

Ivo Andrić

THE DAYS
OF THE
CONSULS

*Translated by Celia Hawkesworth
in collaboration with Bogdan Rakić*



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For Bogdan, Svetlana and Nikola the Third

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

The final version of this translation was completed in collaboration with Bogdan Rakić in his flat in Sarajevo, in April 1986. Andrić is notoriously difficult to translate: his distinctive rhythms cannot be reproduced easily in English. All consequent awkwardness in wording and structure is my responsibility. But I can at least feel confident that the translation is accurate in respect of its meaning, with all its nuances: Bogdan has an acute ear for both English and his native Serbo-Croat and he proved to be an exceptionally conscientious and demanding colleague. Those spring days in Sarajevo are for me the brightest in a series of happy associations with the land and people of Bosnia. I shall always cherish the memory of our working sessions round a table laden with dictionaries in which we frequently found that illustrations for rarely used words were taken from Andrić himself. Working painstakingly like that through what is at first sight a sombre text, we surprised ourselves by the frequency with which we laughed at the scenes and situations it evoked. The hall-mark of Andrić's style is just this clear-sighted, unsentimental irony.

Andrić's novel was written amidst the misery and tragedy of the Second World War. This translation is being prepared for publication as Sarajevo is racked once again by senseless violence. Nothing can reduce the pain of the knowledge of that grief, suffering and destruction, but Andrić's timeless wisdom can offer a counterweight of sustaining strength.

Celia Hawkesworth, July 1992

Settlements marked in "The Days of the Consuls"



NOTE ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF SERBO-CROATIAN NAMES

With the exception of some Turkish words and names (e.g. Cem, the younger son of Sultan Beyazit II, whose story is told in *The Damned Yard*), Serbo-Croatian spellings have been retained. The language may be written in either the Cyrillic or the Latin alphabet. The Latin alphabet includes a number of unfamiliar letters listed below. Serbo-Croat is strictly phonetic, with one letter representing one sound. The stress normally falls on the first syllable.

C, c	–	ts, as in cats
Č, č	–	ch, as in church
Ć, ć	–	tj, close to č, but softer i.e. t in future
Dž, dž	–	j, as in just
Đ, đ	–	dj, close to dž, but softer i.e. d in verdure
J, j	–	y, as in yellow (<i>Jugoslavija</i>)
Š, š	–	sh, as in ship
Ž, ž	–	zh, as in treasure

N.B. For a glossary of Turkish words used in the text, see page 397

PROLOGUE

*F*or as long as anyone can remember, the little cafe known as 'Lutvo's' has stood at the far end of the Travnik bazaar, below the shady, clamorous source of the 'Rushing Brook'. Not even the oldest people can remember Lutvo, its first proprietor. He has lain for at least a hundred years in one of the cemeteries scattered throughout Travnik, but everyone goes to Lutvo's for coffee and his name is still recalled and mentioned while so many sultans, viziers and beys have been long forgotten. In the garden of this little cafe, at the foot of a hill, a gentle secluded slope rises up against a cliff, in the shade of an old lime tree. Low benches of irregular shapes have been fitted together around the tree, among boulders and tufts of grass, making a place where it is pleasant to sit for a while and always hard to leave. The benches are weatherworn and warped by the years and long use – they have merged completely with the tree, earth and rock around them.

During the summer months, from the beginning of May to the end of October, this was by ancient tradition the place where the Travnik beys and other notables admitted to their company gathered, about the time of the afternoon prayer. At

that time of day, none of the other townspeople would presume to sit and drink coffee here. The spot was known as 'The Sofa'. For generations this word had a clear social and political meaning in the popular speech of Travnik, because whatever was said, discussed and decided on the 'Sofa' had almost the weight of a resolution of the counsellors at the Vizier's Divan.

On the last Friday of October 1806, some dozen beys were sitting there, although the sky was already overcast and a wind was getting up, which always meant rain at this time of year. Each in his own set place, the beys were talking in low voices. Most of them were pensively watching the play of sun and clouds, smoking chibouks and coughing tetchily.

They were discussing an important piece of news.

One of them, a certain Suleiman Bey Ajvaz, had recently travelled to Livno on business. While there he had met a man from Split, a reliable person, he said, who had told him the news he was now recounting to the others. They could not make it out and kept asking for details and making him repeat what he had already said.

'It was like this,' Suleiman Bey explained. 'The man simply asked me: „Are you expecting visitors in Travnik?“ „Us?“ I said. „No, we don't want visitors.“ „That may be, but you'd better be ready for them,“ he said, „because you're getting a French consul. Bunaparta has asked at the Porte in Istanbul for permission to send a consul, to open a consulate in Travnik. And it's already been approved. You can expect the consul this coming winter.“ I treated it as a joke: „We've lived for hundreds of years without consuls, and that's how we'll go on. In any case, what would a consul do in Travnik?“ But he persisted, „Never mind how you lived in the past, now you're going to have to live with a consul. That's how things are. And the

consul will find things to do. He'll sit beside the Vizier giving orders, watching how the beys and agas behave and what the Christians are up to, and keeping Bunaparta informed about it all. „There's never been anything of the kind; it couldn't happen,“ I contradicted the foreigner. „We've never had anyone meddling in our affairs and we won't let them start now.“ „Ah well, you see what you can do,“ he said, „but you'll have to accept the consul, because no one has ever refused what Bunaparta asked, and the Istanbul Government isn't going to. Far from it, as soon as Austria sees you've got a French consul, they'll ask you to take one of theirs as well, and then Russia will come along...“ „Now you're really going too far, my good fellow!“ I stopped him, but he just smiled, the Latin bastard, tugged at his moustache, and said: „You can cut this off, if things don't turn out just as I say, or very like it.“ There, that's what I heard, my friends', said Ajvaz, concluding his story, 'and I can't get it out of my head.'

Given the circumstances – the French army had already been in Dalmatia for a year and Serbia was in a state of constant rebellion – a vague rumour like this was enough to upset and confuse the beys, who were already very worried. They brooded and fretted over what they had heard, although no one would have known it from their faces and their tranquil smoking. Speaking slowly and indecisively, in turn, they tried to guess what it could all mean, weighing up how much of it was a lie and what might be true, wondering what they should do to find out more about the matter and perhaps put a stop to it at the outset.

Some of them thought the whole thing had been made up or exaggerated to alarm them. Others commented, with some bitterness, that it was a sign of the times: there were

such goings on now in Istanbul, in Bosnia and the whole world, that nothing should surprise anyone and you had to be prepared for anything. Yet others consoled themselves by saying that this was Travnik – Travnik! – and not just any little provincial town, and that what happened to others need not, could not, happen here.

Everyone said something, just for the sake of speaking, but no one said anything very definite, because they were all waiting to hear what the oldest among them would have to say. This was Hamdi Bey Teskeredžić, a heavily built old man, whose movements were slow but whose gigantic body was still strong. He had fought in several wars, been wounded and captured. He had fathered eleven sons and eight daughters and had innumerable descendants. His beard and moustache were sparse and the whole of his sharp, regular face was sunburnt, covered with scars and blue marks from an old gunpowder explosion. He had heavy, drooping eyelids the colour of lead. His speech was slow but clear.

At last, Hamdi Bey put an end to the conjecture, foreboding and fear by saying, in his surprisingly youthful voice, ‘Come now, there’s no sense trying to cross our bridges before we come to them, as the saying goes, or alarming people for no reason. You must listen and pay attention to everything, but you needn’t believe every word straight away. Who knows what will happen with these consuls? Maybe they’ll come and maybe they won’t. And even if they do, the Lašva won’t start flowing backwards: it’ll keep on going the same old way. We’re on our own ground here, and anyone else who comes is a stranger and won’t be able to hold out for long. Many people have come here intending to stay, but so far we’ve seen the back of all of them. It’ll be the same with the

consuls if they do come. And there's not even any sign of them yet. That fellow may well have sent a request to Istanbul, but that doesn't mean it's decided. A lot of people ask for a lot of things, but you don't always get what you ask for...'

Hamdi Bey uttered these last words angrily, then paused, and, in the complete silence, exhaled the smoke from his pipe before continuing, 'And if it does happen! We shall have to see how it turns out and how long it lasts. No man's star shines forever, and it won't be any different with that... that...'

Here Hamdi Bey started to cough, choking with suppressed anger, and so he never did pronounce the name of 'Bunaparta' which was in everyone's thoughts and on everyone's lips.

No one else said anything, and that was how the discussion of the latest news was concluded.

Soon the clouds completely covered the sun and there was a strong, cold gust of wind. The leaves on the poplars by the water's edge rustled with a metallic sound. The icy tremor passing through the whole valley of Travnik was a sign that for this year the meetings and conversations on the Sofa had come to an end. One by one the beys began to rise and disperse to their homes with a silent gesture of farewell.

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CHAPTER 1



Early in 1807 a number of unusual, previously unheard-of things began to happen in Travnik.

No one in Travnik had ever imagined that this was a town created for the commonplace. No one, not even the lowliest Muslim peasant from the slopes of Vilenica. This fundamental sense that they were in some way different from other people, destined for something better and finer, entered into every human creature with the cold wind from Vlasić mountain, with the biting water from the Roaring Brook, with the 'sweet' wheat from the south-facing slopes round Travnik. It never left them, not even in their sleep, in poverty, or at the hour of their death.

This applied particularly to the Turks who lived in the town itself. But even the rayah of all three faiths, scattered over the steep outskirts or crowded together in their separate district, were filled with the same feeling, each in their own way and in accordance with their own condition. It applied to the very town, in whose position and layout there was something special, individual and proud.

Their town was in fact a deep, narrow ravine which generations had built up and cultivated, a fortified *pass* in which people had stayed to live permanently, adapting themselves to it over the centuries and adapting it to themselves. On both sides hills sloped steeply down to meet at a sharp angle in the valley where there was scarcely room for the narrow river and the road beside it. The whole place looked like a half-open book, with gardens, alleyways, houses, fields, graveyards and mosques drawn on each page.

No one has ever calculated how many hours of sunlight nature has denied this town, but it is certain that the sun rises later here and sets earlier than in any of the other numerous towns and villages of Bosnia. Even the people of Travnik do not deny this, although they insist that, when it does shine, it is nowhere so bright as over their town.

In this narrow, damp and draughty valley through which the Lašva flows and whose sides are studded with springs, dykes and brooks, there is virtually no straight road or any flat place where a man might step freely. Everything is steep and uneven, tortuous and intricate, connected or interrupted by private roads, fences, blind alleys, gardens and back-gates, graveyards and places of worship.

Here by the water, that mysterious, inconstant and powerful element, the generations are born and die. Here they grow, feeble and pale, but resilient and equal to anything. Here they live with the Vizier's Residence before their eyes – proud, slender, stylish, discriminating and shrewd. Here they work and prosper or sit idle and grow poor, all of them reserved and cautious, never laughing out loud, but inclined to sneer; not saying much, but enjoying whispered gossip. And here they are buried when their time comes, each according to his

faith and customs, in water-logged graves, making way for a new generation of people just like themselves.

So the generations replace one another, handing down not only established characteristics, both physical and mental, but their land and their faith, not only an inherited sense of measure and proportion, not only a familiarity with all the roads, side-entrances and alleyways of their tortuous town, but an innate ability to understand the whole world and its people. The children of Travnik come into the world with all of this, but above all with a sense of pride. Pride is their second nature, a vital driving force which accompanies them throughout their lives, marking them out and distinguishing them readily from other people.

Their pride has nothing in common with the naive brashness of well-to-do peasants or provincial townspeople who brag and bluster in ostentatious self-satisfaction. On the contrary, their pride is all inward; more a weighty heritage and a painful sense of responsibility to themselves, their family and town, or rather, to the grand, proud and unattainable image they have of themselves and their town.

Every human emotion has its limits, however, even the sense of one's own distinction. It was true that Travnik was the seat of the Vizier, and that its people were noble, smart, restrained and wise, fit to converse with kings. But even the people of Travnik had days when their pride stuck in their throats and they would secretly long to live, tranquil and carefree, in one of those ordinary, insignificant towns which do not enter into the calculations of emperors or conflicts between states, which do not bear the brunt of world events and do not lie in the path of celebrated and important figures.

The times were such that nothing agreeable could be expected and no good could come of anything. This was why the proud and cunning people of Travnik wanted nothing at all to happen, but just to go on living, as far as possible without any changes or surprises. What good could be expected when the rulers of the world were at loggerheads, the peoples at each other's throats and their countries in flames? A new Vizier? He would be no better, probably worse than the last, and his retinue would be unknown and numerous, hungry with God knows what new appetites. (The best Vizier is the one who got as far as the border and then turned back to Istanbul without ever setting foot in Bosnia.) A foreigner? A distinguished traveller, perhaps? They knew all about such people. They would spend a bit of money and leave a few gifts in the town, but they would be followed by a search-party or the very next day there would be questions. Who were they, what were they, where had they stayed, who had they talked to? By the time you had extricated yourself and shrugged it all off, you had spent that pittance ten times over. An informer? Or the agent of some unknown power with suspect intentions? After all there was never any way of telling what people might be carrying with them or who was working for whom.

In a word, there was no good anywhere these days. So, let's eat up the crust of bread we have and live out in peace what few days remain to each of us, in this noblest city on earth, and God preserve us from glory, important visitors and major events.

This was what the prominent people were secretly thinking in those first years of the nineteenth century, but it goes without saying that they kept it to themselves, for in every citizen of

Travnik there is a long, tortuous path between a thought or desire and its visible or audible expression.

And there really had been a great many occurrences and changes of all kinds in recent years – at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century. Events crowded in from all directions, colliding and rolling across Europe and the great Ottoman Empire and reaching even into this valley, to stop there, like floodwater or its silt.

Ever since the Turks had withdrawn from Hungary, relations between Muslims and Christians had become increasingly difficult and complex and conditions in general had deteriorated. The soldiers of the great Empire, the agas and spahis, who had been obliged to abandon rich properties in the fertile plains of Hungary and return to their confined and wretched homeland, were bitter and resentful of everything Christian. Their presence increased the number of mouths to be filled, while the number of working hands remained the same. At the same time, those wars of the eighteenth century which had driven the Turks out of the neighbouring Christian lands and back into Bosnia, raised bold hopes among the Christian rayah, opening up previously unimagined prospects. And that inevitably also affected the attitude of the rayah towards their 'Imperial masters, the Turks'. Both sides, if it is possible to speak of two sides at this stage of the struggle, were now fighting, each in its own way and with the means appropriate to the circumstances. The Turks fought with pressure and force, the Christians with patience, cunning and conspiracy, or readiness for conspiracy. The Turks fought for the protection of their right to their way of life, and the Christians for the attainment of that same right. The rayah felt that the Turks were becoming even more of a burden, while the Turks observed

with bitterness that the rayah were beginning to throw their weight around and were no longer what they had been. These clashes of such opposing interests, beliefs, ambitions and hopes, formed an intricate knot which the long Turkish wars with Venice, Austria and Russia complicated and tied ever tighter. Bosnia grew increasingly constrained and sombre, conflicts were more frequent and life more difficult, with less and less order and certainty.

Then, with the beginning of the nineteenth century, the uprising in Serbia came as a visible sign of the new times and new methods of struggle. The tangled knot in Bosnia tightened still further.

As time went on that uprising in Serbia was the cause of increasing anxiety, damage, expense and loss to the whole of Turkish Bosnia including Travnik. But far more so to the Vizier, the authorities and the other Bosnian towns than to the Travnik Muslims, who did not consider any war sufficiently large or important for them to contribute either money or men to it. The people of Travnik talked about 'Karageorge's trouble-making' with forced scorn, just as they always found some disparaging word for the army which the Vizier had sent against Serbia and which the indecisive, quarrelsome local commanders were bringing slowly straggling into Travnik.

Napoleon's wars in Europe were a rather more worthy topic of conversation in Travnik. At first those wars were spoken of as distant events which are recounted and interpreted, but which do not and cannot have anything to do with real life. But the arrival of the French army in Dalmatia had brought that 'Bunaparte' of the stories unexpectedly close to Bosnia and Travnik.

At the same time a new Vizier, Husref Mehmed Pasha, arrived in Travnik. He brought a personal respect for Napoleon and an interest in all things French, which appeared to the people of Travnik far greater than was appropriate for an Ottoman and a dignitary of the Empire.

All of this disturbed and irritated the Travnik Turks and they began to refer to Napoleon and his achievements in brief meaningless remarks or simply with a haughty and disdainful pursing of the lips. But none of that could distance them or altogether protect them from that 'Bunaparta' or from the events which spread out from him with amazing speed across Europe, like a ripple of waves from their centre, and which, like a fire or a plague, overtook both those who fled and those who sat still. As in so many towns and cities of the world, that invisible, unknown conqueror had provoked anxiety, unrest and agitation even in Travnik. The brittle, resonant name of 'Bunaparta' was going to fill the valley of Travnik for a number of years and, whether they liked it or not, the people would often have to break their jaws on its knotty, angular syllables. It was going to hum in their ears and flicker before their eyes for a long time. For *the days of the Consuls* had begun.

Without exception, all the people of Travnik liked to feign indifference and appear impassive. But the news of the consuls' coming – one moment French, the next Austrian, then Russian or all three at once – provoked either hope or unease, and aroused desires and expectations. None of this could be altogether disguised, as it made their hearts beat faster and brought a new liveliness to their conversation.

Few people knew what the reports circulating since the autumn actually meant. Nor could anyone have said either which consuls were supposed to be coming or what they would

be doing in Travnik. In the present circumstances, a single piece of news or an unusual word was enough to stir the people's imagination, to give rise to conjecture, and even to suspicions and fears, secret desires and thoughts, which they kept to themselves and never expressed or articulated.

As we have seen, the local Turks were anxious and they alluded sullenly to the possibility of the consuls' coming. Mistrustful of everything that came from abroad and ill-disposed in advance to any innovation, the Turks still secretly hoped that these were only ominous rumours, a sign of the inauspicious circumstances, that the consuls might not come, or, if they did, they would soon depart along with the bad times that had brought them.

On the other hand, the Christians – both Catholic and Orthodox – welcomed the news and passed it on, whispering it to one another furtively, finding in it cause for obscure hopes and the prospect of change. And change could only be for the better.

Of course, each of them had his own way of looking at things, from different, often opposite points of view.

The Catholics, who were in the majority, dreamed of an influential Austrian consul who would bring them the help and protection of the powerful Catholic Emperor in Vienna. The Orthodox, who were few in number and had been continuously persecuted over the last few years because of the uprising in Serbia, did not expect much from either an Austrian or a French consul. But they took the news as a good sign, proof that Turkish power was waning and that favourable times of upheaval and salvation were on their way. And they added immediately, of course, that 'there could be nothing without a Russian consul'.

In the face of such rumours, even the Sephardic Jews, a small but lively community, could not maintain the proverbial reticence taught them by the centuries. They too were excited by the thought that a consul of the great French Emperor Napoleon – ‘as kindly to the Jews as a kind father’ – might be coming to Bosnia.

Reports of the arrival of the foreign consuls, like all news in our lands, sprang up suddenly, grew to fantastic proportions, and then disappeared all at once, only to reemerge some weeks later with new force and in a new form.

In the middle of the winter, which was mild and brief that year, these reports acquired their first semblance of reality. A Jew by the name of Pardo arrived in Travnik from Split and, with Juso Atijas, a Travnik merchant, began to look for a suitable house for the French Consulate. They looked everywhere, visited the Vizier’s Deputy, and examined the state properties, accompanied by the caretaker. They decided on a large, somewhat dilapidated house belonging to the State, where Dubrovnik merchants had usually stayed and which was therefore known as the Dubrovnik Khan. The house was on a slope, above a Muslim school, in the middle of a large, steep garden, divided in two by a stream. As soon as terms had been agreed, builders, carpenters and craftsmen were found to repair the house and put it in order. And that house, which had stood until then on its own, unnoticed, its blank windows gaping at the world, now suddenly came to life, attracting people’s attention and the curiosity of children and those with nothing better to do. For some reason people began to talk about the coat of arms and the flag which would be prominently and constantly displayed on the building of the foreign consulate. These were things no one had actually ever

yet seen. But these two significant words, which the Turks muttered rarely, with a scowl, the Christians spoke often, in a malicious whisper.

The Travnik Turks were, of course, too wise and proud to show they were upset, but in private conversations they did not hide it.

They had long been troubled by the knowledge that the Imperial defences along the frontiers had collapsed and that Bosnia was becoming an unguarded country, trampled over not only by Ottomans but by infidels from the four corners of the earth, a country where even the rayah was beginning to raise its head more insolently than ever before. And now some faithless consuls and spies were supposed to be thrusting their way in, freely proclaiming their authority and the power of their emperors at every step. So, little by little, an end would come to the good order and 'blessed silence' of Turkish Bosnia, which for some time now had in any case become increasingly difficult to protect and preserve. Divine Will had ordained that the Turks should rule as far as the Sava river and the Austrians from the Sava on. But everything Christian was working against that clear Divine Order, shaking the frontier fence and undermining it by day and night, both openly and in secret. And recently even Divine Will itself had become somehow less evident and distinct. 'What else is going to happen and who else will be coming?' the old Turks wondered with real bitterness.

And, indeed, what the Christians were saying about the opening of the foreign consulates showed that the anxiety of the Turks was not unjustified.

'There'll be a flag flying!' people whispered and their eyes flashed defiantly as though it would be their very own

flag. In fact no one really knew what kind of flag it was supposed to be, nor what could be expected to happen when it appeared. But the mere thought that different colours could unfurl and flutter freely beside the green Turkish flag brought a joyous gleam to people's eyes and raised hopes of a kind that only the rayah could ever know. Those mere words – 'There'll be a flag flying!' – made many a poor man feel at least for a second that his hovel was brighter, his empty stomach more comfortable and his thin clothing warmer. Those few vague words made Christian hearts leap, their eyes blink with the dazzle of brilliant colours and golden crosses; and all the flags of all the Christian emperors and kings of the world seemed to unfurl, roaring triumphantly in their ears, like a whirlwind. For a man can live on one word, if he is resolute enough to fight and win through.

Apart from all of this, there was another consideration which made many a trader in the bazaar think of the changes with hope. There was a prospect of profit with the arrival of these unknown, but probably wealthy people, who would certainly have to buy and spend. For in the last few years activity in the bazaar had lessened and income had dwindled, particularly since the uprising in Serbia. The many army suppliers, compulsory labour demands and frequent requisitions kept the peasants away from the town, so that now they sold virtually nothing and bought only the barest essentials. State purchases were badly and erratically paid. Trade with Slavonia had ceased and, since the arrival of the French army, Dalmatia had become an irregular and uncertain market.

In these circumstances, the traders of the Travnik bazaar welcomed even the slightest chance of making money and sought everywhere the longed-for sign of a turn for the better.

At last, what had been talked about for months actually took place. The first of the consuls, the French Consul General, arrived in Travnik.

It was the end of February, the last day of Ramadan. An hour before the evening meal in the light of the cold, setting February sun, the people of the lower bazaar were able to witness the arrival of the Consul. The shopkeepers had begun to take in their goods and lower their shutters when the scampering feet of inquisitive Gypsy children announced the Consul's arrival.

The procession was short. At its head rode the Vizier's envoys, two of his closest attendants, with six horsemen. They had ridden out as far as the Lašva to meet the Consul. They were all mounted on good horses and well turned out. To the side and behind rode guards sent by the Governor of Livno. They had accompanied the Consul the whole way and looked rather nondescript: cold and weary as they were, on small, ungroomed ponies. In the middle of the procession, on a fat, ageing dapplegrey, rode the French Consul General, Monsieur Jean Daville, a tall, fairhaired, red-faced man with blue eyes and a moustache. Beside him was a chance traveling companion, Monsieur Poucqueville, who was on his way to Yannina, where his brother was the French consul. Behind them, some paces distant, rode that same Pardo, the Jew from Split, and two burly men from Sinj, in the French service. All three of them were wrapped up to the eyes in black capes and red peasant scarves, and there was hay poking out of their boots.

The procession, as may be gathered, was not particularly brilliant or numerous, and the winter weather still further reduced its dignity, for the bitter cold necessitated thick clothes, a hunched bearing and rapid gait.

Apart from those few frozen gypsy children, the procession met with general indifference on the part of the townspeople. The Turks pretended not to see it, while the Christians did not dare watch it blatantly. Those who did see it, out of the corner of their eye or from some hidden place, were a little disappointed by so mean and prosaic an arrival of 'Bunaparta's' consul, for the majority had imagined consuls as high dignitaries who wore splendid apparel, covered with braid and medals, and rode on fine horses or travelled in carriages.

GLOSSARY OF TURKISH WORDS

N.B. As was the common practice in nineteenth-century Bosnia, the words 'Turk' and 'Turkish' in the text are frequently used to denote Bosnian Muslims, i.e. Slavs converted to Islam.

<i>Aga</i>	Originally an officer, later used to denote a gentleman, landowner
<i>Ayan</i>	Notable, prominent, distinguished person
<i>Bairam</i>	Muslim festival at the end of the Ramadan fast
<i>Bashi-Bazouk</i>	Irregular auxiliary soldier
<i>Bey</i>	High-ranking official in provincial service, administrator of a province
<i>Cadi</i>	Civil judge of Islamic and Ottoman law
<i>Caliph</i>	The chief civil and religious ruler in Muslim countries, successor of Mohammed
<i>Chibouk</i>	Long tobacco-pipe, with long stem and bowl of baked clay
<i>Defterdar</i>	Tax officer, Minister of Finance, Secretary
<i>Dervish</i>	Member of Islamic religious fraternity
<i>Devlet misafir</i>	Guest of the state

<i>Divan</i>	Council, chamber where council meets
<i>Effendi</i>	Title of respect, used initially for government officials and members of learned professions
<i>Feredjee</i>	Women's ankle-length coat worn outside the house
<i>Giaour</i>	Turkish derogatory name for non-Muslim; infidel
<i>Hafiz</i>	Honourable title, earned by one who knows the Koran by heart
<i>Hamam</i>	Steam bath
<i>Hodja</i>	Muslim man of religion; teacher
' <i>Inshallah</i> '	With Gods help
<i>Kaymakam</i>	Deputy for the Vizier in his absence <i>Kapidji Bashi</i> Head of guards <i>Katil-ferman</i> Death warrant
<i>Khan</i>	Caravanserai, inn, lodging place, warehouse
<i>Khavaz</i>	Courier, bodyguard
<i>Mahal</i>	District, quarter of a town
<i>Mameluke</i>	Member of a body of warriors, originally brought to Egypt as slaves to act as bodyguard for the caliphs
<i>Merhaba</i>	'Good-day'
<i>Medrese</i>	Islamic university, theological school
<i>Mubassir</i>	Envoy, agent bearing orders
<i>Muderris</i>	High-ranking teacher in Islamic college, medrese
<i>Mullah</i>	Ottoman specialist in theology and Islamic law
<i>Muteselim</i>	Lieutenant-governor in a province, in charge of local tax-collection
<i>Muezzin</i>	One who proclaims the hour of prayer from the minaret or highest point of a mosque

<i>Pasha</i>	The highest civilian and military rank under the Turkish Sultan (higher than Bey or Effendi)
<i>Pashalik</i>	Area administered by Pasha
<i>Porte</i>	Ottoman court at Constantinople
<i>Rahmet</i>	‘Peace to his soul’
<i>Ramadan</i>	Ninth month of Muslim year, rigidly observed as 30 days’ fast during the hours of daylight
<i>Rayah</i>	Tax-paying subjects of the Ottoman Government – in Bosnia used to denote the non-Muslim subject-people
<i>Seraglio</i>	Harem
<i>Shalwars</i>	Wide oriental trousers (worn by men and women)
<i>Sherbet</i>	Drink of water, sweetened with sugar or honey
<i>Sofia</i>	Student in Islamic university
<i>Spahi</i>	Trained auxiliary member of the Turkish cavalry, usually a landowner whose duty was to serve on horseback
<i>Sultan</i>	One of the titles of the ruler of the Ottoman Empire
<i>Tekke</i>	Monastery belonging to a Dervish order, or Islamic fraternity
<i>Ulema</i>	Doctors of Islamic sacred law
<i>Vizier</i>	High administrative official
<i>Yamak</i>	Officer of the provincial infantry

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THE DAYS OF THE CONSULS

IVO ANDRIĆ was born in Travnik, Bosnia, on 9th October 1892, attended schools in Višegrad and Sarajevo, and studied at the Universities of Zagreb, Vienna, Krakow and Graz. He was imprisoned for 3 years during World War I for his involvement in the Young Bosnia Movement which was implicated in the assassination of Archduke Franz-Ferdinand in Sarajevo. A diplomat from 1919-41, he served in Rome, Geneva, Madrid, Bucharest, Trieste, Graz and Belgrade, ending his career as Minister in Berlin on the eve of World War II. Although richly influenced by his foreign travels, most of Andrić's fiction is set in his native Bosnia. He wrote 6 volumes of short stories and 5 novels, including *Na Drini ćuprija* (The Bridge on the Drina), *Travnička hronika* (The Days of the Consuls) and *Gospodjica* (The Woman from Sarajevo), as well as poetry and reflective prose. His great contribution to twentieth-century European writing was recognised in 1961 when he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. He died in March 1975, and his Belgrade funeral was attended by 10,000 people.

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THE OTHER EDITIONS ON ENGLISH:

Ivo Andrić THE DAMNED YARD AND OTHER STORIES

Ivo Andrić THE BRIDGE ON THE DRINA

Milorad Pavić THE TALE THAT KILLED EMILY KNORR

Milorad Pavić UNIQUE ITEM

Milorad Pavić DICTIONARY OF THE KHAZARS

Milorad Pavić A SHORT HISTORY OF BELGRADE

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