



## REDAKCIJA UVODNIK

Jubileji su događaji kada se nešto proslavlja, uglavnom. Ili su to kameni temeljci, datumi kada se nešto važno desilo ili od tada nastaje neka promjena. Za one važnije događaje u životu obično se biraju okrugle cifre; 1992 je obilježila 500 godina od progona Jevreja iz Španije; 2000 godina CE.... obično se tako na Zapadu obilježava nova era – od rođenja (C)Hrista. Novi milenijum. Jubileji su događaji u životima pojedinaca, no ima i kolektivnih jubileja. I za naš mali kolektiv nastupio je veliki jubilej. Ovog 2012-g ljeta gospodnjeg navršava se 20 godina od našeg stupanja na tlo ove zemlje koja nam je pružila utočište i dobrodošlicu. Doduše te godine, a prije 20 godina, nismo bili kolektiv, formalno, ali smo nosili odlike kolektiva, što smo potvrdili dvije godine kasnije, u jesen 1994 godine, formalno se udruživši. Poslije 20 godina bilo bi neadekvatno reći da smo isti kao pri osnivanju. Mnoge su promjene; prvo što smo za ovo vrijeme toliko ostarili da su neki otišli, zauvijek; drugo što se tu našao mladi naraštaj čiji odnos prema kolektivu, ako uopšte postoji, nije bio osjećaj pripadnosti; treće što se naš stav prema stvarima promijenio

# 60

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“THE FRIENDS OF LA BENEVOLENCIJA”

BILTEN JEVREJSKE ZAJEDNICE  
“PRIJATELJI LA BENEVOLENCIJE”

Mi ćemo kasnije ove godine i formalno, svečano, obilježiti ovu značajnu godišnjicu. Značajnu po tome što smo poslije toliko godinatu i skupa. Značajnu po tome što smo ostajući ovdje donijeli neke lične odluke – postali smo svjesni i privrženi građani Velike Britanije. Emotivno? Emotivno, a što nije u koliziji sa onim svjesnim, smo mnogi vezani za rodnu grudu, neki za Izrael, neki i za daleku srednjevjekovnu Španiju. A kao svjesni građani poštuјemo zakone, učestvujemo u demokratskim pravima, obavezama i debatama, u izražavanju zadovoljstava i nezadovoljstava tekućom politikom, u pozorištu, filmu i sportu, traćamo javne ličnosti, slavimo državne i jevrejske praznike.... No uvijek, i dalje, lebdi pitanje kako i zašto smo zajedno. Nipošto ne treba zaboraviti da smo se jedva ili nikako poznivali prije ovog sudbonosnog susreta. Odgovor nije ni jednostavan ni jednoznačan. Ima nešto u činjenici da nam je engleski jezik (barem ovoj generaciji kojoj je to odlučujuća karakteristika) drugi po redu jezik komunikacije, ima nešto u zeljanici i bosanskom loncu, ima nešto u vicevima o Sulji i Muji koji drugima ništa ne znače, ima nešto u uhvaćenim pogledima iza kojih riječi nisu potrebne, ima nešto u XIV

zimskim olimpijskim igrama, u Igmanu i Veležu u borbi protiv Nijemaca u II-om Svjetskom ratu, u otoku Rabu, u usponima i padovima zajedničkog života u drugoj polovici prošlog vijeka; u činjenici da dok smo živi nećemo osjetiti opuštenost domaćina, u zajedničkoj nostalgiji, u ružičastom obojenju zajedničke prošlosti i podsvjesnom potiskivanju onih tammijih nijansi.

Možda u ovoj zadnjoj konstataciji leži i plod našeg druženja. Izmakli smo se ubistvenom ludilu koji je kao kuga poharao nasu postojbinu, sto ne znači da pojedinačno nismo bili podložni zaraznim uzrocima istog ludila. I ovde i odmah i spasosno smo dolučili da smo ovamo došli da sve to ostavimo za sobom i da do maksimuma pokažemo jedni prema drugima razumijevanje i dobromjerost. Za to smo izabrali zaštitni znak – Benevolencija, nešto kao bračni zavjet, dok nas smrt ne razdvoji. Tako će izgleda i biti. Mladi naraštaj će donijeti svoje odluke. Podržali smo ih i hrabri u obrazovanju i samosvijesti. Mi im pokušavamo urezati u pamćenje naše potrebe i razloge, ostavljamo tragove a samo će oni znati kako da to sve koriste. A mi smo, evo, tu i dalje. Nema razloga da ne slavimo i naredni jubilej, meni će tada biti 83, nadam se.

Branko Danon

Jubilees are occasions mainly to celebrate something. They also may be time milestones to mark the dates when something important had happened or when some changes had taken place. Round numbers are usually chosen for the major events of life; 1992 marked the 500 anniversary of Jews expulsion from Spain, 2000 CE the new millennium. Jubilees are marked both by individuals and groups of people. A significant jubilee gets going for our small collective. In this 2012 it is twenty years since we set foot to the soil of this country that welcomed us and offered refuge. It is true that at that time we were not formally a collective yet, but we already had the attributes of one, as we had demonstrated two years later; in autumn of 1994 we formalized our existence. Twenty years on it would not be adequate to say that we are the same as we were when our collective was set up. Many changes have taken place; to begin with, we grew much older over this period and some have left us for ever; two, there is the young generation, the attitude of which to our group, if it exists at all, has not been that of belonging; three, our position in relation to certain things has changed from dependency to independency; four, we have learned the language (some more and some less) and thus have opened to our hosts, primarily the Jews, and through them to the others; five, becoming the citizens of this country we finally officially became equal, but in reality we became equal when we started paying taxes (at any rate those of us who could do so and who considered that this fact is the basic evidence of our equality); six, we started travelling; ... I mentioned here only some of the major changes. But, what made us a collective has not changed and in a way has cemented us together;

circumstances, destiny, language, customs, history, food ... and the will to be together exactly for all these facts. And besides, it was our will and decision, to maintain and develop relations with our roots and all four winds where our diaspora, created by the same circumstances, happened to be. This is how our wish to start the periodical SaLon has to be explained. Without any unnecessary

decisions – we became conscientious and loyal citizens of the United Kingdom. What about the emotions? Not in collision with the conscientious, many of us still feel emotions for our native soil, some for Israel, and some even for the remote medieval Spain. Being conscientious citizens we observe the laws, participate in our democratic rights, responsibilities and debates voicing our agreements and disagreements with current

communications (at least to this generation to whom it is the decisive feature); there is something in the traditional dishes and jokes about our local characters that mean nothing to others; there is something in catching somebody's eye with no need for words; there is something in XIV Winter Olympic Games, in Igman and Velež, in the war against Germans during World War Tow, in the Island of Rab, in the rises and falls of our lives together in the second half of the last century; in the fact that till the day we die we will not be able to relax as our hosts do, in our shared nostalgia, in the pink colouring of our shared past and pushing subconsciously the darker shades into the background. This last statement might be the reason for our friendship. We fled the murderous madness that like a plague devastated our homeland, which does not mean that individually we were not susceptible to the infectious causes of that madness. Coming here we luckily immediately decided that we came here to leave all these things behind and to make every effort to show one another the maximum of goodwill and good intention. We had chosen for that our trademark – Benevolencija (Benevolence), something like marriage vows, until death do us part. This is how it is going to be, it seems. The

young generation will come to their own decisions. We have supported and encouraged them in their education and self-confidence. We try to etch into their memories our needs and our reasons; we leave traces but only they will know how to use them. But, look, we are still here. There is no reason why we should not celebrate the next jubilee; I will be 83 then I hope.

Branko Danon



Ovako je bilo 2002 This is how it was in 2002



bureaucratic procedures we shaped our relations to form the Jewish community of "The Friends of LaBenevolencija" and set the framework of our activities, meetings, reasons for our togetherness etc. Later this year we shall formally celebrate this important anniversary. It is important because after all these years we are here together. It is even more important because by staying here we have come to some personal

policies; we gossip about celebrities in theatre, film and sports; celebrate public and Jewish holidays. Nevertheless, the question why are we still together is always present. One should never forget that we did not know or hardly knew one another before destiny brought us together. The answer is neither simple nor a straightforward one. There is something in the fact that English is the second language of

## PUTOVANJE U INDIJU

U decembru prošle godine krenuli smo na veliku turu kroz Indiju. Planirali smo obilazak sjevera Delhi, Agra i Jaipur a onda juga Goa i Mumbai. Bila sam spremna na iznenadenja, ali da će ih biti toliko nisam mogla ni sanjati.

Prvo iznenadenje je bila zima i magla. U Delhiju se nije vidio prst pred nosom, a ja sam, nepripremljena drhtala tankoj vindjaci, ali zato je organizacija putovanja bila



izvanredna. Na aerodromu su nas dočekali vozač i vodič i tako je počelo.

Uključivanje u delhijski saobraćaj – to je nešto vrlo, vrlo posebno. Otprilike sam

kamioni i tuk'tuk, ono malo smiješno vozilo, univerzalni izum Indije, niti je motor niti je auto. Svi se gurkaju uz nesnosnu buku auto sirena, jer to je jedini način komunikacije između vozača, što znači: "Ako ne trubiš, ne vidim te". Suhih usta, zgrčenih šaka, isprepadana, nekako sam preživjela poprilično dugačak put do hotela. A hotel, sjajan, ne samo što blješti staklo i metal nego zadivljuje posljednja riječ moderne arhitekture i dizajna, opasan je viskom željeznom ogradom, sa n a o u r u ž a n i m čuvarima i s i g u r n o s n i m skenerima na ulazu. Pitala sam se zašto? Kada smo izašli da prošetamo izvan hotela, samo mi se kazalo. Nekoliko metara dalje ustanovljeno je

poveliko šatursko naselje beskućnika. Da ne bi previše mislili o njihovim namjerama i ne samo njihovim, naš hotel i sve što ima malo bolji nivo stanovanja živi iza željeznih



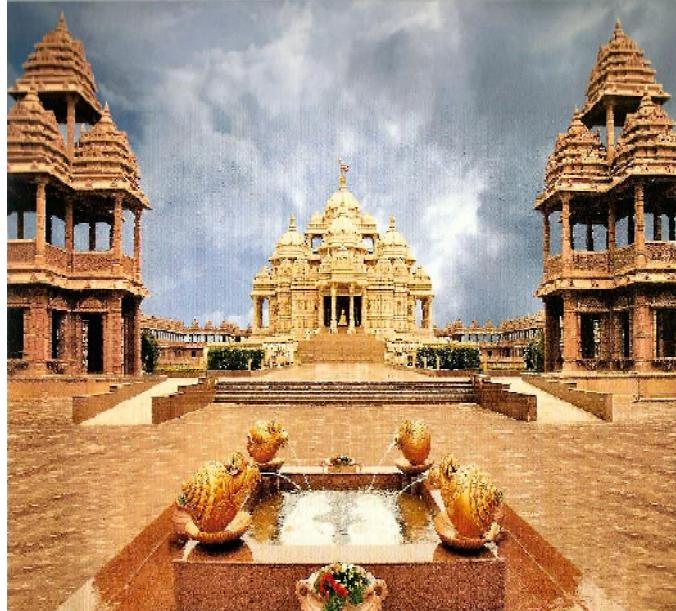
znala šta nas očekuje, gledala sam na televiziji, ali podcijenila sam situaciju. Takav saobraćajni haos i kompletan „ludnicu“, mislim ni u filmu nije moguće kreirati. Vozi se u svim pravcima, a najviše dijagonalno. Na cesti, u istom trenutku, se nalaze automobili, pješaci, biciklisti,

ograda sa čuvarima, bilo da je riječ o ambasadama ili privatnom stanovanju.

Godišnja doba u Indiji se dijele na tri: vrući period, kišni period i hladni period. Mi smo došli u tom hladnom periodu i zaista je bilo zima, i ne samo to, prašina i izmaglica je svukuda. Imala sam osjećaj kao da stalno

gledam kroz naočale sa mlječnim stakлом. Tužno je izgledalo veliko drveće sa „mesnatim“ listovima, polusiva i prljava od te silne prašine. Još tužnije izgledaju

rupije, sve je n e u p o r e d i v o jeftinije ali cijene u Bukhari bile su kao „haj“ londonske. Kada smo se malo rasipitali šta je toliko



staré nekada lijepo zgrade, načete vlagom i zubom vremena.

Obilazak istorijskih mesta u Delhiju je veliki doživljaj. Sve je monumentalno i impresivno, bilo da je riječ o građevinskim poduhvatima mogulja iz 17 vijeka - čuvenoj Red Fort - ogromnom kompleksu zgrada, koju je sagradio Shah Jahan kao kraljevsku rezidenciju ili zgradama parlamenta britanskih neimara, ali ta zapuštenost, prašina i izmaglica stalno mi je kvarila dojam. Konačno posjeta hramu Akhshardam je onaj doživljaj kad zinete i zaboravite zatvoriti usta. Čisto i uredno, a hram sam po sebi prelijep, isklesan u crvenom i bijelom kamenu. Neodoljivo u svakom pogledu.

Kao i svi turisti po danu smo obilazili kulturne i istorijske znamenitosti apo noći najdraži turizam je bio obilazak kafane. Prijatelji su nam preporučili čuvenu „Bukharu“, restoran u delhijskom Hotelu „Sheraton“. Dva dana smo pokušavali da rezervišemo mjesto. Kada smo konačno uspjeli, iznenadili smo se neudobnim stolicama, najsličnijim panju, a od cijena nam se „zamantalo“. Kada se funte pretvore u indijske

atraktivno u Bukhari, saznali smo da je to pretišno mjesto za nadolazeću bogatu Indijsku klasu. Biti viđen u Bukhari znači nešto. Mi smo, naravno neprimjećeni, izašli do našeg taksija koji nas je za £3 dovezao, čekao i odvezao do hotela. Na putu nazad u našu luksuznu spavaonicu, prolazili smo pored raznih vrsta konaka, koji nisu opasani željeznim ogradama. Neko je spavao pod skrpanim šatorima, drugi u „kućama“ od kartona, lima, ili krpa a nekoliko familija se smjestilo ispod mosta na golu zemlju i samo su se pokrili nekim prekrivačima. Pored ovih ispod mosta ponovo smo prošli sutradan i taman ih uhvatili u jutranjem ritualu. Otac je obavljao „prvi jutarnji posao“ uza zid mosta, majka iz bokala prskala vodu po djeci da se umiju, a neka druga žena spremala hranu. Sve tako u toj prašini. Ostavilo mi je neki čudan osjećaj zaprepaštenja i pitanje da li je moguće da ljudi u današnje vrijeme žive tako?

Mi smo bili na putu prema Agri, koja je udaljena od Delhija nekoliko sati vožnje kroz indijski krajolik. Ceste su dobre i saobraćaj normalan, za poželjeti, ali.....ranije sam čula

# PUTOPIS

Nastavak sa strane 3

za „kolače od kravlje balege“ i nije me baš privlačilo da ih uživo vidim. Na ovom putu ih nisam mogla izbjegći. Kako krava ima dovoljno, lokalno stanovništvo jenašlo koristi od kravljeg izmeta. Skupljaju ga, suše, slažu i onda upotrebljavaju kao gorivo. Kažu da ne smrdi, a meni je od samog pogleda na te kućice od balege bilo zlo. Ali išli smo prema Taj Mahalu, svjetskom čudu i nisam dala da mi išta pokvari radost. Ulaskom u



Agru, „mali grad“ od samo 2 miliona stanovnika, opet smo uletjeli u isti saobraćajni haos, ali začudo mnogo manje sam bila isprepadana. Da smo ostali u Indiji još neko vrijeme, čini mi se da bih se na tu ludnicu navikla, kao i na sve ostalo. U Agri sunas počastili njihovom tradicionalnom slasticom: ušćeronom tikvom! Imala je isti ukus bakinog slatka od

tikve kojeg sam u mladosti jela. Ko je od koga kopirao recept, moglo bi se upitati, ali znajući moju baku ona bi sigurno tvrdila da je njen originalni.

O Taj Mahalu nemam šta reći sem da je prelijep, monumentalan, i da sam se osjećala sjajno naročito kada sam „glumila“ princezu Dianu i sjedila kao ona na klupi. Sagradio ga je isti onaj Shah Jahan u 17. vijeku za uspomenu na svoju treću ženu Mumtaz Mahal, koja je na porodu umrla. Centralno mjesto razumljivo zauzima njen grob. Poneseni romatikom

i grob najvećeg od njih, Agbara, koji je ili većinu toga gradio ili obnovio. Ali gdje god smo se zaustavili prosjaci su navaljivali. Razumijem. Nije lako toliki narod nahraniti, ali bilo je zaista izvanredno i hrana i ples. Otišli smo zadovoljni, ali u toku noći stomaci su počeli „da se bune“, sa svim što uz to ide. Ostatak



potresno je vidjeti djecu sa sprženim očima i prebijenim rukama i nogama sa kojima klate po zraku ne bi li izazvali samilost i dobili koju rupiju. Ružno sam se osjećala što sam morala okrenuti glavu od njih, jer pomoći im nisam mogla.

veremena u Jaipuru sam provela obilazeći javne klozete i u tom domenu sam postala ekspert. Čučavci su isti užas kao i kod nas u onim „janjećim restoranima“ u Jablanici. Iako u delikatnom stanju uspjela sam se popeti na slona i drmati



mjesta, navečer smo otišli u „Bolly-wood“ pozorište da gledamo predstavu sa istom temom uz tradicionalni indijski ples oko modela Taj Mahala. Naš vodič se iz „petnih žila“ upinjao da nam pokaže sve ljepote Agre, kojih ima i pored Taj Mahala. Vidjeli smo Agra Fort i nju zovu Red Fort jer je napravljena od crvenog kamena. Unutra ima Pearl Mosque sve to iz doba mogula

Put je dalje vodio ka Jaipuru prestonici Rajahstana, istorijskom i arhitektonskom dragulju tog područja. Ruku na srce i jeste. U hotelu su nas dočekali sa tradicionalnom indijskom dobrodošlicom. Dali su nam vruće peškire da se obrišemo i stavili crvenu tačku na čelo. Inspirisani tim poželjeli smo da doživimo malo od tradicionalane atmosfere i zamolili da nam preporuče restoran sa indijskim plesom. Rekli su najbolji je „Indiana“. Otišli smo tamo i

na njegovim leđima dobroih pola sata dok smo se penjali da vidimo čuveni stari grad Pink City i vidjeti iz daleka Palatu u vodi, observatorij, čuvene draguljarnice i proizvodače čilima. Jaipur je zaista fascinantan grad.

Sa ovim je bila gotova naša sjevrena ruta. Dalje smo išli za Gou, biser juga, gdje smo malo predahnuli, a potom produžili za Mumbai, na doček Nove Godine i grande finale ove ture.

Darija Stojnić



4

Last year in December we



started out to a great tour of India. Our plan was to go to the North: Delhi, Agra and Jaipur and then to the South: Goa and Mumbai. I was prepared for surprises, but their multitude was even beyond my dreams.

First of these surprises was the cold and the fog. It was not possible to see one's hand in front of one's face and unprepared as I was I shivered in the thin jacket I had on, but on the other hand the organization of

traffic chaos and complete madness even on a film. The traffic runs in all directions, mostly in



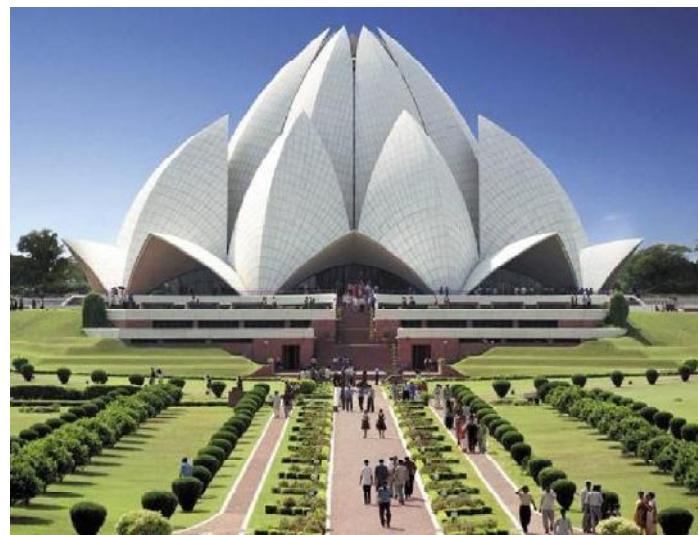
diagonal. Cars, pedestrians, cyclists, trucks and tuk tuks, (those small funny vehicles - neither motorcycles nor cars; the universal invention of India) all share the roads at the same time. They all push with horrendous noise of car horns, because this is the only manner of communication among the drivers, meaning: If you do not blow the horn I do not see you. Frightened, with a dry mouth and clenched fists I sur-

checks. I asked myself why? No explanation was needed after we left the hotel for a stroll. Not far away there was a large settlement of tents for the homeless. Not to ponder too much on their intention and not only theirs, our hotel and all those having a bit higher standard of residence, be those embassies or private residences, live behind iron fences and with guards at their entrances.

There are three seasons in India: the hot period, the period of rainfalls and the cold period. We came during that cold pe-

get to close it. This beautiful temple carved of red and white stone is clean and tidy. Powerful.

Like all the other tourists we devoted our days to sightseeing and nights to the favourite thing among tourists – visits to coffee shops and restaurants. Friends had recommended us the celebrated “Bukhara” restaurant in Delhi Sheraton Hotel. We tried for two days to book a table. When eventually succeeding we were surprised by the uncomfortable chairs re-



riod. And it really was cold. And also dust and mist were omnipresent. It felt as if looking through milky tinted glasses. It was sad to see the large trees with their meaty leaves covered with greyish dirty dust. It was even more depressing to see the once beautiful old buildings, worn off with dampness and time.

Sightseeing of the historic venues in Delhi is a great experience. Everything is monumental and impressive; the civil engineering undertaking of the seventeenth century Moguls – the Red Fort – a huge complex of buildings built by Shah Jehan as his royal residence, or the parliament buildings built by the British. However the neglect, dust and mist impaired the impression for me. Finally the visit to Akhshardham temple is an experience that opens your mouth and makes you for-



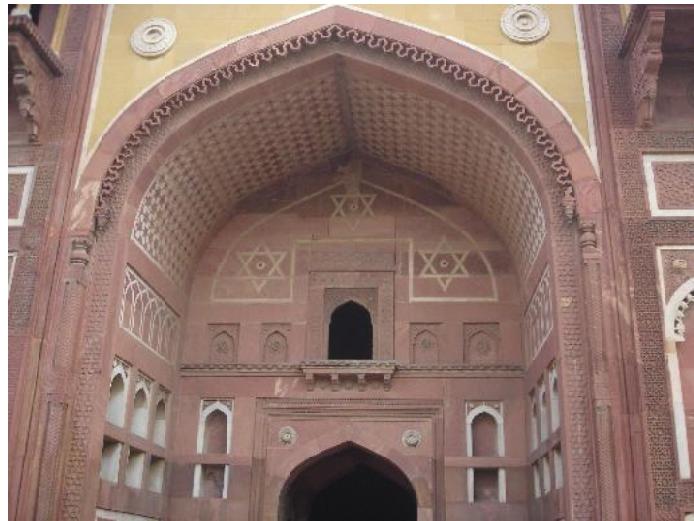
our excursion was excellent. The beginning was at the airport where we were welcomed by the driver and the guide. Entering the Delhi traffic is a special experience, indeed. I knew roughly what to expect; I saw it on TV. But, I underestimated the situation. In fact, it is not possible to create such traf-

vived somehow the lengthy drive to the hotel. The hotel! It was excellent; not only that the glass and the metal glittered but the state of the art in architecture and design was amazing. On the other hand it was encircled by a high iron fence, and the entrance was protected by armed guards and security

semblings tree stumps and the prices made our heads go round. When converting the pounds to Indian rupees, everything is much cheaper, but the prices in Bukhara were equal to high London prices. When asking around what is so attractive in Bukhara we learnt that this is a place of prestige for the Indian rising wealthy class. It means something to be seen in Bukhara. We sneaked out, unnoticed of course; to our taxi that took us to the restaurant, waited for us and took us back to the hotel, all for £ 3.00. On the way back to our luxurious dormitory we went by all sorts of overnight stays which were not encircled by iron fences. Some slept under knocked up tents, others in “houses” made of cardboard, metal sheets or rags and several families settled

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on bare soil under a bridge. We went by these people under the bridge the next day again and caught sight of them as they



performed their morning rituals. The father was on his “first morning job” next to the bridge wall, the mother was spraying water from the jug for the children to wash their faces and another woman was preparing the food. Everything was done in that dust. I was left with a

This time I could not escape them. The local population benefit from sufficient number of cows. They collect this dung, dry it, heap it and then use as fuel. They say that they do not

smell but the very sight of these dung-made huts made me sick. Yet, our target was Taj Mahal, one of the wonders of the world and I did not want anything to spoil my joy. We came across the same traffic chaos to the “small town” of Agra of only two million people, but

that she would have maintained that hers is the original.

I can say nothing more about Taj Mahal except that it is stunning and that I felt superbly especially when I play-acted Princess Diana sitting on the bench. It was built by the same Shah Jehan in the 17 century to commemorate his third wife Mumtaz Mahal who died giving birth. The central point is her grave, as expected. Carried away by the romance of the place we went to “Bollywood” theatre in the evening to see a show with the same theme featuring traditional Indian dancing round a model of Taj Mahal. Our guide went all out to show us all the attractions of Agra, because Taj Mahal is not the only one it is certain. We saw Agra Fort, also named The Red Fort because of the red stone it is made of; within it is the Pearl Mosque - all this from the mo-

tory and architecture make it the gem of the region. When we came to the hotel the traditional Indian welcome meant that we were given warm towels to refresh ourselves and had the red dots placed to our foreheads. Inspired by this we wanted to experience some traditional atmosphere and asked them to recommend a restaurant with Indian dancing. We were told that the best one was Indiana. We went there and both the food and the dancing were excellent. We left pleased, but during the night our stomachs started to “rebel” with all the rest that goes with it. The rest of the time in Jaipur I spent visiting public toilets and I became an expert in that field. The squat toilets are the same horror as are the ones in the “lamb restaurants” at Jablanica back home. Although in a delicate



strange feeling of astonishment and I was asking myself whether it was possible for people to live like this today. We were on our way to Agra several hours from Delhi on a road through the countryside of India. The roads are good and the traffic is standard; something to wish for, but ... even before I have heard about the “cow dung cakes” and I was not especially attracted to the idea in seeing them in real life. strangely enough I was much less frightened. If we were to stay in India for some more time, I would have to get used to it, same as to anything else. We were treated in Agra with their traditional sweet: sugar coated pumpkin! The taste was the same as that of the pumpkin cooked in sugar syrup that my granny used to cook when I was young. Who copied the recipe from whom I do not know, but knowing my granny I am sure

guls’ period, and also the grave of Agbar, one of the greatest of them who either built or renovated most of these edifices. Wherever we stopped, nevertheless, the baggers would swarm round us. I understand. It is difficult to feed all these people, but it was shocking to see children with burnt eyes waving their broken arms or legs to provoke compassion and thus get a few rupees. Feeling bad about it I had to turn my head away from them, because I could not help them.

We were heading on to Jaipur, the capital of Rajasthan; its his-

state I managed to climb an elephant and wobble on its back for good half an hour on the uphill way to see the famous Pink City and from there the Palace on the water in the distance, then the observatory, the legendary jewellery stores and carpet manufacturers. Jaipur is a fascinating city, really. We have completed thus our Northern leg of the tour. We then went to Goa, the jewel of the South, where we had a short rest, and on to Mumbai for New Year celebration and the grand finale of this tour.

Darija Stojnić

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on bare soil under a bridge. We went by these people under the bridge the next day again and caught sight of them as they



## HANUKA U KLUBU

Bila je i prošla još jedna Hanuka. Koja tačno po redu, ko će ga znati, kažu dvije hiljade i neka. Ali se spominje, svetkuje i ponavlja.

Svima nam nešto kazuje ime



Aleksandar Veliki, osvajač, među ostalim i onoga što danas zovu Sirija, Jordan, Egipat i Izrael (ondašnja Judeja sa centrom u Jerusalemu), oblasti koja je i dan danas kamen spoticanja i trvenja, da ne kažemo- ratova, oblast koja se danas jednim imenom naziva Bliski istok.

Kao mudar vladar dozvolio je da narodi pod njegovim mačem zadrže svoju religiju, običaje, a ostavio im je određen stepen autonomije. Pod tim uvjetima mnogi Jevreji su se asimilari, prihvativši helensku kulturu uključujući jezik, običaje, ali mnogo ih je i zadržalo svoju izvornu. Izgledalo je sve potaman. Ali što kaže ona narodna.. “...suviše je lijepo da bi dugo trajalo...”. I tako je je došao na vlast neki vladar kome je istorija dala ime Antiohus IV (šta je sa Antiohusima od I do III ne znam, a nisu ni bitni za ovu priču), po nekim verzijama sirijski vladar, po nekim helenski, a vladao je Sirijom, uostalom ko će ga tačno znati, danas poslije dvadeset i kusur vijekova. Ionako istoriju iliti historiju iliti povijest pišu pobjednici (a pobjednika i pobjeđenih do danas se izmjenjalo i dnevno se mijenjaju).

Ti su Antiohusi nastavili tamo

gdje je Aco završio, ali avaj, u totalno obrnutom smjeru. Onaj IV-ti nije bio baš mudar kao njegov prethodnik i nije bio naklonjen Jevrejima (indikativno, kao i neki mnogo vijekova poslije njega) i gadno je počeo da ih progoni. Zabranio je njihovu religiju, maltretiranja i masakri su bili česti. Što je najviše razljutilo Jevreje je to što je zabranio jevrejsku religiju i postavio helenskog visoko dostoјanstvenog svećenika u Templu koji se nalazio u Jerusalemu - najsvetiјe svetište Jevrejera. Desakrirao ga je i šao čak dotle da je dozvolio na oltaru žrtvovanje svinja koje nisu košer životinje i time je nanio veliku uvredu Jevrejima.

Daleko bi nas odvela beseda o pojedinostima, elem digoše se Makabejci (Jevreji iz tog vremena i prostora) na ustank. Tri godine je trajala bitka i dvadeset petog dana mjeseca Kislev (jvrejskog kalendara), potukoše Makabejci već oslabljene Grke, uđoše u Jerusalem, osloboдиše razoreni Templ i pretvorile ga ponovo u svoje svetište.

A onda, kada su Judini



sljedbenici ponovo uredili Templ, htjeli da upale svjetla koja će vječno goriti, ustanovili su da nemaju više ulja, a da se novo iscjedi iz maslina po tadašnjem “proizvodnom postupku” trabalo je osam dana. Pronašli su jednu malu kanticu u kojoj je bilo dovoljno ulja za samo jedan dan. I tada se dogodilo čudo kojeg se i danas

sjećamo i proslavljamo; ta mala svjetiljka gorila je ne jedan, već čitavih osam dana dok se nije napravilo novo ulje.

I tako Jevreji širom svijeta od tada slave Hanuku. Obilježavaju pobjedu nad Sirijscima/

nešto prisutnih podsjeti (i ne samo da podsjeti, to je obaveza da se priča nastavlja sa koljena na koljeno) da je Hanuka festival koji podsjeća na ponovno prosvjećenje Svetog hrama- drugog u



Grcima i ponovno osvjećenje hrama. Festival svjetla, kako se kaže za Hanuku, traje osam dana da bi se održala uspomena na čudo koje se dogodilo u hramu. Riječ Hanuka u slobodnom prevodu može se tumačiti kao “ponovno prosvjećenje”. Uz molitvu se pale svijeće na hanukiji-svećnjaku, svaki dan po jedna, koristeći središnju kao

vrijeme Maka-beanskog ustanka u drugom vijeku “prije hrista” i sve ono što je gore ispričano i još više i još ljepše, na samo njoj svojstven način. Slušali smo je bez daha, upijali svaku njenu riječ...

Kao i uvjek, tako i sada, najmlađoj prisutnoj osobi pripala je po tradiciji čast i zadovoljstvo da zapali svijeće. Bila je to ovoga puta Saša Jolić. Uradila je to u naše ime, a i da bi zadovoljila vjekovnu “naredbu” da to treba da bude mlada (i to što mlada) osoba i da se paljenje obavlja uz molitvu.

Kako se ne smiju prekinuti tradicije prenošenja s koljena na koljeno besjede o Templu i svi drugi tradicionalni rituali koji idu uz to, tako smo se naravno, potrudili da ne prekinemo tradiciju, pa da se malo i pogostimo i nasladimo i sa krofnama i drugim kolačima koji idu uz tu svetkovinu. Naravno nije zabranjeno ni koju kapljicu izkonzumirati i tu smo nezabranu iskoristili, naravno do određenih granica.

I tako to teče dalje. Vidimo se na sljedećoj Hanuki opet. Ako \*\*\* da.

Dragan Ungar

# ACTIVITIES

## CHANUKAH IN OUR CLUB

8

Another Chanukah passed by. Which one in turn, who knows? Some say that it is two thousand and something. Nevertheless, it has been talked about, celebrated and repeated.

goes "It is too nice to go far..." So, a ruler who was named by history as Antiochus IV, came to power (what happened to Antiochuses I – III, I do not know, but they are not im-

all by the fact that not only had he forbidden the religion but has also placed a high dignitary Hellenic priest in the Temple of Jerusalem – the holiest of places for the Jews. He desecrated it and even went so far as to allow the pigs to be sacrificed on the altar, thus offending the Jews exceedingly. This story could go on and on if all the details were to be told. But, it came to pass that the Maccabees rebelled. After three years of fighting, on the twenty fifth day of Kislev the Maccabees defeated the already weakened Greeks, entered Jerusalem, freed the destroyed Temple and rededicated it.

When the followers of Judas restored the Temple and wanted to light the lamp to permanently burn, they established that there was no sufficient oil. With the production technology used at that time it would have taken eight days to press out new oil from olives. They found a small container holding oil sufficient for one day only. And then the miracle happened that we remember to this day. The small lamp went on burning not for one day only but for eight days, until the new oil was produced.

And hence from that day on, Jews worldwide celebrate Chanukah, marking their victory over Syrians/Greeks and the rededication of the Temple. The festival of Lights as Chanukah is often referred to, lasts for eight days in order to keep the memory of the miracle that took place in the Temple. Loosely translated the word Chanukah could be interpreted as rededication. Prayers are said when lighting the Chanukiah candles; each day one candle more is lighted than the previous day. Lighting is performed by the ninth candle – The Shamash.

In the space available for me to write here I would like to mention that on Thursday, 22 December 2011 time was made available for us to remind our-

selves of the Miracle; celebrate the Chanukah and light three of the eight candles on the Chanukiah.

Using the floor offered to her Svjetlana Marjanović reminded us (twenty and something people), as the tradition requires, of the story of Chanukah including that part about the rededication of the Holy Temple, the second one, that occurred during the Maccabean revolt in the 2<sup>nd</sup> century BCE. She told us many other things in her always pleasing way. We caught our breath listening with interest to every word she said

Then, as always, the youngest person was the one to have the honour and pleasure to light the candles. It was Saša Jolić on that occasion. She lit the candles while the blessing was read on our behalf, but also to comply with the centuries old command that this should be a young (as young as possible) person.

Complying with the tradition to transfer from generation to generation the story of the



SASHA LIT THE CANDLES, SVJETLANA EXPLAINS

All of us are familiar with the name of Alexander the Great, who conquered among other areas those that today are called Syria, Jordan, Egypt and Israel. Even now they are stumbling blocks creating frictions or wars, so to speak, and go under the name of Middle East. Alexander was a wise ruler and allowed the people under his sword to keep their respective religions and customs and have certain autonomy. Under such circumstances many Jews were assimilated taking on the Hellenic culture including the language and customs; nonetheless many of them preserved their own. All seemed as it should be. But as the saying

tant for this story anyway). Some say that he was Antiochus of Syria, some say that he was a Hellenic ruler; who would know today after twenty odd centuries. The history is written, anyway, by the winners (the number of winners and the defeated has changed till now). These Antiochuses had resumed where Alex finished, but alas, in a totally opposite direction. The IV-th one was not as wise as his predecessor and he did not favour the Jews (it is indicative, being similar to many centuries later); thus he started persecuting them. He banned the religion with repeated tortures and massacres. The Jews were angered above



Temple with all the rituals that go with it we used the opportunity to observe the other related customs – treating ourselves with doughnuts and other cakes and pastries. It is not forbidden to consume a drop or two of wine, therefore we applied this lack of prohibition and had a few drops. The time goes on. See you next Chanukah. Hopefully. Dragan Ungar

Koliko daleko u djetinjstvo seže ljudsko sjećanje je individualno a uz to prilično nesigurno. Obično najranije sjećanje datira negdje kad ste imali 3 ili 4 godine mada me moj prijatelj uvjeravao da se sjeća dogadjaja koji su se desili kad je bio mlađi od godinu dana. Dosta je nesigurno razdvojiti u sjećanju one dogadjaje kojih se stvarno sjećate od onih za koje ste čuli iz druge ruke.

O svom ranom djetinjstvu znam vrlo malo, uglavnom po

to sam ja. Na poledjini slike napisano je "mastiljavom" olovkom "Mostar 1942. god". Te godine smo bili izbjegli u Mostar, tada italijansku okupacionu zonu, da se sklonimo od progona i horora prema Jevrejima u Sarajevu. Zatim postoje tri crno bijele sličice 4x6 cm, snimljene Kodak boks kamerom na kojima sam samo ja u istim špilhoznicama kako poziram naslonjen na ogradu nekog mosta. Vidi se rijeka koja pjeni u valovima ispod mosta. Ta boks kamera prošla je sa nama čitav rat i čuvali smo je kao

tog aprila." Nevjerovatno, tako jedna vedra slika majke i sina kao da je snimljena negdje na bezbrižnom ljetovanju a

u dugoj koloni preko obronaka Velebita prema slobodnoj teritoriji. Ne sjećam se puno



PRED NJEMAČKO-USTAŠKU OFANZIVU

stvarno snimljena u italijanskom koncentracionom logoru na Hvaru.

Prvo moje pravo sjećanje, nekog dogadjaja datira negdje oko sredine septembra 1943. godine. Imao sam nesto više od 4 godine. Majka i ja smo se nalazili u grupi Sarajevskih Jevreja interniranih u italijanski logor na otoku Rabu. Kapitulacijom Italije, septembra 1943. godine, italijanska straža koja je čuvala logor povukla se a mi logoraši smo sada bili slobodni da idemo. Da ne bi pali u ruke Njemcima, partizani su organizovali prebacivanje logoraša na oslobođeni teritorij. I tako sjećam se jedne noći tog septembra, naguralo se stotine logoraša u tri male trabakule i krenulo na putovanje prema kontinentu.

Odredište je selo sv. Juraj, deset kilometara južno od Senja. Tada je to bilo malo ribarsko mjesto a danas je poznata turistička destinacija. Na sred Senjskog kanala, poznatog po snažnim naletima bure, motor naše trabakule se pokvario i ladja je bila prepustena valovima. Mrkla noć, trabakula se propinje i posrće na valovima, plač žena i djece, dozivanje mornara, sve je to bilo dovoljno dramatično da se moralno duboko urezati u moje sjećanje. Na kraju motor je nekako popravljen te smo sretno stigli do sv. Juraja. Negdje pred zoru krenuli smo

detalja sa tog marša, znam samo da se išlo stalno uzbrdo i da je baš nisam bio oduševljen ni raspoložen da planinarim, te sam stalno dolazio pred majku tražeći da me nosi. I tako je to trajalo i trajalo cijeli sutrašnji dan dok se nismo dohvatali Otočca.

Godinama kasnije vozeći se barem dva puta godišnje na ljetovanje u svoju vikendicu na Cresu, prolazio sam tu dionicu Otočac – Senj. Cesta uska, sa puno zavoja, loše održavana a u ljetno doba vrlo prometna, zahtijevala je punu koncentraciju u vožnji. Tih pedesetak kilometara bilo mi je teže voziti nego svih 500 kilometara od Sarajeva do odredišta. I što je interesantno uvijek bih se sjetio da sam taj isti put jednom prešao i to pješke kad sam imao samo 4 godine.

Prošlo je dosta vremena od našeg dolaska na oslobođenu teritoriju. Izatim ponovo jedna slika u sjećanju. Negdje u zimu 1945. godine nalazim se sa majkom u jednom zabačenom selu na Kordunu. Živjeli smo u jednoj prostoriji koja je prije našeg dolaska bila štala. Zahvalni smo seljacima koji nam daju smještaj i nešto hrane iako i sami oskudjevaju. Jedno jutro, februar je, napolju ciča zima, iznenada cijelim selom se razležu povici "Eto ih preko Korane". To u prevodu znači



pričanju moje majke i na osnovu rijetkih sačuvanih fotografija, najviše pet ili šest. Najstarija od tih fotografija pokazuje dvoje mališana starih oko tri godine kako stoje naslonjeni na zid neke barake i gledaju u kameru. Onaj lijevi, bucmasti, sa rupicama na obrazu, u "špilhoznicama", isplazio je jezik snimatelju. E

uspomenu dugo poslije rata. Nismo je upotrebljavali jer je bila malo napukla a i tehnički je bila potpuno zastarila. Na kraju postoji jedna veća fotografija na kojoj smo majka i ja. Majka, nasmijana čući i lijevom rukom me obuhvatila oko struka. Iza nas je veliki kaktus. Na poledjini piše : Na Hvaru u logoru god. 1943, 4-

da je njemačko-ustaška ofanziva u toku i da što prije treba bježati prema Petrovoj Gori dok se situacija ne smiri. Danas, kad pogledam kartu tog dijela Kordunashvatam koliko je to bilo kritično. Rijeka Korana je samo par kilometara udaljena od sela, a do Petrove Gore, sigurnog skloništa, ima i čitavih petnaest kilometara. Sjećam se te bježanije, pejzaž je pravi zimski, hladno je i snijeg je svuda uokolo. Majka me drži za ruku i bježimo sto brže možemo. Izgleda da zaostajemo. Pouzdano se sjećam da opet nisam mogao dovoljno brzo dahodam pa me

iz okolnih sela gdje smo boravili i smjestili nas u neki predratni hotel u Topuskom. Mora da je hotel bio u jadnom stanju nakon 4 godine rata. Ono čega se jasno sjećam je dugi hodnik sa nekoliko vrata



lijevo i desno. U jednoj sobi bez prozora, jedini namještaj je jedan željezni krevet. Brave na vratima su bez kvaka tako da majka zalupi vrata i nosi ručku sa sobom. Tako svi rade u

## JEDNOM SLIČNOM TRABAKULOM SMO SE PREBACILI NA KOPNO



je majka praktički vukla za ruku. Kad smo prelazili cestu već su se čuli motori kamiona ili tenkova, kozna. Seljaci koji su nas prestizali govorili su majci da požuri jer se neće uspjeti dohvatići Petrove Gore. Činjenica da pišem ova sjećanja kaže da smo se ipak dohvatali. Samo sam još jednom u životu bio u selu Čatrna. Moj očuh Aron, poveo me je u ljeto 1947 godine na duže putovanje po mjestima gdje je boravio tokom rata. Možda moje sjećanje na niske seoske kuće sa doksatima ispred i izrezbarenim drvenim ogradama potiče iz tog, drugog boravka u Selu.

Kraj rata dočekali smo u Topuskom. Vjerovatno su partizani sve nas izbjeglice pokupili

uvjerenju da su zaključali svoj "stan" mada ne vidim razlog jer prosti nije bilo stoga da se otudji. Vrlo živo sjećam se devetog maja 1945. godine. Iznenada, bez ikakve najave, svi u hotelu su počeli da skaču, da se medjusobno grle i ljube, čestitaju jedan drugom jer su eto uspjeli da prežive četverogodišnji ratni pakao. Napolju, pred hotelom, partizani pucaju u vazduh iz svih oružja, već se formira kozaračko kolo, pleše se i pjeva do kasno u noć.

Albi Papo



with us all through the war and we kept it as a memento long after the war. We did not use it because it was broken a bit and utterly obsolete. Finally there is a slightly bigger photograph of my mother and of me. My mother with a smile on her face is squatting and holding me round the waist by her left hand. A large cactus is in the background. The writing at the back reads: On Hvar in the camp, 1943, 4<sup>th</sup> April. It is unbelievable – this cheerful picture of a mother and her son



is mainly based on what my mother had told me and the rare saved photographs – only five or six of them. The oldest among those photographs depicts two 3-year old boys leaning on a wall of a shed looking into a camera. The one on the left, the moon-faced one, with dimples in his cheeks, wearing a play suit and sticking out his tongue to the photographer – is me. Mostar 1942 has been written at the back with a pencil. That was the year when we fled to Mostar (a zone occupied by Italians at that time) in order to find refuge from the horrors and persecution suffered by the Jews in Sarajevo. There were also three 4x6 cm black and white pictures taken by Kodak box camera, depicting only me in that same play suit, leaning on a bridge wall. Beyond, foamy waves can be seen under the bridge. This box camera was

could have been taken anywhere on a carefree summer vacation; in reality it was taken in an Italian concentration camp on the island of Hvar.

My first real memories of an event date back to the middle of September 1943. I was four at that time. My mother and I were in a group of Sarajevo Jews interned in the Italian camp on the island of Rab. Capitulation of Italy in September of 1943 meant that the guards in charge of our camp withdrew and we were free to leave. To prevent the Germans from capturing the prisoners, the Partisans had organised their transfer to the freed territory. And thus, I remember that one night of that September hundreds of prisoners packed in three little boats and headed to the mainland. The destination was St. Juraj, a village ten kilometres to the south from Senj. At that

# REPORTERS

II

time a small fishermen village, today it is a well known tourist destination. When we reached the middle of the Senj Canal, notorious for its gales, the engine of our boat broke down and the boat was being battered by the sea. The pitch-dark night, the rocking of the boat by the waves, crying of the children and the women, shouting

ing for which reason I would come to stand in front of my mother asking her to carry me. It went on and on the whole of the next day until we reached Otočac.

Later in my life going at least twice a year to my summer house on the island of Cres I would drive along this same section from Otočac to Senj.



of the sailors was so gripping that it set deeply in my memory. The engine was eventually repaired and we reached St. Juraj. A short time before the dawn we started our march in a long line over the slopes of Velebit in the direction of freed territory. I do not remember many details of that march. I can remember only that we walked uphill all the time and that I was not quite excited and in the mood of hik-

This poorly maintained narrow road with many bends and heavy traffic in summer months required high concentration while driving. It was more difficult to drive these 50 kilometres than the 500 kilometres from Sarajevo to my destination. Nevertheless I would always bring to mind that I crossed it on foot when I was only four. Another image coming back to

my mind is from a period after we spent some time on the freed territory. It was the winter of 1945. My mother and I were in a remote village in Kordun. We lived in a room which used to be a stable before we came. We were grateful to the peasants for the accommodation and the food they were providing us with although they did not have

enough for themselves. On a bitterly cold February morning the whole village was ringing with shouts: "There they come over the Korana River". The meaning of it was that the German-Ustasha offensive was under way and that it was necessary to take off towards Petrova Gora and wait for things to calm down.

When I look today at

the map of that part of Kordun I realize how serious the situation was. The Korana River is only a few kilometres away from the village and it is as much as fifteen kilometres to the safety of Petrova Gora. I can remember our flight in the cold snow covered landscape. My mother holding me by the hand and we run as quickly as we can. We are lagging behind, it seems. I remember with certainty that yet again I could not walk fast enough so that my mother actually dragged me by hand. When crossing the road we already could hear the sound of the engines in the trucks or tanks; who would know. The peasants who passed us by were telling my mother to hurry if she wanted to get to Petrova Gora. The fact that I am writing these lines is a proof that we managed to get there. I went to the village of Čatrnja only one more

time. My stepfather Aron took me in the summer of 1947 to a journey visiting all those places he stayed in during the war. My memories of the low village houses with front porches and carved wooden fences date probably from that second stay in the village.

We were at Topusko when the war ended. I suppose that the Partisans gathered all the refugees from the surrounding villages and put us into a pre-war hotel at Topusko. It must have been in a poor condition after four years of war. I remember clearly the long corridor with a few doors to the left and to the right. In a room with no windows the only furniture was an iron bed. There were no latches, so that my mother used to slam the door and take the doorknob with her. Everybody did it con-



vinced that they had locked their respective "flats", although I cannot see the reason for that, because nobody had any property to be taken away. I can clearly remember the ninth of May of 1945. Suddenly, with no previous indication, everybody at the hotel starts jumping, hugging, kissing and congratulating one another for the success in surviving the four-years war hell. In front of the hotel the Partisans shoot from all firearms, and everybody sings and dances late into the night.

Albi Papo

# SaLon No 60

# KOMUNALNE VIJESTI 12

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### KOMUNALNE VIJESTI .....

U jesen 2011 godine Jewish Care je na staroj lokaciji izgradio i uspješno pustio u upotrebu svoj višenamjenski Centar koji obuhvata Sobel – Dnevni centar za članove sa specijalnim potrebama, Upravnu zgradu JC ali i posebno krilo zvano Selig Court koji sadrži 44 što dvosobnih što jednosobnih stanova. Ovi stanovi su namjenski - građeni su za smještaj osoba koje zadovoljavaju kriterije kategorizacije kao preživjeli Holokausta. Kao što ovdašnje regule zahtijevaju, tako se i u ovom slučaju desilo da je Opština uzela sebi za pravo dodjele 8 od ovih stanova po svojoj prioritetskoj listi, uvazavajući pri tome činjenicu da u objekat može delegirati samo one koji su preživjeli

Holokaust. Na naše zadovoljstvo, dva naša člana Cesar Danon i Bulka Kamhi-Danon su uspješno prebrodili sve zapreke, zadovoljivši kriterije sa obje strane, pa su im dodijeljeni odgovarajući stanovi. U vrijeme kada ovo pišemo Cesar se već udobno smjestio a i Bulka će to uskoro. Stanovi su, inače, lijepo organizirani, skromne, ali ipak zadovoljavajuće veličine, sa orientacijom na sjeverozapad, sa kupatilom osmišljenim za ove svrhe, opremljenom kuhinjom, lijepo osvijetljeni. Jewish Care, imajući u vidu kome su stanovi namijenjeni, pokušava da ponudi i zajednički sadržaj, sa komunalnim prostorima za okupljanje, restoranom i sl. Želimo im ugodan boravak u novim domovima.



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