Надежда Петровић припада савезницама оних магистралних личности које су понос својих националних историја, које донирају својом епомом зраче и изван и изнад ње, превазилазећи и своју средину и своје време. То су тлъсноге личности у генезе развоја једног народа, које својим делом дају елементе даљег пута, сустајчићу будућа времена и друге културе. Примјадчи такве појединци изузетних у сваком смислу, Надежда Петровић је за свога, рано прекинутог живота, размакнуо се времена, историског развоја, хуманистичке идеје и локалне културе. Супериориска, самоуверена и борбена, необичне интелигенције која је сагледавала пространство светских видика, а волећи свој народ, хитала је да својим заносом, идеалом и жртвом озари и прошири видике својих савременаца и утре пут будућим поколењима. Патриотизм је био Надеждин најдубљу занос. И у време Балканских ратова, Надежда је желео и могућност да помогне отаџбини као свој животни задатак, доследна својим становиштвима из 1903. и за време анексионе кризе 1908. године. Била је тамо где је најтеже, радила је и помагала на самом бојишту, јер јој њен борбени дух не би дао мира радом у позадини. Надежда, добро је тамо где је најтеже, радила је и помагала на самом бојишту, јер јој њен борбени дух не би дао мира радом у позадини. Надежда, добро је тамо где је најтеже, радила је и помагала на самом бојишту, јер јој њен борбени дух не би дао мира радом у позадини. Надежда, добро је тамо где је најтеже, радила је и помагала на самом бојишту, јер јој њен борбени дух не би дао мира радом у позадини. Надежда, добро је тамо где је најтеже, радила је и помагала на самом бојишту, јер јој њен борбени дух не би дао мира радом у позадини. Надежда, добро је тамо где је најтеже, радила је и помагала на самом бојишту, јер јој њен борбени дух не би дао мира радом у позадини. Надежда, добро је тамо где је најтеже, радила је и помагала на самом бојишту, јер јој њен борбени дух не би дао мира радом у позадини. Надежда, добро је тамо где је најтеже, радила је и помагала на самом бојишту, јер јој њен борбени дух не би дао мира радом у позадини. Надежда, добро је тамо где је најтеже, радила је и помагала на самом бојишту, јер јој њен борбени дух не би дао мира радом у позадини. Надежда, добро

NADEŽDA PETROVIĆ, ANOTHER NAME FOR HUMANISM

Abstract

Nadžda Petrović belongs to the constellation of masterful human beings who are the pride of their national histories, dominating their era and radiating above and beyond it, surpassing both their immediate environment and the age they live in. These persons are instrumental in the development and growth of their people, tracing the path to be followed in their work, to catch up to future times and other cultures. A member of this constellation of extraordinary persons, Nadžda Petrović has overcome the boundaries of time, historical development, humanist ideas and local culture in her short, prematurely ended life. Superior, self-confident and tenacious, she had an unusual intelligence that was able to perceive the entire vast expanse of the world. With her love for her people, she rushed to illuminate and broaden the views of her contemporaries and clear the path for future generations with her vision, her ideals and her sacrifice. Patriotism was the deepest of Nadežda’s passions. At the time of Balkan wars, Nadžda recognised her desire and her capability to help her homeland as her mission in life, staying true to her positions from 1903 and annexation crisis of 1908. She went where the situation was the direst, she worked and helped on the front lines, because her fighting spirit would not let her stay in the rear. As a volunteer nurse, Nadžda followed the soldiers from battlefield to battlefield, suffering all types of weather without complaint. She would walk and she would ride, her hospital or ambulance reaching all the places she was needed. She also dressed the wounds of captured enemy soldiers. The wounded and the sick blessed her, doctors praised and admired her. The work was too hard and in tending to others, caught in a typhoid outbreak, Nadžda fell ill and recovered slowly. The beginning of World War I was yet another summons for Nadžda, to put down her paintbrush and continue with her humanitarian work. She immediately reported to the High Command to gather the marching orders. Many women tended to the wounded, but only a few were accepted into the real military medical service by the Surgeon General of the High Command. Nadžda Petrović was one of them. She was assigned to the field hospital of the Danube division. In letters written during this time, Nadžda’s words are impressive, touching in their profound honesty of experiencing human helplessness in the face of the tragedy of mass deaths. Soldiers knew Nadžda from the moments that transcended the strength of ordinary humans. She was highly appreciated, her courage and self-sacrifice earned her great respect. During the periods of cease-fire, after the victory of the Serbian army in the battles of Cer and Kolubara, at the beginning of 1915, Nadžda went to Skopje where her family was located. Already in February that year, Nadžda resumed her war duties. The High Command offered her a choice of several proposed positions, and told her that she didn’t have to go back to Valjevo. Without a second thought, she picked the most difficult post – her hospital in Valjevo. Following the battle of Suvobor near Valjevo, an outbreak of spotted typhus fever claimed the lives of soldiers, civilians, doctors and medics in terrifying numbers. Nadžda arrived to Valjevo from a field hospital as aid sent to the small medical team. At the end of March, Nadžda was infected with typhoid. When the infection finally caught up to her, she was completely exhausted: she would only be a patient in the Valjevo hospital for a week. Volunteer nurse of the 1st Reserve Hospital in Valjevo, Nadžda Petrović, died on 3 April 1915.
Увод

Надежда Петровић (слика 1) припада сазвежђу оних магистралних личности које су понос својих националних историја, које доминирајући својом епохом зраче и изван и изнад ње, превазилазећи и своју средину и своје време. То су кључне личности у генези развоја једног народа, које својим делом дају елементе даљег пута, сутижући будућа времена и друге културе. Она је сликала, писала, говорила, помагала, неговала, једном речју била је борац за напредак човечанства у сваком смислу. У Надеждиној динамичној, многостраној активности нема делатности која би била ирелевантна за заоставштину коју је оставила будућим поколењима. У свом развоју Надежда је много радила, много видела, много учила. При томе је наилазила на сродност и kontakte, али она никада није ишла ничијим, осим својим личним путем. Основ њеног целокупног живота и дела лежи у њеној личности, занесеној и страсној, у њеној заљубљености у слободу, у њеној жељи да створи нова, савремена схватања у уметности и култури, истовремено својим патриотизмом пружајући незаменив пример у области хуманизма. Без познавања Надеждина животног пута као сликара, ћерке, сестре, пријатеља, писца, фотографа, војника и добровољне болничарке, не може се целовито схватити есенција њеног бића као хуманиста у правом смислу те речи.

Introduction

Nadežda Petrović (Figure 1) is one of those masterful people who are the pride of their national histories, dominating their era and radiating above and beyond it, surpassing both their immediate environment and the time they live in. These persons are instrumental in the development and growth of their people, tracing the path to be followed in their work, to catch up to future times and other cultures. She painted, wrote, spoke, helped, tended – in a word, she fought for the progress of mankind in every way imaginable. In Nadežda’s dynamic, multifaceted work there is no activity that would be irrelevant for the legacy she left for posterity. As she developed, Nadežda worked a lot, saw a lot and learned a lot. She did encounter kindred spirits and made contacts, but she would never follow in anyone’s footsteps but her own. The foundation of her entire life and work lies in her personality, her strong vision and passion, her love of freedom, her desire to create new, contemporary understanding in art and culture, while at the same time setting her patriotism as an irreplaceable example in humanism. Without knowing Nadežda’s journey as a painter, daughter, sister, friend, writer, photographer, soldier and nurse volunteer, it is impossible to come to a comprehensive understanding of the essence of her being as a humanist, in the true sense of that word.

Слика 1. Надежда Петровић
Извор: Wikipedia, „Надежда Петровић”

Figure 1. Nadežda Petrović
Nadežda Petrović – the early years

Nadežda was born in Čačak, on 11 October 1873. Her family moved to Belgrade in 1884. Nadežda’s father Dimitrije – Mita Petrović (1852-1911) was the chairman of the Tax Administration, Member of Parliament, historian and collector of old documents. Nadežda’s mother, schoolteacher Mileva Zorić, niece of Svetozar Miletić, was also educated, especially favouring history and poetry. Petrović family had nine children, and the talent of their eldest daughter Nadežda was proudly supported by the family. The children competed amongst themselves with their talents in activities ranging from writing poetry and music to history and painting. Through her father, Nadežda gained a keen interest in politics, and her father’s friend, renowned and acknowledged painter Đorđe Krstić (1851-1907) was her first art teacher. After graduating from the Higher School for Women, confident in what Krstić taught her, Nadežda wrote a petition to the Minister of Education to appoint her as the art teacher in a high school. In order to gain the requested qualification, she was referred to take an exam before a commission. After passing this exam, she was appointed as the art teacher at the Higher Women’s School in Belgrade on 1 September 1893. In parallel to her work as a teacher, Nadežda continued her education. In 1895, Cyril Kutlik (1869-1900), a Czech national, opened an art school for drawing and painting. Nadežda Petrović would be the first student in the newly opened women’s class in 1896/97; she attended Kutlik’s school for two years. She did not stop working for Krstić during this time. There is no doubt that Krstić’s influence was the main reason she chose Munich for her further education.

The art teacher at the Higher Women’s School wrote a petition to the Minister of Education and Church Matters in 1898 to approve a year’s leave of absence and provide her with assistance, so that she could further develop her skills at the Painting Academy in Munich. The Minister of Education, Andra Đorđević, approved the leave Nadežda asked for starting from 1 November 1898 to 1 November 1899, so that she could continue her studies at the Munich Academy. Over the next four years, Nadežda’s persistence would win her support from the Minister of Education for her studies in Munich [1].

Nadežda Petrović – the early years

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Nadežda Petrović, Another Name for Humanism
Ljiljana Pavlović, Slavica Dacić, Katarina Boričić

Ideja našla je svoj odjek, a svaki znalač mogućnost realizacije. Boravkom u Minčenu u vrijeme nastajanja nemачke moderno umjetnosti, Nadežda izražala je u umetnica evropskog obrazovanja, sa izraženim otvorenom stavom prema dopušćenim modernim pravcima. Nadežda inovativna konceptijska slikarstva dobija svoje korene u likovnoj klimi Minčena.

Nadežda's Munich period manifested in two phases. The first was marked by the atmosphere of Ažbe’s school, and the other with her work with Julius Exter. Munich Academy of Fine Arts did not have a women’s department at the time, so Nadežda enrolled in the School of Anton Ažbe, Slovenian painter (1862-1905) on 17 November 1898. With little preliminary knowledge, but with immense persistence in achieving what she desired to do, with eyes and heart wide open and with her innate trust in people, she let Ažbe introduce her to the issues in painting. At Ažbe’s school Nadežda would meet three Slovenian painters, Grohar, Jakopič and Jama, who conducted themselves not just as her painter colleagues, but also as her friends and compatriots, winning Nadežda’s deep respect. These Slovenian painters would continue to mean a lot to Nadežda throughout her life as an artist and a fighter in a small, conservative community. The second stage of her Munich period is of particular importance for the genesis of Nadežda’s art. This period laid the foundations of her style and her particular technique. This was the time when she painted mostly under the tutelage of the famous pleinairist, Julius Exter (1863-1934).


Nadežda’s time in Munich can most adequately be described by one word – work. After each school year, she would spend one month of summer at home in Belgrade. She also travelled a lot. She spent time in Italy, Vienna, Budapest, Berlin. With such diligence poured into her work, little time was left to her to socialise and rest. In addition, she had another great passion: photography.

The Serbian period (1903-1910)

As a fanatic lover of freedom, Nadežda’s fight began in 1903 as she returned to Serbia. Persistent and passionate, Nadežda threw herself into her fight without reserve, guided by her mission as an artist and her faith as a patriot. In the relative quiet of Serbian art at the time, Nadežda’s paintings seemed like an unusual, piercing sound. Everything about them was new and never before seen in Serbia. Her attitude, as an artist, towards her art rested on the foundation of absolute individual freedom of creation. Nadežda’s art irritated the small-town sensibilities convinced of the principles of sublime beauty of arts. Thus, wherever Nadežda would exhibit her work in Serbia, loud criticism
Надежда је имала снаге да потисне горко искуство приликом прве изложбе у Београду 1900. године, када је била дочекана познатом критику у часопису „НОВА ИСКРА“. Схватила је то као информацију о нивоу образовања јавности која није била дозрела за ново сликарство. Надежда је разумела да ће прави фронт конзервативности дочекати сваку манифестацију модерних схватања и умела је мудро да констатује да је за све потребно време, а да је за васпитање публике потребно мало дуже времена. Зато, да би се потпуније могла борити за своје назоре, Надежда се од повратка у земљу, 1903. године, почела бавити и публицистичким делатношћу. За њу је друштвена улога уметника била што и врста мисионарства на културном, националном и социјалном пољу. Зато, круг интересовања у њеним текстовима обухвата и много шире од самог ликовног и социјалног поља. Зато круг интересовања у њеним текстовима обухвата и много шире од самог ликовног и социјалног поља.
Васпитана да отворено износи своје ставове, храбра, ведра, пожртвована и темпераментна, Надежда је морала да буде активна и да допринос бољем животу своје земље. Сматрила је да треба много да се уради на свим пољима друштвене делатности и многим пословима прва се прихватила. Уносила је не само своју изузетну енергију, већ и много инвентивности и љубави у све што је радила. Запостављајући уметност и дајући узетну енергију, већ и много инвентивности и љубави у све што је радила, Надежда је убеђена да доприноси бржем напретку. Она је убеђена да помогнуће према Русији и њеном савезнику Францу, али и да прихватиње свим попоробљеним Јужним Словенима у Аустроугарској и Турској. Идеја о уједињењу словенских народа постајала је све конкретнија [2].
Already in November 1903, the Circle of Serbian Sisters organised a massive humanitarian activity. The vice-president, Milica Dobrić and the secretary, Nadežda Petrović, took a significant amount of money and clothes to Macedonia as humanitarian aid. Their trip lasted a month, until 18 December 1903. Nadežda’s comprehensive text, “A voyage through Macedonia” provided detailed accounts of her movements, impressions and activities. Thirty-six pages of Nadežda’s manuscript recount, in exact steps, the journey of their small expedition from one town to the next. They are written seriously and with a lot of compassion, sometimes including a naive, romantic analysis of the situation. They took with them 4600 dinars. A smaller share of this amount was distributed to the population, while the larger share was used to purchase clothes for the victims. They wrote to the Circle management from Thessaloniki, asking for another 1000 dinars for the affected villages around Thessaloniki. The journey was hard, they travelled on foot, in cars, and most often on horseback; the horses would have to wade through the small rivers, since bridges had also been destroyed. People welcomed them everywhere they went. Nadežda talked to some distinguished people on this journey. She returned home ill with a severe cold.

The following 1904 brought a new, major endeavour to Nadežda, but this time as an artist. The first Yugoslav exhibition hired her as an organizer, painter and critic. Throughout the year, Nadežda worked hard on the preparations, but also on her own contributions to the great exhibition. Preparations related to the event gave rise to close cooperation with young painters from Slovenia and Croatia. On 5 September 1904, King Petar Karađorđević (1844-1921) opened the First Yugoslav Art Exhibition. This exhibition, the first of many and the most important at the beginning of the century, was exceptional in all aspects – in the time and conditions under which it had been organised, in the tendency to affirm the Yugoslav idea, in the turnout of exhibitors, in the range of styles encompassed by the exhibitions, in the first presentation of the current state of affairs in art in our country, in the presence of a modern artistic expres-
ties or by coincidence, the day the annexation was announced, the Ministry of Education confirmed her request to turn to her painting and preparations for exhibitions, waiting for the Ministry of Education to give her a green light for a trip to Paris for further professional development.

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ПАРИСКИ ПЕРИОД (1910-1912)

Надеждин париски период је трајао мање од две године: од јун 1910. до фебруара 1912. године. Хитала је Надежда у метрополу светског сликарства да се про- вери, да се докаже, и да се она уметност про- флексија и конкретних предлога у том смислу. Не само да су за своје време Надеждина смелост и отвореност у предлозима за популирање уметности и васпитање укуса публике биле изузетне, него и данас задивљује гармонију и актуелност њених размишљања. Полазећи од тога да је уметност опште добро и најплеменитији уметници, тако и чињеница да се њена уметност разлики не само да јој се одобри пут у Париз ради даљег усавршавања. Забележила је и објавила низ ре- бренке, које ће бити обојене тешким догађајима. У Пара- зи утиснула најдубљу животоносну бразду у организам њене пуне уметничке зрелости, период слика којима целим бес- крај природе преточен у боју. Али хтела је да то и други ла, бујан и страстан, величанствен и страшан, цели бес- крај природе преточен у боју. Али хтела је да то и други

Ратни период (1912-1915)

Надежда полазећи из Париза почетком 1912. године није ни слутила да јој је преостало само три године жи- вота, које ће бити обожене тешким догађајима. У Па- ризу је оставила своје слике верујући у брз повратак. Надеждина мајка, Миленка, умире августа 1912. године. Надежда уметност осећала другачије од већине сво- јих савременника, нервом и чулима, целим својим би- ћем. Она је ценила само истину уметничког доживљаја, хтела је да слика живот саћ, онако како га је она осећа- пала, бујан и страстан, величанствен и страшан, цели бес- крај природе преточен у боју. Али хтела је да то и други

ГЛАСНИК ЈАВНОГ ЗДРАВЉА

Надеждина мајка, Милева, умире августа 1912. године. Реч „немогуће” за њу није постојала. Упорна и предузимљива, веровала је у брз повратак. Утиснула најдубљу животоносну бразду у организам њене пуне уметничке зрелости, период слика којима целим бескрај природе преточен у боју. Али хтела је да то и други

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а веровала у напредак, а нарочито 

предлази за популарисање уметности и васпитање 

и савременика, нервом и чулима, целим својим би- 

целим бескрај природе преточен у боју. Али хтела је да то и други

и предузимљива, веровала је у брз повратак. Утиснула најдубљу животоносну бразду у организам њене пуне уметничке зрелости, период слика којима целим бескрај природе преточен у боју. Али хтела је да то и други
As a volunteer nurse, Nadežda rushed with the soldiers from battlefield to battlefield, suffering cold and heat, rain and snow, wind and frost. In mid-October 1912, this is how she saw her new calling: “Here, we live in never-ending cries of the wounded, in studying and dressing wounds, in battle cries of our heroic armies, their marches, welcoming them and sending them off to the battlefield, only to receive them from there wounded, and tend to them. And still, all this takes place with delight and pleasure. They all do seem like my brothers, so when they call me: nurse, nurse! – it truly makes me proud to be of help to them.”

From the time they fought near Novi Pazar, one Nadežda’s letter to “her children” – sisters and brothers from Raška hospital, has been preserved. She writes to them a soldier’s account about the heroic fighting in front of Đurđevi Stupovi monastery, on the “enormous task of caring for the wounded who come up in transports, 50 or 70 of them at a time”, the work which is “extremely hard”, and that she hopes that in a day or two she would head towards Novi Pazar with the field hospital. She notes that, when they were passing through Kraljevo, “she was ceremoniously welcomed by many fathers and students.”

Nadežda travelled with the army. From Prizren, on 15 March 1913, she sent a photograph of herself in a white nurse’s coat to her family, taken in front of the hospital. She would find a little time to sketch and paint a few landscapes and portraits of soldiers and officers, her war companions. Cards she sent to her family were also often signed by the head of the unit, Dr Žarko Ruvidić (1880-1947); she had painted several of his portraits. From this time is also that exceptional, often published photograph: Nadežda wearing black clothes, with a big red cross on the sleeve of her coat, violets stuck in her belt, contemplative, dignified. Another photograph has been preserved, quite faded and blurred, but precious. In it, Nadežda is standing next to an easel, holding a palette, painting one of her well-known landscapes with the Vizer’s bridge. It should be known that she, a single nurse, cared for 80 patients with typhoid in the same place. She sent a card from Gračanica, in Kosovo, on 29 May. She had come to see, in her opinion, the most beautiful architecture and to paint the church and the fields of the red peonies. Her field hospital set off to Skopje and Nadežda hoped that she would be able to paint a little, and maybe even come to Belgrade. But the next day, on 30
The effort was too much. Caught up in a typhoid outbreak, we were beside ourselves with fear of this natural wonder: from lightning strike or gushing wind. For six whole hours we flect a lightning, our candles blew out, the wounded prayed to God, all was solemn. From every stone, lightning would strike, our candles would blow. As if something colossal had stirred the air, each rock would release its energy. We could hardly move under the hospital tent. Suddenly, a thick darkness fell, the wounded were huddled, each other's voice was faint. Living with such a rhythm, the wounded and the sick blessed her, doctors praised and admired her. In this way of life, Nadežda knew not of rest. Sometimes, on her path as a warrior, she would also steal some time for her inner artist.

Nadežda never got around to taking off her nurse's uniform, because within a month, another war started, between Serbia and Bulgaria. Her resolve to stay with the army again was noted and commended. Newspapers reported on her, calling her a celebrated artist who, as a brave nurse, never shied away from danger and went on into the new war. Going with the army from battlefield to battlefield, she exposed herself to all hardships and dangers and the war brought without reserve. Like any soldier, she suffered cold and heat, rain and snow, and frost. She would often sleep under a tent, she would walk and she would ride, her hospital or ambulance getting to all the places they were needed. She also dressed the wounds of captured enemy soldiers. The wounded and the sick blessed her, doctors praised and even admired her. In this way of life, Nadežda knew not of rest. Sometimes, on her path as a warrior, she would also steal some time for her inner artist.

On every occasion she would establish a special connection to nature. She experienced it in a particular way, not just as a visual aesthetic and emotional dimension, but also as a moral and ethical power, a measure of all things, as an ever-mysterious supreme justice. Among her impressions from the war, which she jotted down on pieces of paper and sent to her sisters, there are those that speak about her extraordinary relationship with nature, but also those that reflect the hardships of war: “During the war with Bulgarians, the sun scorched the earth and we were parched with thirst. A spring that was close to our outpost was hot, it was unbearably hot even at 6 o’clock in the evening, and above our heads our artillery kept firing the Polish cannons the entire day, with no pause or breaks. The fiery air hummed, and shrapnel left shiny gold streaks in the air. They were responded to by the enemy’s destructive projectiles, which would fall to the hill opposite us. We were almost deaf from cannon fire, thirst and sun; nowhere to hide, no shade, the air was still. At 7 o’clock, both ours and the enemy’s cannons grew silent. A thick darkness fell, the wounded soldiers arrived, dazed with pain and the scorching sun. We tended to them, and our limbs were filled with lead. We could hardly move under the hospital tent. Suddenly, lightning and thunder came crashing all about. It was as if something colossal had stirred the air, each rock would reflect a lightning, our candles blew out, the wounded prayed loudly, everyone fell flat to the ground to save themselves from lightning strike or gushing wind. For six whole hours we were beside ourselves with fear of this natural wonder: with terror in my heart, I felt the magnificent rage of nature against the violent fire that people had exchanged...” [1]. The effort was too much. Caught up in a typhoid outbreak, May 1913, Balkan allies signed a peace treaty with Turkey, ending military operations.
vastness of the country and the difficulties encountered there...

Once Balkan wars were over, Nadežda travelled with her favourite sister, Anda, to Venice in November 1913. However, Nadežda did not feel well, she had pulmonary problems, so their stay in Italy was cut short after some twenty days, and she returned to Belgrade. At the beginning of 1914, Nadežda suffered another grave loss – on 12 January 1914, her sister Anda died. Of all her losses, this one hit Nadežda the hardest, the immeasurable grief shook her very foundations, she recovered slowly and with great difficulty.

In July 1914, Nadežda travelled to Italy again for rest and recovery, this time with her youngest brother, Rastko. The news of Sarajevo assassination and Austria-Hungary’s declaration of war to Serbia in 1914 caught Nadežda in Venice. Nadežda left for home immediately, and reported to the Supreme Command for her marching orders.

Nadežda’s letter dated 12 September 1914 documents this situation in all its detail, bloody for both sides at war. The letter was written during Austrian-Hungarian second offensive, when the Serbian army had to swiftly retreat from Srem and face the enemy in a difficult battle at Mačkov Kamen:

“... For the first six days, we had some superhuman marches from Srem, all the way to Jagodnja mountain (Drina, north-west from Krupanj); with the four days we spent here, we saw such a slew of wounded soldiers (about 4,000), that it started curdling the blood in my brain. Fighting was horrifying and desperate from our side as well, but the desperate resistance of the Austrians drove our men into frenzy. After six days of success and progress across Ronjžanj, Milutinov Grob, Miletino Brdo, marching across gullies and ravines and steep inclines, flooded with wounded men – our men, Austrian Serbs and Slavs, we stopped at Jagodnja, at point 915 Brankovac, towards Mačkov Kamen.

The battle fought from this position was more than bitter and desperate, it was fighting to annihilation. All company commanders, battalion commanders, sergeants, 5 regiment commanders, 5 lieutenant-colonels from the ninth IV overmanned regiment, IV first and second summons, and 64 officers from 18th regiment died or were mortally wounded; as for soldiers, exactly a half of all regiments remain. There are companies of 450 men that have been reduced to 120. Like I said, there are 4,000 wounded men and I thought I would lose my mind with all this misery. I had a nervous crisis so when they brought us 20 gravely wounded officers and I put them in the large tent, I was petrified. And when I
тако да када су нам били донели 20 официра те-
шко рањених и ја их сместила у великом шатору,
бејах скамењена. А када отпочех да их појим чајем,
њихов јаук раздроби ми срце, па падох крај једног
од њих на колена са чашом чаја у чежњи да га по-
јим, немогући да се савладам, отпочела сам очајно
плакати, тако да су ме сиромаси они сами тешили,
а један од њих милујући ме руком по рукаву, сам
се гушио у сузама говорећи ми: ʽХрабро, госпођи-
це Надежда, даће Бог, истрајаћемо, победићемо,
осветиће нас они који тамо остадошеʼ. Кроз сузе ја-
укнух: ʽГосподе, зар не видите, изгинули сви. Боже,
што казни овако нашу нацијуʼ. Тренуци су били до-
иста страшни.

Како смо стигли поподне под Маčков Камен, нисмо
четири дана ни легали нити могли што јести. Доне-
ше нам прво Краљевића Ђорђе тешко рањеног, па
затим једног по једног официра. На стотине војника.
Ни један рат наш прошли не пружаше нам оволико
јада и страхота... Али кад Маčков Камне паде, ипак
после свију напора наших, у руке Аустријанцима,
и ми морадосмо се повући, а претила нам је опа
сност да нас све заробе, нарочито завојиште, јер
смо били сувише близу њих, морали смо официре
све што пре евакуисати за Пецку – Ваљево... Сил
них познаника овде испратих до вечне куће [3, 5].

Мачков Камен је постао други Говедарник. Четврти
премађељни пук и девети пук остали су потпуно без
официра и командира. Наш брат Влада сјајно се
показао у овим борбама. Његов командант ми га
је хвалио рекав ми: ʽМожете се и ви и ми поносити.
Рањен је и он лако у леву руку, он ће се свакако
после неколико дана вратити у команду. Био је ју-
начан и храбар, хвале га свиʼ.

Сада прихрањујемо и евакуишемо рањенике и ку-
пимо их по јаругама. Рана има ужасних све из дум-
дум тако да се згражавамо. Аустријанци не употребљавају лудске безмисличности пред траге-
дијом масовне смрти. У њој своепосадо ће Надежда
тражи трачан лепоту и гармонију, али неколико љуби-
чица, као да се бразди од вијези апокалиптичних јахача
ужаса и смрти:

When we reached Mačkov Kamen in the afternoon, we
were unable to sleep or eat for four days. They first
brought us Prince Đorđe gravely wounded, then one
by one, all of the officers. Hundreds of soldiers. No war
before had given us so much misery and horror. But
when Mačkov Kamen fell, after all our efforts, into Aus-
trian hands and we had to retreat, with real danger of
being caught, especially the dressing stations, as we
were too close to them, we had to evacuate all officers
to Pecka – Vaijevo as soon as possible. I have seen
many an acquaintance into his final resting place here
[3.5]

Mačkov Kamen became the second Govedarnik. The
fourth overmanned regiment and the ninth regiment
were left completely without officers or commanders.
Our brother, Vlada, proved himself in these battles.
His commander praised him, telling me: “You can be
proud, and we can be proud. He, too, was wounded – a
minor wound to his left arm, and he will certainly return
to command in a couple of days. He was brave and
heroic, all men praise him.

We are now feeding our men and evacuating them,
and collecting them from the ditches. There are awful
wounds to be seen, from dumdum bullets, we are con-
stantly horrified. Austrians are putting expanding bul-
lets even in their machine guns; as for rifles, they use
one half dumdums and one half regular 8 mm bullets,
which are much larger bullets than ours.

I am enduring through fatigue quite well...

In the dramatic letter from Položnica, Nadežda's words
are even more impressive. They are touching in their deep
truth of the experience of human helplessness in the face
of the tragedy of mass death. In this overwhelming misery,
Nadežda sought a ray of beauty and harmony, with a few
violets, as if she was rending off a vision of the riders of
the apocalypse – terror and death:
“I just sat down, after a whole night of collecting the still living, uncollected wounded soldiers from the battlefield, from yesterday’s bloody skirmish; I didn’t even get a bite to eat, there was so much work to be done, so I nearly fell off my feet with fatigue. Throughout the night, we brought them in, we dressed their wounds; I tore up my nurse’s apron, and even my shirt. We ran out of dressings, and the horrible wounds still gaped. It’s a matter of life and death; here, you put everything else aside, just grab, dress, stop bleeding, stop the wounds, gaping wide, with lungs and heart visible between broken ribs, eyes wide and senseless with pain and fear of death... “Nurse, save me, I am dying... mother, mother...” And the breath stops, glassy eyes no longer close, and the soul has already left, soaring into the heights – where we all look when death comes. Here, I have violets in a glass, I managed to keep them fresh in a glass of cold water; I picked them on the graves of the Ribnikar brothers, which I wondered into with my field hospital. Those two are not just heroes, they are giants, and their graves are side by side. In my hand is the glass with the violets, to calm my nerves which had been stretched thin, and to forget, just for a moment, the moans and cries of the mortally wounded. There, one’s already dying – I could not bring myself to watch his suffering, I left him to a medic – and I held his head, it kept falling and rolling on the table. His neck has been cut to the spine and no longer has anything to attach to. His wounds have been dressed, we pulled the dressings tight, but his soul is struggling to leave his body... he’s still holding on to life, by the few tendons in his neck. I had to flee. Outside, the wind is sweeping everything, there is a drizzle, my skin is crawling but I have to get some air... Some air. I would so love to forget everything, everything I am going through and throw myself into a life that knows no moans or cries, or suffering or bitterness of living, of disappointment... And I sometimes think of “Osman”, of Gundulić’s lovely contemplative verse:

Ah, to whom did you give thanks,

Vein human pride,

The more you spread your wings,

The further, still, you’ll slide.” [1]

Soldiers knew Nadežda from the moments that transcended the strength of ordinary humans. She was highly appreciated, her courage and self-sacrifice earned her profound respect, and were both talked about and written about. “Soldiers of the Danube and Drina division of both summons, who have survived the hardships of war, especially those who were wounded, will probably still remember the Field hospital in Miletina under Mačkov Kamen and Košuče Stope. Many a wounded soldier that Nadežda
Evacuation of Nadežda's hospital to Pecka seemed to have given her at least the illusion of a brief respite. In her letter to a friend, we find the Nadežda we once knew again, encouraged and immediately enterprising, the Nadežda who knows how to rejoice in the sight of a flower and the touch of the sun:

“It’s been a few days since I’d come here to Pecka. There’s a lot to do in the hospital. It’s as if it has been waiting for me for its maintenance, cleaning and painting: either me, or cholera; so in order to stave off the latter, I undertook a radical cleaning. Instead of a delicate painting brush, I had to take up a big, coarse hair, wall-painting brush. I am afraid that the nice days will pass and I will not manage to go out to the field, to take some photographs...” [1]

Nadežda’s nature harboured a strange strength, spurring a multitude of activities that never halted, not even at the height of war. She would write the whole of every moment of calm to write, sketch and take lots of photographs. She was preparing to collect as much material and data as possible for what she hoped would be a later calm period of work and painting. Even before she left for Italy in 1914, she had begun putting her notes from the Balkans wars in order, preparing them for print; she also intended to exhibit her paint sketches and paintings [1]. Unfortunately, most paintings from that time were destroyed during the war in Čačak and Kraljevo, where she left them for safekeeping, and the manuscripts disappeared [1].

In constant collision of opposing feelings, horrified by the slaughterhouse that is war in the midst of the beauty of nature surrounding the army as it marched, Nadežda tried, employing her unusual persistence and driven by an artist’s need for expression, to record her excitement in paint on canvas, and to write down some of the events. Her letters are not only precious data for a historian, they are also evidence of a simple greatness of her heroism. Days were numbered, but she thought she would get to do all that she planned.

After the Serbian victory in the battles of Cer and Kolubara, at the beginning of 1915, Nadežda spent time in Sкопje where her family was located. Gathered to celebrate St. Stephen, their family’s patron saint, they received a telegram, informing them of yet another death. Her sister Dragica, a medical student, died abroad; since she had been suffering from a lung illness, she was recovering with their relatives in Ruhr. In February 1915, Nadežda reproses her war duties, ignoring the pleas of her family deeply...
affected by so many grave losses. Although the Supreme Command offered her a choice, to go to Rome as a diplomat, or to work in a hospital in Belgrade, or in a hospital of a foreign mission in Niš, Nadežda chose the hardest post, unwaveringly – her hospital near Valjevo. One of her contemporaries wrote down: “And Valjevo, in 1915, was a vast plague house where it was hard to tell who was dead, and who still lived. One evening, Nadežda got a medal, which a duke took off his chest to pin on her. The recognition awarded to Nadežda Petrović, one that made her equal to the men who fought in battle, was the best recognition that this brave woman could have been given.” [1]

Spotted typhus fever ravaged Valjevo after the battle of Suvobor. There were up to 30,000 casualties in the city [1,2]. Nadežda arrived from the field hospital as aid to the undermanned staff of the local healthcare service. Weakened from the typhus she had in 1913, from which she never fully recovered, Nadežda was swept up by a new outbreak at the end of March. When she fell to her bed, she was completely exhausted. She would only be a patient in Valjevo hospital for seven days.

Right before her death, she had a joyful encounter. Branko Popović, who was ill himself, passed by as he was marching from the battlefield. “With a litre of the best plum brandy from Kamenica, that I got her by her request,” he noted later, “we went over the important issues of our budding art scene, for the last time. It was a conversation worthy of an artist and a hero, Nadežda Petrović.” [1,3]

Nadežda died on 3 April 1915. The first reserve hospital in Valjevo issued the following statement the next day:

“With deep and sincere sorrow, we announce that, in addition to the massive casualties we have suffered from this outbreak, last evening at 8 o’clock we lost yet another at the altar of our dear homeland. The horrible illness also claimed Nadežda Petrović

Academy-trained painter, teacher of the Woman’s Gymnasium, volunteer nurse of the 1st reserve hospital in Valjevo. She died working tirelessly to care for and save our brave fighters from the very start of the war. In announcing this rare and bright example of self-sacrifice of this noble Serbian woman, we ask for your condolences.” [1,5]

Conclusion

A member of the family of extraordinary human beings, Nadežda Petrović has overcome the boundaries of time, historical development, humanist ideas and local culture in her short, prematurely ended life. Superior, self-confident
In times of war and peace, in addition to painting, Nadežda was a prolific writer. In letters written during the war period, Nadežda’s words are impressive, touching in their profound honesty of experiencing human helplessness in the face of the tragedy of mass deaths. Her records from the war years represent a precious testament of endurance under extreme hardship, decisiveness in fighting life’s battles and a primal desire to help, as well as pain and suffering that such times bring. Nadežda’s texts complement her portrait as a person deeply engaged, a great artist, patriot and humanist.

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