

Victor-80084

У крају чу мало бит, поврати чу се у Детроит  
U kraju ču malo bit, povrati ču se u Detroit

- STOJAN: Šest dana putujem preko bare Farragarijom do Cherbourga. Iz Cherbourga dva dana do Pančeva. Sinčiću ču poslati telegram da me čeka u Pančevu. Sa linеom sam dobro putovao a s trainom neznam kako će bit. Al je lepo s traina gledati kako se sve zeleni. A ono što izdaleka svetli mislim da je Pančevo ak se ne varam.
- CONDUCTOR: Pančevo, Pančevo
- STOJAN: Ej, hvala Bogu kada sam stigao. Eno teče. Tečo, Tečo!
- TEČE: O gle Stojane, jesi li ti to Stojane?
- STOJAN: A ja sam.
- TEČE: Kao odmah sam te poznao po vlasti. A ovako mi izgledaš kao neki fiškal.
- STOJAN: Tečo, poruči jedan taxi.
- TEČE: A je to za jelo?
- STOJAN: Ah shut up! You crazy! Taxi da nas vozi u Perler.
- TEČE: Pa sinko, put u moje kola. Sedi da se Teče vozi.
- STOJAN: Sa tome otrljaо u Ameriku I sad stigao opet da se kolo vozim. Teraj Tečo.
- TEČE: Gidi. Gidiap! Vidim da se ljutiš. Kući ćeš biti veselo kad ti svira tamburaši.
- STOJAN: To što ja voleм. Teraj brže.
- TEČE: Pa tu smo. Whoa!
- GAVRIN OTAC: A gle našeg Stojana! A kako moj sin Gavro, on nije došao?
- STOJAN: On vas je pozdravio i majku i sve poznate.
- GAVRIN OTAC: Ej, hvala. A da li si ti radio po Ameriki?
- STOJAN: Ja sam bio bootlegger u Ameriki.
- GAVRIN OTAC: Ti si bio veliki gospodar.
- STOJAN: I ja mislim. Ja pravim najbolje medicine.
- GAVRIN OTAC: A što ima novo u Ameriki?

STOJAN: Eto šta. Mašina gdje se živa hvata svinja i za pet minute baci svakojake kobase napolje. I mašina gdje se brašno baca i hleba peca i svakojaki cakes.

GAVRIN OTAC: A šta je to cakes?

STOJAN: Eto, što vam je to napravio?

GAVRIN OTAC: To je gibanica.

STOJAN: A to ti je u Ameriki cakes.

GAVRIN OTAC: Sila od mašinerija ima u Ameriki.

STOJAN: Ej da, ja blata ostavio u Perneru i blato zatekao. Ništa novoga imate a neću dugo biti ovuda. Teraj ta kera po Jugoslaviji pa magla za Ameriku. De bi tamburaši zasvirajte mi Bećarac.<sup>1</sup> Evo vam dvadeset dolara. Vi svirajte i ja ću da pevam.

*Prvo ću ja Chicago obić, pa ću lako ja u Gary stić...*

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<sup>1</sup> a common song type with improvised verses

Won't be long in the old country, will be back soon in Detroit

STOJAN: Six days I've sailed on the Farragut to Cherbourg. From Cherbourg it'll be two more days to Pančevo. Tonight, I'll send a telegram for them to meet me in Pančevo. I traveled well on the ocean liner, but I don't know how it will be on the train. Ah, but it's so nice on the train to see the green countryside. Now those lights in the distance, that must be Pančevo, if I'm not mistaken.

CONDUCTOR: Pančevo, Pančevo.

STOJAN: Hey, thank God, I've arrived. Hey there, Uncle, Uncle!

UNCLE: Oh look, it's Stojan. Is that you Stojan?

STOJAN: It is.

UNCLE: I recognized you right off by your hair. But dressed like this you look like some official.

STOJAN: Uncle, let's order up a taxi.

UNCLE: Is that something to eat?

STOJAN: Oh shut up! You crazy! A taxi to drive us to Perler.

UNCLE: But son, we'll go in my wagon. Sit down and let your uncle drive you.

STOJAN: In a wagon like this I set out for America, and now I've come back and I'm riding in a wagon again. Drive 'em, Uncle.

UNCLE: Giddy up. I see you are angry. Once you get home, it'll be merry when the tamburitza players play for you.

STOJAN: That's what I like. Drive 'em faster Uncle.

UNCLE: Here we are. Whoa!

GAVRO'S FATHER: Look, it's our Stojan! But how is it that my son Gavro didn't come too?

STOJAN: He sends greetings to you, his mother and all friends and relatives.

GAVRO'S FATHER: Hey, thank you. Did you work in America?

STOJAN: I was a bootlegger in America.

GAVRO'S FATHER: You were a big shot?

STOJAN: I think so. I make the best medicine.

GAVRO'S FATHER: So what's new in America?

STOJAN: Here's what. A machine into which you put a live pig and five minutes later all sorts of sausages come out. And a machine into which you throw some flour and bread bakes and all sorts of cakes too.

GAVRO'S FATHER: What are cakes?

STOJAN: Well, what's this that you've made?

GAVRO'S FATHER: That's gibanica.<sup>2</sup>

STOJAN: Well in America, that's cakes.

GAVRO'S FATHER: So there's all sorts of machinery in America?

STOJAN: Oh yes. I left the mud here in Perler and now I've encountered the same mud again. You don't have anything new here, so I won't stay here long. I'll have a big time around Yugoslavia and then cut out for America. Let the tamburitza musicians play Bećarac for me and I'll sing.

*First I'll visit Chicago and then easily go on to Gary...*

*Transcribed and translated by Richard March*

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<sup>2</sup> strudel