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"PRIJATELJI LA BENEVOLENCIJE"

## POZIV

Ranije smo vas nekoliko puta pozivali da nam šaljete priloge za SaLon. Uvijek nam je drago kada nam se javljate. Ovaj put idemo i dalje pa vam predlažemo temu o kojoj biste mogli nešto napisati: Vaš omiljeni nastavnik. Sigurni smo da će to kod vas evocirati mnoga draga, zabavna i zanimljiva sjećanja. Pa zašto ih ne bi podijelili sa nama? Da vam damo malo podstreka izabrali smo jedan odlomak iz knjige "Priča o ljubavi i tami" koju je napisao Amos Oz, poznati izraelski pisac.

Gospodin Avisar, nastavnik geografije, bi nas vodio sa sobom na putovanja puna avantura u Galileju, Negev, Transjordaniju, Mesopotamiju, do piramida i visećih vrtova Babilona, sve to uz pomoć zidnih mapa i povremeno pohabane laterne magike. Gospodin Najman mladi bi nam deklamovao bijes proroka u gromoglasnim kaskadama, nakon čega bi odmah uslijedili blagi tokovi utjehe. Gospodin Monzon, nastavnik engleskog je ukivao u nas nepromjenjivu razliku između "I do", "I did", "I have done", "I hve been doing", "I would have done", "I should have done", "I should have been doing": „Čak i kralj Engleske lično!“ Grmio bi on kao Gospod sa Sinajske gore, „čak Čerčil! Šekspir! Gari Kuper! – svi poštuju ova pravila jezika ne tražeći ispriku, a samo ste vi, uvaženi gospodine Abulafia, očigledno iznad zakona! Sta, zar ste iznad Čerčila? Jeste li iznad Šekspira?! Da li ste iznad kralja Engleske? Sramota! Vi ste sramotni! Sada molim da cijeli razred obrati pažnju na ovo, zapišite i neka bude ispravno.

To je sramota, ali vi, veoma uvaženi gospodine Abulafia vi ste sramotni!“

Ali je meni najdraži nastavnik bio gospodin Mikaeli, Mordehaj Mikaeli, čije su meke ruke uvijek mirisale kao da su bile ruke plesača, a lice mu je bilo smeteno, kao da se uvijek nečega stidio; običavao je da sjedne, skine šešir i stavi ga na katedru ispred sebe, namjesti svoju kapicu, pa mjesto da nas bombarduje znanjem provodio je sate pričajući nam priče. Od Talmuda bi prešao na ukrajinske narodne priče, a onda bi se iznenada bacio na grčku mitologiju, beduinske priče i Jidiš „slepstik“, pa bi nastavljao dok ne bi stigao do Braće Grim i Hansa Kristijana Andersena i do svojih vlastitih priča koje je sastavljao, kao i ja, dok ih je pričao.

Većina dječaka u mom razredu je koristila dobrotu i rastresenost slatkog gospodina Mikaelija pa bi zadrijemali na njegovom času, glava naslonjenih na ruke na klupama. Ponekada bi jedni drugima dodavali ceduljice ili bi čak bacali loptice papira između klupa. Gospodin Mikaeli to nije primjećivao, ili mu možda nije ni bilo stalo.

Ni meni nije bilo stalo. Mene bi držao prikovanog svojim klonulim, dobrodušnim očima i samo je meni pričao svoje priče. Ili samo nekolicini nas koji ne bi skidali oči sa njegovih usana, koje su izgledale kao da stvaraju čitave svjetove pred našim očima.

Redakcija

## INVITATION

On several occasions in the past we invited you to send us your contributions for SaLon. As ever we would be happy to hear from you. This time we would like to suggest a theme for your writings: Your Favourite Teacher. We are sure that this brings back many fond, enjoyable and entertaining memories. Why not share them with us? To start you we have selected a passage from a "Tale of Love and Darkness" by Amos Oz, a well known Israeli author.

Mr Avisar, the geography teacher, would take us with him on adventure-laden trips to Galilee, the Negev, Trans-Jordan, Mesopotamia, the pyramids and the hanging gardens of Babylon, with the aid of wall maps and occasionally a battered magic lantern. Mr Neiman junior declaimed the fury of the prophets at us in thunderous cascades, followed at once by gentle rivulets of comfort and consolation. Mr Monzon, the English teacher, hammered into us the eternal difference between "I do", "I did" "I have done", "I have been doing", "I would have done", "I should have done", "I should have been doing": "Even the King of England in person!", he would thunder like the Lord from Mount Sinai, "even Churchill! Shakespeare! Gary Cooper! – all obey these rules of language with no excuses, and only you, honourable Sir, Mister Abulafia, are apparently above the law! What, are you above Churchill? Are you above Shakespeare?! Are you above the

King of England?! Shame on you! Disgrace! Now please note this, pay attention all the class, write it down, get it right: It is a shame, but you, the Right Honourable Master Abulafia, you are a disgrace".

But my favourite teacher of all was Mr Michaeli, Mordechai Michael, whose soft hands were always perfumed like a dancer's and whose face was sheepish, as though he was forever ashamed of something; he used to sit down take off his hat and put it on the desk in front of him, adjust his little skull-cap, and, instead of bombarding us with knowledge, he would spend hours telling us stories. From the Talmud he would move on to Ukrainian folk tales, and then he would plunge suddenly into Greek mythology, Bedouin stories and Yiddish slapstick, and he would go until he came to the tales of the Brothers Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen and his own stories, that he composed just like me, telling them.

Most of the boys in my class took advantage of sweet Mr Michaeli's good nature and absent-mindedness, and they dozed through his lessons with their heads resting on their arms on the desk. Or sometimes they passed notes around or even tossed a paper ball between the desks: Mr Michaeli did not notice, or perhaps he did not care. I did not care either. He fixed me with his weary, kindly eyes and told his stories to me alone. Or just to two or three of us, who did not take our eyes off his lips, which seemed to be creating entire worlds in front of our eyes.

Publishing Board

## MOJI SUSRETI SA ANTISEMITIZMOM

Ljudske aktivnosti mogu se izvoditi: svjesno, nesvjesno i podsvjesno. Područje podsvjesnog je važno u istraživanjima i teorijama Sigmunda Frojda (psihanaliza) i drugih naučnika. Čovjek nešto radi, zastupa, osjeća, a ne zna ili mu nije jasno zašto, koji su motivi, korijeni tih aktivnosti, stavova, pogleda, itd. U stvari, osnovakorijen je skriven u našoj podsvjesti, pa o tome nismo svjesni. Prodori u našu podsvijest mogu biti razni doživljaji, uticaj pojedinaca, grupe, djelovanje propagande itd. Poznata je tvrdnja; kada neko pet puta ponovi istu laž, šesti put i sam povjeruje da govori istinu. Antisemitska propaganda je surova, neljudska, svirepa laž, koja najčešće navodi da su Jevreji rođeni lihvari, sebični, gramzivi, prljavi, nemilosrdni, škrti, nedruštveni, pohlepni za zlatom i novcem itd.

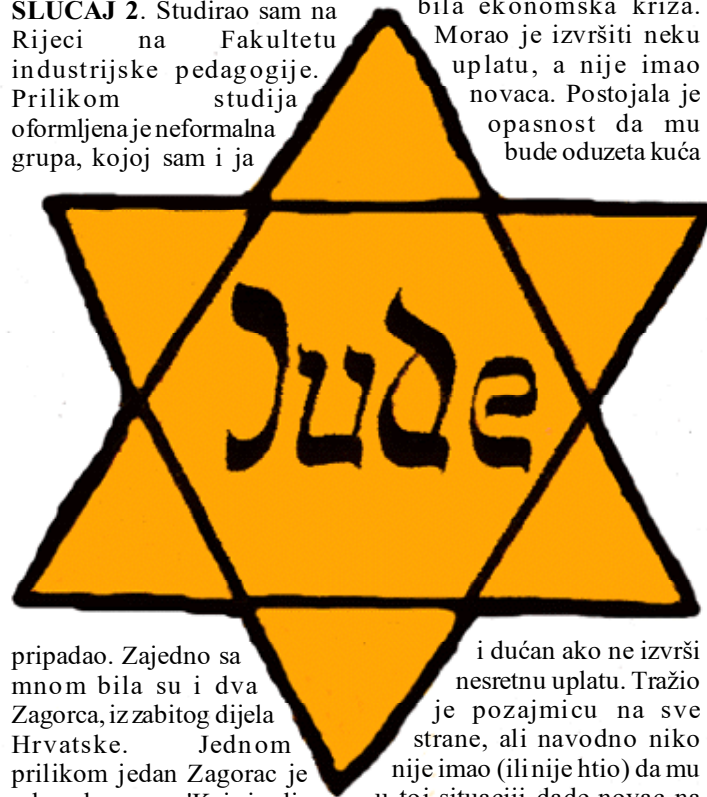
Neki ljudi, nesvjesni svojih postupaka, što može biti produkt podsvjesnog, bivaju na antisemitskim pozicijama, iako su svjesno protiv antisemitizma, čak i oštro osuđuju antisemitizam. Takve pojave mogu biti uslijed raznih situacija, uticaja propagande, političkih zbivanja, pa i neznanja.

U tom svijetlu iznijet ću neke slučajeve mog susreta sa takvim antisemitizmom.

**SLUČAJ 1.** prije mnogo godina u našim bosansko-hercegovačkim novinama pročitao sam članak, otprilike ovog sadržaja: lijepa, mlada crnokosa djevojka, arapkinja, plavih očiju kao bistro nebo, raspjevana kao proljeće, vraćala se kući poslije rada kao učiteljica. U blizini njene kuće iskaču pripadnici MOSAD-a i sa niz metaka iz automata ubiju to mlado lijepo ljudsko stvorenje. Iz kuće je dotrčao njen otac i nad mrtvim tijelom svog djeteta, van sebe od tuge, nije mogao progovoriti ni jednu riječ, samo je bolno jecao. U tom članku navodi se mjesto događaja i ime te djevojke. Poslije nekog vremena došla je u posjetu moja rodica iz Izraela i odmah

sam joj pokazao navedeni članak i upitao je da li je moguće da je navedeno istinito. Odgovoreno mi je da je sve istinito, samo nije naveden razlog ubistva. Ta djevojka, iako je učiteljica, podmetnula je bombu u autobus kojim su prevožena dječica Izraelau obdanište. Zar nije tako napisan novinski članak stravičan, nekorektan, antisemitski akt? Ovo nije produkt podsvjesnog, pa ni nesvjesnog, već tendenciozno-svjesno napisano sa prljavim političkim ciljem!

**SLUČAJ 2.** Studirao sam na Rijeci na Fakultetu industrijske pedagogije. Prilikom studija oformljena je neformalna grupa, kojoj sam i ja



pripadao. Zajedno sa mnom bila su i dva Zagorca, iz zabitog dijela Hrvatske. Jednom prilikom jedan Zagorac je rekao drugome: 'Kaj si prljav ko Židov!'. Janisam bio siguran da sam dobro čuo pa nisam reagovao. Drugom prilikom je isti taj rekao svom drugu: 'Kaj si bedast ko Židov!'. Sad sam bio siguran da sam sve tačno čuo. Tada sam mu rekao: 'Kolega, pa ja sam Židov, da li sam ja prljav ili bedast?'. On se zapanjio, postidio i rekao: 'Nemre to bit, ustvari ja i ne znam ko su Židovi, ja nikada nisam videl Židova. U mom kraju, sve kaj je loše, kaj ne valja, pripisuje se Židovima'. Rekao je da ne zna razlog ni izvore odakle i od kada potiču takve tvrdnje (dogodilo se to 1955 godine). To je očito proizvod sistematske antisemitske propagande

propagande tokom II svjetskog rata, koja je ostavila duge i duboke korijene! Mnogo se izvinjavao i sasvim je promijenio mišljenje o Židovima.

**SLUČAJ 3.** Na istoj školi zajedno sam radio sa nastavnikom mojih godina. Dobro smo se slagali i družili. Jednom prilikom pozvao me je u svoju kuću na kafu, što sam prihvatio. U kući smo zatekli njegovog oca koji je bio prilično star, rado je pričao i svom govoru pridavao je veliku važnost. Opisao nam je stanje tridesetih godina dvadesetog vijeka kada je bila ekonomska kriza. Morao je izvršiti neku uplatu, a nije imao novaca. Postojala je opasnost da mu bude oduzeta kuća

i dućan ako ne izvrši nesretnu uplatu. Tražio je pozajmicu na sve strane, ali navodno niko nije imao (ili nije htio) da mu u toj situaciji dade novac na zajam. Sjetio se trgovca, komšije Davida Koena i došao kod njega sa molbom za pozajmicu. David mu je rekao da on nema toliko novaca, ali daće mu garantno pismo sa kojim treba da ode kod poznatog mostarskog bogataša, a njegovog prijatelja Šaina i on će na osnovu njegove pismene garancije dati traženu pozajmicu. Tako se i dogodilo. Tada je rekao: 'Divni plemeniti David Koen, spasio me je od strašne nesreće, vječno sam mu zahvalan!'

Poslije nekog vremena požalio se sinu da mu nešto sa strujom nije u redu. Sin me je preporučio da ode u preduzeće Elektro-Hercegovinu kod

Cipra Erne, ona će mu poslati nekoga da otkloni kvar. Na to je on sa gađenjem rekao: 'Je li kod one Čifutke'? Ja sam bio spreman da reagujem, ali kada sam vidio moga kolegu, ne samo da je pobjlijedio nego je očajnički buljio u mene, odustao sam od bilo kakavog komentara. Tada je i otac uvidio kakvu je grešku izrekao, probao se je dosta nespretno opravdati. Iako je smatrao Jevreja Davida Koena najplemenitijim čovjekom Mostara, antisemitska propaganda uspjela je u njegovu podsvijest unijeti odbojnost, pa i gađenje prema Jevrejima.

**SLUČAJ 4.** Prisustvovao sam jednom prilikom nekoj slikarskoj izložbi. Poslije određenog vremena formirane su grupice koje su vodile raznolike diskusije. U našoj grupi bio je nepoznat mladi slikar koji je insistirao da ispriča vic. Evo tog vica: Za vrijeme II svjetskog rata, nejevrej komšija pristane da sakrije u svoj podrum jevrejsku porodicu a da oni plate tu uslugu zlatnim dukatom svako određeno vrijeme (Jevreji su UVIJEK puni zlata, dukata??!). Tako je taj građanin zahvaljujući skrivenim Jevrejima, odnosno dukatima, odlično živio. Kada se završio rat, on je i dalje raskošno živio. Na pitanje komšija odakle mu sada sredstva za tako dobar život odgovorio je: 'Pa nisam lud da im kažem da se je rat završio!' Kroz moju svijest prohujala su sjećanja na strahote koje sam lično doživio tokom tog rata. Stravične doživljaje opisane u dnevniku Ane Frank, skrivanje i stradanja mnogih Jevreja, strahote stalnog življenja u podrumu uz neprestani strah da li će biti otkriveni i ubijeni itd. Na žalost, neki iz grupe su se nasmijali tom vicu a ja sam ljutito rekao: 'Kakva gadost, fuj!' i napustio izložbu uz čuđenje glupavog slikara.

Na žalost i danas su prisutni u mnogim dijelovima svijeta antisemitizam, vjerska, nacionalna, rasna itd. mržnja, netrpeljivost, pa čestitim, humanim, razumnim ljudima se nameće potreba i obaveza aktivnog i energičnog surotstavljanja tom zlu.

**Cezar Zadik Danon**

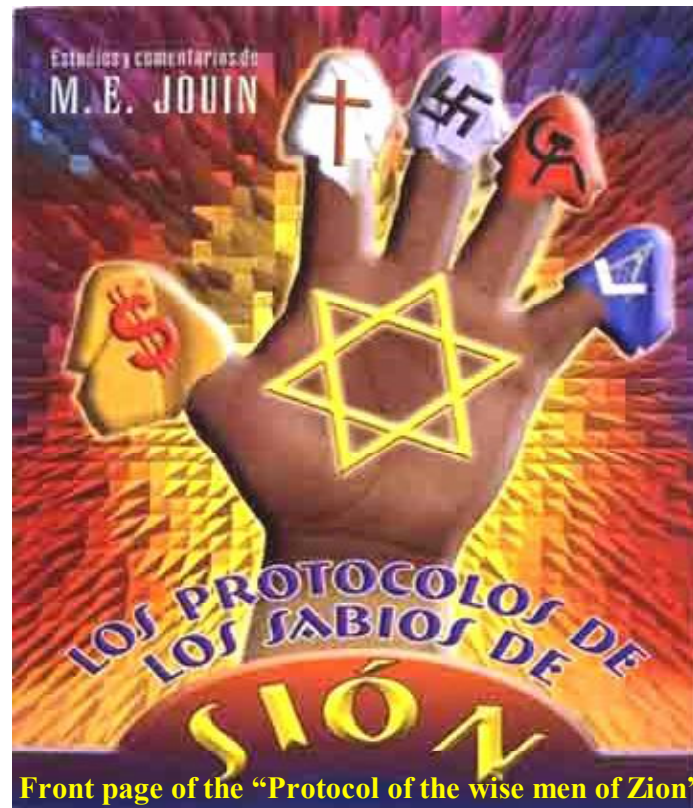
# MY ENCOUNTERS WITH ANTISEMITISM

Human activities might be conscious, unintentional or subconscious. The subconscious states of mind were very important in the researches and theories of Sigmund Freud (psychoanalysis) and other scientists. A man does, advocates, or feels something not knowing or not being aware of the underlying motives for such actions, attitudes or positions. Actually the origins - the roots are hidden in our subconscious without us being aware of it. Our subconscious can be penetrated by various events; under the influence of individuals or groups, or by propaganda. It is well known that when somebody repeats the same lie five times, he believes it when he does it for the sixth time. The anti-Semitic propaganda is a cruel inhumane and brutal lie that almost always states that the Jews are usurers by birth, that they are selfish, dirty, ruthless, mean, non-social, greedy for gold and money etc. Sometimes, even though they condemn anti-Semitism as such, people take anti-Semitic positions unaware of the fact, because that might be the product of their subconscious. This might be the result of various situations; the effect of propaganda; political events and even lack of knowledge. Keeping this in mind I will mention a few cases of my encounters with such anti-Semitism.

**CASE No 1:** Many years ago I found in our Bosnia and Herzegovina papers an article which read something like this: a beautiful young Arab girl with black hair and eyes like a clear blue sky, her song like the best day of spring was coming back home from school where she was a teacher. Close to her house Mossad members jump out from hiding and with a few bullets killed that beautiful young human being. Her father ran out of the house. Beside himself with sorrow, he was not able to utter a word over the body of his dead child. He only sobbed. The article mentioned the name of the place where it happened and the name of the girl. Some time later my cousin from Israel came to visit me. I showed her the mentioned arti-

cle asking her whether it really was true. She answered that everything was true. The only thing missing from the article was the reason for the killing. Although a teacher, that girl planted a BOMB on the bus on which Israeli nursery children were travelling. Is not an article written in this way a terrible, incorrect anti-Semitic act? That was not subconscious or unintentional but consciously written on purpose with a dirty political intention.

**CASE No 2:** I was a student at the Faculty for Teaching in Industry in Rijeka. I joined an in-



formal group which was established during my studies. Two young people from a remote part of Croatia belonged to the group as well. On one occasion one said to the other: "Look at you, you are as dirty as a Jew!" I was not sure that I heard it correctly and thus did not react. On another occasion he said again: "You are as stupid as a Jew!" Then I was sure of what I heard and I said: "I am a Jew, mate. Am I dirty or stupid?" He was stunned and embarrassed: "It can't be so; actually I do not know who the Jews are: I have never seen a Jew. In my part of the world anything bad is attributed to Jews". He said that he does not know the reasons

or the origins for that. (This took place in 1955). It was obviously the result of systematic anti-Semitic propaganda during World War Two with deep and long-lasting roots. He apologized a lot and completely changed his mind about the Jews.

**CASE No3:** I got well with a colleague at the school that I was teaching. I accepted once the invitation to have coffee at his house. There was his father who was quite old at that time. He was a willing talker and thought much of what he said. He described the situation during the economic crisis during the thirties of the last century.

misfortune, I am grateful to him forever!"

A while later he said to his son that he had some problems with the electricity at his house. The son told him to go to Erna Cipra at the Electrical Utility Company and that she would send somebody to remove the problem. In answer to this he said with disgust: "Is her that dirty Jew?" I was on the verge of saying something, but when I saw that my colleague turned completely pale while gazing at me with despair I changed my mind. At the same moment his father realized the mistake and awkwardly tried to find an explanation. Although he considered that the Jew David Koen was the most generous man of Mostar, the anti-Semitic propaganda managed to penetrate his subconscious creating repulsion and disgust with Jews.

**CASE No 4:** After viewing an exhibition people formed chatting groups. I joined one of these groups in which a young unknown painter told us the following joke: During World War Two a non Jewish neighbour agreed to hide a Jewish family in his basement and they were to pay for this service with a golden coin at certain intervals (Jews are ALWAYS packed full of gold?!!). That is how this citizen had a comfortable life thanks to the hidden Jews, actually the golden money. When the war was over he went on with the lavish life. When asked by his neighbours where did he get the money for such luxuries he answered: "I am not a fool to tell them that the war is over!" At that moment all the horrors of the war that I experienced went through my mind. I remembered the dreadful events described in Ana Frank diary, the hidings and the sufferings of numerous Jews, the misery of continuous life in a basement accompanied by fear that they will be discovered and killed. Regretfully, some people in the group laughed. I said angrily: "How disgusting!" and left the exhibition. The stupid painter was puzzled. It is disappointing that anti-Semitism, religious, national and racial hatred and intolerance still exist nowadays in many parts of the world so that all the honest, humane and sensible people worldwide feel that it is necessary to actively and vigorously confront this evil.

**Cezar Zadik Danon**

## OLIMPIJADA

Kad je Vankuver dobio organizaciju XIX Olimpijskih Igara radovao sam se kao i većina sugrađana. Značilo je to da će par godina grad biti jedno veliko gradilište ali ćemo poslije toga imati još ljepši i čovjeku primjeren grad. Istvarno grad je dočekao takmičare i brojne goste uređen i umiven sa novim avenijama i novom linijom gradskog metroa koji djelimično ide nad zemljom a djelimično pod zemljom a zove se 'Sky Train'. Malo sam bio zbunjen t o m koincidencijom da gdje god se ja n a s t a n i m organizuje se

zimski olimpijada. Kako je Sarajevo nakon olimpijade prošlo kroz ratni pakao, za trenutak pomislih na taj slijed događaja, olimpijada - rat, ali brzo odagnah zle misli i vratih se nostalgичnim sjećanjima na dane kad je Sarajevo bilo centar svijeta.

Bivše Sarajlije, danas građani svijeta, sjećaju se sa sjetom ali i ponosom onih dana prije 26 godina kada je Sarajevo bilo centar svijeta. Ne samo skijaška borilišta na Jahorini, Bjelašnici i Igmanu, arene na Zetri i Skenderiji nego i cijeli grad, sarajevske ulice, kafići, restorani, izgledali su tako lijepo dotjerani. Sjećam se te

atmosfere, tog uzbuđenja, Sarajevo je bilo kao i svaki drugi Evropski grad, puno stranih takmičara i turista, svi nasmijani, veseli razmiljeli se po Baščaršiji u potrazi za suvenirima, uživaju u



arhitekturi sudara Istoka i Zapada. Sjećam se svečanog otvaranja na stadionu Koševo, valjda jedine zimske igre čije je otvaranje bilo na fudbalskom stadionu, kada je gradonačelnik Sarajeva Uglješa Uzelac kao prvi mahao olimpijskom zastavom što su kasnije preuzeli i drugi gradonačelnici.

Sjećam se tih dana u februaru 1984. godine, a naročito predvečerja i noći kad smo tumarali gradom od Baščaršije do Skenderije, podjele medalja na platou ispred Skenderije, posebno one noći kada je jedini naš olimpijac Jure Franko dobio srebro za slalom.

Vidio sam transparent «Volimo Jureka više od bureka» što je kasnije preuzeto kao slogan kojim smo skandirali bodreći naše olimpijce.

Nisam sportski tip, nikad se

nisam aktivno bavio nekim sportom, ali i pored toga ja jako volim sport. Na sarajevskoj olimpijadi gledao sam samo jednu hokejašku utakmicu. Sreća je da postoji televizija tako da ljudi poput mene, koji iskreno vole sport, mogu bar da pasivno učestvuju. Tek poslije olimpijade otišao sam na Jahorinu da uživo vidim ono što sam pratio na televiziji. Prekrasan sunčani dan, nebo vedro, plavo, snijeg blješti da se ne može normalno gledati. U Rajskej dolini mnoštvo skijaša, spuštaju se polaku u cik caku niz padinu očito uživajući u trenutku. Neki samo stoje, sunčaju se i kao na



nekoj reviji 4 pokazuju novu skijašku opremu. Tu smo moj kum Moše Altarac (takodje cijepljen za sport,) odjeveni potpuno neprimjerenom u gradski odijela, bez ikakve skijaške opreme kao da smo zalutali na neku svečanost na koju nismo pozvani. Nas dvojica, uvaženi inženjer i drug profesor, već ozbiljni sredovječni ljudi ali skloni različitim šeretlucima, sjednemo na plastične kese umjesto sanki i spustimo se niz padinu. Naravno bilo je dosta negodovanja skijaša u čemu se posebno isticala Mirjana Jančić, TV spikerica u prelijepom svijetlo ljubičastom skijaškom odijelu. Danas se



često sjetim tog vikenda i sa žaljenjem konstatujem da moj kum i ja nismo patentirali naš izum. Sad se u Vankuveru mogu kupiti "sanke" napravljene samo od jedne plastične ploče savijene malo u polukrug sa prednje strane.

Uglavnom sam dobro pripremljen dočekao olimpijske igre u Vankuveru; nekoliko kartona Heinikena i novi (plain) tanki televizor od 37 inča. Za ostalo, mislim za "meze support" brinula se gospođa supruga. I tako dobro pripremljen kao mlad penzioner gledao sam baš sva olimpijska takmičenja uključujući i curling. Gledao sam svečano otvaranje (zastavom je mahao naš gradonačelnik g. Robertson) i svečano zatvaranje, još svečanije dodjele odličja ali i prenose sa ulica Vankuvera.

Mnogo moji sarajevski prijatelji, građani, rasuti širom svijeta, gledajući TV prenose tražili su me ne bi li me ugledali među publikom. Uzalud im trud; nisam bio ni na jednom takmičenju, cijene ulaznica su bile takve da si to nisam mogao "affordati".

I tako, sjedeći pred TV ekranom zapitam se kakva je moja prednost kao građanina Vankuvera, dakle domaćina igara, u poredjenju sa mojim prijateljima londonskim sarajlijama koji takodje sjede pred ekranima a hiljadama milja udaljeni od centra zbivanja. Nije valjda jedina razlika što oni konzumiraju Ginis. Peti ili šesti dan, sad

rok grupe a ispred se ljujaju u ritmu hiljade mladih.. Woodstock. Neko od ovdašnjih reportera je napisao da se u Vankuveru svake večeri odvija parti za 500.000 ljudi.

Sve je u Vankuveru bilo nekako uvećano, veliko i po dimenzijama i po broju učesnika, gostiju i turista mahom južnih susjeda. Suveniri, majice trenerke, šalovi i druge đinđuve kupovani su ne na komad nego na tucе. Tako je na primjer glavni suvenir, crvene vunene rukavice sa olimpijskim znakom prođan u više od milion primjeraka. Uspio sam, prije nego što su rasprodane, da pošaljem nekoliko pari kao sjećanje nekim sarajlijama u Sarajevu i

## OLYMPICS

Like many other fellow citizens I was glad when Vancouver was awarded the organisation of the XIX Olympic Games. It meant that the city would be a huge building site for several years but after that we would have an even more appealing city more adequate for human living. And indeed, the immaculately tidied up city welcomed the athletes and the numerous guests with its new avenues and "The Sky Train" - the new underground line which runs partly underground and partly over ground. I was baffled a bit by the coincidence that Winter Olympic Games were being organized wherever I settled. The fact that the hell of the war fell upon Sarajevo following the Olympic Games just for a moment brought to my mind the order of events: Olympic Games - War. Nevertheless, I quickly drove away these bad thoughts and went back to the nostalgic reminiscences of the days when Sarajevo was the centre of the world.

Former citizens of Sarajevo, now citizens of the world, recollect both with longing and with pride the days of twenty six years ago when Sarajevo was the centre of the world. Not only the skiing venues on Jahorina, Bjelašnica and Igman mountains, the Zetra and Skenderija arenas but the whole city, Sarajevo streets, cafés and restaurants were all in top form. I still can remember the atmosphere, the enthusiasm. Like any other European city, Sarajevo was full of foreign competitors and tourists; all of them laughing and happily wandering through Bašćaršija looking for

souvenirs and enjoying the architecture of the buildings on which East met West. I can remember the Opening Ceremony at Koševo Stadium, probably the only Winter Games with the Opening Ceremony performed on a football stadium. Uglješa Uzelac, the mayor of Sarajevo was the first to wave the Olympic flag, a gesture taken on later by other mayors. I can remember those days of February 1984, especially the evenings and nights that would take us strolling from Bašćaršija to Skenderija to be present at the awarding of the medals at the platform in front of Skenderija. The highlight was the night when Jure Franko, our only Olympian won his silver for Slalom.

I am not a man of sports. I never took active part in any of the sports. Nevertheless I like sport. During the Sarajevo Olympic Games I watched only one hockey game. Luckily for people like me who genuinely like sport, there is the television enabling us to passively take part. Only after the Olympics did I go to Jahorina to see the venue for all the events that I saw on TV. It was a beautiful sunny day with clear blue skies and it was not possible to look at the glimmering snow. The most popular valley was crowded with skiers joyfully zigzagging down the slopes. Some of them were just standing and sun bathing and as if at a catwalk they showed their new skiing gear. Only Moshe Altarac, my best friend (also not into sports) and I were completely inadequately dressed in our formal outfits and looked as



svejedno, odlučim da sidem u downtown (centar) Vankuvera i da svojim vlastitim očima i čulima, vidim i osjetim uživo, olimpijsku atmosferu u Vankuveru i eventualno napravim neko poredjenje sa Sarajevom.

Danima pred olimpijadu su nas gradski oci upozoravali da za vrijeme Olimpijade ne idemo u downtown kolima bez velike nužde te da koristimo public transportation. Tako sam stigao podzemnim skytrainom u downtown i odmah se uključio. Stotine hiljada ljudi na ulicama, idu, guraju se u svim pravcima. Jedva se probijam prema mjestu gdje plamte olimpijske baklje (pet komada). Svi sa digitalnim kamerama snimaju jedan drugog i sve uokolo, snimaju mene a bogme i ja njih. Šarenilo boja majica i trenerki. Na nekoliko mjesta u gradu ogromne pozornice sa "live music" gdje se smjenjuju

sarajlijama- širom svijeta.

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Olimpijada je mali grad Sarajevo, smještenog izvan glavnih evropskih puteva, približila Evropi. Mađaje i ranije bilo iskoraka iz Sarajevu na polju privrede, zabavne muzike i filma, tek je Olimpijada učinila Sarajevo Evropom. Vankuver, multietnički, multi kulturalni, multi konfesionalni megapolis odjednom je sa Olimpijadom.

A postao i kanadski. Vankuverčani, kao da su sa olimpijadom otkrili svoj nacionalni identitet. Moglo se to vidjeti po navijanju na svim takmičenjima, uključujući i curling, gdje se zdušno navijalo za nacionalne boje i za javorov list.

Kao novi kanadjanin, priključim se iz moje fotelje sa "Go Canada, go!" "A srce, ono je ostalo u Sarajevu.

**Albi Papo**



# EVENTS

though we crashed into somebody's party. The two of us, a respected engineer and university professor, already sincere middle aged people but still inclined to larking about sat onto plastic bags and went sledging down the slope. Many skiers rightly complained about that of course; notable among them was Mirjana Jančić, a TV presenter in a stunning light purple skiing gear. I think often of that week end now and regret that my friend and I were not clever enough then to take out a patent for our invention. Nowadays it is possible to buy

was present at not even one competition. The prices of the tickets were such that I could not afford them. Sitting so in front of the TV screen I asked myself what is my advantage as a citizen of Vancouver, the host city as compared to my friends, the London "Sarajevans" also sitting by their TV sets thousands of miles away from the centre of the happenings. Is the only difference the fact that they drink Guinness instead? On the fifth or the sixth day I had decided to go to Vancouver downtown and actually see and feel the Olympic atmos-

in several places in the city with live music performed by rock groups appearing one after another while thousands of youngsters in front of them move by their rhythm.

The Olympic Games brought Sarajevo, a small city away from main European routes, closer to Europe. It is true that even before Sarajevo stepped forward

# 6



"sledges" made of a plastic sheet bent slightly at the front end.

I would say that I was well prepared for the Vancouver Games: several boxes of Heinekens and a new plasma 37 inch TV set. The rest, here I refer to "snack support" was the responsibility of the lady of the house. Equipped well as I was I, the young pensioner watched all the events without exception, including curling. I saw the Opening Ceremony (the flag was waved by Mr. Robertson, our mayor) and the Closing Ceremony; I saw the awarding of medals ceremonies but also reports from the streets of Vancouver. Many of my friends and fellow citizens from Sarajevo now scattered all over the world watching the TV broadcasts searched for me among the public. Their efforts were in vain; I

phere of Vancouver and if possible to compare it to what I had experienced in Sarajevo.

For many days before the Olympics we were told by our city fathers not to go to downtown by cars except in urgency but to use public transportation. Thus, using the underground sky train I reached the downtown and joined the crowd immediately. Hundreds of thousands of people were on the streets – walking and pushing in all directions. With difficulty I pressed on towards the place where the Olympic torches were burning (five of them). Using their digital cameras everybody was taking pictures of the others and of their surroundings; they also take my picture but I certainly take their pictures as well. The sweatshirts and the tracksuits show a melange of colours. There are huge stages



Woodstock. One of the local reporters wrote that 500,000 people party in Vancouver each night. Everything was somehow inflated in Vancouver, with enlarged dimensions and increased numbers of participants, guests and tourists – mainly our southern neighbours. Sweatshirts, tracksuits, scarves and other similar souvenirs were not sold by piece but by dozens. Thus for instance the sale of red woollen gloves with the Olympic symbol – the principal souvenir of the games surpassed one million. Before they were sold out I managed to buy several pairs and send them to people in Sarajevo and Sarajevo people worldwide.

\* \* \*

at times in the domain of economy, easy music and film, but only the Olympic Games made Sarajevo part of Europe. Vancouver on the other hand, a multi-ethnic, multi-cultural, multi-religious megalopolis only with the Olympic Games became a Canadian city. As if during the Olympic Games the Vancouver citizens discovered their national identity. This was clearly indicated by the support given during all the events, including curling, when zealous support was given to the national colours and the maple leaf. As a recent Canadian I joined in from my armchair with "Go Canada, go!" And the heart – it stayed back in Sarajevo.

**AlbiPapo**



*Ponekada nam se dešavaju stvari koje nismo mogli predvidjeti, ponekad, prosto neobjašnjivo, nabasamo na informacije o nama poznatim osobama, o događajima i epizodama iz njihovih života koje nam nisu bile dostupne desetinama godina. I na žalost, ponekad su te epizode dramatične, pa i tragične. Desilo se nešto tako našem članu Dejanu Stojniću koji je neočekivano naišao na ispovijest svog djeda Monija Altarca, koju je ovaj davne 1955 i 1956 g. isповijedao u pisaču mašinu Dejanovog oca Slobodana Bođe Stojniću. Redakcija SaLona je uz Dejanov pristanak odlučila da objavi ova sjećanja u četiri nastavka, kako su i zabilježena. Žestok razlog za ovu odluku redakcija je imala u činjenici da se radi o ličnom svjedočenju preživjelog jedne od najsirovijih zločinačkih epizoda II Svjetskog Rata, epizoda kada se čovjek najviše udaljio od humanizma, možda i više od onoga kuda je zagazio njemački nacional-socializam. Ovo zbog toga što ovdje zločin, masovni zločin, nije bio industrijaliziran, već je bio ličan i pojedinačan, unatoč svojoj masovnosti. Ta epizoda se zove **Jasenovac**. Za one koji ne znaju ili koji su premladi, pa im niko nije ispričao, Jasenovac je gubilište nezamislive surovosti, koje su hrvatski ekstremni nacionalisti – rukama svojih dželata – Ustaša, ustanovili i u kome su počeli svoju zločinačku rabotu još 1941 g, dakle prije mašinerija nacističkih logora istrebljenja, sa ciljem konačnog razračuna sa Srbima, Jevrejima, Ciganima, ali i rodoljubivim Hrvatima. Ukupni broj žrtava se izražava 6-to cifrenim brojkama. Ove priloge treba shvatiti kao protest protiv svih onih pokušaja koji su dolazili i koji će vjerovatno dolaziti sa samog vrha nove države Hrvatske, da se veličina tragedije umanji, pa čak i da se izjednače zločinac i žrtva.*

## SALOMON MONI ALTARAC: SJEĆANJA IZ JASENOVCA

### - OKOVI -

Bila je prva nedelja hiljadu devet stotina četrdeset i druge godine.

U logoru je vladala strahovita, nezapamćena glad. Ranije, nikada u svom životu ja nisam bio gladan. A tada sam bio toliko gladan da bih dao svoj goli život samo da sam se mogao najesti.

Borio sam se očajnički sa njom, sa glađu. Borio sam se sa ono malo svijesti koju glad još nije uspjela da zamrača. Konačno, nisam više mogao da izdržim. Predao sam se.

Krenuo sam da tražim Isidora. Isidora Maestra.

On je bio kuvar u oficirskoj ustaškoj kuhinji. Ovih dana kuvao je topla jela. Mogao je do beskraj da uživa u njima, u njihovim mirisima. Nekad smo bili dobri prijatelji Maestro i ja. Sada smo oba bili u Jasenovcu. Ja već tri i po mjeseca na nasipu, sa okovima na nogama, sa okovima na ranama. Gvozdene ivice alki bile su jako oštre, a moralo se kretati, raditi. Nisu pomagale ni krpice kojima sam omotavao ivice alki, jer bi one uskoro bile sasječene. Isidor nije nosio okove, nije radio na

nasipu i nije bio gladan. Da li će me razumjeti, pomoći?

- Isidore !

Okrenuo se brzo prema meni. Kada su nam se pogledi sreli, u njegovim očima sam ugledao strah. Pogledao je brzo uokolo. Ne, bili smo sami nas dvojica. Onda je spustio oči ka zemlji i lice mu je postalo mrko. Čekao je.

- Isidore, prijatelju, ti znaš da ja nikada u životu nisam bio gladan !

Rekao sam to tiho i - teško. Rekao sam to i učutao.

- Znam - odgovorio je Isidor. - A, znaš li ti Isidore da sam ja sada toliko gladan da bih dao i svoj goli život samo da mi se najesti?

- Šta bi htio? - kaže mi on.

Ja bih te molio da mi iz one bačve u koju bacaš ostakle za napoj, daš jednu porciju, eto, da mi se najesti ....

- Jesi li ti lud, Moni - govorio je Isidor tihim glasom. - Ja neću stavljati svoj život na kocku radi jedne porcije spirina, ti znaš da je zatočenicima strogo zabranjeno da se kreću u blizini ustaške kuhinje, ti to znaš !

Da, ja sam to znao. Ali nisam više htio da znam. A sada smo,

evo, sami i on bi mi mogao pomoći, a da o tome niko ništa ne sazna. Treba imati samo malo hrabrosti. I malo samilosti.

- Isidore !

- Moni !

- Isidore, ti se plašiš !

- Da, Moni, ako nas uhvate, znam šta čeka i tebe i mene.

Da, ito sam znao. Ali šta je više smrt i ovdje predstavljala! Glad ju je sada bila nadjačala. Rekao sam:

- Svejedno ti je Isidore, ili te ubili danas ili sutra. Što ti Isidore toliko čuvaš svoj život?

Da, svejedno je - ponovio je za mnog Isidor, ali ne kao da meni odgovara, već kao da sam sebi govori, i lice mu se još više smračilo, kao da je naglo, mnogo, ostario. Onda je rekao:

- Slušaj! U jedan sat dodi kod kuhinje, Tamo ću ti, u metranskim drvim, ujednoj od šupljina, ostaviti porciju ....

- Hvala, Isidore ....

Bilo je negdje oko deset sati kada sam ovo sa Isidorom razgovarao. A on mi je rekao da dodem tek u jedan. Kako izdržati to, kako dočekati taj sat!

U pola jedan krenuo sam prema drvim, prema porciji. Drhtao sam idući ka ustaškoj kuhinji, zvjerao okolo da koga ne ugledam. Vukao sam se polako, teško i oprezno, nastojeći da ugušim šum lanaca na nogama. Konačno, bio sam tu, kod drva,

i ruke počele da drhte. Ubiće me, ovako, ovdje, pred ciljem, glasnog !

Naslonio sam se ledima na ono mjesto u drvim gdje je bila skrivena porcija. Naslonio sam se da bih je skrio - i da ne bih pao.

Koraci su se sve više približavali. Spustio sam oči prema zemlji. Onda su koraci stali. Ja sam gledao u čizme čovjeka meni još nepoznata lika. U elegantne, čiste, odlične čizme. To mi se nije svidjelo.

- Šta tražiš ti ovdje?

Bio sam prisiljen da dignem pogled prema njemu. Predamnom je stajao mlad čovjek, oštra lika, sa malim, crnim, brčićima. Postavio je ovo teško pitanje i promatrao me upitno. Osjetio sam kako stvar kreće rdavim putem. Bio sam se smeo.

- Gospodine natporučniče, ja slažem drva.

Znam, da sam smišljao laž dan i noć, ne bih je gluplju mogao smisliti. Drva su bila složena, a bila je nedelja. Zatočenicima je pristup ovdje bio strogo zabranjen. Ali, nisam znao šta da odgovorim. Mislio sam da će me ovdje, na licu mjesta, ubiti.

- Reci mi šta si tražio, ovdje, kod kuhinje ?

Ja sam ćutao.

- Poznaješ li ti mene ?

Ovo je bilo teško pitanje. Ali ton kojim ga je ustaša postavio, nije se salgao sa njegovim z a s t r a š u j u ć i m smislom. Tome je još više zbunilo. A šta ako se on to samo sa mnom izigrava ? Da li ga poznajem ! Ako ga ne poznajem, onda ću ga upoznati. Neki dan se drao Ljubo Miloš: vi ćete mene već upoznati, b a n d o k o m u n i s t i č k a .



i ugledao sam porciju. Ipak si se pokazao kao čovjek, Isidore !

Pružio sam ruku da iz rupe izvučem porciju. Ali nisam stigao da to učinim. Čuo sam korake, i kada sam se okrenuo, vidio sam kako ravno prema meni ide jedan ustaški oficir. Ravno prema meni ! Bilo je nemoguće ma šta pametno smisliti, ma šta poduzeti. Bilo je nemoguće pobjeći i - ostati tu. Ali sam tu bio i ostao tako nepokretan, samo sam osjetio kako su mi se noge podsijele

Ponijete moj lik sa sobom u zemlju. Bando ! Bando ! ....

- Ne gospodine, ja vas ne poznajem.

- Otkada si ti ovdje ?

- Tri i po mjeseca.

- Jesi li ti tada okovan ?

- Da, gospodine.

- Zar ti ne radiš u mehaničkoj radionici ?

Ne, gospodine.

- Hajde sa mnom.

Krenuli smo. Iza mene, u drvim, ostala je porcija. Ali, ja više nisam mislio na nju. Teška mora tištala mi je dušu.

Kako sam činio korak za korakom, srce mi se sve više stezalo. Jedva sam se vukao. Išli smo prema Savi. Strašna rijeka tekla je polagano, ogromna, mutna, prljava. Mislio sam da je to kraj. Bilo mi je žao. A onda smo naglo skrenuli. Sava je ostajala iza nas. Ustaša me je vodio prema lančari. Tu, gdje sam prvog dana bio okovan. Tu, gdje su se pravili okovi za desetine i stotine hiljada zatočenika. Ušli smo u lančaru. Ustaša je dozvaao sebi kovača Uroša Miletića. Naredio mu je:  
- Otkuj ovom zatočeniku okove!  
Uroš je prišao s majzlom u ruci. Udario je dva puta i okovi su bili razbijeni. Nepokretni, okovi su ležali na zemlji. U tom trenutku osjetio sam kako mi na oči naviru suze. Ni danas, poslije toliko godina, ne bih umio objasniti kako mi se to desilo. Znam samo da sam se trudio, ali ih nisam mogao zadržati. Možda je to bila radost što su mi okovi pali s nogu, ili možda žalost da ću otići u smrt, u Savu. Ili, možda nešto treće što nisam više mogao razumom shvatiti, ali sam to nejasno osjetio, i suze su potekle.  
Pita me ustaša:  
- Zašto plačeš?  
- Ne plačem - kažem ja.  
- Plačeš!  
- Ne plačem, gospodine - ponavljam ja. I stvarno, nisam plakao, samo su mi suze tek bile potekle.  
- Hajde, sa mnom!  
I, ponovo me vodi. Vodi me prema izlazu iz logorske kapije. A preko puta nje nalazio se Granik. Granik sa koga su hiljade i hiljade nesrećnika otišli u Savu. Opet mi se steže srce. A suze su prestale da teku. Pred očima mi se mračni. Idem opuštene glave, očiju uprtih u zemlju. Ne vidim ustašu, ali se upravljam prema njegovim koracima.  
- Hej, kuda?  
Digao sam glavu. Ustaša je bio skrenuo od Granika. A ja sam se nesvjesno i dalje kretao ka njemu.  
- Ovuda!  
Okrenuli smo lijevo, prema oficirskim ustaškim paviljonima. Počeo sam ponovo da razaznajem stvari oko sebe. I, bilo mi je lakše. Ušao je u prvu oficirsku baraku. Ja za njim. Vodi me u jednu sobu. Bila je prazna. Daje mi stolicu.  
- Sjedi, - kaže,

Sjedam. Nasuprot meni sjeda i on. Gleda me. Gledam ja u njega. I, tako, ćutimo jedno vrijeme. Onda ponovo pitanje:  
- Zar ti mene ne poznaješ?  
Gledam u njega upitno. Ne, ne sjećam se ovog lica. Nikada u životu nisam ga vidio.  
- Ne, ne poznajem vas.  
- Sjećaš li se kada si moga oca, koji je bio mašinovođa, bolesnog iz Trnova prevezao do Sarajeva?  
Da, sjećam se toga. I ovoga čovjeka ovdje, preko puta mene. I nije to bilo davno kada smo se upoznali, svega su dvije godine prošle od tada. I tri i po mjeseca, ovdje, u ovom logoru uništenja. Za te dvije godine nisam zaboravio ljude sa kojima sam se poznao. Ali sam zaboravio za ova tri i po mjeseca.  
Da, gospodine ustaški natporučniče. Sad vas se sjećam. I sjećam se kada smo se upoznali. Bio sam šofer u Sarajevu i imao sam svoja kola. Bio sam taksi šofer. Bilo je veče i ja sam stajao kraj svojih kola na štandu u Koševu. Taj ste naišli vi. Prilazili ste mi nesigurnim korakom. Primijetio sam da se ustručavate da me nešto upitate.  
- Želite nešto, gospodine?  
- Da, želim da vas nešto zamolim. Ako me možete shvatiti i ako biste htjeli da mi pomognete. I ja sam šofer, kolege smo po zanimanju. Našao sam se u teškoj neprilici. Imam bolesnog oca u Trnovu i treba hitno da ga prevezem u Sarajevo da bih mu spasio život. Imam samo toliko da platim benzin, više nemam. Imao sam tu neke prijatelje, šofere. Zamolio sam ih da mi pomognu. Nisu htjeli, odbili su me. Bili su prijazni sa mnom, ali su me odbili. Vas ne poznajem. Nikada u životu nismo se vidjeli. Ne znam šta ćete mi reći. Ali sam prisiljen da vas zamolim da mi učinite tu uslugu. Možda ću vam se kasnije odužiti. Ako mi vjerujete....  
Rekli ste to i učitali. Iz riječi vam je izbijala nevjerica i očaj. A ja vam ni jedno pitanje nisam postavio. I nisam se, djeteta mi ubijenog ovdje u Jasenovcu, ni časa premišljao. Otvorio sam vrata od kola:  
- Sjedite!  
Znam, htjeli ste u tom trenutku nešto da mi kažete, da mi se zahvalite. Ali, to niste učinili. Samo ste mi pružili ruku i rekli svoje ime. Tada sam vaše ime upamtio, sada ga se više ne sjećam. Tada to za mene nije bilo važno. Kao što nije bilo

važno za vas kako se ja zovem, kojim jezikom govorim, i koje sam narodnosti. I da li uopšte imam narodnost. Tada sve to nije bilo važno. Radilo se o tome da se spase jedan život. Život vašeg oca koji je ležao teško bolestan u Trnovu i nepokretan očekivao od vas pomoć.  
Vozili smo se prema Trnovu. Pričali ste mi malo o sebi. Da radite kao šofer na teretnom Saureru kod pilane Rivolta u Bosanskom Brodu. Jдали ste mi se da tu nema kakve zarade, da se teško živi.  
Stigli smo pred vašu kuću. Sjećam se, vašeg su oca iznijeli u komadu ponjave. S njim je išla vaša starica majka, koja je ponijela sa sobom nekoliko šerpi nagorjelih od čađi. Pravo da vam kažem, kada sam vidio tu tešku sirotinju, smučilo mi se u glavi. I nije mi bilo žao što sam se namučio ove noći.  
Doveo sam vas na stanicu u Sarajevo. Sjećate se, zajedno smo iznijeli iznemoglog starca i smjestili ga u restoran. Naručio sam za njega i staricu čaj, a nama po jednu rakijicu. Onda sam rekao da sam, eto, učinio svoje i da je vrijeme da krenem.  
Vi ste se digli. Rekli ste:  
- Prijatelju dragi. Ne znam kako da vam se za sve ovo zahvalim. Učinili ste mi mnogo, mnogo ste mi učinili. Žao mi je što mogu da vam platim samo benzin. Dozvolite, koliko vam dugujem?  
A ja sam već ranije bio donio odluku. U onom trenutku kada sam vidio da vašeg starog oca iznose u ponjavi. I vašu staricu majku kako nosi nagorjele šerpe.  
- Dozvolite, da vam ništa ne naplatim. Eto, jednom kada naidem kroz Brod, možete me počastiti.  
Stegao sam vam ruku i krenuo ka izlazu. A vi ste ostali nepokretni, sa otvorenim novčanikom u rukama. Mislim, u tom momentu, niste mogli da shvatite da i tako nešto može da se desi. A ja, prije nego što sam izišao iz restorana, za trenutak sam se osvrnuo. Vi ste i dalje stajali onako kako sam vas ostavio, samo ste, kada su nam se pogledi ponovo sreli, malo podigli kačket sa glave.

U znak pozdrava i zahvalnosti.  
I, mislim - poštovanja.  
Vodio sam ovaj nijemi dijalog u sebi. A onda sam rekao:  
- Da, gospodine, sad vas se sjećam. Mnogo ste se izmijenili od one noći. A, - i mene su mnogo izmijenili....  
I - učutao sam. Neka ogromna tuga obujmila me je svega. Ne bih znao reći zbog čega. Možda što sam se sjetio starih dana. I, na jedan trenutak, na jedan strahovito mali trenutak, zaboravio na logor.  
Podigao sam pogled prema ustaši. Ali, on me više nije posmatrao. Podnimljen na obje ruke, očiju uprtih u sto, on je čutao.  
Tada, prvi put kako smo se danas sreli, progovorio sam, a da mi nije bilo postavljeno pitanje:  
- Htjeli ste da znate zašto sam bio kod ustaške kuhinje. Sada vam to mogu reći....  
Glas mi se prelomio. Osjetio sam kako mi se naglo grlo steglo. Ali, ne od straha. Jaga u ovom trenutku više nisam osjećao. Osjećao sam tugu i - glad.  
- Ne, nije potrebno.  
Izvadio je olovku i notes. Pisao je. Zatim mi je pružio cedulju. Bez riječi.  
„Šefu ustaške kuhinje, Zatočeniku broj 375 dajte moj ručak i večeru“  
I potpis.  
Krenuo sam teško. Čudno. Tri i po mjeseca nosio sam okove i bio sam se već tako navikao na njih da mi se činilo kao da njihovu težinu više ne osjećam na nogama. Sada, kada sam krenuo, osjetio sam kako mi okovi teško stežu noge, okovi kojih tu više nije bilo.  
Na vratima sam zastao. Samo jedan trenutak. Ali se nisam osvrnuo. Izišao sam napolje. Bila je nedelja i neka čudna tišina u logoru. Trebalo je sada da krenem u kuhinju. Ali, u šta da primim hranu?  
Na jedno dvadesetak metara od kuhinje ležala je jedna ogromna kamara gvožđa. Tu je bilo nabacano hiljade posuda svih mogućih boja i oblika. Od hiljada Cigana ubijenih ovdje u logoru.  
Uputio sam se prema kamari.

Ovo je posljednji dokument koji nam je stavljen na raspolaganje, o dramatičnoj i tragičnoj priči upisanoj onako kako je ispričao Salomon Moñi Altarac, preživjeli iz Jasenovca. Ako su vam dostupni slični dokumenti koje bi htjeli objaviti, molimo vas da nam se javite



# TESTIMONIES

*Sometimes things we could not predict happen to us; inexplicably sometimes we come upon information about persons known to us and about events and episodes from their lives not accessible to us for decades. Regretfully also, these episodes are sometimes dramatic and even tragic. One such thing happened to our member, Dejan Stojnić, who unexpectedly discovered the recollections of Moni Altarac, his grandfather as told into the typewriter of Slobodan Bodo Stojnić, Dejan's father back in 1955 and 1956. The editorial board of SaLon has decided, with Dejan's consent, to publish these memories in four instalments, reflecting the way they were recorded. A compelling reason for our decision was the fact that it is a personal testimony by a survivor from one of the most brutal criminal episodes of World War Two, where the distance of man from humanity was the greatest, probably even greater than the distance to which the German National-Socialism stepped in. It is because the crime, the mass crime, was not industrialized here but personal and individual in spite of its immensity. The name of that episode is Jasenovac. For those who do not know what it means or for those who are too young and nobody has told them yet: **Jasenovac** is a place of execution of unimaginable cruelty established by Croat extreme nationalists – by the hands of their executioners – the Ustashas, where they started their criminal actions already in 1941, namely before the Nazi extermination camps machine started; The purpose of Jasenovac was the final face-off with Serbs, Jews, Gypsies and patriotic Croats. The total number of victims is stated in six figures. The episodes published in SaLon should be understood as a protest against all the attempts that have been coming from the very top of the new state of Croatia to diminish the size of the tragedy and even to equate the criminal with the victim.*

## SALOMON MONI ALTARAC RECOLLECTIONS FROM JASENOVAC - CHAINS -

It was the first week of nineteen forty two.

The camp experienced an extreme unprecedented famine. Before that I was never hungry in my life. But then I was so hungry that I would have given my life just if I could have something to eat.

I desperately fought it – the hunger. I fought it with the little consciousness that the hunger did not get to black out. Eventually I could not bear any longer I gave up. I went to search for Isidor. Isidor Maestro.

He was a cook in the Ustasha offices' kitchen. When cooking he could endlessly enjoy the aromas of the cooked food. We used to be good friends – Maestro and I. Now both of us were in Jasenovac. I was on the embankment for three and a half months already, with chains on my legs, with chains on my wounds. The iron edges of the shackles were very sharp and one had to move and work. The

rags that I wrapped the edges of the ring did not help either because they would soon be cut to pieces. Isidor did not have chains and he was not hungry. Will he understand and help me?

- Isidor!

He turned quickly to face me. When our eyes met I saw fear in them. He looked hastily around. No, the two of us were alone. Then he cast his eyes to the ground and his face darkened. He waited.

- Isidor, my friend, you know that I was never hungry in my life.

- I know – he replied.

- And do you know, Isidor, that I am so hungry now, that I would give my life to have something to it?

- What would you like?

- Would you please give me a portion from the tub into which you threw the leftovers for slops?

- Are you crazy, Moni – he said in a low voice – I do not want to

risk my life for one portion of slops. You know that the prisoners are forbidden to come close to Ustashas kitchen, you know that!

Yes, I knew that. But I did not want to know any more. And, here, we are alone now, and he could help me so that nobody would learn about it. One should have just a bit of courage; and a bit of pity.

- Isidor!

- Moni!

- Isidor, you are afraid!

- Yes, Moni. Should they catch us, you know what awaits both you and me.

Yes, I knew that as well. But what death meant here. Hunger was stronger here. I said,

- It is all the same Isidor whether they kill you today or tomorrow. Why do you care so much for your life?

Yes, it is all the same, he repeated, but not if he were talking to me but as if he were talking to himself, and his face darkened even more, as if instantly he grew much older. He then said:

- Listen! Come close to the kitchen at one o'clock. There in a hollow among the piled wood I will leave you a portion ...

- Thank you, Isidor. ...

It was about ten o'clock when I had this conversation with Isidor. He told me to come at one. How will I keep on till that hour!

I set in the direction of the wood pile and the portion at half past twelve. I was trembling on my way to Ustashas kitchen all the time looking around and checking whether there is anybody in the vicinity. I was dragging on slowly, heavily and cautiously, trying to lessen the noise of the chains on my legs. I got finally to the pile of wood and saw the portion. You have behaved like a man, Isidor!

I stretched my hand to get hold of the portion. But I did not manage to do it. Some footsteps were approaching. Turning around I saw an Ustasha officer coming straight to me! It was impossible to think of anything to explain the situation or to do anything clever or to run away. I stayed still there; my knees turned to jelly and my hands shaking. He will kill me here, almost at the target – but hungry!

I leaned with my shoulder on the place in the pile where the portion was hidden. I leaned in

order to hide it, and also not to fall down. The steps came ever closer. I cast my eyes to the ground. Then the steps stopped. I was looking at the boots of the man whose face was still unknown to me. The boots were elegant, clean and of excellent quality. I did not like it.

- What are you doing here?

I was forced to look up. I saw a young man with sharp face and small black moustaches. Asking this hard question he looked at me inquiringly. I realized that the situation is heading in the wrong direction. I was perplexed.

- I am piling up the wood, first lieutenant sir.

I knew that the lie I just uttered was the most stupid one that one could think of. The wood has been piled up, and also it was a Sunday. The prisoners were strictly forbidden to be there. I did not know how to answer. I thought that he will kill me on the spot.

- Tell me what were you looking for here, near the kitchen?

I was silent.

- Don't you know me?

That was a difficult question. However the tone how the Ustasha has pronounced it was not consistent with its terrifying significance. This confused me even more. What if he only provoked me? Do I know him?! If I do not know him I will get to know him. Ljubo Miloš was shouting: you Jewish bandits and you the communist bandits, all of you will get to know me. You will take my features down there, Bandits! Bandits!...

- No, sir, I do not know you.

- When did you come here?

- Three and a half months ago.

- Were you put into chains then?

- Yes, sir.

- Don't you work in the mechanical workshop?

- No, sir.

- Come with me.

We started going; the portion staid behind me in the pile of wood. I did not think about it any more. Other dark thoughts were on my mind. With every step my heart was sinking; I was straggling to walk.

We walked towards Sava River. The huge horrifying river was moving slowly. It was dirty and muddy. I thought that it was the end and I was sad.

# TESTIMONIES

# 10

But then we suddenly changed the direction. Sava stayed behind. The Ustasha was taking me to the chains workshop. It was the place where I was set into the chains on the first day of my arrival. It was the place where they were making chains for tens and hundreds of thousands of prisoners.

We entered the workshop. The Ustasha called the blacksmith Uroš Miletić to come. He ordered him:

- Release the chain from this prisoner!

Uroš approached with a majzl in his hand. He hit twice and I was freed of the chains. Motionless the chains were laying on the ground.

At that moment I felt tears coming to my eyes. Even today, so many years later, I cannot explain why. I know only that I tried, but failed, to suppress them. It might have been my joy to be released from the chains or my sorrow to go to my death to the Sava River. Or even something else that I could not comprehend but could only vaguely feel. And I started shedding tears.

- Why do you cry? – The Ustasha asked.

- I am not crying. – I said.

- Yes, you do!

- No, sir, I do not – I repeated. And really I was not crying, it was just my tears coming down my face.

- Come with me!

And he led me again. He led me to the exit gate from the camp. Opposite the gate was the Granik where from thousands of the unfortunate ones were thrown into the Sava. My heart started sinking again. I had no more tears. My sight became blurred. I walked with my head down looking at the ground. I do not see the Ustasha but follow his steps.

- Where do you go to?

I lifted my head. The Ustasha was not going in the direction of Granika any more. Instinctively I did.

- This way!

We were heading to the left, in the direction of Ustashes officers residences. I started recognizing things round me again and I felt better.

He entered the first officers' barrack and I followed. He took me to a room. It was empty. He offered me a chair.

- Sit down. – He said.

I sat. He set opposite me. He watched me and I watched him. We were silent for a while. Then he repeated the question:

- Don't you know me?

I looked at him enquiringly. No, I could not remember the face. I never saw him before in my life.

- No, I do not know you.

- Can you remember when you took my ill father, the train engineer, from Trnovo to Sarajevo? Yes, I did remember the event; and that man who at that moment was sitting opposite me. Not so long ago did we meet. Only two years went by. And three and a half months in this camp of destruction. Over those two years I did not forget the people that I knew. But I did forget over these three and a half months.

Yes, I did remember when we met, the Ustasha first lieutenant, sir. I was a driver in Sarajevo and I had my car. I was a taxi driver. It was evening and I was standing by my car at the stand in Koševo.

Then you came along. You were approaching with an uncertain pace. I noticed that you hesitated to ask me something.

- How can I help you?

- I would like to ask you a favour. Would you, please, try to understand me and help me? I am also a driver. We are colleagues by profession. I am in a desperate situation. My father is ill in Trnovo and in order to save his life I have to transfer him urgently to Sarajevo. I have only enough money to pay for the fuel. I had some friends - drivers here. I asked them for help. They did not want to help me, they turned me down. They were nice but they turned me down. I do not know you. We have never met before. I do not know what you will say. But I am forced to kindly ask you to do me that favour. I might reciprocate later. If you believe me...

You said that and fell silent. Your words expressed doubt and despair. I never asked you a question. I swear by the name of my child who was killed here in Jasenovac that I never had second thoughts about it. I opened the door:

- Do sit!

I know that at that moment you wanted to tell me something. But you did not do it. You only offered me your hand and uttered your name. I did remember your name at that time. I do not remember it now. It was not important to me then. Just the same as it was not important for you what my name was, what language did I speak or what was my ethnicity; or whether I belonged to an ethnic group at all. It was not important then. The issue was to save a life.

The life of your father who was very ill in Trnovo and not able to move he was waiting for your help.

We were on our way to Trnovo. You said a few things about yourself – that you were a driver of a Saurer truck for Rivolta sawmill at Bosanski Brod. You were complaining about your low earnings and your hard life.

We got to your house. I remember that your father was carried out of the house in a piece of an old rug. Your old mother came with him. She took with her a few pots black with soot. To tell you the truth I felt faint seeing that extreme poverty. I did not regret my effort that night.

I brought you to the station in Sarajevo. Do you remember? Together we carried out the exhausted old man and took him to the restaurant. I ordered tea for him and the old lady and for the two of us a brandy each. Then I said that I did what I could and that it was time for me to go.

You got up and said:

- Dear friend. I do not know how to thank you for all this. You have done a lot for me, really. I am sorry that I cannot pay more than only for the fuel. How much do I owe you?

I already made a decision before – at the moment when I saw your father carried out in that rug and your mother taking the soot blackened pans:

- Allow me not to charge you anything. Once, when my way takes me to Bosanski Brod you can buy me a drink.

I shook your hand and was on my way to exit. You stayed motionless there with an open wallet in your hand. I think that at that moment you could not understand that something like that could happen. Before leaving from the restaurant I looked back. You were still standing there as I left you, only when our eyes met again you moved your flat hat a bit up your forehead. As a sign of gratitude and - esteem I think.

This silent conversation took place only in my mind. Then I said aloud.

- Yes, sir. I remember you now.

You have changed a lot since that night. And I have been changed a lot. ...

I fell silent. A great sadness sized me. I could not say why. It could have been because I remembered the old days. And for one moment only, a frightfully short moment I had forgotten the camp.

I lifted my eyes to the Ustasha. But he was not watching me any more. Leaning on both his arms, gazing at the table, he did not speak.

Then for the first time since our meeting that day I spoke out without being asked before:

- You wanted to know what I was doing near the Ustashes kitchen. I can tell you now.

My voice broke down and I got a lump in my throat. It was not fear. At that moment I did not sense it. I sensed only sadness and – hunger.

- No, there is no need.

He took out a pen and a notebook. He was writing something. Then he gave me the piece of paper. Not saying a word.

“To the Head of the Ustashes kitchen

Give my lunch and dinner to prisoner number 375.

And his signature.

I started with a heavy pace. For three and a half months I had the chains on and had got used to them so much that it seemed to me that I did not feel their weight. But when I started then I felt the chain pressing heavily on my legs, the chains that were there no more.

I stopped at the door. Just for a moment. But I did not look back. I went out.

It was a Sunday and there was a strange stillness in the camp. I had to head to the kitchen now. But I had nothing to take the food in.

Some twenty meters from the kitchen there was a huge pile of iron. Thousands of pans and pots of all sizes and colours were laying there. They were thrown by thousands of Gipsies killed there in the camp.

I was heading to that pile.

This is the last document presented to us of the dramatic and tragic story as told by Salomon Moni Altarac, a Jasenovac survivor. If you had access to similar documents and would like them published, please get in touch.

# POSJETE

## PESAH 5770 U SARAJEVU



Obilježiti početak Pesaha i prisustvovati Seder večeri u našoj sarajevskoj Opštini postalo mi je "navika", jer evo već drugu godinu zaredom zatičem se u vrijeme Pesaha u Sarajevu. Iskreno, od srca sam

"Ženska sekcija" pod budnim okom Nele Levi i Cicko naravno, danima su kupovali, spremali, organizovali da bi konačno, u savršenom redu, na kristalno čistim bijelim stoljnjacima, pred svakim



se radovala da ću ponovo vidjeti drage ljude i zajedno sa njima uživati u svečanoj atmosferi praznika.

Od oko 1000 Jevreja, koliko otprilike danas broji Opština, iskupilo se više od 120 da obilježi prvu večer Pesaha.

članom bio ritulani tanjir sa svim simboličnim obilježjima Seder večeri. Maces uredno stavljen sa strane zamotan u salvetu, vino i čaše lijepo aranžirane tako da je u sali prepunoj stolova, zaista izgledalo veoma svečano.



Seder je vodio, kako to i priliči, gostujući Rabin Eliezer Papo. Uz malo šale za našim stolom da li smijemo da naspemo jos jednu čašu vina preko reda i uz ogromno poštovanje i radost zajedničkog obilježavnja praznika, uz zadivljujuće tečno čitanje na hebrejskom podmlatka sarajevske Opštine

čitanje Hagade, d a n a s simbolično značenje oslobođenja od ropstva i izlazak iz Egipta. I na kraju Seder je završen sa tradicionalnim riječima: Lešana habaa bi Jerušalajim - Dogodine u Jerusalemu. Svi su podigli čaše, nazdravili



i uz neizbježnu "Dajenu", večer se privela kraju. Opušteno, lijepo, nekako lagodno, neoptrečavajuće, ali sa specijalnim osjećajem da se obilježio početak Pesaha i još jednom proživjelo, kroz

i zaista se osjećali drugačije. I još na kraju koristim priliku da se zahvalim "raji za stolom" koji su metako lijepo i srdačno primili i sa kojima je bilo izuzetno zadovoljsvo provesti tu večer.

**Darija Stojnić**



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Marking the beginning of Passover and attending the Seder in our Sarajevo Jewish Community became my “custom”, because this is already the second year in a row that I happen to be in Sarajevo during Passover. I was really very glad to see again people dear to my heart and to enjoy the festive atmosphere of the holiday together with them.

Out of the 1000 Jews making today the Jewish Community of Sarajevo, more than 120 gathered to mark the first Passover evening. The Women Section under the watchful eyes of Nela Levi and needless to say Cicko were organizing, buying and preparing things for days. The ultimate result was a ritual plate with all Seder evening symbols placed in front of every member onto radiant white tablecloth. Matzah wrapped in napkins was set aside; the wine and the glasses were in pretty arrangement so that the hall packed with tables had a very festive appearance indeed. The Seder ceremony was performed as it should be by the visiting

rabbi Eliezer Papo. Jokes at our table were about the wine and whether we were allowed to have extra glasses not called for by the order of the evening, but we all were happy to be able to honour together the holiday. The young members surprised us with their fluent reading in Hebrew. Eventually, singing together of the unavoidable “Dayenu”, the evening was approaching its end. Everything was relaxed and pleasant but with a special feeling that the beginning of Passover was marked and that by reading the Haggadah, the now symbolic meaning of liberation from slavery and the exodus from Egypt had been experienced yet again.

The traditional words: Le Shana Habaa be Yerushalayim – Next year in Jerusalem marked the very end of that Seder evening. Raising our glasses we all drank to it and really felt different.

I would like to thank here the cordial “friends at the table” who made my evening a highly enjoyable one.

**Darija Stojnic**



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