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TIME, PEOPLE, MEMORIES

Milena Danon

I have also lived in Israel

The fact that I went to live in Israel and then after five years and a half went back to Yugoslavia to many may seem that I did not like the life in that country. But this is not true. I have to admit that it was not my idea that our family should leave Yugoslavia. Once the war was over new perspectives were opening there as well and everybody believed in better future. For Jews Israel did not mean just some other country, it meant much more than that. For the first time after almost 2000 years it became a firm support that inspired self-confidence lacking so much in people condemned for centuries to wander all over the world, exposed to the disposition of the hosts.

The treatment of my husband and other Jews who were prisoners of war in Germany was worse than that of other prisoners only because they belonged to this people. His health was very poor when he came back to Sarajevo after four years in war prisons. In the last year before liberation he and his fellow prisoners crossed Pomerania on foot at temperatures occasionally reaching down to 30° C. The freezing of his feet there had difficult consequences. Later on in his life it resulted in the so called "Bürger" disease which eventually was the cause of his death in 1984.

When he learnt about the organised departures to the "Promised Land" he did not think twice before he decided that we should join as well. Realising how excited he was I agreed to go, although not light-heartedly. We packed all our belongings and when the time came (December 1948) we embarked on the notorious *Kefalos* ship. We experienced our first trouble there. It is not a well-known fact that this travel from our country to Israel took as long as 15 days. Later on it became known that this ship was originally used to transport cattle and that during the Second World War it was modified for the army and when finally its state called for it to be written, it was used once more to take us to the land of our hopes. There were two levels to the ship, but under the deck, although it all was one and the same space. These two levels were further sub-divided by three wooden platforms stacked one above the other. Every platform provided sleeping space for four people. It was not possible to sit properly on them. Shared toilets were located on the open docks. Two belts were taken from the dock, one on each side. One of them was the cabin for men, the other for women. Wooden benches with cut out holes to sit on were the actual toilets. At times as many as 20 toilet users would sit on these "sofas". It was a place convenient for long gossip sessions. Bad weather in combination with the disintegrating state of the ship took us to Sicily. Following our enjoyment that this unpleasant voyage was eventually brought to its end when we arrived in Israel we were taken to Beer Yaakov, a camp for the newcomers. We stayed there for a while and then were transferred to a similar camp in Jerusalem. We were delighted there with the buildings either of pink or white stone glittering in the sun and the contrast they made with the greenery surrounding them. Soon the children started going to school in the vicinity of our camp. We later moved to several rooms in a flat shared with two other families but the school remained near by. Although they did not know the language the children liked the school very much. Soon we learned why. The morning would start with physical education to the sounds of an accordion. The scent of the fir trees in the school grounds alleviating the heat of Israel sun. The sounds of that same accordion accompanied the children on the way to their classrooms and there were times when even during the lessons one could hear them singing and enjoying music. Along with the language, in which they progressed well, and other subjects taught in schools world-wide, they also learned many other things which at that times had surprised us - their parents. We had understood, nevertheless how useful it was. They had lessons in various crafts ranging from mending of socks to making metal objects. Days of the week were allocated for gardening. That garden partially supplied their canteen with the necessary vegetables. They would take turns in the kitchen of the school canteen to prepare food, wash up and clean. But most important they learned there what friendship is. Slowly we - the adults - started to adapt to the new way of life. All of us got jobs. These were manual jobs mainly. Simultaneously we learned the language. Our progress was not as good as that of our children. I can still remember the conversation I had with the lady with whom I shared the flat and who spoke French. She asked me if I had finished my housework. My answer was: "Ani finish, ani murir" ("Ani" is Hebrew for "I"). She understood correctly that it meant: "I will finish with my housework when I die." There were many similar stories from that period. Our knowledge of the language improved with the time. It is a difficult language, especially its alphabet. I have never learnt it properly. I could talk to an extent but did not even try to read



or write. I admired the people around me while I listened to their talk in different languages. They really are notable for their talent for languages. An example of this statement was Eli - "our driver" ("our" because he was driving the bus on our line). Even before we came he spoke eight languages and in less than one year he learned ours as well.

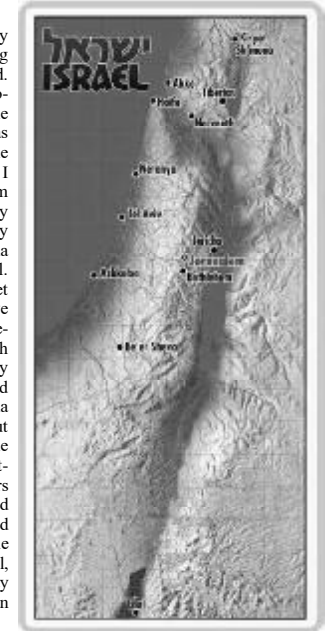
We tried to work all the time but did not enjoy particularly the jobs available to us. Walking become ever more difficult for my husband. My husband was one of the majority of Yugoslav investors into the "co-operative" for the production of bricks and roof tiles which was founded in the meantime. I was just one of the workers. Although the job was very difficult I liked to work there because the whole team was an exceptionally good one. I met many good friends there. It is with exceptional joy that I always remember my friend Simha. Simha is a "sabra". Sabras are persons born in Israel. They have got their name from the very sweet and refreshing fruit of the large cactus native to these regions. In order to reach these delights one has to remove the skin covered with thorns. This is what the Israelis are like, they say. When removing the harsh and unrefined exterior a lovely person is revealed. My Simha does not have these characteristic thorns, but is characterised by the talent common to the Israelis - easy learning of languages. In an attempt to make our long working hours more pleasant and interesting I would teach her our language while we shared a manual job. She would repeat after me "cu, ces, ce"... (meaning: I shall, you will, he will ...). Even when we speak today we use that language more often than Hebrew.

Life went on until one day my husband fell and broke his leg. His hospital treatment was a long one. Everybody in the co-operative, whose member he was, tried to help him. They found an easier job for him. But the co-operative itself was not doing well and it was eventually decided to wind it up. Members of the co-operative got the invested money back. We, the workers were "sacked". The time was passing by. The children started going to a high school. I had started working in a penicillin factory where my working place was very close to a furnace. The job was not an easy one, but I had to work because money was needed not only to cover the cost of living, but also the school fees.

It would be possible for us to somehow overcome all of these difficulties were it not for other things. All the men in Israel are in the compulsory reserve army. My husband was not an exception to that rule before his leg was broken. Thus it happened once that after an attack on an Israeli village by Arabs the officer in charge came and took my husband to a destination not known to me at that time. The whole story was revealed to me later. The Arabs had attacked an Israeli village and killed the guard there. The reserve army was called in, among them my husband. They had to fight the Arabs. Five Israeli soldiers were killed. We could not imagine that our children could join the army. But the date for my daughter's drafting to the army was approaching. It was due in six months at that time. The due date for my son was a year and a half later. No matter how well we felt in the new surrounding the worry for our children was the reason for our decision to go back to Yugoslavia. My brother and some friends helped us with the formalities. We went back in 1954. We had never regretted that decision. But very often, with keen yearning we would remember the sun, the easy-going mood, the singing, fascination and friendship. We missed the warmth of the people whom with we used to meet anywhere, but we missed in particular our friends with whom we are still in contact.

The love for Israel never ceased. Such love does not differ from any other love and with the years one worries more and more for the beloved. The sad fact is that in the case of Israel the reasons for worry never stop. So many tragic things which always upset me have happened over this long period. But the event that hit me hardest was the attack on the Israeli athletes during the Munich Olympic games.

Translation: Branka Danon



Ivan Čerešnješ je bio predsjednik Jevrejske opštine u Sarajevu od 1988 g. do njegovog useljavanja u Izrael u 1995 g., a također i podpredsjednik Saveza jevrejskih opština Jugoslavije do njene podjele. Za vrijeme rata u Bosni i Hercegovini (1992-1995g.), organizovao je evakuaciju Jevreja i ne-Jevreja i organizovao nepristrasnu humanitarnu pomoć za građane opkoljenog grada, a i drugih dijelova zemlje. Kao priznanje za njegove napore, Ivan Čerešnješ je odlikovan francuskim Ordenom Legije Časti. Po struci je arhitekta i sada radi u Centru za jevrejsku umjetnost na Hebrew University u Jerusalemu.

P. Nadam se da ćemo imati prilike da od tebe posebno čujemo više o dramatičnim okolnostima u kojima si se našao zajedno sa svim Sarajlijama, a posebno sa Jevrejskom zajednicom BiH u početku rata. Za ovu priliku možda bi mogao da kažeš šta ti se najviše urezalo u sjećanje ?

O: Postavljaš mi težak, gotovo nemoguć zadatak. Kako mogu u par riječi izdvojiti detalj-dva, kad je rat za nas u Bosni trajao tri i po godine, gotovo 1300 dana, i svi su bili nabijeni događajima, napetošću, užasima, tragedijama... Već odavno pišem o tome, tema nikako da se iscrpi, stalno iz sjećanja izranjaju slike, potiskuju jedna drugu, pa je zaista teško nešto izdvojiti. No možda najviše zavrđuje da se spomene, naizgled sitan detalj sa ispraćaja jednog konvoja iz Sarajeva, konvoja kojim je, uz odrasle, otišla i posljednja grupa djece iz Opštine, sredinom Augusta 1992. Iako se pucalo, mnogo ljudi je ispraćalo rodbinu i prijatelje. U jednom momentu, dok su svi bili zaokupljeni situacijom, nisam mogao izdržati, okrenuo sam se i utrčao u Opštinu, a za mnom Cicko, ja u kancelariju, on u kuhinju i rasplakali smo se od užasa i tuge, jer se pred nama rušio svijet u kome smo bili rođeni i proveli čitav život. Odlazila su djeca, odlazili prijatelji, nestajala je budućnost Opštine, naše druge kuće... Iako smo svih tih prvih mjeseci rata bili euforični, nabijeni emocijama i u trku se školovali za preživljavanje, te nismo imali vremena da mislimo na bilo šta osim na sada, danas, eventualno sutra, tog smo momenta po prvi put shvatili da je nešto otišlo bez povratka i da više nikada neće biti kao prije.

P. Vratio si se porodici, ali tek nakon završene misije, koja je u početku izgledala nemoguća (Mission Impossible). Kada se osvrneš, da li si zadovoljan učinjenim ?

O: Ispravnije rečeno, pridružio sam se porodici, jer oni su otišli 1992, a ja sam im se pridružio kad se rat završio, 1995, mada sam nedavno saznao da sam otišao na samom početku rata, i to iz pera jednog lokalnog novinara kome sam dao intervju početkom 1995, u svojoj kancelariji u Opštini. No to sad više nije važno, važno je da je sve prošlo, da je žrtava (da, bilo je i žrtava, i ne bi ih se smjelo zaboraviti!) bilo manje nego što smo se bojali i očekivali, i da su oba primarna zadatka koje smo si postavili - da sačuvamo živote ljudi i da sačuvamo instituciju Jevrejske Opštine za budućnost - uspješno obavljena. Da li sam zadovoljan učinjenim? Pa, jesam, mada mi se sad čini da smo neke stvari mogli uraditi drukčije i bolje, ali, kako rekoh, u trku smo učili, i šta god je urađeno, urađeno je sa puno srca, puno hrabrosti, puno dobre volje i bez puno razmišljanja o vlastitoj sigurnosti. Danas vjerovatno ima puno "stručnjaka" koji tačno znaju šta se trebalo uraditi, ali "poslije bitke svi su generali". Imao sam svoje lične drame, neke gubitke sa kojima sam se morao nositi sam, i, ako mogu reći, zadovoljan sam što je to sad iza mene. Da, zadovoljan sam što sad, kad dolazim u Sarajevo, dolazim u Opštinu, samo želim što mnogo dragih lica više nije tamo, i pitanje je da li ćemo se ikada opet sastati.

P. Orden Legije Časti dodjeljuje se pojedincima za posebne zasluge. U tvom slučaju ovaj čin imao je i širi značaj, zar ne ?

O: Nisam siguran sta podrazumijevaš pod "širim značenjem". Legija Časti je individualno odlikovanje, koje se već oko 200 godina daje pojedincima za vojne i civilne zasluge (u zadnje vrijeme se počeo dodjeljivati i zaslužnim umjetnicima). Grupama, institucijama i organizacijama se dodjeljuju druge vrste priznanja, ako govorimo o Francuskoj, a slično je i u drugim zemljama. Za mene lično taj čin jeste imao šire značenje iz dva razloga - na prvom mjestu kao dokaz ispravnosti mog rada i mojih stavova, a drugi, lični, jer je i moj otac, za zasluge u vremenima prošlih ratova, dobio to isto priznanje, što se ne događa baš prečesto, pogotovo ne u našoj populaciji.

P. Doznajemo da se sada baviš poslom koji je mnogo bliži tvojoj profesiji. Reci nam nešto o tome i da li ti znači da si stavio tačku na društveni rad u jevrejskoj zajednici, Sarajevu posebno ?

O: Sad radim u Centru za Jevrejsku Umjetnost na Hebrejskom Univerzitetu u Jerusalemu i vodim projekat "Dokumentiranje jevrejskog kulturnog naslijeđa u zemljama bivše Jugoslavije", a istovremeno radim nešto slično sa Univerzitetom u Braunschweigu vezano

za Njemačke sinagoge. Povremeno sam angažovan i u drugim zemljama, a pomalo i predajem studentima-postdiplomcima. Moram vas "razočarati", na tzv. "društveni rad" nisam i ne mogu staviti tačku, jer - jednom aktivist, uvijek aktivist! Kao prvo, nisam prekinuo kontakte sa svojom Opštinom, saradjujemo kad god i kako god je moguće, a imam i dosta drugih obaveza, u Izraelu i van njega. Već sam rekao, pomalo pišem, tu i tamo ponešto objavim, a upravo sam počeo raditi na projektnom zadatku za jedan memorijalni kompleks u našoj zemlji, no o tome ćemo nešto više drugi put.

P. Da li se članovi "Sarajevske jevrejske dijaspore" u Izraelu drže na okupu i da li je veza sa Sarajevom živa ?

O: Pa, ne baš onako kako bih ja to volio, ali i za to ima razloga - svi se mi borimo za egzistenciju, moramo se ponovo dokazivati u svijetu za koji baš nismo bili najbolje pripremljeni, pa za društveni život baš i nema puno vremena. Ipak, u kontaktu smo, znamo jedni za druge, vidimo se par puta godišnje, a i mobilni telefoni čine svoje, nismo imuni na tu zarazu, pa se kontakti održavaju. Veza sa Sarajevom - e, tu se ne možemo požaliti, još uvijek je glavna tema stari u Sarajevu i avionska karta Sarajevo-Tel Aviv- Sarajevo. Za odrasle je to glavni motiv putovanja, a djeca su već uveliko uvela praksu ljetovanja u Sarajevu.

P. Imas li ličnu poruku čitaocima SaLon-a ?

O: Ovo me neodoljivo podsjeća na dobra stara vremena i isto pitanje "našim voljenim rukovodiocima", ali na sreću nisam iz te kategorije. Ipak, volio bih da ostanemo u vezi, da se češće čujemo i srećemo, i mislim da su savremeni susreti, kao npr. prošlogodišnji na Murteru idealna prilika za to. Svjestan sam da još nismo u situaciji da svi možemo stići svugdje, ali čini mi se da se prilike popravljaju i da ćemo se moći češće vidjati.

Razgovor vodio: Branko Danon

IVAN ČEREŠNJEŠ

Ivan Ceresnjies was the head of the Jewish community of Sarajevo from 1988 until his emigration to Israel in 1995, and a vice-chairman of the Yugoslav Federation of Jewish Communities till the partition of the Yugoslavia. During the war in Bosnia-Herzegovina (1992-1995) he organised rescue efforts to evacuate Jews and non-Jews, and organised non-sectarian humanitarian relief for citizens of the besieged city and other parts of the country. In recognition of his efforts, Ivan Ceresnjies was decorated with the French order of the Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur. He is an architect by profession and is presently employed by the Center for Jewish Art of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

Q. We hope to have a chance to hear from you in particular about the dramatic circumstances experienced by you and other people of Sarajevo, and especially by the Jewish Community of Bosnia and Herzegovina when the war started. Could you, please, tell us on this occasion your most vivid memories of that period?

A. You give me a very difficult, almost impossible task. How is it possible to single out one or two details in a few words, when the war in Bosnia lasted for us three and a half years, almost 1300 days, and each of them was full of incidents, tension, horrors, tragedies... I have been writing about it for a long time, there is no end to this topic, images are emerging permanently from the memory, pushing out one another, so that it is really difficult to single one out. Nevertheless a seemingly small detail might be worthwhile mentioning here. It is to do with one of the convoys leaving Sarajevo. Along with the adults, the last group of the children from our Community left Sarajevo in August of 1992. Although under bullets many people came to see their families and friends off. At one moment when everybody was preoccupied with the situation, I could not take it any more and had turned around and ran into the Community premises followed by Cicko. I ran into the office, he ran into the kitchen and we both started crying with horror and sadness because the world in which we were born and in which we were brought up was falling apart in front of our eyes. Children were leaving, friends were leaving, the future of the Community, our second home, was disappearing... Over the first few months of the war all of us were euphoric, charged with emotions and while running we educated ourselves for survival. We had no time to think of anything else except for today, now and possibly tomorrow. At that moment we had understood for the first time that something has left with no return and it will never be the same again.



Q. You came back to your family, but only after the completion of a mission which seemed impossible (Mission Impossible) at the beginning. Looking back are you content with what has been done?

A. It would be more correct to say that I have joined my family, because they left in 1992 and I joined them in 1995, when the war was over. I have recently learned however from a local journalist that I left Sarajevo at the beginning of the war. This same journalist took my interview early in 1955 in my office in the Community building. But this is not important any more. The important thing is that it is all over and that the number of victims (yes, there were victims, and they should not be forgotten) was less than we were expecting with fear. It is also important that both primary assignments that we had given to ourselves: 1- to save the lives of people and 2- to save the institution of the Jewish Community of Sarajevo for the future, were performed with satisfaction. Am I content with what has been done? Well, yes. Although it seems to me now that some things could be done in a different and better way. But as I said, we learned while running, and everything that we did, we did it with all our heart, much courage, a lot of good will and not thinking much about our own safety. Today there are probably many "experts" who know exactly what had to be done, but "all are generals after the battle". I had my own dramas, some losses that I had to cope with on my own, and if I may say I am happy that it is all behind me. Yes I am happy that now when I come to Sarajevo I come to the Community, the only regrets I have is that many dear faces are not there any more and it is not certain whether we shall ever meet again.

Q. The order of the Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur is awarded to individuals for their exceptional merits. In this case this award had a broader meaning, had it not?

A. I am not sure I understand what do you imply under "broader meaning". Legion d'Honneur is an individual decoration awarded for some 200 years to persons for their military and civil achievements (since recently it is being awarded to meritorious artists as well). Other types of recognition are given to groups, institutions and organisations if we are talking about France, but it is similar with other countries as well. For me that act has a broader meaning due to two reasons: - first of all it was a proof of correctness of my work and my position and - second, a personal reason, my father was also awarded this same recognition for his merits during the previous war. This does not happen that very often, especially not among our population.

Q. We have learned that your present job is much closer to your background. Could you tell us something about it? Does it mean that you have put a full stop to the communal work with the Jewish Community, especially that of Sarajevo?

A. I work now in the Centre for Jewish Art of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem as the head of the Project titled: "Documenting of the Jewish Cultural Heritage in the Countries of Former Yugoslavia". Simultaneously I do something similar with the University at Braunschweig related to German Synagogues. Occasionally I do some work for other countries as well. I also teach a bit for post-graduate students. I have to "disappoint" you, I have not put and I cannot put a full stop to the so-called "communal work", because - once an activist, always an activist! First of all I have not broken the contacts with my Community. We co-operate whenever possible and I have many other obligations, both in Israel and abroad. I have mentioned already that I write a little. Occasionally I publish something. Just now I have started working on a project to do with a memorial complex in our country, but we shall talk about that some other time.

Q. Do the members of "Sarajevo Jewish Diaspora" in Israel stick together? Does the link with Sarajevo exist?

A. Well, not the way I would like it to be. Nevertheless there are reasons for that. All of us fight for our existence. We have to prove our values in a world for which we were not well prepared, so that there is not much time for social life. In spite of this, we are in contact, we know how the others are doing, we meet several times a year, and mobile phones also have their role, we are not immune to that infection. Contacts with Sarajevo - well, there is nothing to complain about in that respect. The apartment in Sarajevo and the Sarajevo - Tel Aviv - Sarajevo air tickets are still the main topics. For the adults that is the main motive for travel, and the children have introduced to a great extent the practice of summer holidays in Sarajevo.

Q. Do you have any personal message for the readers of SaLon?

A. This irresistibly reminds me of the good old times and of the same questions put to "our beloved leaders", but luckily enough I am not one of that category. Still I would like us to stay in contact, to hear from others and see others more often. It seems to me that occasional meetings, as was the one on the island of Murter last year, are ideal for that purpose. It is clear to me that all of us are not yet in the situation to get anywhere we want, but things are changing I think and it will be possible for us to meet more often.

Translation: Branka Danon

Leon Danon

Za koga navijaš ?

Kada su od mene zatražili da napišem ovaj prilog nije mi prva pomisao bila "na kom li ću jeziku ovo da sastavim" Umjesto toga sam pomislio "kome li ću ovo dati da prevede na srpsko-hrvatski". Ova reakcija je, na neki način, potpuno prirodna. U posljednjih osam i nešto više godina, većinu vremena proveo sam komunicirajući na engleskom.

Bilo mi je tek jedanaest godina kada smo prvi put došli u Englesku 1990-te god., što mi je omogućilo lakše i prirodnije učenje engleskog jezika, tako da u 1992-oj god., kada smo ponovo došli, praktično za mene nije postojala jezička barijera. Time ne želim reći da barijere nisu postojale. Sada, iako se izražavam mnogo jasnije na engleskom, izgleda mi da su porasle.

Uzmete za primjer Prvenstvo Evrope 2000. Pratio sam sa velikim entuzijazmom napredovanje Jugoslavije (da ne spominjem razočarenje). S druge strane, u nekoliko navrata, kada je Engleska igrala, ustanovio sam da navijam za protivnički tim. Posebno kada sam bio opkoljen sa 150 huligana koji su na svoj šarmantni pijani način uglas skandirali "Hajde Engleska". Opet mi se čini prirodnom što želim biti drugačiji od tog svijeta. Ja to ne poričem, a u ovakvim situacijama sam na to i ponosan. Na pitanje potpuno starme osobe "odakle si" uvijek ću odgovoriti "iz Sarajeva" a nikad "iz sjeverozapada Londona".

Iako se i dalje osjećam strancem, malo je onih koji bi ustvrdili da izgledam ili govorim kao stranac. Ja sam uspio naći svoj put zahvaljujući činjenici da sam godine, kada se ličnost formira, proveo u ovoj zemlji i u ovom obrazovnom sistemu. Pošto pohađam međunaroni univerzitet, dolazim u dodir sa osobama različitog nasljedja. Unatoč činjenici da je većina studenata lokalna, ja provodim neuporedivo više vremena sa evropskom manjinom. Moji boravci u Španiji zadnja četiri ljeta, pomogli su mi da shvatim razlog za ovo. Ljudi sa one strane Kanala su otvoreniji, topliji i komunikativniji. Njihov način života, koji je drukčiji, bliži mi je. Zato pomišljam da sam se kompletno integrisao u ovdajšnje društvo, ali samo površno. Dobro kaže naša poslovice "s kim si takav si"

SEKA

Jelisaveta - Seka - Sabljčić, istaknuta jugoslavenska pozorišna i filmska glumica, prvakinja Jugoslavenskog dramskog pozorišta, gostovala je u Londonu i priredila nezaboravno veče u prostorijama naše zajednice, 24.05.2000 g. Sala, treba li reći - krcata!

Nije baš uvijek loše biti izbjeglica. Najčešće jest, ali nije uvijek.

Prvo, kad smo, jelte, živjeli tamo odakle smo, u bivšoj Jugoslaviji, za mnoge je London bio cilj, ili jedan od ciljeva, često nedostizhan. Živjeti u Sarajevu i kazati: Ja bogme proveo u Londonu sedmicu dana. Jaogradinre, nema šta nema... To nije mogao svako reći, prijatelji (i oni drugi) zavidno koljutaju očima. A meni, izbjeglici, to je postao dem.

Ja sam se preključe prošetao novim "Millenium mostom", i zaljulao se na njemu. Eno ga zatvorishe. Mislim, koji je taj Foster koji je tako nešto mogao ponuditi. Da li je on vidio pješački most preko Neretve kod Glavatičeva? Kako se taj Julija! Samo, tamo seljak prede preko mosta natovaren vrećom koštunjavih oraha s mjene na uštap, a u (mom) Londonu?!...

Ili, recimo, kao izbjeglica, i valjda baš zbog toga što sam izbjeglica, slušam uživo, muke, njega - Hoze Karerasa! Gdje bih ja, uvaženi turista iz te nekadašnje Juge odvojio £ 25-30 za tako što, jedva sam isticajdo za Madam Tiso.

I sad Seka. Moram da priznam da za svojih 53 godine, u bivšem životu, nikada nisam gledao Jelisavetu Sabljčić uživo. Samo preko ekrana od 21" (u koloru). Šramota. A ovdje mi je bila na dva metra! Ma šta, pa ja sam se s njom izgrlio i izljubio, u pabu sjedio, piće popio. **Kako mi je to bilo važno.** Odjedanput mnoge stvari postanu važne, čak i suviše.

Postanem proesjetljiv, zavibiram na svaki mig prošlosti. Ako ono što me vratilo u prošlost nije tužno, dramatično, ružno, onda dobiva na značaju koji je teško opravdati realnim mjerilima, jer tužno, dramatično i ružno nastojim zaboraviti. Nema balansa. Možda je to dobro, lakše se podnosi bunar u kome su nestale moje 53 g, tvojih 40, njenih 78 njihovih 13. Zato mi je Seka bila tako važna. Doživio sam je mnogo slojevitije i dublje - uspjela je to da mi uradi - nego što to njena vesela predstava objektivno zaslužuje. Kako to da njena vrhunska ostvarenja (a šta ih je bilo!) tamo, u meni nikada nisu izazvala takvu reverberaciju? Promijene se kriteriji, promijene se predstava o tome šta je važno a šta nije u životu. Postajem osjetljiviji i intenzivnije reagujem.

Eto, dakle, dobro sam rekao na početku, nije uvijek loše biti izbjeglica.

Branko Danon



Leon Danon

Who do you support?

When I was asked to write this column the first thing I thought wasn't "Which language am I going to write this in?" Instead it was "Who am I going to get to translate it to Serbo-Croat for me?" In a way this reaction is perfectly natural. Most of my time in the last eight years or so has been spent communicating in English.

We came to England for the first time in 1990, when I was only 11, which made the learning of the language so much easier and more natural, so that when we returned in 1992 the language barrier was virtually non-existent. This is not to say that there was no barrier. And now, although I express myself more clearly in English, the barrier feels greater still.

Take Euro 2000 for example. I followed the progress of Yugoslavia with great enthusiasm (not to mention disappointment), whereas I found myself rooting against England on several occasions, especially when surrounded by 150 drunken yobs all shouting "C'mon England" in that charming way that they do. Again it seems to me to be a natural reaction to want to feel different from these people. And there is no denying that I do, and in situations like that, proud of it. In response to the question "Where are you from?" from a complete stranger I am always going to say "Sarajevo", never "North West London".

Even though I still feel like a foreigner, few people would say that I look or speak like one. Having spent the most formative years of my life in London, and going through the education system here, I have managed to find my way. Being in an international University, I come into contact with people with a variety of backgrounds. Despite the fact that the majority of students are natives, I spend much more time with the European minority. Spending my past four summers in Spain has helped me understand why this is the case. The people from across the Channel are more open, warmer and more communicative. They have a different way of living which I find easier to relate to. This makes me think that I have completely integrated into this society but only in a superficial way. As our proverb says: *S kim si takav si*. Roughly translated this means: you are judged by the company you keep.

SEKA

Jelisaveta-Seka Sabljčić, the eminent Yugoslav theatre and film actress, leader of the "Jugoslavensko dramsko pozorište" (Yugoslav Drama Theatre) performed in London and gave us an unforgettable evening within the premises of our community on 24th of May 2000. There is no need to say that the auditorium was full to the last seat.

It is not always a bad thing to be a refugee. In most cases it is, but not always. Let me explain. When we used to live there, well, the place that we came from, former Yugoslavia, for many of us London was a goal, or one of the goals, unreachable quite often. To live in Sarajevo and be able to say: "Believe me, I have spent a week in London. What a city it is. It is abundant with everything" was something that not everybody could do. Friends (and the other ones) would roll their eyes with envy. To me - a refugee this has become a home.

The day before yesterday I strolled over the new "Millennium Bridge" and swayed on it. There, they have closed it. I amking who is that Foster who could offer something like this. Has he seen the pedestrian bridge over Neretva River near Glavatičevo? How that one sways! Only, over there a peasant crosses over once in a blue moon, with a bag of nuts on his back, but in (my) London?!...

Or for instance, I - nothing more than a refugee or just because I am a refugee I listen to him alive, him - Jose Carreras!, free of charge. How could I, when I was tourist from former Yugoslavia set aside £ 25 - 30 for something like this, I hardly had any money for Madame Tussand.

And now Seka. I have to admit that over the 53 years of my former life, I never saw Jelisaveta Sabljčić alive. Only on the 21" screen (in colour). Shame on me. And here she was just two meters away! What do I say? I have hugged and kissed her, sat with her in a pub and had a drink with her. **How important it was for me.** All of a sudden many things become important, even too important. I become over sensitive and I start vibrating with every trace of the past. If the thing bringing me back to the past is not sad, dramatic or ugly its meaning becomes even more important. It is something that cannot be justified by palpable criteria. I try to forget the sad, the dramatic and the ugly. There is no balance. It may be good. It is easier to cope with the abyss which wasted 53 years of my life, 40 years of yours, 78 years of her life and 13 years of theirs. That is why Seka was so important to me. I have experienced her in a much more complex and deeper way - she had managed to do that to me - more than her cheerful performance would otherwise deserve. How could it be that her top achievements (and there were so many of them) never struck in me such reverberation there? The criterion has changed. The notion of what is important and what is not important in life has changes. I become more sensitive and I react in a more intense way.

Well, what I said at the beginning is correct, it is not always a bad thing to be a refugee.

Translation: Branka Danon

KLUB

- 05.04.2000. Ove srijede smo se zabavljali u takmičarskom duhu. Dame su imale prednost, pa su i otvorile natjecanje u pikadu.
- 12.04.2000. Opuštamo se uz priču i naravno kaficu.
- 19.04.2000. Mali predah, pa vrijeme provodimo uz priču i kartanje.
- 26.04.2000. Izgleda da smo se malo ulijenili pa nam i ove srijede odgovara da opušteno provedemo vrijeme.
- 03.05.2000. Kafa, priča, nažalost, orkestar "Szapora" je otkazao nastup.
- 10.05.2000. Branka Danon i njena mama gospoda Milena su prvenci u našem društvu u dobivanju pasosa Njenog Visočanstva. Čestitamo!
- 17.05.2000. Opet vrijeme provodimo ležerno.
- 24.05.2000. Događaj za dugo pamćenje - gostovanje Jelisavete - Seke Sabljčić.
- 07.06.2000. Vrijeme je bilo na našoj strani pa smo uživali sjedeći u našoj bašti.
- 14.06.2000. Veselju kraja nema! Gospoda Paula Ristić nam je pripremila čevape. Nećemo je previše hvaliti, jer bi mogla slijedeći put da ih zacijeni skuplje.
- 21.06.2000. Proglašena je pobjednica u pikadu. Kica Mandić je odnijela titulu prvaka među ženama, a nije se pojavila na proglašenju pobjednika. Zbog toga je cvijeće dobila Branka Danon kao nagradu za četvrto mjesto.
- 28.06.2000. Počelo je zagrijavanje muške ekipe u pikadu.
- 05.07.2000. Nastavlja se takmičenje muškaraca u pikadu. Oni su to sve naravno 'muški' odradili.
- 12.07.2000. Gospodin Dejan Stojnić nam je održao korisno predavanje na temu tehnologije i interneta, koji se svakim danom sve više razvijaju.
- 19.07.2000. Hilary Pomerov, etnomuzikolog, nam je priredila veče uz sefardske balade. Istinski smo uživali.

Maja Đurđević



Vijesti/News

Sve stvari u životu se jednom dešavaju po prvi put, pa i one lijepe. Prva **naša** ženidba u Velikoj Britaniji. **Zoran Levi** i **Vera Čvoro** vjenčali su se 21.07.2000 g. u Edinburgu. Neka im je sretno i beričetno. **Lea Levi** diplomirala i zaposlila se u bolnici Kent Canterbury kao laboratorijski biohemičar. **Darija Stojnić** počela volontirati u Refugees Support Centre-u kao psihoterapeut (counselor). **Leon Danon** upisao magistarski iz fizike na Imperial College-u.



Sa žalošću javljamo da je u utorak, 30.05.2000 godine, u Londonu, iscrpljena bolešću, u 80. godini umrla naša članica **Betika Stojnić-Romano**. Partizanski prvoborac i uspješan i energičan privrednik, zadnje godine života provela je skromno i povučeno uz porodicu. Sahranjena je 01.06.2000. na groblju Edgwareburry.

Zihrona livraha.

Obavijest redakcije

Izličnih razloga, **Predrag Finci** se zahvalio na daljem radu na uređivanju SaLon-a. Redakcija se svom višegodišnjem uredniku zahvaljuje na predanom i znalackom radu i želi mu uspjeha ubuduće.

Erih Koš

Erih Koš je rođen u Sarajevu 1913. godine. Studirao je i diplomirao na univerzitetu u Beogradu. Učesnik je antifašističkog rata od 1941 godine, bio je diplomat, između ostalog i generalni sekretar Jugoslovenske lige za mir i saradnju naroda. Kao profesionalni književnik objavio je deset zbirki pripovijedaka i nekoliko romana. Djela su mu prevedena na engleski, njemački, ruski, češki, a sam je prevodio sa njemačkog i engleskog.

Knjigu "Nove i stare bosanske priče" objavio je 1996 godine. Sam autor kaže da su to priče a ne *pripovijetke*. Autor ustvari, uzima poznate anegdote, koje je čitalac i sam mogao čuti u različitim prilikama i verzijama, i daje im književnu obradu u "stilu Andrića, Kulenovića ili Čopića", kako sam ističe.

U nekoliko brojeva "SaLon" donosi neke od karakterističnih priča iz knjige E. Koša "Nove i stare bosanske priče"

Žalba

Komšija Meho Kurt, omali i žurav čovek, došao hodži da traži savet. Bezbeli onda kad je njemu najzgodnije, pred ičindiju, pošto je posvršavao sve domaće poslove, a baš u vreme kad je hodži najnezgodnije i najmanje stalo do razgovora. U onaj tihi, predvečernji čas, kad se sve smiruje, a on se predaje blaženom ćutanju koje naziva razgovorom sa bogom.

Svratio je bos, u gaćama i košulji, kako se zatekao kod svoje kuće, a ne vidi se da išta nosi u ruci, niti da mu je mahrama sa peškešom u nedrima.

Oprosti što ti dosadujem – veli i, neponuden, seda na klupu pored hodže, a naslanja se na zid, kako će i njega ogrejati sunce poslednjim, toplim večernjim zracima. – Od nevolje mi je i došao sam da se sa tobom posavjetujem.

Baš sad? Je li ti toliko preša? ne uzdržava se hodža da upita, a oseti kako mu uteče misao kojom se bavio i uzdahnu, svestan da je više neće lako dokučiti. Koja ti je opet muka, Meho?

Hajrija! Neće da me sluša. Što god ja naredim ona na svoju obme, što god ja kažem ona otpovrne. Eto, maločas joj rekoh da pristavi što za večeru, a ona do komšike, tobože da zajmi soli, pa tamo ostade i evo je nema više od sahata. Ne mogu joj to dalje trpjeti, a ne znam šta mi je činiti. Da joj govorim, ne pomaže. U nje jedna usta, a stotinu jezika. Da je udarim, ne smijem. Može mi sican ili srču staviti u kafu.

Pa šta bi htio od mene? Hoćeš li da je pozovem i posavjetujem?

Ne, amana ti, hodža! Kakva je napasna, ne bi ona to ni tebi otrpjela. Može te još i uvrijediti, a meni se poslije svetiti što sam ti se požalio.

Kako ti kažeš, Meho. Tvoja žena i tvoja brig. Što si onda k meni dolazio i šta od mene tražiš?

Onako, čestiti hodža, da bar sebi malo olakšam. I oprosti što sam ti dosadivao – veli Meho, pa se sa uzdahom diže sa klupe na kojoj mu je bilo prijatno sedeti i sporim se korakom upućuje svojoj kući. Hodža osta sam, ali ne može više da se seti lepe misli koja mu je pobegla, a nema više ni vremena da je juri. Sunce se priklonilo zapadu, vreme je večernjoj molitvi i počinku.

Nekoliko dana kasnije, u isto takvo predvečerje, eto ti opet preko hodžine avlije njegovog komšije Mehe Kurta, onako bosog, u gaćama i košulji, pa će pravo ka hodži, kome, čim ga vide, misao kojom se bavio, štuče kao riba pod kamen.

Merhaba! – dočekuje ga, a već se pomera na klupici pred kućom gde će, zna se, komšija Meho Kurt sad sest. – Akobogda? -pita, gledajući ga.

Zlo! Ne valja! Nikako ne valja! – hukće Meho, nameštajući se već pored hodže.

Šta je? Koja ti je opet nevolja?

Koja? Zna se koja. Hajrija, a koja bi druga. Ko je čovjeku veći dušmanin od rođene žene. Hajrija? Pa šta ti to opet uradi, dobar si mi čovječe.

Šta mi uradi? Upropasti me, načisto. Dao sam joj pare i poslao je u čaršiju da Suljagi Kehri plati dug za bakaluk, a ona bog je ubio, svratila u bazrdžane i sve potrošila na kanu, bjelilo i neke dinduve. Njoj, veli, vrijeme prolazi, a Suljaga Kehro može i pričekati.

Pa, šta ćeš sad? -pita hodža, da ne bi on morao da odgovara. Ali mu ni to mnogo ne pomaže. To sam tebe došao da pitam, čestiti hodža. Po šerijatu imao bih pravo da je otpustim. Da oćeram neposlušnu i rasipnu ženu. Je li tako?

Tako je. U ćitabama tako piše. A šta si naumio? Hoćeš li?

Bih ja, a i zaslužila je. A opet mi dode nekako žao. Draga mi je, i, ako je oćeram, ostaću bez nje, pa će ispasti da sam sebe kaznio bez ikakve svoje krivice. Nisam ja potrošio pare na dinduve već ona. I što ja na pravdi boga da ostanem bez žene zbog tamo nekog bjelila, kane i altumbaša. Je li tako hodža?

Biće, kad ti kažeš. Ne znam samo šta ti ja tu hoću?

Ništa mi i ne trebaš, hodža. Ja to samo onako, koliko da malo popričam – veli Meho Kurt, pa se diže da ide svojoj kući. Ali posle nedelju dana eto ti ga, u zao čas, opet pred ičindiju, pravo na hodžinu klupu. I ne pozdravlja se sa hodžom i ne gleda ga čestito, već mrk, sav pokisao i usukan, samo se savi pored njega.

Aman! jauknu, kao da ga stomak boli. – Ubiću je. Glavom ću joj o kaldrmu i svu je izgaziti nogama!

Koga bolan? Koga ćeš ubiti?

Koga? Kučku, kurvu, Hajriju. Nikako joj ne mogu halaliti. Moram joj presuditi, pa ma šta poslije bilo?

A što, jadan, šta ti je sad toliko skrivila?

Šta mi je skrivila? Još pitaš, hodža. Nije dosta što mi troši pare, već je od neko doba uzela i da me vara. Nakanira kosu, nabijeli lice, pa onako udešena, u najboljim šalvarama i košulji od tankog beza, izlazi na kapiju i tu po vas dan stoji, mjerkaćući ljude što prolaze ulicom. Mnogo bi me samo osudilo, da je nešto ubijem?

Bogme se i ja bojim!

Eto, vidiš li, dobro da sam te upitao. Možda bi ipak bilo bolje da je samo oćeram, pa nek se ona sama ubija kako zna i umije. Nego se bojim.

Čega se bojiš? prekide ga hodža rasejano, jedva ga slušajući, sve jednako goneći onu svoju misao o ljudskoj sreći i nesreći i ovome svetu koji mu se čini naopako sazdan.

Bojim joj se braće – veli mu Meho. Trojica su i sva trojica opasne ukoljice. Ubiće me, pa šta ću onda?

Ti ništa. Ja ću morati da ti čitam dovu, a ti ćeš serbez u zemlju.

Šališ se! – veli Meho, gledajući hodžu pored sebe. A ja došao do tebe u svom golemom jadu. Poispravio se hodža i odvojio od zida na koji je bio naslonjen. Gleda komšiju u bejoj košulji i gaćama i, tamo na sokaku iza njegovih leđa, ljude koji promiču pored njihovih kuća, svaki za svojim poslom i sa svojom brigom, idući odnekud iz čaršije. Zamislio se, pa i zaboravio na Merhu Kurta pored sebe.

Računao sam da ćeš mi pomoći! prenu ga ovaj skrušeno. – Ako nikako drugačije, a ono bar savjetom. Učelniji si i mudriji od mene, a i kao hodža dužan da me poučiš šta da uradim.

Trgnu se hodža iz svojih misli. A ona jedna, najvažnija, što ju je maločas dohvatilo otima mu se i praćaka kao velika pastrmka u ruci.

Znaš šta? – veli on komšiji Mehi – Najbolje bi bilo da ti predeš na vlašku vjeru!

Zinuo Meho, iznenaden. Ne veruje svojim ušima.

Da predem na vlašku vjeru? Misliš da bi mi to pomoglo? Imaju li oni bolji način sa ženama? Ne znam da li bi tebi pomoglo, ali meni bi sigurno!

Tebi hodža? Kako to misliš?

Tako, Meho, ako predeš na vlašku vjeru, pitaćeš za savjet popa Dušana. On će onda biti dužan da ti odgovara, a mene ćeš ostaviti na miru.

Erih Koš

Complaint

Meho Kurt, a small wrinkled man came to ask khoja (a Moslem priest) for advice. It was, of course, at the time of the evening prayer the most convenient time for him. By then he had completed all his work at home. But it was the least convenient time for the khoja who was not interested in any conversation then. It was that quiet early evening hour of blessed silence which he referred to as the time of communication with God. Meho was barefoot with only his trousers and shirt on – the same clothing he was wearing at home. One could see that he was not carrying anything in his hands and there was no scarf with an expected gift in his breast, as was the custom.

I apologise for this intrusion – he said and although not offered, he sat on the bench next to khoja, leaning against the wall for the evening sun to warm him up as well. – I came to ask for an advice from you for my problems.

Is it so urgent that you had to come now – the khoja could not help but ask him, realising that he would never again catch the escaping thought he was contemplating. He sighed – What is

Erih Koš was born in Sarajevo in 1913, studied and graduated from The University of Belgrade. He took part in the anti-Fashist war since 1941. As a diplomat, among other duties, he covered the position of General Secretary of the Yugoslav League for Peace and Cooperation. His works include 10 books of collected stories, several novels and some translations from German and English. His work has been translated into English, German, Russian and Czech.

The book titled "Bosnian New and Old Stories" was published in 1996. The author himself will make a distinction to say that these are rather naratives then stories. As he once put it, he would take on board well known anecdotes (heard of on different occasions and interpretations) and would transfere them into a literary form "in the manner of Andrić, Kulenović or Čopić".

In several numbers, SaLon is bringing some of the characteristic stories from the book "Bosnian New and Old Stories", by E. Koš.

the trouble again, Meho?

It is Hayriya. She refuses to listen to me. What ever I tell her she does it her way. For example, just a while ago I told her to prepare something for dinner, but she went to the neighbour with the excuse of getting some salt. She stayed there and is not back yet, it is now more than an hour. I cannot stand this any more, but I don't know what to do.



Talking to her does not help. She has a nasty tongue. To hit her I do not dare. She could put poison or broken glass in my coffee.

What, then, have you come to ask from me? Do you want me to tell her to come here and to talk to her.

Oh, for God's sake, khoja, please don't do it. The villain she is, she would not take it even from you. She might even offend you and later take her revenge on me because I complained to you about her.

As you say, Meho. She is your wife and your problem. Why have you, then come to me. What do you want from me?

To tell the truth, my honest khoja, I have come to ease a bit my feelings. I do beg you to excuse me. – Meho said. With a sigh he got up from the bench which was comfortable to sit on and with a slow

pace he headed home. Khoja was alone again, but he could not remember the fine thought that had fled away earlier and for the chasing of which he had no time. The sun was leaning towards the west - the time for the evening prayer and night's rest.

Several days later – the evening was a similar one – Meho Kurt came again across his neighbour's yard. Barefoot again, only in his trousers and shirt he came straight to khoja. The very moment khoja saw his neighbour the thought he was contemplating fled out of his head the way a fish hides under a rock.

Merhaba – he greeted him and moved to make room for Meho Kurt to sit on the bench in front of the house – what is the news? He asked looking at him.

It is not good news! Not good at all! Meho gasped already taking his place next to khoja.

What is wrong? What is the problem again?

What is the problem? You know what the problem is. It is Hayriya, what else. There is no enemy to a man as formidable as his own wife.

Hayriya. What has she done now, dear man?

What has she done? She has destroyed me completely. I have given her the money and have sent her to the market to pay what I owe to Suljaga Kehro for the groceries, but she, may God kill her, went to the shops and spent all the money buying henna, face powder and some trinkets. She says that she has no time to waste and that Suljaga Kehro can wait.

What do you intend to do now? – Khoja asked in attempt to avoid giving an answer himself. But this tactic was not good enough.

That is what I have come to ask you my honest khoja. According to the law I could be entitled to let her go. To drive away the disobedient and wasteful wife. Isn't it so?

Yes, it is. That's what's written in the books. But what are your intentions? Are you going to do it?

I would do it and she well deserves it. But, I also feel somewhat sorry for her. I like her and should I drive her away I would be left without her and it would be as if I had punished myself without any fault on my side. I haven't spent any money on trinkets. She has done it. And why should I, for God's sake, be left without a wife due to some face powder, henna or cheap jewellery. Don't you agree khoja?

Yes, if you say so. The only thing I do not know is why do you need me?

I do not need you khoja. I have only come to talk to you. – Meho Kurt said, then he got up and went away.

A week later he was there again. It was that same ill hour again, before the evening prayer. He came straight to khoja's bench. He even did not greet him or looked at him properly. Gloomy, thin and shattered he just collapsed beside him.

Mercy - he gave a howl as if he had a stomach ache – I will kill her. I shall knock her head on the pavement and then I shall stamp on her with my feet!

Whom? Whom are you going to kill?

Whom? That bitch of Hayriya, the strumpet. There is no way I can excuse her. I have to judge her, no matter what will happen next.

Poor man what wrong has she done to you now?

What wrong has she done? Don't ask me khoja. Not only does she spend my money, but it is a while now that she started cheating on me. She dyes her hair with henna, whitens her face with powder and made up like that, in her best outfit, she walks out to the gate and stands there the whole day long, eyeing the passers by on the street. Nevertheless, should I kill her, I might be punished severely.

I am afraid that is true.

You see. Asking you was the right thing to do. It still might be the best thing to drive her away and let her kill herself as best she knows. But I am afraid.

What are you afraid of? – khoja absentmindedly interrupted him, hardly listening to him, chasing constantly that thought he had on his mind about human happiness and the upside-down world we live in.

I am afraid of her brothers – Meho told him. There are three of them and all the three are killers. They will kill me. What should I do then.

You – nothing. It would be for me to read a prayer for the dead for you, but it is certain that you would go under the ground.

You must be joking. – Meho said, looking at the khoja who was sitting next to him. – But I came to you in my huge grief.

Khodja sat straight, not leaning on the wall any more. He looked at his neighbour in his white shirt and his trousers and then at the people behind his back passing by their houses, each of them minding his own business. He got absorbed by his thought and had forgotten about Meho Kurt sitting at his side.

I have reckoned that you would help me - he said humbly - at least by your good advice. You are more learned and wiser than I am. And also being a khodja it is your duty to tell me what to do.

The khoja was startled from his thoughts. The one, the most important one that he had reached just a few minutes ago tried to escape from him and it was wriggling the way a large trout in a hand would do.

You know what? – He said to his neighbour Meho – it would be best if you converted to the Serbian Orthodox religion!

Meho opened his mouth in surprise. He could not believe what he had heard.

You tell me to convert to the Serbian Orthodox religion? Do you think that it might help me? Do they have a better way of dealing with women?

I do not know whether it would help you. But it definitely would help me.

Help you khoja? How do you mean?

Listen Meho. Should you convert to the Serb Orthodox religion, you would go to father Dušan and ask for his advice. It would then be his responsibility to answer your questions and you would leave me alone.

Translation : Branka Danon

Ogi u Nepal

Za uspešno učešće u školskom projektu o ugroženim vrstama, **Ognjen-Ogi Ristić** nagrađen je posjetom dalekom Nepal. Redovno je vodio dnevnik. SaLon donosi izvode iz istog.

Nedelja, 16.04.

Stigao sam na aerodrom u 17.00 h. i prijavio se. Avion je kasnio dva sata pa smo čekajući proveli vrijeme u McDonaldsu.

Kada smo ušli u avion raskomotili smo se za let koji će trajati 17 sati, prolazeći kroz Frankfurt (Njemačka), preko Dubai-a (Emirati) do Katmandu-a (Nepal).

Ponedjeljak, 17.04.

Stigli smo u Frankfurt u 12.00 h. radi uzimanja goriva i novih putnika. Kada smo ponovo uzletjeli, posluženi smo hranom i pićem, a onda smo pokušali da se odmorimo za dugi let preko Južne Evrope i Bliskog Istoka.

Po nepalskom vremenu, oko podne stigli smo na Međunarodni aerodrom Katmandu.

Četvrtak, 20.04.

Ustali smo u 6.30 h. i pripremili se za putovanje u Nacionalni park Chitwan koje će trajati pet sati...Pošto smo stigli u Chitwan, otišli smo u našu kolibu koja je lijepo izgledala. Unutra, međutim, bilo je mnogo raznih vrsta stvorenja koja su gmizala po zidovima. Raspakovali smo se i odmorili, prije susreta sa organizatorima cjelokupnog putovanja. Govorili su nam o raznim vrstama životinja koje nastanjuju Chitwan i objasnili nam kako one žive. Pokazali su nam muzej životinjskih kostura i sačuvanih dijelova tijela...Kada smo se vratili u odmaralište, posmatrali smo slonove a kasnije, naveče, priredena nam je zabava sa tradicionalnim plesovima.

Noć je bila duga zbog paukova i drugih insekata koji su gmizali po sobi.

Petak, 21.04.

Probudili smo rano i otišli do centra za uzgoj slonova. Tamo smo vidjeli trogodišnjeg slona koji je već dostigao visinu jednog metra. To je bilo nešto!

Subota, 22.04.

Ustali smo rano ujutro i otišli na jahanje slonova. Ponovo smo tragali za tigrovima, ovaj put bez uspjeha. Bili smo razočarani. Nakon toga bili smo na putu natrag za Katmandu.

U Katmandu-u smo išli u razgledanje i kupovinu, a zatim smo gledali film Blair Witch Project, prava glupost.

Nedelja, 23.04.

Kada smo ustali, otišli smo ujutro u kupovinu, a zatim posjetili veliki hram u Tibet City-u. Hram je okružen valjcima za molitvu, koje treba zavrtnuti umjesto molitve, što je bilo neobično zanimljivo....

Te noći smo zapalili veliku logorsku vatru sa jednom drugom školom.



Last night, bonfire with school children from Nepal

Vratili smo se i počeli pakovanje za povratak u London Heathrow sljedećeg jutra.

Ogi in Nepal

For his successful participation in a school project on endangered species, **Ognjen-Ogi Ristić** was awarded a visit to the remote Nepal. He kept regular entries in his diary. SaLon is bringing excerpts from Ogi's diary.

Sunday, 16th April

I arrived at the airport at 5:00 pm and checked in. The plane was 2 hours late and so we went to Mc Donalds while waiting.

When we got into the plane we settled down for a 17 hour journey taking us through Frankfurt (Germany) to Dubai (The Emirates) to Kathmandu (Nepal).

Monday, 17th April

We arrived in Frankfurt at 12:00 am to refuel and pick up new passengers. When we set off again we were served with food and drinks and then tried to get some rest for the long haul over Southern Europe and the Middle East....

At about midday, Nepal time, we arrived at Kathmandu International Airport.....

Thursday, 20th April

We woke up at 6:30 in the morning and got ready for the 5 hour journey to Chitwan National Park...When we arrived at Chitwan, we went to our lodge, which looked very nice. But inside there were many different species of creatures, walking on the walls. We then unpacked and had a rest before setting out to see the Organizers of the whole Trip. They told us about different types of animals in Chitwan and explained how they lived. We were shown a museum of the animals' skeletons and preserved parts...Back in the resort we went to look at the elephants, and then had evening entertainment with some traditional dancing.

The night was long because of the spiders and insects crawling around the room.

Friday, 21st April

We woke up early in the morning and went to the elephant breeding centre and saw a three



In the Chitwan National Park resort, inside one of the cottages for tourists

years old elephant that was already 1 m tall. It was quite an experience.

Saturday, 22nd April

We got up early in the morning and went for an elephant ride, in search of tigers again, but this time we were unsuccessful. This was disappointing. Afterwards we were back on the road for Kathmandu.

In Kathmandu we done some sightseeing and shopping, and then went to watch the film Blair Witch Project, which was rubbish.

Sunday, 23rd April

When we woke up we went shopping in the morning and visited a large temple in the Tibet City. This temple had prayer cylinders circling it, which you spin around instead of saying prayers, which was very interesting...

That night we had a great bonfire with another school.

We arrived back and started packing for the journey back to London Heathrow the next morning....

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Maja Đurđević

RETURN

When I got the news that my long awaited travel document finally arrived, I was over the moon. It was Monday. I was at work, when the phone rang. I answered it and it was my dad telling me this great news. This meant that I could finally go away somewhere on holiday.

I stood in front of a map of the world and thought of where I could go. This was not an easy task, because I have friends and family in almost every country in the world and I would have liked very much to see all of them. I thought for a long time, and then I realised that, first of all, I would like to go back 'home'. That would be an ideal way to fully satisfy my heart and soul.

Five days after getting this important document, and I was on the plane flying to Ljubljana. I was excited. I had been waiting a long time for this moment. But it came at last!

I looked through a small window of the Boeing 747 and I saw the huge Alps stretching across Switzerland and Austria.

I could not stop my amazement. I realised then I had not seen mountains and hills, or such nature in a long time. In fact, too long.

Straight after reaching Ljubljana, I continued my journey to Pula, Croatia by car. I felt like I was in some kind of trance, because my eyes were seeing and enjoying again things that belong to them. My eyes kept wondering left, right. I was trying to observe everything and to remember every little detail. I was sitting in the car when a feeling of closeness and recognition came over me. Oh, the tall mountains which were raising towards the sky, green fields full of flowers, whose scent was reaching to my nostrils and was awakening all my memories, trees whose branches were swinging in the wind and all the sounds of nature, I missed everything. I missed it so much.

As soon as we arrived, I went to the sea for a swim. Oh, what a shock. The water was warm, clean, blue, clear. 'Oh, this is heaven!' I thought. I let the sun warm me and the gentle breeze caress my hair, while I walked along the beach and thought.

The difference between English nature and this one, 'ours', is recognisable at the first glance. In England, everything is wonderful, beautiful, neat, one cannot admire enough those colourful flowers, those famous gardens.

But here the nature has a different charm. She is wild, natural, tall pine trees are standing proud, slender fir trees are dancing on the gentle wind. And the big mountains are watching over and guarding towns.

I know that these differences characterise people who live in these territories. Here, people are tough, hard, proud like those pine trees which I was passing by, you know exactly what they are thinking and feeling, but at the same time they are ready to hug you, like those fir-trees are ready to charm you with their crown. But English people are courteous, fine, lenient, just like their parks, but also cold and reserved.

The next three weeks I spent between Pula, Split, Brac, Ljubljana, visiting family and friends. It was wonderful to see again all those I love and who have been in my heart for a long time. Interestingly, I felt as though all these towns belong to me. This was probably so because they are part of me and part of my past.

The first thing I noticed in these cities was the mentality of people. You feel openness, honesty, and hospitality. That attracted me and I saw a close friend in everyone. I realised that that was what I missed.

I am certain that majority of our people in England is homesick, but a new home is created and one has to accept reality. One truth is probable though; once you taste the spirit of a metropolis, you return to it with open arms.

Everything must come to an end, so my journey had to finish. On my return I got the strangest feeling. My heart and my soul have become satisfied. I know that. They acquired the strength for new responsibilities which are waiting.

I will continue living in a country which accepted me at the hardest time. Of course, I can not wait for December to go skiing on one of 'our' mountains and for white snowflakes to moisten my face. Then I will feel again that that is a familiar caressing which comes from something dear to me and which will always be like that!

Maja Đurđević

POVRATAK

Kada sam dobila vijest da je stigao moj dugo iščekivani putni dokument, obuzela me neopisiva sreća. Bio je to ponedjeljak. Bila sam na poslu kad zazvoni telefon. Javljam se i tata mi saopštava ovu radosnu vijest. Vijest koja je značila da ću konačno moći otići na odmor. Stala sam pred kartu svijeta i razmišljala gdje da otputujem. Zadatak nije lak, jer u svakoj zemlji imam neki rod ili prijatelje koje bih voljela vidjeti. Dugo sam razmišljala a onda shvatih da prije svega želim otići u 'naše' krajeve. To bi bila idealna prilika da zadovoljim srce i dušu.

Pet dana po dobivanju ovog važnog dokumenta, i već sam bila u avionu za Ljubljanu.

Bila sam ushićena. Ipak sam predugo čekala na ovaj trenutak. Ali sam ga dočekala.

Pogledah kroz mali prozor Boeng-a 747 i ugledah velike Alpe što se protežu duž Švajcarske i Austrije. Nisam mogla zaustaviti svoje divljenje. Tada shvatih da dugo nisam vidjela planine i brda, niti takvu prirodu. Predugo.

Kada sam sletjela u Ljubljanu, odmah sam krenula autom ka Puli, u Hrvatskoj. Osjećala sam se kao u transu, jer moje oči ponovo gledaju svoje, uživaju u svome. Pogledi mi lete lijevo, desno. Pokušavam uočiti i zapamtiti sve detalje. Oh, visoke planine što se dižu do neba, zeleni proplanci puni cvijeća čiji miris dopire do mojih nozdruva i budi sva sjećanja, drveće čije se grane njišu na vjetrovcu pa i svi zvukovi ove prirode, sve mi je nedostajalo. Sve sam poželjela. Sjedim u autu, a obuzeo me je neki osjećaj prisnosti i prepoznatljivosti.

Čim smo stigli, otišla sam u more da se okupam. Ah, kakav šok. Voda je topla, čista, plava, bistra. 'Ah, ovo je raj!', pomislih. Pustila sam da me sunce dobro ogrije, blagi povjetarac da mi miluje kosu, a ja sam hodala po plaži i razmišljala.

Razlika između engleske prirode i ove ovdje, naše, je uočljiva na prvi pogled. U Engleskoj sve je divno, lijepo, uredno, čovjek se ne može nadiviti tim bojama cvijeća, tim poznatim baštama. A kod nas priroda ima drugi čar. Ona je divlja, prirodna, visoki borovi ponosno stoje, vitke jele plešu na laganom vjetru. A velike planine čuvaju i nadgledaju gradove.

Znam da ove razlike karakterišu i ljude koji žive na tim područjima. Kod nas su ljudi tvrdi, čvrsti, ponosni kao ovi borovi pored kojih prolazim, tačno znaš šta misle i osjećaju, ali su isto tako spremni da te zagrlje, kao što su jele spremne da te svojim krošnjama očaraju. A Englezi su uglašeni, fini, blagi baš kao njihovi parkovi, ali i hladni.

Slijedeće tri sedmice sam provela na relaciji Pula, Split, Brač, Ljubljana, obilazeći rodbinu i prijatelje. Bilo je predivno vidjeti opet sve one koje volim i koje već dugo u srcu nosim. Interesantno je to da sam imala osjećaj kao da svi ovi gradovi pripadaju meni. To je vjerovatno zato što su oni dio mene i dio moje prošlosti.

Prvo što sam primjetila u svim ovim gradovima bio je mentalitet. Odmah se osjećala otvorenost, iskrenost, gostoprimstvo. To me je privuklo i u svakom čovjeku sam gledala bliskog prijatelja. Shvatila sam da je to nešto što mi nedostaje. Vjerujem da mnogi naši ljudi takode čeznu, ali novi dom je stvoren i stvarnost treba prihvatiti. A moguća je i jedna istina, a to je da kad jednom 'okušiš' duh velegrada, vraćaš mu se s radošću.

Svemu dode kraj, pa tako se i moj put mora završiti.

Na povratku dobila sam neki čudan osjećaj. Moje srce i duša su postali zadovoljni. Skupilo snagu za nove obaveze.

Ja ću da nastavim život u zemlji koja me je prihvatila kada mi je bilo najteže. A naravno jedva čekam decembar, pa da idem na skijanje kod nas i da mi bijele pahulje ovlaže lice!

Tad ću opet imat osjećaj da je to neko poznato milovanje, da dolazi od nečega što mi je drago i to će vjerovatno uvijek biti tako!

