

ŠESTA SKUPŠTINA ZAJEDNICE

U srijedu 13-tog septembra održana je Šesta redovna skupština Jevrejske zajednice "Prijatelji La Benevolencije". Skupština je raspravljala i usvojila Izvještaj o radu Zajednice u prošloj godini, koji je, u ime Odbora Zajednice, podnio njegov predsjednik, gospodin Boriša Ristić, pretresala interesantna pitanja iz života Zajednice, a zatim izabrala novi Odbor.

U početku svoga izlaganja Boriša Ristić je istakao da su se tokom osmogodišnjeg boravka u Britaniji i djelovanja Zajednice od 1994 godine mijenjali potrebe i želje članova i njihova očekivanja od Zajednice. "U ovom uvodu zato iznosim pred vas pitanje koje su to potrebe koje sada i ubuduće očekujemo da Zajednica zadovolji? Drugim riječima, šta je to što bi nas potaklo da i dalje vodimo organizovan socijalni život? Vrijedi o tome razgovarati." Predsjednik je odmah u prvi plan stavio potrebu za drugim "toplijim prostorom," izrazivši uvjerenje da će se, i pored zastoja, nove prostorije "desiti", ali da je najvažnije pitanje kakav Klub želimo i pozvao članove Skupštine da tome posvete dužnu pažnju u raspravi.

Zatim je Boriša napravio sažet pregled pojedinih vidova aktivnosti Zajednice u prošloj godini. "Klub je mjesto predviđeno za okupljanje članova. Odbor nastoji, u granicama svojih mogućnosti, da tim okupljanjima dade sadržaj koji treba, s jedne strane, da razvije osjećaj pripadnosti i međusobne potpore, a sa druge strane, da bude zanimljiv... Navodimo bitne događaje iz rada kluba. Jevrejske praznike smo obilježavali uz potrebne napomene o njihovom značenju i poštivanje običaja. Salon redovno obilježava te događaje. Tradicionalno ova vrsta aktivnosti dobiva formu sijela, usklađenu sa smislom praznika". Zatim je predsjednik podsjetio na seriju predavanja o odnosu religije i umjetnosti u tri monoteističke religije koje su održali Julia Weiner, Predrag Finci i Vesna Domany-Hardy, zatim predavanje o zaštiti spomenika kulture u Bosni i Hercegovini gospode Marian Wenzel, o misticizmu i Kabali rabina Telsera, o informatici Dejana Stojnića, o sefardskim baladama gospode Hilary Pomeroy. Posebno su istaknuta dva događaja u Klubu: promocija knjige "Sarajevski uvod u estetiku" profesora Predraga Fincija i gostovanje beogradske glumice Jelisavete Sabljic. "Moram da kažem, istakao je predsjednik, da iako ovako gledano sve to izgleda dobro i zanimljivo, ipak je primjetno opadanje interesa i slabija posjeta naših članova Klubu. U ovom kontekstu treba gledati i našu početnu napomenu o potrebi razgovora o promjeni interesa i potreba naših članova. Prostor za okupljanje, njegov izgled i mogućnosti koje pruža nesumnjivo su značajan, ali samo jedan od faktora koji na to utiče... Salon, osim svoje uloge kroničara, nastoji biti aktuelan, pa se tako pojavila serija napisa i dokumenata o Jasenovcu u vrijeme sudjenja komandantu ovog koncentracionog logora Šakiću... Kontinuitet izlaženja, zanimljivost, i visoki sadržajni i tehnički nivo su izuzetno značajni. Mislim da se Salon pokazao kao veoma važan faktor naše kohezije i komunikacije sa sredinom u kojoj živimo, kao i sa našim zemljacima u svijetu do kojih uspije da stigne... Moja je velika želja da ovaj naš glasnik i dalje svjedoči naše postojanje i djelovanje". I ove godine smo organizovali izlete u Stratford-Upon-Avon, Bristol, Portsmouth, Brighton, Poole, a očekujemo ponovnu posjetu Bath-u". Iako izleti predstavljaju prijatne trenutke opuštanja, naglasio je Boriša, ipak se primjećuje neka vrsta opadanja entuzijazma i zamora, pa i o tome treba razgovarati i učiniti potrebna prilagodavanja... Ženska sekcija djeluje u najboljoj tradiciji svoga uzora u Sarajevu... i stoji iza svakog sijela, buketa cvijeca, takmičenja, posjete bolesnim, ožalošćenim, novorođenim... Bio bih sretan kad bismo svi dijelili takav entuzijazam..." Skupština je takođe razmotrila i usvojila izvještaj o stanju blagajne.

Skupština je prihvatila poziv predsjednika za razgovor o daljem radu Zajednice. U neposrednom i živom razgovoru - u kome su učesovali Mirko Ovadia, Esmā Kamhi, Teodora Suvajdžić, Radovan Žerajčić, Boris Montiljo, Branka Danon, Milan Uzelac, Dragan Ungar, Branko Danon i drugi - raspravljano je o svim aspektima rada Zajednice. Posebno je naglašena potreba da se i dalje energično traga za boljim rješenjem klupskih prostorija, da se provede anketa o tome da li bi dan sastajanja preko vikenda bolje odgovarao onim članovima koji su zaposleni, da se razmotri mogućnost rada kuhinje u dane sastajanja, da se članovi više javljaju sa priložima za Salon, te da se vidi mogućnost organizovanja sporta. Skupština je usvojila Izvještaj Odbora, i izabrala novi Odbor u čiji su sastav ušli: Draško Suvajdžić, Esmā Kamhi, Boris Montiljo, Boriša Ristić, Mile Svarc, Branko Danon i Irena Altarac, u ime ženske sekcije. Novi predsjednik Odbora Zajednice je Boris Montiljo.

Pripremio Milan Uzelac

The Sixth Annual Assembly of "The Friends of La Benevolencija" Society was held on 13th September 2000. The Assembly discussed and approved the Annual Report for the past year, submitted on behalf of the Society by the president, Boriša Ristic. Following this, important issues regarding the work of the Society were discussed and the new Board was elected.

Boriša Ristic started his speech emphasising the fact that during our 8-year stay in Great Britain and the Society's activities since 1994, the needs wishes and expectations of the members have changed. "Therefore, I introduce this report asking you to identify the needs that we expect our Society to fulfil from now on. In other words, what is it that would entice us to continue to organise our social life? This needs to be talked about." The President then emphasised the need for a different, "cosier premises", and said he believed that in spite of the delay, we would get a new place. However, he thought the most important issue was to find out what kind of Club we wanted to have and invited the members of the Assembly to discuss this matter in detail.

Then Boriša made a short resume of the activities of the Society. "The Club is the gathering place for the members. The Board endeavours, as much as possible, to give these gatherings a content which should on one hand nurture the feeling of belonging and mutual support, and on the other hand be interesting... Let us list the important events from the Club's work: We have celebrated Jewish festivals noting their meaning and keeping the customs. SaLon regularly marks these events. Traditionally these activities are organised in the form of a party, adjusted to the meaning of the festival." Then the President reminded the members of the series of lectures on the relationship between religion and art in the three monotheistic religions, held by Julia Weiner, Predrag Finci and Vesna Domany-Hardy. We also heard lectures on the Protection of the cultural monuments in B-H by Mrs Marian Wenzel, about Mysticism and Cabbala by Rabbi Telser, Information Technology by Dejan Stojnic and Sephardi Ballads by Mrs Hilary Pomeroy. Two other Club events were emphasised: promotion of the book "The Sarajevo Introduction into Aesthetics" by Prof. Predrag Finci and a guest performance by Belgrade actress Jelisaveta Sabljic. "I must say", the President stated, "that although this sounds good and interesting, the loss of interest and decreased attendance at the club are noticeable... This brings us back to my introductory remark on the necessity to discuss the change of interests and needs of our members. The appearance and capacity of the premises in which we gather is undoubtedly important, but only one of the factors that have impact on the work of the Society.

Apart from being a chronicle of events, SaLon is aiming to be topical as well, thus publishing a series of articles and documents about the concentration camp Jasenovac at the time of the war crimes tribunal of its commander Sakic. The continuity of publishing, interesting content and a high technical standard of SaLon are extremely important. I think SaLon has proved to be a very important factor of our cohesion and communication with the society we live in and with those of our countrymen it reaches all over the world. It is my great wish for this herald of ours to continue to witness our existence and work."

This year we organised outings to Stratford-Upon-Avon, Bristol, Portsmouth, Brighton and Poole and will also re-visit Bath. "Although these outings are pleasant and relaxing", said Boriša, "some tiredness and decrease of enthusiasm are noticeable, so we need to discuss this and make the necessary adjustments... The Women's Group has worked in the best tradition of its role model from Sarajevo. They are behind every party, bunch of flowers, culinary competition, visiting the ill, bereaved or those members with new-born babies. I would be happy if all the members were so enthusiastic." The members of the Assembly also discussed and approved the Society's Financial Report. There followed a lively discussion about all the Society's activities, participated by Mirko Ovadia, Esmā Kamhi, Tea Suvajdžić, Radovan Žerajčić, Boris Montiljo, Branko Danon, Branka Danon, Dragan Ungar, Milan Uzelac and others. Participants emphasised the following needs: to intensively keep looking for better Club premises, to have a poll in order to maybe change the meeting day to weekend to accommodate the members who are employed, to investigate the possibility of having a kitchen open for the meeting days, for members to contribute to SaLon more, and to investigate the possibility of organising sports activities. The Assembly approved the Report of the Board and elected the new members of the Board: Drasko Suvajdžić, Esmā Kamhi, Boris Montiljo, Boriša Ristic, Mile Svarc, Branko Danon and Irena Altarac (Wome's Group). Boris Montiljo was elected President for the next year.

Milan Uzelac

Translation: Gordana Jolić



MIRA LESSER

Mira Lesser je rođena u Njemačkoj, u Hamburgu. Porodica se ispred nacističkih progona sklonila u Britaniju, gdje je Mira prispijela 1935 godine. Tu je završila univerzitet, osnovala porodicu i nastavila karijeru učiteljica. Mira Lesser je jedan od iskrenih prijatelja koje je naša Zajednica ovdje stekla; pruža pomoć u savladavanju engleskog jezika, redovan je čitalac SaLona, učestvuje u našim aktivnostima. Njena iskustva mogla bi biti zanimljiva našim čitaocima.

P. Svaki emigrant ponese za čitav život "komad rodne grude" kako bi se to malo romantično reklo. Šta vas - poslije tolikih godina i teških iskustava - podsjeća na djetinjstvo i mladost u Njemačkoj?

O. Brat i ja smo bili sretni: roditelji su nas poslali u progresivnu školu, sa odličnim nastavnicima od kojih su mnogi bili članovi Socijal-demokratske i Komunističke partije. Tu je bila atmosfera tolerancije i slobode - kakva nije postojala u većini državnih škola.

Kada je Hitler 1933 g. došao na vlast, moj otac je rekao: "Ne ostajemo u ovoj zemlji".

Uskoro su uvedeni nacistički zakoni (tzv. Njemački zakoni), koji su branili Jevrejima pristup poslovima u javnim službama, a jevrejskoj djeci pohađanje nastave u državnim školama. U Hamburgu su se napadali na jevrejske radnje i zlostavljanje Jevreja desilo kasnije. Kada je do toga došlo, sjećam se da je uvedeno dnevno pozdravljanje sa svastikom. Većina naših nastavnika je otpuštena, a neki su uhapšeni u toku nastave. Naš veoma voljeni direktor je izveden iz školske dvorane, uz zvuke Horst Wessel Lied, omiljene nacističke pjesme.

P. U Veliku Britaniju došli ste u vrijeme kada se nad Evropom nadvijala prijetnja Drugog Svjetskog rata. Kako su tada izbjeglice, posebno jevrejske, bile primljene i tretirane u Velikoj Britaniji?

O. Stigla sam sama 1935 g. u Southampton na velikom prekookeanskom brodu kompanije "Hamburg - Amerika". Moja porodica je većinom već bila ovdje. Moj otac, pravnik koji je specijalizirao poljsko i češko pravo, našao je posao. Majka je predavala engleski u internatskoj školi, a brat Jan je srećom došao do školarine u jednoj od najčuvanijih londonskih privatnih škola.

Ja mislim da tada ljudi u ovoj zemlji nisu, ustvari, znali šta se dešava u Njemačkoj. Engleska je ostrvo. Misao o izbjeglicama - ljudima koji su bježali ispred terora, tek je počela prodirati u svijest. Mi smo bili stranci (ne mislim na strance -vanzemaljce-koje danas vidite na televiziji). Tada nisam bila svjesna antisemitizma bilo u školi ili drugdje.

P. Kao politički angažovana i lijevo orijentisana, vaša porodica je bila čvrsto vezana za direktni otpor fašizmu. Kako danas na to gledate?

O. Moja majka i brat nisu baš bili politički svjesni. Ja sam, međutim, oduvijek bila lijevo orijentisana. U Hamburgu sam bila članica HABONIM-a, jevrejske cionističke omladinske organizacije. Sa namjerom da jednog dana odselim u Palestinu, uključila sam se, odmah po dolasku, u odgovarajući Habonim u Engleskoj. Sudbina je drugačije odlučila.

Godine 1936-te, počeli su se navlaćati oblaci rata. Sve više jevrejskih izbjeglica je pristizalo a useljavanje se čvršće kontrolisalo. Tada sam upoznala mladog čovjeka, Franka Lessera za koga sam se kasnije udala. Roden je odrastao u religioznoj hasidskoj porodici iz Istočnog Londona. Bio je cionista, ali se kasnije okrenuo komunizmu kao jedinjoj političkoj alternativni fašizmu. Pridružio se Internacionalnoj brigadi i 1937 g. otišao u Španiju da se bori protiv Franka. Vjenčali smo se 1940 g. Ratne godine su za sve nas bile strašne. Jevrejske izbjeglice svrstavane su u "Neprijateljske strance" ako su imale njemačko državljanstvo, i "Prijateljske strance" ako su bile drugog porijekla kao što je bio slučaj sa mojom porodicom. Nekome ko je svrstan u "Neprijateljske strance" bilo je zabranjeno posjedovati radio aparat ili bicikl. Mnogi Jevreji su bili internirani ovdje, na ostrvu Man, ili u Australiji i Kanadi. Međutim, bombardovanje većih gradova i strah od invazije stvorili su atmosferu jedinstva i patriotizma. Moj brat i Frank, su se pridružili Kraljevskom vazduhoplovstvu (RAF). Jan je bio navigator u bombarderskim jedinicama. Ubijen je 1944 g. Frank je bio radio-telefonista u posadi na zemlji i preživio je rat.

P. Vi ste u nekoliko navrata posjećivali Jugoslaviju; U Sarajevu i danas imate prijatelje?
O. Poslije rata, Frank je radio za engleske komunističke novine i bio je poslan 1946 u

Moskvu kao reporter. Ja sam mu se pridružila 1947 g., sa naše dvoje male djece. Franka je žestoko nervirala stroga cenzura koja je spriječila protok važnih vijesti ka Londonu, zbog čega se žalio ruskim vlastima. To je bilo vrijeme sukoba sa Kominformom. Bez obrazloženja, opozvan je u London i otpušten iz novina. Tada je dobio posao u Tanjugu, jugoslavenskoj novinskoj agenciji u Londonu. Kancelarija Tanjuga ličila je na Jugoslaviju u malom. Glavni urednik je bio iz Beograda, a tu su još bili po jedan Makedonac, Bosanac i Hrvat. Naša ljubav prema Jugoslaviji je počela kada nas je šef pozvao da sa djecom provedemo ljeto u njegovoj vikendici u Malom Lošinju. Nakon ovog divnog doživljaja, slijedila su mnoga ljetovanja u različitim dijelovima Jugoslavije. Svugdje nam je ukazivano veliko gostoprimitstvo i stekli smo mnoge prijatelje. Još su u životu dva prijatelja - jedan u Zagrebu i jedan u Sarajevu.

P. Održavate kontakt sa Zajednicom "Prijatelji La Benevolencije" - čitate redovno SaLon, nekim članovima pomažete da savladaju jezik, izbliza ste pratili neke naše aktivnosti. Recite nešto o tome.

O. Kada su jevrejske izbjeglice iz Bosne stigle u London, shvatila sam da mi se pružila prilika da uzvratim nešto od prijateljstva koje je Franku i meni iskazivano u Jugoslaviji. S obzirom da sam kvalifikovani učitelj, stupila sam u vezu sa Sinagogom u Alyth Gardens raspitujući se o časovima engleskog. Kao rezultat ostvarila sam kontakt sa "Prijateljima La Benevolencije" koji mi je omogućio mnoge zanimljive časove i razgovore kao i nove prijatelje.

Svima vama hvala.

Neka živi La Benevolencija!

Neka živi prijateljstvo.

Intervju vodio: Milan Uzelac

MIRA LESSER

Mira Lesser was born in Hamburg, Germany. She arrived in Great Britain in 1935, where her family found shelter from Nazi prosecution. She graduated from University here, started a family and took on teaching. Our Society found in Mira one of their most devoted friends; she helps members with their English, she regularly reads SaLon and participates in our activities. Her experiences might be interesting to our readers.

Q. Speaking in a somewhat romantic manner, every émigré takes along a "piece of the fatherland". After so many years and difficult experiences, what memories do you still have of your childhood and adolescence in Germany?

A. My brother and I were lucky; our parents had sent us to a progressive school with excellent teachers, many of whom were members of the Social-Democrat or Communist Party. There was an atmosphere of tolerance and freedom not known in most State Schools. When Hitler came to power in 1933 my father said: "We are not staying in this country". The Nazi laws which forbade the Jews to work in public jobs and Jewish children to attend state schools (the Nuremberg Laws), were soon put into practice. In Hamburg, raids on Jewish shops and ill treatment of Jews happened later. When they did occur, I remember a daily hoisting and saluting of Swastika flag was introduced. Most of our teachers were dismissed, some of them were arrested during a lesson. Our much loved Headmaster was marched out of the Assembly Hall to the music of Horst Wessel Lied - a popular Nazi song.

Q. You arrived in the UK at the time that the shadow of WWII overcast Europe. What was the attitude in the UK at that time, towards refugees, and Jewish refugees in particular?

A. I arrived in Southampton in 1935 alone on a very big ocean liner (Hamburg-America line). Most of my family were already here. My father, a lawyer specialising in Polish and Czech law had found work. My mother was teaching English in a Boarding School, my brother Jan was lucky to have a scholarship in one of London's most famous Public Schools.

I think that people in this country were not really aware of what was happening in Germany. England is an island. The idea of refugees - people fleeing from terror - was only just sinking in. We were aliens (not the sort of aliens you see on television now). I had at this stage no awareness of anti-Semitism, either at school or otherwise.

Q. Your family were politically active and left-oriented and, as such, very firmly linked to direct resistance to fascism. What reflections do you have today?

A. My mother and my brother were not very politically conscious, but I have always been left - oriented. In Hamburg, I had been a member of HABONIM, a Jewish Zionist youth organisation. I joined the equivalent Habonim as soon as I came to England, with the intention of one day going to Palestine. Fate decided otherwise.

In 1936, war clouds began to gather. More Jewish refugees arrived and immigration was more strictly controlled. It was then, I met the young man, Frank Lesser, who I was later to marry. He was born and grew up in a religious Chassidic family in East London. He had been a Zionist, but later turned to Communism as the only political alternative to Fascism. He joined the International Brigade and went to Spain to fight Franco in 1937.

We were married in 1940. The war years were terrible for all of us. The Jewish refugees were classified as "Enemy Aliens" if they had German nationality and "Friendly Aliens" if they had other nationality like my family. If you were classified as an "Enemy Alien", you were forbidden to keep a radio or a bicycle. Many Jews were interned on the Isle of Man or sent to Australia and Canada for internment. But the bombardment of the large towns and the fear of invasion, created an atmosphere of unity and patriotism. My brother and Frank, both joined the Royal Air Force. Jan was a navigator in Bomber Command. He was killed in 1944. Frank was in ground crew, Radio - Telephone operator and survived.

Q. You have been to Yugoslavia on several occasions. You still have friends in Sarajevo.....?

A. After the war Frank worked for the English Communist newspaper and was sent to Moscow in 1946 as a reporter. I joined him in 1947 with our two small children. Frank was very irritated by the strict censorship which prevented important news being given to London and complained to the Russian authorities about it. It was also the time of the Cominform conflict. He was recalled to London without a reason given and dismissed from the London paper. He then got a job on Tanjug, the Yugoslav Press Agency in London. This office was like a small Yugoslavia. The chief editor was from Belgrade, there was a Macedonian a Bosnian and a Croatian. Our love affair with Yugoslavia began when the chief invited us and the children to spend a Summer at their summer house on Mali Lošinj. It was a wonderful experience, followed by many more holidays in different parts of Yugoslavia. We received great hospitality everywhere and made many new friends. Two friends - one in Zagreb and one in Sarajevo still survive.

Q. You maintain your links with the Society "The Friends of La Benevolencija"; you are a regular SaLon reader; you are helping some of our members to get in touch with English; you have closely followed some of our activities. Could you comment on that?

A. When the Bosnian Jewish refugees arrived in London I realised that here was my chance to return some of the friendship Frank and I had received from Yugoslavia. As I am a qualified teacher I got in touch with Alyth Gardens Synagogue to find out if there were any English classes going. My subsequent contact with the Friends of La Benevolencija has brought me many interesting lessons and discussions as well as new friends.

Thank you all.

Long live La Benevolencija! Long live friendship.

Interview conducted by Milan Uzelac



LEKTIRA

7

U ovom broju donosimo treću priču iz zbirke NOVE I STARE BOSANSKE PRIČE koju je priredio Erih Koš.

ŽELJE

Đuro Tufo, vodeničar iz Semizovca, ceo je dan prosedeo na reci Bosni, pored svoga mlina. Jun je mesec, staro žito je već odavno samleveno, a do novog još je daleko. Niko ništa ne donosi na meljavu i Tufo, onako dokon, nemajući šta drugo da radi, kupa u reci glistu, nataknutu na vidicu, očekujući da zagrije neka riba. Vidi u čistoj vodi čak i krupnije klenove, kako se jure i promiču pored udice, ali, kao za inat, ni jedan ni da se na nju osvrme. Predveče, kad je već i zahladilo pored vode, u gustom vrbaku, Tufo se reši da savije konac i povuče se u mlin, kad, odjednom, potonu plovak i nešto snažno trznu stapom koji mu gotovo ispadne iz ruke. Pomisli da se uhvatio velikog som, pa, iznenađen, naglo povuče, a iznad njega, u vazduhu, praćaknu se i na večernjem suncu zablista ribica, jedva tolika koliko njegov mlinarski palac.

Tufo je oprezno smače sa udice. Mala je, ni za zalogaj, ali mu se na dlanu čini nekako teška, obla i meka. Baš kao da je rukom dohvatio dobru ženskog čeljadeta. Ne zna šta bi sa njome? Kasno je da dalje lovi, a opet mu se jedini današnji čar ne pušta iz ruke. Otvorio je čak i torbu, da bi u nju tutnuo ribicu, ali se ipak na nju sažali – čini mu se da ga iz šake gleda suznim, gotovo ljudskim pogledom i moli ga plavim, devojčakim očima – pa, pre no što je i stigao da odlučiti šta će uraditi, hitnu ribu u vodu.

Blesnu nešto, poput snažne munje kada osvetli nebo. Ribica pljusnu u vodu, kao da je nešto krupno i teško u nju palo. Reka se podiže i obilno popraska mlinara Đuru Tufu, na obali, a oblak vodenih kapi pope se uvis, raširi se kao magla, pa se polako zgusnu u oblik ljudskog bića. Mladog, lepog, ženskog čeljadeta u beloj prozračnoj košulji, kroz koju se provide male, dečije, jabučaste grudi i još sitnije bradavice na njima.

Đuro Tufo! – javi se to biće tankim, jedva čujnim glasom, zovući mlinara imenom.

Ja! – odazva se Tufo, baš kao na vojnom vežbalištu. Čak se i podiže na noge i ukruti na obali.

Vodena sam vila – kazuje se devojče, u skvašenoj košulju od tankog beza, ali Tufo to već zna, pa se ne čudi.

Đuro Tufo! – opet će ono polunago žensko biće. – Zli volšebnik pretvorio me je u ribu i samo me je neko dobro ljudsko djelo moglo osloboditi ovih čini. Ne dešavaju se često takva dobroćinstva, niti ima mnogo duševnih ljudi, pa zato već dugo godinama ovdje u rijeci. Ti si me večeras spasio i sad ti sljedeći nagrada. Smisli hitro tri želje. Očasn ti se ispuniti!

Tri? – pita Tufo, da bi dobio na vremenu, malo se pribrao i osvestio.

Tri! potvrđuje vila. – Ne može više. Ali želje mogu biti krupne. Je li ti malo?

Nije, ne daj bože – odgovara Tufo, plašeći se da će se vila naljutiti zbog njegove neskoromnosti. – To ja tek onako, da bih bolje utvorio – govori joj, češka se iza uva i pokušava da smisli neku želju, ali, kao za pakost, ni jedne da se seti.

Požuri – veli mu vila. – Nemam mnogo vremena. Hladno mi je u vlažnoj košulji, a i zazorno je mladom ženskom čeljadetu dugo besjediti u mraku sa takvom muškom glavom.

Tufo zna da je i njemu vreme da se uvuče u vlažni mlin, na kome je istrunuo drveni krov pa propušta kišu, a da mu je svu noć ležati na tvrdoj čvornovatoj klupi, koja mu žulji kosti. U toj misli i lanu prvu želju:

Da mi je noćas zaspati na širokom, mekom, pematom dušeku, a ozgo da me nešto štiti od kiše.

Biće! – kazuje vila spremno. – Đuro Tufo, prva ti je želja uslišena. Kazuj sad drugu.

Ali mlinar, kome se pamet vezala za san, nikako da se odvoji od njega, pa idući za prvom mišlju nastavi kako je počeo:

Da mi postelja bude u suvoj, toploj sobi, a ova u kući prostranijoj i ljepšoj no što je Hamid-agina, ovdje u Semizovcu.

E, moj Tufo, ti si kao onaj ciganin iz priče sastavio nekoliko želja ujedno. Ali, neka i to bude kako si poželio. A sad reci i treću, posljednju.

Zar već! – začudi se Đuro Tufo i gotovo zažali što je tako olako utrošio prve dve, baš kao da je na pazaru, pred nekom tezgom, razmenio i ništa utrošio krupne novčanice. A onda se seti kako će vili doskočiti.

Hajde! Požuri! – opomenu ga ona.

Da se u tom krevetu i u toj palati probudim sutra kao veliki vojvoda! – kaza, misleći kako će mu u tom svojstvu lako biti da smišlja i ostvaruje i druge svoje želje kad mu padnu na um.

Vila, kao da mu pogodi misli. Samo se osmehnu, pa mu dobrodušno odobri glavom i kaza:

U redu. I to će biti kako si želio. A sad zbogom... I svak svojim putem, Tufo!

READINGS

8

Smrači se naglo. Vile nesta. A Tufo osta sam pored reke. I njemu se počme mrak lepiti za oči, pa ostavi štap s udicom ispod vrbe – čak i torbu koja mu više neće trebati. Uzanim nogostupom ode svom mlinu, leže na drvenu klupu i odmah zaspao, lako i lepo, baš kao da je istinski utonuo u neke meke i mirišljave duške, a pokrio se svilenim jorganom, umesto svojim mlinarskim gunjem.

Spavao je dugo i duboko, sanjajući neke šarene snove i vilu koja mu se prividala čak i bez tanke košulje od beza. Po svetlosti je osećao da je sunce već odskočilo i dan odavno osvanuo, ali mu se nešto ne otvaraju oči. Plaši se da bi san mogao ispasti laža i ne želi da ga javom rastera. Ovakom mu je bar za neki trenutak lepo, pa ni to nije za odbacivanje. Oseti da mu neko polako dotiče rame i lako ga drmusa. Reši se da otvori oči, a ono što ugleda oko sebe učini da ih razrogači što je više mogao.

Zaista je počivao na mekim dušecima, kao da je u amamu do guše utonuo u toplu vodu. Učiniše mu se nalik na jastuke i posteljino koju je jednom, u prolazu, video kako se zrači isturena na prozoru švapske žandamerijske stanice u Semizovcu, a iznad sebe ugleda nebo od plave čoje, izvazeno zlatnim zvezdama, koje su ozgo sjale kao za najvedrije letnje noći. Sa četiri strane kreveta stoje drveni stubovi, izrezbareni dvovlavim orlovima, a pošto se malo popridiže i pogleda oko sebe, vide da se krevet zaista nalazi u nekoj velikoj dvorani, čiji pod blista kao ogledalo, zidovi su joj pozlaćeni, a kroz teške zavese na prozorima cede se zraci svetlosti koji blešte baš kao ono sinoć vila iznad vode.

Dve želje bile su mu uslišene. Ostalo je samo da vidi šta je sa trećom. Tada ponovo oseti nečiju ruku na ramenu. Krajem oka vide belu rukavicu i rukav sav opšiven zlatnim širitima. Njegov adutant ga ja budio, obraćajući mu se :

Vaše carsko i kraljevsko veličanstvo, nadvojvodo Ferdinande, vrijeme je da ustanete. Za koji trenutak treba da krenemo u Sarajevo.

In this issue of SaLon we publish the third story from the book NEW AND OLD BOSNIAN STORIES compounded by Erih Koš.

WISHES

Djuro Tufo, a miller from Semizovac spent the whole day sitting by the river Bosna near his water mill. The month was June, a long time since the wheat from the previous year had been crushed and it was quite a wait for the new one. Nobody was bringing anything for him to grind, and idle as he was and having nothing else to do, Tufo stuck a worm onto a hook and bathed it in the river waiting for any fish to bite. In the clear water of the river he could even see some large chubs chasing each other and passing by the hook, but as if out of spite, none of them had paid any attention to it. Late in the evening when it became chilly in the thick willow grove by the river, Tufo had decided to roll the thread and to retreat to the mill, when all of a sudden the float sank and something strong pulled his rod which almost fell out of his hand. It occurred to him that a large catfish might have been caught. In his surprise he drew the rod abruptly, when in the air above his head a small fish, not bigger than his thumb, wriggled and glittered in the evening sun.

Tufo took it carefully from the hook. It was small, not enough for a snack, but it felt heavy, round and soft on his hand. It was the same feeling one has when touching a woman's breast. He did not know what to do with it. It was late for him to go on fishing, but on the other hand it was not easy to let the only gain of the day go. He even opened his bag to drop the fish into it but he felt sorry for it. It seemed that from the palm of his hand the fish cast on him a crying almost human look and that it asked for his mercy with the blue eyes of a girl, so before he even decided what to do he threw the fish back into the water.

Something very similar to a powerful lightning sparkled illuminating the sky. The fish splashed into the river, as if something big and heavy fell to the water. The river rose and sprayed the water over Djuro Tufo on the bank. There was an upsurge of water drops forming a cloud. It then dispersed as mist which thickened to form a human being. A young, beautiful woman in a white transparent shirt through which it was possible to see small, child's breasts like apples with tiny nipples.

"Djuro Tufo!" – The creature uttered in a diminutive hardly audible voice, calling the miller by his name.

"Yes!" - Tufo replied in a way he would do on a military exercise. He even rose to his feet and stood stiff on the bank.

"I am a water fairy."- The young girl presented herself in her wet thin muslin shirt, but Tufo already knew that and therefore was not surprised.

"Djuro Tufo!" - Repeated the half-naked girl. – "An evil magician transformed me into a fish and I could be released from these spells only by a good human deed. There are not many benefactions, nor are there many kind-hearted people. That is why I have languished here in the river for many long years. You have saved me this evening and you will be rewarded for that. Think quickly of three wishes. They will come true in no time at all.

"Three?" – Tufo asked to gain time, compose himself and to bring himself to his senses.

LEKTIRA

9

"Three!" – confirmed the fairy. – "More is not possible. But your wishes may be substantial. Is it too little?"

"No, it is not! God forbid." – Replied Tufo, afraid that the fairy might get angry because he was so immodest. – "I just pronounce it to understand it better." – He told her and scratched his ear trying to think out a wish but the harder he thought the more difficult it was.

"Hurry up," – said the fairy – "I do not have much time. I feel cold in this wet shirt, and it is shameful for a young girl to talk with such a man in the dark."

Tufo was aware that it was time for him also to enter the humid mill with its wooden rain leaking rotten roof. He also knew that the whole night through he would lie on the hard knotty bench, which would rub his bones. With this thought in his mind he blurted out his first wish:

- "Let me fall asleep this evening on a wide, soft feather mattress and have something to protect me from the rain above."

"It will be so!" – said the fairy readily. – "Your first wish has been fulfilled. Tell me the next one."

But the miller, whose reason was attached to sleeping, could not detach from it. Thus, following the first thought, he continued along the same lines:

- "Let my bed be in a dry, warm room and let that room be in a house more spacious and much nicer than that of Hamid-aga, here in Semizovac."

"My dear Tufo, very much like the gypsy from a story you have combined several wishes in one. Nevertheless, let your wish come true. Now, tell me your third wish."

"What, already?" – Djuro Tufo was surprised and almost felt sorry for wasting so easily the first two. It was similar to the feeling he usually had on the market when changing large notes but not buying anything reasonable.

"Come on! Hurry!" – She reminded him.

"Let me wake up as a great duke in that palace tomorrow!" – he said thinking that in that capacity it would be easy for him to think of and fulfil other wishes when they come to his mind.

As if guessing his thoughts, the fairy just smiled at him. She kindly nodded with her head and said:

"It is all right. It will be as you wished. Good buy now, each of us should follow our own way, Tufo!"

It suddenly became very dark. The fairy disappeared. Tufo stayed alone by the river. Darkness started to stick to his eyes. He left the rod with the hook by the willow tree - he even left the bag that would be of no use any more. Taking the narrow path he went to his mill, lied on the narrow bench and fell immediately asleep. His sleep was light as if he really sank into some soft fragrant mattresses and covered himself with silk duvet and not with his heavy peasant's coat,

He had a long deep sleep dreaming some colourful dreams and the fairy, which appeared to him even without the thin muslin shirt on. The light indicated that the sun had already risen high and that the day had dawned a long time ago, but for some reason he was reluctant to open his eyes. He was afraid that the dream might prove to be false and he did not wish the reality to stop it. He felt comfortable in this way at least for some moments and even that was not something to be thrown away. Somebody then touched his shoulder lightly and started shaking him gently. He decided to open his eyes but the scene around him made him open them as wide as he could.

He really was lying on soft mattresses, as if he was completely immersed in hot water in a Turkish bath. He thought that the mattresses were similar to the cushions and bedding that he had seen once airing out on the window of the Austro-Hungarian constabulary station at Semizovac, and above him he saw sky made of blue felt embroidered with golden stars, which were shining from above as they would do during the clearest summer night. Wooden pillars carved with two headed eagles were standing on the four sides of the bed. When rising a bit and looking around, he saw that his bed was really in a huge room its floor shining like a mirror, its walls gold plated and light rays pouring through the heavy curtains on the windows. They glittered just like the fairy above the water the night before.

Two of his wishes had come true. He only had to find out what happened to the third. Then again he felt somebody's hand on his shoulder. By the corner of his eye he saw a white glove and a sleeve covered with golden braids. His adjutant was waking him up, addressing him:

- "Your imperial and royal highness, the Archduke Ferdinand, it is time for you to get up. In a short time we should start for Sarajevo."



Translation: Branka Danon

MLADI O INTEGRACIJI

10

THE YOUNG ON INTEGRATION

11

YOUTH COLUMN 12 RUBRIKA ZA MLADE

Rut Danon, Sarajka. Kao i mnogi od nas, "sklonila" se iz rodno grada one još svježije, ali nezastavljivo odmičuće 1992 g. Njen životni scenario napisao je neko maštovit - našla se, živi i radi u Bilbau! Prilikom jedne od posjeta porodici u Londonu a prije odlaska (možda povratka, ko to zna!) u Bilbao, ostavila je u kompjuteru slijedeću bilješku

U KRUG...

Oдох opet u Bilbau. Rekla bih vraćam se, ali taj izraz ne odgovara mom trenutnom emotivnom stanju. Kad putujem u London ne znam idem li ili se vraćam, isto je sa Bilbaom ili Sarajevom. U krug, u krug... Utješilo bi me da znam da nisam jedina budala na ovom svijetu kojoj se ovo dešava. Pišite mi pisma podrške. Nije mi namjera da proljevam suze samosažaljenja, prodje i taj pubertet, srećom, pa smo to nekako prevazišli. Naučili smo (jesmo li, ili samo ponekad) da se izdignemo iznad, iznad... Ne, naučili smo da ignorišemo, zavaramo, zataškamo, onu silu što iz nas izbija čim nam se nešto podrepi u životu. Kad se ono nešto počne promaljati iz dubina sa zelenim jezičinama i nekom skramom po cijelom čudovišnom tijelu, zakolutanim očima i veeceelikim ustima što hoće da nas progutaju. Ako mu dopustimo, ono izbije iz nas i eksplodira na sve strane, baš kao na Tamarinim slikama. A meni se sve čini da to baš i nije zdravo. A opet, i ono mora nekad da dahne. Mi dahćemo kad je ono dole, a ono kad nas tušne. I tako se mijenjamo.

Pojavljuje se u raznim oblicima. Nekad nam se prišunja u vidu fotografija, mirisa sjećanja iz davne prošlosti, i učini da zaboravimo na sadašnji trenutak. Ništa nema loše u sjećanjima, time se i koristi prefrigana aždaja pa nam tepa kao čedu ili nam na uvce tiho pjevuši neku poluzaboravljenu pjesmu (po mogućnosti sevdalinku), da bi nas na kraju odvušla s onu stranu zdravog razuma. Nekad se pomiješa sa svim onim što je oko nas dobro i dobronamjerno. Onda se desi da i mi pobrkamo račune, pa za svoj, kako u tim trenucima mislimo, opustošeni boravak na ovom svijetu krivimo sve što nam se nadje na putu. I ne samo da krivimo, nego i uništavamo siječemo i razbijamo u komadiće tako sitne da se više nikad ne mogu sklopiti u cjelinu. Možda uspijemo sačuvati neki okmjeni antikvitet. Nekad nam dodje i puni nam glavu o tome kako je pogan ovaj ili onaj narod kojim smo okruženi, kako nema pojma o zdravlju, školstvu, kulturi, arhitekturi, kako ne zna da uživa, kako je nemaštovit, hladan ili prevruć, kako su mu ulice preuske, gradovi premaleni ili preveliki, kako su mu plaže prljave ili ih uopšte nema, kako je sebičan, licemijeran ili kako se peći kad govori. Onda je najopasnije. Zato što učini da mislimo kako smo superiorni. Halo! E tad ga stvarno treba oboriti karate zahvatom, srušiti ga na zemlju i prije onesvješćivanja nekom toljagom reći mu: "Hajd" majke ti ne serendaj više, valja meni provesti ovdje još koju godinicu!"

Mi ćemo i dalje biti ono što smo posicali s mlijekom, ako to izneverjemo, onda smo nagrabušili. U međuvremenu, zašto ne bismo pružili šansu tim groznim ljudima, zemljama i gradovima da nas prihvate, možda zavole, i bili malo skromni, za promjenu. Da li bismo nekako mogli i mi njih voljeti, bar malkice, ne zato što su nam slični ili potpuno različiti, nego baš zato što su takvi kakvi su? Jesmo li raja ili papci? Nekad smo prezirali papke. Pitam se da li smo ostali raja.

REAGOVANJA

Beograd, 25.09.2000

Dragi i poštovani gospodine Danon,

Vaše pismo sa priložima primio sam tek juče, budući da se duže vremena nisam nalazio u Beogradu i to je razlog što vam odgovaram sa tolikim zakašnjenjem. Bilten sam pročitao sa velikim interesovanjem, a posebno sam vam zahvalan na trudu i pažnji koje ste pokazali baveći se mojim tekstovima. Zaista imponira vaš rad u tuđoj sredini u kojoj ste se našli i za koju znam da se u njoj nije lako prilagoditi i snaći. Zeleći vam i dalje uspeha u radu, stojim vam na raspolaganju ukoliko nećim mogu da vam pomognem.

Srdačno vas sve pozdravljam,
vaš Erih Koš

Rut Danon, from Sarajevo, like many of us "took refuge" from her hometown in 1992, a year which is still recent but leaving us quickly behind. Her life scenario was written by a very imaginative spirit. She got to Bilbao, Spain, where she has been living and working since. During one of her visits to her family in London, before leaving for (or returning to - who knows?) Bilbao, she left the following note in the computer:

ROUND...

There I go to Bilbao again. I would say I return, but that expression is not in line with my present emotional state. When I travel to London I do not know whether I am going or coming back. The same thing is true for Bilbao and Sarajevo. Round and round ... It would be comforting if I knew that I am not the only foolish person experiencing this. Would you, please, write me letters of support. It is not my intention to pour tears of self-pity. That puberty period is over luckily and we have overcome it somehow. We have learnt (have we really, or may be only sometimes?) to rise above, above ... No, we have learnt to ignore, trick suppress that power which emerges from us the moment something goes wrong in our lives. That monster appears with its large mouth ready to swallow us. If letting it go that comes forth from us and bursts to all sides as it does on Tamara's pictures. It does not seem very healthy to me. On the other hand that has to take a breath sometimes. We breathe when that is down, and that breathes when strangling us. That is how we go on swapping places all the time.

It appears in different forms. Sometimes it sneaks up as a photograph, a fragrance or a memory from long ago, making us forget the present moment. There is nothing wrong with memories. Coing to us as if we were its children or whispering to us almost forgotten songs the astute dragon uses exactly this fact to ultimately drag us beyond common sense. Sometimes it blends with all the good and well-meant things around us. Then we get confused and we accuse anything that might come our way for our devastated sojourn in this world, as we think of it at such moments. Not only that we accuse, but we also destroy, cut and break down into pieces so small that it is never possible to put them together again. We might manage to save a ruined fragment of antiquity. Sometimes it comes to us telling us how evil are the nations surrounding us. It further tells us how the people have no idea what good health care, good education, culture or architecture are; how the people do not know how to enjoy themselves and how lacking in imagination they are. Then it goes on accusing them of being too cold or too emotional, complaining that the surrounding streets are too narrow, the towns are too small or too big, the beaches dirty or non-existent at all. Speaking of the people it says how selfish and hypocritical they are and how they talk with affectation. That power is most dangerous when doing it. Because this makes us think that we are superior. Hello there! At such instances it is really necessary to hit it with a karate blow, pull it down to the ground and before hitting it unconscious with a bat say: "Stop talking nonsense, please, I am bound to spend here quite a few years!"

We shall still be the persons we became when at our mother's breast. Should we betray it, too bad for us. In the meantime, why shouldn't we give all these awful people, countries and cities a chance to accept us, possibly even start loving us, and why shouldn't we be modest a bit, for a change. Could we somehow start loving them, at least a bit, not because they are similar to us or because they are completely different, but for what they are. We used to think about ourselves as "cool". Are we still, really?

Translation: Branka Danon

RESPONSES

Beograd, 25.09.2000

Dear and esteemed Mr. Danon,

I have received your letter and attachments only yesterday, because I was away from Belgrade for a long time. This is the reason for my belated response. I have read your bulletin with great interest and I am particularly grateful for the effort and consideration you have shown in dealing with my writing. I am impressed with your work in an alien environment you found yourselves in. I know that it is far from easy to manage and adjust there. Wishing you further success in your work, I am at your disposal if I can be of any assistance.

My cordial greetings to you all.
Yours,
Erih Koš

O DRUGARSTVU

Pošto malo narasteš, drugarstvo postaje drugačije. Ako si mali, sve izgleda tako lako, ali tada ne poznaješ pravo lice svojih drugova. Na primjer, mogu da postanu dvočlani ili da steknu nove prijatelje, a ti da ostaneš sam. Neki dobri drugari mogu da odele ili se vrate u zemlju iz koje su došli, što se desilo mojoj drugarici Irmi. Ona se vratila u Džakartu, u Indoneziju, i nisam je vidjela već tri godine. Slično se dogodilo i sa mojom drugaricom Seenal koja je odesila u Kent...

Kad sam bila u Marbelji, u Španiji, odsjeli smo u kući blizu mora. Jednog dana išla sam da se kupam u bazenu. Tamo je bilo puno djece i neki mali Španci su razgovarali i pokazivali na mene, ali ih nisam razumjela. Čim sam došla do ivice bazena, pokušali su da me gurmu u vodu, ali sam ja zadržala ravnotežu i spasila se. Umjesto mene, jedan od dječaka je upao u vodu. Sva djeca su se na to smijala...

Duca Jolić, 10 godina (sa engleskog prevela majka Gordana)

ABOUT FRIENDSHIP

Friendship becomes more difficult when you get older. When you are small, things seem so easy and you don't know your friends...

For example: they can turn out to be double faced or maybe they have some other friends and leave you with none. Some nice friends you may have, left to go back to their country as happened with my friend Irma. She has gone to Jakarta, Indonesia and I haven't seen her for three years. It also happened recently with my Indian friend Seenal who moved house to Kent...

When I was in Marbella in Spain, I was in a house near the sea. One day, I went for a swim. There were a lot of children there and some Spanish boys were talking and pointing at me, but I didn't know what they meant. When I got to the edge of the pool they tried to push me into the water but I kept my balance and saved myself. Instead, one of the boys fell into the water. To all the children it was funny and they laughed and giggled...

Duca Jolić, 10 years

Dragi čitaoci, Pročitajte ovu pjesmu! Vidjećete šta se dogodi ako vaš stari prijatelj djed-Medo, zaboravi svoju dužnost.



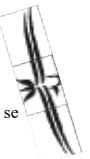
VELIKA KRADA

Nakon burnog šumskog zбора, Razgovora, dogovora – Kad sve molbe proučiše Gorskog zvjerkе odlučije Da postave djeda-Medu Za šumskog čuvara...

(Trista čuda, trista jada Desilo se tada!) Prvo: svada, Drugo: krađa! Lija je, na primjer, U rekordnom roku Zdipila koku! Stari razbojnik vuk, Zakleti dušman lovcu, U tren oka – Ukrade ovcu!

Trbušćić gladi – Ribom se sladi!

Najzad, Iz zraka, Kobac se sjuri, Znali smo da mu se Strašno žuri... I, dok sa kocem Dotrča Mile – Nestade pile!



Namjestiše ga pod krušku, Dadoše mu staru pušku.

Tu se Medo podbočio I važno se ukočio Kao stražar pravi...

Al, se brzo desi bruka: Iznenada – on zahrka!

Uto, odmah Poče trka, nasto zbrka...

Tvor, Taj podmukli stvor I prepređeni baja, Ispi nadošak petoro jaja! Vidra, hitra, k'o čigra, Oko potoka zaigra, I, evo, već vidim:

Za to vrijeme, Ispod granja, Medo hrće, Medo sanja Da je leg'o potrbuške, Pa tamani slatke kruške!

Mile
VUJOŠEVIĆ



Počela je sezona godišnjih odmora, pa je Klub zadnje srijede u julu i čitav august bio bez programa. A sad kad smo se vratili sa potamnjelim tenom, iskupani i osunčani, sa licima i osmjesima punih sreće i prelijepim utiscima, spremni smo za nove pohode i pobjede!

- 06.09.2000. Sad kad su svi na okupu, podijeljen je SaLon broj 18. Da li znate da će ovaj naš list još malo pa napuniti pet godina od kako je ugledao svijetlost dana?
- 13.09.2000. Održana je šesta Godišnja skupština. Molim vas pogledajte priloženi članak.
- 20.09.2000. Ove srijede smo obilježili Novu 5761. godinu. Ženska sekcija se potrudila da proslava i ovaj put bude zanimljiva. Naravno uz raznovrsna i ukusna jela i pića, bilo je i muzike. Odziv članova je bio za pohvalu.
- 26.09.2000. Klub je ugostio Exilec Writers Ink, udruženje pisaca u egzilu. Pisci širom svijeta, uključujući i našu članicu kluba Dariju Stojnić, sa pročitali svoje radove. Zaista smo uživali u poeziji i prozi, i u svakoj riječi prepoznali smo sebe i svoje iskustvo. Veče je bilo savršeno!

Maja Đurđević

VIJESTI / NEWS

Istog dana, 07.09.2000 g., naši slikari Sonja Radan i Miroslav Smiljanić otvorili su odvojene izložbe u dvije različite galerije u Londonu. Tamara Jovandić je to uradila 05.10.2000 g. Šta da kažemo, 2,6% naše zajednice su likovni umjetnici, ostalo su gledaoci.

ISPRAVKA REDAKCIJE

U SaLonu br. 17, našom nepažnjom, raspoređene su ilustracije akademskog slikara Sonje Radan na mjesto na koje one ne pripadaju. S obzirom da su ilustracije, trebalo je da ilustruju priču Eriha Koša, "Čekajući mesiju". Grešku, uz izvinjenje ispravljamo.

We wish a prosperous and happy New Year 5761, to all our readers, members and friends



Svim našim čitaocima, članovima i prijateljima, iako sa zakašnjenjem, srdačno čestitamo Novu 5761. godinu, uz najbolje želje.



Darija Stojnić DVIJE IZLOŽBE U JEDNOM DANU

Margaret Powell, spisateljica, hroničarka i učesnik u događajima koje prvenstveno za sebe, a pomalo i za široke narodne mase organizuje elitna društvena klasa, u knjizi "Sezona u Londonu" kaže: "Likovna sezona, u Londonu, praktično počinje sa svečanim otvorenjem izložbe u Royal Academy of Art. Pozivnice se šalju prema već ustaljenoj i odavno odabranoj listi gostiju, koji na samo otvorenje dolaze da bi se vidjeli, malo pročekali i kupili koju sliku, ako je izložba prodajna". U najljepšem maniru naših domaćina, nimalo ne zaostajući u formi, od pozivnica do prigodnih govora, upriličene su, za otvaranje jesenje sezone, iako ne u Royal Academy of Art, dvije izložbe slika naših slikara i prijatelja Sonje Radan i Miroslava-Mire Smiljanića.



SONJA

U prostorima The Artists' Gallery, Willesden Green Library Centre, akademski slikar iz Sarajeva, Sonja Radan je zajedno sa Francescom Pringle u "bratski" podijeljenom prostoru izložila svoje slike i dekorisano staklo.

Njeni radovi na svili su maestralni, crtež i boje se slijevaju i prelijevaju u jednoj igri poteza i mašte, a onda sve zajedno, mangupski nastavi i razigra se na ramovima, tako da i ram postaje slika.

Njena ranija ulja na platnu su dramatična, i kao da je ta tehnika slikanja inspiriše drugacije, nego kada slika na svili ili radi u nekoj drugoj tehnici, jer tada kao da osjeti da može da se igra. Nova ulja na platnu, prikazana na ovoj izložbi, su joj otmena, u bojama jeseni sa ljepim, mimim i mnogo manje tužnim licima.

Slikanje na staklu joj je "pun pogodak". Obično prozirno, bezlično staklo svojim magičnim potezom je pretvorila u prekrasne eksponate od kojih se ne odvađa pogled.

Sonja sa Nikom i Tarom, okružena prijateljima, sretna, razdragana i lijepa u svom trenutku, zadovoljna što je kao umjetnik u prilici da i umjetničkim zalcima, a i prijateljima, pokaže svoje radove, i upriliči događaj na kojem ćemo se okupiti.

MIRO

Miro Smiljanić, slikar iz Mostara, u prostorima "Terra" galerije, izložio je slike i pozvao prijatelje i poznavaoce umjetnosti da podijeli radost i zadovoljstvo otvorenja svoje samostalne izložbe.

Predrag Finci, otvarajući izložbu se, lijepim, biranim riječima osmorio na Mirin dosadašnji slikarski rad i onda spontano, ostavivši napisani tekst postrani rekako: "Meni se Mirine slike jako sviđaju"! Još 1994 na otvaranju izložbe Bosnian Artists', Predrag je rekao da kada bi u jednoj riječi opisao Mirine slike, onda bi ta riječ bila NOSTALGIJA.

Upravo tako, iz svake Mirine slike izbija nostalgija. Nekada za rodnim krajem, nekada za suncem, a često za sretnim danima kojih više nema. Tužan je i raspukli plod na slici "Šipak" i tužne oči ima konj na slici "Konj", i tužna teče Neretva na slikama ispod mosta kojeg više nema i kojeg Miro već dugo samo po sjećanju slika.

Ulja na platnu i akrilik na papiru su dvije slikarske tehnike koje Miro najčešće upotrebljava, a motiv Starog mostarskog mosta mu je nekako sru u ruci najbliži. Zato neke engleske domove krase Mirine slike upravo sa motivom Starog mosta.

Te večeri okupili su se prijatelji. Uz tatu je stajala i Ana, bilo je lijepo, nekako naše.

Eto, u jednom danu, u isto vrijeme na dva kraja Londona, dva naša umjetnika, slikara - jedan iz Sarajeva, drugi iz Mostara - otvoriše jesenju slikarsku sezonu, manje pompeznu nego što to rade naši domaćini, naravno, ali sigurno sa više iskrenosti i za sebe i za prijatelje.



Darija Stojnić TWO EXHIBITIONS IN ONE DAY

Margaret Powell is a writer, chronicler and a participant in the cultural events that the elite organise more for themselves than for the general public. In her book "The Season in London" she says: "The art season in London practically begins with the ceremonial opening of the exhibition at The Royal Academy of Art. The invitations are distributed according to the usual and long ago established guest list. People go there to be seen, to mingle and buy a painting or two if they are for sale." In the best tradition of this country, not lagging behind in style, in terms of invitations and opening speeches, the autumn season began (not in The Royal Academy of Art though) with two exhibitions by Bosnian artists and our friends Sonja Radan and Miroslav/ Miro Smiljanic.



SONJA

Sonja Radan, an artist from Sarajevo, showed her paintings and decorated glass at the Artist's Gallery, Willesden Green Library Centre. She shared the exhibition space with another artist, Francesca Pringle.

Sonja's paintings on silk are magnificent. Her imagination and her playful paintbrush made the drawing and the colours merge and spill over onto the frames that thus, themselves became paintings.

Her earlier works in oil were dramatic. The change in technique brought a change in inspiration. She seems to be more playful when she paints on silk, or uses other techniques apart from oil. The new oil paintings that we saw in this exhibition are dignified, colours are autumnal and the faces Sonja paints are pretty, serene and less sad than in her earlier works.

Sonja's painted glass is a real achievement. With her magic touch she transformed the ordinary, dull glass into beautiful, mesmerising exhibits. Under the spotlight, accompanied by Nick and Tara, surrounded by friends Sonja looked beautiful, happy and radiant. No doubt she was pleased to be able to show her works and organise an event that brought us all together.

MIRO

In "Terra" gallery Miro Smiljanic, artist from Mostar invited his friends as well as connoisseurs to share his joy at the opening of his one man exhibition.

Predrag Finci opened the exhibition and talked about Miro's oeuvre and at one point, leaving his written speech aside, spontaneously said: "I like Miro's work very much." Back in 1994, at the opening of the Bosnian Artist's Exhibition, Predrag said that if he had to sum up Miro's paintings in one word, that word would be nostalgia.

And he was right, nostalgia is present in each of Miro's paintings. Sometimes it is nostalgia for his home country, sometimes for the sun and very often for the times gone by. There is a sadness about the burst fruit on the painting 'The Pomegranate'; sad are the eyes of the horse in the painting 'The Horse' and sad is the river Neretva which, on his paintings flows under the bridge which doesn't exist any more. For a long time Miro has been painting the bridge only from his memory. His favourite techniques are oil on canvas and acrylic on paper and 'The Old Bridge' in Mostar seems to be the subject closest to his heart. That is why you can see Miro's paintings of the Old Bridge in quite a few English homes.

A lot of his friends came to the opening. Anna was at her father's side. The evening was pleasant, everybody felt at home.

Two artists, one from Sarajevo, the other from Mostar showed their works on the same day in different parts of London. So the autumn season began with little pomp but with a lot of sincerity.

Translation: Etela Pardo



Sadržaj/Content

Izvještaj sa Godišnje skupštine	2
Report from Annual Assembly	3
Intervju: Mira Lesser	4,5
Interview: Mira Lesser	5,6
Lektira: Erih Koš	7,8
Readings: Erih Koš	8,9
Družno/ Society:	
Mladi o integraciji: Rut Danon: U krug	10
Reagovanja: Pismo Eriha Koša	10
The Young on Integration:	
Rut Danon: Round	11
Responses: A letter from Eriha Koš	11
Rubrika za mlade	12
Klub/Club	13
Vijesti/News	13
Izložbe	14
Exhibitions	15
Vidici: Kalendar	17
Horizons: The Calendar	18



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Ÿ SaLon

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KALENDAR

Nekoliko godina pokušavam da dobijem odgovor na slijedeće pitanje: Ko je i kada oodlučio da računanje vremena po kalendaru koji se koristi širom svijeta počne od godine kada je rođen Isus? A onda sam pročitala knjigu KALENDAR, koju je napisao D.E. Dankan i našla ovo:

... Jedan opat po imenu Dionizije Eksiigus (500-560) ... dao je našem kalendaru sistem određivanja datuma koji je poznat kao anno Domini (AD), "godina našeg gospoda" (ili - kako mi to zovemo poslije Hrista) ...

... U pismu biskupu Petroniusu ... napisanom 531 poslije Hrista ... on kaže da " radije broji i označava godine od otjelovljavanja našeg Gospoda, ... ". Dionizije računa da je Hrist rođen tačno 531 godinu ranije ... što je postala njegova bazna godina - 1 poslije Hrista. (Dionizije nije odredio nultu godinu, pošto se još nije bilo došlo do pojma nule.) Odakle je opat dobio ovaj datum za Hristovo rođenje nije poznato. Niži je poznato da li je ovo bila njegova originalna ideja ili je već neformalno korištena. Ma kakav da je njen izvor, Dionizije je bio prvi koji je koristio ovaj sistem koji danas primamo kao gotovu činjenicu. ...

Nažalost, Dionizije je skoro sigurno pogriješio u datumima. Stvarni datum Hristovog rođenja nije poznat i još uvijek je predmet velikih polemika, kad se zna koliko su nejasne i kontradiktorne informacije koje postoje o početku Hristovog života. Jevandjelje po Mateju tvrdi da je rođen u doba Heroda, koji je umro u 4 vijeku prije Hrista. To znači da je rođenje uslijedilo prije tog datuma. Druga jevanđelja i istorijski izvori sugerišu datume koji se kreću od 6 ili 7 g. p.n.e. 7 godine poslije Hrista, mada je većina istoričara naklonjena tome da je to 4 ili 5 g. p.n.e. To znači da je 1996 ili 1997 godina vjerovatno bila stvarna 2000 godina u kalendaru anno Domini, ako se račun obavi bez nulte godine.

Pošto je ovo 2000 godina, učinilo mi se da bi neke od stvari u ovoj knjizi mogle biti interesantne i čitaocima SaLona. U prikazu knjige stoji:

Kada je 1 oktobra 1949 godine Mao Ce Tung objavio da će Kina poštovati Gregorijanski kalendar, to je značilo da je cijeli svijet po prvi put počeo da računa vrijeme na isti način.

Ali ima još mnogo kalendara na cijelom svijetu. 5760 prema jevrejskom kalendaru	
Prema njima godina 2000 je:	1420 prema muslimanskom kalendaru
1997 prema stvarnom Hristovom rođenju	1378 prema persijskom kalendaru
oko 4 g. p.n.e.	1716 prema koptskom kalendaru
2753 prema starom rimskom kalendaru	2544 prema budističkom kalendaru
2749 prema starom vavilonskom kalendaru	5119 prema velikom ciklusu Maja
6236 prema prvom egipatskom kalendaru	

208 prema kalendaru Francuske revolucije
godina ZMAJA prema kineskom kalendaru.

Na prvij stranici knjige sam našla dosta zanimljivih informacija koje bih željela da podijelim sa vama:

Indeks kalendara

Dužina godine u 2000 g.: 365 dana, 5 sati, 48 minuta, 45 sekundi

Prosječno skraćivanje godine zbog postepenog usporavanja zemljine rotacije: 1/2 sekunde u jednom vijeku

Lunarni mjesec: 29 dana, 12 sati, 44 minute, 2,9 sekundi

Najraniji poznati datum: 4236 g. p.n.e., osnivanje egipatskog kalendara

Jevrejska godina: 354 dana, sa dodavanjem dana

Godina prema Juliju Cezaru (Julijanski kalendar): 465 1/4 dana

Datum kada je Cezar promjenio Rimsku godinu u Julijanski kalendar: 1 januar 46 g. p.n.e.

Godina sa izmjenama koje je unio Papa Gregorije XIII (Gregorijanski kalendar): 365 dana, 5 sati, 48 minuta, 20 sekundi

Datum kada je Papa Gregorije izvršio reformu kalendara : 1582

Broj dana koje je Papa Gregorije ukinuo da bi ispravio skretanje kalendara: 10 dana

Datumi koje je Gregorije eliminisao papskom bulom da bi kalendar doveo u sklad sa sunčevom godinom: 5 - 14 oktobar 1582

Datumi kada je većina katoličkih zemalja usvojila Gregorijanski kalendar: 1582-1584

Datum kada je protestanska Njemačka usvojila Gregorijanski kalendar: djelimično prihvatanje je bilo u 1700, potpuno prihvatanje u 1775

Datum kada je Velika Britanija (i američke kolonije) prihvatila Gregorijanski kalendar: 1752

Datumi koje je Parlament ukinuo: 3-23 septembar 1752

Datum kada je Japan usvojio Gregorijanski kalendar: 1917 (i ponovo 1940)

Datum kada je Istočna Pravoslavna crkva zadnji put glasala da odbije Gregorijanski kalendar i da zadrži Julijanski kalendar: 1971

Koliko se Gregorijanski kalendar poremetio tokom 414 godina od Gregorijanske reforme u 1582.g.: 2 sata, 59 minuta, 12 sekundi

Godina u kojoj će Gregorijanski kalendar biti godinu dana ispred stvarne sunčeve godine: 4909. g.

Knjiga sadrži još mnoge zanimljive stranice o solarnoj godini, astronomiji, astrologiji, satovima, brojevima i još mnogo čemu drugom.

THE CALENDAR

For some years I have tried to get an answer to the following question: Who and when had decided that the reckoning of time by the calendar used world-wide should start from the year when Jesus was born. Then I read the book THE CALENDAR by David Ewing Duncan. This is what I have found:

...An abbot named Dionysius Exiguus (c.500-560) ...contributed to our calendar the system of dating known as anno Domini (AD), "the year of our Lord". ...

...In a letter to a bishop named Petronius... in AD 531 - he tells that he "preferred to count and denote the years from the incarnation of our Lord, ..." . Dionysius calculated that Christ was born exactly 531 years earlier - which became his base year of AD I. (Dionysius did not designate a year 0 because the concept of zero had not yet been invented.) Where the abbot got this date for Christ's birth is unknown. Nor is it clear if his scheme was an original idea or one already informally used. Whatever the source, Dionysius was the first ever to use the system we all now take for granted.

Unfortunately, Dionysius almost certainly got his dates wrong. The true moment of Christ's birth is unknown and a matter of immense controversy even today, given the vague and contradictory information available on Christ's early life. The Gospel of Matthew claims he was born in the time of Herod the Great, who died in 4 BC. This means the birth must have occurred before this date. Other Gospels and historical sources suggest dates ranging from 6 or 7 BC to AD 7, though most historians lean toward 4 or 5 BC. This means the year 1996 or 1997 was probably the true year 2000 in the anno Domini calendar, if one does the arithmetic without a year 0.

This being the year 2000, I thought that some of the things in this book might interest the readers of SaLon as well. It was difficult to make a choice. One of the reviews on this book states:

When MAO ZEDONG declared on 1 October 1949 that China would follow the Gregorian calendar, the entire world agreed what the date was for the very first time.

But there are many other calendars all over the world. According to them the year 2000 is

1997 according to Christ's actual birth circa 4 BC

2753 according to the old Roman calendar

2749 according to the ancient Babylonian calendar

6236 according to the first Egyptian calendar

5760 according to the Jewish calendar

1420 according to the Moslem calendar

1378 according to the Persian calendar

1716 according to the Coptic calendar

2544 according to the Buddhist calendar

5119 in the current Maya great cycle

208 according to the calendar of the French Revolution

the year of the DRAGON according to the Chinese calendar

On the first page of the book I found quite a number of other interesting pieces of information that I would like to share with you.

Calendar Index

Length of the year in 2000 AD: 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 45 seconds

Average decrease in the year due to a gradual slowing of the earth's rotation: 1/2 second per century

Lunar Month: 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, 2.9 seconds

The earliest known date: 4236 BC, the founding of the Egyptian calendar

Jewish year: 354 days, with days added

The year according to Julius Caesar (the Julian calendar): 465 1/4 days

Date Caesar changed Roman year to Julian calendar: 1 January 46 BC

The year as amended by Pope Gregory XIII (the Gregorian calendar): 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 20 seconds

Date Pope Gregory reformed the calendar: 1582

Number of days Pope Gregory removed to correct the calendar's drift: 10 days

Dates Gregory eliminated by papal bull to realign his calendar with the solar year: 5-14 October 1582

Dates most Catholic countries accepted the Gregorian calendar: 1582 - 1584

Date Protestant Germany accepted the Gregorian calendar: partial acceptance in 1700, full acceptance in 1775

Date Great Britain (and the American colonies) accepted the Gregorian calendar: 1752

Dates Parliament eliminated: 3-13 September 1752

Date Japan accepted the Gregorian calendar: 1917 (and again in 1940)

Date the Eastern Orthodox Church last voted to reject the Gregorian calendar and retain the Julian calendar: 1971

Length of time the Gregorian calendar has become misaligned over the 414 years since Gregory's reform in 1582: 2 hours, 59 minutes, 12 seconds

Year in which Gregorian calendar will be one day ahead of the true solar year: AD 4909

The book is abundant with other interesting pages about solar year, astronomy, astrology, clocks, numbers and many other things.

Prepared by: Branka Danon