

5. Dani kulturne animaliSTike

Nije pas beštija

Split, 17.–19. listopada 2023.

Bol, 20.–21. listopada 2023.

Stari Grad, 21. listopada 2023.

5th Days of animal STudies

A dog is not a brute

Split, October 17–19, 2023

Bol, October 20–21, 2023

Stari Grad, October 21, 2023

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Centar za integrativnu bioetiku Filozofskog fakulteta Sveučilišta u Splitu

Centre for Integrative Bioethics, Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences,
University of Split

Suorganizatori / Co-organizers

I. gimnazija Split – Centar za kulturu Bol – Hrvatsko bioetičko društvo – Institut za etnologiju i folkloristiku – Manifestacija »Smojinih 100« – Muzej Stoga Grada – Udruga »Mala filozofija« – Znanstveni centar izvrsnosti za integrativnu bioetiku

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Josip Guć

Uvod

Peto izdanje *Dana kulturne animaliSTike* ponovno ostvaruje svoja dva temeljna programska usmjerenja: međunarodno širenje i ukazivanje na bogatstvo lokalne animalističke tradicije. Potonja je eksplisitno, svojim »jednakopravnim« nazivom, započeta još 1990. člankom »Kulturna zoologija« (Visković 1990), prvim u okviru kolumnе *Životinja i čovjek* Nikole Viskovića u *Slobodnoj Dalmaciji*. Upravo je na temelju te kolumnе Visković 1996. objavio istoimenu knjigu, koja slovi za »bibliju« ovog područja istraživanja kod nas. Štoviše, usporedi li se sa sličnim podvizima, ovo se djelo može svrstati barem u jedan od pionirskih kulturno-animalističkih podviga na Zapadu. Sve nam to daje pravo da naša animalistika bude »animaliSTika s velikim ST«, dakle, da na poticaj i osnovama rada ovog Spličanina upravo u Splitu gradimo manifestaciju koja pretendira da bude središnja barem u Hrvatskoj i na našem govornom području. Da se pak ne treba ograničavati na naše područje, pokazuje i spektar zemalja iz kojih sudionici ove godine pristižu na *Dane kulturne animaliSTike*: Bosna i Hercegovina, Finska, Hrvatska, Italija, Kina, Sjedinjene Američke Države, Slovenija, Srbija i Ujedinjeno Kraljevstvo.

No cilj splitskih domaćima nije samo međunarodno promovirati Viskovićevo djelo. Životinje čovjeka fasciniraju od kada postoji, pa ne treba puno imaginacije da bi se shvatilo da on njih oslikava, opisuje, obogotvoruje i s njima ulazi u široki spektar odnosa od kada je i njegove kulture. Do sada su pokazali da njihova mikrosredina ima puno toga za ponuditi po ovom pitanju, primjerice naslovnim junakom trećeg izdanja Tomom Bebićem i njegovim tovarom Sivcem. Prošle se godine također moglo vidjeti kako arhitekt Dinko Kovačić svoj rad i život ne može objasniti bez ptica, taštine lišenih arhitektica (Kovačić & Guć 2022). A kako je ove godine stota godišnjica rođenja kultnog splitskog književnika i

novinara Miljenka Smoje, bilo bi posve neočekivano središnji naglasak ne staviti na njegov osebujan odnos s pasjim »kompanjom« Šarkom.

Taj odnos upravo odslikava suživot mediteranskog čovjeka sa životnjama. Mediteranac je s njima uvijek živio ambivalentnost topoline i okrutnosti. Poglavlje »Nije pas beštija« Smojinih *Pasjih noveleta* (pretipkano u ovoj publikaciji), mada ispričano u tonu punom ljubavi, ne propušta svjedočiti o nasilju spram čovjeku najbliže životinje. Takva se dvoznačnost vezuje i uz sam termin 'beštija', koji nas prati od prvih *Dana kulturne animaliSTike* »Beštija i kultura«, a koji u Dalmaciji uza se vezuje i tople i okrutne prizvuke. Na potonje se Smoje u spomenutom poglavlju osvrće na sljedeći način:

»Ne gre mi u glavu da je moj mali kompanjo životinja. U nas na Balkanu judi su kompromitirali pojam životinje. Judi su se pritvorili u krvoločne beštije, zviri nemile koje iz gušta koju dicu, starce, palidu sela, ruše i pjačkaju kuće. A moj mali kompanjo je anđel.« (Smoje 2004, 110)

Kao prva pripitomljena životinja, pas je »najbolji čovjekov prijatelj«, barem ako se pita isključive kinofile, čija rasprava s isključivim felinofilima zasigurno neće tek tako skončati. Osvrćući se na uvriježena mišljenja, Visković uočava puno više razlika no sličnosti među ovim dvjema životinjama. Da, obje su predatori koji su od nekadašnje simbiotičke utilitarne uloge u gradskoj civilizaciji uglavnom postali »ugodni paraziti«. No pas potiče od životinja koje žive, a mačka od onih koje ne žive u čoporu, pa prvi ljubi hijerarhiju dok je druga odbija. Tako je čovjek krajnje otprirodio i prilagodio psa svojim potrebama (dok je mačka i uza nj ostala uvelike neizmijenjena karaktera), a ovaj je o njemu postao silno ovisan, toliko da gospodara ne napušta ni kada je zlostavljan. »Za psa se s pravom kaže da je jedina životinja koja više voli neko drugo biće nego sebe.« Psa se koristi u mnoge svrhe, tako i zloupotrebljava. S druge strane, upravo zato što je mačka »beskorisna u ratničkim, policijskim, takmičarskim, sadističkim i sličnim zadacima« ona je »mrska autoritarnim i agresivnim osobama«. Tu nije kraj pasjim nedaćama. Imenom psa se psuje, bijedno se umire i živi »kao pas« (Visković 1996, 202–205).

Konačno, pas je »povod za ozbiljna ili sumorna etička, socijalna i filozofska razmatranja o nevoljama života«, primjerice u Cervantesovu *Razgovoru pasa*, u Kafkinu *Istraživanju jednoga psa*, u Bulgakovljevu *Psećem*

srcu, u Garyeovu *Bijelom psu* itd. (Visković 1996, 205). U pogubnim pijanstvima s kišnim se psima razlijeva vino (Waits 1985), a u životu prolazi samo vjeran pas (Termiti 1996). Psi su čak i, prema jednom tumačenju njihova metaforičkog korištenja, »poslovnjaci koji koriste svoju moć da se obogate i osile na račun drugih« da bi u konačnici »ostarili i postali debeli prije no što umru od raka« (Songfacts, n. d.; Pink Floyd 1977). Samo toliko bi ilustracija bilo dovoljno da se pokaže čovjekova »zahvalnost« na kulturnom, osjećanom i materijom obogaćenju koje mu je pas pružio.

Dakako, ovdje nije mjesto da se šire govori o simboličkoj ulozi psa. Da je ona neiscrpna, pokazat će i ovogodišnji *Dani kulturne animaliSTike*, ne samo kroz standardna predavanja, nego i putem mnoštva drugih aktivnosti: okruglog stola, razgovora o knjigama, literaturi i poeziji, edukativne radionice za djecu te digitalne izložbe i dramskog nastupa učenika I. gimnazije Split.

Upravo nas potonje tri stavke posebice raduju s obzirom na to da je ova manifestacija sve više usmjereni prema djeci i adolescentima, prije s ciljem očuvanja negoli razvitka njihova bogatog bioetičkog senzibiliteta. U tu svrhu služe i dva uvodna dijela ove publikacije. Riječ je o pobjedničkom eseju natječaja za najbolju dječju priču o psu te o razgovoru učenika spomenute gimnazije s jednim od likova *Pasjih noveleta* i Smojinih bliskih prijatelja, fotoreporterom Feđom Klarićem, što ujedno figurira i kao uvod poglavlju »Nije pas beštija«.

Josip Guć

Introduction

The fifth occasion of the *Days of animal STudies* has once again achieved the two most important goals of its program: international expansion and presentation of the richness of the local animalistic tradition. The latter, under its another legitimate name, was explicitly initiated already in 1990 with the article “Kulturna zoologija” [Cultural Zoology] (Visković 1990). It was the first article in Nikola Visković’s column *Životinja i čovjek* [Animal and Man] in the daily newspaper *Slobodna Dalmacija*. It was on the basis of this column that Visković wrote and published the book of the same title in 1996, which is considered the “bible” of this field of study in our region. Moreover, if one compares Visković’s research with similar accomplishments, it can at least be added to the pioneering achievements in the field of cultural animalistics (comparable to animal studies) in the West. This gives us the right to speak of our animal studies as “animal STudies with a capital ST” (ST referring to Split), i.e. that we should build a manifestation in Split that aims to be central at least in Croatia, and our common language ground(s), exactly following the incentives and on the fundaments of the works of Visković, the native of Split. The fact that the *Days of animal STudies* are aimed at a wider international audience is confirmed by a spectrum of countries from which participants in this year’s edition come: Bosnia and Herzegovina, China, Croatia, Finland, Italy, Serbia, Slovenia, the United Kingdom, and the United States of America.

However, the aim of the Split hosts is not only to promote Visković’s work internationally. Animals have fascinated mankind since the dawn of time, so it is not hard to imagine that man has been painting, describing, deifying, and entering into a wide spectrum of relationships with animals since the existence of his culture. We have already shown that our micro-environment has a lot to offer in this respect, for example

with Toma Bebić and his donkey Sivac, the title characters of the third occasion of the *Days of animal STudies*. Last year we also saw how architect Danko Kovačić cannot explain his work and life without birds, those architects free of vanity (Kovačić & Guć 2022). And since this year we are celebrating the hundredth birthday of the iconic writer and journalist from Split, Miljenko Smoje, it would be very unexpected if we did not put the central accent on his peculiar relationship with his dog companion, Šarko.

This relationship reflects the coexistence of Mediterranean people with animals. The Mediterranean has always lived in an ambivalence of closeness and cruelty towards animals. The chapter “A dog is not a brute” (reprinted in this publication) of Smoje’s *Dog’s Novelettes*, although written in the most loving tone, does not fail to testify to violence towards the animal closest to us. This ambivalence in the Croatian language also characterises the use of the term ‘beštija’ (the closest, although not a perfect translation, is ‘brute’), which follows us from the 1st *Days of animal STudies* “Brute and culture”. In Dalmatia it has both warm and cruel connotations. Regarding the latter, Smoje writes the following in the aforementioned chapter:

“It doesn’t occur to me that my little matey is an animal. Here in the Balkans, people have compromised the concept of an animal. Humans have turned into bloodthirsty brutes, cruel beasts who slaughter children and old people, burn villages, demolish and loot houses out of pleasure. And my little companion is an angel.” (Smoje 2004, 110)

As the first domesticated animal, dog is “man’s best friend”, at least if one asks exclusive cynophiles, whose discussion with exclusive ailurophiles does not seem to end any time soon. Regarding established beliefs, Visković notices many more differences than similarities between these two animals. Yes, they are both predators, who had their share of symbiotic utility for human beings in the past, but in contemporary urban civilisation they mostly became “pleasant parasites”. However, the dog originates from those animals who live in packs, while the cat does not. This is the reason dog adores hierarchy, while cats reject it, and also why human beings denaturalised and adapted dogs to their needs, while the cat has not changed its character despite coexistence with humans. Dogs, on the other hand, became immensely dependent on them,

so much so that they do not leave their masters even if they are abused. “Considering dogs, one rightly says that they are the only beings who love another being more than themselves.” Since dogs are used in a number of purposes, it is not surprising that they are also maltreated. On the other hand, exactly because the cat is “useless in warfare, police, competition, in sadistic and similar tasks”, she is “hateful to authoritative and aggressive persons”. Dog’s troubles do not end here. With the dog’s name one curses, and one lives and dies “like a dog” (Visković 1996, 202–205).

Finally, dog is “an incentive for serious or gloomy ethical, social and philosophical reflections on misfortunes of life”, e.g. in Cervantes’ *The Dialogue of the Dogs*, Kafka’s *Investigations of a Dog*, Bulgakov’s *Heart of a Dog*, Gary’s *White Dog*, etc. (Visković 1996, 205). In fatal drunkenness one splashes the wine with the rain dogs (Waits 1985). In real life, only the faithful dog is better off (Termiti 1996). After one interpretation of their metaphorical usage, dogs are even “businessmen who use their power to make themselves richer and more powerful at the expense of others. At the end of the song, they get old and fat before dying of cancer (Songfacts, n. d.; Pink Floyd 1977). These few illustrations suffice to show human “gratitude” to cultural, affective, and material richness the dog provided him or her.

Of course, this is not an appropriate place for wide discussion on symbolical role of dog. Its endlessness will be shown at the *Days of animal Studies*, not only through the standard lectures, but also in many different activities: a round table, conversations on books, literature, and poetry, educative workshops for children, and a digital workshop and drama play by pupils of the 1st Grammar School Split.

We are especially looking forward to the latter three activities, since our manifestation is more and more directed to children and young people with the task of maintaining their rich bioethical sensibility (more than its development). To this end serve the two introductory parts of this publication. One is the winning essay of the concourse for the best children’s story about the dog, and the other is the interview of the men-

tioned school's pupils with one of the main characters of the *Dog novel-letas* and Smoje's close friends, photojournalist Feđa Klarić. The interview stands as the introduction to the chapter "A dog is not a brute".

Tamara Denona

Vrtlog života

Tamara Denona učenica je 7. razreda Osnovne škole Osnovna škola braće Radić, Pridraga, a esej koji slijedi pobjednik je natječaja za najbolju dječju priču o psu.

Tišina je. Prazne ulice. Nigdje nikog. Do prije par mjeseci svi su se smijali, šetali, svugdje se čuo razigrani dječji glas, čula su se školska zvona i dubok grohot školaraca koji se vraćaju kućama. A sad... Sad se čuje samo zvuk umornog vjetra, na granama preostalo lišće šušti i tužno otpada. Kapljice kiše, poput stakla na tlu se lome u tisuće komadića. Vani je hladno. Polagano pada snijeg, vide se samo bijele pahulje koje lete visoko iznad ovog tužnog grada. Vjetar ih nosi na neka veselija mjesta.

A ja, ah... ja sada spavam na ostatku papirnatih novina i jedem prvo što se nađe. Tko bi rekao da će doći ovakva vremena? Ček, ček – nisam se predstavio. Ja sam Donky, australski ovčar. Živim na ulici otkad znam za sebe. Ne znam imam li obitelj, braću, sestre... Stanujem na natkrivenom parkingu velikih trgovina, tj. *stanovao sam* sve dok se nije pojavila ova strahovita *bolest* – kojoj ne znam ni ime. Prije sam često odlazio do trga te provodio vrijeme sa svojim prijateljima – latalicama. Ljudi bi nam davali poslastice i hranu. Sada su ulice prazne. Ponekad čudni ljudi u bijelim odijelima i maskama protrče kroz ulice s velikim kutijama i brzo odlaze u bolnicu. U bolnici ima dosta ljudi. Vidio sam dok sam tražio jelo u kontejneru.

Svi se boje zaraze. Skrivaju se i vjeverice koje sam do prije par mjeseci lovio, a svoje prijatelje rijetko viđam. Kao da bježimo jedni od drugih.

Budi me neugodan miris smoga. Na velikom crkvenom satu tuče sedam sati. Odlučujem prošetati parkom. Trčim... Dolazim do rijeke, pijem vodu koja je hladna i osvježavajuća. Divim se okolišu. Uočavam jednu

vrbu. Sjedam ispod vrbe. Predivno je. Lagani povjetarac razmiče duge i zapetljane grane vrbe između kojih dopire zlaćano jutarnje sunce. Odjednom mi kroz misli projuri slika, vidim kuju s dvoje malih štenčića. Ništa zabrinjavajuće – nastavljam svojim putem. To su samo misli.

Idem do dvorišta bolnice jer se tamo uvijek nešto događa. Stigao sam. U trenu se nebo zamračilo, počinje padati kiša. Bježim i skrivam se ispod nadstrešnice bolnice. Ostajem cijeli dan jer kiša pada kao iz kabla. Već se i noć spušta, pa odlučujem tu prespavati. Budim se prestrašen. Opet nova »vizija«! Kako ovaj samački život loše utječe na mene! Sigurno ludim, ili sam možda zaražen!? U mislima sam video laboratorij i u magli svoje prijatelje. Pokušali su mi nešto reći, ali ih nisam mogao čuti. Odlučujem sve ignorirati i pokušavam zaspati, ali prijatelji mi ne izlaze iz glave. Idem do kontejnera nešto pojesti. Moja vizija mi očito ne želi dati mira. Nešto sa mnom nije u redu, okrećem se i gledam oko sebe... Sve snažnije i snažnije u glavi mi se vrti riječ – *pomoć!* Nisam siguran što trebam učiniti. Možda bih trebao pronaći laboratorij. Laboratorij bi trebao biti u bolnici? Kako će ga pronaći? Hmm... Znam! Sljedeći put kada netko uđe u bolnicu i ja će utrčati. Sve sam isplanirao. Napokon malo akcije.

Čekam već neko vrijeme, začujem korake, dolazi medicinska sestra, šuljam se za njom. Trudim se biti što neprimjetniji. Skrivam se iza prvih vrata. U prostoriji je upaljeno prigušeno ljubičasto svjetlo, bijela prostorija pod tim svjetлом izgleda misteriozno. Oko mene zuje razni aparati i sprave. Na stolu vidim staklene boćice raznih oblika. Iz nekih staklenki isparava dim. Je li moguće da je ovo laboratorij? Misli mi prekida bol, paničarim, okrećem se oko sebe, pokušavam bježati, ali noge me ne slušaju. Vidim injekciju zabodenu u nogu i crnilo ispred očiju.

Budim se ošamućen. Strah me i tresem se. Ništa mi nije jasno. U pozadini čujem kako me netko doziva. Glas mi zvuči jako poznato. Pogledavam oko sebi i u kavezima vidim svoje prijatelje.

Mislim da sam mrtav, samo nisam siguran jesam li u raju ili paklu. U trenu shvaćam da je ovo moja ružna stvarnost. Prijatelji mi uglas govore gdje sam i zašto smo ovdje. Pokusni smo kunići za nova cjepiva protiv *bolesti*. Prijatelji mi pričaju kako ih stalno vode na neka testiranja nakon

kojih se ne osjećaju baš najbolje. U tom trenu ulaze dva čovjeka u bijelim kutama. Zanima ih je li gotov nalaz moga DNK testa. Što bi to bilo?

– Test je gotov – potvrđuje jedan od njih. – Dokore, nećete vjerovati! Koja slučajnost. Naša pridošlica i onaj žuti pas su braća!

Pogledao sam u svog prijatelja Maksa – sada brata. Molim?! Nisam mogao vjerovati što čujem. I Maks je bio izbezumljen. Vratila mi se vizija o dvoje štenčića. Sad shvaćam da smo to Maks i ja. Život nas je razdvojio, a bolest spojila. Jedan bijeli čovjek zatvorio je vrata i otišao, a drugi je prilazio kavezima. Mislio sam da me vode na testiranje, ali čovjek je počeo otvarati sve kaveze.

– Ekipa, vodim vas na neko bolje mjesto. Brzo, brzo – rekao je. – Možda me koštate karijere, ali vrijedilo je. Živjet ćete sa mnom u topлом domu i neće vas više nitko testirati.

Ostali smo tjedan, pa još jedan, sad već godinu dana. O bolesti se više i ne priča. Na ulice se vratio smijeh i žamor djece, a ja ponovno ganjam vjeverice. Sada se moraju posebno paziti jer je sa mnom moj brat i cijela družina. Povremeno još iz navike kopam po kontejnerima.

Karlo je dobar vlasnik, darovao mi je obitelj i topli dom, na čemu sam mu vječno zahvalan.

Tamara Denona

The vortex of life

Tamara Denona is a 7th grade student at the Primary School of Brothers Radić in Pridraga. The following essay won the contest for the best children's story about a dog.

It's quiet. Empty streets. No one anywhere. Until a few months ago, everyone was laughing, walking, playful children's voices could be heard everywhere, school bells and the deep roar of schoolchildren returning home could be heard. And now... Now there is only the sound of the tired wind. The remaining leaves on the branches rustle and fall sadly. Raindrops break into thousands of pieces like glass on the ground. It is cold outside. The snow falls slowly, you can only see white snowflakes flying high above this sad city. The wind carries them to some happier places.

And I, oh... I now sleep on the rest of the newspaper and eat the first thing I can find. Who would have thought that such times would come? Wait, wait – I haven't introduced myself. I'm Donky, an Australian Shepherd. I've lived on the streets for as long as I can remember. I don't know if I have a family, brothers, sisters... I live in the covered parking lot of large stores, i.e. I *lived* there until this terrible *disease* appeared –I don't even know the name of it. Before, I used to go to the square and spend time with my friends – wanderers. People would give us treats and food. Now the streets are empty. Sometimes strange people in white suits and masks run through the streets with big boxes and rush off to the hospital. The hospital is full of people. I saw it when I was looking for food in the dumpster.

Everyone is afraid of infection. The squirrels I used to hunt until a few months ago are also hiding, and I rarely see my friends. It's as if we're running away from each other.

The unpleasant smell of smog wakes me up. The church clock struck seven. I decided to take a walk in the park. I walk... I come to the river where I drink cold, refreshing water. I admire the surroundings. I discover a willow tree and sit under it. It's wonderful. A light breeze spread the long, tangled branches of the willow, between which the golden morning sun shone. Suddenly an image flashed through my mind, I saw a dog with two little puppies. Nothing to worry about - I carry on. These are just thoughts.

I go to the hospital yard because something always happens there. I have arrived. Suddenly the sky darkened, and it started to rain. I ran and hid under the roof of the hospital. I stayed there all day because it's raining cats and dogs. It was getting dark, so I decided to spend the night there. I woke up terrified. Another "vision"! This solitary life is really affecting me! I must be going mad, or maybe I'm infected? I saw the laboratory in my mind and my friends in the mist. They were trying to tell me something, but I couldn't hear them. I decide to ignore everything and try to sleep, but my friends can't get out of my head. I go to the dumpster to get something to eat. My vision clearly does not want to leave me alone. Something is wrong with me. I turn and look around... One word increasingly occupies my mind – *help!* I don't know what to do. Maybe I should find a laboratory. The laboratory should be in the hospital, right? How will I find it? Hmm... I know! The next time someone comes to the hospital, I'll run in. I have it all planned. Finally, some action.

I've been waiting for a while, I hear footsteps, a nurse comes, I sneak in behind her. I tried to be as inconspicuous as possible. I hid behind the first door. There was a faint purple light in the room, making the white room look mysterious. Various devices and gadgets buzzed around me. On the table I see glass bottles of various shapes. Smoke is evaporating from some of them. Could this be a laboratory? My thoughts were interrupted by pain, I panicked, turned around, tried to run, but my legs

wouldn't listen. I see an injection in my leg and blackness before my eyes.

I wake up dazed. I'm scared and I'm shaking. Nothing is clear to me. In the background I hear someone calling out to me. The voice sounds very familiar to me. I look around and see my friends in the cages.

I think I'm dead, but I'm not sure if I'm in heaven or hell. I immediately realised that this was my ugly reality. My friends tell me in unison where I am and why we are here. We are guinea pigs for new vaccines against the disease. My friends tell me how they are constantly being taken for some tests after which they don't feel very well. Just then, two men in white coats enter the room. They want to know whether the results of my DNA test are ready. What would that be?

– The test is over – confirms one of them. – Doctor, you won't believe it! What a coincidence. Our newcomer and the yellow dog are brothers!

I looked at my friend Max – now my brother. What?! I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Max was distraught too. The vision of the two puppies came back to me. Now I realise it's Max and me. Life had separated us, but illness had brought us together. One white man closed the door and left, and the other approached the cages. I thought they were taking me for tests, but the man started to open all the cages.

– Guys, I'm taking you to a better place. Hurry, hurry – he said. – You may have cost me my career, but it was worth it. You will live with me in a warm home, and no one will test you anymore.

We stayed for a week, then another, and now for a year. No one talks about the disease anymore. The children's laughter and murmurs have returned to the streets, and I'm chasing the squirrels again. They have to be extra careful now because my brother and the whole gang are with me. From time to time, I still dig through the containers out of habit.

Karlo is a good owner, he has given me a family and a warm home, for which I am eternally grateful.

Fjodor Klarić
s kojim razgovor vode
Luce Velić, Hana Unić i Petra Tomaš

Čitanje između šapa – Feđa Klarić o posebnom prijateljstvu

Ustaljenim praksama unatoč, uvod u poglavlje »Nije pas beštija« Smožnih Pasjih noveleta ponuđen je djeci, doduše onoj na rubu odraslosti. Ovu inicijativu zahvaljujemo njihovoj profesorici Sandi Cambj, koja se ove godine na različite načine uključila u organizaciju Danā kulturne animaliSTike, i isprve pogodila jednu od njezinih najvažnijih misija, onu edukacijsku. Tako su tri učenice trećeg razreda I. gimnazije u Splitu sjele u knjižnicu svoje škole s važnim likom Pasjih noveleta, »fotoreporterom Feđom«, tj. Fjodorom Klarićem, kako bi s njime povele razgovor. Za ovu priliku, razgovor smo ostavili u njegovu izvornom obliku, dakle, bez priлагodbe standardnoj varijanti hrvatskog jezika. Proširen razgovor bit će objavljen u listu Fama, učeničkim novinama I. gimnazije.

Sjećate li se kako i gdje ste upoznali Miljenka Smoju, ali i kako je izgledao Vaš prvi susret sa Šarkom?

Pa može! Ja sam u ulozi Šarka, naime Smoje je prije upozna mene nego ja njega. Ja sam rođen i odrasta na Prokurativi (Trgu republike), u onoj zgradi od hotela Bellevueja, i kao dite tu sam se vrtija, igra i trča, a Smoje bi tamo redovito dolazio u kafanu. Tako smo se sreli i nakon dosta godina život je htio da ja studirajući pravo, negdje na drugoj godini tog studija, zajedno s još desetak kolega odem u *Slobodnu Dalmaciju* honorarno radit. Pošto je to bio jedini društveni studij u Splitu, s prava bi se regrutirali budući novinari. Ja sam bio potreban honorara, da vam ne pričam o mojoj životnoj situaciji. I onda eto tako – tamo nas je dočeka Smoje. Nas studente, uglavnom jebivjetre jer takve se i bira – da su malo više komunikativniji, životniji i da su ekstrovertirani. Smoje je bio prvi

urednik u gradskoj rubrici, zvala se Kroz Split, i tu smo se sreli, učio si od njega osnove zanata i trajalo je jedno vrime. Kasnije sam s njim postao dosta blizak. Počela me zanimati fotografija, a kako je Fotoklub Split bija u Marmontovoj, to je sve tu blizu, u Marmontovoj ulici je bilo planinarsko društvo Mosor koje je isto imalo fotosekciju i tako sam se uputija u fotografiju. Smoje nije imao vozački ispit jer je bio bez desnog oka. Kao dite je izgubija desno oko igrajući se s pustom od olovke. Probija je oko sebi i tako je protiv svoje volje čitav život bija ljevičar.

S Šarkom sam se upozna na Braču. Ja bi doša, ima sam spačeka, moj prvi auto i onda bi sjeli u auto i krenili. Pas se vrtija negdi okolo i uvik bi osjetija trenutak i da se spremamo poć. Želili bi ga privarit, jer di će pas u auto, i dok bi se mi vrtili i kupali, on bi već sidija u autu. Znao je šta se sprema, je, je.

Koliko su godina Smoje i Šarko proveli zajedno i kako se to prijateljstvo završilo?

Ja ne znam koliko su točno godina Smoje i Šarko bili skupa. Smoje je običavao ljeti iznajmiti bungalow u Supetru na Braču u blizini hotela »Kaktus« da bi izbjegao splitske velike vrućine i gužve, a uz to je i novinarski profitira. Tamo bi uvik ljeti radija reportaže s Brača. Za njega je Brač presudno mjesto u njegovom impresivnom stvaralačkom opusu jer uglavnom je i čitava kronika Malog Mista nastala na Braču. Naime, on je kao mladi novinar čitav Brač, on je to meni reka i više puta, obišao na noge trideset puta kad nije bilo ni kilometra asfalta. Od jednog do drugog mista, zamislite to. Sada kad se autom vozite do Bola triba van, ja mislin, jedno 40 minuta. Koliko je on to dana, godina propješačija obilažeći Brač, a to je tad bija uglavnom polupismeni Brač. Prvo kome bi se obratija u tim malim mistima je obično ili svećenik ili učitelj. Trećeg gotovo u malom mistu u selu nije bilo pismenoga. I ta njegova tradicija obilaženja Brača zadržala se i u tim njegovim kasnijim godinama, u trećoj životnoj dobi. Oko tog njegovog bungalowa u Supetru danima se vrtija jedan mali pas. Pošto je mješanac, oni su dosta intelingentniji od ovih ostalih pasa, ako se može reć neka životinjska inteligencija je li... I zapravo je pas naša Smoju. U njemu je prepoznao prijatelja. Valjda ga je Smoje i kupija s nekim poklonom, jasno neki masnim poklonom, i na taj

način je počelo njihov prijateljstvo koje je ostalo do kraja Smojinog života. A još dvi godine iza Smojine smrti je moja žena brinila o Šarku, u Splitu. I u mome dnevnom boravku Vando Raunig, veterinar, dao mu je inekciju jer više ni on nije mogao, imao je sve bolesti, tako životinje imaju kao stari čovik. Otkažu noge, pa bubrizi, pa ne možeš hodat i onda je došlo vrime da ode. Ali bilo je s njime čudo, čudo zanimljivo sa tin malin pason, bio je vrlo inteligentan. Smoje je stanovao na Dražancu, to je ulica poviše hotela »Marjan«, a ja san kod Kazališta lutaka i Smoje bi ga pustija kroz vrata – ajde u Branke – to kod moje žene, i on bi doša. A ne znan, danas dite od sedan, osan godina ne bi se usudija pustit. I zna je kud, šta, di – op, eto ga.

Je li Šarko kod Smoje uživao povlašten status u odnosu na ljude?

Smoje je imao veliko životno iskustvo, on je odlično poznavao mentalitet našeg svita. Čitajući knjige, ali i kroz iskustvo. I sigurno je, a to je i danas tako, da van je životinja, ne moš niti reć beštija, pouzdaniji priatelj od bilo kojega prijatelja.

Smoje i Šarko imali su poseban odnos pun tolerancije, razumijevanja i praštanja. Ponekad su se ponašali kao prijatelji, a ponekad nam se učinilo da su poput starog bračnog para ili poput roditelja i djeteta. Kakav je Vaš dojam i može li se to uopće promatrati na taj način?

Ne možemo taj odnos preniti u stvaran život, u odnose među ljudima. Smoje je ipak vrhunski umjetnik i on je neka raspoloženja i odnose dodavao kako umjetnici znaju dodat. Tako da ne možemo to poistovjeti s odnosom među nama. Pas je bio odan, ali mogu kazati, odan onako kako van jedino može bit odana majka. A s majkom se znate i svadit, i lagat je, i privarit je, ali do kraja života ste vezani.

Dok smo čitali *Pasje novelete*, jako su nam se svidjele priče o Šarkovu ljubavnom životu. Mislite li da se Šarkov ljubavni život i ponašanje u vezama može usporediti s mentalitetom i odnosom prema ljubavi jednog dalmatinskog mladića?

Pa može bit da je baš tako jer Šarko mu nije odavao svoje tajne, a Smoje je bija velemajstor pisanja pa bi on i dodava. Naime, poznato je da svaki umjetnik, a posebno umjetnik pisane riječi, u svoje djelo unosi puno

autobiografskog, pa bi Smoje vjerojatno dodava i nešto svoje, ono što bi bilo duhovito za publiku. Znao je ritam teksta, napisat da ne bude dosadno, da bude provokativno. Imao je Smoje jednog drugog velikog prijatelja u Varošu, to je ribar Šanto. Šanto je zapravo svetinja, Šanto je santo, Sveti Radovniković koji je nepismen čovik. On je ima tone, serije tekstova razgovora sa Šantom, ali bilo bi grubo i novinarski i književno dosadno da Smoje sam govori. Onda bi svoje misli da otome Šantu i ljudi bi sreli u gradu toga Šanta i očekivali da će on nešto kazat, a on ništa jadan nema pojma. Ali to su male tajne stvaralaštva. Kao šta je Ante Tomić odličan humorist i satiričar. Imate onu njegovu veliku komediju, kazališnu predstavu i roman *Čudo u Poskokovoj Dragi*. Šta se tamo čudo događa sve, ali on je dite sa sela i to je napravia fantastično. Preporučan pročitat, to je Smoje naših dana. Mada kod Smoje ima nešto u malom mistu, može vam bit zanimljivo. Reka sam da se u djelo unosi autobiografskoga, ali ako ste gledali televizijsku seriju *Naše Malo Misto*, tamo čitavo vrijeme iz emisije u emisiju Bepina juri doktora Luiđija da je odvede prid oltar. Kod njih je bilo obratno, Smoje je jurija, tražija od svoje družice životne Lepe da se ožene, ali ona nije tila jer oboje su imali već po jedan brak. Imali su iskustva. Ona je govorila šta će meni to, šta to ima veze. Živili su zajedno onako neformalno, bez bilokakvih materijalnih obaveza, dok je nije jedan dan privarija. Bija je radni dan, četvrtak, i reka je da idu u Žrnovnicu na razgovor s tadašnjim matičarem koji vjenčaje. Ona je bila stotine puta s njim u sličnim situacijama di bi on radija, pa bi spojili nešto s nekin ručkom. Ovaj put Smoje se dogovorila s matičarem. Ne znajući šta je čeka, Lepa je povela jednu njenu prijateljicu, a bila je od teatra, volila je teatar, a teatar je režija, igra. Onda matičar govoril: evo, Lepa, sada ste u prilici, kako bi izgledalo ovo vjenčanje, bi li se oženili za ovoga Smoju. Ma di ču se za ovu pijančinu oženit!? I u tom svemu išli su kasnije doli na ručak i dobila je izvod iz matične knjige vjenčanih, vidila je da su vjenčani. Tako da ima i tih situacija, nije to šta si doživija najčešće.

Koliko su Šarko i Smoje bili slični? Prikazuje li Smoje sebe preko Šarka u nekim situacijama? Slažete li se da vrijedi ona – kakav vlasnik, takav pas?

Pa moglo bi bit, je, može bit.

Je li Šarko bio Smojin prvi pas ili je možda i prije njega imao kućne ljubimce?

Koliko se ja sićan nije imao. Ne znan, stvarno, njegovo djetinjstvo, o tome ne znan. Prvi put je, koliko ja znan, jedna životinja došla u njihovu kuću. Istina, on je živija u gradu pa nije ni bio u prilici da ima konja ili neku drugu životinju oko sebe. U ranom djetinjstvu jesu imali svinju, prajca, jer u Varošu su živjeli i prajac je bio gotovo najvažnije živo stvorenje. Od svinje si mogo živit šest meseci, a imali su sedan-osan dice, jedno dite manje-više, dvoje-troje umre, ajde, putuje se. Ali svinja je imala povlašteni položaj u kući, živjela je u prizemlju. Masovno su ljudi imali prajca u Varošu, i o njoj se brinilo itekako, jer bila je glad i nevolja, i dica su znala umirat od gladi. Zato se i jedna od glavnih ulica u Varošu zove Senjska, po senjskim uskocima, u svoje vrijeme se zvala Lenjigradska iz istih razloga. Onako buntovnička ulica, di je ostali dio Splita na nekin način bija građanski, privilegiran, bogati, di su imali niz prednosti, a oni su u Varošu bili glad, jad i bijeda. Zato je u Splitu kad su došli Talijanci, Nijemci i pokorili naš grad, najveći otpor doša baš iz te sredine, iz tih socijalnih okolnosti. I Smoje i svi u Varošu su bili antifašisti.

Smoje je Šarka spasio od hladnih i neugodnih bračkih zima. Je li Šarko na neki način pomagao Smoji?

Pomoga mu je dosta pogotovo u toj situaciji devedesetih godina kad je Smoje bija proganjan i omalovažavan, kad je bija difamiran. Jer svaki satiričar... podimo od stare Grčke prije dvi hiljade godina, a s kim će se rugat ako ne s vlašću. Neće se rugati s onim šta prodaje kruh ili sa ženom s pazara... I taj njegov satirički pristup nije odgovarao tadašnjoj vlasti. On je čak bio protjeran sa stranica *Slobodne Dalmacije*. I neki prijatelji koji su mu bili bliski i koje je on proslavija, pa ima tu i glumaca kojima je dao važnost u životu, nije bilo preporučljivo da budu blizu Smoje, i vjenčani kumovi i koješta drugo... a pas je bio odan. S njime bi i prošeta oko kuće jer čak i u kafanama mu nisu ni kafu poslužili, taksi ga nije htio sjest... A sad smo u godini kada slavimo Miljenka Smoju. Trebalо je proć to vrime, ja san sve to proša. Ja san isto u tom periodu »jeo govna« jer sam mu bio blizak. Predložen san za nagradu Grada Splita. Od trideset i pet vijećnika trideset četiri su bili za, samo jedan je bio protiv i njegov argument je bio takav da je to meni najveći kompliment: »Ja san protiv

toga da on dobije nagradu jer je on bija prijatelj sa Smojon.« Ništa lipše. Teško je ostat čovik, uspravan, ljudi su... ne znan je li znate, ima jedna talijanska uzrečica *sette bandiere*, onako kako vitar puše tako se i zastava miče...

Da možete samo jednom riječju opisati Smoju i Smojin odnos sa Šarkom, koja bi to riječ bila?

Plemenitost. Uzor. Toplina. Humanizam.

Fjodor Klarić
interviewed by
Luce Velić, Hana Unić & Petra Tomaš

Reading between the paws – Fedja Klarić about a special friendship

Contrary to established practice, the introduction to the chapter “A dog is not a brute” of Smoje’s Dog Novelettes is offered to children, albeit to those on the verge of adulthood. For this initiative, we thank their professor Sanda Cambj, who this year got involved in the organisation of the Days of animal STudies in various ways, and at first hit on one of its most important missions, that of education. Thus, three students from the third grade of the 1st Grammar School Split sat down in the library of their school with the important character of the Dog Novelettes, “photojournalist Fedja”, i.e. Fjodor Klarić, in order to start a conversation with him. The extended interview will be published in Fama, the student newspaper of the I gimnazija.

Do you remember how and when you met Miljenko Smoje and can you tell us what it was like seeing Šarko for the first time?

Of course! I was in the role of Šarko, because Smoje met me before I met him. I was born and raised on Prokurative, just above the Bellevue hotel. As a child I used to run around and play, while Smoje was a regular visitor in the hotel’s café, so we met there. Many years later, while I was a second-year student on the Faculty of Law, a dozen of my colleagues and me started a part-time job in *Slobodna Dalmacija*. Future journalists were usually recruited from the Faculty of Law, since it was the only faculty of humanities in Split at that time. And I was in need of a part-time job because of my living conditions back then. And just like that – Smoje was there for us. Us who were slackers, chosen as such – a little more communicative, brisk and extrovert. Smoje was the first editor in

the city column, it was called Through Split, and there we met again. I was learning the basics from him for a while and we became closer afterwards. I was interested in the photography and the Photo club Split was in Marmontova street, near the hiking club Mosor which also had a photo section, so I started taking photographs. Smoje didn't have the driving licence because he didn't have his right eye. As a young boy he fooled around with the tip of a pencil and he lost his eye. So, against his will, he was a leftie all his life.

I met Šarko when I was on Brač. I would come there in my first car, Spaček, so we would just sit in the car and go. The dog was always around and he would feel the moment we were ready to leave. We tried to trick him, I mean, who would let a dog in the car, but as we would be around, the dog would already jump in the car seat. He knew what was coming, indeed he did.

How many years did Smoje and Šarko spend together and how did their friendship end?

I don't know exactly how many years Smoje and Šarko spent together. During summer Smoje used to rent a bungalow near the Cactus hotel in Supetar. He wanted to avoid the heat and noise of Split in the summer, but he also benefited as a journalist there, because he would always make news reports from Brač. For him, Brač was the crucial place in his otherwise impressive opus, because the entire Chronicles of Malo Misto was made on Brač. You see, as a young journalist, he walked all over Brač over thirty times, and that was before a single kilometre of road was built. From one village to another, imagine that! Now when you drive to Bol, you need, I think, 40 minutes or so. I don't know how many days or years he was walking over Brač. At that time, Brač population was mainly illiterate, so the first person he would come to in those villages was either a priest or a teacher, there wasn't anyone else literate there. He kept his habit of going around Brač in his later years as well. Anyway, there was a little dog wondering around his bungalow in Supetar. He was a mixed breed, and they are usually considered to be smarter, so we can say that the dog found Smoje, actually. He recognised a friend in him. I think Smoje bribed him with some greasy gift and so their friendship started. It lasted until the last day of Smoje's life. My

wife was taking care of Šarko for two years after Smoje's death. And it was in my living room where Dr. Vando Raunig, a veterinarian, put Šarko to sleep. You see, he couldn't endure any more, he was as ill as any human. First your legs fail, then your kidneys fail, then you can't walk anymore and then it's time to say goodbye. But he was a miracle, this little dog. Smoje lived in Dražanac, just above the Marjan hotel, and I lived near the Puppet theatre and Smoje would just open the door and say: Go to Branka – my wife, and Šarko would come. I don't think I would dare to let a seven or eight-years-old child all alone today. And Šarko just knew where and what to do – and there he was.

Did Smoje favour Šarko over people?

Smoje had a great life experience; he knew the mentality of the locals well, whether through books or his personal encounters. It is certain that the animal, you can't even say a beast, is more reliable friend than any human friend.

Smoje and Šarko had a special relationship, full of tolerance, understanding and forgiveness. Sometimes they were friends; sometimes they were like an old married couple or a father and a son. What was your impression of it and can we even look at it that way?

We can't compare their relationship with the relationships we have with people. Smoje was a great artist and he was adding to moods and relations like any other artist, so we can't really compare it with the relationships between humans. The dog was loyal in a way a mother is loyal. You can argue with your mother, you can lie to her and cheat her but you share a bond to the rest of your life.

We liked the stories of Šarko's love life from *Pasje novelete* (Dog's short stories). Can Šarko's love life and relationships be compared with the temperament and relation to love of a Dalmatian young man?

It could be because Šarko never revealed his secrets and Smoje was the grand master of writing so he would add many things. It is well known that any artist, especially writers, add many autobiographical moments, so Smoje probably added something on his own, that the readers would consider funny. He knew the rhythm of the text, how to write something

interesting and provocative. Smoje had another great friend in Varoš, Šanto the Fisherman. Šanto means saint, *santo*, his name was Sveti Radovniković and he was illiterate. Smoje had tons of texts of talks with Šanto, actually it was just him all along, but as it would be considered both rude and unprofessional, he attributed his own thoughts to Šanto. And then people would meet Šanto in the street and would expect him to say something and the poor guy knew nothing. But these were the little secrets of the trade. Just like Ante Tomić, who is an excellent humourist and satirist. He wrote a hilarious comedy *Čudo u Poskokovoj Dragi*, a novel turned into a theatre play. He was born and raised in a village and he made it wonderfully. I recommend you to read it; it's like reading Smoje these days. Though I think you will find interesting Chronicles of Malo Misto, too. I already told you that each writer adds autobiographical elements and if you have seen the TV series of *Malo Misto*, you will remember that there the female character, Bepina, always wanted her life partner, Luidi, to take her down the aisle. In real life it was the other way round, Smoje was constantly asking his life companion Lepa to take her down the aisle, but she kept refusing, because both of them had previously been married. She used to say that she didn't need it and that it wasn't necessary. They lived together informally, without any mutual financial obligations, until he tricked her one day. It was a workday, a Thursday, and he told her they were going to Žrnovnica to talk to a registrar, the person who does weddings. She had been many times before with him to such interviews after which they would usually go to lunch. Not knowing anything, she brought a friend with her. And she was a woman of theatre, she loved theatre and you know that theatre means a drama and a director. And during the interview the registrar asked her if she would marry Smoje. How can I marry this drunkard? So later they went to lunch and she received the wedding certificate and she saw they were actually married. There are many situations like this one.

Were Smoje and Šarko alike? Did Smoje talk about himself through Šarko in some situations? Can we say – like owner, like dog?

It could be, yes, it could be.

Was Šarko Smoje's first pet or did he have any pets before him?

He didn't have other pets, as far as I know. I don't know about his childhood, though. It was the first time, as far as I know, that an animal came into their house. However, he did live in the town, so there were no horses or other animals around him. In his early childhood they had a pig. They lived in Varoš and the pig was the most important living being. You could live off a pig for six months, and there were seven or eight children, give or take, two or three would die, but that was life. But the pig had a privileged status in a home; it would live on the ground floor. Many people in Varoš had a pig, and it was greatly taken care of, because it was time of famine and distress, children used to die of hunger. One of the main streets in Varoš is Senjska, named after the rebels of Senj. Back in the days it was called Leningrad Street, for the same reason. Anyway, it was a rebellious street, the rest of Split was more civil, privileged, rich, with many benefits, and they were poor and hungry. So when Italy and Germany occupied and conquered Split, the strongest revolt came from that particular community and their social circumstances. Smoje and everybody else living in Varoš were antifascists.

Smoje saved Šarko from cold and harsh winters on Brač. Did Šarko help Smoje in any way?

He helped him a lot, especially in the 90s, when Smoje was persecuted and despised, when he was defamed. Because every satirist... for example in ancient Greece two thousand years ago..., who will you mock if not the government? You will not make fun of a man selling bread or a woman selling in the market... and his satirical approach was not acceptable for the government in the 90s. He was banished from *Slobodna Dalmacija*. And some of his close friends, friends he made famous, some important actors as well... it was not recommended to be seen in his vicinity, his best man and many other... but the dog was loyal. He would take him for a walk around his house, because people refused to serve him coffee in cafés, they didn't allow him to sit in a taxi... And this year we celebrate Miljenko Smoje. All this time had to pass, and I had to pass through it, too. I was also discredited in that period, because I was close with him. I was nominated for the City of Split award. Of 35 councillors, 34 voted for me and one was against me and that one gave the argument which was the highest compliment for me, he said "I am against it because he was friends with Smoje". You can't hear anything better than

that. It is difficult to remain a human, to stand tall... there's an Italian expression, I don't know if you have heard it, *sette bandiere*, meaning that the flag moves with the wind...

If you had to describe Smoje and his relationship with Šarko with one word, which word would it be?

Generosity. Role model. Warmth. Humanism.

Translated by Koraljka Pejić

Miljenko Smoje

Nije pas beštija

Poglavlje »Nije pas beštija« dio je Pasjih noveleta Miljenka Smoje, koje su za Feral Tribune 1995. priredili Boris Dežulović i Predrag Lucić. Ista je kuća izdala Pasje novelete još 1997. i 2001., a 2004. knjigu je izdao i Marjan tisak, sačuvavši isti koncept. Obnovljeno i dopunjeno izdanje izašlo je u izdavačkoj kući Adamić 2016., no u njemu je urednik Dragan Ogurlić izostavio upravo noveletu »Nije pas beštija«, a onda i ponešto promijenio naziv i sadržaj poglavlja koje je dalo ime petim Danima kulturne animaliSTike. Stoga se ovdje oslanjamо na ranija izdanja.

Pas, gori i od čovika

Prijateji me pitaju, a štioci mi pišu da šta je to meni napravila moj stari kompanjo Šarko, pa ga napadan najgorin ričima, ne ka pasa, nego ričima koje se samo pokvarenome čoviku moredu prišit.

Je, sve šta san reka stoji! Sve mirita: hoštapler je, lukav, pokvaren, pritvoran!

A kako je to ipak moj pas, kojega volin, mislija san prešutit njegovo zadnje zlodilo.

Ali kad već oćete čut, evo šta je učinija.

Pripovida san već nikoliko puti da Šarko mrzi svoga unuka Maloga. Mali je njegova slika i prilika, u naponu snage, skitnica, jebivjetar, a Šarko broji zanje dane.

Ćuti da Mali osvaja njegov privilegirani položaj na Punti. I ne more ga čut ni vidit. Pristupi li na teracu, omar ga koje. Ne smi ni jist u njegovoj blizini.

Ali, i Mali je vrag, dišpetožast, ne da se. I baš prizadnji dan našeg boravka u Supetru, ka i svako jutro, dojde po mene prijatej s tonobilom.

Šarko omar trče, laje, zove me:

– Evo ga, amo ća!

U autu moje je misto do šofera, a Šarkovo meni pod noge.

I šta je Mali učinija?

Dok je Šarko mene zva, skočija je i lega na njegovo misto! Protrnja san od straja. Mislija san, sad će ga Šarko priklat.

I šta mislite, šta je Šarko učinija?

Ništa! Čini fintu da ne vidi uljeza. Skoči u tonobil i bez režanja, mirno ka da Maloga nima, leže poviše njega.

Lega je na njega ka na kušin, guzicon mu je pritiska glavu!

– Razbojniče, udavit ćeš Maloga!

Gleda me začuđeno.

– Kojega Maloga? Nima ovod nikoga.

Putovali smo samo do Mirac.

Skočija je iz auta, a da se i ne osvrne. A Mali je uteka. Unizija ga je, ubija je u njemu dostojanstvo i biži sad od Šarka ka od kuge.

Pametni kurbin sin

Zoven prijateja Sinišu da me sa svojin merđon dojde priselit. A merđo mu na servisu.

Ali prid bungalowon već misec dana stoji stari, ruzinavi, rasklimani spaček fotoreportera Feđe.

I evo moga Siniše sa ključima od spačeka. Ne moredu se otvorit vrata od auta. Jedva jedvice samo jedna. Trpamo robu, demejane, makinjete, libre, zbijemo, nabijemo, napunili smo portapaki i pokrili zadnje sjedište, pa ona sede na me, a Šarko mi pod noge.

Sad auto ne pali.

Posli petnajst minuti je upalilo. Ali ne gre. Izlazimo, upiremo, pomoć tražimo.

Dovajali smo se do trajekta. Ne moremo vanka, ni jedna se vrata ne otvaraju. Mornari pucaju od smija. I oni nas vadu iz auta.

U Split prid kućon vadiđu nas dica.

Ujutro u devet uri već san u Draganovu oštariju, na Matejušku. Judi jidu gulaš s njokima. Ne mogu ni ja odolit. Sve samo fini judi, koji vodidu mirne, pametne razgovore o poštan, o riban – komarčan, šargima, zubacima, artima i visokin porezima. Gospodar Dragan sede do mene. Šarko leži u kantun oštarije.

Zoven ga:

– Mali, dojdi!

Lino se dovuka.

Sta je isprid mene i gleda me.

Gоворин му:

– Kompanjo, ja ču sedit još uru vrimena, a ti ajde malo prošetat!

Moj kompanjo izajde. Dragan zine.

– Da ga auto ne satare?

– Ne boj se, Dragane, kad prelazi ulicu, on gleda livo-desno.

Dragan gre za njin.

– Je bogami, oprezan je.

Vratija se do po ure.

Dragan se zlamenuje.

– Ma je li moguće da pas more bit ovako pametan?

Dobar je moj stari kompanjo. Nikor njega ništa nije učija, nikakve skule ni dresure on nima, ne zna dat nogu, baciš li mu šišku, drvo oli stinu, neće trkat za njon, ne voli on pasje komande nego s njin triba razgovarat ka sa čovikon. I onda sve zna.

Judi jemadu i glupe pase pa ji falidu kako su pametni, najpametniji na svitu. Ne puštaju ji iz kuće da ji auto ne satare, da ji dica ne ukredu, da se ne izgubidu.

A ja za moga Šarka nikad nisan reka da je najpametniji pas na svitu, ali siguran san da pametniji od njega nima. Koliko je pametan, dokaz je i to da je mene izabra za gospodara. Ali koliko je pametan, toliko je i pokvaren, falšun, kurbin sin, privarant, lupež, razbojnik.

Nismo ni došli u Split, a već me ostavija i uteka u babe Anke. Lakše je njemu prominit gospodara nego našin političarima stranku. A kad ga štufa, vratit će se on meni i glumit će da je infotan, jer ja san njega zapustija i ostavija.

Ali čin ga punon nogon udren u trbuji, a špicon u jaja, sve će doć na svoje misto.

Sirup babe Anke

Moj je Šarko pravi Mediteranac. Reagira na vrime. Ne voli kišu – je li pada, ne da mu se iz kuće, a za gnjiloga juga cili božji dan spava.

Bude i gladan, ali lin je jist. Ne more se dignit. Pade u fjaku.

Matan ga na ono šta mu je najdraže. Ne obadaje. Stavin mu pod nos feticu mortadele. Ni povonjat. Dodan i fregulu sira. I par keksi. Ni makac.

A onda posli uru-dvi lino se diže i sve smaže i jopet spava.

Sve mi ga je teže ranit. Izopačen je, kapriciožast. Skitnica, anarkišta, gladnuš koji se i na kontejnerima ranija, posta je tako izbirljiv da i sam ne zna šta oće.

Jema se bit priobratija i već misecima posti. I dva puta na nediju. Nije posvemašnji post nego oče ribu.

Nikidan, zapravo u petak, ona je skuvala bakalarić na brujet. Njemu je skuvala penete i začinila ji tingulon koji je osta od jučer. Na gratakažu san mu izgrata lipu šaku parmeđana, jer ako sira nima najidit će se i sve ostavit.

Leži ispod stola, a mi jimo bakalar. Evo ga diže se, maše repicon. Skače mi na kolina, šta čini samo kad je puno gladan.

Dan mu penete. Biži od pijata.

I opet mi skače na kolino. Viri mi u pijat.

– Ovo je bakalar, ovo tebi ni drago.

– Lipo vonja, daj da provan!

Dan mu komadić.

– Evo provaj, sigurno ti ni drago!

Ruku me deboto izija. I laje. – Još, još, još, daj, daj, daj!

Da san mu cili pijat. Sve je izija, i bakalar kumplire i izliza pijat.

A ja san izija njegove penete.

Bude i smišni zgoda.

Dojde nan na večeru jedna gospoja koja se razumi u pase. Jema pasa i sve zna o pasima.

Za Šarka ništa nismo spremili nego mu dajemo kombiniranu večeru, malo slanoga mesa i leše kokoše.

Prekorava me:

– Nepravilno ga hranite. Ne smi pas jist slano meso, a sačuvaj Bože meso od kokoše pri kosti. Oštare su te kočice, čriva mu moredu probit!

– Ajde bravo, dobro ste mi, gospojo, rekli. Baš van fala! Dan malome jednu paštu. Proguca je. Skočila madam:

– Ne, ne, zaboga, oslipit će. Svi će van veterinari reć, u sve libre piše – pasu nikad cukra, nikad slakoga! Ja san moga Lorda sve po uputan ranila i davala mu redovito vitamine, kalcij, sve šta triba i dvanajst godin mi je živija. I onda je bidan oslipija, oglušija, zanje noge ga izdale.

– A vidite, gospojo, ovi moj razbojnik jema šesnajst godin, izija je bar dvi »Bobisove« pašticerije, smaza je bar kvintal pancete i slanoga, proguca bar jednu farmu od kokoš, a vidi ka sokol, trče ka zec i do jučer je, da prostite, jebava ka tovar!

Šarko je sluša, gleda nju, gleda mene, ka da pita: – A koja ti je ovo? Di si je naša?

Koji put ji naglo, zafasta se i progorča mu. Nedavno mi se deboto zagušija. Jema mu bit ništo zapelo, pa je kukuja, rutava i gušija se, a ni moga rigat. Pripa se, zbija uz nju i bespomoćno je gleda ka da od nje traži spas. Jer ona je naš kućni likar.

Uvatila je i mene panika. Tija san zvat prvu pomoć.

Otvorija san vrata od kuće i on biž niza skale. Zoven gospoju Branku. Nima je doma. Javja se baba Anka koju zanji miseci davi kašaj i ne izlazi iz kuće. Govorin jon:

– Baba Anka, sad će ti mali doć.

– A ko ga vodi?

– Dolazi sam. Reka mi je da gre u tebe.

– Zlato moje pametno, voli on babu Anku!

– Ostavi mu otvorena vrata! Svaki čas bi ti moga banit.

– A kako znaš da me se zaželija?

– Reka mi je bome. Uvatija ga je kašaj i reka je kašjajuć: Gren ja kašjat sa babon Ankon.

– Je pametan, Bože moj! Zna on da baba Anka jema sirupa kontra kašja...
Evo mi ga, doša je, laje prid vrata!

Vikendica za Šarka

Dotur Žagar posla me iz Trsta cili jedan modni žurnal za pase.

Svega jema unutra. Čak i zdravstvena knjižica u koju veterinar more zapisivat svoje nalaze i pratit zdravstveno stanje pacijenta!

Centralno misto u žurnalu zaprema pasja garderoba, i to najnoviji modeli za zimu. Puno smišni veštići da se jubimac zaštiti od leda i kiše. Jema i škufji i nogavic i pokrivali za uši i take robice koja mu štiti cilo tilo, samo je repica vanka. Jedino ne znan šta je šoto – jema li bužu za bimbu?

Baba Anka je za Šarka izabrala jedan komplet u fine pastelne kolure. Samo pedesetak ijad liri.

A jema i pasji kućic, ali i vikendic sa dnevnik boravkon i pokrivenon verandon tako da gospodar, odnosno pas u ovome slučaju, i kad kiša pada more zaštićen sidit na verandu i gledat ko prolazi.

Kad san mu pokaza njegov veštitić i počeja mu vazimjat miru, najidija se, tija me ujist.

A onda je boje pogleda, bacija se na škinu i vaja se, puca od smija.

Ali za sto marak tija bi mu kudit šesnu vikendicu. Ako je ja niman, neka mi je bar pas jema.

I moć ču se falit:

– Meni i Šarko jema vikendicu! Samo ne znan di ču je montirat.

Čelnik opasne bande

Puno me svita pita da ča je od Šarka.

Kad me na ulicu vidu samoga, okriću se, gledaju okolo, pitaju:

– A di van je Šarko?

Dobro je moj mali kompanjo. Lipa mu je starost, žive boje nego devedeset posto naši penzioneri, a mogu reć da mu je i boje nego meni. Na Braču, dok je bija mlad i snažan, lako mu je bilo malo i propatit, batit glad, patit zimu, izložen buri i kiši. Pri tri godine, na izmaku lita, kad se Punta praznila, tili su ga odvest u veterinara da mu da injekciju, da bidna beštija više ne pati. Dolazila je zima, a na pustoj Punti šta će jist, di će spavat? A star je, bolestan, izdaju ga zanje noge, prednje bolidu, jema reumu, nos mu se rascvita, dotoresa je rekla da je sigurno rak; jema je i ranu na škinu.

I posta je dobar, puno, puno dobar. A ka i svi Bračani, koji su inače pitom i dobar svit, zna je postat i nagal, žestok, opasan. Volja se i tuć sa pasima, nikad slabijima od sebe, mrzija je monture, zna je nešesnome prolazniku rasparat gaće, gricnit ga za žnjut, a ni malu dicu nije volja. A sad se sa dicon igra. Gospoje ga grlidu i jubidu.

Vratilo mu se povjerenje u jude. Ko ga god zazove, omar trče, maše repicon. Čak ni za maškan više ne trče. Kad stojidu mirno, samo ji povonja. O takvome pasu ka šta je sad moj Šarko nima se više šta pisat. Nestali su sadržaji potribni za novelete.

Ali pametni moj mali kompanjo pobrinija se za nove obrte, za dramatične i smišne sadržaje. Evo ga tri dana nisan vidija. Zapravo, vidija san ga samo kroz ponistru.

Odmetnija se razbojnik i okupija bandu koja operira na potezu od Kas-kada do Zvončaca. Interesantno da je on vođa, on jaše, zapravo trče na čelu bande – isprsija se, puše se ka da je Đems Kegni – a iza njega veliki snažni pasi koji ga moraju slušat. Među njima razbojnicima čak je i jedna velika crna kuja. Već su prvi dan odmetništva utirali straj u kosti svin

gospojan u ovome kvartu koje držidu rasne kujice. Naime, to je banda odmetnika-jebača. Traže kuje, i ako jin ne dadu dragovoljno, spremni su na silovanje!

Samo ja znan ko je doša na ideju o formiranju bande, ko je i zašto proveja organizaciju i kako će to sve svršit.

Dakako, Šarkova je i ideja i realizacija. A kriva je ona mala, štiocima iz raniji noveleta poznata gospojica-usidilica Pupa, zbog čijeg je neobjasnivog, izopačenog ponašanja Šarko posta frustriran i sad se liči.

Kako jon je malo tribalo da pametnoga moga kompanja pritvori u opasnog razbojnika!

A bija mi je ka anđel. Najpriću van, štioci, iznit nikoliko sličic da vidite do koji je dosega spoznaje, pameti i dobrote moj mali kompanjo doša pri nego se upustija u kriminal.

Lipi dan, sunce, i nas dvojica, moj kompanjo i ja, prošetamo do bufeta Zvončac. Tot je veliki vrtal di on jema švoga, more malo potrkat, njuškat okolo, grist travu, pišat uz cabla. Sve je obavija i vraća se do stola, za kojin je seja jedan moj Splićanin. Pogladi on Šarka. Šarko mu se fika među kolina.

– Daj mi nogu! – govori on Šarku. – Ajde, daj lipo šapicu!

Šarko ga samo pogleda. – A ča je sad?

– Asti boga, njanci ne zna nogu dat! – čudi se moj Splićanin.

– A vidiš, ne zna.

Sagne se čovik, vazme jednu šišku i baci je.

– Ajde, donesi!

Šarko ga gleda. Gleda mene.

– A šta je ovome čoviku?

– A šta moš, moj kompanjo, pusti ga!

A ovi Splićanin meni govori:

– Ajme glupoga pasa. Ništa ne zna!

Vidin Šarka, puca od smija.

– A eto, ne zna. A oli ti misliš da bi ja usvojija pasa koji daje šapicu i koji ti nosi šiške oli drivo kad ga baciš?!

Jedina stvar koju je Šarko meni donija i stavija prid noge bila je ona lipa panceta od tri kila.

– Baci mu pancetu, gomoju sira, pa ćeš vidit kako će mi donit da podlimo!

Izlazimo iz bufeta.

Triba preć prometnu cestu. Šarko gre prvi.

– Da ti ga auto ne satare?

– Ka da je moj Šarko pizda pa će se bacit pod auto! Šarko, gledaj!

Šarko dojde na pješački prelaz, pogleda gori i dol i prođe cestu.

Čudi se čovik:

– Pametan je, a šapu ne zna dat!

A nikidan trevi na ulici Šarka jedan naš inženjer koji moga kompanja dobro pozna još iz Supetra.

I viče za njin:

– Di si, Šarko, komunjaro stara?

Moj kompanjo mene gleda.

– Ma šta mi ovo govori?

– Jema prav. Bija si. Sićan se ja da si se pri Punte vrtija oko crikve, bija si dobar sa sadašnjin monsinjoron Štambukon koji je onda bija župnik i sa don Andron, sadašnjin župnikon. Oni bi te i pozdravili – Di si, Šarko! – a ti bi zalaja i mava jin repicon.

– Je je, bili su dobri judi.

- A onda si dobija od Partije zadatak da se don Andri popišaš uz prag župskog dvora i odbija si.
- Ne sićan se.
- I onda si dobija strogu kaznu, zanju opomenu prid isključenje. A posli su te izbacili iz Partije jer šest miseci nisi članarinu platila!
- Kako će platiti kad ne radim?
- Moga bi se zaposlit.
- A šta bi ja radila?
- Ka noćni čuvar komiteta.
- Ni mi drago radit. Nego, moga si ti za me članarinu plaćat!
- Bogati, i to bi tija!
- A je li, šta će reći ako opet ko bude za mena vika da san stara komunjara?
- Reci da više nisi, da si se sad upisa u hadeze i da si omar avancira u čelnika bande.

Prolazi pas. Ogroman vučjak. Velik ka tovar. A Šarko baš piša uza zid obrasta travon.

Pripa san se da Šarko ne skoči.

A on se bidan vas skupija, stisnija uza zid, još se prignija, zaklonija travon da bude neprimjetan. Velika zvir projde.

Ja odahnen.

Šarko još malo pričeka, pa kad je zvir nestala sa vidika, ražešći se, urla, zube kesi, bisno kopa zemlju.

- Bravo, bravo, moj kompanjo! Jesi vidija koju je šprengu uvatija? Da nije uteka, ti bi ga bija zakla!

A zna se, ujutru u osan manje kvarat, on mene budi. Ne more mi skočit na posteju, ali ako san dobre voje, dignen ga i stavin iza sebe. Nasloni glavu na blazinju i dronja još po ure.

Onda on mene mora uredit, oprat. Najpri vrat.

– Dosta, Šarko!

– A uši, uši ti nisan opra! A ti to često zaboraviš.

– Pusti me, Šarko!

– Ne mogu te pustit svakavoga vanka. Šta će svit reć? I ona će ti vikat!

I kad me uredi, digne se, pogleda:

– Ajde, sad moš, sad si ka pupa.

– Fala ti, moj kompanjo, komunjaro stara.

– A šta ti je, oli nisan od nikidan hadeze?

– Nisan se sitija, škužaj, čelniče moj!

I nima Šarka. Cili ga dan nima. Ni uvečer se nije pojavija.

Ujutru pitan dicu koja se igraju iza Kaskada jesu li ga vidila.

Jesu, sinoć. Bija je sa bandon, upadali su u dvorove, u vrtle, u portune, vonjali uza skale, pišali u vrata. A onda su odjahali na Zapad.

A pri toga Šarko je iša kenjat, a banda ga je čekala.

Ne lažu dica. Šarko ka i svi pasi piša svuda, a kad oće kenjat, diskretno se povuče i sakrije iza zida ili u visoku travu.

I evo mi ga, laje mi prid vrata, upada u kužinu, halapljivo loče vodu – punu tećicu – a u drugu ga čeka spiza: debela feta salama i dva kusa mesa.

Nima vrimena njanci povonjat.

– Šta je, kompanjo?

– Niman sad vrimena. Pričat ću ti kad svrši.

Gledan sa terace. Banda ga čeka isprid vrat od kuće. Kad ga put nanese, svrati i kod gospoje Branke koju puno, puno voli, na obid oli na marendu. Svratija je dva puta na večeru i kod svoje stare prijatejice i zaštitnice sa Punte, šjore Jube koja stanuje na Rivu. Upozorija san ji da

ga više ne primaju, jer bi mogle – ako se šta grubo dogodi bit opružene ka razbojnikovi jataci.

A kod gospodarice od Pupe, di smo skoro svaki dan svraćali, više ne dolazi. Iznevjerili su njegove nade, grubo ga ofendili i neće jin on oprostit. Neće Pupa proć lišo.

Lani je zbog nje gorko patija. Jauka je, plaka, čuva vrata danju i noću. Ali gospodarica je svoju Pupu budno čuvala. A Pupa i bi i ne bi.

Jema je moj kompanjo puno strpjenja. Sprijatejija se sa Pupon, leža je uz nju, liza je po očima i nosiću, ona je njega šapicon milovala. I šarmira je, ludovala je za njin. Čekala je kad će se pojavit i kad bi ga ugledala ka da ju je sunce obasjalo.

I kompanjo je bija siguran da mu ovi put neće uteć.

I čin se užgala, on je bija u njezinome dvoru. Izveja je kompletnu predigrnu, ali čin je skočija, okrenila se bisno i ujila ga za vrat.

Do dva dana u tinelu ujila ga je za čunku. Plaka je, gorko plaka.

Mene je zabolilo, problidija san, uzdrća se.

Kad smo jedan dan prošli mimo Pupini dvori, Šarko je uz rešteladu ugleda četiri pasa, među njima i jednoga velikoga crnog.

Bacija se na nj, povalija ga i onda sta. Bila je to crna kuja.

Pridružila se bandi. Jema bit obećala da će kad njoj dojde vrime svima dat koliko oćedu. Na redalicu.

Nije ona glumica, pokvarenuša, ka ta Pupa.

Prvi dan Nove, dok san se brija i mislja kako je moj mali proveja novogodišnju noć, eto nikor kuca na vrata. Ko – mali Bruno. Nosi mi radosnu vijest.

– Eno van se Šarko u mome dvoru zalipija za jednu kuju.

– Trči, moj Bruno, trči, čuvaj mi ga, ne daj da se u njega dica itaju oli da ga vodon poliju.

Vas san sritan da je moj kompanjo tako sritno, tako pametno uplovija u Novu.

Sad će on rastirat bandu, ostat će još koji dan uz svoju zaručnicu, a ja ću mu po malome Brunu šavat pakete. Neka mu nosi ka Crvenkapica bakici. Šajen mu sira, salama, komad tuke, slakoga, moran ga kripit da mi ne oslabi.

Evo mi mali Bruno nosi novu vijest.

– Znate šta je sad učinija? Zalipija se sa zaručnicon, sad isprid Pupine reštelade!

Neka! Neka jon srce pukne! I zamislite slučaja!

Prid kafanon trevin onega inženjera, koji se okriće, gleda okoli i pita:

– A di je stara komunjara?

– Otkad je prominija stranku, ne vodin ga vanka. Ne volin makake.

Smije se inženjer.

– A di je sad?

– A di i ti. Preša je u hadeze.

Ceni od smija.

– Je, časna rič, već je posta i čelnik!

– Nemoj se s tin zajebavat.

– Pitaj Šarka ako meni ne viruješ. Sve mi je ispriča. Nudili su mu oče li postat većinski vlasnik macale. Nije tija. Reka jin je da mu je dosta i jedna mala mesarnica. Nudidu mu da ulize i u upravni odbor jednoga kombinata. Cili bi mu posal bija da jedan put na misec dojde na sjednicu i malo zalaje. I to onako kako budu i drugi lajali.

Ali neće van on pristat. Ipak je Šarko ponosan pas.

Nije pas beštija

Još ležimo. Viče mi iz sobe:

- Di ti je Šarko?
- A di će bit, leži mi uz posteju.
- Pošaji mi ga!
- A šta će ti?
- Moran mu čestitat, danas je njegov dan.
- Kako njegov dan?
- Bome dan životinja. Evo slušan radijo, cili svit slavi i časti svoje jubimce!

Ne gre mi u glavu da je moj mali kompanjo životinja. U nas na Balkanu judi su kompromitirali pojam životinje. Judi su se pritvorili u krvoločne beštije, zviri nemile koje iz gušta koju dicu, starce, palidu sela, ruše i pjačkaju kuće. A moj mali kompanjo je anđel. Mirlita da ga lipo počastimo. Kupit ću mu u Vicinu samoposlugu veliku kvarat od kila kuvane slavonske šunke, jer to mu je u zanje vrime najdraža spiza. Ne more mi skočit na kolino, a kad je šunka – poludi, na stol skače. A ona će mu iz grada donit njemu najdraže danske slatkiše.

Lipo mi troje živemo: i moj kompanjo i ona i ja smo starci, i to daje sklad našemu živjenju. Ne more stari čovik jemati mladoga pasa koji bi trka, skaka, igra se. On po cili dan leži, a ja oli sidin, oli ležin.

Ne pušta se on na tle nego pade, bubne. I leže tako da me uvik jema na oko. Najdraže mu je kad sidin za stolon i tučen po makineti. Po dvi-tri ure leži mi uz nogu, a zna i zaspavati i zaerkati glavon naslonjen na moju papuču. I ja ne mičem nogu dok mi ne zatrne. Gre sve nježniji, sve sentimentalniji. Mora s menom spavati, i potiran li ga u kužinu, cvili cilu noć. A o noći me budi, češka, liže, mljašće jezikom i sanja kako se tuče sa velikim pasima, pa laje i reži.

Spava ispod tavulina, a ujutru se izvuče i leži mi na tapet uz posteju. I tura me glavon, kiše, ziva i tira me da se ustani.

I kad san se diga, on gre leć. Kurbin sin zna da meni triba dvi ure dok se uredin, operen, a on spava, ali i pomalo čiri, i čin ja pribacin priko ramena boršetu, on je već na vratima. Veseli se, laje uz skaline, cila kuća zvoni. I ja se dovučen do Rafina kafića, a on polako za menon. Pogleda di san seja i onda se malo zavrti, diskretno obavi svoju toaletu i do desetak minuti već mi leži ispod stola. Ne mogu ja njemu uteći niti se on more izgubit.

A jutros se ništo čudno događalo.

Seden ja u kafić, štiven novinu, a Šarka nima. Bit će uteka u babe Anke vidi jednu malu sijamsku maškicu koja mu je postala velika prijatejica.

Projde skoro ura vrimena, a evo ona:

- Di ti je mali?
- Ne znan, nesta je. Bit će u babe Anke.
- Poludija je, svud te traži, dva puta je doma dolazija, tražija te po soban, u banj, u kužinu, cvilija, laja, plaka, zavija.
- Ma zna on di san.
- Ne zna, da zna ne bi paničarija!

Pritražija je ciло susidstvo, tražija me po kućan di zalazimo, bija je u Vicinu butigu na pazarić, kod Nasera, cile je Kaskade obaša. Koliko je plaka i jauka, svitu je milo činilo.

I evo mi ga. Vuče se, pada, cvili, drće, srce će ga izdat. Utira mi se u noge i još plače. Svašta mi govori. Kori me.

Čovik za susidnin stolon mi govori:

- Pa ovi je pas već tri puta dolazija na štekat.
- Kako me nije vidija? I baš san za stolon za kojin najčešće sidin!

Obično ona dojde po nas oko podne i mi troje lipo, polako, nogu prid nogu, dovučemo se do kuće. Da nas vidi moja pokojna mater, rekla bi:

- Parite Tri brata uboga!

Uza skale počinemo na svaki pod. Ja seden, a on do mene leže.

Ona je danas ostala popit biru s prijatejicon. Sam se vučen uza skaline. Asti Boga, jopet nima maloga! Bit će osta nju čekat.

Evo je!

– A di je mali? – pita ona.

– Oli nije s tobom?

Opet je u panici: trče, luduje, cvili, tuli.

Šta mu je ovo danas? Nikad mu se nisi mogla sakrit, a danas se je u dvi ure dva puta izgubila ka malo dite.

A da moj kompanjo nije naglo rebambija? Da nije baš danas presta bit životinja?

Ništa mu nisan da jist do večeri. A onda je refa. Kuvanu šunku, pileća prsa i dva danska slatkiša. I čin se nabuba, povuka se u moju sobu i slako zaerka ispod stola.

Jubavi uvik malo

U brodskome salonu Šarko mi se uvuka među noge i drće ka prut. I lani ovako. Ćuti di gremo i drće da ga ne ostavin na Puntu.

Treću je zimu s menom u Split, a cili je svoj dugi pasji vik proveja na Puntu. I bija je sritan, a sad je se grozi. Boji se bure, gladi, mižerje. Druga je stvar kad dojde lito, pa se skupa vratimo.

Čin smo izašli iz auta, trče nas pozdraviti Mali i uz njega jedan novi pasić. Šarko ne da Malome ni blizu. Omar ga vata za vrat i baci na tle.

Unuka ne more vidit. Svima drugima pasima se raduje, ali Maloga omar koje. Šarko je dugo bija kralj Punte, a Mali ga je naslidija. Ne more mu to oprostit. A boji se da se sad ne bi i meni fika.

Šta oće reć da nima Afre? Di je Afra? Zoven je. Zaludu, zaludu je zoven.
Ne more me čut. Dali su je ča.

Nije nego su je bidnu likvidirali!

Najbojega pasa na svitu! Andela, a ne pasa!

Je, bila je crna, bila je gruba, glas jon je bija ježiv, kad je lajala mora si bižat, ali bidna bila je dobra, svakome se veselila, dicu je volila, na nikoga njanci nije zarežala. Bila je jedini pas na svitu koji se smija, premda je i ti njezin smij bija ježiv.

I likvidirali su je. Morali su. Zašto? Jer je Punti zapritija demografski bum od pasići. Nije Afra bila ka gosposke kujice koje i krepaju ka njuferice, nego je bila prirodna, duševna, široka.

Nije jon bilo njanci godinu dan kad je sa Šarkon prvi put rodila. I otad svaku šest miseci novi pasići. Druge kuje predaju se jubavi samo dva-tri dana u zemanu, a Afri je jubavi uvik bilo malo.

I sad računajmo.

Afra je kotila po devet-deset pasići, i to dva puta godišnje. Da su polovica nji ženske – to je novi deset kujic u godinu dan. I one bi ukotile, omar, prve godine, sto pasići.

Kroz deset godin bilo bi na Puntu pasić ka Kineži.

I svaki put kad bi ukotila, ostavjali bi jednoga pasića, a ostale bacivali u more.

Žaj mi je, a tišin se da su morali.

Šarko se ne miče od mene. Njanci da se popiša uz cable.

Infotani Sokrat

Govori mi nikidan prijatej:

– Nemoj se uvridit, ali ti sa svojin Šarkon svakin danon sve više sličiš na dotura Luiđija i njegovu Belinu. I kad je Luiđi umra, u nekrologu koji si mu napisala, zamirija si mu ti odnos prema pasu.

Naravski da me uvridija i da san planija. To šta je usporedija mene sa doturon Luiđijen, to mu još mogu nikako i oprostit, ali di on more moga Šarka usporediti s onon krepalinon od pasa, s imbečilaston Belinon koja ništa nije znala, ništa razumila, korak nije mogla učinit iz kuće ako je ne vodiš na uzicu!

More li se ko sitit da je iz konobe ukrela i Luiđiju donila pršut?

Vraga je ukrela! Koliko je vrimena izgubjeno dok se snimilo kako u zube drži pršutić!

A onega lita moj je Šarko nidir ukreja i donija mi priko tri kila pancete. Kroz šumu je vuka i prida me stavija.

I sve smo, moj kompanjo i ja, smazali. Do kraja lita pancete mu nije falilo.

Prema Belini moj kompanjo je Sokrat, Ajnštajn.

Govoridu da pasa triba najmanje tri puta na dan vodit vanka pišat.

A zašto, oli ne more odit i sam?

Spava u moju sobu ispod pisaćega stola. Ja cili život spavan sam. Nikoga nisan moga trpit; njanci nju! Smeta mi da bilo ko u sobi pali letriku, šiška novinan i da diše, a nekmoli hrče. A Šarko se zna noću micat, palketi zaškripju, zna se i lizat, zaerkat i u snu se jidit, režat i lajat. Sigurno sanja svoje braške neprijateje – pošćera Spira oli šjor Nenu.

Onda ja zavičen:

– Uvati ga, mali, Bogu ne daj na se!

Zareži, zabrunda, zalaje mah i trbuja i smiri se. Ne triba mi leroj.

Svako jutro, kad se on digne i rastiže i polako se libi prema mojoj posteji, znan da je osan manje kvarat.

Ako činin fintu da spavan, on me nježno budi. Poliže mi ruku, a ako ne obadajen – gricka me, noson tura.

Otvorin mu vrata i on onda gre nju budit. Najteže mu je bilo čekat dok se ja uredin, obrijen, obučen. Po uru, uru i po vrimena sta bi bidan atento uz vrata i laja, požuriva me. A i meni se ne da svako jutro izlazit.

Ako seden za makinjetu, omar se infota, krivo me gleda i viče da ga puštin samoga.

Vrti se oko kuće, obajde sve kantune, zaleti se do Zvončaca oli do kave u Marjan, a onda gre u kafić »Rafael« i ako nisan unutra, leže prid vrata i čeka.

Ona svaki put drće.

- Ajme, da se ne izgubi!
- Ka da je dite pa će se izgubit!

Nikidan san opet osta pisat, a mali ka i obično vanka lampa. Ona ajmeče:

- Ajme, di je? Ajme, da se ne izgubi!
- Ne boj se, čeka on mene u »Rafaela«.

Izajdemo. Podne je skoro.

Na ulicu zoven, ne odaziva se. Nima ga ni isprid kafića.

- Je, bija van je – govori mala konobarica. – Više od po ure je leža ispod vašega stola, a onda je počea zavijat i plakat. Svi smo ga tišili, smijali se, govorili da ćete doć, ali je isto uteka.

Bija je i u samoposlugu di kupujen vino. Bija je i u trafiku di kupujen duvan. Tražija me i u kafanu »Belvi«. Čak je iša i u zahod povirit. U Marmontovu ulicu pripozna ga je modni kreator Ivica Raunig.

Pita ga je:

- Kako si to sam, Šarko? Di ti je kompanjo? Nasrid Marmontove je sta plakat i tulit. To je on govorija kontra mene, da san ga zapustija i abandona.

Zna san di je.

Iša je potražit utočište kod fotoreportera Feđe. Sad će se fikat njegovoj ženi koju je lopov već šarmira, umilija jon se i svega će izlagat kontra

mene. Da san ovaki i onaki, i tučen ga i držin ga gladnoga i tiran ga i mislin ga nazad na Brač šupirat.

Zoven telefonski:

- Je, evo ga u fotelju leži i plače. Mrmlja ništo.
- Sva srića da ga ne razumiš!
- Mrmlja, cvili, ništo se tuži.
- Znan, sve znan.

Dovela mi ga je tek prikosutra.

Nju je pozdravija, razveselija jon se, a mene ne vidi, isto ka da me nima.

Zoven ga. Ne čuje. Dajen mu sira.

Neće ni sira iz moje ruke.

Njanci službeno neće s menon da komunicira. Neće da spava u moju sobu.

Za nj više ne postojin.

Ona se zlamenuje. Pa je li ovo moguće?

Cili jedan dan traja je prekid svi naši odnosa. A onda san ja lega na tapet i gleda uz peć televiziju. Lega je do mene, izliza jaja i bimbu, i dok mu je još gušt u ustima, bacija mi se u prsi i svega me izjubija.

- Fala ti, mali kompanjo, na jubavi i časti, samo me žaj da ti na isti način ne mogu uzvratit!

Zaspali smo ka dva goluba.

Miljenko Smoje

A dog is not a brute

The chapter A dog is not a brute is part of Miljenko Smoje's Dog novelletes [Pasje novelete], published by Feral Tribune in 1995 and edited by Boris Dežulović and Predrag Lucić. The same house published Dog novelettes in 1997 and 2001, and in 2004 the book was also published by Marjan tisak, preserving the same concept. A revised and updated edition was published by the Adamić publishing house in 2016, but the editor Dragan Ogurlić left out the novelette A dog is not a brute, and then somewhat changed the title and content of the chapter that gave its name to the fifth Days of animal STudies. Therefore, here we rely on earlier editions. All footnotes were written by the editor.

Dog, even worse than man

My friends ask me and my readers write to me wanting to know what this old mate of mine, Šarko, did to me that I'm attacking him with the worst words, not ones you usually attack a dog with, but ones that can only be used to describe a corrupt man.

Yes, everything I said is true! He deserves it all: he's dishonest, cunning, corrupt, deceitful!

But, him being my dog, whom I love, I thought about keeping quiet on his last crime.

But since you really want to hear about it, here's the story.

I already told you a few times that Šarko hates his grandson Mali. Mali's his spitting image, in his prime, a vagabond, a wanker, while Šarko's days are numbered.

He senses that Mali is taking over his privileged position on Punta.* He can't stand the sight of him. If he even steps on the terrace, he attacks him instantly. He can't even eat in his vicinity.

But Mali is also a devil, mischievous, and fights back. And right on the second to last day of our stay in Supetar, like every morning, my friend comes to pick me up with his car.

Šarko immediately runs, barks, calls after me:

– There he is, let's go!

In the car, my spot is next to the driver, and Šarko's is under my feet.

And what did Mali do?

While Šarko was calling me, he jumped and laid on his spot! I trembled with fear. I thought, Šarko will slaughter him now.

And what do you think, what did Šarko do?

Nothing! He pretended not to see the intruder. He jumped into the car without growling, calmly as if Mali wasn't even there, and laid on top of him.

He laid on him like on a cushion, squashing his head under his butt!

– Hoodlum, you'll choke Mali!

He looks at me with a puzzled look.

- Which Mali? There's no one here.

We only travelled to Mirca.

He jumped out of the car without looking back. And Mali ran away. He degraded him, destroyed his dignity and now he avoids Šarko like the plague.

* Punta (in the town of Supetar, on the island of Brač) was Šarko's home prior to being adopted by Smoje and taken to Split. As Smoje frequently spent summers in Supetar, Šarko accompanied him.

Smart son-of-a-bitch

I call my friend Siniša to help me move with his Benz. And the Benz is in the garage.

But an old, rusty, rattly tin snail, owned by the photojournalist Feda,* has been parked in front of the bungalow for a month already.

And here comes my Siniša with the tin snail keys. The car doors won't open. We barely open one. We cram in clothes, jugs, typewriters, books, we push, we shove, we pack the car boot and cover the back seat, then she sits on me, and Šarko under my feet.

Now the car won't start.

After fifteen minutes, it starts. But it won't go. We get out, we push, we look for help.

Somehow we manage to get to the ferry. We can't get out, neither of the doors open. Sailors howling with laughter. And they get us out of the car.

In Split, in front of the house, it's the kids getting us out.

At nine in the morning I'm already in Dragan's pub, on Matejuška. People are eating goulash with gnocchi. I can't resist it either. All around us are nice people, having calm, intelligent conversations on fishing spots, on fish – gilt-head breams, sargos, dentex, fishing tackles and high taxes. Dragan the owner sits next to me. Šarko is lying in the corner of the pub.

I call him:

– Come here, pal!

He dragged himself lazily.

He stood in front of me and stared at me.

I tell him:

* Feda refers to Fjodor Klarić, Smoje's great friend and adopter of Šarko after he died. An interview with him is published in this book.

– Matey, I'll be sitting here for an hour, go and have a walk!

My mate leaves. Dragan is in shock.

– What if a car gets him?

– Don't worry, Dragan, when he crosses the street, he looks left and right.

Dragan goes after him.

– He sure is careful.

After half an hour, he comes back.

Dragan makes the sign of the cross.

– Can it be that a dog can be this smart?

My old mate sure is good. Nobody taught him anything, he has no education or training, he doesn't know how to give paws, if you throw him a cone, a piece of wood or a rock, he will not run after it, he doesn't like dog commands, you just need to talk to him like you would to a person. And then he knows everything.

People have stupid dogs and they praise them for how smart they are, the smartest in the world. They don't let them out of the house for fear of a car hitting them, kids stealing them, them getting lost.

And I never said that my Šarko is the smartest dog in the world, but I'm sure that there's no one smarter than him. The fact that he chose me as his owner proves how smart he is. But as much as he is smart, he is also rotten, phoney, a son of a bitch, a trickster, a rascal, a thug.

We barely arrived at Split and he already left me and ran to Nan Anka. It's easier for him to change owners than it is for politicians to change parties. And when he's tired of her, he'll come back to me and act all innocent, because it was me who neglected and left him.

But as soon as I hit him with my whole foot in the stomach, and the tip of my shoe in the balls, everything will fall into place.

Nan Anka's syrup

My Šarko is a true Mediterranean. He's affected by the weather. He doesn't like rain – if it rains, he doesn't want to get out of the house, and when there's rotten sirocco he sleeps all the livelong day.

He gets hungry, but he's too lazy to eat. He can't even get up. He gets *fjaka*.*

I lure him with his favourite things. Nothing. I put a slice of mortadella under his nose. Doesn't even smell it. I add a piece of cheese. And a couple of biscuits. Doesn't move an inch.

And then after an hour or two, he gets up lazily, devours everything and goes back to sleep.

It's getting harder and harder to feed him. He's devious, capricious. A vagabond, an insatiable anarchist who used to feed on skips, he became so picky that even he doesn't know what he wants.

It must be that he converted because he's been fasting for months. Twice a week, even. He isn't really fasting though, he wants fish.

The other day, actually on Friday, she made cod brudet. For Šarko, she cooked pennette and seasoned them with leftover chicken paprikash. I grated a handful of parmigiano on top of that because if there's no cheese, he will be insulted and refuse to eat.

So, he's lying under the table and we're eating the cod. At one point he gets up, wags his tail. He jumps on my knees, which he only does when he's very hungry.

I give him the pennette. He recoils from the plate.

* "According to interpretation, *fjaka* is a 'psychophysical state of mind with aspiration for nothing'. A little bit more elaborated: complete absence of wish for anything, especially for any kind of work. People living in the continental part of Croatia usually, very superficially, consider *fjaka* as a synonym for laziness. One smart blogger once said that it's actually completely opposite: '*fjaka* is a sublime state of mind and body to which all humanity aspires. In countries like India and elsewhere *fjaka* is being achieved through long-term starvation and meditation, in Dalmatia it is simply a gift from God'" (Visit Split, n.d.).

And again he jumps on my knee. He peeps at my plate.

– This is cod, you don't like this.

– It smells so nice, let me try it!

I hand him a piece.

– Go ahead, try it, you will not like it!

He basically eats my hand. And he barks. – More, more, more, give, give, give!

I gave him the whole plate. He ate everything. Both the cod and the potatoes, he licked the plate clean.

And I ate his pennette.

There are also some funny anecdotes.

A lady who knows dogs came over for dinner. She has a dog and knows everything about dogs.

We didn't prepare anything for Šarko, so we give him a combined dinner of cured meats and boiled chicken.

She scolds me:

– You are not feeding him properly. Dogs can't have cured meats, and God forbid chicken meat that's on the bone. Those little bones are sharp, they could pierce his intestines!

– Oh good, you're right, thanks for telling me, Mrs. Give the little one a pastry! He gulps it. The madam jumps:

– No, no, good God, he will go blind. All the vets will tell you, it's written in all the books – never give a dog sugar, never sweets! I always fed my Lord according to the instructions and regularly gave him vitamins and calcium as you are supposed to and he lived for twelve whole years. And then the poor thing went blind, deaf and his hind legs gave out.

– You see, Mrs., this bandit of mine is sixteen years old, he ate at least two pastries from "Bobis", he gobbled at least a hundred kilos of pancetta and cured meats, he stuffed himself with at least one chicken farm

and he sees like an eagle, runs like a gazelle, and, pardon my French, 'till yesterday, he fucked like a rabbit!

Šarko listens to her, looks at her, looks at me as if he's asking: – Who's this one? Where did you find her?

Sometimes he eats voraciously, too fast, and he gets sick. He almost choked recently. It seemed like something got stuck so he was nauseous, he burped and choked, but he couldn't puke. He got scared, nuzzled up to her and looked at her helplessly like he's asking her to save him. Because she's our house doctor.

I started to panic, too. I wanted to call an ambulance.

I opened the front door and he ran down the stairs. I'm calling Mrs. Branka. She's not home. Nan Anka, who's been coughing for the past month and never leaves the house, answers. I tell her:

- Nan Anka, the little one is coming to you now.
- Who's taking him?
- He's coming alone. He told me he was going to your place.
- My clever darling, he loves Nan Anka!
- Leave the door open for him! He could pop in at any moment.
- And how do you know he wants to see me?
- He told me. He started to cough and he said through the coughs: I'm gonna go and cough with Nan Anka.
- He is so smart, Good Lord! He knows that Nan Anka has cough syrup... There he is, he's barking in front of my door!

Holiday home for Šarko

Doctor Žagar sent me an actual dog fashion magazine from Trieste.

There's all kinds of stuff in it. Even a health insurance card which the vet can use to write their diagnoses and follow the doggy patient's health!

The central place in the magazine is reserved for dog clothing, especially the latest winter collection. Lots of funny little coats to keep your pet safe from ice and rain. There's hoods and pant legs and ear muffs and such outfits that cover the whole body, with only the tail sticking out. Only, I don't know what's underneath – does it have a hole for the wee-nie?

Nan Anka chose a fine pastel coloured outfit for Šarko. Only about fifty thousand lira.

There are also dog kennels, even holiday homes with living rooms and roofed porches so that the master, in this case the dog, can stay dry on his porch and watch the passers-by even when it's raining.

When I showed him his outfit and started taking his measurements, he got angry and tried to bite me.

And when he took a closer look, he threw himself on his back and rolled around, bursting with laughter.

But for a hundred German marks I would like to buy him a nice summer house. If I don't have one, at least my dog can.

And I will be able to brag:

– Even my Šarko has a holiday home! Only, I don't know where to put it.

Cheiftain of a dangerous gang

A lot of people ask me about Šarko.

When they see me alone on the street, they turn, they look around, they ask:

– And where's your Šarko?

My little companion is well. He's enjoying his old age, he lives better than ninety percent of our pensioners, and I can say that he's better off than I am. On Brač, when he was young and strong, he could take a little bit of suffering, from hunger, from the cold weather, and being exposed to bora and rain. Three years ago, at the end of summer, when Punta was getting less crowded, they wanted to take him to the vet to give him an injection, so that the poor brute wouldn't suffer anymore. Winter was coming, and what would he eat, where would he sleep on the deserted Punta? And he is old, sick, his hind legs are betraying him, the front ones hurt, he has rheumatism, his nose is chapped, the doctor said it must be cancer; he also had a wound on his back.

And he became good, very, very good. Just like all Brač people, who are usually tame and of good nature, he could become impetuous, fierce, dangerous. He also liked to fight with dogs, never weaker than himself, he hated uniforms, he would even tear the pants of a suspicious passerby, bite him on the ankle, and he didn't like small children, either. And now he plays with children. The ladies hug and kiss him.

He regained his trust in people. Whoever calls him, he immediately runs, wagging his tail. He doesn't even run after cats anymore. When they stand still, he just sniffs them. There is nothing more left to write about a dog such as my Šarko is now. The contents necessary for the novlettes have disappeared.

But my clever little companion has pulled off new twists, dramatic and funny content. I haven't seen him in three days. Actually, I have only seen him through the window.

The bandit went rogue and gathered a gang that operates on the stretch from Kaskada to Zvončac. It's interesting to see him as the leader, riding, actually running, at the head of the gang – his chest out, puffing like he's James Cagney – and behind him big, strong dogs who have to listen to him. There was even one big black bitch among these hooligans. On the very first day of their marauding, all the ladies in the neighbourhood who keep purebred dogs were scared to their bones. You see, this was

a gang of outlaw-fuckers. They were looking for bitches, and if they didn't want to put out, they were willing to rape them!

Only I know whose idea it was to form a gang, who and why organised it and how it would all end.

Of course, both the idea and the realisation were the work of Šarko. And the fault lies with the little lady spinster Pupa, known to my readers from earlier novellas, whose inexplicable, perverted behaviour made Šarko frustrated and he had to undergo treatment.

How little it took for her to turn my clever companion into a dangerous bandit!

And he was like an angel to me. First of all, dear readers, I will describe to you a couple of scenes so that you can see the extent of knowledge, intelligence and kindness my little companion reached before he embarked on a life of crime.

A beautiful sunny day, and the two of us, my mate and I, walk to the Zvončac buffet. It's a large garden where there's enough room for him to run a bit, sniff around, chew on the grass and pee on the trees. He fulfilled his duties and is returning to the table where one of my friends from Split sat down. He pets Šarko. Šarko is pushing himself between his knees.

– Give me a leg! – he says to Šarko. – Come on, give me your paw!

Šarko just looks at him. – What is it now?

– Lordy lordy, he doesn't even know how to give a paw! – my Split friend ponders.

– Yeah, he doesn't.

The man crouches, takes a cone and throws it.

– Come on, get it!

Šarko looks at him. He looks at me.

– What's up with this man?

– What can you do, mate, let him be!

And this friend tells me:

– My, my, what a dumb dog. He doesn't know anything!

I look at Šarko, bursting with laughter.

– Well, he doesn't. Do you really think I would adopt a dog that gives paws and brings you cones or sticks when you throw them?!

The only thing Šarko ever brought to me and put under my feet was that nice three-kilo pancetta.

– Throw him pancetta, some cheese, and see how he brings it to share with me!

We're leaving the restaurant.

We need to cross a busy road. Šarko goes first.

– What if a car hits him?

– As if my Šarko is an idiot to throw himself under a car! Šarko, look!

Šarko gets to the crosswalk, looks left and right and crosses the road.

The man is amazed:

– He's smart, and yet he doesn't know how to give a paw!

And the other day one of our engineers, who knows my mate well from Supetar, meets Šarko on the street.

And shouts after him:

– You alright, Šarko, old commie?

My mate looks at me.

– What is this guy telling me?

– He's right. You were. I remember that you hung around the church near Punta, you were friends with the current Monsignor Štambuk, who was then the pastor, and with Don Andro, the current pastor. They

would also greet you – Ahoy, Šarko! – and you would bark and wag your tail at them.

- Yes, they were good people.
- And then you were tasked by the Party* to piss on the threshold of Don Andro's rectory and you refused.
- I can't remember.
- And then you were punished severely, you were given the final warning. And then they kicked you out of the Party because you didn't pay the membership fee for six months!
- How can I pay when I don't work?
- You could find a job.
- And what would I do?
- The night guard for the committee.
- I don't like to work. Anyway, you could have paid my membership fee!
- Jesus, you'd like that too!
- Yes, well, what should I say if someone calls me an old commie again?
- Say that you're not anymore, that you're now in the HDZ Party† and that you've immediately been promoted to the cheiftain of the gang.

A dog is passing by. A huge Alsatian. The size of a donkey. And Šarko's just peeing on a wall overgrown with grass.

I was afraid Šarko might jump.

The poor sucker was scared stiff, pressed against the wall, crouched, covered himself with grass so as not to be noticed. The great beast passes us.

* The party in question is the Communist Party, which was the only legal party until democratic reforms were introduced in Yugoslavia in 1990.

† HDZ (Hrvatska demokratska zajednica [Croatian Democratic Union]) is a major conservative, centre-right political party in Croatia, which won the first multi-party elections in then Socialist Republic of Croatia.

I breathe a sigh of relief.

Šarko waits a moment and as soon as the beast is out of sight, he gets enraged, howls, grinds his teeth, furiously digs the ground.

– Bravo, bravo, matey! Did you see him hightail it out of here? If he hadn't run off, you would've killed him!

From time to time, at a quarter to eight a.m., he wakes me up. He can't jump on my bed, but if I'm in a good mood I pick him up and put him behind me. He rests his head on the pillow and snoozes for another half an hour.

Then he has to primp and preen me, clean me up. First – the neck.

– Enough, Šarko!

– What about the ears, I didn't wash your ears! You often forget to do that.

– Leave me alone, Šarko!

– I can't let you go out looking like this. What will they say? She will also yell at you!

And when he fixes me up, he gets up, looks at me:

– Ok, now you're ready, doll face.

– Thanks matey, old commie.

– What, am I not a conservative as of recently?

– Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't remember, my chieftain!

Šarko is gone. Haven't seen him all day. Even in the evening he didn't make an appearance.

The next morning I ask the kids playing behind the Kaskada if they've seen him.

They have, last night. He was with his gang, they broke into courtyards, gardens, yards, sniffed stairs, pissed on doors. And then they rode to the West.

But before that Šarko went to take a shit and the gang waited for him.

The kids aren't lying. Šarko, much like all dogs, pees everywhere, but when he needs to take a shit, he withdraws discreetly behind a wall or in the tall grass.

And there he is, barking in front of my door, barging into my kitchen, guzzling water – the whole bowl – and in the other one, dinner is served: a thick slice of salami and two chunks of meat.

There's no time to even smell it.

– What is it, matey?

– I don't have time now. I'll tell you all about it when it's over.

I'm watching him from the terrace. The gang is waiting for him outside the door. Sometimes, when it's on his way, he stops by Mrs. Branka's, whom he loves very, very much, for lunch or brunch. He also stopped by for dinner twice at his old friend and protector from Punta, Mrs. Juba's place, who lives on Riva. I warned them not to invite him in anymore, because they could – if something rough happens – be accused of being the bandit's accomplices.

We used to visit Pupa's mistress' place almost every day, but he stopped coming there. They failed his hopes, grossly insulted him and he will not forgive them. Pupa must pay.

Last year, he suffered bitterly because of her. He moaned, cried, guarded the door day and night. But the mistress kept her Pupa under a watchful eye. And Pupa both was and wasn't into it.

My matey was very patient. He became friends with Pupa, he lay next to her, licked her eyes and nose, and she caressed him with her paw. And he charmed her, she was crazy about him. She waited for him to appear and when she saw him it was as if the sun had shone on her.

And matey was sure that this time she would not run.

And as soon as she was in heat, he was in her yard. He did his complete foreplay performance, but as soon as he jumped, she turned furiously and bit him by the neck.

Two days later, in the living room, she bit his muzzle. He cried, cried bitterly.

I was in pain, I turned pale, I got upset.

When we passed Pupa's house one day, Šarko saw four dogs by the fence, among them a big black one.

He threw himself at him, knocked him down and then stopped. It was the black bitch.

She joined the gang. She must have promised that when her time comes, she would let them all take turns as much as they want.

She is not a fake, a scoundrel, like that Pupa.

On the first day of the new year, while I was shaving and thinking about how my little one spent New Year's Eve, someone knocked on my door. Who – little Bruno. Bringing me good news.

– Šarko is stuck to a bitch in my yard.

– Run, my Bruno, run, watch over him, don't let kids get near him or throw water at him.

I was so happy that my matey started his new year in such a clever, joyful manner.

Now he will chase away the gang, he will stay with his fiancée for a few more days, and I will send him packages through little Bruno. Let him carry them like Little Red Riding Hood to her grandmother. I sent him cheese, salami, a piece of turkey, something sweet, I have to keep him strong so he doesn't grow weak.

And here's little Bruno bringing me the news.

– Do you know what he did now? He's stuck on his fiancée, now in front of Pupa's fence!

So be it! Let her heart break! And imagine what happened next!

I meet that engineer in front of the bar, he's turning, looking around and asks:

- And where's the old commie?
- Since he switched parties, I don't take him out. I don't like monkey business.

The engineer laughs.

- And where is he now?
- Where you are. He joined the HDZ Party.

He's laughing his head off.

- Yes, honest to God, he's already a chieftain!
- Don't joke about that.
- Ask Šarko if you don't believe me. He told me everything. They offered him to become the major shareholder of the slaughterhouse. He didn't want it. He told them that one small butcher's was enough for him. They offer him to join the board of directors of a factory. His whole job would be to come to the meeting once a month and bark a little. The same way the others are barking, of course.

But he won't agree to that. After all, Šarko is a proud dog.

A dog is not a brute

We're still lying in bed. She's yelling from the other room:

- Where's Šarko?
- Where would he be, lying next to my bed.
- Send him to me!
- Why?
- I must congratulate him, today is his day.
- What do you mean *his* day?

- It's World Animal Day. I'm listening to the radio, the whole world is celebrating and honouring its pets!

It doesn't occur to me that my little matey is an animal. Here in the Balkans, people have compromised the concept of an animal. Humans have turned into bloodthirsty brutes, cruel beasts who slaughter children and old people, burn villages, demolish and loot houses out of pleasure. And my little companion is an angel. He deserves to be treated well. I will buy him a large quarter of a kilo of cooked Slavonian ham at Vice's supermarket, because that has been his favourite food lately. He can't jump on my knee, but when there's ham – he goes crazy, jumps on the table. And she will bring him his favourite Danish sweets from the city.

The three of us live happily: both my matey and she and I are old, and that creates harmony in our life together. An old man cannot take care of a young dog that runs, jumps and plays. He's lying around all day, and I'm either sitting or lying.

He doesn't descend to the ground, but falls, flops. And he lies where he can, always has an eye on me. He likes it the most when I sit at the table and beat on the typewriter. He lies by my leg for two or three hours, and sometimes he falls asleep and snores with his head resting on my slipper. And I don't move my leg until it goes numb. He's becoming more and more tender, more and more sentimental. He has to sleep with me, and if I chase him into the kitchen, he whines all night. And at night he wakes me up, scratches, licks, slurps and dreams of fighting with big dogs, barking and growling.

He sleeps under the bedside table, and in the morning he pulls out and lies on the carpet next to the bed. And he pushes me with his head, sneezes, yawns and makes me get up.

And when I get up, he lies down. The son of a bitch knows that it takes me two hours to get dressed and wash myself, and he's sleeping, but he's also watching a little, and as soon as I throw my bag over my shoulder, he's already at the door. He is happy, barking up the stairs, the whole house is ringing. Then I make my way to Rafo's cafe, and he slowly follows me. He looks at where I sat down and then turns around a bit,

does his business discreetly and within ten minutes he's already lying under my table. I cannot run away from him, nor can he get lost.

But something strange was happening this morning.

I am sitting in the cafe, reading the newspaper, and Šarko is not there. It seems that he ran away to Nan Anka to see a little Siamese cat who became his great friend.

Almost an hour later, she appears:

- Where's the little one?
- I don't know, he disappeared. He must be at Nan Anka's.
- He's crazy, he's looking for you everywhere, he came home twice, looking for you in the rooms, the bathroom, the kitchen, whining, barking, crying, howling.
- He knows where I am.
- He doesn't know, if he knew he wouldn't panic!

He searched the whole neighbourhood, he asked about me from house to house we visit sometimes, he was in Vice's shop at the market, at Naser's, he visited the whole Kaskade. He cried and moaned so much, everybody pitied him.

And here he comes. He drags himself, falls, whines, trembles, his heart is betraying him. He rubs himself against my legs and is still crying. He tells me all kinds of things. He scolds me.

The man at the next table tells me:

- Well, this dog has already come to the bar three times.
- How didn't he see me? And I'm right at the table where I usually sit!

Usually she comes to pick us up around noon and the three of us slowly, step by step, make our way to the house. If my late mother saw us, she would say:

- You look like The Three Stooges!

Along the stairs, we rest on each step. I sit down, and he lies next to me.

Today she stayed to have a beer with a friend. I'm dragging myself up the stairs alone. By God, the little one is gone again! It seems that he stayed there to wait for her.

Here she is!

- And where is the little one? - she asks.
- He's not with you?

He's in a panic again: he's running, going crazy, whining, howling.

What is up with him today? You never could've hid from him, and today he got lost twice in two hours like a small child.

What if my mate suddenly went crazy? That just today he stopped being an animal?

I didn't give him anything to eat until the evening. And then he recovered. Cooked ham, chicken breast and two Danish sweets. And as soon as he'd eaten, he retreated to my room and snored serenely under the table.

Never enough love

In the ship's salon, Šarko crawls between my legs and shakes like a leaf. It was like this last year, too. He senses where we're going and trembles with fear that I will leave him on Punta.

This is the third winter he's with me in Split, and he spent his entire long dog life on Punta. And he was happy, and now he loathes it. He is afraid of the storm, hunger, misery. It's a different thing when summer comes, then we're going back together.

As soon as we get out of the car, Mali and a new dog run to greet us. Šarko doesn't let Mali come close. He immediately grabs him by the neck and throws him to the ground.

He can't stand the grandson. He loves all other dogs, but he wants to kill Mali immediately. Šarko was the king of Punta for a long time, and Mali succeeded him. He can't forgive him for that. And he's afraid that now he'll try to win me over.

How come I don't see Afra? Where is Afra? I call her. In vain, in vain I call her. She can't hear me. They gave her away.

No, they executed the poor thing!

The best dog in the world! An angel, not a dog!

Yes, she was black, she was rough, her voice was hoarse, when she barked you had to run, but she was good, she was happy to see everyone, she loved children, she didn't even growl at anyone. She was the only dog in the world that laughed, although her laugh was creepy too.

So they killed her. They had to. Why? Because Punta was threatened by the demographic puppy boom. Afra was not like the fancy dogs who die like floozies, but she was natural, soulful, broad.

She was not even a year old when she gave birth to Šarko's babies for the first time. And since then, new dogs every six months. Other bitches indulge in love only two or three days in their lives, and Afra couldn't get enough of it.

And now let's count.

Afra gave birth to litters of nine to ten puppies twice a year. Even if only half of them are females – that's ten new bitches in a year. And they would give birth, immediately, in the first year, to one hundred puppies.

In ten years, there would be as many dogs on Punta as there are Chinese people.

And every time she gave birth, they would keep one puppy and throw the others into the sea.

I'm sorry, but I'm trying to comfort myself that they had to do so.

Šarko doesn't move an inch away from me. Not even to pee against a tree.

Chaffed Socrates

The other day my friend was telling me:

– No offence, but you and your Šarko look more and more like doctor Luigi and his Belina* every day. And when Luigi died, in the obituary you wrote for him, you criticised his attitude towards the dog.

Of course he offended me and I went crazy. The fact that he compared me to doctor Luigi, I can forgive him somehow, but for him to compare my Šarko to that wretched dog, to the imbecile Belina who knew nothing, understood nothing, could not take a step out of the house if you didn't have her on a leash!

Can anyone remember that she stole prosciutto from the tavern and brought it to Luigi?

The devil she did! How much time was lost while filming her holding a piece of prosciutto in her teeth!

And that summer, my Šarko went somewhere and brought me over three kilos of pancetta. He dragged it through the woods and placed it in front of me.

And my mate and I ate it all. Pancetta-wise, he was set for the summer.

Compared to Belina, my companion is Socrates, Einstein.

They say that dogs should be taken outside to pee at least three times a day.

Why, can't they go alone?

He sleeps in my room under the desk. I've slept alone all my life. I can't stand anyone; not even her! It bothers me when anyone in the room turns on the electricity, rustles newspapers and breathes, let alone snores. And Šarko sometimes moves at night, the parquet floors creak, sometimes he licks, snorts and he gets angry, growls and barks in his

* Doctor Luigi and his female dog Belina are important characters in the popular TV show *Naše Malo Misto* [*Our Small Town*], written by Smoje. Doctor Luigi admires his dog to such an extent that he looks down on all the other dogs.

sleep. He must be dreaming of his familial enemies – the postman Spiro or Mr. Neno.

Then I yell:

– Get him, chum, for God's sake don't let him win!

He growls, grunts, barks and blows and calms down. I don't need a clock.

Every morning, when he gets up and stretches and slowly moves towards my bed, I know it's a quarter to eight.

If I pretend to be asleep, he gently wakes me up. He licks my hand, and if I don't react – he bites me, pushes me with his nose.

I open the door for him and then he tries to wake her up. The most difficult thing for him is to wait while I get ready, shave and get dressed. For an hour, an hour and a half, the poor boy stands by the door and barks, hurrying me along. And I don't feel like going out every morning either.

If I sit down at the typewriter, he immediately gets offended, gives me ugly stares and shouts that I should let him go alone.

He runs around the house, visits all the corners, runs to Zvončac, goes to the quarry on Marjan, and then goes to the cafe "Rafael" and if I'm not in, he lies by the door and waits.

She gets scared every time.

– Oh no, I hope he doesn't get lost!

– He's not a child!

The other day, I stayed to write again, and the little one, as usual, is running around outside. She moans:

– Oh my, where is he? Oh no, I hope he doesn't get lost!

– Don't worry, he's waiting for me at "Rafael".

We go out. It's almost noon.

I'm calling for him down the street, he doesn't respond. He's not in front of the bar either.

– Yeah, he was here – the young bartender says. – He lay under your table for over half an hour, and then he started howling and crying. We all comforted him, laughed, told him that you would come, but he ran away anyway.

He even went to the shop where I buy wine. He was also in my tobacco shop. He also looked for me in the “Bellevue” cafe. He even went to take a peek in the toilet. He was recognized in Marmontova Street by fashion designer Ivica Raunig.

He asked him:

– How come you are alone, Šarko? Where is your chum? In the middle of Marmontova, he started crying and howling. He was holding that against me, that I neglected and abandoned him.

I knew where he was.

He went to seek refuge with the photojournalist Feđa. Now he will flatter his wife, whom the thief has already charmed, he has made her love him, and he will spread lies about me. That I am this way and that, that I beat him and keep him hungry and chase him around and plan to send him back to Brač.

I call them on the phone:

– Yeah, here he is, lying in the armchair and crying. He's mumbling something.

– Good thing you don't understand him!

– He's muttering, whining, complaining about something.

– I know, I know.

She brought him to me two days later.

He greeted her, he was happy to see her, but he doesn't see me, it's as if I'm not there.

I'm calling him. He doesn't hear. I give him cheese.

He won't even take the cheese from my hand.

He won't even communicate with me officially. He won't sleep in my room.

I no longer exist for him.

She crosses herself. Is this possible?

Our breakup lasted for one whole day. And then I lay down on the carpet next to the fire and watched TV. He lay down next to me, licked his balls and cock, and while the taste was still in his mouth, he threw himself into my chest and kissed me all over.

– Thank you, little friend, for the love and honour, I'm only sorry that I can't repay you in the same way!

We fell asleep like two pigeons.

Translated by Vanesa Matošević

Program

Utorak, 17. listopada 2023.

Tuesday, October 17, 2023

Filozofski fakultet Sveučilišta u Splitu
Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of Split

14.00–14.30 *Otvaranje manifestacije /*
Opening of the manifestation

14.30–14.45 *Vojko Strahovnik* SI

***Mateja Centa Strahovnik* SI**

AI animal companions: Animals and companionship in
the age of artificial intelligence

UI kućne životinje: životinje i ljubimstvo u dobu umjetne inteligencije

14.45–15.00 *Anita Lunić* HR

Is the use of robot pets (ever) morally justified?

Je li upotreba robotskih ljubimaca (ikada) moralno opravdana?

15.00–15.15 *Zorana Todorović* RS

Moral status of animals and legal protection:

Implications for our common practices

*Moralni status životinja i pravna zaštita: implikacije po našu uobičajenu
praksi*

15.15–15.30 *Eli Collaro* GB

An interdisciplinary approach to the study of mental
time travel

*Interdisciplinarni pristup proučavanju mentalnog putovanja kroz
vrijeme*

15.30–16.00 *Rasprava / Discussion*

16.15–16.30 **Marina Milivojević Pinto** HR

Predodžbe o vuku u bajkama

Notions about the wolf in fairy tales

16.30–16.45 **Bruno Ćurko** HR

Fantastična bića iz kastavskih šuma

Fantastic creatures from the forests of Kastav

16.45–17.00 **Bojana Radovanović** RS

»Kada promjeniš sebe, mijenjaš svijet«: Gojira, zaštita životne sredine i prava životinja

"When you change yourself, You change the world": Gojira, environmentalism and animal rights

17.00–17.30 *Rasprava / Discussion*

17.45–18.30 **Literarni kutak / Literary corner**

Hrvoje Jurić

Pasji život

A dog's life

- sudjeluju / participants:

Hrvoje Jurić HR

Josip Guć HR

**Srijeda, 18. listopada 2023.
Wednesday, October 18, 2023**

***Filozofski fakultet Sveučilišta u Splitu
Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of Split***

09.30–09.45 **Virpi Valtonen** FI

The rat as a citizen educator

Štakor kao odgajatelj građana

09.45–10.00 **Simon Ryle** HR

Old Rendering Plant: Marx's gelatine & Levinasian flesh

Stara kafilerija: *Marxova želatina i levinasijansko meso*

10.00–10.15 **Maja Vejić** HR

Chihuahua or a wolf?

Čivava ili vuk?

10.15–10.45 *Rasprava / Discussion*

11.00–11.15 **Igor Eterović** HR

Kant kao oslonac uvjerljive etike životinja

Kant as the support of convincing animal ethics

11.15–11.30 **Ivan Kramarić** HR

O akcijama zaštite i očuvanja mekousnih pastrva ili

Solinka (Salmo Obtusirostris Salonitana)

About actions to protect and preserve softmouth trout or Solinka (Salmo Obtusirostris Salonitana)

11.30–11.45 **Lidija Bakota** HR

Izvještaji Zagrebačkog društva za zaštitu životinja o zlostavljanju i zanemarivanju životinja (konja, peradi, ptica, žaba, pasa i mačaka) na prijelazu iz 19. u 20. stoljeće

Reports of the Zagreb Society for the Protection of Animals on abuse and neglect of animals (horses, poultry, birds, frogs, dogs and cats) at the turn of the 19th and 20th centuries

11.45–12.00 **Luka Velić** ^{HR}

O kulturi u životinja iz lingvističkoga (i inoga) gledišta
On animal culture from the linguistic (and other) perspective

12.00–12.30 *Rasprava / Discussion*

Mrežno
Online

15.00–15.15 **Duško Trninić** ^{BA}

Životinje, ljudi i njihova prava (istraživanje stavova građana_ki Bosne i Hercegovine)
Animals, people and their rights (research of Bosnian and Herzegovinian citizens' standpoints)

15.15–15.30 **Bruno Beljak** ^{HR}

Antronoze – nove bolesti pasa u antropocenskoj svakodnevici
Anthonoses – new diseases of dogs in everyday Anthropocene

15.30–15.45 **Luka Janeš** ^{HR}

Značaj psa unutar hip-hop kulture – bioetički osvrt
Significance of the dog within hip-hop culture – A bioethical review

15.45–16.00 **Kristina Dilica** ^{HR}

Ivica Kelam ^{HR}

Utjecaj psa kao lika u književnim djelima na učeničku percepciju pasa
The influence of dogs as characters in literary works on students' perception of dogs

16.00–16.15 **Željko Uvanović** ^{GB}

Njemački ovčar kao židovski pas u romanu Ashera Kravitza i u filmskoj adaptaciji *Ovčar. Herojski pas*
German shepherd as a Jewish dog in Asher Kravitz's novel and in the film adaptation Shepherd. The Hero Dog

16.15–16.45 *Rasprava / Discussion*

17.00–18.30 *Poetic corner / Poetski kutak*

The dogs bark, but the (poetry) caravan goes on

Psi laju, a (poetske) karavane prolaze

- sudjeluju / participants:

Gordon Meade GB

Maritza Stanchich US

Vesna Liponik SI

Hrvoje Jurić HR

**Četvrtak, 19. listopada 2023.
Thursday, October 19, 2023**

**Mrežno
Online**

- 09.30–09.45 **Goran Đurđević** CN
Suzana Marjanić HR
Dog and she-dog (not *bitch*): an archaeological and
zooanthropological approach
Pas i psica (ne kuja): arheološki i zooantropološki pristup

- 09.45–10.00 **Sabira Hajdarević** HR
Dogs in Greek literature; beasts and best friends
Psi u grčkoj književnosti; beštije i najbolji prijatelji

- 10.00–10.15 **Thorsten Fögen** GB
Two ‘epigrammatic’ dogs from Roman antiquity
Dva »epigramska« psa iz rimske antike

- 10.15–10.45 *Rasprava / Discussion*
-

- 11.00–11.15 **Hee Sook Lee-Niinioja** FI
Spiritual animals are always spiritual beyond faiths:
Javanese temple and mosque architectural
ornamentation
*Duhovne životinje uvijek su duhovne neovisno o vjerama: arhitektonska
ornamentacija javanskog hrama i džamije*

- 11.15–11.30 **Claire Parkinson** GB
Dog risk and the demonisation of breed
Pasji rizik i demonizacija pasmine

- 11.30–11.45 **Giuseppe Feola** IT
Athena and the hounds
Atena i psi

- 11.45–12.15 *Rasprava / Discussion*

12.30–13.15 ***Plenarno predavanje / Keynote lecture***

Tomaž Grušovnik SI
Can dogs be true friends?
Mogu li psi biti pravi prijatelji?

13.15–13.30 ***Rasprava / Discussion***

13.45–14.30 ***Predstavljanje knjige / Book presentation***

Tomaž Grušovnik
Animal Ethics: On Trans-Species Hospitality
[Croatian translation]
Etika životinja: o prekovrsnoj gostoljubivosti [hrvatski prijevod]

- predstavljači / presenters:
Tomaž Grušovnik SI
Josip Guć HR

<i>Knjižnica Dalmatina, Split</i> <i>Dalmatina Library, Split</i>

18.00–20.00 ***Predstava i okrugli stol / Play and round table***

Nije Šarko beštija
Šarko is not a brute

- predstava dramske grupe I. gimnazije Split /
play by the drama group of the 1st Grammar School Split
- sudionici okruglog stola / round table participants:
Branka Klarić HR
Siniša Reljić HR
Siniša Vuković HR
Anita Lunić HR

Petak, 20. listopada 2023.

Friday, October 20, 2023

***Centar za kulturu Bol (Brač)
Bol Culture Centre (Brač)***

**19.00–19.30 *Nagrada za najbolju dječju priču o psu /
Award for the best children's story about a dog***

19.30–20.00 *Predstavljanje knjige / Book Presentation*

Bruno Ćurko, Josip Guć

**Odgoj za životinje. Razvoj kritičke misli i bioetičkog
senzibiliteta kod djece**

Education for Animals. Development of Critical Thought and Bioethical
Sensibility in Children

- predstavljači / presenters:

Bruno Ćurko HR

Josip Guć HR

Subota, 21. listopada 2023.

Saturday, October 21, 2023

***Centar za kulturu Bol (Brač)
Bol Culture Centre (Brač)***

**11.00–12.00 *Edukativna radionica za djecu /
Educational workshop for children***

Odgovornost i predrasude

Responsibility and prejudices

- izvođači / performers:
Bruno Ćurko HR
Josip Guć HR

***Muzej Staroga Grada (Hvar)
Stari Grad Museum (Hvar)***

19.00–19.45 *Jadra Ryle* HR

Magdini psi
Magda's dogs

19.45–20.00 *Rasprava / Discussion*

Program je popraćen digitalnom izložbom »Zašto moj pas nije beštija?« učenika I. gimnazije Split pod vodstvom profesorice **Petre Ljubičić**.

The program is followed by digital exhibition “Why is my dog not a brute” by students of 1st Grammar School Split, directed by professor **Petra Ljubičić**.

ADRESE LOKACIJA
ADRESSES OF THE LOCATIONS

Filozofski fakultet Sveučilišta u Splitu
Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of Split
Poljička cesta 35, 21000 Split

Knjižnica Dalmatina Gradske knjižnice Marka Marulića
Dalmatina Library, Marko Marulić City Library
Zagrebačka 4, 21000 Split

Centar za kulturu Bol
Bol Culture Centre
Ulica Radića Frane 18, 21420 Bol (Brač)

Muzej Staroga Grada
Stari Grad Museum
Braće Biankini 4, 21460 Stari Grad (Hvar)

MEĐUNARODNI KODOVI DRŽAVA
INTERNATIONAL COUNTRY CODES

BA – Bosna i Hercegovina / Bosnia and Herzegovina
CN – Kina / China
FI – Finska / Finland
GB – United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland
HR – Hrvatska / Croatia
IT – Italija / Italy
RS – Srbija / Serbia
SI – Slovenija / Slovenia
US – Sjedinjene Američke Države / United States of America

Plenarno izlaganje / Keynote lecture

TOMAŽ GRUŠOVNIK

*Faculty of Education, University of Primorska, Koper, Slovenia
Pedagoški fakultet, Univerzitet u Primorskoj, Kopar, Slovenija*

Can dogs be true friends?

While some philosophers categorically reject the feasibility of cross-species friendship, some poets, such as Lord Byron, joyfully embrace the notion of canine companionship. Often, the quandary of interspecies friendship hinges on issues related to anthropomorphism. According to these staunch critics of anthropomorphism, we are not permitted to ascribe human mental states (and interpersonal relationships) to non-human animals. Understood in this way, our relationship with dogs can only be an analogy to friendship, but never friendship in the proper sense of the word. However, strict criticism can be problematic as it may lead to skepticism about other mental states in general. In its most severe form this approach can be contradictory, as it fails to offer any criteria for meaningful communication, as demonstrated by Ludwig Wittgenstein's critique of private language. As Raimond Gaita demonstrates through a similar argument, the language we use to describe mental states is frequently developed in interaction with our non-human furry companions, not in isolation. On the other hand, Paola Cavalieri argues that using human vocabulary to discuss animal mental states aligns more with the principle of Ockham's razor than the reductionist-behaviorist approach. With this in mind, a canine-human friendship is not only a genuine form of friendship, but perhaps even its most noble expression.

Mogu li psi biti pravi prijatelji?

Dok neki filozofi kategorijalno odriču mogućnost postojanja međuvrsnog prijateljstva, neki su pjesnici, poput Byrona, radosno prihvatili koncept psećeg drugarstva. Često nedoumica vezana uz međuvrsno prijateljstvo ovisi o problemima koje vežemo uz antropomorfizam. Prema ovim upornim kritičarima antropomorfizma, nije nam dopušteno pripisivati ljudska mentalna stanja (i međusobne odnose) ne-ljudskim životinjama. Kada se shvati na ovaj način, naš odnos sa psom može biti samo analogan prijateljstvu, ali nikada prijateljstvo u pravom smislu riječi. Međutim, strog kriticizam može biti problematičan jer može voditi skepticizmu o našim ostalim mentalnim stanjima uopće. U svom najtežem obliku ovaj pristup može biti kontradiktoran, s obzirom na to da ne uspijeva ponuditi bilo kakav kriterij smislene komunikacije, kako je pokazala kritika privatnog jezika Ludwiga Wittgensteina. Kako Raimond Gaita sličnim argumentom pokazuje, jezik koji koristimo da opisemo mentalna stanja često je razvijen u interakciji s našim ne-ljudskim krvnenim kompanjonima, a ne u izolaciji. S druge strane, Paola Cavalieri tvrdi da je korištenje ljudskog rječnika da se raspravlja o životinjskim mentalnim stanjima više u skladu s načelom Ockhamove britve od redukcionističko-behaviorističkog pristupa. S obzirom na to, ljudsko-pseće prijateljstvo nije samo pravi oblik prijateljstva, nego možda čak i njegov najplemenitiji izraz.

Izlaganja / Lectures

LIDIJA BAKOTA

*Fakultet za odgojne i obrazovne znanosti, Sveučilište u Osijeku, Hrvatska
Faculty of Education, J. J. Strossmayer University of Osijek, Croatia*

Izvještaji Zagrebačkog društva za zaštitu životinja o zlostavljanju i zanemarivanju životinja (konja, peradi, ptica, žaba, pasa i mačaka) na prijelazu iz 19. u 20. stoljeće

Zagrebačko društvo za zaštitu životinja objavljivalo je svoje glasilo *Živobran* u razdoblju od 1894. do 1904. godine. *Živobran* je u deset godina svoga izlaženja imao informativnu, popularizatorsku, prosvjetiteljsku i odgojnu ulogu. Informirao je čitateljsku publiku o radu društva za zaštitu životinja, nudio korisne savjete o liječenju domaćih životinja, izvještavao pučanstvo o novčanim ili zatvorskim kaznama zbog zlostavljanja, mučenja i ubijanja životinja. Prosvjećivao je pučanstvo o mjerama zaštite životinja, ponajviše ptica, stoke, riba i pasa, oštro osuđivao nošenje krvna... Iz objavljenih je izvještaja zagrebačkog društva za zaštitu životinja vidljivo da su za zlostavljanje i zanemarivanje životinja bile predviđene i kazne, novčane i/ili zatvorske, koje su se i provodile u tadašnjoj Austro-Ugarskoj Monarhiji. Posebnu pozornost privlače novinski redci *Živobrana* o položaju udomljenih pasa i mačaka u odnosu na one slobodno-živuće. Takav dvostruki, i za životinje bitno različit položaj i status, imale su i ptice (tzv. domesticirani i nedomesticirani vrapci) o kojima se također piše na stranicama *Živobrana*.

Reports of the Zagreb Society for the Protection of Animals on abuse and neglect of animals (horses, poultry, birds, frogs, dogs and cats) at the turn of the 19th and 20th centuries

The Society for the Protection of Animals from Zagreb published its newsletter *Živobran* in the period from 1894 to 1904. *Živobran*, in the ten years of its publication had informative, popular, educational and pedagogical function. Its function consisted in informing the readers of the work of the association for the protection of animals, offering useful advice on the treatment of domestic animals, warning citizens of monetary or jail fines for abusing, torturing and killing of animals, warning citizens on new legal proceedings regarding animal protection and describing the ways of their enforcement. The educational function used newspaper content to educate and teach citizens on how to protect animals, mostly birds, livestock, cattle, fish, dogs and cats, and the newspaper strongly went against wearing furs... It is evident from the published reports of the Zagreb Society for the Protection of Animals that abuse and neglect of animals were punishable by fines and/or imprisonment, which were carried out in existing Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Special attention was drawn to newspaper articles in *Živobran* about the position of adopted dogs and cats compared to those that lived freely. Birds also took a significantly different position (sparrows, either being domesticated or not).

BRUNO BELJAK

*ICAH – Institut za kulturu zdravlja životinja, Zagreb, Hrvatska
ICAH – Institute for Culture of Animal Health, Zagreb, Croatia*

Antronoze – *nove bolesti pasa* u antropocenskoj svakodnevici

U antropocenu čovjek postaje uzročnikom *novih* loših zdravstvenih stanja pasa na eko-razinama suživota životinja i ljudi. Definicija zdravlja životinja uključuje socijalne i kulturne integracije s ljudskim poimanjima dobra za *druga* bića. Moderne bolesti pasa, poput usamljenosti, PTSP-a, anksioznosti, dijabetesa, debljine i drugih stanja smanjene kvalitete života, pomiču nove fiziološke norme. No što je novo normalno kod pasa? Jesmo li psa odmakli od drugih životinja isuviše pokušavajući biti moderni? Čini li promocija higijene i urbanog *novog zdravog* odnos sa psima umjetnim? Kroz istraživanje o tome koliko se habitus psa promijenio u usporedbi s njegovim rođacima u zadnjih 50-ak godina, pokušat ću objasniti kako čovjek urbanizacijom, senzibilizacijom i razvojem industrija mijenja kartu bolesti kod pasa. Na primjeru modernih bolesti pasa iz prakse pokazat ću kako antropocen utječe na *novo zdravlje pasa*.

Anthonoses – *new diseases of dogs in everyday Anthropocene*

In the Anthropocene, humans become the cause of *new* ill-health conditions of dogs at many eco-levels of human-animal coexistence. The definition of animal health includes social and cultural integration with human notions of what is good for *other* beings. Modern dog diseases such as loneliness, PTSD, anxiety, diabetes, obesity, and other conditions of a reduced quality of life are changing new physiological norms. But what is “new normal” in dogs? Have we distanced the dog from other animals by trying too hard to be modern? Does the promotion of hygiene and urban *new healthy* make the relationship with dogs artificial? By researching how much the dog's habitus has changed compared to its relatives, in the last 50 or so years I will try to explain how humans, through urbanization, sensitization and industrial development, are changing the map of diseases in dogs. Using the example of modern dog diseases from practice, I will show how the Anthropocene affects the *new health of dogs*.

ELI COLLARO

*Durham University, United Kingdom
Sveučilište u Durhamu, Ujedinjeno Kraljevstvo*

An interdisciplinary approach to the study of mental time travel

Mental time travel is the faculty that allows a subject to mentally project themselves into the past and into the future to re-live or to pre-live personal events. The interest in the topic from a cognitive perspective is motivated by the fact that it relies on flexibility, displacement, and abstraction to take a subject back and forth in time. It is researched in humans as well as across species. Research around mental time travel is established in humans. Conversely, there are still structural issues around studying the phenomenon in nonhuman animals. Many of the drawbacks have been caused by a lack of interdisciplinary open discussion, despite the topic being researched across disciplines. Specifically, there is a lack of interaction between the fields of neuroscience, human behavioural research and nonhuman behavioural research when it comes to episodic memory. This compartmentalisation hinders research outputs at multiple levels, with the most immediate effect being slowing down drug development for diseases found in humans such as Alzheimer's, which relies on animal models. In this paper, I identify three main obstacles to a holistic multidisciplinary approach to memory research.

Interdisciplinarni pristup proučavanju mentalnog putovanja kroz vrijeme

Mentalno putovanje kroz vrijeme sposobnost je koja subjektu omogućuje da se mentalno projicira u prošlost i budućnost kako bi ponovno odnosno unaprijed proživio osobne događaje. Zanimanje za temu iz kognitivne je perspektive motivirano činjenicom da se oslanja na fleksibilnost, premještanje i apstrakciju kako bi se subjekta odvelo naprijed-natrag kroz vrijeme. Istražuje se na ljudima kao i na različitim drugim vrstama. Istraživanja o mentalnom putovanju kroz vrijeme uspostavljena su kod ljudi. S druge strane, još uvijek postoje strukturni problemi oko proučavanja tog fenomena kod ne-

ljudskih životinja. Mnoga su ograničenja uzrokovana nedostatkom interdisciplinarno otvorene rasprave, unatoč tome što se tema istražuje u više disciplina. Točnije, interakcija između neuroznanosti, istraživanja ljudskog i istraživanja ne-ljudskog ponašanja izostaje po pitanju epizodnog pamćenja. Ovo razdvajanje koči rezultate istraživanja na više razina, s najneposrednjim učinkom usporavanjem na životinske modele oslonjenog razvoja liječkova za humana oboljenja, poput Alzheimerove bolesti. U ovom radu identificiram tri glavne prepreke holističkom multidisciplinarnom pristupu istraživanju pamćenja.

BRUNO ĆURKO

*Filozofski fakultet, Sveučilište u Splitu, Hrvatska
Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of Split, Croatia*

Fantastična bića iz kastavskih šuma

Po metra crijeva je ča-metal bend koji kroz svoje pjesme promovira tamnu stranu magične Istre, iskorištavajući istarske legende i smišljajući nove priče i novi fantastični bestijarij koji nastanjuje tamne istarske šume. Njihov glazbeni izričaj originalan je spoj istarske ljestvice, sopila, istarskih napjeva, *heavy metal-a*, punka, *hardcore-a* i istarskog glazbenog gurua Francija Blaškovića. Njihova četiri albuma donose cijeli niz mističnih bića. S jedne strane, to su bića iz istarskih legendi. Od prvog europskog vampirizma (17. st.) o Juri Grandu, preko malića (mašmalića), hihotića do pusta. S druge pak strane, tu su i kreirana bića istarskih šuma i mjesta poput Frane Iznutricosjeka, Djeda Mrza, Mucifera, Kablodira, Jednodžekog Oka i mnogih drugih. Među njima je i Vjever – šumsko biće nastalo mutacijom vjeverice koja je jela velike žireve umočene u neobičan šumski kompost. Vjeverica je ojačala, narasla do 3 metra i postala Vjever. Riječ je o opakoj beštiji, no ona ne napada bez veze, nego samo kada osjeti da flori i fauni u njezinoj blizini prijeti opasnost. Boje ga se sve ubojice životinja i biljaka.

Fantastic creatures from the forests of Kastav

Po metra crijeva (Half Metre of Colon) is a folk metal (ča-metal) band that promotes the dark side of magical Istria through its songs. They exploit Istrian legends and invent new stories and a fantastic bestiary that inhabits the dark forests of Istria. Their musical expression is an original combination of Istrian scale, sopile, Istrian chants, heavy metal, punk, hard core and Istrian music guru Franci Blašković. Their four albums bring a whole range of mystical beings. On the one hand, there are creatures that exist in Istrian legends. From the first European vampirism (17th century) about Jura Grand, through the malić (mašmalić), the hihotići and the Pust. On the other hand, there are also creatures of the Istrian forests, such as Frana the Cut-throat, Santa Hate, Mucifer, Kablodir, Jednodžeki Ok and many others. Among them is the male Squirrel. He is a forest creature created by the mutation of a squirrel that ate large acorns dipped in an unusual forest compost. The squirrel got stronger, grew up to 3 meters, and became a male Squirrel.

The squirrel is a vicious beast; it does not attack without reason, only when it feels that the flora and fauna in its vicinity are in danger. All killers of animals and plants are afraid of him.

GORAN ĐURĐEVIĆ¹ / SUZANA MARJANIĆ²

¹ *Beijing Foreign Studies University, China*

Pekinško sveučilište za strane studije, Kina

² *Institute for Ethnology and Folklore Research, Zagreb, Croatia*

Institut za etnologiju i folkloristiku, Zagreb, Hrvatska

Dog and she-dog (not bitch): an archaeological and zooanthropological approach

This first part given by Goran Đurđević is related to dogs from archaeological and anthropological perspectives with the focus on archaeological artefacts linked with dogs. These remains have been in SE Europe since the Neolithic. Dogs have various role in prehistoric and ancient societies: practical (hunt, protection, herding), fighting, entertainment (dog as luxury), symbolical (mythology). Except for Rome, the presentation will make a comparison between similar political entities in Persia, India, China and Mexico. Finally, the connection between dogs and archaeology will be emphasized by the contemporary example of Vedrana Glavaš and Andrea Pintar, archaeologists who used dogs in archaeological research. The second part of the presentation (Suzana Marjanić) will focus on zoo-robots, starting with Sparko. The first zoo-robot was a dog-robot, the electronic dog Sparko, which allegedly died in 1939 when it was run over by a car. It was prepared for the World Exhibition in New York in 1939, but that is where, according to the wrong urban legend, he deceased; he allegedly chased a car and died. It is interesting that his fictitious death is spoken of as the death of a living being; the emphasis is on the verb *to decease*, while the Croatian verb *uginuti* would be used in speciesist definitions for an animal, as is often the case in the translations of documentaries about animals on HRT. The case of Sparko, the robot dog, is proof that androids may be dreaming of electronic sheep, just as humans have been dreaming of electronic dogs for decades. At the same time, Sparko is proof that robots, a threatening term often associated with transhumanism, became far less threatening when they were put in the form of man's best friend.

Pas i psica (ne kuja): arheološki i zooantropološki pristup

Prvi dio izlaganja (Goran Đurđević) usmjerit će se na prikaz pasa iz arheološkoga i antropološkoga rakursa, točnije objasniti ćemo arheološke artefakte vezane uz pse. Takvi nalazi na području JI Europe datiraju u neolitik. Pas je imao višestruku funkciju u prapovijesnim i antičkim društvima pa je ta funkcija sezala u nekoliko pravaca: praktična (zaštita, nadzor, lov), zabavna (pas kao luksuz i pratitelj), borbena, simbolična (pas u mitologiji). Uz primjere s područja JI Europe, posebno Rimskog carstva, ovaj ćemo dio zaokružiti s primjerima iz istovremenih političkih entiteta Indije, Kine, Perzije i Meksika. Konačno, završit ćemo ovaj dio izlaganja s primjerima današnjeg korištenja pasa u suvremenoj arheologiji na primjeru rada arheologinja Vedrane Glavaš i njene suradnike Andree Pintar koje pomoću pasa otkrivaju nova arheološka nalazišta. Drugi dio izlaganja (Suzana Marjanić) usmjerit će se na zoo-robote počevši sa Sparkom. Naime, prvi zoo-robot bio je pas-robot, elektronički pas Sparko koji je navodno poginuo 1939. godine kada ga je pregazio auto. Pripremljen je za Svjetsku izložbu u New Yorku 1939. godine, no, tu je, i prema pogrešnoj urbanoj legendi, i stradao; navodno je pojurio za automobilom i poginuo. Zanimljivo je da se o njegovoj fiktivnoj smrti govori kao o smrti živoga bića; naglasak je na glagolu *piginuti*, dok bi se u specističkim odrednicama za životinju koristio glagol *uginuti*, kao što je to čest slučaj u prijevodima dokumentarnih emisija o životinjama na HRT-u. Slučaj psa-roboata Sparka dokaz je da androidi možda sanjaju o elektroničkim ovčama, kao što i ljudi već desetljećima sanjaju o elektroničkim psima. Pritom je Sparko dokaz da su *roboti, prijeteći pojam*, koji se često vezuju uz odrednicu transhumanizma, postali daleko manje prijeteći kada su stavljeni u lik čovjekovog najboljeg prijatelja.

KRISTINA DILICA / IVICA KELAM

*Fakultet za odgojne i obrazovne znanosti, Sveučilište u Osijeku, Hrvatska
Faculty of Education, J. J. Strossmayer University of Osijek, Croatia*

Utjecaj psa kao lika u književnim djelima na učeničku percepciju pasa

Psi se često pojavljuju kao likovi u književnim djelima diljem svijeta, a njihova prisutnost može znatno oblikovati percepciju pasa među čitateljima, posebno učenicima. Ova analiza fokusira se na basne, hrvatsku književnost i anketu provedenu među učenicima kako bi dublje istražila ovu temu. Basne, koje često personificiraju životinje, često koriste pse kao simbole vrlina ili mana. Primjerice, Ezopove basne često prikazuju pse u različitim kontekstima, što može utjecati na to kako učenici percipiraju pse u književnosti. Hrvatska književnost također ima bogatu tradiciju prikazivanja pasa kao likova, od Ivane Brlić-Mažuranić do Ranka Marinkovića. Proučavanje tih djela omogućava nam bolje razumijevanje uloge pasa u hrvatskoj književnoj baštini i njihovog utjecaja na percepciju pasa. Anketa provedena među učenicima istražuje kako književni likovi pasa utječu na njihovu stvarnu percepciju pasa u svakodnevnom životu. Analiza učeničkih odgovora pruža dublji uvid u to kako književnost oblikuje njihove stavove prema psima, što može imati važne implikacije na način na koji se odnose prema ovim životinjama. Osim toga, istraživanje potiče na razmišljanje o široj ulozi književnosti u oblikovanju naših pogleda na svijet oko nas te naglašava važnost književnih likova kao sredstva za promicanje empatije i razumijevanja prema životinjama u stvarnom svijetu.

The influence of dogs as characters in literary works on students' perception of dogs

Dogs often appear as characters in literary works worldwide, and their presence can significantly shape the perception of dogs among readers, especially students. This analysis focuses on fables, Croatian literature, and a survey conducted among students to delve deeper into this topic. Fables, which frequently personify animals, often use dogs as symbols of virtues or flaws. For example, Aesop's fables frequently portray dogs in various contexts,

which can influence how students perceive dogs in literature. Croatian literature also has a rich tradition of depicting dogs as characters, from Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić to Ranko Marinković. Studying these works enables us to better understand the role of dogs in Croatian literary heritage and their impact on the perception of dogs. A survey conducted among students explores how literary characters of dogs affect their real-life perception of dogs. Analyzing the students' responses will help us gain a better understanding of how literature shapes their attitudes towards dogs. In conclusion, this research explores the complex relationship between literary characters of dogs and the perception of dogs in real life among students. This analysis provides deeper insights into how literature shapes their attitudes towards animal characters and their real-life counterparts. Furthermore, it emphasizes the broader role of literature in shaping our views of the world around us and highlights the importance of literary characters as a means of promoting empathy and understanding towards animals in the real world.

IGOR ETEROVIĆ

*Medicinski fakultet, Sveučilište u Rijeci, Hrvatska
Faculty of Medicine, University of Rijeka, Croatia*

Kant kao oslonac uvjerljive etike životinja

Unatoč brojnim autorima koji u elaboriranim studijama ukazuju na kantijansku etiku kao snažno teorijsko uporište uvjerljive etike životinja (npr. Denis 2000; Altman 2011; Eterović 2017) i dalje se često na Kanta gleda kao neprijateljskog u odnosu spram »životinjskog pitanja«. Ovo izlaganje nastoji: 1) nešto kraće sumirati razloge za uzimanje Kantove etike kao teorijsko uporište etike životinja, odnosno 2) nešto opširnije izložiti brojne praktične implikacije Kantove etike za odnos prema životnjama (laboratorijske životinje, domaće životinje, životinje u prehrambenoj industriji itd.). Posebno ćemo razmotriti argumente koje nude brojni autori po pitanju određenih praksi prema životnjama (npr. Hammer 2014; Müller 2022 itd.) te odvagnuti njihovu konzistentnost u okvirima kantijanske pozicije te opću filozofsku snagu i uvjerljivost u sklopu zaokružene etike odnosa prema životnjama.

Kant as the support of convincing animal ethics

Despite numerous authors who in elaborate studies point to Kantian ethics as a strong theoretical base for convincing animal ethics (e.g. Denis 2000; Altman 2011; Eterović 2017), Kant is still often seen as hostile to the "animal question". This presentation aims to: 1) briefly summarize the reasons for taking Kant's ethics as the theoretical basis of animal ethics, or 2) somewhat more extensively present the numerous practical implications of Kant's ethics for the treatment of animals (laboratory animals, domestic animals, animals in the food industry, etc.). In particular, we will consider the arguments offered by numerous authors regarding certain practices towards animals (e.g. Hammer 2014; Müller 2022, etc.) and weigh their consistency within the framework of the Kantian position and the general philosophical strength and soundness within the comprehensive ethics of the relationship towards animals.

GIUSEPPE FEOLA

*Università "G. D'Annunzio", Chieti-Pescara, Italy
Sveučilište G. D'Annunzio, Chieti-Pescara, Italija*

Athena and the hounds

In *Od.* XVI 155 ff. Athena appears to Odysseus in Eumaeus' stall. Without any patent narrative ground, the poet tells us that Eumaeus' hounds see the goddess, and react accordingly (II 162–163). The hounds are four (XIV 21-22) as relevant cosmic features (seasons of the Sun, phases of the Moon, Heavens' cardinal points); they guard swines to the number of 360 (XIV 20), more or less as the days of the year; and they are so strong, that they could kill a hero such as Odysseus is (XIV 32). The symbolic link of Eumaeus and his hounds with cosmic architecture, emphasized by the numbers 4 and 360 of the animals he owns, makes us ask ourselves which other overtones could be implied in this episode: first of all (1) the mythological-religious-cosmological ones and (2) the poetical ones (what does the presence of the hounds adds to the story?). I would like to jointly investigate the questions 1 and 2, by posing the following question: which narrative function is played, in the *Odyssey*, by the introduction, in book XVI, of an interaction between the 'cosmic' Eumaeus' hounds and Athena?

Atena i psi

U *Odiseji* (XVI 155 ff.) Atena se Odiseju javlja u Eumejevoj štali. Bez ikakve očite narativne osnove, pjesnik nam govori da Eumejevi psi vide božicu i reagiraju u skladu s tim (II 162–163). Pasa je četiri (XIV 21–22), poput relevantnih kozmičkih pojava (Sunčevih godišnjih doba, Mjesečevih mijena, ključnih točaka neba), koji brane 360 svinja (XIV 20), brojke koja približno odgovara danima u godini, a toliko su snažni da bi mogli ubiti jednog heroja kakav je Odisej (XIV 32). Simboličke poveznice Eumeja i njegovih pasa te kozmičke arhitekture, naglašene brojevima 4 i 360 životinja koje posjeduje, navode nas da se pitamo koji još bi još prizvuci mogli biti obuhvaćeni ovom epizodom: prije svega (1) mitološko-religijsko-kozmološki i (2) poetski (pitanje je što prisutnost pasa dodaje priči). Htio bih zajedno istražiti ova pitanja postavljajući sljedeće: Koju narativnu funkciju, pored uvoda, u knjizi XVI ima interakcija interakcija između »kozmičkih« Eumejevih pasa i Atene?

THORSTEN FÖGEN

*Department of Classics & Ancient History, Durham University, United Kingdom
Odsjek za klasične studije i antičku historiju, Sveučilište u Durhamu, UK*

Two 'epigrammatic' dogs from Roman antiquity

From Homer onwards, dogs have a firm place in ancient Graeco-Roman literature and fulfil different roles and functions. Especially from the period of the early Roman Empire onwards, they are increasingly portrayed as cherished companions and pets. In some cases, we even have actual tombstones of deceased dogs with inscriptions lamenting their death. This paper will shed some light on two dogs who were praised by the epigrammatic poets Martial (first century A.D.) and Luxorius (sixth century A.D.) respectively. The first case is the dog named Issa who occurs in Martial's epigram 1.109, the second case is the unnamed puppy who is the subject of Luxorius' epigram 73 (= *Anth. Lat.* 359 Riese / 354 Shackleton Bailey). For each poem, it will be shown how the authors characterise the animals and what kind of strategies they use to anthropomorphise them. It will also be examined how humans come into play in the two poems and what kind of relationship they have with the dogs in question.

Dva »epigramska« psa iz rimske antike

Od Homera nadalje psi zauzimaju čvrstu poziciju u antičkoj grčko-rimskoj književnosti te ispunjavaju različite uloge i funkcije. Oni su, posebice počevši od razdoblja ranog Rimskog Carstva, sve više portretirani kao cijenjeni drugovi i ljubimci. U nekim slučajevima imamo čak i zbiljske nadgrobne ploče preminulih pasa s natpisima kojima se žali nad njihovom smrću. Rad će se pozabaviti dvama psima veličanima od strane dvaju epigramskih pjesnika: Marciala (1. st.) i Luksorija (6. st.). Riječ je o psu nazvanog Issa, koji se pojavljuje u Marcijalovu epigramu 1.109, i o bezimenom štencu, predmetu Luksorijeva epigrama 73 (= *Anth. Lat.* 359 Riese / 354 Shackleton Bailey). Bit će pokazano, za svaku poemu zasebno, kako autori karakteriziraju životinje i koje vrste strategija koriste kako bi ih antropomorfizirali. Također će biti ispitano kako u ovim poemama ljudi ulaze u igru i u kakvom su odnosu sa spomenutim psima.

SABIRA HAJDAREVIĆ

*Department of Classical Philology, University of Zadar, Croatia
Odjek za klasičnu filologiju, Sveučilište u Zadru, Hrvatska*

Dogs in Greek literature; beasts and best friends

In my paper I intend to point to the ambivalence of the term ‘dog’ and to the variety of canine characteristics presented in various Greek literary genres (dogs are mentioned already in Homer’s epics, Xenophon wrote a treatise on hunting and hunting dogs, Aristophanes depicted a skilful cheese-snatching dog in his *Knights* etc.). On one side of the spectre we encounter timid best friends (such as Odysseus’ pet dog Argos), and on the other we find scary watchdogs (for example, the mythological Cerberus), bloodthirsty hunting dogs and wild dog packs. Furthermore, women who were dangerous to men (or their estates) and/or adulteresses are often associated with female dogs: Hesiod claims that Pandora was provided with “a doggish mind”, which is later on “inherited” by other women (esp. literary *hetairai*, but also Helen, Clytemnestra, Hecuba...). The misogynistic Greek literary sources might be the origin of the derogative chauvinistic usage of the term “female dog”, present in many modern languages (cf. the double meaning of the terms “bitch” in English and “kuja” in Croatian). My paper will be accompanied by relevant quotations, as well as some visual material (depictions on vases and frescoes).

Psi u grčkoj književnosti; beštije i najbolji prijatelji

Izlaganjem namjeravam upozoriti na ambivalentnost pojma ‘pas’ i dijapazon psećih osobina u različitim grčkim književnim vrstama (spomene pasa pronalazimo već u Homerovim epovima, Ksenofont je napisao osvrt o lovnu i lovačkim psima, Aristofan u *Vitezovima* opisuje vještog psa-sirokradicu itd.). S jedne strane spektra nalazimo umiljate najbolje prijatelje (Odisejev ljubimac Arg), a s druge zastrašujuće pse-čuvare (npr. mitološki Kerber), krvoločne lovačke pse i divlje pseće čopore. Nadalje, po muškarce ili njihov imutak opasne žene i/ili preljubnice redovito su izjednačavane s kujama: već za Pandoru Hesiod tvrdi da ima »narav kuje« koju su »naslijedile« kasnije žene (hetera, Helena, Klitemnestra, Hekuba...). Iz mizoginih grčkih izvora i ovakve upotrebe pojma vjerojatno je potekla derivativna šovinistička asocijacija žene s kujom, prisutna i u mnogim modernim jezicima (usp. dvoznačnost

hrv. »kuja« ili engl. »bitch«). Izlaganje će biti upotpunjeno relevantnim citatima i vizualnim materijalom (prikazi na vazama i freskama).

LUKA JANEŠ

*Fakultet filozofije i religijskih znanosti, Sveučilište u Zagrebu, Hrvatska
Faculty of Philosophy and Religious Studies, University of Zagreb, Croatia*

Značaj psa unutar hip-hop kulture – bioetički osvrt

Dobrano je poznato osebujno korištenje životinjskih likova i motiva te personifikacija životinjskih entiteta kroz povijest, putem raznih izražajnih formi unutar mnogobrojnih kulturnih perspektiva. 70-ih godina dvadesetog stoljeća, pojavom hip-hop kulture na tlu SAD-a (ove godine slavimo jubilarnu pedesetu obljetnicu začetka pokreta), pseća životinjska vrsta zadobila je iznimjan, gotovo sakralan metaforički značaj, nezaobilazan u horizontu hip-hop liričkog i vizualnog izričaja. U ovom izlagaju predstaviti će se reprezentativan izbor iz dotične domene te će se nastojati odgonetnuti pridonosi li semantičko korištenje pojma psa emancipaciji životinja ili pak afirmaciji/degradaciji ljudskog bića kroz raznorodne semantičke linije i putanje. Elaboracija teme provest će se orijentirima integrativno-bioetičke metodologije, uz naglasak na pluriperspektivizam i nahod bioetičkog senzibiliteta.

Significance of the dog within hip-hop culture – A bioethical review

The peculiar use of animal figures and motifs, as well as the personification of animal entities throughout history, through various forms of expression within numerous cultural perspectives, is a well-known fact. In the 1970s, with the emergence of hip-hop culture on the United States's soil (this year we celebrate the jubilee fiftieth anniversary of the movement's inception), the canine animal species acquired an exceptional, almost sacred metaphorical significance, indispensable in the horizon of hip-hop lyrical and visual expression. In this presentation, a representative selection from the respective domain will be presented, and an attempt will be made to find out whether the semantic use of the term dog contributes to animal emancipation, or on the other hand – to the affirmation/degradation of human beings through various semantic lines and trajectories. Elaboration of the topic will be carried out with the landmarks of integrative-bioethical methodology, with an emphasis on pluriperspectivism and the aim of bioethical sensibility.

IVAN KRAMARIĆ

*Udruga Ivan Lovrić, Split, Hrvatska
Association Ivan Lovrić, Split, Croatia*

O akcijama zaštite i očuvanja mekousnih pastrva ili solinka (*Salmo Obtusirostris Salonitana*)

Izlaganje donosi pregled roda mekousnih pastrva, točnije četiri autohtone vrste, endema jadranskoga slijeva, od kojih su dvije (*zlousta* i *solinka*) i hrvatski endemi, te njihov položaj u porodici salmonida. Izlaganje se zatim usredotočuje na brojne štetne činitelje, od *akvakulture*, poribljavanja i ribogojstva u Jadru unosom kompeticijske kalifornijske pastrve, što bilježi stotu obljetnicu kontinuiranog ekstenzivnog sustavnog ribnjačarstva, do *komodifikacijskog rezervata* (proglašenog 1984.), u *Izletnički park – Jadro*, otvorenog koncem prošle godine. Uz to se obrađuju i hidrološke značajke vode Jadra u količinskom pogledu (pretjerano oduzimanje vode, osobito u sušnim mjesecima, što narušuje zajamčeni biološki minimum), ali i u kvalitativnom smislu (sve veće bakterijsko i kemijsko onečišćenje izvorske vode, što nedvojbeno prijeti opstanku mekousnih pastrva). Drugi dio izlaganja osvrt je na dosadašnje mjere zaštite i očuvanja ove rijetke i iznimno značajne *slatkovodnice*, programe *konzervacijske biologije*, ali i valorizaciju najavljene petogodišnje akcije *Improve River LIFE*, poduprte europskim programom poboljšanja riječnih staništa. Ostaje u narednom spasonosnom razdoblju vidjeti koliko najavljeni program jamči opstojnost solinki (*salonitani*). Naime, solinka (*Salmo Obtusirostris Salonitana*) već svojim akronimom vapi za žuđenim spasenjem.

About actions to protect and preserve softmouth trout or solinka (*Salmo Obtusirostris Salonitana*)

The presentation provides an overview of the softmouth trout genus, specifically four autochthonous species, endemic to the Adriatic basin, two of which (*zlousta* and *solinka*) are also Croatian endemics, and their position in the salmonid family. The exposition then focuses on numerous harmful factors, from *aquaculture*, stocking and fish farming in the Jadro river by the

introduction of competitive rainbow trout, which marks the hundredth anniversary of continuous extensive systematic fish farming, to the transformation due to *commodification* of the upper stream, which is a *special ichthyological reserve* (proclaimed in 1984), into the *Excursion Park – Jadro*, opened at the end of last year. In addition, the hydrological features of the Jadro water are examined in terms of quantity (excessive withdrawal of water, especially in dry months, which violates the guaranteed biological minimum), but also in terms of quality (increasing bacterial and chemical pollution of spring water, which undoubtedly threatens the survival of softmouth trout). The second part of the presentation is a review of the current protection and preservation measures of this rare and extremely important *freshwater fish, conservation biology* programs, but also the valorisation of the announced five-year campaign *Improve River LIFE*, supported by the European program for the improvement of river habitats. It remains to be seen in the next salutary period how much the announced program guarantees the survival of solinka (*salonitana*). Namely, the solinka (*Salmo Obtusirostris Saloni**tana*) is already crying out for the longed-for salvation by its acronym.

HEE SOOK LEE-NIINIOJA

Helsinki, Finland

Helsinki, Finska

Spiritual animals are always spiritual beyond faiths: Javanese temple and mosque architectural ornamentation

A winged gate of the Sendang Duwur Mosque (1561) is a transitory production of Islamisation in Java, indicating local invention and innovative development in gate architecture, despite Hindu-Buddhist kala-makara (lion-fish + elephant trunk) and garuda motifs as architectural ornamentation. In Java, a kala merged into a human face or a demon's head appears over arched temple gates; a pair of makaras terminate at the gatepost. Kala-makara represents Cosmos Mountain, the gods' abode. It also expels demonic influences from the sanctuary. Respectively, they are the celestial and watery elements in creation: their combination indicates totality. In Javanese literature, wings are associated with the sunbird and the winged door is compared with a flying garuda bird. As the garuda is Vishnu's vehicle, the Garudeya story is depicted in the Kedaton temple. Garuda worship might be rooted in ancient bird worship; thus, bird myths occupied the Javanese minds. Heaven is accessible through the winged gate. My paper examines animal-bird motifs from temples to mosques: whether they kept their original forms or not based on the *hadith*. Regardless, they bear spiritual meanings.

Duhovne životinje uvijek su duhovne neovisno o vjerama: arhitektonska ornamentacija javanskog hrama i džamije

Krilata vrata džamije Sendang Duwur (1561.) pripadaju prijelaznoj produkciji islamizacije na Javi, ističući lokalnu invenciju i inovativni razvoj u vratnoj arhitekturi, usprkos hinduističko-budističkim kala-makara (riba-lav + sloboda surla) i motivima Garude kao arhitektonskoj ornamentaciji. Na Javi se kala, stopljena s ljudskim licem ili demonskom glavom, pojavljuje ponad zasvođenih vrata hrama; par makara završava na kapijskom stupu. Kala-makara predstavlja kozmičku planinu, prebivalište bogova. Također istjeruje demonske utjecaje iz svetišta. Oni su nebeski odnosno vodeni elementi u

stvaranju: njihova kombinacija ukazuje na totalitet. U javanskoj se književnosti krila povezuju s medasosima, a krilata vrata s letećom pticom Garudom. Kako je Garuda Vishnuovo vozilo, priča o njoj prikazana je u hramu Kedaton. Štovanje Garude moglo bi biti ukorijenjeno u drevnom obožavanju ptica; mitovi o pticama okupirali su javanske umove. Nebo je dostupno kroz krilata vrata. Moj rad ispituje motive životinja, odnosno ptica od hramova do džamija: jesu li zadržali svoje izvorne oblike na temelju *hadisa* ili ne. Bez obzira na to, oni nose duhovna značenja.

ANITA LUNIĆ

*Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of Split, Croatia
Filozofski fakultet, Sveučilište u Splitu, Hrvatska*

Is the use of robot pets (ever) morally justified?

The aim of this paper is to explore whether using robot pets in elderly care is morally justified. While Sony's AIBO remains the most well-known, several robotic pets with varying degrees of complexity have been developed. Proponents argue that these *pets* can help reduce the loneliness and anxiety of the elderly. However, as noted by Sparrow (2002), their use is not without moral concerns, as it *counts* on users' delusions about the nature of this relationship, which is contrary to the (weak) duty of having an accurate understanding of the world. In the paper we examine Sparrow's arguments, research on the impact of robot pets on elderly users (Petersen et al., 2017; Bradwell et al., 2020; Pike et al., 2021), and the counterarguments made by Martens and Hildebrand (2021) to formulate an answer to the question posed in the title.

Je li upotreba robotskih ljubimaca (ikada) moralno opravdana?

Fokus ovoga rada je na pitanju moralne opravdanosti upotrebe *robot pets* (robotskih ljubimaca) u području skrbi za osobe starije životne dobi. Iako se najviše govori o Sonyjevu AIBO-u (skraćenica od *AI roBOt*; jap. prijatelj, frend, partner), razvijen je niz robotskih ljubimaca s različitim stupnjevima kompleksnosti. U prilog njihovoj upotrebi najčešće se navode očekivanja pozitivnog utjecaja na smanjenje usamljenosti i tjeskobe osoba starije životne dobi. No, kako ističe Sparrow (2002), njihova upotreba nije moralno neproblematična jer računa na zabludu korisnika o prirodi uspostavljenog odnosa, a što je u suprotnosti s(a slabom) dužnošću točnog razumijevanja svijeta. U ovome radu konfrontiram argumente koje je ponudio Sparrow, rezultate istraživanja o utjecaju *robot pets* na korisnike starije životne dobi (Petersen et al., 2017; Bradwell et al., 2020; Pike et al., 2021; Davis 2021) i kontrateze koje su ponudile Martens i Hildebrand (2021), a s ciljem formuliranja odgovora na pitanje sadržano u naslovu.

MARINA MILIVOJEVIĆ PINTO

*Centar za pružanje usluga u zajednici, Zadar, Croatia
Community Service Center Zadar, Croatia*

Predodžbe o vuku u bajkama

Način na koji ljudi doživljavaju vukove ne ovisi samo o objektivnim karakteristikama ovih ne-ljudskih životinja. Na našu percepciju i stavove o vukovima utječe i predodžbe o vuku koje su nastale zahvaljujući ljudskoj mašti. Te su predodžbe davno oblikovane, kulturno uvjetovane i kao takve se prenose s generacije na generaciju. Učenje o svijetu koji nas okružuje započinje u najranijoj dobi, a među prvim književnim djelima kojima se djeca izlažu su priče i bajke. Bajke, između ostalog, pomažu djeci da razviju vještine koje su im potrebne za adekvatno funkcioniranje u specifičnoj kulturi ili društvenoj zajednici. Vuk je upečatljiva neljudska životinja koju možemo pronaći u brojnim mitovima, legendama, religijskim pričama i obredima, basnama i bajkama različitih naroda. U ovom predavanju prezentirat će se različite predodžbe o vuku u bajkama i pokušati naći odgovor na pitanje zašto vukovi u poznatim bajkama najčešće imaju negativnu konotaciju.

Notions about the wolf in fairy tales

The way people perceive wolves does not depend only on the objective characteristics of these non-human animals. Our perception and attitudes about wolves are also influenced by ideas about wolves that were created thanks to human imagination. These ideas were formed a long time ago. They are culturally determined and passed down from generation to generation. Learning about the world around us begins at an early age, and among the first literary works children are exposed to are stories and fairy tales. Fairy tales, among other things, help children develop the skills they need to function adequately in a specific culture or social environment. The wolf is a striking non-human animal that can be found in numerous myths, legends, religious stories and rituals, fables and fairy tales of different peoples. In this lecture, different notions about the wolf in fairy tales will be presented, and also the answer to the question why wolves in famous fairy tales usually have a negative connotation.

CLAIRE PARKINSON

Edge Hill University, Ormskirk, Lancaster, United Kingdom

Sveučilište Edge Hill, Ormskirk, Lancaster, Ujednjeni Kraljevstvo

Dog risk and the demonisation of breed

There is a long association between dog breed and class in British culture. Following intense media coverage of dog attacks, in 1991 the Dangerous Dogs Act was introduced. The legislation targeted pit bull terriers, dogs who were not recognised by the UK Kennel Club as an authentic 'breed'. Pit bull terriers were strongly associated through political and media discourses with working class men and pit bull owners were vilified in press discourse, constructed as social deviants. The focus of current media discourse has turned to the American Bully XL, a dog often considered to be a 'status dog'. There are now calls to extend the current legislation to ban the American Bully XL. This paper examines how anxieties about identity and risk are played out through the relationship between breed and class within the context of breed specific legislation and the media discourse on dog risk in the UK. It contends that breed specific legislation is fatally flawed and relies on the demonization of certain dogs to pacify public anxieties while failing to address the key problems that underpin the rising number of dog attacks in the UK.

Pasji rizik i demonizacija pasmine

U britanskoj kulturi na djelu je duga veza između pasje pasmine i klase. Slijedom intenzivnog medijskog izvještavanja o napadima pasa, 1991. uveden je Zakon o opasnim psima. Zakon je cilao na pit bul terijere, pse koje Kinološki savez Ujedinjenog Kraljevstva nije prepoznao kao autentičnu »pasminu«. Kroz medijske i političke diskurse, pit bul terijeri bili su snažno povezani s muškarcima iz radničke klase, a vlasnici pit bulova u medijskom su diskursu bili ocrnjivani, konstruirani kao društveno nepodobni. Fokus aktualnog medijskog diskursa usmjerio se na psa nazvanog American Bully XL, često smatranog »statusnim psom«. Sada se poziva na proširenje trenutnog zakona kako bi ga se zabranilo. Ovaj rad ispituje kako se tjeskoba oko identiteta i rizika odvija kroz odnos između pasmine i klase u kontekstu zakonodavstva o pasmini i medijskog diskursa o riziku od pasa u Ujedinjenom Kraljevstvu. Tvrdi da je zakonodavstvo koje se odnosi na pasmine u ozbiljnoj

mjeri manjkavo i da se oslanja na demonizaciju određenih pasa kako bi se umirila tjeskoba javnosti, a da pritom ne rješava ključne probleme u osnovi sve većeg broja napada pasa u Ujedinjenom Kraljevstvu.

BOJANA RADOVANOVIC

*Muzikološki institut, Srpska akademija znanosti i umjetnosti, Beograd, Srbija
Institute of Musicology, Serbian Academy of Sciences and Arts, Belgrade, Serbia*

»Kada promijeniš sebe, mijenjaš svijet«: Gojira, zaštita životne sredine i prava životinja

Tokom karijere duge gotovo tri decenije, francuski ekstremni metal bend Gojira (1996., Ondres) ustanovio je nekoliko tematskih ishodišta kojima se iznova vraća u diskurzivnom stratumu svoga djelovanja. One se tiču filozofskih pogleda na život i spiritualizam, odnosa suvremenog čovjeka prema životnoj sredini i – posljedično i vrlo aktualno – prava životinja. Štoviše, tokom godina i žanrovskog osciliranja između *death*, *progressive* i *groove* metala, Gojira je postepeno u tematski fundus okrenut svojevrsnom muzičkom aktivizmu uključivala pitanja prava životinja, fokusirajući se mahom na živi svijet mora i oceana. U ovom će izlaganju prije svega biti analiziran diskurzivni i vizualni aspekt rada Gojire te načini na koji se argumenti i »ekstremizam« ovog aktivizma prenose na muzičko tkivo i tjelesne/osobne životne prakse članova ovog sastava.

“When you change yourself, You change the world”: Gojira, environmentalism and animal rights

During their almost three-decades-long career, the French extreme metal band Gojira (1996, Ondres) pinned down several thematic circles to which they continually return in the discursive stratum of their work. These themes cover philosophical views on life and spiritualism, relationship of the contemporary human with its environment and – consequentially and in line with current trends – animal rights. What is more, in their years of masterfully oscillating between death, progressive and groove metal, Gojira gradually included the issues of animal rights, focusing mostly on marine life. In this presentation, I will analyze the discursive and visual aspects of Gojira's work and look into the ways of translating these arguments and activism's “extremism” on the musical fabric and bodily/life practices of the band's members.

JADRA RYLE

*Muzej Staroga Grada, Hrvatska
Stari Grad Museum, Croatia*

Magdini psi

Magda Dulčić (1965. – 2016.) rođena je u Rudinama, pokraj Staroga Grada na otoku Hvaru. Središnje mjesto u njezinom stripu zauzima kreativna povezanost s otokom i njegovim životinjskim stanovnicima. U ovom radu razmatram kako njezini stripovi predlažu vizualne i poetske naracije utjelovljene egzistencije žene i otoka, njihovo međusobno dje-lovanje, metamorfiziranje i međusobne transformacije. Razigrana napestost spajanja, stapanja i pomicanja granica između ljudi, drugih vrsta i prirodnih elemenata razvija se u njezinim stripovima i pričama. Njezini likovi su fluidni, neprestano u procesu postajanja nečim drugim, nikada statični. Ovaj složeni odnos posebno istražujem u stripovima i pričama čiji su glavni protagonisti psi. Na primjeru Magdinih pasa nudim iščitanje njezina rada koje nadilazi površnu antropomorfnu percepciju životinja. Umjesto toga, tvrdim, Dulčić koristi ideju metamorfoze za rekonstrukciju dualističkih modela čovjek/priroda.

Magda's dogs

Magda Dulčić (1965–2016) was born in Rudine, near Stari Grad on the island of Hvar. Her creative connection with the island and its animal inhabitants takes a central place in her comics. Engaging with her work, I consider how Dulčić's comics propose visual and poetic narratives of the embodied existence of a woman and island as they interact, metamorphize and mutually transform one another. The playful tension of merging, fusing and rearranging the boundaries between humans, other species, and natural elements is developed in her comics and stories. Her characters are fluid, constantly in the process of becoming something else, never static. This complex relation is particularly explored in comics and stories whose main protagonists are dogs. Through the example of Magda's dogs, I offer a reading of her work which overcomes the superficial anthropomorphic perception of animals. Instead, I argue, Dulčić uses the idea of metamorphosis to reconstruct dualistic human/nature models.

SIMON RYLE

*Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of Split, Croatia
Filozofski fakultet, Sveučilište u Splitu, Hrvatska*

Old Rendering Plant: Marx's gelatine & Levinasian flesh

Working with a broadly Levinasian framework concerning the vulnerability, nakedness, woundedness and suffering of the flesh, particularly described in Levinas's *Otherwise than Being* (1974, English translation 1998), this paper investigates the poetics and ethics of industrially processed livestock. The paper centralizes Wolfgang Hilbig's novel *Old Rendering Plant* (1991, English translation 2017), which is set in the environs surrounding an industrial animal processing facility in post-WWII East Germany: in particular focussing on the narrator's hysterical fascination with the "white effluent" and "sticky tallow grease" that clings to the land around the rendering plant, and all the built surfaces of the narrator's village. Linking the ethical impulsion prior to subjectivation of Levinas's ethics with the emancipatory potential of desubjectivation described by Foucault, the paper explores the desubjectivation of Hilbig's sticky poetics. Deploying Karl Marx's concept of *gallerte* (gelatine), which Marx uses as a metaphor for the abstracted human labour of capitalism, Alex Blanchette's concept of "full vertical integration" to describe the complex material entanglements of US industrial hog commodities with contemporary society (2021), the stickiness of Jean-Paul Sartre's concept of nausea (1938), and Thomas Bernhard's notion, expressed in his novel *Frost* (1963, English translation 2006) that "the abattoir is the only essentially philosophical venue," this paper argues that Hilbig's novel constructs a viscerally affective ethics by exploring the sticky entanglements of contemporary society and industrial livestock flesh.

Stara kafilerija: Marxova želatina i levinasijansko meso

Baveći se s širokim levinasijanskim okvirom koji se tiče ranjivosti, razgoličenosti, ranjenosti i patnje mesa, posebice opisanim u Levinasovoj knjizi *S one strane bitka* (1974), ovaj rad istražuje poetiku i etiku industrijski obrađene stoke. U središte interesa postavlja roman Wolfganga Hilbiga *Stara kafilerija*

(1991), čija je radnja postavljena u okolinu industrijskog postrojenja za obradu životinja u poratnoj Istočnoj Njemačkoj. Posebice se usredotočuje na pripovjedačevu histeričnu fascinaciju »bijelim efluentom« i »ljepljivom lojnom mašću« koji se hvataju na zemlju uokolo kafilerije i na sve izgradene površine njegova sela. Povezujući etički impuls koji prethodi subjektivaciji u Levinasovoj etici s emancipatornim potencijalom desubjetivacije koju je opisao Foucault, rad istražuje desubjektivaciju Hilbigove ljepljive poetike. Razvijajući Marxov pojam *gellerte* (želatina), koji ovaj koristi kao metaforu za apstrahirani ljudski rad u kapitalizmu, koncept »pune vertikalne integracije«, kojim Alex Blanchette opisuje složenu materijalnu isprepletenost američke industrijske robe svinjskog podrijetla sa suvremenim društvom (2021), ljepljivost Sartreova pojma mučnine (1938), misao Thomasa Bernharda iz njegova romana *Mraz* (1963) da je »klaonica jedino bitno filozofsko mjesto«, ovim se radom tvrdi da Hilbigov roman tvori visceralnu afektivnu etiku istražujući ljepljivu isprepletenost suvremenog društva i mesa industrijske stoke.

VOJKO STRAHOVNIK¹ / MATEJA CENTA STRAHOVNIK²

¹ Faculty of Arts, University of Ljubljana, Slovenia

Filozofski fakultet, Sveučilište u Ljubljani, Slovenija

² Faculty of Theology, University of Ljubljana, Slovenia

Teološki fakultet, Sveučilište u Ljubljani, Slovenija

AI animal companions: Animals and companionship in the age of artificial intelligence

The recent advancements of large language models in the domain of artificial intelligence (AI) have spurred a variety of reactions. These span from apocalyptic prophecies of the end of the world and calls for a moratorium on the development of these models on the one hand, and to dismissions that this technology does not bring anything new and consists of a purely ‘unintelligent’ repetition and assembly of a string of words similar to the parrot’s ‘speech’ of a parrot on the other. In the paper, we will highlight some philosophical and anthropological issues that these AI models raise. In particular, we will address questions about these systems’ (perceived) identity in interaction with them. A specific focus will be on chatbots. All this will lead to some interesting questions for the field of animal studies. What are the emerging trends in the development of AI-based animal companions? What has AI technology introduced in our relationships with other animals? How does all this affect the notions of companionship and animality?

UI kućne životinje: životinje i ljubimstvo u dobu umjetne inteligencije

Nedavni napredak velikih jezičnih modela u domeni umjetne inteligencije (UI) potaknuo je različite reakcije. One se protežu od apokaliptičnih proročanstava o kraju svijeta i poziva na moratorij na razvoj ovih modela s jedne strane, do odbacivanja prema kojima ova tehnologija ne donosi ništa novo i da se sastoji od pukih »neintelligentnog« ponavljanja i sastavljanja niza riječi sličnih papiginom »govoru« drugoj papigi. U radu ćemo istaknuti neka filozofska i antropološka pitanja koja postavljaju ovi modeli umjetne inteligencije. Osobito ćemo se pozabaviti pitanjima o (percipiranom) identitetu ovih sustava u interakciji s njima. Poseban fokus bit će na *chatbotovima*. Sve će to dovesti do nekih zanimljivih pitanja za animalistiku. Koji su novi trendovi u

razvoju kućnih ljubimaca temeljenih na umjetnoj inteligenciji? Što je UI tehnologija unijela u naše odnose s drugim životinjama? Kako sve to utječe na pojmove druženja i animalnosti?

ZORANA TODOROVIĆ

*University of Belgrade, Serbia
Univerzitet u Beogradu, Srbija*

Moral status of animals and legal protection: Implications for our common practices

My presentation deals with moral status of nonhuman animals and the relevance of this question to us and the way we treat animals and use them for our purposes. I will examine animals' capacities such as sentience and animals' interests that are the basis of their moral status, and discuss whether there are degrees of moral status of sentient animals. I will point out that if sentient animals have interests that are morally relevant, they should be protected by law. I will argue that the legal status of sentient animals needs to be changed from the status of things or property to the status of non-things or sentient beings. I will further argue that animals should have legal rights in order to protect their interests. These rights could be derived from the existing animal welfare laws and would correlate with duties that people have to animals. Finally, I will discuss the implications of this conclusion for our everyday lives and practices, such as animal farming, eating meat, etc.

Moralni status životinja i pravna zaštita: implikacije po našu uobičajenu praksu

Tema moje prezentacije je moralni status ne-ljudskih životinja i relevantnost ovog pitanja za nas i način na koji postupamo prema životnjama i koristimo ih za naše svrhe. Razmotrit ću sposobnosti životinja poput osjećajnosti i interese životinja koji su osnova njihovog moralnog statusa, kao i postoje li stupnjevi moralnog statusa osjećajnih životinja. Ukažat ću na to da, ako osjećajne životinje imaju interes koji su moralno relevantni, onda oni trebaju biti zakonski zaštićeni. Zastupat ću tvrdnju da treba promijeniti pravni status životinja od statusa stvari ili vlasništva u status ne-stvari ili osjećajnih bića. Nadalje ću braniti tvrdnju da bi životinje trebale imati zakonska prava kako bi se zaštitili njihovi interesi. Ova prava bi mogla biti derivirana iz postojećih zakona o dobrobiti životinja i korelirala bi s obavezama koje ljudi imaju prema životnjama. Na kraju ću razmotriti implikacije ovog zaključka po naš svakodnevni život i prakse poput uzgoja životinja, mesne ishrane itd.

DUŠKO TRNINIĆ

*Fakultet političkih nauka, Univerzitet u Banjoj Luci, Bosna i Hercegovina
Faculty of Political Science, University of Banja Lika, Bosnia and Herzegovina*

Životinje, ljudi i njihova prava (istraživanje stavova građana_ki Bosne i Hercegovine)

U radu se prikazuju rezultati istraživanja stavova građana_ki o pravima i dobrobiti životinja. Istraživanje je sprovedeno tokom lipnja 2023. godine, a uzorkom je obuhvaćeno 630 punoljetnih građana. Instrument istraživanja je anketni upitnik, podijeljen u nekoliko tematskih cjelina: društveni status životinja, mentalni i emocionalni kapaciteti životinja, eksploatacija životinja od strane ljudi, prava i dobrobit životinja te stavovi građana o aktivizmu za zaštitu i oslobođenje životinja. Prikupljeni podaci pokazuju da su građani Bosne i Hercegovine svjesni značaja životinja u društvu, kojima priznaju bazične emocionalne i mentalne kapacitete, ali i dalje smatraju da su životinje podređene ljudima, odnosno da ljudi imaju prirodno pravo da ih koriste kako bi zadovoljili svoje potrebe. Stavovi ispitanika determinirani su antropocentrizmom, s aspektima vrstizma, kada je u pitanju upotreba životinja za ishranu ljudi, dok, s druge strane, imamo elemente biocentrizma kada se govori o brizi prema životnjama u cilju očuvanja prirodne i ekološke ravnoteže. Stoga možemo zaključiti kako građani Bosne i Hercegovine životinje uglavnom promatraju kao objekt za ljudsku upotrebu, a rijetko kao subjekte s vlastitim pravima.

Animals, people and their rights (research of Bosnian and Herzegovinian citizens' standpoints)

The paper expresses the research results of citizens' standpoints on rights and the welfare of animals. The research was carried out during June 2023 and the sample involved 630 citizens of adult age. The research instrument is a survey questionnaire, divided into several topic units – the social status of the animals, the mental and emotional capacity of animals, exploitation of animals by humans, the rights and welfare of animals, as well as citizens' views on activism for protection and liberation of animals. The collected data show that the citizens of Bosnia and Herzegovina are aware of the animals' significance in society, and acknowledge their fundamental emotional

and mental capacities, but still believe that animals are inferior to people, i.e. that people have natural right to use them in order to satisfy their own needs. The views of the respondents are determined by anthropocentrism, with aspects of speciesism, when we talk about usage of animals as people's food, whereas on the other hand there are elements of biocentrism, when we talk about care towards animals in order to preserve natural and ecological balance. Hence, we may conclude that the citizens of Bosnia and Herzegovina regard animals mainly as objects for human usage, and seldom as subjects with their own rights.

ŽELJKO UVANOVIĆ

*Southampton, Ujedninenje Kraljevstvo
Southampton, United Kingdom*

Njemački ovčar kao židovski pas u romanu Ashera Kravitza i u filmskoj adaptaciji *Ovčar. Herojski pas*

Asher Kravitz (r. 1969.), poznati izraelski aktivist za prava životinja i fotograf života u divljini, svog fikcionalnog njemačkog ovčara naziva židovskim psom u romanu na hebrejskom iz 2007. (*HaKelev HaYehudi*), a koji je dostupan u engleskom prijevodu Michala Kesslera kao *The Jewish Dog* (2015). Lynn Roth je producentica i redateljica njegove filmske adaptacije pod imenom *Ovčar. Herojski pas* (2019). Cilj je rada usporediti Kravitzov književni predložak s filmskom adaptacijom u segmentima perspektive životinjskog lika i poruka izgovorenih kroz životinske i ljudske likove u kontekstu romana i filma kao cjeline. Lik psa Kaleba progovara i nama u oba medija u kontekstu povijesti (pred)holokausta u nacističkoj Njemačkoj gdje je Židovima bilo zabranjeno imati pse ljubimce i gdje su im oteti psi bili pre-trenirani za nasilne operacije protiv njih.

German shepherd as a Jewish dog in Asher Kravitz's novel and in the film adaptation *Shepherd. The Hero Dog*

Asher Kravitz (b. 1969), a well-known Israeli animal rights activist and wildlife photographer, calls his fictional German shepherd a Jewish dog in a 2007 novel in Hebrew (*HaKelev HaYehudi*), available in the English translation by Michal Kessler as *The Jewish Dog* (2015). Lynn Roth is the producer and director of the film adaptation under the name *Shephard. The Story of a Jewish Dog* (2019). The aim of the paper is to compare Kravitz's literary source text with the film adaptation in the segments of the perspective of the animal character and the messages spoken through the animal and human characters in the context of the novel and the film as a whole. The character of the dog Caleb also speaks to us in both media in the context of the history of the (pre-)Holocaust Nazi Germany where Jews were forbidden to have pet dogs and where their kidnapped dogs were re-trained for violent operations against them.

VIRPI VALTONEN

*University of Helsinki, Finland
Sveučilište u Helsinkiju, Finska*

The rat as a citizen educator

Human relationships with other animals are changing and they are seen, (more or less) as subjective beings in many contexts. For example, the defense of animal rights and animal protection are more visible than ever before. Humans do still not protect all other animals equally. The rat (*Rattus norvegicus*) causes a lot of gray hair for humans. Battles against rats have pushed them into liminal positions, where they are seen as a threatening intruder. We humans don't want to share our circle of life with rats. In the Helsinki City Rat Project (HURP), I study the relationships between humans and rats and try to make visible the polyphony and dissensus related to relationships with rats. I study how the rat could be seen as a co-citizen or even "citizen educator," showing us the necessity of ecological citizenship education. I have found that an educational perspective based on relational ontology should be emphasized, for example, in teacher training. Attention should be paid more to our relationships with other animals than the animals themselves (or the problems they produce). This kind of approach could be fruitful when we try to find possibilities for co-existence with liminal animals such as rats.

Štakor kao odgajatelj građana

Čovjekovi odnosi s drugim životinjama mijenjaju se, pa su one u mnogim kontekstima (više ili manje) promatrane kao subjektivna bića. Primjerice, obrana prava životinja i njihova zaštita vidljiviji su no ikada ranije. Ljudi još ne brane sve ostale životinje jednako. Na spomen štakora (*Rattus norvegicus*) posijede. Borbe protiv štakora ove su gurnule u liminalno, gdje se promatraju kao prijeteći uljezi. Mi ljudi ne želimo dijeliti naš životni krug sa štakorima. U sklopu Štakorskog projekta grada Helsinkija, proučavam odnose ljudi i štakora te pokušavam uz štakore vezane polifoniju i nesuglasicu učiniti vidljivom. Proučavam kako štakor može biti promatran kao sugrađanin ili čak »odgajatelj građana« pokazujući nam nužnost edukacije za ekološko građanstvo. Otkrio sam da edukacijska perspektiva temeljena na relacijskoj ontologiji treba biti naglašena, primjerice, u obuci učitelja. Pažnja prije treba

biti usmjeren našim odnosima s drugim životnjama negoli spram životinja samih (ili problemā koje izazivaju). Ovakav bi pristup mogao biti plodan kada pokušavamo pronaći mogućnosti suživota s liminalnim životnjama kakve su štakori.

MAJA VEJIĆ

*Filozofski fakultet, Sveučilište u Zagrebu, Hrvatska
Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of Zagreb, Croatia*

Čivava ili vuk?

Modificiranje prirode seže duboko u ljudsku povijest, mada nam se možda na prvi pogled ne čini da je tako. Ljudi su rano shvatili da planiranjem, promjenama životnih uvjeta i križanjem različitih vrsta mogu utjecati na buduće generacije biljaka i životinja, čineći ih izdržljivijima ili ljudima korisnijima. Uz sve razvijeniju tehnologiju, razvijalo se i sofisticirano gensko interveniranje i adaptiranje. No gdje je granica između planskog, funkcionalnog mijenjanja genetike prirode i »obijesnog«, bespotrebnog i moguće opasnog genskog »prtlanja«? Ovo pitanje pokušat ćemo razjasniti na primjerima umjetno stvorenih vrsta psa, (ne)kvalitete njihovih života i njihove mogućnosti samostalnog života u divljini bez ljudske pomoći.

Chihuahua or a wolf?

Modifying nature goes back deep into human history, although it may not seem so at first glance. Humans realized early on that by planning, changing living conditions and crossing different species, they could influence future generations of plants and animals, making them more resistant or more useful to people. With the increasingly developing technology, genetic interventions and adaptations became more sophisticated. But where is the moral line between the planned, functional changing of nature's genetics and the unnecessary and possibly dangerous genetic "meddling"? We will try to clarify this question on the examples of artificially created dog species, the (poor) quality of their lives and their ability to live independently in the wild without human help.

LUKA VELIĆ

*Knin, Hrvatska
Knin, Croatia*

O kulturi u životinja iz lingvističkoga (i inoga) gledišta

Na primjeru nekih životinja (npr. čovjek, domaća mačka, dupini, majmuni, ptice) govorit će o postojanju srodne komunikacije i kulture u životinja. S lingvističkoga gledišta progovara se o komunikacijskim sustavima, društvu, prijenosu znanja naraštajima – kulturi (što širimo s dupina na mačje vrste) u različitim životinja. Relativiziraju se stvari uglavnom svojstvene čovjeku (npr. složena arhitektura i jezik) te se i nekim biološkim argumentima čovjek i ostale životinje drže ravnopravnima. Pokazuje se da čovjek ne odskače bitno od ostalih životinja, koje su u različitim segmentima sposobnije jedne od drugih, te jednakost čovjeka i drugih životinja. Govori se i o nekim uglavnom nelingvističkim, moralnim odnosima čovjeka i životinja. Izvori analizi jesu lingvistički, lingvistički usmjerena istraživanja drugih životinja, različiti članci i snimke o životnjama i drugi mediji.

On animal culture from the linguistic (and other) perspective

Citing some animals (e.g. human, domestic cat, dolphin, monkey, bird) we are talking about a similar communication or culture among animals. Linguistically, we are dealing with various communicational systems, society, generational transmission of lore – a culture (also with various cat species beside previously analysed dolphins) among various animals. Some things (e.g. complex buildings and language) are seen not as human-limited, and we deem humans and other animals equal on biological grounds. We stress out that the human has not progressed that much (other animals are more or less able in different aspects), and the equality among humans and other animals. We are also talking about moral (non-linguistic) relations between them. Sources cited are linguistic or linguistically toned animal research, various articles and videos of animals and other media.

Pasji život

A dog's life

U ovom će dijelu programa **Hrvoje Jurić** (Sveučilište u Zagrebu, Hrvatska), kroz razgovor s **Josipom Gućem** (Sveučilište u Splitu, Hrvatska) predstaviti izbor iz ciklusa mikroeseja koje je napisao i objavio 2019. godine pod naslovom »Pasji život« (Jurić 2019). U njima, na temelju pažljivog promatranja ponašanja i djelovanja pasa, autor među ostalim propituje problematiku prirode i života, nagona i osjećaja, svijesti i samosvijesti, kao i biće, bit i bitak psa te sličnosti i razlike pasa i ljudi, a ponajviše njihove kompleksne interakcije.

In this part of the program, **Hrvoje Jurić** (University of Zagreb, Croatia) will present a selection from the series of micro-essays that he wrote and published in 2019 under the title "Pasji život" ("A Dog's Life"; Jurić 2019) through conversation with **Josip Guć** (University of Split, Croatia). In these micro-essays, based on a careful observation of the behavior and actions of dogs, the author questions, among other things, the issues of nature and life, instincts and feelings, consciousness and self-consciousness, as well as the existence, essence and being of a dog, and the similarities and differences between dogs and humans, and above all their complex interactions.

The dogs bark, but the (poetry) caravan goes on

Psi laju, a (poetske) karavane prolaze

Historical progress is usually regarded as being solely about humans, as they are seen as “the only historical being”. As a result, this “caravan” often continues without acknowledging the “dogs” barking along the way. However, the “poetry caravan” challenges the notion of progress promoted by the “ordinary caravan.” Its unconventional perspective makes a significant contribution to an all-encompassing and pluri-perspective understanding of the meaning of human existence. In this way, poetry and other art forms have often shown us that our own fulfilment is incomplete unless we also consider the fulfilment of other living beings. Human culture cannot thrive without showing profound respect for the natural world and all of its diverse parts. This poetry event aims to draw attention to the importance of redirecting our “ordinary caravan” to include the “dogs barking”. **Vesna Liponik** (Research Centre of the Slovenian Academy of Sciences and Arts) will put an emphasis on the ways we meet and share the path and what we bark talk about along the way, where our paths cross and where we go our separate ways, perhaps to meet again, to call, to smell each other again. The Scottish poet **Gordon Meade** (Upper Largo, UK) will read a number of poems from two of his collections of poems: *Zoospeak* and *EX-posed: Animal Elegies*, alongside the visual images from the books to which the individual poems refer. Through poetry and photography the abuse of more-than-human animals will be represented. **Maritza Stanchich** (University of Puerto Rico, USA) will once again read a poem inspired by the conference subtitle (last year it was “Seagull is Not a Bird,” so this year we will be honored by “Dog is Not a Brute”). Motives she uses involve the use of dogs for military purposes, regional Croatian breeds such as the Istrian Short-Haired Hound, the care for and dwelling with elderly

dog companions. The poetic program will be led by the philosopher and poet **Hrvoje Jurić** (University of Zagreb, Croatia).

Obično se smatra da se povijesni napredak odnosi isključivo na ljude, budući da se na njih gleda kao na »jedina povijesna bića«. Zbog toga ova »karavana« često prolazi ne obraćajući pažnju na »pse« koji laju na putu. Međutim, »pjesnička karavana« dovodi u pitanje ideju napretka koju promovira »obična karavana«. Njezina nekonvencionalna perspektiva daje značajan doprinos sveobuhvatnom i pluriperspektivnom razumijevanju smisla ljudskog postojanja. Na taj su nam način poezija i druge umjetničke forme često pokazivale da je naše vlastito ostvarenje nepotpuno ako iz obzira izuzmemo ostvarenje drugih živih bića. Ljudska kultura ne može napredovati bez pokazivanja dubokog poštovanja prema prirodnom svijetu i svim njegovim različitim dijelovima. Ovom pjesničkom manifestacijom želi se skrenuti pozornost na važnost preusmjeravanja naše »obične karavane« na »lajanje pasa«. **Vesna Liponik** (Istraživački centar Slovenske akademije znanosti i umjetnosti) stavit će naglasak na načine na koje se susrećemo i dijelimo put te o čemu lajemo i pričamo na putu, gdje nam se putovi križaju, a gdje idemo svaki svojim putem, možda da se ponovo sretнемo, da se javimo, da se opet pomirišemo. Škotski pjesnik **Gordon Meade** (Upper Largo, UK) čitat će niz pjesama iz dviju svojih zbirki pjesama: *Zoospeak* i *EX-posed: Animal Elegies*, uz vizualne prikaze iz knjiga na koje se pojedine pjesme odnose. Kroz poeziju i fotografiju bit će predstavljeno zlostavljanje više-no-ljudskih životinja. **Maritza Stanchich** (Sveučilište Puerto Rico, SAD) ponovno će pročitati pjesmu inspiriranu podnaslovom konferencije (prošle je godine to bila »Seagul is Not a Bird«, pa ćemo ove godine biti počašćeni pjesmom »A Dog is Not a Brute«). Motivi koje koristi su upotreba pasa u vojne svrhe, regionalne hrvatske pasmine poput istarskog kratkodlakog goniča, briga za i boravak sa starijim pescim drugovima. Poetski program vodit će filozof i pjesnik **Hrvoje Jurić** (Sveučilište u Zagrebu, Hrvatska).

Animal Ethics [Croatian translation]

Etika životinja [hrvatski prijevod]



The Croatian translation of this book (under the original title *Etika živali: o čezvrstni gostoljubnosti*; Grušovnik 2016) was published this year by Pergamena and the Centre of Excellence for Integrative Bioethics (Grušovnik 2023). The translation is made by Ana Vlaisavljević. This is the first review of animal ethics in the Croatian language, not only of what the author calls the *weak version of animal ethics*, but also of the *strong version of animal ethics*. The basic thesis of the latter is that animals are not only beings

to whom we owe moral consideration, but also those who themselves are moral agents. At the same time, the author provides many original insights. The book will be presented through a conversation between the author of the book **Tomaž Grušovnik** (University of Primorska, Slovenia) and **Josip Guć** (University of Split, Croatia).

Ove je godine u izdanju Pergamene i Znanstvenog centra izvrsnosti za integrativnu bioetiku izašao hrvatski prijevod knjige (Grušovnik 2023) pod izvornim nazivom *Etika živali: o čezvrstni gostoljubnosti* (Grušovnik 2016), u izvedbi Ane Vlaisavljević. Radi se o prvom ovakvom pregledu na hrvatskom jeziku, i to ne samo onoga što autor naziva *slabom varijantom etike životinja*, nego i *jake varijante etike životinja*, naime, teze da životinje nisu samo bića kojima dugujemo moralni obzir, nego i da su same moralni djelatnici. Pri tome autor pruža i mnoge originalne uvide. Knjiga će biti predstavljena kroz razgovor autora knjige **Tomaža Grušovnika** (Univerzitet u Primorskoj, Slovenija) i **Josipa Guć** (Sveučilište u Splitu, Hrvatska).

Nije Šarko beštija

Šarko is not a brute

Poseban program, koji ulazi i u manifestaciju *Smojinih 100*, bit će posvećen središnjem liku ovogodišnje manifestacije, Smojinom psu Šarku. Počinjemo predstavom dramske grupe 1. gimnazije Split, u kojoj će učenici pod palicom profesorice **Sande Cambj** predaćiti ulomke iz *Pasjih noveleta*. Zatim ćemo upriličiti okrugli stol o Smoji i Šarku, na kojem će osobne reminiscencije iznijeti **Branka Klarić** i **Siniša Reljić**, a literarnu kritiku spomenutog djela **Siniša Vuković**. Okruglim stolom moderirat će **Anita Lunić**.

A special program, which is also a part of the *Smoje's 100* manifestation, will be dedicated to the central character of this year's event, Smoje's dog Šarko. We start with a performance by the drama group of the 1st Grammar School Split, in which students (directed by professor **Sanda Cambj**) will present excerpts from the *Pasje novelete* [Dog Novelettes]. Then we will organize a round table about Smoje and Šarko, where personal reminiscences will be presented by **Branka Klarić** and **Siniša Reljić**, and literary critique of the aforementioned work by **Siniša Vuković**. The round table will be moderated by **Anita Lunić**.

Odgoj za životinje

Education for Animals



Odgoj za životinje
Bruno Čurko i Josip Guć

Odgoj za životinje (Guć & Čurko 2022) kratka je, pitka, a opet i znanstvena rasprava o razvoju kritičkog mišljenja i očuvanju bioetičkog senzibiliteta kod djece po pitanju obzira spram ne-ljudskih životinja. Prožeta je idejom da odgajatelj uvijek treba biti ujedno i odgajanik. Gušenjem bioetičkog senzibiliteta kod djeteta, odgajatelji ne guše samo potencijale za razvoj kritičkog mišljenja kod djece, nego osujećuju i razvoj vlastitih kritičkih sposobnosti. Knjigu će predstaviti autori **Bruno Čurko i Josip Guć** (Sveučilište u Splitu, Hrvatska).

Neće je slučajno predstaviti u Bolu – upravo je priča s jedne edukativne radionice održane na 4. *Danima kulturne animaliSTike* u Bolu uvrštena u knjigu među primjere dobre prakse.

Education for Animals (Guć & Čurko 2022) is a short, not complicated, yet scientific discussion about the development of critical thinking and the preservation of bioethical sensibility in children regarding respect for non-human animals. It is imbued with the idea that an educator should always be one who is educated at the same time. By stifling the bioethical sensibility in children, educators not only stifle the potential for the development of critical thinking in children, but also thwart the development of their own critical abilities. The book will be presented by the authors **Bruno Čurko** and **Josip Guć** (University of Split, Croatia). It will not be presented in Bol by chance – the story from an educational workshop held at the 4th *Days of animal STudies* in Bol was included in the book among examples of good practice.

Odgovornost i predrasude

Responsibility and prejudices

Edukativna radionica za djecu »Odgovornost i predrasude« služit će se primjerima iz bajki i priča kako bi sudionici promišljali o predrasudama koje imamo prema gotovo svim životinjama. Kroz strukturirani dijalog tragat će se za izvorom naših predrasuda prema pojedinim životinjskim vrstama. Pored načina suočavanja s njima, predrasude će se pokušati povezati s problemom odgovornosti spram životinja. Radionicu će voditi **Bruno Ćurko i Josip Guć** (Sveučilište u Splitu, Hrvatska), koristeći se metodama sokratskog dijaloga, biografskog učenja i zajednice filozofskih istraživača.

The educational workshop for children “Responsibility and prejudices” will use examples from fairy tales and stories to encourage the participants to think about the prejudices we have towards almost all animals. Through a structured dialogue, they will explore the source of our prejudices towards certain animal species. In addition to ways of dealing with them, prejudices will be considered in relation to the issue of responsibility towards animals. The workshop will be facilitated by **Bruno Ćurko and Josip Guć** (University of Split, Croatia), using the methods of Socratic dialogue, biographical learning, and the community of philosophical inquiry.

Zašto moj pas nije beštija? Why is my dog not a brute?

Zadnji, ali ne manje važan dio programa koji predstavljamo odvija se na ponešto drugačiji način. Riječ je, naime o digitalnoj izložbi koju je s učenicima I. gimnazije Split organizirala njihova profesorica **Petra Ljubičić**. U njoj nam đaci kratko i jasno, iz osobne perspektive, odgovaraju na središnje pitanje naše manifestacije: »Zašto *moj* pas nije beštija?« Odgovorima, zajedno s fotografijama pasa, možete pristupiti skenirajući QR kod ispod ovog teksta.



The last, but not the least important part of the programme that we are going to present takes place in a slightly different way. It is a digital exhibition, which was organised by their teacher **Petra Ljubičić** together with the students of the 1st Grammar School Split. In it, the students briefly and clearly answer the central question of our event from a personal perspective: "Why is *my* dog not a brute? You can find the answers, along with photos of the dogs, by scanning the QR code above this text.

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E-adresar / E-mail Addresses

Lidija Bakota / lbakota@foozos.hr

Bruno Beljak / bbeljak@icloud.com

Mateja Centa Strahovnik / mateja.centa@teof.uni-lj.si

Sanda Cambj / sanda.cambj@skole.hr

Eli Collaro / vpns79@durham.ac.uk

Bruno Ćurko / bcurko@ffst.hr

Kristina Dilica / kristina.dilica@gmail.com

Goran Đurđević / gdjurdjevich@bfsu.edu.cn

Igor Eterović / igor.eterovic@uniri.hr

Giuseppe Feola / giuseppe.feola1@gmail.com

Thorsten Fögen / thorsten.foegen@durham.ac.uk

Tomaž Grušovnik / tomaz.grusovnik@pef.upr.si

Sabira Hajdarević / shajdarevic@unizd.hr

Luka Janeš / luka.janes@ffrz.unizg.hr

Hrvoje Jurić / hjuric@ffzg.unizg.hr

Ivica Kelam / kelamivica@gmail.com

Ivan Kramarić / ivan.kramaric@hotmail.com

Hee Sook Lee-Niinioja / leeheesook@hotmail.com

Vesna Liponik / vesna.liponik@zrc-sazu.si

Anita Lunić / alunic@ffst.hr

Petra Ljubičić / petra.ljubicic7@skole.hr

Suzana Marjanić / suzana@ief.hr
Gordon Meade / egordonmeade1@btinternet.com
Marina Milivojević Pinto / sunce.marina@gmail.com
Claire Parkinson / claire.parkinson@edgehill.ac.uk
Bojana Radovanović / br.muzikolog@gmail.com
Jadra Ryle / jadra.ryle@gmail.com
Simon Ryle / sryle@ffst.hr
Maritza Stanchich / mstanchich@gmail.com
Vojko Strahovnik / vojko.strahovnik@teof.uni-lj.si
Zorana Todorović / zoranatod@gmail.com
Duško Trninić / dusko.trninic@fpn.unibl.org
Željko Uvanović / uvanovic@gmail.com
Virpi Valtonen / virpi.valtonen@helsinki.fi
Maja Vejić / vejic.maja.n@gmail.com
Luka Velić / lukavelic11@gmail.com

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