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Interview: ANA ŠOMLO

Ana Šomlo, pisac, esejista i prevodilac, rođena je 1935. u Negotinu, Istočna Srbija. Za vrijeme II svjetskog rata skrivala se s porodicom u kući porodice zidara Mite Todorovića, zbog čega su ovi dobili u Jerusalimu medalju "Pravednika". Ana Šomlo je diplomirala Orijentalnu filologiju na Filozofskom fakultetu u Beogradu, a na postdiplomskom studiju bila u Izraelu. Radila kao novinara Duge i na Televiziji Beograd, a bila i urednik časopisa RTV teorija i praksa. Objavila romane *Lea Straser* (1980), *Kao* (prvo izdanje 1983, drugo 1990), *Glasvost dijaspora* (1985), a za knjigu *Milena pisma Kafki* dobila nagradu "Eli Finci". Knjigu razgovora sa Miodragom Pavićem *Hazari ili obnova vizantijskog romana* objavila je 1990. Na hebrejskom objavila zbirku priča *Drugi život gospodina Gaona*. Ana Šomlo danas živi u Izraelu.



P. Gospodo Šomlo, šta za Vas znači biti jevrejski pisac? Da li su to samo pisci jevrejskog porijekla ili pisci koji se bave temama iz jevrejskog života?

O. *Jevrejski pisac je svakako samo Jevrejin, kao što je britanski pisac Englez ili američki pisac Amerikanac. Naravno, samo ukoliko se dotični pisac oseća Jevrejinom. Nikada nećemo reći da je srpski pisac poreklom Srbin ili ruski pisac poreklom Rus. S obzirom da Jevreji vekovima nisu imali svoju zemlju, njihovo se određenje donekle razlikuje od ostalih naroda, a pisci su pripadali onim sredinama u kojima su živeli i na čijem su jeziku pisali. Tako je Singer istovremeno i američki i jevrejski pisac kao što su Danilo Kiš ili Aleksandar Tišma jevrejski pisci čija su dela pisana na srpskom jeziku. Ipak, nikada nećemo reći da je Ivo Andrić jevrejski pisac, mada su njegove teme i likovi često inspirisani bosanskim jevrejskim okruženjem.*

U Enciklopediji *Judaica*, u izdanju Keter, Jerusalim, objavljenoj 1970. u 17 tomova, ja sam obradila temu i ličnosti "Jevrejski pisci i teme na tlu Jugoslavije". Ova zadata tema podrazumevala je da baviti se jevrejskom tematikom ne znači biti i jevrejski pisac.

P. Dugo ste živjeli i radili u bivšoj Jugoslaviji. Danas živite u Izraelu. U kojoj mjeri ste uspjeli očuvati svoj stvaralački integritet?

O. *Za mene je promena životnog prostora oduvek bila veoma inspirativna. To je mogućnost da se sopsrvstveni, negdašnji prostor sagleda sa distance, da se izoštri, bolje sagleda, a da novi ambijent i novi susreti pruže nove teme. Nedostaju mi samo moji jugoslovenski čitaoci, naročito oni koje sam preko svojih knjiga upoznavala, što mi je uvek davalo volju da pišem.*

P. Kako biste ocijenili doprinos pisaca jevrejskog porijekla u književnosti južnoslavenskih naroda?

O. *Dali ste mi suviše malo prostora da bih mogla čak i delimično da pomenem izvesne pisce bez kojih jugoslovenska književnost ne bi bila ono što jeste. A ne bi bila ono što jeste da nema Vinavera, Daviča, Samokovlije, Kiša, Tišme, Lebovića, Filipa Davida, Zore Dirnbah... Vrednost njihovih dela prešla je granice nekadašnjeg jugoslovenskog prostora i zauzela vidno mesto i u svetskoj literaturi.*

P. Kako vidite budućnost jevrejskih zajednica na prostorima bivše Jugoslavije i da li vjerujete da Jevreji na tim prostorima još mogu imati i neku, prije svega kulturnu ulogu?

O. *Ovo nemirno vreme podsetilo je mnoge ljude na to da su Jevreji, čak i kada su njihovi roditelji to bili smetnuli s uma, tako da se i pored toga što su mnogi ljudi napustili Jugoslaviju, broj članova jevrejskih opština nije drastično smanjio, sem, naravno, u Sarajevu. Uvek će biti, verujem, onih koji će zaboravne Jevreje podsetiti na njihovu nacionalnost. Koreni su suviše snažni da bi se mogli iščupati. Ovogodišnja dodala NIN-ove književne nagrade Davidu Albahariju ukazuje da žiri ima sluha za glas jevrejskog pisca. BIGZ je objavio sabrana dela Danila Kiša, koja su naišla na veliko interesovanje čitalačke publike, a novi roman Filipa Davida "Hodočasnici neba i zemlje" objavljen je prošle godine i u Sarajevu i u Beogradu. Verujem da se negde na Dorčolu, u nekoj staroj biblioteci začinje rukopis nekog dečaka iz jevrejske porodice, tamo, gde su nastale i priče Hajima Daviča, jednog od prvih srpskih pisaca.*

P. Na čemu trenutno radite?

O. *Za ove četiri godine, otkako živim u Izraelu, objavila sam Hebrejsko-srpskohrvatski rečnik, udžbenik "Učite sami hebrejski", priručnik i prevela "Antologiju kratke priče Izraela"; priručnik sarajevske Zidne novine posvećene izraelskoj književnosti. Letos sam na konkursu za pisce koji pišu na svom jeziku u Izraelu, za zbirku priča "Ponovo u Jerusalimu", u konkurenciji od 217 rukopisa na 13 jezika, dobila nagradu Ministarstva apsorbcije. Sada tu zbirku pokušavam da prevedem na hebrejski jezik. Istovremeno pripremam i drugi deo Udžbenika (zamišljen je u četiri dela), kao i veliki Hebrejsko-srpski rečnik. Sve su to zamašni poslovi koje, ipak, brzo moram da završim kako bih se posvetila svom novom romanu što pre, da mi ličnosti iz njega ne pobegnu u neki drugi prostor. Kao što vidite, uklopila sam u svoj rad i hebrejski koji sam studirala u Jerusalimu 1957/59, ali ću, naravno, uvek pisati, ako je to još dozvoljeno reći, samo na srpskohrvatskom jeziku.*

Razgovor vodilo Predrag Finci

Interview with: ANA ŠOMLO

Ana Šomlo, writer, essayist and translator, born 1935 in Negotin, Eastern Serbia. During the Second World War she and her family hid in the house of the stonemason Mile Todorović's family for which it received the medal "For the Righteous" in Jerusalem. Ana Šomlo read Oriental Philology in the Faculty of Philosophy in Belgrade and completed her post graduate studies in Israel. She worked as a journalist on the periodical *Duga* and on Belgrade Television. She was also editor of the periodical *RTV Theory and Practice*. Published the novels: *Lea Straser* (1980), *As If* (first edition 1983, second 1985), *Voices from the Diaspora* (1985). For the book *Milena's Letters to Kafka* she received the "Eli Finci" prize. In 1990 she published a book of conversations with *Miodrag Pavić: The Khazars or a Renewal of the Byzantine Novel*. She published a book of short stories *The Second Life of Mr Gaon* in Hebrew. Ana Šomlo now lives in Israel.

Q. Mrs. Šomlo would you, please tell me what being a Jewish Writer means to you? Are these writers of Jewish origin only or writers dealing with topics from Jewish life?

A. *A Jewish writer is, certainly, only a Jew, just the same as a British writer is an Englishman and an American writer an American. This is true, of course, provided that the writer in question feels as a Jew. One never says that a Serbian writer originates from Serbia or a Russian writer from Russia. Due to the fact that for centuries Jews had no country of their own, their destinies differ somewhat from those of other nationalities by the fact that the writers belonged to the environments within which they lived and to the languages in which they wrote. Thus, Singer is both an American and a Jewish writer, just the same as Danilo Kiš and Aleksandar Tišma are Jewish writers whose works were written in Serbian. Yet one would never say, that Ivo Andrić is a Jewish writer, though many of his themes and characters were inspired by a Jewish ambient.*

Included in the *Encyclopaedia Judaica*, published in 17 volumes by Keter, Jerusalem in 1970, is my contribution treating themes and characters in "Jewish writers and topics on the soil of Yugoslavia". This subject has implied that treating Jewish themes does not necessarily mean being a Jewish writer.

Q. You lived and worked for a long time in the former Yugoslavia. Now you live in Israel. To what extent have the changes of the language and cultural environment had a dramatic effect the writer? To what extent have you succeeded in keeping your creative integrity?

A. *Changing the territory in which I live has, for me, always been highly inspirational. Looking from a distance offers you a chance of a better perspective, it sharpens your view of your previous surroundings and affords you a clearer perception of it. On the other hand new cultural milieu and new encounters provide you with new themes. I miss only my Yugoslav readers, especially those that I came to know through my books, as they always urged my will to write*

Q. How would you appraise the contribution of the writers of Jewish origin to the literatures of South Slav (Yugoslav) peoples?

A. *I have been given too small a space to mention even partially some of the writers. If Vinaver, Davičo, Samokovlija, Kiš, Tišma, Lebović, Filip David, Zora Dirnbah... were not there, Yugoslav literature would not be the one it actually is. The value of their works has reached beyond the boundaries of the former Yugoslav territory and gained a prominent place in international literature.*

Q. How do you see the future of the Jewish communities on the territory of former Yugoslavia and do you believe that the Jews in those regions can still have any, primarily, cultural role?

A. *This unsettled period has reminded many people that they are Jews, even in those cases when their parents had forgotten it, so that despite the fact that many have left Yugoslavia, the size of the Jewish communities has not drastically decreased, except of course, in Sarajevo. I believe that there will always be people who will remind the forgetful Jews of their nationality. The roots are too deep to be uprooted. This year's NIN Award for literature was given to David Albahari indicating that the jury of this major literary award in Belgrade still has a feeling for the work of a Jewish writer. BIGZ has published the collected works of Danilo Kiš. These were well received by the public, and "The Heaven and Earth Pilgrims", a new novel by David Filip was published both in Sarajevo and in Belgrade last year. I believe that somewhere, in some old library in Dorčol, a boy from a Jewish family is beginning to write a text in the place where stories were written by Hajim Davičo, one of the first Serbian writers.*

Q. What are you engaged on just now?

A. *Over these four years, since I have settled in Israel I have published a Hebrew-Serbrocroat dictionary and a text book "Teach Yourself Hebrew", I have also prepared and translated "The Anthology of Israeli Short Stories" and I have arranged the Sarajevo Wall Newspapers dedicated to Israeli literature. Among the 217 manuscripts submitted in 13 different languages to the last summer's competition which invited participation by Israeli based writers writing in their own languages. I was awarded a prize by the Ministry for Integration for my collected stories "In Jerusalem Again". I am trying to translate the stories into Hebrew. In the meantime I am preparing the second part of the text book (it has been planned as a four-part text book) and a large Hebrew-Serbia dictionary. All of these are large projects which I have to complete soon, my intention being to devote time to my new novel so as to prevent its characters from escaping. I have also adapted to my work the Hebrew language that I studied in Jerusalem in the period between 1957 and 1959, but I will be always writing, if I am still allowed to say so, only in Serb-Croat.*

Interview conducted by Predrag Finci

ANA ŠOMLO S ONE STRANE MORA

Nisam više očekivala sunčana jutra. Prošlo im je vreme. Stoga me je iznenadio zrak sunca koji je prodro u moju sobu i spustio mi se na očne kapke. Spazila sam pastelni lik devojke na venećianskoj mapi Terra Sancte iz sedamnaestog veka, jedine slike na zidu. Ostali su obloženi knjigama. Nisam znala i još uvek ne znam da li je to zaista nečiji lik uctan ili samo utvara koju ugledam kada se budim. Kasnije, kada se rasanim, zaboravim da se približim i odgonetnem istinu, poređenjem, možda, sa nekom drugom geografskom kartom Venecije. Smeta mi to jarko svetlo. Leti ga volim, ali u jesen se privikavam na sivilo. Ne volim ništa što remeti moje ustaljene navike i svet u kome se krećem. Zato proveravam plave cvetove na tepihu i dno bokala, azurno obojeno. Ruke su mi dve blede trake preko pokrivača. Sklapam ponovo oči, da ih ne bih videla. Tude su mi i smetaju mi. No san ne može više da mi se vrati. Prebirem šta sve treba da obavim, koga da sretnem, šta da izgovorim. Istovremeno pokušavam da ne pomislim na nekoga, jednostavno mi smeta koncentraciji. Iznaduje me što moje stepenište ne vodi kao obično mračnim hodnikom. Obasjano je suncem i oivičeno ljljanjima. Kraj mene se neprestano spušta lamur, padajući sa basamka na basamak i ja mu se uklanjam s puta. Nikada ga nisam videla tako izbliza. Obično u suton lete nad Korčulom u jatima i ja ih razlikujem od slepih miševa jedino po tome što su krupniji i sporiji, ali nedovoljno da bih im sagledala glave. I sada mi jedva vidim duboko usadene oči. Prvi put vidim lemurove oči, to sigurno znam, a kada me je spazio primetila sam da me je prepoznao. Pogled mu je kao u kameleona, ljudski. Koža mu je rožnata, siva i ljuskasta kao u ananasa, ali bih rekla da je meka, jer lemurov pad niz stepenište pljesne kao ulovljena riba o dno čameca. Gega se i ne spušta pogled sa mog lica.

U susedstvu mlada žena drži bebu na krilu. Pegave noge su joj bose, a desni iznad blazavih zuba rumeni. Zavidim joj na sreći koja izvire iz njenog pogleda. Sva je ozarena, ne smeta joj jutarnja svežina. Sedi na mojoj terasi, zasvođenoj pužavicom. Nisam primetila da tu stanuje, verovatno se nedavno doselila. Sve me to zadržava, iako nema veze sa mnom. Ali, posmatram, razmišljam, prepoznajem, a četvorka mi je otkloparala ispred nosa. Glas sa radija najavljuje prodor svežeg vazduha, jugoistočni vetar i naoblacjenje. Nikada se ne obučem dovoljno dobro. Ili me guši visok okovratnik, ili mi se hladnoća uvlači u kosti.

Moraću ponovo da se spustim do Odeona i sačekam trideset trojku što dolazi sa Zlatnog venca. Na Voznesenskoj crkvi izbija devet časova. Kasnim na redakcijski sastanak. Neko će to da iskoristi i kaže da moj televizijski prilog nije podoban. Prolaze autobusi, ali ni jedan ne ide u Košutnjak. Uzela sam liniju B koja vozi samo do bazena. I ovako mi je prekasno da stignem. Vreme nije za kupanje, ali ja sam uzela plavi providni dušek i spustila ga u vodu. Iznadada sam se našla u vrtlogu snažnog vetra koji me je poneo sobom. Dušek je pod pritiskom izgubio pravilni oblik i podigao se svojim prednjim delom kao pramac, a sa ledne strane štito me je jedrima. Lebdela sam nad vodom. Prestravljenost što ne mogu da upravljam svojim kretanjem ubrzo je prenela u ushićenost osećanja slobode i letenja. Zapazila sam da sustižem dečake iz moje ulice. Izleteli smo na trotoar, pa na auto-put. Naša trka je već počinjala da biva opasna, jer smo se uključili u saobraćaj i počeli da preprečavamo put automobilima. Ali strah je, i pored opasnosti, postao osećanje prave duhovne i telesne slobode - avantura duha i tela - taj ukus lebdjenja koji mogu samo još u snu da slutim.

Ponovo sam na obali jezera neke severne zemlje. Voda je tamno zelena, gotovo crna, kao izbledelo mastilo. Ulazim u guste talase i pokušavam da se otisnem na pećinu. Plivanje bi koristilo mom telu, mada ne osećam dodir vode niti hladnoću. Ne znam zašto se i drugi ne kupaju u jezeru koje nije slano, te se može otplivati širom otvorenih očiju. So ne štipa. Ali, tek što sam načinila nekoliko zaveslaja, zapažam oko sebe zloslutne galebove kako nadleću nada mnom i tamnu neman što se jedva razlikuje od talasa, jer je gotovo iste boje. Brzo zaplavam ka obali - sada mi je jasno zašto se druga bića klone opasnih dubina - mada ne znam da li strepim od ptica ili sam jedna od njih, jer nigde se, čak ni u vodi, ne ogleda ljudsko lice. Na meni je triko koji se na suncu, što se tek probija ali ne sija niti greje, sivo

preliva i ja ne verujem da će biti u skladu sa modom kada sasvim izbledi, jer je trend da ništa što je novo mladi ne vole da nose. Tada primetim da mi se za stopala lepi crni pesak iako na njima nisu moji nokti, već prsti neke mlade devojke. Ključ moje hotelske sobe, čiji sam broj zaboravila je, izgleda, potonuo. Ne znam kome bih mogla da se obratim, jer na obali, kao ni u mračnom hodniku hotela, nema nikoga. Užasno sam usamljena i bespomoćna, ali već pomirena sa samoćom koja je, izgleda, definitivna i beznađna.



ANA ŠOMLO

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF SEA

I wasn't expecting sunny mornings any more. Their season was over. Thus, I was surprised by the ray of sunlight entering my room and falling on my eyelids. I noticed the pastel painted face of a girl on the Venetian Terra Sancta map from the seventeenth century, the only painting on the wall. The other walls were covered with books. It had never been clear to me whether this was somebody's painted face or only an apparition seen by me when I opened my eyes. Later, when I was fully awake I would forget to have a closer look and discover the truth, say by comparing it with some other geographic map of Venice. The strong light bothers me. In summer I like it, but in autumn I am getting used to greyness. Anything that interferes with my established habits and the world in which I live is not to my liking. Therefore I check the blue flowers on the carpet and the bottom of the jug painted in azure. My hands are two pale stripes laid over the blanket. So as not to see them I close my eyes again. They feel foreign to me and they annoy me. But I cannot go back to sleep. I think of all the things that I have to do today, whom to meet, what to say. At the same time I try not to think of anybody; concentration simply bothers me. I am surprised by the fact that my staircase does not lead through a dark corridor, as it usually does. It is lit by sunshine and bordered with lilies. Lemur constantly comes down beside me falling from one stair to another and I get out of his way. I have never seen him so close. In the dusk they usually fly in flocks over Korčula and I distinguish them from the bats only because they are larger and slower but not sufficiently slow to let me see their heads. Even now I can scarcely see its deeply set eyes. It is the first time I have seen a lemur's eyes. I am sure of that, but when it catches sight of me I notice that it recognises me. Its look is like that of a chameleon, it is human. Its skin is rough, grey and scaly like a pineapple, but I would say that it is soft, because the fall of the lemur down the steps splashes like that of a fish against the bottom of a boat. It staggers and does not drop its gaze from my face.

The young woman in the neighbourhood holds a baby in her lap. Her freckled legs are bare and the gums above her glistening teeth are pink. I envy the happiness emerging from her look. She is beaming with joy and the morning fresh air does not bother her. She sits on my terrace beneath an arch of climbers. I have not noticed her living here. She has probably moved in recently. All this detains me although it has nothing to do with me. But I go on observing, meditating, recognising things and I have just missed my bus number four. The voice on the radio forecasts cool weather, Southeast wind and an overcast sky. I never dress quite properly. It is either the high collar that chokes me or the cold that enters my bones.

I will have to go down to the Odeon again and wait for bus thirty three coming from Zeleni Venac. The Voznesenska church clock strikes ten. I am late for the editorial meeting. Somebody will take this opportunity to say that what I have prepared for TV is not suitable. The buses pass by but none of them is for Košutnjak. I have boarded the line B taking me only to the swimming pool. It is too late for me to be on time anyway. The weather is not good for swimming, but I have taken the blue transparent inflatable airbed and lowered it into the water. Suddenly I have found myself caught in the whirl of strong wind. Under the pressure, the airbed has lost its proper form and its front part has been lifted like the bow of a boat, and from the rear its sails protect me. I hover above the water. My horror at not being able to control my movements soon turns into a delightful feeling of freedom and flying. I see that I have caught up with the boys from my street. We have dashed out onto the pavement and then to the motorway. Our race is becoming dangerous because we have joined the traffic and started blocking the way for the cars. But in spite of the danger, the fear has become a feeling of real spiritual and bodily freedom - an adventure for the spirit and for the body - it is the taste of floating that I can still feel only in my dreams.

I am on the banks of a lake in a northern country again. The water is of a dark green colour, it is almost black, looking like faded ink. I am entering dense waves, striving to reach the open sea. Swimming is good for my body, although I do not feel the touch of the water nor the cold. I do not know why the others do not swim in the lake though it is free of salt which makes possible swimming with wide open eyes. They are not burnt by the salt. But, no sooner have I made a few strokes than I notice the foreboding seagulls flying above me and the dark monster hardly distinguished from the waves as it is almost of the same colour. I quickly start swimming towards land - it is clear to me now why the other creatures avoid the dangerous deep waters - although I do not know whether I am afraid of the birds or am one of them, because there is no reflection of a human face anywhere, not even in the water. I am wearing a grey triclot glistening in the newly appearing sun, but it neither glows nor warms and I believe that it will be in accordance with the fashion when completely fading away, because it is a trend among the young people not to wear new things. I notice that black sand has stuck to my feet although, instead of my nails, I find the toes of a young girl. It seems that the key to my hotel room (the number of which I have forgotten) has sunk. I do not know whom to contact, because there is nobody on the beach or in the dark hotel corridor. I am terribly lonely and helpless, but already accepting the loneliness which seems to be final and hopeless.



Kulturno naslijeđe

JEDNA SEFARSKA PRIČA

Bila dva susjeda, jedan siromah, drugi bogataš. Siromah nije mogao podnijeti da gleda toliko bogatstvo s jedne strane, a toliku škrtost s druge. On nije ništa imao. Razmišljajući, pronašao je šta treba uraditi.

Jednom, pošto je rano ustao, počeo je vrlo glasno govoriti molitvu, da bi je susjed čuo. Govorio je: "Gospodaru svijeta! Ti koji si velik i moćan, smiluj mi se i pošalji mi stotinu zlatnih dukata da mogu živjeti; ali molim te nemoj poslati manje od stotine, pazi, ako mi pošalješ jedan manje neću ih primiti!"

Slijedeći dan, dok je siromah govorio svoju molitvu tražeći stotinu dukata, ali ne manje, jer da će ih odbiti, bogataš mu je kroz dimnjak bacio kesu koja je sadržavala devedeset i devet zlatnih dukata. Dobri siromah, vidjevši kesicu, sagne se, otvori je i izbroji. Onda podignu ruke prema nebu i jakim glasom, da ga čuje bogataš, reče: "Gospodaru svijeta, ne znam kako da ti zahvalim što si uslišao moju molitvu! Istina je da sam ti tražio stotinu dukata, ali ne mari što si mi poslao jedan manje. Zar mi nećeš poslati onaj jedan koji nedostaje? Imam povjerenja u tebe!!!"

Bogataš, koji je to čuo, samo što nije umro od straha! Kao lud otrči k siromahu i, gestikulirajući, pokušao mu objasniti da ga je htio iskušati i vidjeti hoće li odbiti dukate, kao što je govorio u molitvi. Stoga, da mu je dužan vratiti dukate.

Svade, uvrede, vika! Siromah nije htio ni čuti. Govorio je da su mu ovi dukati došli od Boga, a da će onaj, koji mu je poslao devedeset i devet komada, poslati i onaj jedan koji nedostaje.

Kako se radsprava počela odviše zaoštravati, jer je jedan tražio svoje dukate, a drugi ih je odbijao vratiti, bogatašu nije preostalo ništa drugo do da stvar preda sudu. Određenog dana bogataš je ušao u siromahovu sobu i rekao mu: "Hajdemo, vrijeme je".

"Ne gospodine", mogu se pojaviti na prljavom odijelu, odijelo, dobro izglacano cipele". Bogataš slušajući ga je kap udarila! I zbog Ode i donese siromahu se obući", reče bogataš. je siromah. "Šta još ima. tražiti?"

"Treba da mi daš svoga ima blata i neću da tako lijepu odjeću".

"Neka bude tako", Siromah se umio, počeo sljao, obukao nove cipele, uzjahao magarca i njim, hodajući pješice po Pošto su hodali ulicama i stignu na sud i pojave se skladno obučen, drugi vrlo prljav i umoran. Bogataš, čiji je izgled izazivao milosrde, ispriča sucu šta se desilo i zatraži pravdu. Sudac obračunajući se siromahu upita: "Kakav odgovor imaš na ovu optužbu?"

"Molim vas da pogledate dobro kako je loše obučen i prljav ovaj čovjek", ogovori siromah sucu. "Ja vas pitam je li moguće da bi ovakva osoba bila sposobna za posudbu tolikih zlatnih dukata, kada izaziva milosrdeće dok je gledate? Uvjeren sam da je slabouman i da izmišlja nešto čega nema! Tako može reći da su odijelo koje nosim i magarac koga imam njegov! Kako je to moguće!"

Slušajući to bogataš poskoči i počne vikati: "Gospodine suče, istina je da su odijelo koje nosim ovaj čovjek i magarac moji! Kunem se, gospodina suče, da je sve moje i ništa ne pripada ovom čovjeku!" Tada siromah stade pred suca i dobro se uspravivši reče: "Molim Vašu visost da me dobro pogleda! Kakav sam ja?"

Sudac podiže glasi i pogleda obojicu, jednog dobro obučen a čista a drugoga prljava, pa odgovori vičući: "Udalji se odavde prljavi lažljivče! Neću više da te vidim!" Otvorivši vrata uhvati ga za ruku i izbaci napolje; međutim čovjeka dobro obučen a lijepo pozdravio, ispratio ga do vrata, uz tisuću molbi za oprost. Tako je siromah pošao sa svojim dukatima, svojim novim odijelom i svojim magarcem.

Neka bude sretan on i mi s njime!

(Adaptirano prema priči Gine Camhy: *Siromah koji je prevario bogataša*, in: Priče o sarajevskim Sefardima, 1994)



odgovori siromah, "ne sudenju u ovom Potrebno mi je novo fes, čiste hlače i lijepo to gotovo da umre, skoro štete i što mu je bilo žao. što je tražio. "Idi i brzo "Ne još", odgovorio mu Šta bi još mogao tražiti?"

magarca, jer na ulicama uprljam ovu tako čistu i

odgovori jedan bogataš. namirisao mirisima, hlače, novi kaput, sjajne krenuo. Bogataš za prašini i blatu.

uličicama, obojica pred sućem, jedan



ASEPHARADIC STORY

There were two neighbours, one was poor and the other rich. The poor one could not stand to see such richness on one side and stinginess on the other. He did not have anything. After thinking about it he decided what he would do.

One day, after he got up early, he started praying loudly so that the neighbour could hear "Oh Lord of our universe! You are omnipotent, have pity on me and send me a hundred gold ducats that I may live; but please do not send less than a hundred because if you do send even one less I won't accept them!"

The next day, while the poor man said his prayers asking for a hundred ducats and not one less because he would not accept them, the rich man threw a sack containing ninety-nine gold ducats down the chimney. The poor man, seeing the sack, bowed, opened it and began counting. Then he raised his hand towards heaven and in a loud voice, so that the rich man would hear, said: "Master of all, I do not know how to thank you for listening to my prayers! It is true that I asked for a hundred ducats, but do not worry that you sent me one less. Wont you send me that missing one? I have trust in you!!!"

The rich man, who heard this, almost died of fear. Like a mad man he ran to the poor neighbour's room and, gesturing, he tried to explain that he was just testing him to see if he would really refuse the ducats as he had said in his prayers. So, he was obligated to return the ducats.

They quarrelled and screamed. The poor man did not want to hear anything. He said that his ducats came from God and said that he who sent him ninety-nine ducats would also send him that one which was missing.

As the quarrel was getting worse, because one wanted his ducats returned and the other would not return them, the rich man could see no other way except to go to court. On the agreed day, the rich man

man and said: "Let us go, "No, sir," answered the in court in this suit. I need trousers and nice shoes." grew faint; he almost had of his money and because he went and bought what and change," said the rich the poor man. "What else "I need for you to give me streets are muddy and I clean and nice suit."

"Let it be", answered the The poor man washed his combed his hair, put on shiny shoes, mounted the man went after him After they had walked

arrived at the court and sat before the judge: one very well dressed and the other very dirty and tired. The rich man, whose looks aroused pity, told the judge what had happened and asked for justice. The judge turning towards the poor man asked him: "What answer do you have to this?"

"Please look at how badly dressed and dirty this man is," the poor man answered the judge. "I ask you is it possible for this type of man to have so many golden ducats when he arouses such pity when you look at him? I believe that this pitiful person made it all up! Also how can you say that the suit I am wearing and the donkey I have are his. How is that possible?"

Listening to him, the rich man jumped up and began to scream: "Your honour, it is true that the suit he is wearing and the donkey are mine! I swear to you, your honour, that everything is mine and nothing belongs to this man!". Then the poor man stood before the judge and said: "Please your honour take a good look at me! What do I look like?"

The judge raised his voice and looked at both of them, one well-dressed and clean and the other dirty, and he shouted: "Get away you filthy liar! Don't let me see you again!". Opening the door and grabbing him by the arm, he showed the dirty man out; meanwhile, he politely escorted the well dressed man to the door asking his pardon.

That is how the poor man went away with his ducats, his new suit and a donkey.

Let him be happy and let us be happy for him.

(Adapted after Gina Camby's story The Poor Man Who Tricked the Rich Man, in: A Collection of Sepharadim Stories from Sarajevo, 1994)



poor rich man. face, splashed cologne on it, his new pants, new jacket, donkey and left. The rich walking in the dust and mud. down many streets, both arrived at the court and sat before the judge: one very well dressed and the other very dirty and tired. The rich man, whose looks aroused pity, told the judge what had happened and asked for justice. The judge turning towards the poor man asked him: "What answer do you have to this?"

Dušan Puvačić

IVO ANDRIĆ I JEVREJI

Ivo Andrić se pokazao kao pisac koji je spreman da piše o Jevrejima i da govori umesto njih u vremenu kada je takva podrška bila "stvarna potreba". *Travnička hronika* završena je u aprilu 1942. Nema sumnje da je u svesti ovog "majstora neizrecivog", kako je Andrića nazvao američki kritičar Džon Sajmon, onaj zli vetar istorije koji je otagao španske Jevreje od Andaluzije i doneo ih na Balkan, učinivši od njih "prosjake kojima ni zlato ne pomaže", strašni, bezumni, bratoubilački vihor, koji i danas ne možemo da shvatimo, i koji ni do danas nije sebe shvatio" - o kome bi Salomon Atijas govorio da se usudio i da je znao kako - bio deo istog onog istorijskog procesa odgovornog za milione jevrejskih smrti širom Evrope dok je ovaj roman pisan.

Razumljivo, neka od ovih antisemitskih osećanja našla su izrazu u obliku blačenja i klevetanja Jevreja u delima nekolicine Jugoslovenskih pisaca 19. i 20. veka, u kojima su Jevreji imali beznačajne ili epizodne uloge. Prikazivani su stereotipno - kao trgovci, zelenaši ili gostioničari; pomniji su nipoštaštavanjem ili slikani kao predstavnici snaga koji izazivaju i ubrzavaju razaranja domaćeg seoskog života i njegovih vrednosti. Neke antisemitske opaske stavljene su u usta negativnih, poremećenih ili izopačenih ličnosti i nikako se ne mogu pripisati samim piscima. Nije retkost da se takva zapažanja sretnu i u Andrićevom delu, jer je on shvatio da bi bez njih čitava slika složene bosanske etničke pozornice bila manje uverljiva i verna životnoj istini.

Činjenica da je među jugoslovenskim piscima bilo tek nekoliko nereprezentativnih pojedinaca koji su otvoreno i agresivno iskazivali svoja antisemitska raspoloženja može se objasniti okolnošću da su u jugoslovenskim krajevima Jevreji bili relativno malobrojni i da su živeli izolovano, neprimetni i oštećeni od ostalih nacionalnih zajednica. Domaće slavensko stanovništvo nije u njima videlo mračnu i zlokobnu silu koja šteti njihovim interesima, kao što je bio slučaj u nekim drugim, izrazito antisemitskim evropskim zemljama. Pošto su retko kad izazivali snažna osećanja, njihov individualni i kolektivni život bio je zanemaran kao književna tema.

Jevreji igraju tako značajnu ulogu u Andrićevom delu jer je on prisno poznao njihov način života iz

čestih susreta koje je imao s njima, najpre u detinjstvu u Višegradu, a kasnije u Sarajevu, Zagrebu i Splitu. Ovi kontakti uspostavili su veoma duboke lične veze sa Jevrejima, i s onima koji su se naselili u Bosnu posle izgnanstva iz Španije u 16. veku, i s onima koji su došli kasnije iz srednje i istočne Evrope. Koreni tih

veze sežu do ranog detinjstva, kao što nagoveštava pripovetka *Deca*. Pripovedač, "prosedni inženjer", oživljava epizodu iz svoje mladosti kada je, po cenu da bude ismejan i žigosan, odbio da sudeluje u tuči jevrejske dece, njegovi drugovi učestvovali s niti je znao kako da tuče jevrejski dečak koga drugovi prode bez udara. Sa svojim izgleđao mu je "lak i U čitavom svom delu Andrić karakteristike Levantina, razgovoru sa Defoseom u dva domovine, a opet su bez ostati zauvek stranac". "To su ljudi jedne: "biti svuda kod kuće i koji znaju mnogo jezika, ali ni sumnjivi" i na istoku i na zapadu, "jedno malo, izdvojeno čovečanstvo grehom". Njima daju da budu "večiti Travničkoj hronici susrećemo nekoliko Jevreja koji imaju takvu ulogu: splitski Jevrejim po imenu Pardo, Juso Atijas, Josif Baruh i Rafo Atijas.

U *Prokletoj avliji*, Haim, Brbljivi Jevrejini iz Smirne, posreduje između sveta stvarnosti i sveta priče; staviše, svojom sposobnošću da sve sazna i sve predvidi ("iako ne sve uvek tačno") to čini i između sadašnjosti i budućnosti. I njegova "mračna pričanja i uobražene strahove" doživljavamo kao tipičan izraz njegovog jevrejskog nasleđa.

Ali lik prema kome Andrić pokazuje najviše saosećanja je "lepa Jevrejka iz Tarnova" u romanu Na Drini ćuprija, Lotika, "neumorna, vešta žena hladnih čula, brze pameti i muškog srca". "Upravljala je sudbinom" siromašnih Jevreja, rasturenih po Galiciji, Austriji i Madarskoj, ali su njene preporuke uvek išle sa "sumnom novca koja će omogućiti da se njen savet poslušaa."

Kada se, na kraju, Lotika pojavljuje poslednji put u dvadeset traćem poglavlju romana Na Drini ćuprija, njen "očajni krik" meša se sa potmulom grmljavinom topova "koja odaje (...) da je opšta i svećanja nesreća mnogo bliža i mnogo veća nego što to (...) može da izgleda". Razvijajući ovu misao i menjajući stepen njene naglašenosti, u romanima, pripovetkama i esejima Ivo Andrić je pokazao da, po rečima Roberta Altera, "ono što pisac ima da kaže o Jevrejima, pažljivo razmotreno, može ponekad pružiti ključ za osnovne ciljeve pa čak i metode njegovog dela, kao i uvid u njegov odnos prema široj kulturi koja ga okružuje."

(Odlomci iz teksta objavljenog u: Ivo Andrić. A Symposium, SSEES, University of London, 1984)

Dušan Puvačić

IVO ANDRIĆ AND JEWS

Ivo Andrić has shown himself to be a writer who was willing both to write about Jews and to speak for them at a time when such support was their "real need". *Bosnian Story* was finished in April 1942. And there is no doubt that in mind of this "master of the unspoken", as Andrić has been called by John Simon, the "terrible, senseless, fratricidal hurricane which even today we cannot comprehend and which to this day has never understood itself!" - about which Solom Atijas would have spoken if he had dared and know how - the hurricane which had torn the Spanish Jews from Andalusia and brought them to the Balkans, making them "beggars whom not even gold can help", was a part of the same historical process which was killing Jews while the novel was being written. Understandably, some of those anti-Semitic sentiments have found their expression in the form of anti-Jewish slurs and slanders scattered in the works of some 19th and 20th century Yugoslav writers, in which the Jews played only minor and episodic roles. They were generally presented as stereotypes - shopkeepers, moneylenders or publicans - and were referred to disparagingly and depicted as representatives of the forces instrumental in precipitating the disintegration of native rural society and its values. Some anti-Semitic remarks are placed in the mouth of negative, deranged or degenerate characters, and cannot be attributed to the writers themselves. It is not uncommon to find them even in some of Andrić's works, because he realised that without them his whole picture of the complex ethnic scene of Bosnia would have less convincing.

The fact that among Yugoslav writers there were only a few non-representative figures who were openly and strongly anti-Semitic can be explained by the circumstances that the Jews were few in numbers, inconspicuous, living largely their own separate existence out off from gentile society. For the indigenous Slav population they never represented a dark and sinister force detrimental to its own interests, as was the case in some other European countries. So the Jews rarely inspired strong feeling and their individual and communal lives were neglected as a literary theme.

Jews play such an important part in Andrić's work because he did have first-hand knowledge of their way of life from his frequent contacts with them, first in his early days in Višegrad and later in Sarajevo, Zagreb and Split. These contacts have established a very deep personal bond between him and both Jews who had settled in Bosnia after their expulsion from Spain in the 16th century, and those who came later from Central or Eastern Europe. The roots of that bond could be traced to his early childhood, as his story *Children (Deca)* suggests. The narrator, a "greyish engineer", revives an episode from his youth, when he refused to take part in the battering of Jewish children, a cruel game in which some of his friends participated by his comrades in play. He could not, and did not know how, to beat the Jews. A Jewish boy kept appearing in his dreams being chased by his friends, while he could let him pass unchallenged. With his "tormented face" the Jewish boy seemed to him "light and unrestrainable as an angel".

Throughout his work Andrić attributes to the Jews of the features of the Levantines as defined by Cologna in his conversation with Des Foss s in *Bosnian Story*. They have two homes and yet none, "being at home everywhere, yet always remaining a stranger"; they are "men who know many languages but have no language of their own"; they are "equally despised and mistrusted" both in the East and in the West; they are "a little humanity on its own, staggering under a double original sin"; they are peoples of opposed civilizations and cultures. In *Bosnian Story* there are several Jews who have that role: a Jew from Split by the name of Pardo, Juso Atijas, Josif Baruh and Rafo Atijas.

In *Devil's Yard (Prokleta avlija)* it is Haim, a Jew from Smyrna, a compulsive talker, who mediates between the world of reality and the world of fiction; and, moreover, by his ability to know everything and foresee everything ("although not always accurately") - between the present and the future. And his "gloomy tales and imaginary fears" are a typical expression of his Jewish inheritance.

But the character for whom Andrić shows the greatest amount of sympathy is the "beautiful Jewess from Trnovo" in *The Bridge of the Drina*, Lotika, "that untiring and adroit woman of chilled senses, quick intelligence and masculine heart". "She directed the destinies" of the Jewish poor scattered throughout Galicia, Austria and Hungary, but her counsels were always accompanied by "a money order for a sum sufficient to ensure that her advice was listened to".

When, finally, she makes her last exit in Chapter Twenty-tree of *The Bridge on the Drina*, her "despairing scream" is mingled with the "muffled thunder of the guns... which showed... that universal and individual misfortune was nearer and greater than it seemed". While elaborating this idea, with a varying degree of emphasis, in his novels, short stories and essays, Ivo Andrić has shown that, in the words of Robert Alter, "what a writer has to say about Jews, carefully considered, can sometimes provide a key to the underlying aims and even methods in his work, and an insight into his relation to the larger culture around him".

(Extract from the text originally published in: Ivo Andrić. A Symposium, SSEES, University of London, 1984)



Nenad Maglajlić:

RAZGLEDNICE IZ ŠPANJE

Slika prva

U Lorete de Maru smo bili smješteni u jednom hotelu. Zvao se Raina Isabel. U oktobru 1992. godine jedna je žena saznala za nas, izbjeglice, nazvala hotel i ponudila besplatan stan na godinu dana u mjestu blizu francuske granice. Mjesto se zove Porto de Selva. Ja i moj prijatelj iz izbjeglištva, Danko Papo, otišli smo da to vidimo. Žena šezdesetih godina sačekala nas je na autobuskoj stanici. Djelovala je prilično prijatno. Odvela nas je najprije u jedan restoran. Plato pun ribe, oval pun lignji, šnicla sa pomfritom. Dovoljno za dvadesetak ljudi. Kasnije smo otišli u stančić koji nudi, a zatim smo išli od čovjeka do čovjeka tražeći posao. Rekli smo da nas to najviše interesuje. Dvije godine ranije u istom mjesecu sam sa mojim drugom koji takode voli ribolov bio na Hvaru, otoku na Jadranskom moru. Vračali smo se u vikendicu sa punim gepekom ribe kada su nas, podižući palac, autopostepki zaustavila dva čovjeka oronule fasade. Povezao sam ih i kada sam ih upitao gdje idu i odakle su rekoše mi da su Bosanci i da traže posao na građevinama. Samo dvije godine kasnije moj prijatelj Danko Papo i ja smo u Port de Solvi bili ti ljudi. Sreća je što mi je sa velikom dozom jevrejske krvi genetski blizak osjećaj "imati i nemati".

Slika druga

Jedne prilike lutao sam centrom Barcelone i razmišljao šta bih mogao raditi. Ima dosta ljudi koji se obuku u neke odore (časna sestra, rimski vojnik, dimnjačar i sl.) i nepomično stoje na nekakvim postoljima. Ne znam je li to kip ili čovjek. Bliže ovom prvom. Pred njima je kutijica u koju prolaznici ubacuju novac. Blisko mi je bilo razmišljanje da ću, ako ne nadem neki posao, postati kip. Kao u onoj dječijoj igri: neko te zavrti, a ti ostaneš u tom položaju.

Slika treća

Često sam se sjećao prepunih sarajevskih tramvaja. Propustiš jedan, drugi, sve u želji da izbjegnesh gužvu. njemu nadem sa nekim s razgovarati, do koga mi zapanjeno zuriti kroz svakog trenutka ugledati. Kada mi nije polazilo za razgovor površno bih pričao i veoma često bio položaj kada bi tražio odgovor, koji je od njegovih očekivanja. i u Španiji. Istina, ne u nepoznavanja jezika doveden u situaciju da i, izraza lica, odgovorim sa pogrešno vrijeme. Iako pogodim, češće sam ta vrsta španskog ruleta.



Dešavalo se da se u k i m n e ž e l i m nije stalo, pa sam znao prozor kao da ću nekog jako važnog. rukom da izbjegnem slušao šta saputnik doveden u nezahvalan sagovornik od mene često bio usuprotnosti Slično mi se dešavalo tramvaju. Radi nerijetko sam bio pored pametnog "si" ili "no" u su šanse bile 50% da fulao. Nije me htjela

Nesklonost, nesposobnost i odsustvo bilo kakve volje u izučavanju novog jezika bila je svojstvena i mom prijatelju Zlatanu Romano, koji sada živi u Izraelu. Nedavno mi je pisao da je gledao jedan titlovan film na hebrejskom i da je napokon, nakon više od četiri godine, razumio i shvatio sve začkoljice i detalje filma. Na kraju pisma je priznao da je gledao Kusturičin *Underground*.

Slika četvrta

Epohalno otkriće. Telefon. Živio gospodin Bel. Kada je stigao u stan cijela se porodica okupila oko čuđa. Imao sam osjećaj da je i Ana, tada moja trogodišnja kćerka, namjeravala okrenuti nekoliko brojeva. Osobina moje supruge ka olakšavanju duše razgovorom širom meridijana i porodična sklonost ka telefoniranju stvorila je dodatnu konfuziju u ionako konfuznoj situaciji. Telefon je donesen u predvečerje, a kako je veće odmicalo, supruga se sve više žalila da joj slušalica klizi iz ruke. Zaspala je okrećući brojeve prijatelja razbacanih po svijetu. Bila je sreća što u ovoj zemlji pozitivno pravo ne poznaje instancu dužničkog ropstva.

Slika peta

Grupa u kojoj sam se nalazio bila je u avgustu 1992. pozvana na izlet blizu Barcelone, u jedno jevrejsko odmaralište koje obiluje sportskim terenima i bazenima. Prema protokolu predstavljali smo se pojedinačno: ja sam taj i taj, znam ovo i ono, želim ono i ovo. Neki su to tom predstavljajući, u svom usmenom kurikulumu, pretjerivali i spominjali da su bili u takvim funkcijama i položajima da sam poslone bio "ponosan" što sam sa njima u društvu. Osjećao sam se kao dijete u domu za napuštenu djecu koje neko treba da usvoji. Na moju nesreću taj mi je osjećaj i dan danas veoma blizak.



Nenad Maglajlić:

POSTCARDS FROM SPAIN

No 1

In Lorete de Mar we were put up in a hotel, the Raina Isabel. In October 1992 a woman had heard about us, refugees, rang the hotel and offered free accomodation for a year in a town near the French border. The name of the place was Porto de Selva. I and my refugee friend Danko Papo went to see it. A woman in her sixties met us at the bus station. She seemed a pleasant person. Firstly she took us to a restaurant. A plate full of fish, another with squid, a steak with French fries. Enough for twenty people. Later we went to the small flat she had offered, and then we went from person to person looking for work. This was our main interest. Two years before in the same month I went with a friend, who was also fond of fishing, to Hvar, an island in the Adriatic. We were returning home with a boot-full of fish when two hitch-hikers with "worn out facade" stopped us. We gave them a lift and when we asked them where they were going and where they came from they said they came from Bosnia looking for work on a building site. Only two years later my friend Danko Papo and I were those very men. It's my good luck that having a large dose of Jewish blood in me the feeling of "to have and have not" is genetically familiar.

No 2

Once I was wandering through Barcelona wondering what sort of a job I could do. There were a number of people disguised as nuns, Roman soldiers, chimney sweeps etc. who stood motionless on some sort of a pedestal. You could not tell whether they are statues or men. I would say the former more likely. They had a small box in front of them into which passers-by threw money. I was thinking that if I couldn't find a job I might become a statue. As in that game that children play: somebody whirls you around and you remain in the position you were caught in.

No 3

I have often recalled the overcrowded trams of Sarajevo. You let one go and then another, hoping to avoid the crush. It and found myself with wish to converse, for whom I had frozen through the window as sight of somebody very talking to them I would listen person was saying and would awkward position when an answer was often the opposite of would happen to me in Spain. knowing the language I often expression on my face, answer place. Although the chances of a more often than not I got it roulette was not my game. lack of incentive to learn a new characteristic of my friend He sent me a letter recently years, he saw a film with able to understand all the details. But he ended the letter admitting that the film he saw was Kusturica's *Underground*.

No 4

An epochal invention. The telephone. Long live Mr Bell. When it arrived in the flat the whole family gathered around it as if it were a miracle. I had the feeling that even Ana, my three year old daughter, wanted to dial a few numbers. My wife's inclination to unburden her soul by talking to people all over the globe and the family's taste for telephoning caused additional confusion in the already very confusing situation. The phone was delivered in the evening and as the evening progressed my wife complained more and more of the slippery receiver. She fell asleep dialling friends living in various parts of the world. I was lucky that in this country law does not recognise the institution of imprisonment for debt.

No 5

The group I belonged to was, in August 1992, invited to visit a Jewish resort near Barcelona, with many swimming pools and a sports terrain. According to the protocol we introduced ourselves individually: My name is such and such; I am qualified for this and that; I am seeking this and that. Many people exaggerated in presenting this oral CV, mentioning such positions and ranks that I later felt "proud" to be in their company. I felt like a child in an orphanage waiting for adoption. Unfortunately, I still feel very much the same.

Translated by Jasna Levinger



Ovaj puta u Rubrici za mlade objavljujemo dva priloga: prvi je napisao djed Anelko, a drugi njegov unuk Ogi.

Anelko Ristić

"STONOGA" NA ULICI

Jedan veseli dječak dobio je za rođendan kabanicu. Dugo je taj srećni desetogodišnjak u školskoj torbi nosio dragocjeni poklon i željno očekivao kišu. A kiša je danima zaobilazila njegov grad.

Na kraju je, ipak, udarila: silna, velika, pravi pljusak! Baš kada su se djeca vraćala iz škole! Junak ove priče nije potrao u zaklon; brzo je iz torbe izvadio kabanicu, ogrnuo se i produžio ulicom, dok je kišnica curila niz nabore i krivine njegovog pogužvanog ogrtača.

Onda je taj prkosni junačina kroz izmaglicu što se nadvila nad vlačnim pločnikom, prepoznao svoje drugove; stisnuti ispod neke strehe, čekali su da umine kiša.

- Ehej, raja! Moja kabanica je velika, može pokriti još jednog, brzog, najbrže! - dozivao je, prilazeći brže družini.

- To je mišo pod kabanicom! - obradovaše se oni ispod strehe, a prvi se podvukao Sead. Bez oklijevanja pridružile su se Seka i Cica. Posljednji je pristigao Zoran.

Kabanica se odjednom protegla, raskrila koliko je duga i široka - svi su pod nju stali! Odozgo, iz kabanice, virilo je samo Mišino rumeno lice. Dolje, ispod kabanice, tapkala su dječija stopala u cipelama, sandalama, sandalicama: pljus, pljus!

Zatim je neko povikao: "Bježimo, narode, one stonoga pala iz oblaka!

- Nije stonoga, a nije ni desetonoga, zar ne vidite? Zar ne čujete? Zar ne čujete smijeh?! - odgovorio je mirni čiko. A ulicom su i dalje žurili ljudi, žene, djeca, svi

prokleski i preplašeni...

Kao da se i ona preplašila te vike i

žurbe na ulici, kiša je odjednom - stala!

Izgubila se u potocima prijava vode što

je potekla ulicom. Granulo je i sunce, a

ispod kabanice se pomolio dječak

Mišo sa svojom veselom družinom.

Neki djed, moj vršnjak, odmahnuo je

rukomi i procijedio ispod brkova:

- Ah, djeca, k'o djeca!

Ognjen Ogi Ristić

SVMIRSKA AVANTURA

Bio sam u svemirskom brodu u dvanaest sati i stigao u svemir u tri sata poslije podne. Bio sam na nekoj planeti i oprezno iskoracio iz mog svemirskog broda i pogledao oko sebe.

Iznenada, neko je uzeo moj svemirski brod. Pogledao sam i dole. Vidio sam moj svemirski brod, skočio i rekao "AAAAA" i sjedio u svemirskom brodu. I bio na drugoj planeti zvanj Banana-planet.

This time in this Column we are publishing two contributions: the first written by grandfather Anelko and the other by his grandson Ogi.

Anelko Ristić

THE CENTIPEDE ON THE STREET!

A lucky lad got a plastic cape for his birthday. The fortunate ten year old carried his precious gift in his school bag and eagerly waited for rain. But for days the rain avoided his town. However at last it came down: a real big heavy shower! Just at the time the children were leaving school!

The hero of this story did not run for shelter; he quickly pulled out the cape from his bag, put it on and went down the street, while the rain poured down the folds and wrinkles of his crumpled cape.

Then this cheeky hero recognised some of his friends through the haze that hung above the pavement; who were huddled together under some eaves, waiting for the rain to pass.

- Hey, you lot! There's room in my cape for one more, the first to get here. - he cried, quickly going up to them.

- It's Miso in his cape! - those under the eaves gave a cheer, and Sead was the first to get under. Seka and Cica immediately joined him. The last to come was Zoran.

At once the cape was stretched and opened to its full capacity - everybody got under it! Miso's rosy face peeped out from the top of the cape. Down below, under it, came the tapping of the children's feet in shoes and sandals large and small: splash, splash!

Then somebody shouted: "Run everybody, there's a centipede fallen out of the clouds!

- It's not a centipede, it's not even a decipede, can't you see? Can't you hear? Can't you hear the laughter?! - replied an old man calmly. And the men, women and children hurried on down the street, all wet through and frightened...

Suddenly, as if scared by the shouting and hurrying on the street, the rain stopped! The sun came out and from beneath the cape appeared

Miso with his laughing schoolmates. A grandfather, a

man of my age, shook his head and murmured into his

whiskers:

- Ah, children will be children!

Ognjen Ogi Ristić

AN ADVENTURE IN THE UNIVERSE

I was aboard the space ship at twelve noon and arrived in the Universe at three p.m. I was on some planet and carefully stepped out of my space ship and looked around me. Suddenly, somebody took my space ship. I also looked down. I saw my space ship, gave a jump and cried "AAAAA" and found myself back in the space ship. I was on another planet called

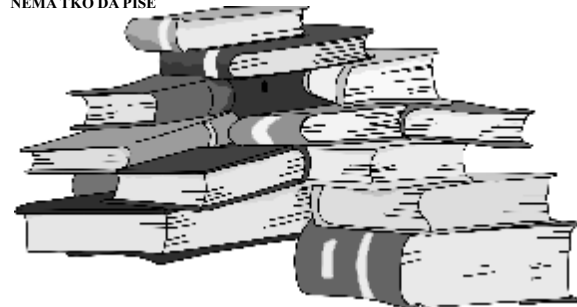
Banana-planet.

Translated by Jasna Levinger

Prve knjige za našu biblioteku dobili smo u junu 1994. godine. Od tada smo u više navrata od raznih donatora dobivali knjige. Zato je izbor knjiga u našoj biblioteci slučajtan, a ne odraz nekog našeg programa. Do danas smo skupili 265 knjiga. U taj broj spada:
- opšta beletristika, koja se najradije čita,
- dječija literatura, za koju na žalost nema mnogo zainteresovanih, mada je proporcionalno veoma veliki broj tih knjiga, a mi smo se nadali da će mnogo djece na taj način koliko održati vezu sa materinim jezikom,
- poezija, eseji, putopisi, časopisi i razni prikazi.
Ovdje navodimo samo dio knjiga iz do sada prikupljenog bibliotečkog fonda i to one knjige koje su najpopularnije među našim čitaocima:

Jeffrey ARCHER: ČASTI
Tomas BERNHARD : MRAZ
Šarlota BRONTE: ŠIRLI
Albert CAMUS: STRANAC
Stefan CVAJG : MARIJA ANTOANETA
Branko ČOPIĆ: DOŽIVLJAJI
NIKOLETINE BURSAČA
Branko ČOPIĆ: OSMa OFANZIVA
Zuleika DOBSON: OKSFORDSKA
LJUBAVNA PRIČA
Conan DOYLE: CRVENI KRUG
Teodor DRAJZER: KERI
Samuel ELAZAR, Isak PAPO, Rikica OVADJIA, Gina CAMHI, Clarissa NIKODISKI, Samuel ELAZAR et al: EL ROMANCERO JUDEO-ESPANO - A COLLECTION OF SEPHARDIC STORIES FROM SARAJEVO - PRIČE O SEFARSKIM JEVRJEJIMA
Nenad EŠPEK: MIHOLJSKO LJETO
Žak FINCI: SEFARSKI NOKTURNO
Viljem FOKNER : DIVLJE PALME
Oliver FRIDJERI: NA RASKRŠĆU
Džon GOLDSVORDE: JAČA OD SMRTI
Džon GOLDSVORDE: SPASENJE JEDNOG FORSAJTA
Gerald GREEN: SANJALICE (LOTOFAZI)
Zane GREY: JAHAAČ USAMLJENE ZVIJEZDE
V.H. HADSON : ZELENI DVORI
Tomas HARDE: NESLAVNI JUDE
ILJIF i PETROV: DVANAEST STOLICA
LO JOHANSON SREČA
Danilo KIŠ: BAŠTA, PÉPEO
Danilo KIŠ: ENCIKLOPEDIJA MRTVIH
Mirko KLARIN : IZRAELCI NA RASKRŠĆU
Žak KONFINO: JESI LI TI RAZAPEO HRISTA
Žak KONFINO: KRV NLE VODA
Veljko KOVAČEVIĆ: VRTLOG
Viljem KREJNIG: CRVENI ZNAK
HRABROSTI
Miroslav KRLEŽA: DESET KRVAVIH GODINA
Milan KUNDERA: OPROŠTAJNI
VALČER
Aleksandar KUPRIN: JAMA
Josip LEŠIĆ: ANDELI MILOSRDA
Robert LUDLAM: PUT ZA GANDOLFO
Robert LUDLAM: TREVEJN
G. García MARQUEZ: PUKOVNIKU NEMA TKO DA PIŠE

Peter MAS: SERPIKO
Jessica MITFORD: AMERIČKI NAČIN UMIRANJA
Somerset MOM: TAJNI AGENT AŠNED
Vladimir PAVLOVIĆ: STIGMA
Borislav PEKIĆ: SENTIMENTALNA POEVST BRITANSKOG CARSTVA
Edgar Alan PO: ZLATNI JELENAK
Miloslav POPADIĆ: HOTEL EVROPA
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Dušan RADOVIĆ: BEOGRADE, DOBRAM JUTRO
Jara RIBNIKAR : ŽIVOT I PRIČA
Jara RIBNIKAR : MOĆ ŽIVOTA
Aleksandra RIPLI: SKARLET (1)
Aleksandra RIPLI: SKARLET (2)
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Aleksandar VUČO: ZASLUGE
Andelko VULETIĆ: ČUDOTVORNA BILJKA
DOKTORA ENGELA
Paolo VOLPONI: SVETSKA MAŠINA
F.M.A. VOLTER: KANDID
Emil ZOLA : TEREZA RAKEN
Emil ZOLA: RADOŠT ŽIVLJENJA
Lajoš ŽILAH: ZAROBLENJENICI
Andre ŽID: USKA VRATA



MOJA NAJDRŽA KNJIGA

Kada mi je urednik predložio da u "SaLon" urvstimo rubriku pod gornjim naslovom nisam mnogo dugo razmišljati koga izabrati za prvog sagovornika. To je Branka Danon. Onima koji žive u Londonu i koji srijedom dolaze u prostorije kluba Prijatelja La Benevolencije" mislim da moj izbor nije potrebno objašnjavati. Ipak, onim našim čitaocima, koji širom svijeta (stijacjem okolnosti) čitaju "SaLon", evo kratkog objašnjenja. Branka Danon je dala ideju za osnivanje biblioteke i, što je najvažnije, tu ideju je i ostvarila. Svake srijede u prostorijama kluba, koje svojim izgledom podsjećaju na mjesnu zajednicu u nekoj bosanskoj zabiti, Branka otključava nevelik metalni ormar u kome se nalazi stotinjak knjiga na našem jeziku. Neko od članova kluba, a najčešće Branka sama, donosi dvije stolice, stolić na rasklanjanje i biblioteka počinje sa radom. Idućih četrdesetak minuta to je najživlje mjesto u klubu. Jedni vraćaju knjige, drugi uzimaju, u nekom poluštapu iznose se utisci o pročitanoj knjizi i traži se savjet za novu knjigu, a Branka kao zlatna ribica uvučena u mrežu, pokušava svakom čitaocu ispuniti želju. Interesantno, to joj najčešće i uspijeva. P. - Zašto baš biblioteka?
O. - Veoma brzo nakon našeg dolaska shvatila sam da moram da tragam za knjigama na našem jeziku po Londonu, jednostavno zato što moja Mama ne može da čita na nekom drugom jeziku, a knjiga joj je uvijek bila važna. Kada smo shvatile da će se naš boravak ovdje produžiti i kada su u London počeli da pristižu i druzi ljudi koji djele našu sudbinu, pristupila sam organizovanjem prikupljanju knjiga čija jedina namjera nije da pomogne samo onima koji ne čitaju ni na jednom drugom jeziku sem našeg, nego i svima nama koji želimo da onoliko koliko je to moguće sačuvamo dodir sa našim jezikom. P. - Čitaš englesku literaturu u originalu. Je li to jedan viši kvalitet čitanja, jer prevod ma kako da je dobar ipak na neki način osakati izvorni tekst.
O. - Čini mi se da si već postavljenim pitanjem dao odgovor na njega. Što više imam prilike da čitam na engleskom, ne samo lijepu književnost nego i sve drugo što mi planirano ili nplanirano dođe pod ruku, sve više uživam u tom jeziku. Tako mi se otkrivaju ne samo lingvistička bogatstva nego i stil života i način razmišljanja i još mnogo toga što kada se prevedu gubi i u ljepoti i u ritmu jer se mora objašnjavati čitaocu koji tekst ne čita u originalu. P. - Knjiga koja Ti je na poseban način draga. O. - Ne postoji takva. U raznim periodima života sam pod raznim uticajima čitala različite vrste knjiga. Svakako da tu ne govorim o djetinjstvu i mladosti kada sam uglavnom bila usmjerenava na literaturu koju treba da čitam. Pošto sada tražiš od mene da nešto kažem o knjizi koju volim, počela sam da razmišljam o tome šta je to što me rukovodi kod izbora knjige. Moj glavni kriterij je, čini mi se, da nije dovoljno samo da knjiga da odgovore na neka moja pitanja, nego da bude i izvor mojih novih znatiželja. Sem toga, tražim dobar jezik, dobar stil, smisao za humor. Na kraju bih, možda, ipak izdvojila jednu knjigu, a to je Antologija novije srpske lirike koju je još veoma davno sastavio Bogdan Popović, jer me ona na mnogo načina vraća u djetinjstvo i mislim da sam preko nje zavoljela naš jezik i lijepo pisanje. Razgovor vodio Željko Kućinović

MY DEAREST BOOK

When the editor of SaLon suggested to me to start a column under the above title it did not take me long to decide whom to interview first. The choice was Branka Danon. To all those who live in London and who come to THE FRIENDS OF LA BENEVOLENCIA Club on Wednesdays there is no need to explain why. But here are a few words of explanation for those SaLon readers all over the world. It was Branka Danon's idea to start a library and still more important to put that idea into practice. Every Wednesday Branka unlocks a small metal cabinet accommodating about a hundred books in our language. A member of the club, but most often Branka herself, brings two chairs and a small folding table and the library is open. For the following three quarters of an hour this is the busiest place in the club. Some come to return books, others to take them out. With hushed comments on books just read, people ask for help in selecting new ones. Branka, like the golden fish caught in a net, tries to fulfil the wishes of each and every reader. Interestingly enough she most often succeeds. Q. Why the idea of a library?
A. Soon after our arrival I saw the need to find books in our language. I searched for such books all through London. The simple reason for that was my mother's inability to read any other language, and the fact that books have always been important to her. When it became clear that our stay here would be a long one and when other people sharing our destiny started arriving in London, I proceeded with a better organized collection of books, the purpose of which has not been to help only those who cannot read in any other language, but also all of us wishing to maintain contact with our language as best we can. Q. You can read English literature in the original. Is it a higher quality of reading; since no matter how good a translation is, it cripples the original in some way.
A. It seems to me that the answer is already contained in your question. The more I have the chance to read in English not only belles-lettres, but anything else that I get hold of ,with or without any plan, the more I enjoy the language. In this way not only do I experience its richness, but also the life style, manner of thinking and many other things which it portrays. In translation part of the beauty and rhythm is lost for those not reading the original text. Q. Which book do you single out as your favourite?
A. There is no such book. In different periods of my life I have read different types of books for different reasons. This does not refer, of course, to my childhood or youth when I was told what books to read. Foreseeing your question I gave some thought to what prompts me to choose a book. My main criterion is, I think, that a book should not just answer some of my questions, but that it should also awaken my further curiosity. In addition I look for good language, good style and a sense of humour. Perhaps I could finally single out a book It is The Anthology of the More Recent Serbian Lyric Poetry compiled long ago by Bogdan Popović, because the book takes me back to my childhood and because I think that it was the book which brought about my love for our language and literature. Conducted by Željko Kućinović

Dani prolaze, a naše druženje se nastavlja.

- 15.01.1997. Proglašenje pobjednika iz kulinarskih takmičenja.
- 22.01.1997. Održan je sastanak redakcije sa članovima "Prijatelji La Benevolencije" radi sugestija čitalaca o poboljšanju časopisa
- 29.01.1997. Drugarsko veče. Veselili smo se i družili. Uvijek je lijepo malo se opustiti i zaboraviti na svakidašnje brige i probleme.
- 12.02.1997. Dobili smo iz starog zavičaja svježe vijesti iz prve ruke od gospodina Jakice Fincija. Bila je to prilika da se okupi veći broj članova. Njegov dug i iscrpan izvještaj nije zamorio prisutne, što se moglo zaključiti iz veoma pažljivog slušanja.
- 19.02.1997. Vrlo interesantno predavanje održala je gospoda Vesna Domany-Hardy o poslovanju nacista opljačkanim zlatom u neutralnim zemljama tokom drugog svjetskog rata - podaci iz novootvorenih britanskih arhiva.
- 05.03.1997. Prikazana je izložba fotografija "Retrospektiva događaja zastavljenih fotografijama naših skrivenih talenata". Bilo je zanimljivo posjetjeti se na sve događaje iz protekle godine.
- 12.03.1997. Nadaleko se osjetio miris jela vrijednih domaća koje su u ovom puta skuhalo ukusne specialitete iz naših krajeva. I ovog puta su se takmičile, ali za nas svako jelo je bilo pobjedničko.
- 19.03.1997. I ove godine svečano je obilježen Purim. Djeca su pripremili kratki program i zato bila nagradena. Dječije maske su izgrađene u "radionici" vrijedne umjetnice Sonje Radan.
- 26.03.1997. Posjetio nas je gospodin Duško Puvačić, književnik, i govorio je na temu "Jevreji u djelima Ive Andrica" i time nas posjetio na živu i uvijek aktualnu tematiku našeg rodnog kraja.
- 09.04.1997. Ponovo smo dobili primjerk SALON-a, ovog puta broj 5 koji, uprkos svim realnim teskoćama, izlazi redovno. Klub je ugostio važnu gošću gospodu Avril Kleeman koja je došla ispred WJR da ostvari kratak uvid u rad kluba.
- 16.04.1997. Članovi kluba su se okupili da se opreste od porodice Bekčić koja odlazi za Kanadu gdje su dobili stalni boravak.
- 23.04.1997. Degustacija. Vrijedna domaćica g-đa Tea Suvajdžić pripremila je izvrstan "bosanski lonac".

Pored ovih nabrojanih aktivnosti kluba, nemojte zaboraviti da stalno radi škola slikanja koja okuplja naše najmlade.

Pisma / Letters

Primiti smo i pert broj "SaLona". Srdačno vam zahvaljujemo. Svaki broj Vašeg biltena nas obraduje, a onda i dirne donoseći sarajevsku sjetu: gdje se sve to nadosmo u nevolji daleko od našeg grada. Ne gubimo nadu da će nam se sudbina osmjehnuti i da ćemo se opet sreći na njegovim ulicama. Čestitamo Vam, zaista smo zadivljeni - na tako malo prostora toliko lijepih priloga i misli i zanimljivih vijesti o dragim, poznatim Sarajlijama i Sarakama. Uz srdačne pozdrave i mnogo lijepih želja, prijateljima. Svi su impresionirani.

It is so nice to receive another issue of your magazine... it always brings me back to Sarajevo... and I am so glad that you are still active and publishing it.

Humour / Humor

Šta za Jevrejina predstavlja dilema? Besplatna Sunka.

What's a Jewish dilemma? Free ham.

Nau ulici se skitnica obrati Jevrejci, majci:
"Gospodo, tri dana nisam ništa jeo!"
"Jedi nasilu", odgovori ona.

A bum walked up to the Jewish mother on the street and said:
"Lady, I haven't eaten in three days."
"Force yourself!", she replied.

Kako se zna da je Isus bio Jevrej?
Po tome što je živio sa roditeljima do svoje tridesete godine, radio u očevoј firmi, majka ga je smatrala Bogom - a on vjerovao da mu je majka djevica.

How did they know Jesus was Jewish? Because he lived at home until he was thirty, he went into his father's business, his mother thought he was God - and he thought his mother was a virgin.

Kako bogate jevrejske kćeri pripremaju večeru? Rezervišu mjesto u restoranu.

What do JAPs* make for dinner? Reservations.
*JAP=Jewish American Princess
Pripremila i prevela Jasna Levinger

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VIJESTI/NEWS

U Izraelu preminula Rikica Ovadia. Bračni par Bekčić odselio u Kanadu. Lejla Hadžihamzić udala se za Klaudija Kameru. U Shalvati, pod rukovodstvom Sandre Mond, u toku su aktivnosti namijenjene našim seniorima. Miroslav Smiljanić izlagao svoje slike na kolektivnoj izložbi u organizaciji Refugees Councila. Tamara Jovandić dobila opštinski stan. Zumreti Kamhi rodio se unuk u Njemačkoj. Predrag Pocrnja u Beču režirao predstavu pod nazivom "Jevrejski konvoj".

Šta radim, šta planiram / My work, my plans

Etela Pardo.

Radim mnogo, ponekad i više nego moje engleske kolege, a opet mi se čini da bih mogla još više. Uostalom, najjednostavnije je da pobrojim gdje sam sve igrala u posljednje dvije godine, pa da se tek nakon predstava o mojoj glumačkoj djelatnosti u Londonu: *An Intimate Tragedy* (BBC Radio, 1995), trilogija *Agamemnon's Children* (The Gate Theatre, 1995), *The Young Freud* (Channel 4, 1995), *Anthony and Cleopatra* W. Shakespeare u režiji Vanese Redgrave (predstava je igrana u više gradova u UK, u Veroni, u Saint Anderu, u Sao Paulo), *Spitting Image* (TV, 1996), *The Ends of the Earth* Davida Lana u režiji Andrei Serbari (1996), *The Saint*, film u režiji Phillipa Noycea (1996), *Attempts on Her Life* Martina Crimpa u režiji Tima Alberyja (Royal Court Theatre, 1997).

Zoran Levi, dipl. Inž. Grad.

GDJE SAM, ŠTA RADIM, ŠTA PLANIRAM... MOJA PRIČA

Nedaleko od Leeds-a, radi se veliki, 190 miliona funti vrijedan projekat - veza između putova A1 i M1. Na toj novoj dionici puta, u dužini nekih 16-tak milja, firma za koju radim, KVAERNER CLEVELAND BRIDGE Ltd, ima svoj udio: 7 čeličnih mostova koje treba završiti do kraja ove godine. Moja uloga u ovom projektu je "Nadzorni inženjer na gradilištu od strane Izvodaca". Dva mosta su već završena, a još pet treba da se napravi, dopremi na gradilište i podigne na oslonce.

To je ukratko ono što najbolje opisuje moj život ovih dana; možda zvuči jednostavno, no ja bih to radije nazvao kao i sve moje kolege, previše glavobolje, odgovornosti i neprospavanih noći za premalo para.

Vrijeme leti - "tu sam već gotovo pet godina", odgovor je na jedno od prvih pitanja kolega na gradilištu, nakon što me akcenat otkrije da nisam domaći.

Puno se toga desilo u tih pet godina; ponekad kažem da je život ponovo počeo od nule onog septembra '92 g., kada smo na Heathrow-u dotakli Britansko tle i obradovali se Branku Danonu ko najrođenijem, nakon torture ulaska u zemlju kao turisti iz Sarajeva!

Uz pomoć CBF-a, upisali smo škole engleskog i počeli polako, htjeli ili ne, da se uklapamo u svakodnevicu zapadnjačkog života.

Predugačko bi bilo opisivati sav taj put u detalje, krize, uspone i padove, mnogo lijepih trenutaka koji će se pamtili ali i nužnih koje potiskujem u zaborav.

Uz dosta srčaća i uložnog truda dobio sam mjesto na Edinburškom Univerzitetu da završim dvije godine građevine. Tu je opet naš dragi CBF priskočio u pomoć, bez koje bi sve bilo puno teže, i to im, siguran sam, nikada neću zaboraviti! Dvije godine u Edinburgu teško je staviti na list papira, no ako kažem, jedne od najboljih godina mog života, najbolje ću ih opisati. Studentski život pod istim krovom sa studentima iz desetak zemalja u jednom divnom gradu u kome sam dočekao dva ljeta festivala - šta više da kažem!

No, kako sve što je lijepo, kratko traje, studentskom životu došao je kraj i imperativ zaposlenja kucao je na vrata sve jače i jače, dok su se stipendije polako topile a novih više nije bilo.

Moje dojučerašnje kolege to nije mnogo brinulo - većina ih je pod mišicom, umjesto aplikacija za posao, nosila brošure turističkih agencija za putovanje oko svijeta i egzotične odmore. Tada te realnost opali po glavi i shvatiti da bezbrinutih dana više nema, ostali su tamo negdje daleko, u Sarajevu, kao u nekom davno odgledanom filmu.

Lov za poslom (kako bi bukvalan prevod glasio), nije bio lak; na stotine prijava, na stotine odbijenica, a ti i tamo neki intervju na kome se treba što bolje prodati, što bolje zvučati, što bolje izgledati...

I desilo se - potkraj avgusta '96, pomida za posao kao diplomirani građevinski inženjer. Mojoj sreći nije bilo kraja! Tog 18-tog septembra počinje nova epizoda u mom životu, opet nešto novo ali opet i borba. Uletio sam u svakodnevicu života od 9 - 5, u završnu fazu izvedbe visećeg mosta u Hong Kongu, gdje su stari inženjeri imali i previše briga, da bi koji minut odvojili za novopećene kao ja, da im mostovi ne prisjedu od prvog dana.

Sve to postane normalno nakon izvjesnog vremena, prekovremene sate niko i ne broji a niko te i ne pita; posao se završiti mora. Ali ima ipak nešto što ću nakon svih tih prekovremenih sati osjetiti svaki put kad bićem prošao ispod mosta na čvoru 43 autoputa M1 - da je u taj most, na neki način ugrađen i dio mene. Biće da je to nešto što daje snage da se ide dalje na novi most, na novi izazov.

Godine prolaze, život naizgled uzima ustaljen tok, a onda - hladan tuš prošlog septembra iz Home Office-a, prisjetio me je da moja sudbina nije samo u mojim rukama. Ažil mi je uskraćen (da ne bih nasmijavao čitaoce necpu minijati obrazloženje). Teško je ponovo razmišljati o novim počecima, u nekoj novoj zemlji, sa novom klimom, novim prijateljima a vjerovatno novim - starim problemima, no ako se mora.....

Šta planiram, vjerovatno bi bilo pitanje za kraj. Ništa je najtačniji odgovor u ovom trenutku, raditi dalje, graditi mostove i čekati da neki činovnik, tamo, na ko zna kome spratu Lunar House-a odluči o sudbini broja L.35672 iz Bosne.

Tada me pitajte ponovo, odgovor će biti, siguran sam, mnogo precizniji.

BURIKITAS

Uzeti: 50 dkg. brašna (self-rizing)
3 žumanjca
sok od jednog limuna
2+1/3 dl. hladne vode
malo soli
Napraviti glatko tijesto tako da bude puno mjehurića
Zatim uzeti: 50 dkg. mljevene teletine
1 glavicu crvenog luka
malo ulja za prženje
soli, bibera i 1/2 dcl. Vode
Sve to lagano popržiti na ulju.

Postupak:

Na pobrašenoj dasci razvaljati tijesto u obliku pravougaonika i premazati sa 1/3 margarina. Pažljivo preklapati uglavo pravougaonika prema sredini, razvaljati, i premazati sa drugom trećinom margarina. Isti postupak ponoviti i treći put. Tijesto zatim pobrašiti, staviti u plastičnu kesu i ostaviti u frižideru najmanje tri sata (može i preko noći). Nakon što je tijesto odležalo, razvaljati ga na debljinu od 0.5 cm. Kružne komade izrezati koristeći čašu ili specijalnu modlu. U svaki takav komad staviti 1 kafenu kašičicu ohlađene file. Preklapati na pola, tako da se dobije oblik polukruga. Peći u predhodno dobro ugrijanoj rerni. Od ove količine materijala može se napraviti oko 35 komada burikitasa.

Pripremila: Irena Altarac

DOBOŠ-TORTA

Kore: 13 dkg šećera
5 velikih jaja
8 dkg brašna

Umutiti prvo čvrsti snijeg od bjelanjaca i neka stoji. Zatim umutiti žumanjca sa šećerom pa dodati snijeg i brašno. Kore peći u kružnoj modli za tortu. Na dno staviti "poki" papir i peći na laganoj vatri jednu po jednu (9 kora)

Fila: 20 dkg šećera

5 velikih jaja
1 vanilija (šipka)
20 dkg čokolade

1/4 butera

Mutiti na pari jaja, šećer i šipku vanilije, dok se masa ne zgusne. Dodati prethodno umekšanu čokoladu, pa skinutu sa peći. Posebno pjenasto umutiti buter i dodati ohlađenoj masi, dobro promješati i staviti u frižider da se stisne. Tek onda filovati redom, kora pa fila, dok se ne formira torta. Zadnju koru namazati filom odozgo i svu tortu sa strane. Tortu ostaviti u frižideru najmanje dva sata prije služenja.

Pripremila: Inge Ovadia

BUREKAS

Pastry: 500 g self raising flour
3 egg yolks
juice of one lemon
200 ml cold water
Salt
1 margarine
Mix well all the ingredients until smooth ,except for the margarine.

Filling: 500 g minced veal
1 onion
oil, salt, pepper and 50 ml water

Heat the oil in a pan and fry the ingredients .

On a lightly floured surface, roll out the dough into a square and spread over with one third of the margarine. Fold the angles to the centre. Roll out again and spread over with the second third of the margarine. Repeat the same procedure. Dust the dough with flour .Wrap in a plastic bag or cling film. Chill for three hours at least (or even overnight).

Preheat the oven to 250 C (Gas mark 9). Take the pastry out of the refrigerator and roll it out on a lightly floured surface to a thickness of 0.5 cm. Use a glass or a special cutter to cut out circles. Put a teaspoon of cooled down filling on each circle, then fold the pastry over the filling to give a semi-circular shape. Bake for a few minutes and then lower the heat to moderate, until golden brown. Makes about 35 portions.

Irena Altarac

DRUM-TART

Crust: 13 dkg of sugar
5 large eggs
8 dkg of flour

Firstly, beat the egg white and let it rest. Then beat the egg yolk with sugar, and add the egg white and flour to it. Bake the crust in a round baking tray. Put the wax paper on the bottom and bake the crusts (9 altogether) one by one on a low heat .

Filling: 500 dkg of sugar
5 large eggs
1 vanilla pod
20 dkg of cooking chocolate
1/4 of butter

Stir eggs, sugar and vanilla pod over steam until the mixture thickens. Add previously melted chocolate and take it off the heat. Beat the butter separately and add to the cooled mixture, mix in well and put it in the fridge to get firm. Then, put a layer of crust and a layer of filling until you form the cake. The top crust as well as the sides of the cake should be spread over with the filling. The cake should be left in the refrigerator at least for two hours before serving.

Inge Ovadia