but it does have a large harbor, which is used for big and small boats alike. Because there are so many rivers, it is easy to get around by boat. Charleston has several bus stations, but public transport is not used often in Charleston. Charleston has two hospitals at the same intersection. There are many ambulances in that part of town. My parents work in the hospital. Around the main square there are many shops, cafes and museums. At one crossroads there is a post office, police station, church, and a court. This intersection is called "the four corners of law." It is very well known. One of the streets has my favorite restaurant, "Fast and French." The food is excellent. My house is located 10 minutes from the city center outside Charleston. Two blocks from my house is a supermarket and pharmacy. Two miles from my house is a movie theater. It is located in a small shopping center. When I was younger I went to the movies every weekend. Charleston is a very small town made up of five islands. It's a nice and warm place, and is also a popular tourist destination.

Kao mnogo ljudi, imam veliku porodicu. Mnogi od mojih rođaka žive na jugu, ali moja neposredna porodica živi ovde u Čikagu. Moja majka se zove Elmira, i ona ima četiri sestre. Njeni roditelji, Jessie i Major, su umrli, nažalost. Moja majka ima dete iz prvog braka. To je moj brat Donald. Zapravo, on i moja sestra su moji polubrat i sestra, ali nikada nisam razmišljala o tome. Moj otac, Charles, je slikar i radi na universitetu. Mnogi ljudi ga zovu Dark Gable jer on je vrlo visok i lep. Moja baka po ocu ima 83 godine i živi blizu kampusa. Kada sam bila mlađa, nisam želela da idem njenoj kući jer mi je to bilo dosadno. Ipak, moji brat i sestra i ja smo sada stariji i često je posećujemo. Imam mnogo dece u mojoj porodici. Imam dve nećakinje i dve bratanice. Sa porodicom kao moja, razume se zašto ne želim da imam decu!

Like many other people, I have a big family. Many of my relatives live in the south but my immediate family lives here in Chicago. My mother's name is Elnira and she has four sisters. Her parents Jesse and Major passed away unfortunately. My mother has a child from a previous marriage. This is my brother Donald. Actually, he and my sister are my half brother and half sister. But, I never thought of it. My father Charles is a painter and he works at the University. Many people call him Dark Gable because he is very tall and handsome. My grandmother on my father's side is 83 years old and she lives near the University of Chicago campus. When I was younger, I didn't want to go to visit her because I was bored. Now, however, my brother and sister and I are older and we go to see her often. There are a lot of children in my family. I have four nieces, two from my mother's side and two from my father's side. With a family like mine, one can understand why I don't wish to have children

Abstract

This paper looks into the structural (morphological, semantic, pragmatic and sociolinguistic aspect of the various forms expressing familiarity, love and affection, which are also known as terms of endearment and diminutives. The status of diminutives in different languages has been the topic of many studies (Berko, 1958; Olmsted, 1986; Verschueren, 1987; Dressler and Barbaressi 1994, King and Melzi, 2004; Dabasinskiene 2009) but little was said about other lexical means expressing affection. The aim of this study is to compare and contrast ways of addressing the other that are emotionally charged in English and Serbian. As the results of the study indicate, when it comes to the structure and usage of diminutives and terms of endearment, both languages show similar or, in some cases, identical features.

Key words: term of endearment, diminutive, truncated form, clipping, semantic shift.

Introduction

More or less the language as we know it resulted from the need and urge to name different phenomena. The name attributed to certain phenomena and segments of reality reflects not only the features of the phenomenon itself but largely reveals the attitude of the "namer". The study of names is onomastics or onomatology and the importance of names and naming across languages is further studied within the theoretical and practical frame of the onomasiological approach to the study of language. (for more on onomasiological approach to naming mechanisms see Horecky, 1994, Štekauer, 1997, 2001). One of the aspects of language where names (personal, proper names) come into focus is the spoken communication, namely in the form of a dialogue where the way the participants address each other reflects personal, emotional and social aspects of the language.

That is why in this paper we will try to give an overview of different "emotionally" charged terms in English used when addressing the other in communication also known as "terms of endearment" and their (possible) counterparts in Serbian.

Definition and origin of terms of endearment

Term of endearment is a word or phrase used to address and/or describe a person, animal or inanimate object for which the speaker feels love or affection. Terms of endearment are used in most diverse situations and for a variety of reasons, such as parents addressing their children, lovers addressing each other, in so called "pet-talk" etc. Therefore we may say that linguistically speaking "terms of endearment" represent the nominal words expressing a speaker's subjective attitude towards the other (who is in this case another person). For that reason terms of endearment are often referred to as the nouns of subjective estimate. Linguistically speaking speakers can use morphological or semantic devices in order to show particular affection or emotional attachment towards somebody. For the purpose of this paper terms of endearment comprise the following phenomena: pet names such as various forms of truncated names and clippings, diminutives and hypocoristics (which are typically expressed by morphological devices), lexemes with extended meaning (expressed with various semantic devices). Whatever their name be, their common feature is that they all represent additional names most commonly used to express affection, familiarity or intimacy. Not only does the addressor feel comfortable using them, but he/she expects to instill positive emotions and affection in the addressee, as well.

Although most researchers (Dressler and Barbaressi 1994, Dressler 2000, Schneider, 2000) agree that terms of endearment represent highly idiosyncratic formations, we will show later in this paper that they do share some common semantic features across languages. Various types of terms of endearment represent important indexes of intimacy between the addressee and the addressor. We will try to describe such types of addressing the other from structural (phonological, morphological), pragmatic and socio-linguistic angle.

Words perceived to express familiarity may not, in their original use, bear any resemblance in meaning to the meaning attached when used as a term of endearment. Let us consider the example of calling a significant other "pumpkin". There is very little in

the semantics of pumpkin that can be interpreted as “affectionate”. Thus the additional meaning that pumpkin conveys when used as a term of endearment is an extended idiosyncratic conventionalized meaning. Some words are clearly derived from each other, such as “sweetheart” and “sweetie”, while others bear no etymological resemblance, such as “baby” and “cutie”. “Honey” (as meli) has been documented as a term of endearment in ancient Greek. “Baby” is first used in 1839 and “sugar” only appears as recently as 1930.

Morpho-phonological aspect

Terms of endearment may have various linguistic forms. Diminutives and hypocoristics are classified as those terms of endearment using morphological means to express familiarity, intimacy or affection. They are extremely interesting for linguistic research in various languages (Berko, 1958; Olmsted, 1986; Verschueren, 1987; Dressler and Barbaressi 1994, King and Melzi, 2004; Dabasienskiene 2009) as they represent the first instance of morphological competence in children acquiring a mother tongue. They are an important part of parent-child language but also in adult directed speech. There is hardly a language that does not contain diminutive forms.

From a morphological aspect diminutives, together with truncated names and clippings are studied within a subsegment of morphology which borders with phonology, and that is prosodic morphology. It is so because prosody and the phonological content of the newly formed lexemes play important role and largely contribute to their meaning. Actually, the meaning of diminutives and truncated forms largely rests on their prosodic features which are as essential for their interpretation as their lexical information is.

Truncated names are used to express familiarity and are normally used by people who want to feel familiar to the other person referred to.

- (1) Mel < Melinda
Rob < Robert
Al < Albert

The use of the truncated forms such as those given in (1) clearly indicates familiarity and intimacy that the speaker feels towards the person.

What distinguishes truncated names from the

diminutives is the fact that the former are almost totally exclusively used to refer to persons. As such they represent clipped, shortened forms of the full forms of personal names. In other words, truncated forms in communication in most cases represent clipped forms of what are grammatically seen as proper nouns (e.g. Melinda, Albert, Robert). The process of truncation is not restricted solely to personal names but is found in common nouns, which is illustrated in the examples below:

- (2) condo < condominium
phone < telephone
photo < photography
porn < pornography

However, the aspect of meaning which indicates familiarity is present only in the truncated personal names. When formed from common nouns denoting common countable (predominantly) concrete phenomena as those in example (2) then scholars (Plag 2005:121) refer to truncations as clippings. However, despite the fact that in both truncated names and in clippings we encounter formally the same process of shortening, the meanings differ significantly as the process of clipping is governed by different pragmatic factors. In truncated names the aim is to use morphological processes and devices to achieve the meaning of intimacy, affectionateness. Therefore the meaning of truncated names is not only semantically but also pragmatically (including extra-linguistic aspects) “upgraded”. In clippings, on the other hand, shortening results from the need for language economy. Thus clippings are devoid of a particular lexical and pragmatic meaning which is found in truncated names as the very result of the morphological process of shortening. They do have certain pragmatic value since their usage is often an indicator of an informal or less formal (often seen as in-group) linguistic context, though many of them have lost that dimension too due to the extensive usage.

Although diminutives often resemble truncations in their form, the two nominal forms differ significantly in several aspects. The two can be distinguished both semantically and formally.

While truncated forms are very popular, common and extremely productive in English, diminution is rather restricted. One of the most striking differences is that truncated forms, although seen

to be acknowledged by and become Western Europeans. The wife’s personality and obsession combine to mock those who believe that emulating the West is the best path to follow. Additionally, Sibling and Munroe’s company, along with its clients and employees, reveal the underside of Western culture that Konstantinov does not even acknowledge. These Westerners are depicted as greedy, sly characters, much like Bai Ganyo in a way. The inclusion of Westerners with these attributes helps to lessen the impact of Bulgarians with similar personalities. Instead of this negative trait isolating and marginalizing Bulgarians, the viewer instead sees these characteristics as universal and the humor becomes more inclusive as both parties are equally mocked.

To further twist and degrade the Western ideal, Famous Connections is presented as a legitimate, successful business. The owners are only seen in suits, driving around in a limo, and mingling with powerful people such as Parliament members. They put on airs, claiming to provide high class artistes and mingle with the wealthy and powerful. The dichotomy between their behavior and the actual service they provide further mocks the idealized Western European vision. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, are blunt and upfront about their dishonesty. They do not pretend to be better than they really are, hiding behind masks of power and money. By embracing their shortcomings, Bulgarians flip the expected hierarchy and show themselves superior than the English.

Resources:

- Konstantinov, Aleko. Bai Ganyo: Incredible Tales of a Modern Bulgarian, Edited by Victor A. Friedman. Translated by Victor A. Friedman, Christina E. Kramer, Grace E. Fielder, Catherine Rudin. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1895.
Missia London, directed by Dimitar Mitovski. 2010. Bulgaria. DVD.

The very idea that Western Europeans can be mocked and are not perfect negates Konstantinov’s main idea. Konstantinov argues that Bulgarians should stop acting like the crass Bai Ganyo and instead embrace the perfect Western European culture. In his stories, the Westerners are intelligent, sensitive, kind, and generous. He never portrays them in a damaging light and believes the Bulgarians should aim to be like the Western Europeans, while additionally placing emphasis on the negativity of the Bulgarian character. To him, his fellow countrymen have become greedy, miserly, crass, and dishonest. Bai Ganyo is his mirror, exposing the Bulgarian morality with honesty. To do so, he mocks their philistine attitudes by comparing them to the exalted Western culture. He means to both belittle the Bulgarian and encourage him to seek to change. Mitovski, however, depicts Bulgarians in such a way that they become the victorious underdog. By embracing his faults, the Bulgarian is able to laugh at himself and invert expectations of his inferiority. At the same time Mitovski shows that Western European society is as flawed as the Balkans, but since they pretend their flaws do not exist, they make themselves easier to mock. This mockery results in the Western Europeans finding themselves at the bottom of the hierarchy in yet another reversal of the expected rankings. While laughing at their own marginalization, Bulgarians place themselves in a position of power and flip the previously held beliefs of their shortcomings.

what makes Bai Ganyo so inferior in the eyes of Konstantinov.

Konstantinov never involves Western Europeans as more than background characters, but instead uses other Bulgarians who have assimilated to act as the intermediary between the Bulgarians and Europeans. Educated students, they try to emulate the Western culture as closely as possible. They laugh at Bai Ganyo's antics because they see themselves as part of the central group--Western Europeans in this case--and Bai Ganyo as part of the marginalized group--Bulgarians. His stupidity and lack of knowledge concerning Western culture leads them to consider themselves superior. However, they still feel some connection to him; they often admit to feeling embarrassed on behalf of Bai Ganyo's actions even if the man himself does not. During the opera and on the train ride to Prague, the narrator speaks of his shame. 'I wanted to laugh and to cry and to sink into the earth all at the same time' (Konstantinov 43). Here, the narrator is overcome with emotion, both because of the reception they receive and because of his home country's inability to respond to such a simple gesture in the correct way. As the bridge between the native Bulgarians and the Western Europeans, the narrator understands the full ridiculousness of the situation because he knows the proper actions to take and so sees the disconnect between what the Bulgarians are expected to do and what actions they really take. However, he cannot laugh because he, too, is identified as Bulgarian. Because the Bulgarians are judged based on the Western ideal instead of their own cultural practices, they obviously fail the 'test.' This disregard of Western sensibilities invokes a strong sense of shame, more so when Westerners are present to view the faux pas. To help alleviate his embarrassment, he sides himself with the Western sentiment and laughs at the blunders made by Bai Ganyo in his ignorance which places him on the superior side.

Some of this may stem from the treatment the students themselves likely first received coming from the Balkans to the West; the Westerners believe themselves superior to the students, who in turn marginalize the more traditional Bulgarians such as Bai Ganyo. Each tier of the hierarchy uses laughter to feel superior over the other, but this pattern only happens in the downward trend. Westerners may laugh at students, but students do no

laugh at Westerners. Through this technique the students position themselves inside the Western culture by laughing at Bai Ganyo who is clearly not a part of this central cultural group. Additionally, he serves as foil against the European behavior, demonstrating the wrong way to behave, and from that the readers can learn how they should behave according to the Western ideal.

Mitovski's *Missia London*, released in 2010, was written and directed after the World Wars and the relatively stable national borders and cultures were established. The movie, like Konstantinov's *Bai Ganyo*, looks at Bulgarians out of their home country and instead living in Western Europe. Unlike Konstantinov, however, Mitovski presents a number of native Bulgarians, each representing a certain aspect of the Bulgarian character instead of just one highly stereotyped individual. Immediately this creates a kinder outlook towards the Bulgarians. Now, they seem more relatable. They become real people with both good and bad aspects instead of having all the negative characteristics compiled into one rather repulsive person. This technique also decreases the overall negativity towards Bulgarians. While characters like Chavo are simply dumb crooks, others are presented as more intelligent and cunning. The absurdity of the situations Dimitrov and Katya find themselves in serves to emphasize their more level-headed, normal characters. Others such as Racho and Banicharov represent different levels of the morally ambiguity of Bulgarians.

Furthermore, Mitovski relies on the native Englishmen as an additional means to show Bulgarian superiority. The police detective and ornithologist are mocked for their simple, straightforward thinking. They are unable to fathom the reason behind stealing the ducks because they do not understand the Bulgarian culture. This is a twist on Bai Ganyo's ignorance of Western customs that places the Westerners in the position to be mocked and marginalized.

Not only that, but *Missia London* destroys the Western ideal by showing the flaws and faults in Western culture. Aside from the stupidity of the police, the president's wife weakens the idealization of the West. Her selfish and spoiled actions and her superficiality create an individual disliked unanimously by the various other characters. Her obsession with receiving recognition from the queen echoes that of Konstantinov's narrators, who wish

as complex words, very often are not it as morphological material is subtracted from the motivational/ base noun rather than added to it, which is illustrated in the examples in (1). On the other hand, seen from structural, formal morphological aspect diminutives represent complex words derived by an attenuating affix which attributes the meaning "little" to the motivating/base noun. The examples of diminutives are given in (3a) and (3b).

(3a) bird + -ie > birdie
pig + -let > piglet
kitchen + -ette > kitchenette

(3b) dete + -ence > detence
soba + -ica > sobica
sin + -čić > sinčić

Unlike some other languages, diminution in English is a morphological process of rather restricted productivity. Diminutive meaning is in English typically acquired by syntactic means, with the usage of various attenuating adjectives or semantic units whose inherent meaning is to denote smallness. Examples in (4) illustrate the property of Serbian to create diminutives by morphological means on one hand, and the property of English to use syntactic means to express the same diminutive meaning, on the other.

(4) *Bebice moja!* My little baby!

In that respect the number of productive diminutive suffixes in English is also restricted to the following 4: -ie/y (with its version, -sy, denoting even stronger affection and familiarity) ette, -ling (exclusively used for animals, never for persons with positive but with negative connotation), -let. The examples are given in (5).

(5) ducky kiddy
auntie birdie
boysie mumsie
piglet booklet townlet
roomette luncheonette towelette
suckling

In Serbian the number of diminutive suffixes is 3 denoting different genders (-i)ca for feminine, -(č)ić for masculine nouns and -ce for neuter.)

Particularly interesting and intriguing are the forms that represent the combination of truncated forms and diminutives. In examples such as *mommy*, *granny* we encounter firstly the process of truncation *mother* > *mom* *grandmother* > *gran* to which the diminutive -y is added. Though some may say that the forms *granny* and *mommy* are clearly truncated forms, I disagree as the meaning of the -y is diminutive adding the meaning of "small X". Thus, -y in *Teddy* (from *Theodore*) qualitatively differs from -y in *mommy*, as in the former example it just indicates familiarity and affection while in the latter in addition to familiarity it indicates smallness. The similar examples can be found in Serbian. Diminutive form *mamica* does not indicate "a small mother" but "mommy dearest". However, in some cases the diminutive forms may be devoid of diminutive meaning while in some cases the diminutive form is derived from a hypocoristic form. Such is the noun *baba* and its forms.

(6) *baba* (grandmother) + -ica (diminutive suffix) > *babica* (midwife);

baba (old women/ grandmother) > *baka* (hypochoristic form from *baba*) + -ica (diminutive suffix)

Semantic and psycholinguistic aspects

The closing paragraph of the previous section opened the discussion regarding the semantic aspect of terms of endearment.

Terms of endearment are used as arbitrary linguistic signs which refer to persons named differently in other contexts. That is why we may say that terms of endearment are context sensitive and loaded with contextual information.

Viewed from the psycholinguistic aspect terms of endearment are complex and intriguing for scientists as they are often indicators of various cognitive and perceptive features found in speakers of different languages and displayed by verbal means. Evidence from different languages shows that they almost inevitably evoke the sensation of sweetness and smallness. As their existence is attested in majority of languages, they may be regarded as language universals. Most commonly they are represented by one of the following classes of nouns or their combinations () :

a) both common and abstract nouns associated with the sweet taste (eg. E. Honey! Sugar! Sweet-

ie! - S Šećeru! Među! Slatikišu!) and their common feature is that they represent typically concrete nouns that have favorable associations, either with a sweet taste or the nature of the relationship. Sometimes, abstract nouns (such as sweetness) are used, implying that the object of the speaker's affection is not only sweet, but embodies sweetness itself.

b) common nouns denoting body parts (S srce, oci, oko). By using vital body parts in addressing the other the speaker wishes to emphasize how important the addressee is as is shown in the following examples: "Srce moje,! Oko moje!". However, this class of nouns is rarely used in English. The examples we have come across are the apple of one's eye!, one's heart.

c) common nouns denoting close family members and next- of- kins such as nouns sister, sis, bro', brother, daddy and their equivalents in Serbian sestro, sejo, brajko, brale, brate, tatice. Their meaning is usually excreted from the original basic lexeme and the speaker uses such nouns to indicate closeness, importance or familiarity of the person(s) he/she is referring to though they are not blood-related. The nouns in question can belong to both formal and informal variety of the language or may reflect archaic usage. For example, Serbian nouns sejo, brale are encountered in national epic poems and in lyrics " Da si zvezda sele moja..... in Radicevic's poem dedicated to Mina Karadzic). The terms for family members used as terms of endearment with an extended meaning in English are often found in Afro-American vernacular (especially in modern pop and hip-hop culture) as in " Hey sister, soul sister...".

From negative to positive meaning and vice versa

So far we have discussed the terms of endearment whose meaning and connotation are perceived as positive. However, not only terms transparently positive interpretation are used to express endearment. In many contexts and diverse pragmatic situations the addressor uses the terms which would in other situations be perceived as offensive and rude bearing strong negative meaning. Although negative in their primary connotation, such terms indicate a positive attitude of the addressor towards the addressee so the latter interprets them accordingly. Examples of such usage are given in (6):

(6) S Gde si bre barabo/ matori/ prevarantu?
E Hey, what have you been up to you old scoundrel?

Furthermore, nouns bearing negative meaning are often taken as motivating nouns in Serbian for diminutive formation (negative meaning base + positive meaning affix) and the result is a diminutive noun with positive reference.

(7) Ma volim te, budalice!
Ludice, to ti se samo cini!

The semantic shift and extension of meaning of base nouns illustrated in previous examples may result in a complete loss of the original meaning. Thus English nouns such as mate, fellow nowadays commonly and frequently used in spoken communication as markers of familiarity and closeness (in BrE especially) once brought very negative associations.

Each term of endearment has its own connotations, which are highly dependent on the situation they are used in, such as the tone of voice, body language, and social context. Saying "Hey baby, you're looking good!" varies greatly from the use "Baby, don't swim at the deep end of the pool!"

Certain terms can be perceived as offensive or patronizing, depending on the context and speaker. That is the case even with some diminutive forms such as those ending in -ling, which is quite strange concerning the fact that they attribute diminutive meaning which is generally considered to be positive and raise positive emotions.

There are some terms which may be combined for added emphasis, e.g. honey bunny. Some combinations seem nonsensical, odd, or too long, such as baby pie or love dear, and are seldom used.

However, over time the usage of the terms of endearment in spoken language (English, as well as Serbian) has become so common that such terms very often reveal little or nothing about the true quality of the relationship in question. They are used in manipulative way when the speaker hopes to benefit from their usage. Nowadays it is often the case that instead of being emotionally charged, some terms of endearment function more like discourse markers and communication fillers, words and expressions handy to initiate one's line in communication.

BULGARIAN VIEWS ON THE WEST AND THEMSELVES: THEN AND NOW Zoe Richters

The decline of the Ottoman Empire led to a long period of political and cultural turmoil in the Balkans. As the various providences in the Balkans became more autonomous and started to break away from the Turkish culture, they attempted to define their own cultural and national identities. The resentment from centuries of subjugation drove those in the Balkans to avoid remnants of Turkish culture. As a result, the Balkans began to look towards Western Europe as a means of furthering the distance between themselves and their Turkish heritage. Western Europe symbolized wealth, intelligence, forward-thinking, and a better way of life. The Balkans considered themselves so far behind the West that they referred to Western Europe simply as Europe. Going to France would be described as 'going to Europe,' despite the fact that the Balkan area is technically part of Europe (Konstantinov 5). In contrast, the Balkans were embarrassingly backwards and primitive. These feelings in the late 19th century accumulated to create an idealization of the West found especially among the educated and wealthy in the Balkans. Students such as Konstantinov strived to become 'European' and leave behind the backward, crude ways of his countrymen. In his novel Bai Ganyo, Konstantinov's humor depicts an idealistic, revered version of Western civilization and a shameful, unrefined Bulgarian nation, while Dimitar Mitovski's modern film Missia London incorporates humor to reveal a flawed Western society that inverts the expected hierarchy, showing the Bulgarian superiority through their inferiority.

In terms of the relation between the Balkans and the rest of Europe, Konstantinov aptly describes the Balkans' situation with the words, 'We [Bulgarians] are Europeans, but still not quite' (132). With this phrase, he implies that Bulgarians wish to emulate the Western Europeans, but still fall far behind in terms of superiority. This sense of inferiority is furthered by Bai Ganyo who epitomizes nearly every negative Bulgarian stereotype. Konstantinov's tales emphasize Bulgarian inferiority in relation to the West through the relation of Bai Ganyo's interactions with the supposedly superior culture.

A strong example of Bai Ganyo's interactions occurs at the public baths, where his actions serve

to support Konstantinov's hierarchy. Bai Ganyo begins the adventure by refusing to trust any of the others and leave his money unattended. He expects his money to be stolen, doubting the characters of Germans. This has the opposite effect, instead casting aspersions on Bulgarians by insinuating that they often steal from others, even in such places as the baths. Bai Ganyo's exuberant and cacophonous entrance into the water further alienates him from Western society. His childlike behavior, which includes forgoing a towel, demonstrates his ignorance about the cultural customs. While his lack of knowledge could be excused because he has never been to 'Europe' before, he remains willfully ignorant. With other men in the baths with him, it is easy enough to notice that they all wear towels and copy their behavior. Instead, Bai Ganyo loudly flaunts his nudity. In addition to this refusal to learn other cultures' customs, he also reveals his general primitive character. Even in Bulgarian baths where being naked is acceptable, the people would not act in such a disruptive and boisterous manner. His actions reflect Bai Ganyo's boorish personality and further establish his inadequacy.

Konstantinov believes that Bai Ganyo's dearth of knowledge concerning Western culture immediately marks him as inferior. Bai Ganyo still wears traditional Bulgarian clothing and accessories but also wears a western waistcoat and jacket (Konstantinov 24). This mixture of outfits reflects the clash of these two cultures occurring at this time, but additionally shows the difficulties in combining the two. Bai Ganyo dons the western outerwear but believes this to be enough for him become a 'real European' (Konstantinov 15). On the other hand, Bai Ganto clearly recognizes the importance of Western Europe. Despite his recalcitrance to assimilate into Western culture, he still concedes their influence by adding the waistcoat and jacket. Additionally, Bai Ganyo has even left the Balkans for 'Europe' to sell his goods, so he at least acknowledges their importance. On the other hand, he makes no other attempts to conform to any other aspects of Western culture. As mentioned previously, he remains willfully ignorant of Western customs and demands they change to fit his preferences. This attitude is

worst enemy. Marko Kraljević, heroic even in his vices, is the perfect national hero for the Serbs, an embodiment of the important values of courage, pride and honor. Although not historically accurate, Marko Kraljević, “the first and best loved hero of our popular poems”, presents the Serbs with a way of getting revenge on their Turkish oppressors.

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Conclusion

Deborah Tannen said “How we say what we say communicates social meanings.” Conversational signals and devices send metamessages about the involvement of the speakers. These messages reflect the nature of our interactions, and they express and negotiate our relationships with each other, including the relative power and solidarity entailed in those relationships. When we use terms of endearment to address and approach the other in informal or familiar and intimate situations we erase the psychological distance. Terms of endearment are often seen as a sort of “significant other’s image and identity.”

Terms of endearment are linguistic devices which mark both our communication and our relationships by establishing and creating the sense of closeness between speakers. Consequently, they are significant linguistic, pragmatic and social tool without which spoken communication can hardly be imagined.

Examples:

babe, baby, bébé, baby doll
 boo
 cupcake
 cutie
 cutie pie
 darling, dahlin’
 dear, dearie, dearest
 good girl

handsome
 honey (also derivative, hon)
 honey girl
 honey pie
 love, lovey
 pumpkin, pun’kin
 Schätzchen (German for sweetie)
 snookums, schnookums
 sugar, shugah
 sugar dumplin’
 sugar lips
 sweet, sweetie
 sweetie baby
 sweet pea (or swee’ pea)
 sweetheart
 honey bunny (a meaningless collocation which relies on sound effect of rhyming)

srce
 šećeru
 medu
 luče
 dragi
 sunce
 mače
 pile
 kuco
 dušo
 druze
 oči moje!
 ime dedino!
 kuco stara!

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the story also relies on Turkish legislation, which banned to wearing of colorful clothes for non-Muslim subject, as Marko wears a green dolman. In this story the Sultan is also specified as a specific Sultan from history, Sultan Suleiman I The Magnificent, "the greatest Turkish sultan". The fact that this sultan is chosen contributes to Marko Kraljević's image as a hero, as only the greatest sultan is an opponent worthy of him. When he gets called to the Sultan for drinking wine, wearing colorful clothes and dancing with Turkish girls, an idea that "probably rarely even occurred to the Christian peasantry", he places his saber on his lap. This can be interpreted as a threat and thus, once again, does Marko Kraljević challenge the sultan's authority. The sultan once more is pushed against the wall having to resort to a monetary gift to remove Marko Kraljević.

Yet, in these two described stories we are also faced with Marko Kraljević's vices. In both cases when the sultan gives Marko money he specifies that it is meant for wine: "Here, Marko, go and drink you fill of wine!" is repeated in both of the songs as the sultan hands him the money, suggesting that the wine will cool his anger. Yet, somehow the singer is able to make us see Marko's drinking problem in a different light as another of Karadžić's recorded songs includes the following lines:

Marko does not go off to a doctor,
He goes off from one inn to the other,
To find out where is the best wine.

This suggests that wine for Marko works as medicine, reducing his vice into a virtue.

Another one of his vices can be seen in 'Marko Kraljević and the Vila'. In this story Marko asks Duke Miloš to sing to him which he first refuses out of fear for the vila, but once Marko promises to protect him he agrees. This story is historically completely inaccurate as the Miloš mentioned in the story is presumably Miloš, the hero of the Kosovo Cycle and could not possibly be Marko's blood brother. However, as historical accuracy is largely irrelevant, the song shows us a side of Marko's character we have not seen before. When the vila shoots Miloš, as she had said she would if he sang again, Marko becomes very violent:

But then Marko brings out his spiked war mace,
and he clubs her, strikes her with abandon,
hits the vila between her white shoulders,

and he pulls her all the way to earth.

Then he begins to club her once again,
he spins her 'round spins her from right to left;
he is using his mace with six gold spikes.

Although the image of Marko that arises from this song is extremely violent it is also justified violence, as the vila 'deserves' to be beaten for the fact that she shot his blood brother. Thus, what might initially seem to be a vice really is heroic behavior as it is in honor of his blood brother and to avenge the crime committed against him.

Another song in which his violent character appears is in 'The Death of Marko Kraljević', when he is found by two passerby's:

Now when Vaso, iguman, saw Marko,
with his right hand he signaled his deacon,
"Softly, my son, make sure you don't wake him,
For after sleep Marko's in a bad mood;
He might well put an end to both of us!

In this situation his potential violent reaction would have been very unnecessary, as there is no reason to kill someone for accidentally waking you. Yet, the fact that this song emphasizes this fear for Marko by the people who knew him once more adds to his character as a heroic figure. Although killing the passerby's for waking him could be considered unreasonable, his anger is generally seen as a contributing element to his heroic character for if he was not so hotheaded he could not have been such a warrior for better social and human justice for the Serbs.

As has become clear in this paper, not much of historical Marko Kraljević can be found in the Marko Kraljević cycle. Except for the accuracy of name, his father's name and the place his father died, no other direct historical references can be found in the stories recorded by Vuk Karadžić. Yet, this should not automatically lead to a full dismissal of the epic as a source for historical information. Rather than providing us with an accurate, or semi-accurate, history of the characters or the events, it provides us with a historical context in which the songs were sung. In many of the stories in Marko Kraljević cycle Marko challenges the Ottoman authority, often personified by the sultan. The fact that many of these songs include this aspect of defiance and disrespect indicate that this was something enjoyed by the Serbian audience, for who the Turks were the

lands in Kosovo and had been pushed out of both eastern and western Macedonia. By 1377 he also lost Skopje and Ohrid, having his territory reduced to Prilep and near surroundings. This loss of territory severely weakened his claim to the title of king of Serbia. It can be presumed that to secure the little land he had left he accepted overlordship of the Turkish sultan and became a vassal of the Ottoman Empire. Sources differ on when exactly he became a vassal, some indicating the year 1385 while others say that he was a vassal during “his entire reign”.

Since he was alive during the battle of Kosovo and plays such a big role in the Serbo-Croat epic it is strange that there is no mention of his participation in the battle of Kosovo in epic or in history. Different explanations exist for his absence from the battle of Kosovo. Koljević suggest that his absence from the battle of Kosovo could be explained by his power as an independent ruler. As he was powerful enough to mint his own silver coins with the Christian inscription: ‘In Christ our God blessed in faith King Marko’, Koljević reckons that this would have meant he was sufficiently independent to refuse to fight. Another explanation offered by Koljević is that Sultan Murad I did not trust his loyalty enough to use his forces in the battle, as he had only recently become a vassal of the Ottoman Empire. Similarly, Popović asserts that Marko remained neutral in the battle as Sultan Murad I did not pressure king Marko to participate, since he did not trust that he could fight against his own people. Others suggest that he did participate in the battle, but as an ally of the Turks.

Marko Kraljević met his end only a few years after the battle of Kosovo while fighting in the battle of Rovine as an ally of Sultan Murad I. Although most sources mention 17 May 1395 as the day of the battle or Rovine, and accordingly the day of his death, Popović claims it was 17 May 1395. In addition, all consulted sources attest that on the eve of the battle “Marko prayed to God to give victory to the Christians, even at the price of his own life”. This legend seems to have originated from Constantine the Philosopher, as they all cite him as their source, who reported this 37 years after the event and can therefore not be considered a reliable source.

The Marko Kraljević in epic differs greatly from the Marko Kraljević in history, primarily because a lot more can be said about his character. In the epic songs Marko is presented as a heroic charac-

ter or as a trickster, adding character attributes to him which cannot be historically confirmed. Yet, in these songs there are some reference to historical events. The first song of the Karadžić’s collection, ‘Marko Kraljević recognizes his father’s saber’ presents Marko as a heroic character. Not only is he able to avenge for his father’s death, by killing his murderer who is identified by the saber, he also stands up to the Sultan, demonstrating Serbian pride. By killing the murderer of his father, who in addition to this also insults him by calling him an “infidel”, he is able to keep his honour, a value of high importance in Balkan society. The place of king Vukašin’s death is correctly identified as Marica, but this is the only historical accuracy connected to Marko Kraljević’s life which we can subtract from this story. However, there is plenty of other historical context that can be deduced from this story. When Marko Kraljević is asked to report to the Sultan to answer for his actions “he did not answer/ he just sat there/ drinking the cool wine”. When he finally decides to obey and appears in front of the sultan “he sat down in his boots on the prayer rug”, clearly challenging the Sultan’s authority. Not only does this provide historical context for Marko Kraljević’s time, but for most of the Ottoman period in Serbian history as the Turks were hated by the Serbs and stories in which Turks were murdered or Ottoman authority disrespected would have provided the Serbs with great entertainment. The song continues with the Sultan recognizing Marko Kraljević’s anger and moving away until Marko Kraljević pushed him against the wall. To get out of his hazardous situation the Sultan hands Marko Kraljević a hundred golden ducats after which he leaves. The fact that Marko Kraljević is feared by the Sultan transforms Marko Kraljević into a great Serbian hero, even if he was a vassal of the Ottoman Empire.

This defiance seen in ‘Marko Kraljević recognizes his father’s saber’ is also a prominent feature in ‘Marko drinks wine at Ramadan’. The background of the story provides us with the time of origin of this story, according to Koljević, as Marko would not have had to observe Ramadan as a Christian. Since this story indicates the fact that he drinks wine during this Muslim holiday as problematic means that it must have originated “during the crisis of the Turkish military and administrative system at the end of the seventeenth century when specific prohibition orders were often issued”. Furthermore,

The moral centers of many folktales are distinctly and directly outlined: a hero maintains his virtue in the face of temptation or vanquishes a villain, and his character or ingenuity is rewarded with wealth or betrothal. The values, ideals, and social systems of the societies through which they circulate float very near the surface. However, with the Nasreddin Hodja cycle of stories – alongside other tales regarding tricksters – the moral skeleton is much more buried, and at times apparently unstable – analyzing the stories within a folkloric framework reveals an intricate, nebulous nest of competing ideals. While many of the stories can be read as straightforward doctrinal or didactic parables when taken in isolation, a series of structural and moral conflicts are glaringly visible when the stories are taken holistically. The Hodja is alternately the hero and the fool of his stories, while his character is consistent throughout them, so his behavior is implicitly both virtue and vice; his scholarship, optimism, and rationality are at times brilliance, and at times stupidity. And there are even a number of stories that are structured around the same central act or motivating principle, where the Hodja is punished in some and rewarded in others, so the virtue of even specific actions is unclear. The total morality is exactly ambiguous. Moreover, the peripheries of the Hodja stories – the casts, the settings, the objects – are also much grittier, more realistic, and fundamentally contentious. Where folktales are often blatantly fantastic or domestic – typically both – at least once displacing the reality of their idyllic heroes and archetypal villains from routine existence into a more abstract moral space, the Hodja stories immediately deal with developments in religion, the market, and the state, through topics like thievery, corruption, and infidelity. Given the stories’ overall ambiguous morality, this topicality is even more striking; the audience doesn’t appear to leave with clear, direct guidance on these critical issues. With just a few logical leaps, contemptible behavior is implicitly virtuous, and vice versa. Yet, at the same time, there’s a clear, final virtue even within this turbulence. Ultimately, the Hodja stands as an essential foil to distinct, otherwise unapproachable evils. For example, there are a series of stories where the Hodja mocks or tricks Timur

Leng, a feared Mongol conqueror who successfully invaded Turkey in the fifteenth century, with his scholarship as his sword – an uneasy scholarship, and a sword forged through much ideological conflict. Because the Hodja is ultimately virtuous, he can operate within these perilous strata.

Overall, the Nasreddin Hodja corpus is simultaneously edifying and equivocating. The Hodja stories both contest and assert the principles at their core: a quality that’s a virtue in one story is a vice in the next, and the Hodja’s authority is unreliable yet essential. They tackle concrete social problems very specifically, often against concrete, threatening authority figures. Given all these qualities, it seems likely that the Hodja stories occupy a dialogical space, where the prevalent forms of morality are alternately evaluated and maintained against political, ideological, and technological developments. The meaning is within the conflicts themselves, and within the crossing of several stories, because the full scope of the implicated morality is too great or even too dangerous to express simply. From this perspective, the Hodja stories document the societal fears and anxieties of the communities in which they developed and through which they circulated. As such, categorization of the stories by principle and conflict and analysis within these categories should reveal the contexts of the greatest anxieties, and also the specific ideological questions posed and resolved within those contexts.

The opposition between faith and rationality is one of the most concrete conflicts across the stories. The two parts of Nasreddin Hodja’s name both have religious connotations: Nasreddin means “helper of the faith” and Hodja is a title designating a scholar of the Quran. So on one level, the Hodja is distinctly religious. However, on another, he’s very realistic and rational, preferring concrete solutions to prayer. So this opposition is embedded in the Hodja’s very character; in the stories, it plays out in terms of hubris and wisdom. For example, in one story, the Hodja decides he doesn’t need to pray for good tidings because he’s already mapped out his entire decision tree: to his wife, he argues, “Either it will rain or it will not rain, and I have decided how to act in either contingency.” Either he will collect firewood, or plow the field. However, he’s prompt-

ly ambushed by a band of soldiers who accost him as their guide, beating him with sticks and keeping him from doing anything. Only at the end, when he returns home, does he offer his prayer: inshallah, or “if god wills”. Through the narrative, his rationality is pressed beneath his faith. Even though it’s possible to plan for the future, it’s impossible to account for every possibility and thus the only recourse is a dignified humility. However, at the same time, with the development of science, mathematics, and logic, it’s just as clear that this humility can’t be the ultimate criterion. And in other stories, the hierarchy is reversed. In one story, a peasant comes to the Hodja and asks him to pray for the recovery of his sick donkey because he doesn’t believe in the contemporary cure for it, the application of tar. And though the Hodja consents to pray for the peasant’s donkey, he advises the peasant not to spare the tar as well. This reversal is particularly remarkable in this instance because here the Hodja is directly a religious figure, an agent of divine authority – yet he impresses the importance of rationality upon the peasant. What was originally hubris now has a certain divine function: it’s as necessary to motivate divine favor as it is to accept it. In another story, the Hodja is staying overnight in a very old building that creaks in the wind. He complains to the house steward about its structural integrity, and his concerns are dismissed with the assurance that the building is very old and in its age proclaims the glory of God, and thus is safe. The Hodja argues that logic is exactly the opposite, that the building needs to be renewed so that it can withstand the rigors of divine fervor. The meaning of actions is variable, but their consequences are not. Rationality and rational behavior are necessary: it’s necessary to build the structures in which meaning proliferates.

In the contrasts between these stories, it’s clear that the statuses of science and rationality in a predominantly religious world were essential ideological problems. In the intersection of these three stories, two main arguments are presented: although all plans are subject to God’s whims, those plans at the same time provide a structure within which divinity can operate; and that divine action is a motivating force, not an original one. A fourth story that underpins this intersection is one where the Hodja prays for forty days in a great, historical mosque for the conclusion of some business, but nothing comes of it. But after praying in a smaller mosque

for just a day afterwards, his affairs are immediately concluded. The Hodja rages at the large mosque for its impotence, holding the smaller mosque against it. Here, the Hodja is simultaneously the hero and the fool: he maintains faith and acts in faith, but at the conclusion of the story is caught within a false system of causality. And in the dialogue of all four stories, there’s even the suggestion that meaning is artificial and that religion is fundamentally storytelling, which lays the groundwork for later, explicit criticisms of organized religion – but, not to diminish faith, that these stories are nonetheless valuable. So although these stories are apparently contradictory and individually very superficial, in their amalgamation we can see just how complex and difficult – almost ineffable – the audience’s anxieties about religion were, and consequently how subtle and complicated their insights into religion needed to be.

At this point, with this example for reference, some qualifications are necessary. Firstly, most of this analysis is derived from Charles Downing’s collection *The Tales of the Hodja*, which is assumed to be a representative sample of the whole body of Hodja stories. It’s necessary to note that Downing states that he excluded stories that he thought would be too difficult for Western audiences to understand, so there’s a motivated bias in the collection; nonetheless, this bias doesn’t necessarily skew the thematic distribution. And it would only really be if the real corpus was so biased in favor of one mode of story – such as those where the Hodja is punished for his rationalism – that the other is relatively nonexistent that there would really be a problem. However, given the nature of the collection – an introduction of the Hodja to the English public – and the great historical care clearly paid in its arrangement, it seems safe to assume that this isn’t the case. Secondly, similarly, the stories are assumed to circulate and function in the same way as more typical folktales, even though they’re clearly distinct. That is to say, they are perceived as moral or didactic parables, and their morality is parsed in terms of heroes and villains, rewards and punishments. Again, given how closely the structures and conventions of the Hodja stories line up with those of typical folktales and how the Hodja stories can be read fairly straightforwardly in isolation, this seems like a fair assumption. Lastly and perhaps most controversially, this analysis obviously assumes that all

bestowed the royal title on Vukašin. According to Fine, this was done in August or September of 1365, out of need of support. This made Vukašin and Uroš co-rulers with Vukašin as king and Uroš as emperor. The first mention of Marko in relation to emperor Uroš dates from 1361, when emperor Uroš sent Marko on a diplomatic and business mission to Dubrovnik, indicating his personal reliance on Marko.

However, there seems to be some indication of a split between the Mrnjavčević family and emperor Uroš. Through 1366 it seems that Uroš’s rights as emperor were respected: king Vukašin and emperor Uroš appeared together on coins and on wall paintings, with Uroš appearing on the right side of the painting and coins indicating his superior position. In 1367 Vukašin was corresponding with Dubrovnik only in his own name and in 1370 he issued a charter to Dubrovnik without mention of Uroš at all. This decree gives us more information about his title and family. In this decree, issued on April 5 1370 at Poreč, near Skopje, Vukašin describes himself as “the Lord of the Serbian Lands, of the Greeks and of the Western Provinces”, also mentioning his wife Queen Alena and his three sons. His disregard of Uroš’s authority is an indication of how Vukašin started claiming more power and could explain Koljević’s conclusion that king Vukašin, and his brother Uglješa, who both, according to Koljević refused to recognize Uroš’s authority led to them being represented in Serbo-Croat epic as “the greatest villains of Serbian factions of pre-Turkish times”. Orbini goes even further in the break between Vukašin and Uroš, suggesting that Uroš joined a coalition against Vukašin in 1368/69, which led to him being imprisoned by Vukašin for a short period. Yet, this is based on a no longer existing or unknown source. By 1370, king Vukašin using his position to expand his territory further into Macedonia and Kosovo, had acquired the cities of Skopje, Prizren, Ohrid, Priština and Novo Brdo.

The claim that Vukašin was trying to gain more power, and thereby create his own dynasty, is supported by his attempt to arrange a marriage between Marko and the daughter of the Croatian nobleman Gregor Pavlović Šubić in 1370. This would have been purely a strategic marriage to consolidate Marko’s position as the future king of Serbia, as the girl was the grandniece of king Dušan and a descendant of the Nemanjić dynasty, the rulers of Serbia, in the fe-

male line. The matter was negotiated with the Bosnian king Tvrtko at whose court the girl lived as a protégée, but the marriage never took place as Pope Urban V opposed the marriage due to the fact that Prince Marko was “schismatic”. Instead, records indicate that Marko married a woman by the name of Helen, Jelena or Jelica. Rather than assuming that these are different people, it is more likely that these are all variations of the same name: Helen is simply the westernized version of Jelena and Jelica is not too far from Jelena. From other characters we know that names were sometimes recorded incorrectly such as Momčilo, another character in Serbo-Croat epic, who in Byzantine works has been referred to as “Momtilas” and “Momicilos”. Popovic indicates that his marriage was unstable and Marko abandoned his wife, the daughter of Radoslav Hlapen, a provincial Serbian Lord, as she lived an immoral life. Although there are no other sources that discuss his marriage, Pennington argues that there are references present in the epic song ‘The Wedding of Prince Mark’, recorded by Vuk Karadžić from Tešan Podrugović, to his unruly wedding, although she is simply described as a Bulgarian girl.

In 1371 King Vukašin and his brother are both killed by the Turks in a forested area called Černomen in the battle of Marica. According to Temperley’s ‘History of Serbia’ Vukašin is drowned in a river, which coincides with the epic song ‘Marko Kraljević recognizes his father’s saber, as recorded by Vuk Karadžić, in which Vukašin is found wounded by the Marica river. Yet, as Temperley is the only source that indicates this, it is impossible to confirm its historical accuracy, since it could have been taken from the epic song itself. The battle of Marica was a devastating blow to Serbia as many members of the nobility were killed, causing a power vacuum within the Serbian state. Emperor Uroš died in December 1371, leaving no heir, contributing to the chaos caused by the battle of Marica. Marko, who had already been crowned “young king” while his father was still alive, claimed the title of king of Serbia after Vukašin’s death. However since he was not a member of the Nemanjić dynasty two other noblemen, prince Lazar Hrebljanović and king Tvrtko of Bosnia, contested his claim to the throne. At the same time the neighboring kingdoms took advantage of Marko’s weakness, his army had suffered a great loss at the battle of Marica, to overtake many of his lands and by 1372 he had lost most of his

It could be said that the Serbo-Croat epic is best known through the collection of Vuk Karadžić. Although other collectors have made considerable contributions to the collection of Serbo-Croat epic, such as Lord, Parry and Murko, Karadžić was the first to understand the importance of the oral epic as an essential component of Serbian identity. Vuk Karadžić began his work in 1813, collecting his epic songs from multiple singers in the region. Most of the songs recorded by Karadžić fall under the category of *junačke pesme*, heroic songs. One of the most extensive and well-known cycles of Karadžić's heroic songs is the Marko Kraljević cycle. The Marko Kraljević cycle falls under the group of historical epic. This group of epic deals with events from Serbian history from the end of the 12th century until the modern period yet cannot be actually called historical, as it is not historically accurate. It is only historical to the extent that it is concerned with characters in Serbian history, although it presents them in a purely legendary heroic manner. Marko Kraljević is one of these characters who appears often in epic, but not as often in history. In my paper I would like to contemplate what we know about the historical Marko Kraljević, what we know about the fictional Marko Kraljević, how these two compare and, finally, what this means for the historicity of Serbo-Croat epic.

Not much can be historically confirmed about Marko. However, there are certain things that we know. First of all we know that his name is Marko Mrnjavčević, although he is often called Marko Kraljević. This can be easily explained as he was the son of king, or *kralj*, Vukašin, hence his name Kraljević, king's son. Although the origin of the name can be explained, it is incorrect as Marko is crowned king after his father's death and should instead be called *kralj* Marko. He was the firstborn son of Vukašin Mrnjavčević, while it is unclear when exactly he was born, many sources mention 1335 as a possible birth year, and had two brothers Andrija, although some other sources indicate his names as Andrijaš, and Dimitar.

There are some medieval writings which inform us a bit more about his descent. According to Mauro Obrini, an Italian citizen of Dubrovnik, Marko's grandfather was Mrnyava, a provincial nobleman

from Bosnia. Yet, another source tell us that his name was actually Nenad, but his nickname was Mrnyava. Whether Mrnyava was just his nickname or not, it does provide an explication for the surname Mrnjavčević. Mrnyava had two sons: Vukašin and Uglješa. There is some mention of a third son, Goyko, in folk tradition, but his existence cannot be confirmed. It is important to note that although Mauro Obrini's 'The Kingdom of Slavs' written in 1601 could be correct in its explanation of Marko's origin, it is most likely that his writings were based on oral epics of the time probably leading to historical inaccuracies in his work. Obrini states that Mrnyava, or Nenad, is invited by King Dušan to join him at court after which he moved to Priština, where king Stefan Dušan's court was located. Fine tells a similar story explaining that Vukašin and Uglješa, who are originally poor, quickly rose under Dušan's rule. Presumably this was a result of their support for Dušan's invasion of Bosnia in 1350 after which they moved to Serbia, out of fear for punishment. The first mention of Vukašin in Serbia originates from 1350, when king Dušan appoints Vukašin to *župan* of Prilep. Vukašin is also mentioned as a high courtier and as the ruler's deputy in Prilep under Dušan's rule.

In the year 1355, after the death of king Dušan, the Serbian princes and high clergy at a state convention in Skopje make Vukašin regent to the heir Uroš, who was only 19 years old at the time, making Vukašin king of Serbia. Popovic cites Jireček's 'Geschichte der Serben' as a source for this information. Other sources, including Orbini, indicate that Uroš, also known as Stefan Uroš the Weak, himself



of these stories were told within the same communities, within the same time periods. While this assumption clearly isn't originally valid, given the parallel forms, motifs, and motivations between many stories – not to mention the multiplicity of storytellers – their mutual, modern record also testifies to their simultaneous relevance in contemporary and possibly even current society. Together, they represent a corpus, and whatever their independent origin or function, they also have a meaning as a corpus and that meaning has its foundation in the stories' intersections. So although this analysis might not be historically descriptive, it seems nonetheless reasonable to believe that it's socially descriptive.



Now, returning to analysis of the stories, we can also see the basic ideological conflicts between rationality and religion extended throughout the stories' exploration of organized religion. Looking at faith and rationality in general through the dialogue of those stories concerning them discussed above, they appear intermingled in a kind of wave, where the virtues of each alternately trump those of the other and where the two alternately represent the compressions and rarefactions, from the initial grounds of the argument. The stories about organized religion appear to operate within the gaps. The most direct example of this framework is a story where the Hodja is tasked with helping an imam who's drowning in a fountain yet refusing the help of the surrounding crowd. The Hodja points out to

the crowd they've been asking for the imam's hand, instead of offering their own – "You will never help a man of religion that way," he muttered. "They will give you nothing, but will take everything." He instead tells the imam to take his hand, and his help is immediately accepted. Although the story itself is a straightforward joke about the excesses and corruptions of organized religion, the joke is only really justified within the system of the other stories. Where priests would normally stand in for God, the dialogical milieu of the corpus allows this narrative to separate priests from their religious status and sandwich them within their practical operations, between two modes of faith: an abstract faith that demands structure – producing meaning – and an explicit or directional faith, in the goodwill of the Hodja and the crowd. It's then evident that the primary purpose of priests is to provide this intervening structure, not to actually stand in for God, which opens their actions up to criticism and judgment. And then there's immediately a criterion: priests should be humble, not greedy. This ideological frame is evident behind other stories as well. One example where the frame is reversed is the story where the Hodja tricks a thief into falling into his window. Hearing a thief crawling on his rooftop, the Hodja loudly proclaims to his wife the convenience of a prayer that let him take hold of a moonbeam and slide into his bedroom when he was locked out earlier, and details the words of the prayer. Hearing him, the thief repeats the prayer, tries to grab onto a moonbeam, and falls clumsily into the Hodja's bedroom, incapacitated. Here, faith is sandwiched between two rationalities: the acumen of the Hodja who accosts the thief, and the foolish, myopic acceptance of the thief. The practical applications and operations of organized religion are justified in microcosm: the prevalence and nature of religious institutions brings a criminal into line. The Hodja is the virtuous operator of these institutions – even if organized religion has a rational agenda, that agenda is not necessarily malicious and is always impelled by faith. These two stories already impose a nuanced understanding of organized religion that compels their audience to think critically but not skeptically.

One terminus of this logic is the tale where the Hodja converts three Christian monks to Islam. In this story, three traveling monks wish to dispute the most learned scholars of Islam, and the sultan jok-

ingly sends them to the Hodja . However, the Hodja proves more than capable. The first two monks pose implicitly ontological questions to the Hodja, asking him where the center of the earth is and how many stars are in the sky. The Hodja dismisses them with oblique half-answers: the center of the earth is beneath his donkey's foot, and there are as many stars as there are hairs on his donkey. When the monks object, he shifts the burden of proof onto them. Annoyed, the third monk asks the Hodja how many hairs are in his beard, hoping to turn the tables. The Hodja again replies that the monk's beard has as many hairs as his donkey's tail, and when the monk demands proof he proposes an experiment: one by one, they'll pull hairs from the monk's beard and the donkey's tail and see if they exhaust simultaneously. Naturally, the monk balks, and all three monks promptly convert to Islam. There are three key points to this story. To start, the monks' questions have very little to do with Christianity, their nominal religion. The monks might as well be atheists or agnostics, or any other threats to the religious order. So they stand for doubts and theological disputations in general. Secondly, even to very ancient peoples, the Hodja's logic must have been questionable: it's a mix of proudly ignorant, sophistic, and fatalistic. This kind of logic is even the butt of the jokes in other Hodja stories. For example, the stories concerning sunlight , where the Hodja brands the accidental quality of light as essential and comes to a series of ridiculous conclusions; the implication is that the notion of the world as designed and immutable is silly and naïve. Yet here, the very premise of the Hodja's responses is that it's good to accept the world and impossible to question it. The Hodja's folly is transmuted to wisdom. The rational experiment that the monks might otherwise hold dear is revealed to be painful and arduous, and they see the value of simple faith. In this story, the relationship between faith and rationality is much simpler: faith is infinitely above the secular sphere, and to try to reach it, question it, survey it is just an unnecessary trial. Dialogue is just the underpinning. So this story is the culmination of all the stories discussed previously: all of the equivocation and qualification and criticism of faith and organized religion culminates to a seamless ideological front above question and confrontation that drives away threats to the religious order.

A second possible terminus of these stories is a

parable where the Hodja addresses his congregation over three days. First, he asks them whether they know what he's going to say to them that day. Naturally, they all say that they have no idea. He tells them that if they don't have any idea, then he doesn't want to waste his time talking to them. The next time they meet, he asks the same question and they just as naturally respond yes. And the Hodja tells them that if they already know what he's going to say, then he doesn't want to waste their time. On the third day, he again asks the same question, and the congregation decides to hedge: they say that some know and some don't. He orders those who know to tell those who don't, and leaves for good. Within the established perspective, the Hodja's line of questioning is a successive rational process to individual humility and motivation, and then mutual faith. Again, faith is unquestionably the final criterion, and rationality is revealed as its scaffolding.

Another extremely prevalent topic in the stories is the function and meaning of symbols, and consequently the nature of identity. Most abstractly, there are a series of stories where the Hodja mistakes one of his garments or possessions for himself. For example, in one story the Hodja is startled in the middle of the night by a shadow and shoots an arrow through it, only to discover in the morning that it was his shirt hanging on a clothesline. Upon discovering this, he immediately sets to prayer, grateful that he had not been wearing the shirt at the time . In another story, he's on a journey with a caravan and attaches an eggplant to his belt to help his fellow travelers recognize him. However, while he's sleeping, someone takes the eggplant from the Hodja's belt and attaches it to his own. Upon awakening, the Hodja is baffled by the sight of the eggplant on someone else's belt: "That is me there," he said. "But – who am I here?" In a third story, the Hodja comes across a stranger and immediately starts chatting with him at length about a number of intimate affairs, mistaking the stranger for himself because the stranger was dressed similarly . In all these stories, the Hodja is the fool for believing that his means of presentation are essential qualities of his being – true identity is outside mere clothing. A satisfying enough ideal. Another story extends this hierarchy to even the symbols of rationality itself. In this story, the Hodja decides to put stones in a bag to count the passing of Ramadan. However, his daughter, trying to be helpful, occasionally puts stones into

young man, arranging for him to marry the pasha's daughter, protecting him from cheating vampires who stole his fortune, and rid his wife of the evil within her. On the fortieth day, "the vampire brother returned to the kingdom of the dead because his time on earth was up" (86).

In stark contrast to the tale of "The Three Brothers," the vampire in this tale is a protective spirit, and accordingly young man to whom the vampire returns uses his money in proper relation to the dead, even if not all the characters do. By rejecting his son, the father effectively replaces the himself with money in relation to his son, rejecting his familial duties. It is not insignificant that this replacement is instigated by a step-mother, a 'false' or 'corrupt' mother, if you will. But, the virtuous son uses the money in a contained and generous way, in line with the proper flow wealth around the village. In paying the debts of a dead man and burying his corpse, the brother initiates an auspicious, brotherly relationship of caring exchange with a man who

is reanimated by the liveliness of this relationship.

Conclusion

I have attempted to trace out how the presence of money materials in the stories of two very different vampires and the necessity of exchange to the turns of vampire tales speaks to the significance of money in the Balkan cosmology of circular exchange that du Boulay found in rural Greece. Indeed, just as blood has a tendency to spread violence and corruption if not properly contained, in the double-sense of the term as both the metaphorical medium of kin-relations and a material substance with a spectral presence requiring ritual action, money appears to have a double-sense and corrupting tendency as well. Vampire tales show that money figures into this cosmology as a substance similar to blood: wealth is another medium of kin-relations whose exchange and flow must be properly managed by the family; and money, the material substance of wealth, has a potential to corrupt that gives its material presence a certain spectral presence.

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Now, in order to face the place of money in Balkan cosmologies of proper flow and circular exchange, this section will consider two very different vampire tales from Serbia...

The first, "The Three Brothers," deals with a very poor family. Their three sons and daughter go out into the world "to find some means of living," and their parents are left alone. After nine years, they all return home. Each of the three brothers, "by their nine years' work... had only saved nine pieces of silver and on their way home they had spent them in ransoming animals" who were being tortured and sacrificed (Perkosky 329).

The sister in contrast, saves only five pieces, and like her brothers spends them all, but this time in bargaining with and stealing from animals on her way home. The first three, along with stolen teeth, go to a mouse with iron teeth: "She caught the hedgehog, drew its teeth, and fave them, with three pieces of silver, to the mouse, who gave her in return its iron teeth" (329). The final two silver coins are given to a mouse with sharpened teeth: "without much reflection, she took out her last two pieces of money and handed them to the mouse, which gave her in return the stone to sharpen her teeth" (330).

When they are all together again, parents and livestock are violently killed, and the brothers realize that their sister has become a vampire. She voices her intentions and motivations in the tale: "speaking aloud, 'I shall do the same with my three brothers, one after the other, and then I shall remain alone the mistress of the entire property'" (332). Familial blood boiling, the three brothers manage to destroy their vampire sister with the help of one of their ransomed dogs.

The evil vampire sister in this story is the consequence of a daughter having taken the wrong path to livelihood outside the home; that is, women who evade their traditional duty as wives by attempting to work outside the home for money, bring misfortune and disaster along with them on their return home. Thus, in comparison to her brothers' auspicious return and addition of animal wealth to the familial property, the sister returns full of greed, deception, and a desire to "remain alone." In a sense, the brothers paid the debts of animals by ransoming them, thereby maintaining the separation between man and animal, while the sister engaged in exchange with them (and, in particular, with do-

mestic pests), blurring that distinction.

Accordingly, the sister exchanges 'silver' money for 'iron' and a 'sharpening stone', suggesting in material images that, in contrast to the proper flow of wealth, her money and her return will bring only violence and bloodshed to the family. It should be emphasized that while the brothers spend their money paying others' debts and collecting animals for the family, the sister exchanges her silver money for iron, which might be called a 'false' silver, or even 'corrupt' in this falseness. Certainly the vampire sister and her relation to the family property epitomizes the power of money to corrupt in the Balkan cosmology so far described. Here, we must remember the deception and betrayal of kin that was so closely associated with the tax-collector and his power over money. So, just as du Boulay's description of rural Greek funerary practices and beliefs, "carried out strictly within [Greek villagers'] terms of reference" (du Boulay 220) foregrounds the material quality and spectral (unseen) presence of blood, as well as its potential to corrupt if the proper flow is not maintained, the tale of "The Three Brothers" foregrounds the material qualities of money, as well as its power to corrupt and thereby produce a spectral presence, figured as the violent and bloody vampire sister.

The second tale, "The Young Man and His Vampire Brother," tells the story of a father, son, and step-mother. His wife cannot stand his son, and so she forces him to choose between her or his son:

"Because he loved his wife, the man gave his son twelve dinars and told him to go away. The boy traveled to a town where he came upon a dead man, whom no one wanted to bury, lying in the market place. Passers-by were spitting on the corpse. The young man...was told that the dead man had owed a great deal of money and had died without paying his debt.

Feeling sorry for the deceased, the young man took the money his father had given him and paid off everything the dead man owed. With the money that was left over, he had him laid to rest in style." (Marshall 83)

Owing such a great debt to the young man, who acted generously and passed on the money that had been exchanged for his kin-relations and family home, the dead man is reanimated for forty days as the young man's 'vampire brother.' He rewards the

the bag as well. And when the Hodja is prompted to count the days, he comes up an impossible number that he takes as truth, and tries to convince the inquirer that a smaller but still impossible number of days have passed. With this story, reality itself is distinguished from the symbols that mark it. However, other stories reveal the uncomfortable truth behind the Hodja's thinking. In one story, he shows up to a banquet in his ordinary clothes and is entirely ignored, and then changes into his best dress and is immediately the center of attention, sitting at the head of the table and eating the best food. At this attention, he takes off his coat and shoves it into the food, saying that it's the coat that's inspired the treatment, not the man wearing it. This story asserts a de facto prevalence and function of symbols of identity, and contextualizes the Hodja's thinking in the previous stories – given the right circumstances, everyone is vulnerable to the same misconception. And even more, because the Hodja understands the universality of these symbols intuitively, he can manipulate others within that structure. In another story, a man harrasses the Hodja for not being able to decipher the handwriting in a letter he's received, saying that he doesn't deserve to call himself a hodja and wear the white turban of a scholar. The Hodja angrily slams his turban onto the man, challenging him to read the letter with the turban's help. Along the lines of the banquet story, this story reveals the entrapment the ability and power of the symbolized within the symbol.

However, this entrapment is not entirely meaningless. None of the stories discussed above provide any clear alternative to the construction of identity within a field of symbols, only revealing both its vacuous foundation and its potentially insidious and consumptive ends. They're means to analyzing and equivocating the process, not overturning it. More explicitly, there's a story where the Hodja, after being repeatedly refused alms and struggling to find work as an imam even during the holy months, punishes a fox by giving it his turban and cape. He jokes that any who see the fox will take the fox to be a scholar, so it'll starve to death within a week. So these symbols are not totally meaningless, and in fact carry moral commands: those who wear the turban of a scholar deserve some modicum of at-

tention and respect.

Overall, these stories take a system of fiat and rebuild it into a system of skepticism, inquiry, and only then meaning. This system is a supportive framework for the critical assertions of the other stories, encouraging distrust in general, but also in itself provides a tool for disassociating authority from threatening or despised rulers by dissociating either power from the symbols or the symbols from the ruler's identity. For example, in one story, Timur Leng – Timur the Lamé – is propping his lame leg in front of him for comfort. The Hodja comes to visit him and is offended when Timur doesn't stand to greet him. He sits down and props one of his legs up, mocking Timur – but more importantly, generalizing an identifying symbol. At at Timur's offense, he has the power to turn a witty insult, calling Timur a donkey. This power is further justified by the choice of symbol, which emphasizes weakness rather than strength. While story states that the Hodja did all this in ignorance of Timur's pain, this was likely just a political adjustment given the historical background of the story, and the basic narrative of the story is undeniably an usurpation.

These are by no means the only focal points of the Hodja stories. Just to list a few more potential categories within just Downing's collection, there are many stories about the meaning of money and greed, possibly as a response to a developing merchant class, and there are many stories where the Hodja serves as a judge or lawyer that examine the meaning and practice of justice. And there are naturally many more Hodja stories than the ones collected in just this one volume. These are merely the two most salient and extensive spaces within Downing's collection. However, this essay is not meant as an exhaustive expose of the entire Hodja corpus. Still, hopefully this analysis has served to demonstrate that the Hodja stories indeed document their contemporary pillars of authority, the anxieties associated with them, and the ideological questions surrounding them – and that they provide a space for a dialogue that coalesces into a kind of unity against social, religious, and political upheaval. The Hodja stories as whole provide a much more nuanced picture of their situational morality than any story individually, or any typical folktale.

"On the morrow, no matter which wife comes / to bring the men food for their midday meal, / you bury her within the tower wall." ("The Building of Skadar" 71-3) At first glance, the many versions of the Walled Up Wife story, in which a woman is buried within the walls of a building to give it strength, appears incredibly punishing towards the female characters. After all, the male builders literally imprison women within houses. Songs and singing are, however, within the realm of women; can they therefore draw strength from these tales even while they confine female characters to certain roles? Although these songs confine women to the specific role of housewife and mother, but they also treat this as space to lament fate of women and provide a place where they can find strength in that fate. Additionally, the way in which these songs are performed, learned, and shared brings together women in a community and unites them.

The story "You Reap What You Sow" creates for women a model of the ideal housewife that both confines her and elevates her above her former status as an unmarried woman. When the young girl Cveta stumbles upon a cottage in the woods, she immediately starts to clean it without waiting for its owner to come home. After the dragoness owner of the house arrives, she gives Cveta more tasks to complete around the cottage. ("You Reap What You Sow" 110) Once Cveta had established herself as caretaker of the cottage, she naturally took over all the other tasks related to this home's upkeep. Cveta also becomes tied to this home and can only leave when the dragoness explicitly tells her so several days later: "If you want, you may go home now." (111) By assuming the role as a sort of housewife, even though she does not marry here, Cveta abandons her freedom until the owner of the house returns it to her. However, even though this story shows how being a housewife restricts Cveta's freedom, it also asserts that her newfound role as a housewife elevates her above her previous status. The first thing the dragoness does on arriving home is to call Cveta a "heavenly spirit". (110) Her housework, places Cveta on a higher societal level than she was before she became a housewife, the very moment when she started cleaning up the cottage. The act of running a household confines women to a very specific

role, but this story can also be seen as a source of strength for women; despite their lack of freedom, housewives become "heavenly" and empowered.

"The Building of Skadar" builds on the ideal housewife image of "You Reap What You Sow" by adding another dimension to the ideal woman: that of the nurturing mother. Before she is completely walled up in the fortress, Gojko's wife asks the builders to both "leave a window for [her] breasts" ("The Building of Skadar" 213), so her son can continue to nurse from her, and "a window for [her] eyes, [to] look on [her] white hall". (224-5) These two requests hold great significance, because they soon become the only actions that Gojko's wife can actually perform; after she is walled up, she can do nothing but nurse her son and watch him grow. Through the wishes of Gojko's wife, the story asserts that the two most important roles of women in the home are a nurturing mother and a watchful housewife. In fact, the story never actually gives her a name; we only know Gojko's wife in relation to her husband and through her integral position as a wife. When she has lost all of her physical agency, all Gojko's wife can do is nurse her child and keep watch over her home; she has become the essence of wife and mother.

Additionally, "The Building of Skadar" confines women to a specific domestic position but also highlights the absolute necessity of this role within the household. In order to build the house, the three brothers must "bury her [one of their wives] within the tower wall." ("The Building of Skadar" 73) A man must keep his wife literally inside of the house. Gojko's physical burial of his wife within the walls solidifies for the audience of this song the place of women as firmly within the home. The walls that Gojko builds around his wife literally constrict her, just as societal demands constrict the freedom of women outside the world of this story. However, when the vila gives the three brothers this command, she says that only "[t]hen the groundwork will retain all its strength, / and the fortress can rise up with its walls." (74-5) The men can only complete the construction of this building when Gojko's wife is walled up inside of it; she provides a literal foundation for the fortress. Thus women can draw a type of power from their societal situation. Even

cious direction," either clockwise or anti-clockwise, but always conceptually classified by the particular village as 'to the right' (dhexiá). This circle is found most obviously in traditional ring dances, and thus "a pattern 'like the dance'... consists of a spiraling motion which... is conceptually right-handed." This category is identified by villagers in many aspects of village life, from pottery and textiles to vampire folklore. These practices, beliefs, and products manifest an underlying category that refers to "an understanding of a life-giving right-handed movement" (220).

The creation of a vampire is:

"A special type of case in which a person is thought to have been, between death and burial, taken over by the devil... This event involves not only the body but also the soul—the soul becoming in some way so crucially involved with this demonic influence that it 'becomes a demon' (yínetai dhaímonas), and... reanimates its own body... return[ing] to the living... [to] drink the blood of its own kin." (221)

Understanding the life-giving motion of dhexiá leads to a "particular understanding of blood" (220) in the flow of life. Through beliefs, expressions, and ritual practices, death is connected to the violently flowing, material presence of blood. It is believed that death takes place when Cháros the Angel cuts the dying person's throat with his sword, "drench[ing] with blood not only the dead person but also the house and everyone in it" (224). The act is described as a slaughter, the word used for an animal or sacrifice. This is followed by a series of rituals in which the living and the home are cleansed of blood, operating under a logic of "It seems as if there is blood everywhere" (225). Through these acts, the corpse achieves a state of the highest holiness; but, until the burial, the family must continually care for the body, ridding it of the material aspect of death, blood, to guard "against a sudden catastrophic revival of the original blood pollution" (225), which would transform the soul and body of the deceased into a vampire. Thus, "the terrible return of the vampire to its kin in its active search for blood" (223), is the logical consequence of a mistake in a cosmological system in which blood is always spreading and must be continually contained to its proper, life-giving movement. Underlying all this, and connected to the category of dhexiá, is a double-sense of the term 'blood': it is both the me-

dium through which kin-relations are connected (du Boulay 230), and a material substance that can have a spectral presence.

The physical action of passing over the corpse is an exchange that brings the deceased body back into relation with the living, and with the life-giving motion of blood. The "categorical assertion that..."nothing at all should be allowed to pass over the unburied dead" (225) is mirrored by the course followed by blood in village life, according to the customs of katameriá:

"The movement of women between the kindreds is equated with the movement of blood, and expresses the principle that this movement should be uni-directional... [and] is characterized by a cyclic progress since the blood not only circulates through the community, but may also, after the prescribed generational delay, return to the descendants of the original kindred... Too hasty a return... is to cause the blood to turn back and court disaster." (231)

Just as in funerary rituals, relations of marriage are organized according to the principle that "the blood must flow one way, out of the body," where the body figures both as individual and familial, since the two are animated in common by the blood. Accordingly, because these rituals depend of the movement of blood, the danger in an improper marriage or an improper burial is the risk of allowing illegitimate demands for for the family's blood. The primacy of blood, its material substance and its potential for corruption, is shared in both aspects of village life; their connection to the blood of vampire tales is made most clear in the metaphorical description of families' union through marriage as the physical action of 'drinking blood' (235).

From du Boulay's ethnographic account of folk practices and vampiric belief in rural Greece, it becomes clear that blood is a central substance in a Balkan cosmology that figures its principle as a right-handed, open-ending circular movement, the proper maintenance of which is necessary to preserve the flow of life. However, as the next section will attempt to show, vampire tales show that money figures into this cosmology in a similar way to blood: wealth is another medium of kin-relations whose exchange and flow must be properly managed by the family; and money, the material substance of wealth, has a potential to corrupt that gives its material presence a certain spectral quality.

Two vampires: tales of return and flow

This paper is a sketch of the place of money in vampire folklore, and it is conceived of as a first step into exploring the place of money (as well as blood and the right-handed spiral) in Balkan cosmologies more generally, in the hopes of bringing traditional folklore more deeply into dialogue with anthropological scholarship concerning the economic logics of events in the post-Socialist era. Juliet du Boulay offers us an 'indigenous' conceptual framework for understanding the cyclic symbolism pervasive in the region, in terms of the proper flow of life and spectral presence of blood. Through a discussion of two traditional Yugoslav vampire tales, "The Three Brothers" and "The Young Man and His Vampire Brother," and their contextualization in the history of eighteenth and nineteenth century peasant experiences in the Balkans, I try to expand du Boulay's framework to suggest that money is as important a substance and medium as blood in the flow of life proper to Balkan villages, in the hope of eventually facing up to the political, but also deeply affective, material, and spectral qualities and consequences of money, in the Balkans and in general.

Experiencing money: take note of the tax-collector

The Ottoman occupation of the Balkans primarily effected the destruction of medieval political leaders, that is, the Byzantine emperors, Balkan kings, Christian feudal nobility, leaving the administration of the Orthodox church intact, and direct control in the hands of the village community, "which was left undisturbed" (Jelavich 36). Most Balkan Christians lived in small, traditional villages, organized as they were before the beginning of Ottoman rule (57). The Ottoman presence was most regularly felt economically, a condition which continued the conditions that peasants had suffered under medieval feudalism, when the "serf was obligated to pay a percentage of other products of his labor, including such items as wine, honey, and livestock" (30). Notable village members and church officials played the role of tax collector for the Ottoman government, and were in turn exempt from certain taxes. In the eyes of the Balkan populations, the Ottoman system was corrupt, allowing many to profit at the expense of their fellow villagers. The notable's role:

"The notable's role in revenue collecting, particularly where it was in kind, enabled him to influence the sale and distribution of local agricultural produce. He could use his advantage to enter into trade in these commodities himself. He often lent money to the local peasants... Notables were also in a position to buy land, and they could come to control considerable estates." (58)

As village tax collector, the notable had control over local products and their distribution. Further, he wielded the power of money, actual cash that could be lent on interest or invested in land. As for the peasants' part in this exchange, they paid their taxes—but in products, like animal livestock, more often than in cash. Thus, "the traditional stigma attached to usurers" (58) that generally characterized the dynamics of village political economy also entailed a stigmatization of money as a material form of wealth. Although the lives of Balkan villagers were entangled with the exchanges of political economy, day to day exchanges tended to involve families' wealth in forms other than cash, and this value moved within and between families according to the social dynamics of the village. Value in the form of cash was reserved for relations with the corrupt Ottoman state, as mediated by the tax collectors. In these villages, money did function as a medium of exchange, but beyond that: for the impoverished Balkan peasant, money was a remote, but powerful and effective substance, wielded by the corrupt in order to gain at the expense of village-kin.

The next section moves us to the twentieth century in rural Greece, where the ritual practices of marriage and funeral suggest framework for understanding the logics that might have emerged in a land occupied by the Ottomans and subjected to generations of tax-collectors.

Life and blood: a cosmology of circular exchange

From her analysis of vampire beliefs and marriage rules in rural Greece, Juliet du Boulay offers a "indigenous" conceptual framework for understanding Balkan cosmologies in terms of a "pervasive cyclic symbolism," one that entails a logic of "the necessity of a unidirectional auspicious flow of the blood" (du Boulay 219). Her analysis centers on figure traced throughout the Balkans: "the form of an open ended circle... led always in the auspi-

though they are forced into this restricted domestic position, women provide an absolutely necessary basis for the familial structure; without them, men could not build households. Moreover, Gojko's wife continued to give women strength after she died according to the story: "As it was then, so it remains today. / The milk still flows today as it did then. / That milk is charmed; it works miraculous cures / for all women who have no milk to nurse." (239-42) Her mother's milk is so nurturing that it even has the power to give back to other women the strength that comes with being a mother. Even after death, she helps other women regain their motherhood, and all the power that comes with it, through both her milk and her story, both of which still empower "today as [they] did then." (240)

"The Bridge at Arta" takes this tale one step further and gives women even more agency; not only can women hold up the family, but they can tear it down as well. In this alternate version of the Walled-Up Wife story, the master mason's wife is built into the bridge against her will and, in her anger and frustration, curses it: "Then as the leaves of the walnut tree / are shaken and drift down, / so let this bridge be shaken, and they / who cross it tumble and drown." ("The Bridge at Arta" 43) This woman refuses to accept her place in the construction of the bridge and, as a direct result of this refusal, it will "be shaken" and crumble. This story demonstrates the importance of women as wives and mothers; without a willing wife, there is no foundation for the household, and the familial structure will fall just like the cursed bridge. Although she ends up reversing the curse to protect her brother, this act again demonstrates her power as the foundation at the heart of the building; the mason's wife has the power to tear down the bridge, but also the

strengthen it and hold it up.

In addition to being empowered by the lyrics to some songs, women also drew strength from the act of learning, performing and sharing them. In *May It Fill Your Soul*, Tim Rice describes how the women in a community relate to the songs they sing. Girls learn to sing from a young age in order to pass the time during their long hours of performing housework. (Rice 56) Thus, songs formed a very important part of women's communal lives; according to Rice, "the song tradition gained its coercive force when mothers, aunts, and older girls taught their daughters, nieces, and younger sisters". (115) The very act of singing brought women closer together. Women also exercised a form of agency by choosing themselves which songs to sing and add to their repertoire. They "rejected, selected, and manipulated songs that pleased or displeased [them] in ways having to do partly with their truth value in [their] life." (115) Women curated their repertoires and could create a selection of songs that empowered them. The very act of performing a song means that women could change the story and create a new meaning within a song, also giving them another form of agency in the creation of their own stories. Finally, in addition to being taught to girls by other women, these songs "were often performed by women for women, in circumstances with few or no men present." (115) Singing fostered a sense of community among women at every step, from the characters of the story to the performing of the song and manipulation of the story to the passing down and sharing of the songs themselves. Even though the stories of many of these songs confine women to very specific household roles and restrict their freedom, women can still draw strength from the songs themselves as well as sharing and performing them.

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“RETURNING THE GAZE”: HOW WESTERN HEGEMONY IS INTERNALIZED AND CHALLENGED BY TWO ARTICULATIONS OF THE BAI GANYO NARRATIVE”

Arielle Mosley

Far more than any other literary hero in the Balkans, Bulgaria's Bai Ganyo has remained one of the most beloved and prolific folk heroes of all time. With origins that span more than a century, it can be said that no literary figure can rival Bai's cultural and historical significance to the people of Bulgaria and surrounding parts of the Balkans. Because of the Bai Ganyo narrative's long history in the region, recapitulations of his character can be seen in works ranging from simple jokes to salacious social commentary and satire. In the latter of these tales, we gain insight into what institutions and practices are valued within the region and the ethnic relations and stereotypes that these groups hold about the communities being targeted by Bai Ganyo's antics. However, as much as these tales give us insight into the ways in which people in the Balkans view themselves and other Slavic peoples, the ever-present gaze of the Western world is a topic meriting discussion as well. In different versions of the Bai Ganyo narrative, the influence and attention of the West is simultaneously felt and criticized by both Bai Ganyo and the Balkan people that he interacts with. In a number of usually humorous ways, Bai Ganyo's 'characteristically Oriental' slovenliness and impropriety distinguish him from the comparatively demure and refined Westerners. However, despite this distinction, the ways in which Bai Ganyo responds to this marginalization varies from tale to tale. On the one hand, the Balkans are shown to resent their constant subjugation at the hands of the Western Gaze. On the other hand, surprisingly, the subversion of the West by Bai Ganyo's proud and ostentatious Bulgarian-ism renew a semblance of cultural significance to the marginalized East. But while the Bai Ganyo narratives in general confront the Western gaze in these ways, it is interesting to note that the West's influence is articulated in two distinct ways in both the Aleko and later conceptualizations of the character.

In the former, Aleko portrays Bai Ganyo as a one-dimensionally flat caricature for the Orient's worst qualities; he's lazy, crude, hyper-sexual, and lacks basic tact and social graces. In this version, the character endeavors upon a number of hilarious travels through Western cultural centers, leav-

ing a trail of chaos and criticism in his wake. In one particularly telling example, Bai Ganyo earns the scorn of patrons in a Turkish bath by trying to con a cashier and taking a rather messy belly flop in the spa's public pool. For fans, like myself, of the 'Three Stooges' and 'I love Lucy', such physical humor is consistent with popular comedic performance; in this genre characters are subjected to lighthearted embarrassment and shame because of odd behavior or lack of social tact. However, in Aleko's depiction of the character, these stylistic themes are actually doing much more complicated work because of the deeper implications about Balkan ethnic identity that they suggest. On the one hand, the depiction of Bai Ganyo as such a crude and unrefined character goes beyond a simple characterization of a comedic dunce- his stupidity is articulated as a product and extension of his ethnic identity as a Bulgarian. In this way, Bai Ganyo's antics and ignorance can be explained away by the implication that many Bulgarians, unaware and unlearned in Western customs, behave in such a way. Because Aleko's version fails to give the titular character an opportunity to show his intelligence and wit, Bai Ganyo is one-dimensional and, consequently is denied any narrative agency in the tales that the author includes him in.

Though this characterization may seem innocent, the simplistic depiction of Bai Ganyo as a loveable oaf is problematic because it reduces him and the Bulgarian community he represents to an inaccurately-flat caricature. By reducing the entirety of this community to a literary figure whose antics convey the absolute worst characteristics, the way Balkan people view themselves and their global representation thus becomes complicated. However, the impact that this characterization has on the way the Western gaze influences Bai Ganyo's self-perception is even more damaging. In Aleko's conceptualization of Bai Ganyo, the titular character typically finds himself in a number of precarious situations within the archetypal institutions of the Western cultural tradition: the Opera, the Bathhouse, and an aristocratic home. Both the highest echelons of Western culture and the most banal societal customs are embodied in each of these

the bride and her husband would be rewarded for honoring theirs. While in a sense, the survival of the structure is a reward, it is a reward for the community and does not reward them specifically. The moral then would be that your goodness and gentle loyalty will not always protect you. Folklore is sometimes a place to explore ideas that are otherwise taboo; it is possible that this is one of them. A full discussion of whether this element of the story is subversion is too lengthy for this essay but it is also possible that some storytellers found that as-

pect compelling while others saw it differently.

The tale of the walled up wife seems to have changed across the Balkans in response to the personal feelings of its tellers, gaining local flavor as well as changing in tone to suit the desires of those who sang or told it. Through adaptation, the story remained in oral circulation long enough to be recorded in writing all across the Balkans in countless variations, each of them telling a different story, not only of the bride walled up in a building but also of the people who both told and heard it.

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dition to a blood sacrifice, Mehmed Pasha must also sacrifice treasure to the Drina to build his bridge. The focus of “Višegrad” is not on the living sacrifices, which have no spoken lines, but on Mehmed Pasha and Mitar the Builder. This particular story, which also includes a promise from a vila, seems less like a woman’s ballad in the manner of the others and more like a traditional folk fairy tale where favors are rewarded. The femaleness of the sacrifice is maintained or restored in another version of the story. In the version mentioned in the famous Yugoslav novel *The Bridge on the Drina*, the mother of the twins presses herself against the bridge to nurse them, similar to the desire to remain able to nurse her baby that the walled up wife has in the other stories. According to the version in *The Bridge on the Drina*, the milk that drips from her breasts stains the bridge permanently, matching the continued sustained flow of milk from within the wall found in “Skadar” and “Scutari”. The manner of selecting the victim varies, even when the use of the wife has been determined. In some of the stories, it must be a specific bride, for example, in “Arta”, it must be the “master mason’s wife [who is...] sweet as a rose” but in most of the other stories it is simply the first of their wives to approach the construction site. This is similar to the biblical story of Jephthah who promises to sacrifice the first thing that “comes out from the doors of my house to meet me” (Judges 11:31). Although the walled up wife might be pre-Christian, its similarity to Christian mythology may have helped it survive. In these versions of the story, the virtue of the wife who comes to bring her husband food is what ultimately leads to her death.

Further variation in the victim is found in “Arta” and “Manole”. In “Arta”, the wife is not mentioned as a mother but rather as a sister—one of three who have been sacrificed to make bridges stand—and she alone breaks the model of the uncomplaining victim. She instead curses the people who have sacrificed her, saying, “then as the leaves of the walnut tree are shaken and drift down, so let this bridge be shaken, and they who cross it tumble and drown”, which she later revokes, not for the sake of her husband or child but brother. “Arta” is not a story about motherly affection and loyalty but about sibling commitment and attachment, as she revokes the curse for a brother in a distant land on the off-chance that he could one day cross the bridge and die. Perhaps this variation arose from a storyteller

who found more meaning and personal connection to the sibling bond than in that between the mother and child or husband and wife. In “Manole”, the wife is not a mother yet but an expecting mother who begs to be released as the walls are raised, saying “the wall presses me too hard and crushes my breasts and breaks my child”. This variation probably served to heighten the horror of the story, deemphasizing the noble and necessary sacrifice element and focusing more on the terror of the bride feeling herself and her unborn child die. For a storyteller attempting to frighten the women she told it to, this variant would serve very well, especially as it ends with the heightened tragedy of Manole’s death.

This naturally leads to another difference in the stories: the moment at which they end. “Skadar” and “Scutari” end with the walled up wife continuing to produce milk for not only her own baby but also for future women as it “works miraculous cures for any woman who has no milk to nurse” (Skadar). This ending point allows the walled up wife a victory as she successfully contributes to her family and community not only by helping the building remain upright but also by raising children. “Struna” ends with her plea to be able to nurse her child through the wall, which allows for a similar effect but without sacrificing the visceral nature of the ending by continuing into the future. In “Arta”, the ending with the revised curse/blessing would allow the wife to ‘redeem’ herself from her act of violence in cursing the bridge and add a small lesson about forgiveness as an important virtue although it could simply reemphasize the strength of sibling loyalty if the speaker preferred. “Višegrad” ends with Mehmed Pasha revoking the bridge tax he had just imposed. This seems like a strange ending for a story about human sacrifice but as discussed in an earlier paragraph, “Višegrad” seems more like a standard folk tale than the other stories discussed here.

Some of the other deviations from the basic story are side characters. The vila in “Višegrad” has already been discussed but her presence would allow the teller to incorporate other aspects of folklore into the story. The sisters-in-law in “Skadar”, “Struna” and “Scutari” all frame the bride’s purity and obedience more fully, emphasizing how good she is and worthy as a sacrifice. However, this could also be read as a subversion of normal folklore tropes. In a standard morality folk tale, the other couples would be punished for violating their oaths while

arenas. In a word, the entirety of Western progress and achievement is paralleled in this version of the Bai Ganyo narrative; Occidental society is conveyed as proper, cultured, and poised while Eastern Europe is always trying to ‘catch up’. However, while this characterization places the West in a place of superiority over the Balkans, this conferral of subjugated status also excludes the Balkans from ever being a part of such high ranks. By articulating that Bai Ganyo’s very existence and manner of being is an affront to Western culture, one that cannot be overcome because of his insufferable ‘Balkanness’, a clear dichotomy is drawn between the Western World and Eastern Europe. Just as Bai Ganyo sticks out like a ‘sore thumb’ in European high society, the Bulgarian-as-personified-by-Bai-Ganyo cannot adapt to the Western World because of these unyielding character flaws.

In the aforementioned version, Bai Ganyo functions as an agency-less pawn upon which to project and highlight perceived incongruity between the West and the Balkans. However, in other versions of the tale, this perceived subjugation by the West is subverted by a more witty and robustly-drawn Bai Ganyo character. Unlike his Alekian counterpart, other conceptualizations of the Bai Ganyo narrative portray the eponymous protagonist as a self-aware and proud Bulgarian who acknowledges the failings of his homeland while not bowing to Western claims of superiority. In one particularly poignant example, Bai Ganyo enters into an exchange with a variety of representatives of different ethnic identities ranging from Turkey, Russia, and America. When the men began bragging about their respective homelands and the technological and cultural advancements being made within them, Bai Ganyo is aware that he can’t readily compete. Crudely denigrating the other countries’ achievements, Bai claims that Bulgarians “give it to Russian women, on Turkish rugs, with Italian precision and American

power (Bankova, 1).” In lieu of an attempt to outdo his Western and Eastern European counterparts, Bai Ganyo asserts that his country is best because they take advantage and dominate all of the other countries’ best women, products, and techniques. Although none of Bai Ganyo’s response truly rival the actual intellectual and technological advancements of the other countries, his answer implies the existence of two types of progress: that of the conventional West and that of the Bulgarian. In the former, science and culture are valued as the only metrics of a nation’s advancement and refinement. However, in the latter, this conventional proxy is placated in favor of a society that values such home-spun skills as sexual prowess, street smarts, and common sense over all else.

This notion of an alternative means of ostensibly ‘Balkan progress is important because it reveals and grants Bai Ganyo a true sense of integrity and agency. Whereas in the aforementioned Aleko version he is reduced to a farcical personification of the ways in which the Balkans are behind, in the later versions his crudeness and occasional impropriety aren’t signs of a lack of refinement— instead they are merely symptomatic of Bai Ganyo’s functioning within an alternative cultural space. In this conceptualization, the claim of Western hegemony is challenged because Bai Ganyo’s achievements don’t need to be judged against that of the West because he possesses qualities that help him function within his own social context. Although not explicitly stating in the anecdote itself, Bai Ganyo’s assertion that he possesses several traits that make him an equally powerful character suggests that he thinks the West’s standards do not fit or apply to himself and the Balkans. In this way, he is guaranteed a certain sense of ethnic pride because his notion of Balkan achievement is valuable, even if the West views it as a handicap to achievement.

1. Introduction

Bosnian-Croatian-Serbian (hereafter, BCS) has undergone case syncretism between Dative and Locative in the singular and between Dative, Locative and Instrumental in the plural. The Torlachki dialects have undergone even more case syncretism and has, at most, three cases: Nominative, Accusative and Dative.

This paper aims to examine both of these cases of case syncretism through Luraghi's (1987) theories on case syncretism, by expanding the case hierarchy proposed by Chvany (1982) for the Russian case system and Jakobson's (1936;1958) general meanings for Russian case to BCS and Torlachki.

2. Luraghi:

Silvia Luraghi (1987:355) defines case syncretism as "functional merging of different morphemes based on previous functional overlap." Using this definition, we will exclude accidental overlap surface form due to sound changes and instead focus our attention on cases which have essentially merged throughout the nominal paradigms.

Luraghi (1987: 357) argues that syncretism occurs in situations of semantic and/or syntactic overlap. Syntactic overlap here refers to cases that occur in the same type of syntactic function: argument vs. satellite, first/second/third argument, etc. Semantic overlap here refers to shared semantic meaning, often contextual overlap. Even taking into account cases' general meaning, as proposed by Jakobson (1936), cases are rarely limited to one single function. A case can map on to many meanings and, conversely, a single meaning can map onto more than one case (or construction). It is the latter that Luraghi (1987:356) believes to be one of the primary causes of case syncretism. According to Luraghi, syncretism is most likely to occur when:

a) the overlap in meaning is great enough to precipitate a reduction of redundancy

b) the merger does not create "unacceptable ambiguity" (356).

One element that contributes to the presence or absence of "unacceptable ambiguity" are the lexical properties and semantics of the lexical items that governs a case or the nominal items that surface in

a case. For example, the locative case, which occurs almost exclusively with inanimate nouns (Luraghi: 1987, 358) The same holds true for syntactic roles as well. For example, the role of agent tends to be filled by people, place names tend to be in satellite positions, etc.

In standard BCS, the Locative and Dative have merged throughout the nominal system (nouns, pronouns, adj, etc) in all genders and numbers. Luraghi (1987:363) claims that, when Locative and Dative undergo syncretism, the semantic overlap occurs in dative meanings, such as the dative of possession, in which there is a "proximity to somebody either in a concrete or in a translated sense."

This meaning, of course, does not account for all of the meanings and functions of the dative. However, there is not "unacceptable ambiguity" for two reasons: a) A near-complementary distribution the occurs with the locative being used mostly on animate nouns and the dative mostly on animate ones. b) In the case of Slavic, only the dative can occur without a preposition (thus the alternate name for the locative case: 'prepositional case'), meaning that much of the semantic load can be carried by the prepositions themselves.

In the plural, the forms have merged even further, wherein Locative, Dative, and Instrumental all have the same form within a paradigm. Luraghi (1987:365) claims that cross linguistically instrumental and locative relationships can be expressed interchangeably in certain contexts. This is especially seen in, but not limited to, instruments that also double as location, as often happens with transportation, for example.

As the dative and locative have undergone syncretism in all numbers, it is fairly safe to assume that that syncretism happened first. As such, when discussing the syncretism in the plural, I will treat the cases as a single unit. Therefore, the instrumental undergoing syncretism with the locative necessitates also undergoing syncretism with the dative. The means for disambiguating between traditional locative and dative meanings has been discussed above. The means for disambiguating dative and instrumental meanings will be explored below.

The story of the walled up wife appears across the Balkans in both folk tales and ballads. The tale is by turns morbid and maternal, the sacrifice highly personal and strictly business, creating a narrative that is unsettling yet compelling at the same time. This essay discusses six versions of the walled up wife; "The Bridge at Arta" from Greece, "Master Manole" from Romania, "The Building of the Bridge at Višegrad" from Bosnia, "Struna the Bride" from Bulgaria, "The Building of Scutari" from Serbia but taking place in the Albanian/Kosovar border, and "The Building of Skadar" from the same area. There are other versions from other countries, such as "The Legend of Rozafat Castle" from Albania, and countless sub-versions of each of these stories, due to the oral nature of storytelling. Each of these stories modifies the details of the story, in some cases very dramatically, but still maintains a basic "core" plot and theme. The adaptations of the basic story to different regions and cultures allow the story to appeal on a personal level to a greater audience, evoke different emotions and demonstrate virtuous behavior, all of which keep it relevant and surviving.

The basic plotline of the walled up wife is that there is some construction project—the variation in project is discussed in a few paragraphs—which will not remain upright. The builders realize that they must wall up a young bride in the foundation in order to keep it upright. The bride is the wife of one of the builders themselves and she implores him to release her, often for the sake of her young child. Despite her pleas, she is not released, and her sacrifice allows the structure to remain upright. Core themes of the story are motherhood, sacrifice and innocence, although different versions explore other themes as well. The wife, in almost all of the stories, reflects proper virtuous behavior, focused on the wellbeing of her child and never doubting the pure intentions of her husband. She is never placed in the wall with physical force; instead her husband asks her to find some object that has dropped into the foundation, for example a ring ("Arta" and "Struna"), an apple made of gold ("Skadar" and "Scutari"), or tells her that they will wall her up a little in jest, as seen in "Manole". Her virtue and purity are never challenged in any of the sto-

ries; in some stories it is even emphasized further as she brings lunch for her husband. Her commitment to her child is also a reflection of her virtue as a mother. All in all, she is a pure and virtuous mother whose sacrifice is more poignant through her ideal behavior. The horror factor of the living and virtuous bride walled up to die is present to varying degrees in all of the stories, most extreme in "Manole" but still there in all the others. This horror element probably contributed to the survival of the tale, as it would make it exciting for the listeners.

The simplest kind of variation between the versions is in name. The name of the bride changes, as does the place where the events take place. In "Višegrad" and "Arta", the structure is a bridge whereas "Skadar" and "Scutari" have a fortress. Skadar and Scutari are actually the same place, which accounts for many of the similarities between them; between all the versions, those two are the closest. Master Manole is building a monastery while Struna's husband is creating a citadel. The variation in place names, character names and types of structures is probably to add local flavor to the piece. Many legends are connected to local structures, both natural and manmade and it is not surprising that as the story of the walled up wife spread across the Balkans, its various tellers would strive to connect it to places with personal significance to them. In the case of "Skadar" and "Scutari", which are considered to be Serbian while they take place in modern day Albania, the land changed ownership several times and the area around Kosovo is important to other aspects of Serbian national mythology.

Another type of variation between versions is in the victim. Most obviously, in two versions, the originally intended sacrifice is not the wife of one of the builders and is instead "two of similar name [...] Stoja and Stojan, [...] the two of them brother and sister" in "Scutari" and "Stoja and Ostoja" in "Višegrad". Their nature as twins with matching names is what makes them cosmologically significant and worthy as sacrifices. When they cannot be found in "Scutari", only then is the wife of Gojko sacrificed. "Višegrad" is an interesting story because of this significant difference in victim. There is another major difference in the sacrifices required; in ad-

	Directionality	Quantification	Marginality
Nominative			
Accusative	x		
Genitive		x	
Locative/Dative	x	(x)	x
Instrumental			x

Judging by the plural paradigm (and the paradigm of a few i-stems), BCS appears to be moving towards a system in which there is an unmarked case (N), a directional case (A), a quantifier (G) case

and a marginal case (L/D/I). Instead of having an exhausted system of oppositions, each case could have at most one primary/distinguishing general meaning.

	Directionality	Quantification	Marginality
Nominative			
Accusative	x		
Genitive		x	
Locative/Dative/Instrumental			x

5. Conclusion

This paper has investigated case and case syncretism in BCS and Torlachki. Systems of overlap and systems of opposition were explored in an attempt to explain the motivations for case syncretism. BCS and Torlachki were compared to the examples given in Luraghi analysis of case syncretism in Indo-European. Looking at specific areas semantic and syntactic overlap as well as possible lexical/semantic means of distinguishing specific meaning, a few possible explanations for the syncretisms found in BCS and Torlachki were explored.

Through Chvany's approach, structural and formal similarities and oppositions were investigated with their relation to the BCS and Torlachki systems respectively. Some oppositions and orderings from the Russian hierarchy of case were rejected and modified hierarchies were proposed for BCS and Torlachki, respectively. Through Jakobson, systems of general meanings were proposed for BCS and Torlachki. The oddities created in these systems were explored and their possible "solutions" were proposed, connecting the simplification of these systems and proposed further syncretism.

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In expressions with preposition, the semantic load is carried by the preposition so, once again, ambiguity is avoided. There are no prepositions that can take both the dative/locative and the instrumental, changing semantics by which case is taken. Therefore, we must look to preposition-less constructions for possible areas of ambiguity.

Dative constructions without prepositions are almost exclusively used with animate nouns. Most constructions that use the instrumental without prepositions are used with inanimate nouns: time/space expressions (ex: *Nedeljom idemo na pecanje*. 'We go fishing on Sundays.') and instrument of means (*Možemo li platiti čekom?* 'Can we pay by check?') (Alexander, 325-326).

Animate nouns can be seen in the instrumental without prepositions, but they are almost exclusively in predicate positions or the objects of verbs that take the instrumental. In both of these cases, the semantic load is carried by the verb or adjective (*Ponosi se svojim nećakom*. 'He is proud of his nephews.') (Alexander 325).

Therefore, in expressions without prepositions, we again see a split in the distribution of meaning along animacy lines, eliminating "unacceptable ambiguity" and allowing/precipitating syncretism. It is, therefore, unsurprising to see that this syncretism between Locative-Dative-Instrumental has begun to spread to some i-stem nouns (*Reč* can take both *reču* and *reči* in the instrumental. Others can only take the syncretous ending in -i).

How well can this theory be applied to the situation seen in the Torlachki dialects of Southeast Serbian? The South Morava dialect presents an interesting nominal system of only three cases. Unexpectedly, the cases which remain are Nominative, Accusative and Dative, which contradicts Kurylowicz's (1960:145) assertion that Nominative, Accusative and Genitive are the core of a case system. Additionally, the only case that can be governed by prepositions is the accusative (Friedman: 1977, 79). While an example of this particular type of case syncretism was not given in Luraghi's analysis of the general principles of case syncretism, I believe the foundational ideas established therein can still be applied.

Instead of a full syncretism between two cases, it appears that the function of the genitive has been split between the dative and the accusative case. It's not impossible to see where the syntactic and

semantic overlap occurs for the accusative and the genitive. In standard BCS, direct objects that are animate masculine nouns appear in a form that resembles the genitive. Additionally, the genitive can be used in the direct object position with a partitive meaning: *I want (some) bread*. If the genitive and accusative are interchangeable in the role of direct object, what is to stop them from being interchangeable in other positions and functions as well?

The semantic overlap between the dative and the genitive is also quite easy to understand. In Standard BCS, the dative of possession exists as one of many ways to express possession. It is unsurprising, therefore, to see how the genitive construction became redundant.

Satellite constructions appear to have been delegated to prepositional phrases, as is often the case in the Balkan Sprachbund (Friedman: 1977, 79). The choice of accusative is slightly surprising, however. Assuming a merger similar to that of Standard BCS, one might expect constructions that previously took the instrumental or the locative to take the dative. There are a few explanations as to why accusative is used.

It's possible that the use of accusative in prepositional phrases is yet another result of the partial merger between the accusative and the genitive. In standard BCS, the genitive has the greatest number of prepositions that govern it (Alexander: 2010, 53). It's possible that the genitive was simply generalized to being the case that all prepositions govern. Then, because the genitive and accusative have undergone syncretism, the post-syncretism forms appear with these constructions as well.

Amongst the Torlachki dialects, the dative is only used consistently in the South Morava dialect. Even in this dialect, it appears that it is moving towards a system where the only distinction/opposition is that of controller vs. controlled (Chvany: 1982, 179) – the nominative as the subject case and the accusative as the object case. The dative, therefore is relegated to these marginal uses, which – if the trend of Balkanization continues – will eventually be replaced, most likely by prepositional phrases.

It's also possible that this is simply a contact phenomenon, as Greek prepositions mostly require the accusative (Holton: 1997). Regardless, the accusative case here appears to be a purely syntactic

case in for these constructions. All of the semantic meaning is held by the preposition. While the Torlachki situation is not as straightforward an example of case syncretism as that found in BCS, it does not appear to deviate from the basic principles proposed by Luraghi (1987).

3. Chvany

In response to the 1980 *Russkaja Gramatika*, Chvany (1982) proposed a hierarchy of case for Russian, based on structural and morphosyntactic oppositions found within the language. While RG reasserted the old ordering of cases (Nominative-Genitive-Dative-Accusative-Instrumental-Locative), Chvany argues that this ordering is largely traditional and her proposed order (Nominative-Accusative-Genitive-Locative-Dative-Instrumental) more fully captures commonalities in structure and function, which has both pedagogical and theoretical benefits. Below I will explore to what extent Chvany's hierarchy can be applied to the Serbian and Torlachki situations, respectively. Additionally, I will investigate how this ordering might be used to at least partially account for case syncretism seen in BCS and the Torlachki dialects.

3.1 Nominative vs. the rest

The arguments that Chvany (1982, 179) proposed for the opposition between nominative and the rest in Russian hold true for both Torlachki and BCS (and probably for most nominative-accusative languages). In fact, Torlachki appears to be moving towards a system where this is the only distinction/opposition.

3.2 Direct vs. oblique forms, direct vs. oblique cases

Like Russian, BCS sees a direct and oblique forms (vs. direct and oblique cases) according to a distinction in animacy, although they do not occur in the same environments. However, numerals in BCS do not decline and the quantified nouns always appear in the appropriate counting form. Therefore, the tripartite distinction between 'direct accusative', 'oblique accusative' and 'true genitives' (Chvany: 1982, 181) are not reinforced in BCS in the same way that they are in Russian. The only nouns, then, who appear to only have a direct and oblique form (at least in the singular) are the *i*-stem nouns who take the *-i* ending in the instrumental. As

none of these are masculine or animate, however, the distinction between "oblique accusative" and "true genitives" are not relevant.

Torlachki, as stated above, has essentially merged the accusative and genitive, which could be due to the close relationship that they have in Slavic languages. Additionally, the relatively weaker distinction between oblique Accusative and true genitive in standard BCS could have contributed to their eventual syncretism in Torlachki.

3.3 Genitive vs. the rest

"Structurally, the G[enitive] occupies an intermediate position between the direct N-A and the marginal ... L-D-I" (Chvany: 1982, 184). It has the distinction of being oblique (like L-D-I), but also central (like N and A) (Chvany: 1982, 184). Chvany builds on Jakobson's claim that the Nominative, Accusative and Genitive are the central cases for Russian, citing the much higher frequency of these three cases (as opposed to the remaining three) in both spoken and written language (1982, 84).

While there is not an equivalent study for the frequency of cases in BCS, my initial impressions are that the distribution is similar in BCS – with Nominative, Accusative and Genitive far outstripping the Locative/Dative and Instrumental. Justifications for this assumption include the following: Genitive can be an alternative for both nominative (negation of existential statements) and accusative (partitive, animate statements in which the Accusative = the Genitive, etc). It also is the case governed by the highest number of prepositions. It is used in the most frequently used time expressions, etc.

3.4 Peripheral oblique cases and the order GLDI

While it has been established above that Accusative and Genitive are linked in form and function in BCS, it is not clear that the Locative must necessarily come next in the hierarchy. Part of Chvany's (1982, 84) justification for the placement of the Genitive between the Accusative and Locative in Russian is because of the shared forms between the Genitive and the Accusative and the Genitive and the Locative. In standard BCS, however, the Genitive only shares forms with the Accusative, never with the Locative. Indeed, much of the justification for the ordering of L-D-I in Russian does not hold for BCS. However, as the formal distinction between Locative and Dative has disappeared and

the distinction between Locative and Dative and Instrumental is in the course of disappearing, the necessity for ordering is quickly becoming moot.

In fact the oppositions appear to be going towards a system with central cases (N-A-G) vs. peripheral cases (L-D-I). Then within central cases, there are direct cases and oblique cases (N-A vs. G). Within the direct cases there is the controlling case (N) vs. the controlled case (A).

The uses of the genitive in Torlachki are divided between Accusative and Dative. However, if we assume that the current BCS situation (full syncretism between dative and locative in all numbers) to have occurred at an earlier stage of Torlachki, a merger between the genitive and dative is not disrupting the hierarchy. South Morava dialect would have a distinction between central (N-A) vs. peripheral (D) and then a further distinction between controller (N) vs. controlled (A). The dative-less dialects would, therefore, only have a controller vs. controlled distinction.

4. Jakobson:

While Chvany's exploration of Russian case primarily examines the formal and structural relations between cases within the system, Jakobson (1936, 1958) examines the relationship between cases through their semantics, their "general meanings" and the opposition of meanings within the system, claiming that "grammar without meaning is

meaningless." Although Jakobson (1936; 1958) specifically writes about the Russian general meaning of case, I will extend it to both Standard BCS and the Torlachki dialects. While it's possible that the general meanings of Russian and BCS case do not entirely match up, I believe that the choice is not entirely unjustifiable. Russian and BCS are related languages that have a similar use of case. Additionally, Friedman (1977) applied Jakobson's original general meanings of case to Torlachki, which has even fewer cases than standard BCS and depends even more heavily on prepositional constructions.

Each of Jakobson's proposed eight cases for Russian corresponds to a permutation of binary oppositions of each of the three general meanings (Nominative [-] for all general meanings, Locative 2 [+] for all general meanings, and every other option in between).

When Friedman (1977, 80) applied Jakobson's general meanings of case to Torlachki, he proposed that there were now only two binary features for opposition in the Torlachki system: Directionality (A,D) and Marginality (D). He splits the general meaning of quantification (primarily associated with the genitive case, which Torlachki lacks) between accusative and dative, respectively, eliminating the need for the feature of Quantification. This results in a system that has does not exhaust every permutation of oppositions. There is no case that corresponds to Marginality without Directionality.

	Directionality	Marginality
Nominative		
Accusative	x	
Dative	x	x

The unevenness of this distribution of general meanings is resolved in those dialects that lack the Dative. The only opposition in meaning then, if we

keep Jakobson's original general meanings, is Directionality vs. lack of Directionality.

	Directionality
Nominative	
Accusative	x

The situation in BCS is similar, in that it does not present an exhaustive distribution of the combination of oppositions. Not only would the system of oppositions not be exhausted, the locative/dative would be the only case to have more than one gen-

eral meaning.