

## Contents

Editor's Note.....	3
<b>Dedication to Dositej Obradović</b>	
<i>Chedomille Miyatovich</i> (edited by <i>Slobodan G. Markovich</i> ) Dossithey Obradovich and his Visit to London.....	5
<i>E. B. W.</i> Dositej Obradović and Social Science amongst the South Slavs Today.....	22
<b>Social Science in South Slav Lands</b>	
<i>Bojan Bilić</i> Recovering (Post-)Yugoslav Anti-War and Pacifist Activism: A research agenda.....	24
<i>Maja Nenadović</i> The International Community in the Balkans: Administering Bosnia-Herzegovina and Kosovo's descent into state failure?.....	57
<i>Tahir Mahmutefendić</i> Recession in 2009 and its Impact on the South Eastern European Transition Countries.....	85
<b>Fiction</b>	
<i>Žarko Milenić</i> My Father Snail.....	107

## Book Reviews

Zoran Milutinović, <i>Getting over Europe: The construction of Europe in Serbian culture</i> , reviewed by Arnaud Kurze . . . . .	113
Jens Stilhof Sorensen, <i>State Collapse and Reconstruction in the Periphery: Political economy, ethnicity and development in Yugoslavia, Serbia and Kosovo</i> , reviewed by Tahir Mahmutefendić . . . . .	119
Đuro Aralica, <i>Ustaški Pokolji Srba u Glinskoj Crkvi (Ustasha Massacres of Serbs in Glina Church)</i> , reviewed by Damir Mirković . . . . .	125
H. Richard Friman and Simon Reich (eds), <i>Human Trafficking, Human Security, and the Balkans</i> , reviewed by Branislav Radeljić . . . . .	127
James Ker-Lindsay, <i>The Path to Contested Statehood in the Balkans</i> , Henry H. Perrit, Jr., <i>The Road to Independence for Kosovo: A chronicle of the Ahtisaari Plan</i> , and Marc Weller, <i>Contested Statehood: Kosovo's struggle for independence</i> , reviewed by Imre Szilágyi . . . . .	130
<b>Biographies of our Authors . . . . .</b>	<b>145</b>

## *The South Slav Journal*

*The South Slav Journal* has been published twice annually in London since 1978. Originally it was published by the Dositey Obradovich Circle. The journal was initiated by a group dedicated to research on Yugoslav history and society, headed by Mr Nemanja Marcetic (MA) and his wife Pat Taylor. During the Cold War the journal advocated the introduction of democracy to communist Yugoslavia, and opposed the dictatorship of Josip Broz Tito and his successors.

Over the past several decades the journal was published by The South-Slav Research and Study Centre in London. Since 2009 *The South Slav Journal* has been published jointly by the South-Slav Research and Study Centre in London and the Anglo-Serbian Society.

Since its inception the journal has been open to differing, often conflicting views, and has published articles from a broad variety of fields, encompassing the breadth of the humanities and social sciences. All queries and article submissions may be addressed to the editor: Dr Eric Beckett Weaver, southslavjournal@gmail.com



Engraving of Dositey Obradovich by Arsenie Teodorovich published in 1818.

*Chedomille Miyatovich*

## **Dossithey Obradovich and his visit to London in 1784/1785<sup>1</sup>**

The first literary efforts among the Servians belonging to the Eastern Orthodox Church, after the liberation of Hungary from the Turkish yoke, were written in a language which was not the Servian vernacular, but the old Slavonic Church language, mixed strongly with Russian. The reason why the Old Slavonic mixed with Servian forms was given up was this: the Russian Church, during the reign of Tsar Peter the Great, began to supply the churches and monasteries of Bulgaria and the Servian countries with Church books written in the Old Slavonic mixed with Russisms. The first schools established in Servia, and in the Hungarian provinces inhabited by the Servians, had to bring teachers and professors from Russia. The Russian teachers spoke only Russian, and taught their first Servian pupils the Russianised Old Slavonic. Whenever one of their pupils took up the pen to write a book, they thought it right to use the language

1 The title has been selected by S. G. Markovich, deputy editor. Originally it was a part of the book entitled *Servia and the Servians* published by Chedomille Miyatovich in London in 1908. Included below is an excerpt from chapter IX entitled “Servian literature” (pp. 217–20), and the whole appendix here entitled “The London Impressions of a Famous Servian. A. D. 1785”, which was translated by Miyatovich into English and represents the final chapter (11<sup>th</sup> letter) of the autobiography of Dosithey Obradovich entitled *Life and Adventures*. Either Miyatovich, or his British publisher, omitted those parts from the 11<sup>th</sup> letter that cannot be understood without reading previous parts of *Life and Adventures*. The first part of the autobiography was originally published in Leipzig in 1783 and it does not include Obradovich’s visit to London. The second part of the autobiography was published in 1788/89, and it includes Obradovich’s visit to England.

of the newest Church books, which were in the Old Slavonic of the Russian redaction. Some of them thought that the dignity of science and literature demanded that the books should not be written in the language of the common people, but in the language of the sacred Church books. But the people understood very little of that language, and certainly could not give any encouragement to the authors of such books. The influence of the living language began to assert itself, and towards the end of the eighteenth century the Servian books were written in a curious language of which the foundation was the Old Slavonic of the Church books, strongly mixed with Servian words and Servian forms. The authors themselves called that language “*Slaveno-Serbski*” (Slavonic-Serbian). But even this “mixture” did not win the sympathy and support of the Servian reading public, not numerous in itself!

Most of the books which appeared during the eighteenth century (be it in the Old Slavonic of the Russian type, be in the Slavonic of the Servian type) had no originality – being mostly translations from other literatures. The first author who had some originality, who really created the Servian reading public, and who won for himself a lasting place in the heart of the Servian people as well as in the history of the Servian literature, was *Dossithey Obradovich*. He was born in 1739, in a small village (Chakovo) in the Banat. As a boy of fourteen he entered the Monastery of Hopovo and became a monk, firmly determined to make himself a Saint by fasting and praying. But soon he saw the futility of such endeavours. His thirst after knowledge forced him to leave the monastery and plunge into the worlds in search of science. He travelled all over Europe, came to England and lived in London for several months, supporting himself by giving lessons in Greek. He was fortunate enough to win the patronage of a well-known philanthropist of that time, Dr. W. Fordyce, who seems to have appreciated highly his learning and character. In the appendix we give some extracts from his own notes about his sojourn among the English people.

Dossithey was the first author among the Servians of the Eastern Church who emphasised the necessity of writing the books in the language of the people, so that the readers could without difficulty understand what they read. He himself tried with great success to write in that way, although here and there he used words which were borrowed from the Old Slavonic. He made a great hit by publishing a book of Æsop's Fables (*Basne Ezopove*, Vienna, 1788), attaching to each fable a discourse full of wisdom and moral teachings for the practical life of his readers. Of his other works (published in several editions) the most interesting is his own autobiography. His works, just because of their, even for the simplest of Servians, intelligible language, and of their lucidity, sincerity and moral courage to expose and condemn fraud and superstition, won an extraordinary popularity. He was considered the most learned Servian of his time, and was generally called "The Servian Philosopher." When the Servians, led by Kara-George, cleared their country of the Turks and began to organise a regular European state, Dossithey was called to Belgrade and appointed the Minister of Public Education in Servia (A. D. 1809). As such he established the first High School (*Velika Shkola*) among the Servians. He died in Belgrade in 1811.

But the upholders of the old Slavonic-Servian literary language did not consider themselves so easily vanquished. "The Father of the History" among the Servians, *Archimandrite Yovan Raich* (d. 1801) wrote his history in that language. (*Istoria raznih slavenskih narodov, naipache je Bolgar Horvatov i Serbov*,<sup>2</sup> 4 vols, Vienna, 1794, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn 1829, Buda). Even such a highly-cultured man and poet as the Archimandrite *Lookiyan Mooshitsky* was, wrote his hexameters in Slaveno-Servian, in the first half of the nineteenth century!

Dossithey did not succeed in firmly establishing the national language as the literary language, but he prepared the way for the success of Vook Stefanovich Karajich.

---

2 *History of Various Slavonic Peoples, especially Bulgarians, Croats, and Serbs.*

## Appendix I

### **The London Impressions of a Famous Servian. A. D. 1785**

Dossithey Obradovich was probably the first cultured Servian who ever visited London, and undoubtedly he is the first Servian author who published something about the impressions he received on the English soil. His letter about his sojourn in London throws an interesting light on the life of the higher middle-class people in the great Metropolis toward the end of the eighteenth century. He had had the good fortune to come into contact with very kind and cultured people, whose sympathies and esteem he won, and for whom he had very sincere admiration. His letter gives an unexpected tribute to a well-known and remarkable character in the literary and social circles of London in the eighties of the eighteenth century, Dr. William Fordyce. I do not know if some direct descendant of descendants of William Fordyce still exist in England or in Scotland, but as Obradovich has immortal merit for the creation of the modern Servian literature, every cultured Servian would be happy to express to them how we all feel indebted to their ancestor for the patronage he gave to our poor and struggling Dossithey. It is possible that there are direct descendants somewhere of that learned merchant, John Livie, and his charming wife, of whom the ex-monk, Dossithey, gives such an admirable sketch. I should feel deeply grateful to every reader of this book who could give me reliable information about the eventual existence of descendants of the persons who were so kind to the first Servian author who ever visited London.

I will add that Dossithey arrived in Dover on the 1<sup>st</sup> of December, 1784, travelled by coach from Dover through Canterbury to London, and left the great City on the 8<sup>th</sup> of June, 1785, for Hamburg.



And now, I give here Dossithey's letter, which seems to have been commenced on the very day of his arrival at Dover, and from time to time continued and finished in Hamburg about the middle of June, 1785.

“My very dear Colleague – Here I am, in the town of Dover, thank God, in England of which I heard so much and which to see I wished so much. While passing through and travelling in France, that country and its people seemed to me quite familiar, probably because I knew their language and could speak and talk with everybody. But, here, in England not one single word did I understand! Old and young, women and children, all spoke English, and I could not know what they thought or wished. I looked on the women and girls; they are such beautiful creature that nothing in the world could you see or desire more beautiful! If I had a thousand eyes, and if I were to look at them for a thousand years, I would never be tired of looking at them! The longer I look the handsomer they appear to me! Do you wish to keep up the peace of your mind? Go straight on your way, pass them quickly, and do not even glance at them, because if you only raise your eyes towards them and look at them, you will not be able to proceed any longer on your way, and you will remain there for ever! It is quite right, there are handsome women to be met in other countries too, but they are mostly and evidently conscious of their beauty and are proud of it; and men, the moment they perceive their pride and their self-conceit, slacken in their admiration, do not care for them, and let them go on their way! But what is the most remarkable here is this: that the English women and girls seem not to care a fig about their own beauty, or that they are not conscious of it! They look at you with such natural, simple and sincere eyes, and at the same time with an open, friendly and sympathetic face, as if they were old friends with you! Now, imagine if you can, what I must have felt when I found myself amongst these charming God's creations, and unable to say a word to them!

‘Good and gracious God!’ I thought to myself, ‘how heavily men must have sinned against Thee that Thou hast condemned them to have so many different languages! That was brought to that by that Tower of Babel, and by their ambition to ascend the heavens before the time was ripe, just as if they had not enough space on earth!’ After I had scolded for some time our ancestors, I turned against myself: ‘So many people have lived and live to this day without the knowledge of the English language and English books, why could you not have lived without wishing to find out what these people here think, how they live and what is to be found in their books? You wanted to see England? Very well, here you are in England, and do speak now with the people!’”

“The human soul has this good point in itself that whenever it is saddened, it quickly looks for some means to console itself. For this reason, probably, I suddenly remembered certain Latin verses which are fine, but of which I do not remember where I have read them, nor who is their author. But on that occasion they gave me much consolation. These are the lines:

Non quisquam fruitur veris odoribus  
Hyblaeos latebris nec spoliat favos  
Si fronti caveat, si timeat rubos:  
Armat spina rosas, mella tegunt apes.

“(He who takes care for his forehead and is afraid of the thorny blackberry, cannot enjoy the spring’s perfumes, nor bring out the honey from the caves of Hyblae; roses have thorns for their arms, the honey is defended by the bees.)”<sup>3</sup>

“‘Oh, wicked want of courage!’ I thought. ‘If I do not know English I am just come to the right place where I can learn it! Costly things are not bought for a small price!’”

---

3 The quotation is from a poem written by Roman poet Claudianus who lived in late Antiquity (c. 370–c. 404) century A.D., *Claudii Claudiani, Fescennina de Nuptiis Honorii Augusti*, IV 9–12.

“A young Irishman, by profession a Roman Catholic priest, was returning to Ireland from France, where he had been studying, and as he had to pass through London, I went with him. Towards the evening we reached Canterbury, one of the most ancient of towns in England, lying in a most beautiful position on a height. There we had to remain for the night. As we had about two hours free time, we used it to visit the magnificent old Church. From the walls of the old Castle I admired much the beautiful neighbourhood. Full of internal joy and of admiration for the wonderful works of the Creator, we returned to our lodgings when it was already dark.”

“I am unable to describe to you what I felt when the next day from some heights I saw for the first time the really terrible grandeur and almost endless extent of the most famous and beautiful town of London. The Irish priest and I had places inside the coach, but starting from Canterbury I gave my place to someone else, and I mounted on the top of the coach, from which place I could better see the country. I was wondering at my good fortune! Evidently my mother brought me to this world in a propitious moment. Where was I now? Who am I? It seemed to me that I was born afresh to a new world. Am I indeed the same man, who, not so many days ago, walked with my neighbour, Nika Pootnik of Banat, travelled on foot along the river Beghey to Syrmia, and from Syrmia walked in ‘red brigand’s sandals’ with Athanasius to Croatia? And now on the roof of a large coach, sitting like a Roman Dictator, and having overcome the cruel Tormentor, Poverty, I am victoriously and triumphantly entering into a more beautiful and more famous town than Rome ever was! I felt so happy, as of all London was my private property! [...]”<sup>4</sup>

“In London my Irish friend introduced me to a teacher of children, who spoke little French. I arranged with him to give

---

4 Here follows a paragraph that Miyatovich omitted to translate in which Dosithey speaks of superiority of knowledge over wealth and pleasure.

me instruction in English, bedroom, and board for three guineas per month. Of course, I wanted some money for books also. But taking into account all expenses I thought I would have money enough to last me for three months.”

“Some people told me that the pronunciation of the English is very difficult, but to understand it is quite easy for anyone who knew German and French, and more especially if in addition he knew something of Latin. ‘What God gives!’ I thought; ‘If I learn to understand English I will surely learn how to pronounce it, even if that pronunciation were a Hydra with her seven heads!’”

“But when my teacher proceeded with his first teaching, the hair on my head rose up and my skin began to shiver. But what was to be done! Having once entered into the fray, the only possible course for me was ‘forward’! Perseverance and hard work have often succeeded to accomplish hard tasks. This know could not be cut by a sword, as was the case with the Gordian knot; if Alexander were to come here himself, he would find that his sword could not help him, and that only a patient unknitting the knot was the only method possible. And if I had only one teacher giving me instruction for one hour daily, I could not have made any progress; but it was by great good fortune that in the house I had at any time of the day someone whom I could ask how this word ought to be pronounced and how that one, and often for the one and the same word asking enlightenment from several persons. The old mother of my teacher, his wife, his sister, brother, sister-in-law, and whosoever came from the neighbourhood on a visit to the house, all these were my dear and kind teachers, and heartily I wish them from God a happy life. They were always ready to teach me and to enlighten me, and often they vied with each other who of them would give me a better and more lucid explanation and instruction. Whenever came a fine day, and my landlord and teacher, Master Layard by name, should not have another teaching engagement, he would

take me out to see this part or that part of the town. I made acquaintance of a merchant, by name Janson, who not only spoke Latin very well, but spoke pretty well Greek too, pronouncing it correctly, and who lived in our neighbourhood. He also helped me much in my learning English, and often invited me to lunch or to dine with him. Through him I made the acquaintance with a noble Greek, who was born in Cyprus, and was descendant from the ancient family Lusignan, which at one time reigned in that island. His acquaintance was very advantageous to me, as he was living in London several years already.”

“In that way day by day was passing, and I came quickly to the end of the third month, all my money coming to the end too. In the last week of that quarter I went to take leave from Mr. Lusignan. I told him that as I have learned well enough the pronunciation of the English language and what remains I could learn somewhere else, I made my preparations to leave for Calais. ‘Look now,’ said Mr. Lusignan to me, ‘a friend of mine, to whom I spoke of you on several occasions, wished me to bring you to-morrow to his house to dinner, as he would like to make an acquaintance with you. He is a merchant, dealing in English porcelain, but at the same time he is really a learned man and great lover of the Greek language and books, and so is his wife too. I hope you will not refuse to dine with them?’ ‘I wonder how you could imagine that I would refuse! I would be a fool if I could refuse to go to dine with good people to whom I would be glad to go even if no dinner were in sight!’ Mr. Lusignan laughed, and we spent pleasantly that afternoon first without, and afterwards with, the punch, talking about Greece and her history. It was already dark when I took leave of him, he repeatedly assuring me that to-morrow’s acquaintance will be pleasant for me. To my lodging it was far enough, but I knew my way and innumerable lanterns gave good light.”

“Since London exists on the spot on which it is, I do not think that ever there was a person within its walls who was

so lucky as not to have any money, as the case was with me! 'What nonsense you talk!' will probably say to me a stiff-nosed critic. Wait a moment, and let us consider the matter, and you will see that it was no 'nonsense,' but true and intelligible words. If I had my own money to subsist yet another quarter in London, I would probably still have made the acquaintance with the people, of whom I will write a little later, but that acquaintance would have been only accidental and superficial, because having no need of their help I would not have an opportunity of being acquainted with the great kindness of their heart and generosity and nobleness of their soul. I would have continued to remain living and boarding with my teacher, learned a little more, finished my work, and then returned on my journey home. But my soul would have then remained for ever deprived of the sweetest acquaintance which I ever had in my life, and of the precious treasure of honesty, virtue and friendliness of these good and really divine people in England."

"Mr. Lusignan came to my lodging the next morning, about 11 o'clock a.m. 'Shall we go? Are you ready?' he asked. 'I am ready long ago, and only feared that you should go without me!' I answered. He laughed and said: 'We are in good time. It is true we will have to walk a full hour, but still we will arrive there early enough. You know that the English dine generally at 2 o'clock, sometime even at 3 o'clock!'"

"We passed, walking, the Tower of London, walked on and on, and at last reached that part of the town, which is called The Hermitage, and entered the house called 'China House.'"

"Entering a room, we found the lady of the house sitting with a piece of fine linen in her hands and sewing. She rose up to receive us, and, after the usual greetings, she invited us to sit down, she herself taking a place and continuing her stitching. She commenced a long conversation with Mr. Lusignan about what she had just read in the papers (which were lying on the table) about the workings of the Parliament, about the Easy In-

dia Company, about the ships which had just arrived from India, about the commerce, and at last about the lately published books, what were their titles, who were their authors, and what they contained. And about all these topics she spoke so simple, so easy and so lucid! If I had not been looking at her and if I had not seen her sewing, I would have thought that she read aloud from a book! I could not understand just every single word but few things escaped me, and she pronounces every word so clearly and distinctly. In such conversation two hours passed that we did not feel how they passed! When Mr. Lusigan would take the word I would fervently desire that he should finish quickly and be silent in order that she should speak again. I would gladly remain all the day without the dinner only to listen to her talking. I was able all that time to look at her freely, because she would hardly lift up her eyes from her sewing. She was not exactly what is called the typical English beauty, but at the same time if an Apelles or a Raphael wished to paint the innocence, kindness, peacefulness, and purity of heart and soul, he certainly could nowhere find such a model as he would find in the face and in the eyes of this Englishwoman.”

“Immediately after two o'clock the table for the dinner was laid, and the master of the house, my new friend Mr. John Levie, arrived. I saluted him and started a conversation in Latin, which language he spoke with an admirable correctness and eloquence. Since I left Moldavia I never have been so gay as I was this day. I did not know at all – but it seems that my soul has had a vision of it – that from this very day was to commence my well-being and happiness in London during another period of three months. But how not to be gay when I saw in the faces and in the eyes of these good and happy people such a single-heartedness and goodwill towards me? And if they had been my own brother and sister, and as if they had been vying with each other which of the two would look at me with greater kindness, graciousness and sweetness, telling me by the voice of their soul and heart through their eyes how pleased they are that after such a long

separation we at last have found each other, met together, and now cannot tire of looking at each other!”

“During the dinner Mr. Levie began a long story and told it so lively that he stopped eating. His wife urged him repeatedly that he should eat, otherwise he would rise from the table quite hungry. I then turned towards the host and said in Latin: ‘Madame never once urged *me* to eat, because she saw I do not wait to be urged!’ That caused this good man to laugh so heartily and so many minutes that the hostess asked: ‘What is that? Why do you laugh so? And when he told her what I said, she joined him in laughing and we other two joined them. Who could have seen us at that moment would naturally conclude that we are gathered there not to dine but to laugh! When the general hilarity somewhat subsided, Mrs. Levie told me that Mr. Janson had spoken much in my praise, and that she sees that his praise was not exaggerated. I said then to her husband: ‘Especially when the business concerns eating, I do not cede to anyone!’ It was no use for me to assure them that I am not making a joke, but that I was stating a simple fact, they went on laughing. But this was nothing compared with what was to come. After most agreeable beer, the servants placed on the table Burgundy wine, I got courage to tell them a story in English, and in order not to make them wait whenever I could not find quickly an English word I used either the German or the French. They would all listen to me most attentively, and then each of them tried to explain what it was I really meant to say, and as everyone thought he knew better than the other two, they quickly came into lively discussion among themselves. Then it was my turn to laugh when I saw that none of them understood what I wished to say. In short, this was really a very pleasant and gay day for me.”

“After the dinner they asked me what was the real reason that I am leaving so soon England, seeing that I loved so much their language? It seemed to me that not to be straightforward and sincere with such excellent people would amount almost



to a sacrilege. 'My most important two reasons,' I answered, 'are these: first, because I have no money; secondly, because there is no one in the world from whom I had right to expect a remittance' – 'If that is all!' said Mr. Levie, 'then there is no need for you to leave. I will gladly give you every day after the dinner lessons in English, and every day you can take your dinner and support here with us!' After a few days they found me lodging in their immediate neighbourhood."

"As I said a little earlier, just that circumstance that I had no money enough brought me the friendship of these people of indescribable kindness. A symptom of perfect kindness consists just therein that, when a good man does kindness to another man, he generally likes that other man the more each time he does him a kindness just so as the parents love their child the more they do for it. I would go to the house of my dear Mr. Levie every day at 10 or 11 a.m., and with the help of his most honourable wife I would read aloud to learn the proper pronunciation, and after this I would translate one or two Æsop's fables from the Greek into English. She also would spend every day in reading Greek books for an hour, as she, just so as did her husband, loved that language very much. In such studies we two would spend our time up to the dinner hour, viz., up to 2 o'clock p.m. After the dinner Mr. Levie would give me lessons till the evening, excepting the days on which his business retained him away. About a month after such a profitable and agreeable occupation for me, my hosts went to Harwich on a visit to Mrs. Levie's father, as they used to do every year about this time, where they wished to remain for fifteen days. On leaving they recommended me to their shop assistant, a good and well-educated young man. We dined together in the house. After the dinner till the time of the supper he would give me lessons, just as his master did, and indeed he was so kind and so heartily well disposed towards me that he would carry me in his arms if he could. The dinner was always prepared and served as if the master and his wife had been at home. Still both I and Mr. Clarke – the young

assistant – were longing to see out dear and kind hosts return home. And just for my sake they asked permission from the old gentleman to return home five days earlier than they were accustomed to do. I do not know that I have ever in my life – except perhaps while I was yet a child – been simply longing for the return of my friends as I did on this occasion.”

“A few weeks later Mr. Levie’s sister, Mrs. Tellar, and her brother, Mr. Cook, came to stay with their sister for some time. Then every day we had dinners and other entertainments either at the house of my hosts or at the houses of their friends, and excursions to the most interesting parts of the town and neighbourhood, on which excursions I had to accompany them almost always. This made me in a certain measure lose my lessons, but on the other side it was so pleasant and so useful for me inasmuch as I obtained excellent opportunities to acquaint myself with the lovable features of English character, and with their unaffected, simple and hearty manners.”

“Besides these guests, Mr. Levie would give every Tuesday a dinner to his learned friends. Every Friday we would be in sufficiently numerous company at dinner with Mr. William Fordyce, a physician and Knight of the Golden Fleece, which dignity he obtained from the King for his distinguished services to the medical science.<sup>5</sup> This most dignified gentleman was a hearty friend to my benefactor, Levie, and, having though him learned to know me, he took me under his kind patronage and instructed his friend to give me for his account all the money of which I might have need for books, clothes, and other minor expenses, during my stay in London. I say again: all this noble generosity of English people and their kindness, worthy to be gratefully remembered for ever, I would not have experienced if I had not been in need!”

---

5 Sir William Fordyce (1724–1792), was an army surgeon in war of 1742–48, and then began to practice in London in 1750. He was knighted in 1787, and was lord rector of Aberdeen (Marischal College) at death. *The Concise Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford, 1992), p. 1044.

“It really depended only on me if I chose to remain for the remainder of my life in England. As I was fond of giving lessons, and would have learned their language perfectly, I could live very well here. But every man, from the cradle to the grave, must have one or other dominant wish. Such a wish of mine was that I may publish yet a few pages in my mother’s language. I experienced personally how it would have been useful and agreeable for me if in my young days I had to read something good and wise in our own language! How I should feel grateful to that man of my people who would have taken care to do that, and what he had acquired with hard work and loss of time to transmit to my mind and soul without much work on my part and in a short time! This, that I am thinking and feeling of others, other people would eventually think of me! Oh, what a flattering foreboding! What a sweet hope in an immortal life! Good-bye, therefore, not only London and Paris, but every other place in the world in which I could not accomplish this highest desire of my life!”

“Therefore, when the second quarter expired and I felt sure that I could make further progress for myself, I informed my benefactors and friends that I must leave England.”

“God only knows how sorry I was to leave these delightful people! I made a vow that in future I shall watch very carefully not to enter into fast friendship with anyone, with whom not to be always and till my death together, would fill me with sadness. Mr. William Fordyce instructed Mr. Levie to buy for me fine books, and to give me all the money necessary to cover the expenses of travelling from here to Hamburg, and from thence to Leipsic. He gave me also as a souvenir one of his works, written in Latin and entitled *Fragmenta Chirurgica et Medica*, in which he described his own experiments and which he published while I was in London. Both he and Mr. Levie inscribed themselves in that book in this manner: “Dositeo Obradovics, Serbiano, viro linguis variis erudite, sanctissimis moribus morata, Anglis, apud

quos sex menses diversatus est, perquam dilecto, Fragmenta haecce, parvulum quidem at a moris sincerissimi et amicitiae pignus, libentissime merito obtuleunt. – Londoni, VIII Kal. Junii MDCCLXXXV. – Gulielmus Fordyce; Joannes Levie.”

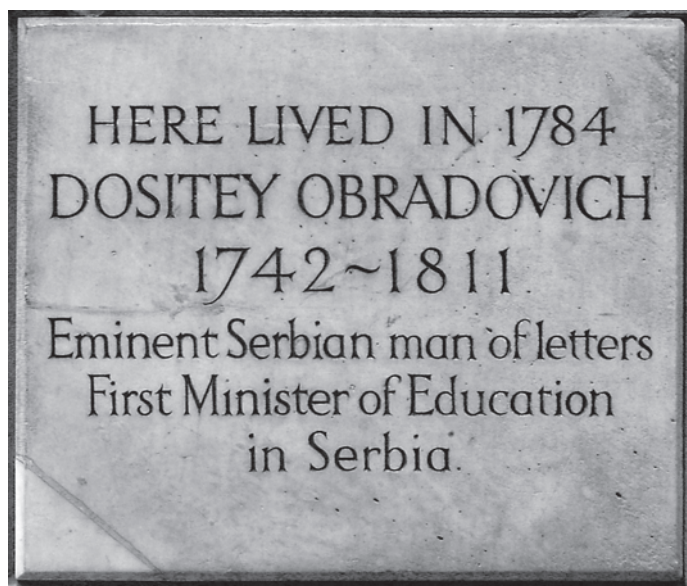
“Two young gentlemen, Henry Turnbull and William Valliott, made me also presents of very valuable books. A great commercial sailing ship was preparing to leave for Hamburg. I embarked on it the 27<sup>th</sup> May (old style), and we sailed by the river for the sea. At Gravesend, where there is a great harbour, the captain of our ship joined us, coming down the river in a small boat, and as the wind was favourable our ship came out into the open sea. The captain came into the general room where I was sitting and handed me over a somewhat heavy letter, which when I opened I found to contain five guineas with the following lines:

“I do assure you, my dear Sir, it has been matter of some consideration with me, in what way (the least to heart your delicacy) I should contribute my mite toward alleviating those pecuniary wants, which have deprived us of you, and which you ought not to know. Do not scruple, I beg of you, to accept the enclosed small sum, and be persuaded it is offered by a man who esteems and loves you. Farewell! Consider me as one of the friends you have made in England, who holds you dear in remembrance, and to whom nothing will be more welcome than accounts of your prosperity and happiness. London, 27<sup>th</sup> May, 1785. – Henry Turnbull.”

“That was a young man of twenty-five years, by position a private secretary to a gentleman. He used to come often to his friend Mr. Levie, though whom I made his acquaintance. From his letter is to be seen that he wished to help me according to his might (being himself not a rich man), but he dared not do directly from fear that he might hurt my ‘delicacy’, as he calls it, because honest and noble hearts judge by their own feelings that to every man it is not so easy to receive the gifts. And inasmuch

as he had not the courage to do it while he was face to face with me, he could not resist to do it when I left. To do a kindness in such a handsome and delicate manner increases, in the eyes of all those who rightly judge, the value of his five guineas to fifty times that amount.”

“The fourth day we arrived at Hamburg. I remained there for a few days. I wrote at once to all my friends in London: to Mr. Lusignan in Greek, to Chevalier Fordyce and to my most dear friend Mr. Levie, Mr. Janson, Mr. Clarke, and William Valliott in Latin, and to my teacheress and patroness, Mrs. Levie, and Mr. Turnbull in English.”



*Memorial plaque dedicated to Dositey Obradovich in London.  
Clement's House, Clement's Lane, City, London.*

*E. B. W.*

## **Dositej Obradović and Social Science amongst the South Slavs Today**

If Dositej Obradović were to return he would find a world changed almost beyond recognition, but not without charm. Advances in medical science, applied technology, and hygiene, and the ease and speed with which we travel today would delight and amaze him. He would certainly be pleased to find that most of the people who speak the dialects he knew as his own are now living not under the domination of absolutist empires, but in sovereign states run, more or less, on the enlightened lines he advocated.

On the other hand, pollution and the destruction of many beautiful vistas Dositej once knew could not but dismay him. And he would surely be most upset and confounded by the factionalism and hatred he would find everywhere between South Slavs in the Balkans.

Yet even here, Dositej's optimism might come to the fore. If he surveyed the writings and obsessions from his home region, he would find a great shift. Scholars from an older generation revealed the wrongs done to the region by great powers, great ideologies, and even foreign prejudices (e.g. orientalism, or balkanism), but recently the gaze of the most talented has focused with increasing clarity on what went wrong domestically, in the region. How is it that peoples who apparently have so much in common could split with such mutual acrimony and bloodshed at various points in the Twentieth Century? And why is it that they are still so divided today?

While there is still no clear consensus, these questions have engaged the most talented of social scientists and histori-

ans working in the region and abroad, such as (to name but a few): Bojan Aleksov, Dejan Djokić, Tomislav Dulić, Aleksandar Pavković, Vjekoslav Perica, Marko Šuica, Zoran Terzić, Ana S. Trbovich, and Mitja Velikonja.

In one way or another, a new generation of scholars continues to search for answers to what went wrong. But in contrast to earlier efforts, the essays below are not only descriptive, but also contain tentative efforts to find how to make things right, or at least make sure things do not go wrong again. Though he might have disputed some of the arguments presented below, this new tendency beyond description and toward prescription would surely have pleased the humanist in Dositej, to whom we dedicate this issue of *The South Slav Journal* on this, the two-hundredth anniversary of his death.

*Bojan Bilić*

**SOCIAL SCIENCE**  
**Recovering (Post-)Yugoslav Anti-War**  
**and Pacifist Activism**  
A research agenda

**Abstract**

This paper argues that the widespread insistence on various Yugoslav nationalisms across the social sciences has obscured a rich dynamics of anti-war and pacifist engagement which was taking place immediately prior to and throughout the wars of Yugoslav succession. I analyse some of the main reasons for which (post-)Yugoslav anti-war and pacifist activism has not by now assumed a more prominent place on the regional research agenda. Given that politically focused collective enterprises never appear in political and social vacuum, I position this kind of civic involvement in its socio-historical context. The 1968 student protests as well as Yugoslav environmentalist and feminist activisms are perceived as three extra-institutional spaces from which a vast majority of anti-war and peace activists would be subsequently recruited. The paper critically reviews the existing studies on (post-)Yugoslav anti-war and peace activism and proposes a promising theoretical approach for further exploration of this complex phenomenon.

**Recovering (Post-)Yugoslav Anti-War**  
**and Pacifist Activism**

The extremely violent character of the wars of Yugoslav succession, taking place throughout the very last decade of the 20<sup>th</sup>



*Maja Nenadović*

## **The International Community in the Balkans: Administering Bosnia-Herzegovina and Kosovo's descent into state failure?<sup>1</sup>**

### **Abstract**

Among the various cases of democratization, none is more influenced by external actors than countries placed under international administration in aftermath of conflict. As social experiments in the making, Bosnia-Herzegovina (BiH) and Kosovo exemplify both the potential and limits of international actor involvement in post-conflict reconstruction and state-building. This article helps clarify the paradox of post-conflict democratization in “assisted democracies” where international community spearheads this process, with the ultimate goal of leaving it in the hands of local political elites. Fifteen years into international administration of BiH and eleven years respectively in Kosovo, both countries’ political elites continue to demonstrate political immaturity and lack of capacity. This serves as a warrant for extension of international administration mandates there, and it stresses the importance of studying political party assistance and its potential as well as limits in empowerment, capacity-building and democratic socialization of political parties in post-conflict areas.

---

1 Article originally presented at the conference “After the Melting of Frozen Conflicts: Systemic Transformations and Legitimation of Secessionist Bids”, 28–29 May 2010, Tartu, Estonia.

This paper analyses externally-led democratization in BiH and Kosovo. The macro-level politics of international administration presence exerts impact on the political system level, while continuing the countries' dependency on external intervention and semi-sovereignty that ensues from it. The micro-level political effects, on the other hand, are resulting from international organizations providing aid to BiH and Kosovo's political parties, with hopes of making them more capable and democratic in the process. The results are not promising from either level of influence: international administration does not appear to have turned BiH and Kosovo into sustainable, sovereign countries yet, just as party assistance has failed to transform local political parties into organizations that resemble their Western counterparts. What is more, the political situation in both countries seems to be worsening, which begs the question: is the international community administering Bosnia-Herzegovina and Kosovo's descent into state failure?

## 1. Introduction

It would be an understatement to put forward the claim that post-conflict state-building and democratization processes in Bosnia-Herzegovina (BiH) and Kosovo have been stalled for some time. Despite the extraordinary extent of the international involvement in both countries<sup>2</sup>, the international press has raised serious concerns about their status quo.<sup>3</sup> Two such articles that

---

2 At the time of writing, Kosovo's independence was recognized by 69 of 192 UN member states. Kosovo will be referred to as a "country" throughout this article not as a political statement, but because the author is based at the University of Amsterdam and The Netherlands is one of the states that has recognized Kosovo.

3 For example: Nicholas Kulish, "While Europe Sleeps, Bosnia Seethes," *The New York Times*, 6 Sept. 2009; Patrice C. McMahon and Jon Western, "The Death of Dayton: How to stop Bosnia from falling apart," *Foreign Affairs*, 88/5 (Sept. 2009); Marc Champion, "Bosnia Risks Sliding Into Turmoil, Diplomat Says," *The Wall Street Journal*, 25 Mar. 2009; "Global

*Tahir Mahmutefendić*

## **Recession in 2009 and its Impact on the South Eastern European Transition Countries**

### **Introduction**

Recession, which started in the USA and the other developed countries in the beginning of 2008 spread to the rest of the world in the last quarter of 2008 and the first quarter of 2009. This article will deal with the magnitude of the recession and its impact on the SEE transition economies. The first section is devoted to the world economic performance in 2009. The second section deals with the economic performance in the European Union countries. The third section analyses the overall economic performance in the SEE transition countries. The fourth section provides a country by country assessment of economic performance in the South East European economies.

### **1. World Economic Performance in 2009**

Recession, which started in the first half of 2008 in the USA and the other developed countries spread to the rest of the world in the last quarter of 2008 and the first quarter of 2009. Economic downturn spilled into the rest of the world through two channels; goods markets and financial markets.

The main transmitter of the recession in goods markets was American imports, which accounts for 15% of the world trade. A demand for foreign goods in the USA fell by 7% in 2008 compared to 2007. Hopes that this will be compensated by the rise