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Holokaust

60 GODINA POSLJE

Vesna Domany Hardy

Od 2001. godine 27. januar proglašen je za Memorijalni dan Holokausta. Od tada se u Velikoj Britaniji taj dan obilježava stotinama prigodnih aktivnosti u svim dijelovima zemlje u nadležnosti Ministarstva Unutarnjih Poslova. Posebno se vodi računa da se o Holokaustu govori u školama i da ga lokalne zajednice bilježe raznim manifestacijama kao što su prigodne izložbe, sadnja drveća, otvaranje spomen parkova, konferencije ili seminari za mlade ljude na temu tolerancije i različitosti.

Usprkos odmakloj životnoj dobi oni koji su preživjeli Holokaust, a još su među nama, sudjeluju na razne načine, najviše da bi predavanjima i u razgovorima prenijeli mladima svoje iskustvo. Posebno je važno da se njihovo iskustvo prenosi dalje kao upozorenje mladima da budu osjetljivi na pojave netolerancije.

Ova godina bilježi šezdeset godina od oslobađanja Auschwitza. Mnogi osloboditelji nacističkih logora nikad neće moći zaboraviti trenutak kad im se pred očima otvorio nepojmljiv užas nacističkog barbarstva. Radi odavanja počasti svima onima koji su stradali i onima koji su preživjeli, i njihovim osloboditeljima, ove godine je centralna komemorativna svečanost povodom dana Holokausta posvećena njima, te je održana u Westminster Hallu Donjeg doma britanskog Parlamenta pod pokroviteljstvom Kraljice. Na svečanosti koju je za naciju prenosila BBC televizija sudjelovali su preživjeli uz muzičare, glumce, političare i druge videne ličnosti zemlje. Predsjednik vlade Tony Blair, istaknuo je kako je potrebno paziti na najmanje pokazatelje netolerancije istaknuvši posebno da Holokaust nije započeo s logorima smrti već prvim razbijenim staklom na židovskom dućanu.

Neposredno prije svečanosti u Westminster Hallu Kraljica je u palači Sv. Jamesa odražala prijem za 600 preživjelih i za njihove osloboditelje. S mnogima od njih se upozнала i porazgovarala. Prijemu i svečanosti prisustvovali su neki pripadnici La Benevolencije, Cezar Danon, Branka Danon, Branko Danon, Vesna Domany-Hardy, Bulka Kamhi-Danon, Mirko Ovadia, Inge Ovadia, Paula Ristić, i drugi.

Neprestano memorirati Holokaust, odavati počast preživjelim a sjećati se njegovih žrtava uvijek je relevantno, a posebno je važno budući su genocidi postali endemična pojava a teškom mukom izborena ljudska prava masovno se krše dok se stanovništvo u mnogim zemljama prisilno raseljava i goni u izbjeglištvo što je i naša mala zajednica na vlastitoj koži iskusila. Zbog svega toga još je važnije razumjeti kako funkcioniraju demokratski procesi, kako na njih utječu mediji, ili kako međunarodne agencije pomažu, ili odmažu naporima pojedinaca, ili grupa koje pružaju potporu žrtvama progona.

U sam program svečanosti uvrštena je slijedeća izjava kojom se u ime Velike Britanije njena vlada obavezuje na antifašističke postupke u budućnosti:

Znamo da je Holokaust potresao temelje moderne civilizacije zbog čega će njegov nezapamćeni impakt i užas zauvijek zadržati opće značenje.

Vjerujemo da Holokaust ima permanentno mjesto u kolektivnom pamćenju naše nacije. Poštujemo one koji su ga preživjeli i potvrđujemo da nam je razumijevanje i izvršenje pravde zajednički cilj.

Moramo osigurati da buduće generacije shvate razloge koji su doveli do Holokausta i da se uvijek pamte njegove posljedice. Zavjetujemo se da ćemo pamtiti žrtve nacističkih progona kao i svih ostalih genocida.

Cijenimo požrtvornost svih koji su svoje živote izložili opasnosti da bi zaštitili ili pomogli žrtvama progona. Njihovi su postupci mjerilo za ljudskost u suočavanju sa zlom.

Svjesni smo da je čovječanstvo i dalje podložno vjerovanju da su životi drugih rasa, vjera, invalidno nesposobnih ili drugačije spolno opredjeljenih manje vrijedni. Genocidi, antisemitizam, rasna mržnja, ksenofobija i diskriminacije ne prestaju. Borba protiv tih zala dio je naše odgovornosti.

Holocaust

Zavjetujemo se da ćemo povećati napore promoviranja obrazovanja i istraživanja Holokausta i drugih genocida. Sve ćemo poduzeti da se nauče lekcije tih događaja.

Kontinuirano ćemo podržavati prisjećanje na Holokaust godišnjim obilježavanjem Memorijalnog dana u UK-u. Osuđujemo vrlo predrasuda, diskriminacije i rasizma. Cijenimo slobodno, tolerantno i demokratsko društvo.

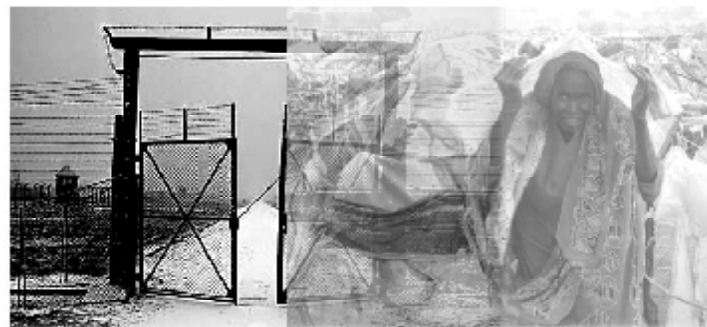
* * *

Kad me Branko zamolio da napišem za SaLon povodom 60 godišnjice memorijalnog dana Holokausta, pristala sam samo zato jer držim da o Holokaustu ne smijemo prestati govoriti, pisati, spominjati ili podsjećati na nj bez obzira što nam se podsvijest odupirala takvoj moralnoj obavezi. Svako pisanje o toj temi implicira bavljenje ili ponovo koncipiranje neizrecivih užasa Holokausta pred kakvima nam se svijest zatvara, pamet mrači i kreativnost prestaje dok stojimo paralizirani obavijeni šutnjom. I dok nas naše psihe pasiviziraju u samoobrani i kad govorimo jedni drugima da nas politika ne zanima, da se njom ne bavimo, tada kršimo dužnost koju smo stekli samom činjenicom da smo preživjeli, posebno kad gledamo pasivno kako se takve stvari ponavljaju drugdje. Svima nama koji smo nekim čudom tada ostali živi dužnost je stalno odavati poštovanje i sjećati se naših dragih, ali i milijuna ostalih žrtava. Ali ne samo to. Sama činjenica da se Holokaust dogodio pred nas postavlja obavezu da uvijek budno pazimo na pojave netolerancije prema različitostima. Istina je da kad o tome želimo pisati ili govoriti, nije to lako. Mozak se ukoči, riječi dolaze teško, misli zatupe nemoćno pred pokušajem koncipiranja ogromnosti Holokausta. Izvolih riječi nema, dok na pamet dolaze samo upečatljive riječi Theodora Adorna da je poslije Holokausta umjetnost nemoguća.

Ipak neminovno prolaz vremena udaljava Holokaust od nas, te očuvanje njegovog stravičnog naslijeđa prelazi od generacije preživjelih i svjedoka na slijedeću generaciju. Kako im pomoći da to znanje koje smo im prenijeli prenesu drugima? Često se pitam da li ima smisla prenositi našu traumatiziranu prošlost na njih i prebaciti im takvu odgovornost? Pomaže mi Eva Hofman koja piše: "Netko tko se spasio zna da će Holokaust progoniti čovječanstvo dok traje vrijeme" I dodaje: "Mene progoni, ali hoću da me progoni..."

60 YEARS AFTER

Vesna Domany Hardy



Since 2001 when the 27 January was proclaimed Holocaust Memorial Day in UK, it has been marked each year with hundreds of activities in most parts of the country under the auspices of the Home Office. Special attention is being paid that events take place in the schools and that local communities organise variety of suitable manifestations such as art exhibitions, planting of trees, opening of memorial parks, organisation of conferences or seminars for young people on the theme of tolerance and differences, etc.

In spite of their advanced age those survivors who are still among us, participate in different ways, often by sharing their memories, or giving talks, or in conversations with children in schools in

order to convey their experience to the young generations and to make them aware of perils of intolerance.

This year marks the 60th anniversary since the liberation of the camp Auschwitz-Birkenau. Many liberators of the Nazi camps would never be able to forget the moment when unprecedented horror of the Nazi barbarisms opened up to their eyes. In order to show respect to the survivors and their liberators and to honour the victims of Nazism, the central commemorative celebration for the HMD took place in the Westminster Hall of the House of Commons under the patronage of the Queen herself. The programme was transmitted to the nation by the BBC. It was a measured and dignified occasion. A long line of the survivors lighting candles marked the beginning of the programme. Some of them, alongside musicians, actors, politicians and different public personalities took part in the programme itself.

When it was Tony Blair's turn to say a few words, he underlined the permanent need to keep up the level of awareness of the Holocaust and that the Holocaust did not begin with the death camps, but with the first broken window on a Jewish shop.

Immediately before the programme in the Westminster Hall, the Queen held a reception in St James's Palace for six hundred Holocaust survivors and their liberators. Some of the members of La Benevolencija were invited and introduced to Her Majesty the Queen, they were Cezar Danon, Branka Danon, Branko Danon, Vesna Domany-Hardy, Bulka Kamhi-Danon, Inge Ovadia, Mirko Ovadia, Paula Ristic, and others.

It is always relevant to remember the Holocaust, to show respect to the survivors and to remember the victims. It is especially important because the genocides have become endemic, the human rights acquired through long time and many struggles are being massively breached, the population in many places is forcibly moved or forced to flee their country as refugees. Along with the traumatic past of the Nazi terror our little community escaped another wave of ethnic cleansing and found asylum in this country. It makes it more important than ever to know how the democratic processes function, how media influence them or how the international agencies help, or not, the effort of the individuals or groups who support the victims of such discriminations.

The programme of memorial celebration quotes the Statement of Commitment. Its important wording reads as follows:

We recognise that the Holocaust shook the foundations of the modern civilisation. Its unprecedented character and horror will always hold universal meaning.

We believe that Holocaust must have a permanent place in our nation's collective memory. We honour the survivors still with us, and reaffirm our shared goals of mutual understanding and justice.

We must make sure that future generations understand the causes of the Holocaust and reflect upon its consequences. We vow to remember the victims of Nazi persecution and of all genocide.

We value the sacrifices of those who have risked their lives to protect or rescue victims, as a touchstone of the human capacity for good in the face of evil.

We recognise that humanity is still scarred by the belief that race, religion, disability or sexuality make some people's lives worth less than other's. Genocide, anti-Semitism, racism, xenophobia and discrimination still continue. We have a shared responsibility to fight these evils.

We pledge to strengthen our efforts to promote education and research about Holocaust and other genocides. We will do our utmost to make sure that the lessons of these events are fully learnt.

We will continue to encourage Holocaust remembrance by holding an annual UK Holocaust memorial day. We condemn the evils of prejudice, discrimination and racism. We value a free, tolerant and democratic society.

* * *

When Branko asked me to write a small piece for the SaLon in occasion of the HMD I have accepted because I think that we should not stop talking about the Holocaust, writing about it, keeping mentioning it and remembering it even though our sub-conscience rejects such responsibility. Every time we write on this theme it implies dealing with and conceiving unspeakable horrors. Our conscience closes up, the mind darkens and any creativity stops while we stand paralysed in silence when we have to face them. And while our psyche paralyses so in self defence, or when we say to each other that we are not interested in politics and that we should not deal with it, then we are breaking this duty acquired by a simple fact of having survived, especially when we watch passively such things happen elsewhere.

Therefore it is not easy to write or talk about it. The mind stiffens, the words do not come easily, the thoughts go blunt not capable of grasping the magnitude of the Holocaust. There are no more original words, while Theodore Adorne's impressive thought that there is no art possible after the Holocaust, comes to mind.

Still the passage of time distances the Holocaust from us. The next generation are becoming its memory keepers. How to help them to convey the knowledge to the following generation? As a mother I have often asked myself if there is justification to transfer my traumatised past to my children and with it that heavy weight of responsibility? Reading Eva Hoffman's book has helped me. Among many things she says also that as someone who was saved, she knew that the Holocaust would haunt humanity for ever, and that although it haunted her she wanted it to...

PROMATRAČI HOLOKAUSTA

Uredili: David Cesarini & Paul A. Levine

Frank Cass Publisher

Tek pedeset godina poslije završetka 2. svjetskog rata, kad su nakon obaveznog moratorija u državnim arhivima zapadnih demokracija postali dostupni papiri vlada i druga relevantna dokumentacija iz razdoblja 1933-45.g., moglo se pristupiti procjeni političkih odnosa pojedinih vlada preciznom analizom prepiske službenika odgovornih ministarstava i pojedinaca od dolaska Hitlera na vlast do kraja Trećeg Reicha, kao i njihovog odnosa prema sudbini Jevreja u porobljenoj Europi.

O tome kako su se razne kvislinske države prema njima odnosile, ili kako su pojedinci, ili institucije u zemljama pod nacističkom okupacijom reagirale na diskriminaciju, pljačku, deportacije i masovno ubojstvo židovskog stanovništva pisano je mnogo. Međutim ovoj knjizi je cilj revalorizirati i pojasniti razliku između dva tipa 'promatrača' sa strane, aktivnih i pasivnih, njihova odnosa prema Jevrejima u zemljama koje nisu bile pod izravnim utjecajem, niti nacističkom kontrolom, ili su bile neutralne.

Stoga se termin 'promatrač' Holokausta sa strane odnosi ovdje na neutralne vlade, nevladine agencije, ostale Jevreje koji su živjeli relativno sigurni, okupirane zemlje, obične Nijemce, a ponajviše savezničke vlade. Decenijama poslije oslobođenja o toj se temi nije razgovaralo ili pisalo, kao ni o razmiricama ili razlikama u tim odnosima, uglavnom jer je u poslijeratnom razdoblju pobjeda nad nacizmom sve zasjenila.

Upravo je zato svrha esaja raznih suradnika ove knjige preispitati i analizirati odnose pojedinih vlada, nevladinih udruga ili pojedinaca prema tragediji Židova kao i njihove reakcije na nacističko barbarstvo. Autori kontekstualiziraju ondašnja shvaćanja, ali i praksu, kvalitativno različitih 'promatrača' rekonstrukcijom (po dobru ili zlu, ovisno o njihovom djelovanju) i analizom njihova ravnodušja, ili empatije koju su prema Židovima pokazivali. Sada je moguće potpunije ocijeniti u kolikoj mjeri su bili informirani politički vođe, visoki državni službenici, nevladine udruge i ostala javnost. Budući da se radi o ljudima koji nisu bili marionete jedne sile da bi time mogli pravdati pasivno promatranje sa strane, mogli su djelovati zasebno, udruženo i donositi odluke po vlastitoj volji.

Fenomen 'promatrača sa strane' suvremena je tema za koju raste zanimanje. Ona nije isključivo vezana za prošlost, pa je danas itekako aktualna. Zbog toga je važno otkriti implikacije bivših saveznika i neutralnih zemalja u raznim aspektima 'Konačnog rješenja' i njegovih posljedica. Premda reakcije demokratskih i neutralnih država od 1933-45.g. prema nesreći Jevreja ostaje oštro i bolno aktualna. Ovdje se suočavamo s ulogom političara, državnih službenika, tvoraca medijskog mišljenja i raznih politički aktivnih grupa u konstelaciji vrlo sličnoj današnjoj. Po svemu se može zaključiti da se reakciju svijeta na progone i masovno uništenje Židova slični načinu kakvim danas demokracije, razni pojedinci ili grupe od kojih su one sastavljene, reagiraju na neprestana kršenja ljudskih prava, etničko čišćenje i genocide. Zbog toga je jako važno rekonstruirati povijesno razumijevanje spašavanja, ili odbijanja da se ono poduzme, u razdoblju od tridesetih do četrdesetih godina prošlog stoljeća.

VDH

POSILIJE TAKVOG SAZANANJA

Eva Hoffman

Izdavač Vintage, 2005.

Za razliku od Cesarini/Levijske knjige "Promatrači Holokausta sa strane" koja je grupni rad i plod naučnog istraživanja višestrukih političkih ili pojedinačnih odnosa prema Holokaustu u vremenu koje mu je prethodilo i kad se odvijao, to jest jednog određenog povijesnog razdoblja, nova knjiga Eve Hoffman "Poslije takvog saznanja" je subjektivni, unutarnji pristup legaciji Holokausta, kao i njegova značenja za djecu onih koji su ga preživjeli. Počevši od vlastitog iskustva djeteta roditelja koji su se šest godina skrivali na seoskom tavanu i tako se spasili u Poljskoj, Eva Hoffman dobro poznaje duboke i dugotrajne posljedice psihološkog efekta tog naslijeđa na svoju generaciju.

I sama često čujem pitanje, a ponekad i tvrdnju, da Židove u današnje vrijeme povezuje jedino Holokaust. Zbog toga sam posebno zahvalna Evi H. koja u ime djece Holokausta daje jedini mogući odgovor u vezi nedostatka identiteta, ili vlastite povijesti njene generacije kad naglašava da se identitet te generacije sve više pokazuje kroz mnoštvo istraživačkih radova, literature ili osobnih svjedočanstava, što sve indicira da je "druga generacija" danas prepoznatljivi blok. Premda to može izgledati kao jedna "imaginarna zajednica" nepovezana geografski ili jer ne živi pod sličnim životnim uvjetima, ona ima određena zajednička značenja, simbole, pa čak i svoju književnu fikciju. Sve to omogućuje pripadnicima te generacije da se međusobno prepoznaju i razgovaraju s određenim osjećajem pripadanja. "Mi iz druge generacije," da citiram Evu H., "prepoznajemo jedni druge preko jezičnih i geografskih granica i imamo otopljuje zajedničke reference.

Događaj koji nam je prethodio temeljno nam je predan kao životni zadatak. Određene točke preko kojih komuniciramo i prepoznajemo se povezane su s našom lokacijom u mračnoj topografiji Shoah-e, i s dugim fazama teškog pomirenja s prošlosti naših roditelja, njihovog dubokog utjecaja na nas, našom obavezom prema toj povijesti i zaključcima koje možemo iz nje izvući za sadašnjost.

Tokom cijele knjige spisateljica se osvrće na svoj razgovor sa čovjekom koji je preživio genocid u Ruandi. U svakom se trenutku sadašnjosti ponovna vraća ikonografija Holokausta. Sad možemo dodatno vidjeti tu prošlost kroz filter nedavnijih i sličnih događaja u Ruandi, Kambodži, Vietnamu, Jugoslaviji i sada u Iraku. Više nije moguće tvrditi da je Holokaust bio jedinstvena pojava premda će to uvijek biti kao najtotalniji projekt eksterminacije najtemeljitije izveden.

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Bystanders to the Holocaust Revaluation

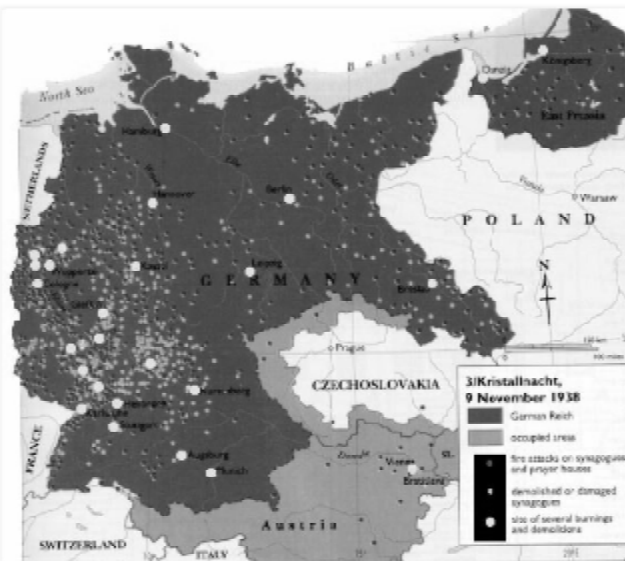
Edited by: David Cesarini & Paul A. Levine

Frank Cass Publisher

Only fifty years after World War II, when after the compulsory moratorium in the state archives of the Western democracies government papers and other relevant documents covering the period from 1933 to 1945 became available it was possible to address the assessment of the political relations of various governments by precise analysis of the correspondence between the officials in the ministries in charge and individuals from the time when Hitler came into power to the end of the Third Reich and also their attitude to the destiny of Jews in the oppressed Europe.

There have been numerous writings covering treatment of Jews by quiescent states or the reaction of individuals and institutions in countries under Nazi occupation to discrimination, plundering, deportation and mass murders of Jewish population. But the purpose of this book is to re-appraise and explain the difference between two types of "Bystanders" - the active ones and the passive ones, their position in respect to Jews in countries that were not under direct Nazi influence and control, or that remained neutral.

Therefore the term Bystander to the Holocaust refers here to the neutral governments, non-government agencies, other Jews who lived in the relative safety, occupied countries, ordinary Germans and most of all allied countries governments. For decades after the liberation this topic or the disputes and differences in these relations were not dis-



cusced or written about, mainly because the victory over Nazism overshadowed everything else in the post war period. For this very reason the purpose of the essays by the various contributors to this book is to re-examine and analyse the position of the individual governments, non-government associations and individuals to the tragedy of Jews and also their reaction to the Nazi barbarism. The authors contextualize the views of that period but also the practices of the different bystanders (the good or the bad ones, depending on their actions) reconstructing and analysing their indifference or empathy which they demonstrated in respect to the Jews. Now it is possible to evaluate in bigger detail to which extent the political leaders, high ranking government officials, non-government associations and other public were informed. As these people were not the marionettes of a power – a fact that might have justified their passive by-standing – they could have acted separately or united and bring their decisions as they liked.

The phenomenon of Bystanders is a contemporary subject attracting a growing interest. It is not associated with the past only so that it is greatly a current topic. For that reason it is important to find out what were the implications of the former allies and neutral countries in the various aspects of the “Final Solution” and its consequences. The reaction of the democratic and neutral countries from 1933 to 1945 to the disaster of the Jews remains deeply and painfully real, nevertheless. We face here with the role of the politicians, government officials, creators of media opinions and various politically active groups in a constellation similar to that existing today. All this leads to the conclusion that the reaction of the world to the persecutions and mass destruction of the Jews are similar to the way that the present day democracies, various individuals or groups acting within them react to the continuous violation of human rights, ethnic cleansing and genocide. It is, therefore very important to reconstruct the historical understanding of rescue actions or refusal to undertake any, in the period from the thirties to the forties of the previous century.

VDH

AFTER SUCH KNOWLEDGE

Eva Hoffman

Editor: Vintage, 2005.

Contrary to the Cesarini/Levine book: Bystander to the Holocaust, which is a group effort and the result of scientific research into the multiple political and individual attitudes to Holocaust over a period that preceded it and during which it actually took place, namely covering a defined era in history, the new book by Eva Hoffman: After Such Knowledge, is a personal, intimate approach to Holocaust legacy and its meaning for the children of those who survived it. Starting from her own story of a child whose parents survived by hiding for six years on a village loft, Eva Hoffman is well aware of the deep long-term consequences of the psychological effect of that heritage on her generation. I also have heard quite often a question and sometimes a statement that today only Holocaust unites the Jews. Especially for that I am grateful to Eva Hoffman, who gives on behalf of the Holocaust children the only possible answer about the lack of identity or the proper history of her generation when pointing out that the identity of that generation is shown ever more through numerous research works, literature and personal testimonies, all of which indicates that today the second generation is a recognizable block. Although it might seem as an “imaginary community” not geographically related or not with similar living conditions it has some common meanings, symbols and even its literature fiction. Those belonging to that generation can thus recognize one another and talk with a certain feeling of belonging. “We of ‘the second generation’”, let me quote Eva Hoffman, “do recognize each other across boundaries and languages, and we do have symbolic reference points we can touch on as common scrolls.”

The event that preceded us was fundamentally given to us as a life assignment. The starting points through which we communicate and recognize refer to our location in the dark topography of Shoah and to other stages of the difficult conciliation with the past of our parents; to their deep influence on us; to our responsibility to that history and based on that to the conclusion we can draw for the present.

All through the book the author refers to her conversation with a man who survived the genocide in Rwanda. The iconography of the Holocaust is repeated again in every moment of the present. We can additionally see now that past through the filter of more recent and similar events in Rwanda, Cambodia, Vietnam, Yugoslavia and now in Iraq. It is not possible any more to maintain that Holocaust was a unique occurrence even if it will always be the most total extermination project executed most thoroughly.

VDH

BILA SAM MALA

Henika Konforti

Bila sam previše mala da se sjećam činjenica ali posljedice eu da pamtim. Rođena sam nakon sedam godina braka mojih roditelja koji su cijeli taj period pokušavali da svoju ljubav krunišu djetetom ali bezuspješno.

Počeo je rat i u julu mjesecu 1940 godine, moga oca odvođe u zatvor i nakon nekoliko dana streljaju na Vracama zajedno sa grupom Jevreja i Srba. Izgubili su život kao nevine žrtve a zbog svog etničkog porijekla. Nakon nekoliko mjeseci moja majka shvata i saznaje da njene tegobe nisu samo posljedica neizmjerne tuđe i žalosti za izgubljenim mužem, nego da nosi toliko željeno dijete koje otac nikada neće vidjeti. U Sarajevu počinje progon Jevreja i ona prerušena u zaru i dimijama bježi iz Sarajeva kako bi spasila svoj život i život nerodjenog djeteta. U Mostaru koji je tada još bio slobodan smješta se kod daljnje rodbine. Nakon kratkog vremena njeni roditelji uspijevaju na isti način da izbjegnu i pridružuju se svojoj kćerki u Mostaru. U jednoj sobi žive svi i majka uskoro rada toliko željeno dijete, ali pod okolnostima koje su u svakom pogledu bile strašne. Tu strahote tek počinju. Moja majka nema mlijeka, nema mogućnosti da ga kupi. Zadnji komadi nakita prodaju se za litar mlijeka kako bi prehranili dijete. Sretni su ipak jer su slobodni. Nakon nekoliko mjeseci kao Jevreji bivamo odvedeni u Postire na Braču a zatim smo prebačeni u logor na Rabu. Okruženi žicom živimo život za koji danas mislimo da je bio na ivici egzistencije. Bebi od nekoliko mjeseci nemoguće je objasniti da nema vode ili mlijeka. Hrana se dobiva ujutru za cijeli dan, porcije su oskudne a ono malo kruha ostavljaju za mene. Kruh potopljen u vodi biva glavna moja hrana.

Kao posljedica ovakve ishrane javljaju se sklonosti ka infekcijama koje su u nekoliko navrata prijetile da oduzmu život djeteta koje nije ni počelo da živi. Tu na daskama barake ja pravim prve korake, kupaju me u kišnici, prvu haljinicu prave mi od padobranskog krila. Prvi rođendan proslavljen je uz tortu od zobi i o njoj se uvijek pričalo. Početkom 1944 godine nakon pada Italije u jesen 1943 godine, nalazimo se u Senju, kada kreće nova Golgota. Iz Srenja, sa grupom Jevreja idemo u Liku gdje se skrivamo po selima Buzet, Glina... Prihvaćeni smo od jedne porodice Srba koja i sama dijeli našu sudbinu ali nam nesebično pomaže. Spavamo na slami, ušljivi i odrasli. Strah postaje sve veći. Ono malo stvari neophodnih za život stoji stalno spakovani i spremno za bijeg. Ja sam privilegovana, djed je na starom rucksaku napravio proreze za moje noge i tako na njegovim leđjima zajedno sa grupom bježimo i na vijest da nailaze ustaše ili četnici, skrivamo se u šumi po nekoliko dana. Sa nama u zbjegu su i druge jevrejske porodice. Zimi pješačimo kilometrima probijajući se kroz snijeg, promrzline postaju svakodnevna pojava, u zbjegu se radjaju djeca, stari umiru. Avioni stalno nadlijeću, bojim se njihovog zvuka i po licu starijih shvatam da oni ne donose ništa dobro. Strah od aviona, ustaša, četnika i Njemaca bio je stalno prisutan. Jedna od prvih riječi koje izgovaram je pepala/prepala/ i to postaje moj nadimak među ljudima koji su zajedno sa nama u zbjegu. Desetak godina nakon rata, srećem ljude koji su bili sa nama i koji me pitaju: kako si Pepala? Ponovo se vraćamo u kuću naših spasitelja koji oskudijevaju u svemu ali sve dijele sa nama. Sretni smo da ima krompira koji se prvo dijele djeci a daju se i odraslima samo ako oстане. Svi smo ušljivi. Ljudi masovno oboljevaju od tifusa, umiru.

Tako živimo do oslobodjenja Sarajeva 1945 godine. Put u dalji život nastavljam volovskim kolima. Put je trajao nedjeljama, ali našoj sreći kada smo stigli, nije bilo kraja. Tih trenutaka se i ja sjećam vrlo živo. Smatram svojom srećom da su majka i njeni roditelji zajedno sa mojim ujakom i ujom preživjeli rat, ali naš daljnji život bio je uvijek protkan pričama iz ovog perioda kao u sretnim tako i u tužnim trenucima. Svi koji su to doživjeli noseće tu bol u svom srcu do kraja života.

I WAS TOO LITTLE

Henika Konforti

I was too small to remember the facts but I will always remember the consequences. I was born seven years into the marriage of my parents who unsuccessfully tried all that time to crown up their love with a child.

The war started and in July of 1940 my father was taken to prison and a few days later executed at Vraca together with a group of Jews and Serbs. These innocent victims lost their lives only because of their ethnic origins. A few months later my mother realised that her

discomfort is not only the consequence of her immense sadness and sorrow caused by the loss of her husband but also because she was pregnant with so much desired child that the father will never see.

Persecution of Jews starts in Sarajevo and disguised - under a veil and in pantaloons (as worn by Moslem women) - my mother flees Sarajevo in order to save her life and the life of her unborn child. In Mostar which is still a free city at that time she settles with some relatives. Not long after that her parents escaping from Sarajevo in the same way manage to join her in Mostar. They all live in one room and in these appalling circumstances my mother gives birth to her so wanted child. The horrors only start here. My mother has no milk and there is no way for her to buy it. The last pieces of jewellery are sold to buy a litre of milk and feed the child. Still, all of them are happy because they are free. A few months later, being Jews, we are taken to

Postire on the island of Brač from where we are transferred to the camp on the island of Rab. Surrounded by wire we live a life on the brink of existence as we think of it now. It is not possible to explain to a few months old baby that there is no water or milk. Food is distributed in the morning for the whole day, the rations are scarce and the little bread there is they leave for me. My main food intake is bread in water. The result of such a diet is inclination to infections which several times have threatened to take the life the child who has even not started living. I make my first steps here on the floorboards of the barracks, they bath me in rainwater, and my first dress is made of parachute cloth. The first birthday is celebrated with a cake made of oats, a subject of many later stories. After the fall of Italy in the autumn of 1943 we are in Senj early in 1944 where a new agony starts. With a group of Jews we go to Lika where we hide in the villages of Buzet, Glina ... We are taken by a Serb family who, although sharing our destiny are unselfish in their help. We sleep on straw, full of lice and poorly. The fear is ever increasing. The few things necessary for living are packed and ready for flight. I am privileged, my grandfather has made openings for my legs in an old rucksack and so with me on his back together with the group we run away whenever there is information of Ustashes or Chetniks approaching; we hide in the woods for several days at a time. Other Jewish families are with us in the refuge. We march long distances in winter through snow, frostbites occur everyday; children are being born; elderly die. The planes fly above us, we are afraid of their sound and we read from the face expressions of the grown ups that they bring nothing good. Fear of planes, Ustashes, Chetniks and Germans is ever present. One of my first words is “pepala” (baby talk for: got scared), and that becomes my nickname among the people who are in refuge together with us. Some ten years after the war I meet people who were with us in the refuge who ask me: “How are you Pepala?” We go back to the house of our saviours who are in short supply of everything but still share everything with us. We are glad to have potatoes - given first to children and if anything is left adults also get some. We all have lice. Many people are infected with typhus and die.

That is how we live till the liberation of Sarajevo in 1945. We continue our journey to new life by oxen driven cart. The journey takes weeks, but there is no end to our happiness when we get to Sarajevo. These moments are in my vivid memory. It is my good luck, I think, that my mother and her parents, together with my uncle and aunt survived the war, but the stories of that period – the happy and the sad moments alike – have been permanently present in our lives after that. All those who experienced it will feel sadness in their hearts as long as they live.



Nedavno sam se vratila iz posete Južnoj Africi, Kejptaunu, gde trenutno živi moja ćerka. Još sam puna divnih utisaka koje sam odatle ponela. Doživela sam mnogo lepih stvari, videla puno. Između ostalog, jednog dana smo nas troje, moj suprug, ćerka i ja odlučili da ga posvetimo poseti Velikoj sinagogi, Jevrejskom muzeju i Holocaust centru, smeštenim u centru grada. Poseta ovim institucijama bila je duža nego što smo očekivali, izazvala je neke duboke emocije, podsetila me na moje detinjstvo, na dane kada je trebalo da živim u zagrljaju majke i oca, a koji su prošli u ratnom vihoru, u dobu koje se sada zove holocaust. Zašto sam ja ostala živa sa svojom majkom, gotovo jedina od mnogobrojne porodice ostaje tajna. Možda se zato i zovem Mazal-ta. Bilo mi je samo tri godine kad je počeo rat i ne sećam se mnogih stvari koje su se događale tada. U sećanju su mi ostale neke slike, pa se ponekad pitam da li se to stvarno dogodilo, ili sam to sanjala ili čula od mame, kad smo se konačno vratile u rodni grad, Sarajevo. Iz Sarajeva smo izašle kao što je sigurno i većina otišla - pod tuđim imenom. Sećam se mamine priče da me, kad sam bila mala, zvali Tilikica i kad god bi me neko upitao za ime, ja bih kao iz topa odgovarala: Tilikica Finci. Sećam se da mi je mama pričala da me je celog dana pre puta vukla po gradu, uzbrdo-nizbrdo, ne dozvolivši mi da zaspim, kako bih onog trenutka kad udjemo u voz zaspala tako čvrsto da me niko živ nije mogao probuditi i upitati za ime.

Ujutro smo stigle u Mostar a odatle, kao i većina izbeglica, kasnije dospele u logor na Rabu. Kad je 1943. godine, posle kapitulacije Italije, došao momenat da se mama odluči da li da predjemo u Italiju, a odatle možda dalje, u Ameriku ili ne znam gde drugde, ili da ostanemo u zemlji i odemo u zbeg, i tako dočekamo dan susreta sa mojim tatom, koji je odmah početkom rata odveden u Jasenovac; naravno, izabrala je ovo poslednje. Dve godine smo provele u zbegu, u stalnom pokretu kroz Liku, Baniju, Kordun, Petrovu Goru. To su samo neki nazivi kojih se sećam iz maminih priča, a ono što mi je ostalo u pamćenju to su šume, pljuski, sneg, hladnoća.

Pričali su mi da sam bila potpuno smrznuta i da me je mama danima nosila u ruksaku, i da su svi gledali u mene kao u čudo kad sam se počela otkravljavati u jednoj velikoj prostoriji gde smo se svi iz zbeга smestili da bismo se malo ogrejali i predahnuli. Sećam se također kako je mama zabadala granje u mokru zemlju dok je kiša bez prestanka padala, skupljala lišće i prostirala ga umesto kreveta, a preko nas prebacivala moju pelerinu-gumiranu kabanicu, jedino što nas je štitiло od kiše. Jednom je od neke dobre seljanke dobila kesu sa malo kukuruznog brašna koju je htela da ostavi pored puta jer više nije mogla da je nosi od umora. Mene je nosila na rukama i ta kesu joj je bila teška. Ja sam počela da plačem moleći da je ne baci jer ćemo gladovati; rekla sam da ću je ja nositi, ne shvatajući da mama nosi mene.

Ostala mi je u živom sećanju slika šume kroz čije visoko drveće prodire sunce i obasjava jedan potok kojim jure mladići i devojka na cmom i belom konju, vičući iz sveg glasa: Oslobođenje, oslobođenje. Nisam shvatala šta to znači, ali mi smo se posle toga, ni sama ne znam kako, obrele u Sarajevu. Stala sam pred ogledalo u jednoj kući i pitala mamu: Koja me to devojčica gleda, jer celog rata nisam videla ogledalo. Počela sam da ga pipam i sve mi je bilo čudno kako ne mogu da je dodirnem.

Saznanje da se gotovo niko od mnogobrojne porodice nije vratio bilo je za moju majku veoma teško, a najteže kada je saznala da se i moj tata više nikada neće vratiti i da će sada ona sama, posle tolikih patnji, morati da bude i moja mama i moj tata. Godine su prolazile, ja sam rasla a mama je bivala sve bolesnija od srea, dok me jednog jutra ranog septembra 1953. nije napustila i ostavila da se sama probijam kroz život. Ostala sam sama onda kada mi je bila najpotrebnija. Teška praznina i bol za mamom bili su nepodnošljivi. Osećala sam potrebu da odem iz tog grada, da ga napustim zauvek. Ta želja mi se ispunila posle četiri godine, kad sam došla u Beograd, na studije.

Utočište sam našla u Domu Jevrejske opštine, među mladim ljudima koji su imali sličnu sudbinu. Oni su postali moja nova porodica i vremenom, delimično, popunjavali prazninu koja je ostala gubitkom mojih najdražih.



I came back recently from a visit to Cape Town, South Africa, where my daughter lives for a while. I am still under the wonderful impressions brought from there. Many pleasant things happened to me and there were so many things to see. Among all these experiences here I would like to mention one. My husband, my daughter and I paid a visit one day to the Great Synagogue, the Jewish Museum and the Holocaust Centre in the heart of the city. The visit took us much longer than we expected and had set off deep emotions. It brought back the memories of my childhood and days when I was supposed to live embraced by my mother and father but instead those were the days of war storm, a period today referred to as the Holocaust. It is a mystery how my mother and I survived – almost the only ones among our numerous family. My name Mazal might have to do something with that fact. I was only three when the war started and cannot remember many things that took place at that time. I carry only images in my memory and sometimes I wonder whether that actually happened, or whether I had dreams or heard things from my Mum when we finally came back to Sarajevo, my hometown. We left Sarajevo as most of those who fled Sarajevo – under assumed names. Mum used to tell me later, I remember, that when I was little they used to call me Tilikica and whenever asked what my name was I would answer straight away: ‘Tilikica Finci’. She also told me that the day before we left Sarajevo she took me for a long walk in the town, uphill - downhill, not letting me to fall asleep, so that when getting to the train my sleep might be so sound that nobody could wake me up and ask for my name.

We came to Mostar in the morning and from there together with most of the refugees we later reached the Rab camp. When after the capitulation of Italy in 1943 my Mum had to decide whether to go to Italy and from there perhaps even further to the States, or some other place, or to stay in the country and join the refuge and wait for the day of reunion with my Dad who was taken to Jasenovac during the early days of the war; she decided for the second alternative, of course. We spent two years in the refuge constantly on the move through Lika, Banija, Kordun, Petrova Gora. These are only some of the names coming to my mind from what my Mum told me, my real memories are those of woods, rain showers, snow and cold.

I was told that I was absolutely frozen, that Mum carried me for days in her rucksack and that everybody was looking at me as if I was a miracle when I started moving in a big room to which everybody from the refuge came to warm up and rest for a while. Coming back to me are also the pictures of my Mum driving branches into soil wet from the ceaseless rain and then collecting leaves spreading them to make a place to sleep on, covering us with my rubber lined rain coat, the only thing we had to protect us from rain. Once she was with a bag with some maize flour by a good peasant woman and she wanted to leave it by the path because she could not carry it, tired as she was. She was carrying me in her hands and the bag was too heavy for her. I started crying and begging her not to throw it away as it meant being hungry again; I told her that I will carry the bag not understanding that she was carrying me.

I still have a vivid memory of a forest through the high trees of which sun light was penetrating casting its light on a stream along which a young man and a girl were speeding on a black and white horse shouting at the top of their voice: ‘Liberation, liberation.’ I did not understand the meaning of that, but later we got to Sarajevo somehow, I do not know how. I stood in front of a mirror in a house and asked my Mum: “Who is the girl looking at me?” – All during the war I never saw a mirror. I started touching it surprised that I could not touch the girl.

It was hard for my Mum to take in the fact that almost nobody from the numerous family came back, but the hardest of all was the knowledge that my Dad would never be with us again and that from then on, and after all the sufferings, she would have to be both my Mum and my Dad. Years went on; I was growing up and my Mum was getting ever weaker with her heart condition and then one morning in early September of 1953 she departed leaving me to make my way through life on my own. I was left alone at a time I needed her most. It was not possible to endure the ex-

treame emptiness and pain I felt losing my Mum. I felt a need to leave that town for ever. Four years later that wish came true when I went for my university studies to Belgrade. I found a shelter in the Home of the Jewish Community among the young people with destinies similar to mine. They became my new family and as the time went by they started to fill in to a certain extent the void that was left after I lost those who were dearest to me.

Tatjana Goldberg je magistrirala kao solista na konzervatoriju “Petar Iljič Čaikovski” u Moskvi, studirala je na “Guildhall School of Music and Drama” u Britaniji, bila co-lider Brazilskog simfonijskog orkestra, svirala za “O Globo” - najveću televizijsku stanicu u Barzilu. Pozivana je da učestvuje na festivalima u Francuskoj i Švajcarskoj. U Londonu je debitovala svojim koncertom u St. Johns Smiths Square. Zajedno sa Nigel-om Goldbergom imala je seriju koncerata po Hrvatskoj i Bosni i Hercegovini. Prošle godine je pozvana da radi kao asistent na Birminghamskom konzervatoriju u Britaniji.

Sa Sanjom Lagumđizijom- Hadžić je izvela koncert na Danima kulture bosansko-hercegovačke dijaspor u Londonu, oktobra meseca prošle godine.

... Na pitanje ko je, odakle je, ona je spontano odgovorila: “U nacionalnom, etničkom smislu, ja ne znam ko sam. Ja ne mogu da kažem koja je moja ruka muslimanska, a koja mi je noga srpska?... Rodila sam se u tadašnjem Titogradu, od oca Srbina iz Knina koji je bio oficir pa smo se nedugo iza moga rođenja, a zbog njegove službe, preselili u Zadar, gdje sam živjela sve do 18. godine. Sa majčine strane, porijeklom sam Banjalučanka, čak se po mome djedu, Avdi Čardžiću, prije rata zvala i jedna ulica. Ne vjerujem da još uvijek nosi njegovo ime. Kao hrvatski talenat, dobila sam stipendiju i otišla da se školujem u Moskvu. Tamo sam najprije provela dvije godine na stupnju srednjeg obrazovanja, a onda pet godina na Čajkovski Konzervatoriju. Diplomirala sam 1985. i vratila se u zemlju, tada, kao jedini profesor violine. Kao diplomiranom violinisti sa moskovskog Konzervatorija, bila sam sigurna, sva vrata će biti otvorena, a onda - posla misam mogla da nadjem! U Dubrovniku su mi rekli da primaju samo “svoje” kadrove. Nisam tada shvatila zlosrećno značenje te rečenice... Ali dobila sam posao, odnosno mjesto profesora violine na Banjalučkoj muzičkoj školi, dobila sam stan i tako smo se ja i moja mala kćerka skrasili u Banjaluci. ...Pred sam rat osnovali smo Banjalučki kamerni orkestar sa prof. Marićem kao dirigentom i trebalo je da nastupimo u Sarajevu tačno 7. aprila. Da je rat počeo saznala sam tako što sam pošla u školu da predajem muziku, a vojnik me zaustavi i upita: “Kud” ćeš ženska glavo”? Kažem mu: “Idem u školu da predajem”. Na to on osorno naredi: “Vrati se nazad, rat je počeo”. Koncert u Sarajevu nikada nije održan, a tek gotovo punu deceniju kasnije realizovaću tu davno obećanu tumeju po Bosni i Hercegovini.

Još negdje prije početka rata, čuveni britanski profesor Ufrah Neaman, pozvao me je da dodem da priprehim doktorat u Britaniji, pošto završeni moskovski konzervatorij daje titulu magistra, pa sam mogla nastaviti svoje školovanje. Bila sam u dilemi šta da radim: rat je već velikoj bjesnio, cijela porodica se sakupila u mome stanu u Banjaluci, jer su se tu zatekli i više se nisu mogli vratiti. Zajednički smo donijeli odluku i ja sam ipak otišla na usavršavanje u Britaniju. U augustu 1992. godine stižem u London, u oktobru iste godine moj otac iznenada umire. Potpuno sam van sebe: odlučim da ostavim sve u Londonu, obavijestim profesora, spakujem se i zajedno sa kćerkom vratim se nazad, u rat, u Banjaluku da pokušam da spasim mamu i baku.

Naredne dvije godine sam provela u Banjaluci, bez struje, vode, hrane, sjekuci drva da bih naložila vatru, stojeći u redovima za hrui i stalno razmišljajući što li nam je sve ovo trebalo. Pitala sam se šta da radim sa mojim rukama koje su godinama pripremane da sviraju, a sada cijepaju drva. Često sam znala uzeti violinu i promrzlim prstima svirati, jer sam se tako branila od užasa rata i pokušavala da sačuvam svoju muziku; bila je to i jedina oaza mira koju sam mogla naći.

Da napustim Banjaluku nisam mogla, jer sam bila obavezna prema majci i baki. Jedan događaj me je zaista prepao: tražili su od mene da sviram za Radovana Karadžića, a naknadna za moj trud je trebalo da bude - krmak! Odbila sam ponudu, ali sam se zaista počela pitati čemu sve to vodi. U to vrijeme bila sam u vezi sa Emirom Bosnićem, mnogi ga sigurno znaju kao zamjenika rektora Banjalučkog univerziteta, koji je bio već dva puta hapšen i njega sam spasavala, jer, eto, imala sam srpsko ime i prezime na svim dokumentima pa sam se mogla nesmetano kretati. Postajalo je neizdrživo, kćerkicu sam već bila izvukla i poslala u Beograd, ali odluku da ja izadem nisam mogla da donesem, jer ko će se brinuti o mami i baki. A, onda, jednog dana moja majka je prosto nestala; njeno tijelo su našli trideset kilometara nizvodno u Vrbasu. Baka je umrla nakon mjesec dana potpuno senilna i, hvala bogu, nikada nije saznala da joj je kćerka zauvijek nestala.

Izašla sam autobusom kroz “koridor”, od Banjaluke prema Beogradu, gledala sam

spaljena sela, mrtve ljude, čula pse kako zavijaju, prolazila kroz puste ulice gradova i tada se zaklela da se tu nikada više neće vratiti.

Konačno smo se svi preživjeli sastavili u Beogradu, jer je i Emir uspio pobjeći tako što je potplatio nekog pukovnika da ga provede kroz ratne linije. Ali kuda dalje? Jedna davna slučajna informacija o nekoj našoj gospođi Aniti koja radi u brazilskoj ambasadi se učinila kao spasonosna ideja. Otišla sam u tu ambasadu, ne znajući da li ta žena uopće postoji. Na moje veliko iznenađenje ona se pojavila na vratima. Stala sam pred nju i u jednom dahu izgovorila: "Izgubila sam oca, izgubila sam majku, baku, izgubila sam prijatelje, Emir je već dva puta bio hapšen i zatvaran, mi više nemamo šta tamo da tažimo, možete li nam pomoći?"

Ona se iznenadila. Bilo joj je čudno ko to želi da ide u Brazil, ali je odlučila da nam pomogne, mada nas je upozorila da u Brazilu ne postoji institucija političkog azila, a kako ćemo se tamo snaći to je na naš vlastiti rizik. Odluku smo donijeli, karte kupili i iz Budimpešte pravac u sunčani Rio de Janeiro. U ruci smo držali adresu Caritas-a i to je bila sva naša "veza" u Brazilu, ali opet - naši ljudi, svugdje nas ima. ...Dalje se sve odvijalo kao u filmovima... Sretna profesionalna okolnost je bila za mene da sam u Brazil došla kada su oni imali manjak violinista. Poslije moskovskog konzervatorija ja sam bila svjesna da gdje god da odem da ću dobiti posao, sem u Dubrovniku naravno, jer na Konzervatoriju su nam kazali da oni ustavri osposobljavaju "ljudske tenkove", odnosno, da mi postajemo osposobljeni, i profesionalno i emotivno, za najteže situacije. Ali ipak sam se tresla od treme kada sam išla na prvu audiciju u Brazilu.... Dobila sam posao u orkestru Opernog teatra.

Obično su izbjeglice na marginama društva, ali pošto u Brazilu nije bilo izbjeglica - ja mislim da smo mi bili jedine izbjeglice iz BiH u cijeloj Južnoj Americi- postali smo "filmske zvijezde", slikali su nas, intrevjuisali, gostovali smo čak i na njihovom čuvenom TV programu "11 i po" Mojoj kćerki je ponuđena stipendija u jako dobroj privatnoj školi

...Na profesionalnom planu sam napredovala. Ponuđeno mi je da dodem na audiciju za drugog lidera Brazilskog simfonijskog orkestra. Prošla sam i dobila sam tu poziciju koja sam zadržala sve do odlaska iz Brazila.

...U Februaru 2000 godine u Rio je došao Nigel Goldberg, čuveni britanski violinista, za kojeg je u šali jedna moja prijateljica rekla da bi mi se možda mogao svidjeti. Odbila sam to, jer poslije dvije neuspješne veze nisam ni pomišljala na novu. Još one večeri na plaži na Kopakabani sam se zaklela da se u Evropu neće vratiti nikad i da se nikada više neću udati, a u julu iste godine sam zajedno sa kćerkom i Nigelom napustila Rio i došla da živim u Londonu. Nikad ne reci nikad, samoj sebi sam ponavljala.

...Sa tugom u duši, napusila sam svoju drugu domovinu koja me je prihvatila kada me je moja sopstvena domovina odbacila, izbacila kao neželjeno dijete iz utrobe. Ipak iz Brazila nisam otišla kao da odlazim zauvijek, uzela sam 6 mjeseci neplaćenog odsustva za svaki slučaj. Plašila sam se Evrope, plašila sam se da ću "otkopati" sve one ružne stvari što sam ih "zakopala", kada sam krenula u Brazil. Ali sve je prošlo bezbolno, jer me je Brazil izlijčio i osjećala sam da sad mogu da živim i radim u Londonu.

Udala sam se za Nigel-a, i mogu reći da od tada ovdje sretno živim. Upoznala sam nove ljude i novi način sviranja. Od malena sam navikla da se prilagođavam i mijenjam mjesto življenja ali mislim da sam s tim sada završila.

U Rio odlazim svake godine. Bila sam i u Banjaluci, održala sam koncert zajedno sa Nigel-om, prespavala u hotelu i - otišla.

Kada bi me u Brazilu upitali koje sam nacionalnosti, ja bih im odgovorila da sam 20.000 kilometra pobjegla od tog pitanja i ja samo mogu reći da sam ja - Tanja.

Danas ja kažem da sam sretna i ne bih se mijenjala. Pronašla sam izlaz iz začaranog kruga i vjerujem da nije bilo moje muzike moj život bi bio drugačiji, jer ona mi je vodilja i putokaz.

Uz neznatna skraćivanja tekst prenosimo iz "Bosanske Pošte"



ALL TATYANA GOLDBERG AUDITIONS

Darija Stojnić

Tatjana Goldberg took her masters degree as a solo performer from the Piotr Ilych Tchaikovsky Conservatory in Moscow; she studied at London Guildhall School of Music and Drama; was the co-leader of Brazil Symphony Orchestra: played for "O Globo" – the largest Brazilian television broadcaster; she was invited to take part on festivals in France and Switzerland. Her London debut was a concert at St. John Smith Square. She had a number of concerts in Croatia and Bosnia and Herzegovina with Nigel Goldberg. A year ago she was invited to work as a professor assistant at Birmingham Conservatory.

She had a concert with Sanja Lagumdžija-Hadžić during the "Cultural Celebration of the Diaspora of Bosnia and Herzegovina" that took place in October, last year.

Her spontaneous answer to the question who is she and where does she come from was: I do not know who I am in national and ethnical terms. It is not possible to say which of my hands is Moslem and which leg is Serb. I was born in a town by the name of Titograd at that time to a father who was a Serb from Knin. Because he was an army officer he was moved shortly after I was born to Zadar where I lived to the age of 18. My mother was a Moslem from Banja Luka, and I'd like to mention that one of the streets before this last war was named after my grandfather – Avdo Čardžić. I do not believe that the street still has the same name.... I was granted a scholarship as a talent from Croatia and went to Moscow for my education. I started with two years of secondary school, followed by five years at the Tchaikovsky Conservatory. I took my diploma in 1985 and went back to my country, the only violin professor at that time. I was sure that all the doors will be open for me following the diploma from the Moscow Conservatory – but then I could not find a job! I was told in Dubrovnik that they take only their cadre. I did not understand then the unfortunate meaning of that sentence. But I did get a job – it was the position of a violin teacher at Banja Luka School of Music. I also was given a flat and so my little daughter and I settled in Banja Luka. Immediately before the war we started the Banja Luka Chamber Orchestra – Prof. Marić was the conductor. Our performance in Sarajevo was planned for the 7th of April. I learnt that the war started on my way to school – to teach music. A soldier stopped and asked me: "Woman, where do you think you are going to?" I told him: "To school to teach". Hearing this he ordered rudely: "Go back, the war has started." The concert in Sarajevo was never performed. Almost a decade later I have managed to realize that tour of Bosnia and Herzegovina that was promised so long ago.

Some time before the war Yfrah Neaman, the distinguished British professor invited me to prepare my PhD degree in Britain as one gets a master's degree after completed studies at the Moscow conservatorium. Thus I was able to continue my education. I was facing dilemma. The war was already raging; the whole family gathered in my flat in Banja Luka because they happened to be there at the time and could not go back. Our joint decision was that I should go to the United Kingdom for further education. I arrived in London in 1992. In October that same year my father died suddenly. I was completely beside myself and decided to leave everything in London. I informed the professor, packed my things and together with my daughter I went back to war in Banja Luka in an attempt to save my mother and grandmother.

I spent the following two years in Banja Luka with no electricity, no water, no food; chopping wood to have fire; standing in queues for bread wondering all the time who needed all that. I also asked myself what to do with my hands that were being prepared for years to play and not to chop wood. Quite often I would take the violin and play with my cold fingers – that was my way of defence against the horrors of war and also I was trying to preserve my music; at the same time that was the only oasis of peace I could find.

I could not leave Banja Luka because I had to look after my mother and grandmother. One event really frightened me: I was asked to play for Radovan Karadžić and the supposed payment for that was - a whole pig! I declined the offer but started asking myself where does all that lead to? At that time I was in a relationship with Emir Bosnić, who was the President Deputy to Banja Luka University then, as is probably known to many. He was arrested twice

and I had to rescue him because as it happened I had a Serb name and surname on all my documents and thus was free to go around. It became unbearable. I had already sent my daughter to Belgrade but still was not able to decide to leave because I could not leave my mother and grandmother. But then one day my mother simply disappeared. Her body was found thirty kilometres downstream in Vrbas River. My grandmother died a month later completely senile. She had not learnt, thank God, that her daughter vanished for ever.

I left by a coach through "the corridor" from Banja Luka to Belgrade. On my way I could see the burnt down villages and dead people; I could hear the dogs howling; I passed through the deserted streets of the towns and vowed never to go back.

All of us who survived finally met in Belgrade, actually Emir also manage to escape by paying to a colonel to take him through the front lines. But, where to go from there? Chance information obtained long ago about a compatriot, a lady by the name of Anita who worked in the Brazilian embassy seemed to be a salutary idea. I went to that embassy not knowing if that lady existed even. To my great surprise she appeared at the door. I stood in front of her and uttered in one breath: "I have lost my father, I have lost my mother, grandmother, I have lost my friends, Emir was arrested twice, we have nothing to look for there; can you help us?"

She was surprised. It seemed strange to her that somebody might want to go to Brazil, but she decided to help us, although she warned us that the institution of political asylum does not exist in Brazil and that we were to take the risk of settling there. We had taken the decision, bought the tickets and were on our way from Budapest to the sunny Rio de Janeiro. We had the address of Caritas in our hands and that was our only "link" in Brazil, but there again – you can find our people all over the place ... Later on everything was like in films. ... It was pure luck for me to come to Brazil at a time when they did not have enough violinists. I was aware that after the Moscow Conservatorium I would get a job wherever I went, except for Dubrovnik, of course. Actually we were told at the Conservatorium that they train "human tanks", meaning that we were prepared both professionally and emotionally for the hardest of situations. I was nervous and trembling, nevertheless, when going for my first audition in Brazil. ... I was given a job at The Opera Theatre Orchestra.

Refugees are usually at the margins of the society, but as there were no refugees in Brazil – I think that we were the only ones from Bosnia and Herzegovina in the whole of South America – we became some sort of celebrities. Our pictures were taken we were interviewed were even guests at their well-known TV programme "11 and a half". My daughter was offered scholarship at a very good private school.

... Professionally I was advancing. I was offered an audition for the second leader of The Brazil Symphony Orchestra. I held that position all the time while in Brazil.

... In February 2000 Nigel Goldberg came to Rio. He is a well known violinist for whom a friend jokingly told me that he might attract me. I refused that because after two unsuccessful relationships I never thought of a new one. One evening on the Copacabana beach I vowed that I would not go back to Europe and that I will never get married again, but in July that same year I left Rio with my daughter and Nigel and came to live in London. I kept repeating to myself: 'never say never'.

... With great sadness I left my second homeland that had accepted me at the same time when my own rejected me, eliminated me as one do with an unwanted child from the womb. Still I did not leave Brazil as if I was leaving it for ever. I took six months of unpaid leave, just in case. I was afraid of Europe. I was afraid that I might "unearth" all the ugly things I had covered when I set off for Brazil. But everything was painless, because Brazil healed me and I felt I could live and work in London.

I married Nigel and I live happily here, I would say. I have met new people and discovered new ways of playing. From my early childhood I was used to adapting and changing the place I live in, but I think that an end has come to it.

I go to Rio every year. I went to Banja Luka as well, gave a concert with Nigel, spent a night in a hotel and left.

When asked in Brazil what ethnicity I was, I would answer that I fled 20,000 km to avoid that question and that I am – Tanja.

Today I say that I am happy and would not change myself. I found a way out of the vicious circle, and I believe that if it not were for my Music my life would be different. Music is my guiding force.

With slight abbreviations taken from "Bosanska Pošta".

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PROGRAM "BEJAHAD 2005."

HVAR, HOTEL AMFORA, 24.9.-1.10.2005.

Subota 24.9.2005.

19.30 • Svečana večera
21.00 • Otvaranje manifestacije - premijera
filma «BEJAHAD 2004»
22.00 • Koktel dobrodošlice

Restoran
Kongresna dvorana

Neđjelja 25.9.2005.

Prije podne

PROJEKTIS NATJEČAJA

• Projekat
• Alfred Pal, izložba (Zagreb)

Gradska galerija

Poslije podne

• Projekat
• Projekat
• Nagradene priče, predaja nagrada,
moderator Šimha Kabiljo
• Predrag Ejodus, 'Najbolje iz mog
kazališnog repertoara'

Hvarsko kazalište

Ponedjeljak 26.9.2005.

Prije podne

PROJEKTIS NATJEČAJA

• 3 Projekta

Poslije podne

• 3 Projekta

Navečer

• Or le Israel, band (Amsterdam), Izrael u pjesmi i Hasidi
u plesu, koncert

Utorak 27.9.2005.

Prije podne

NAŠI GOSTI

• Pozdravni govor, gospodin
Klarenbeeck, holandska ambasada
• Židovi Holandije, J. Cahen, direktor
Židovskog muzeja Amsterdam, predavanje
• Kratki život Anne Frank – dokumentarni film

Kongresna
dvorana

Kongresna
dvorana

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dvorana

Poslije podne

• Anna Frank, foto izložba povodom
60. godišnjice smrti, Zaklada Anne
Frank (Amsterdam), uvodni govor
Slobodan Šnajder

Kongresna
dvorana

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Srijeda 28.9.2005.

Prije podne

NAŠI GOSTI

• Gyorgy Konrád (Budimpešta), "Židovstvo
u nacionalnim državama", predavanje (engl.)
• Diana Pinto (Pariz), "Izazovi današnjeg
židovstva", predavanje (engl. – simultano prevodenje)
• Srpsko kulturno društvo "Prosveta" (Zagreb),
– 3 projekta
• Or le Israel, band (Amsterdam), plesno večer

Kongresna
dvorana

Kongresna
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dvorana

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dvorana

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dvorana

Četvrtak 29.9.2005.

9.30

• Značaj židovske/jevrejske dijasporae za
židovstvo/jevrejstvo.; uvodno izlaganje Gyorgy dvorana

Kongresna
dvorana

Poslije podne

• Konrad (Budimpešta), učesnici Diana Pinto
(Pariz), J. Cahen (Amsterdam) i Fania Oz-Salzberger
(Haifa) (engl. – simultano prevodenje)

Kongresna
dvorana

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dvorana

Petak 30.9.2005.

Subota 1.10.2005.

9.00-10.00

• Okrugli stol – Bejahad 2006. –
Što možemo bolje?
• RASTANAK

Kongresna
dvorana

Kongresna
dvorana

Kongresna
dvorana

NATJEČAJ BEJAHAD 2005 - PROJEKTI

Organizacijski odbor židovske kulturne scene "Bejahad 2005" raspisuje natječaj za projekte koji će biti prezentirani tijekom manifestacije "Bejahad 2005". Na natječaj se mogu prijaviti projekti židovskog/jevrejskog sadržaja ili židovskih/jevrejskih autora:

- izložba umjetničkih djela (slike, skulpture, fotografije i dr.)

- scenski nastup (muzički, dramski, plesni i dr.)

- film

- kazališna predstava

- koncert

- predavanje

- workshop

- promocija knjige i

- druge vrste projekata.

Za natječaj je potrebno dostaviti:

a) ime projekta

b) kratki opis projekta

c) adresu, telefon, fax, e-mail kontakt osobe

d) popis svih sudionika i odgovornih osoba

e) kompletan projekt (tekst, snimke eksponata, VHS video zapis ili CD-ROM).

Projekti će se primati od 1.02.2005. do 15.06.2005. zaključno, na adresu:

ŽIDOVSKA OPĆINA ZAGREB

BEJAHAD

Palmotičeva 16

1001 ZAGREB S naznakom "Natječaj - Bejahad 2005"

Radove će pregledati i ocijeniti natječajna komisija, te odabrati 12 (dvanaest)

projekata koji će biti realizirani tijekom prva dva dana rada scene. Izabranim

projektima odnosno njihovim autorima i sudionicima organizator pokriva troškove

dolaska i odlaska, boravka za vrijeme trajanja projekta, te troškove realizacije na

samoj manifestaciji. U velikoj većini slučajeva financirati će se 3-4 dnevni boravak u

hotelu (puni pansion).

Rezultati natječaja biti će objavljeni do 15.07.2005. u glasilima židovske općine

Zagreb, a autori će biti direktno kontaktirani.

Radovi poslani na natječaj se ne vraćaju.



NATJEČAJ BEJAHAD 2005 G.- KRATKA PRIČA

Organizacijski odbor židovske kulturne scene "Bejahad 2005" raspisuje natječaj za kratku priču sa židovskom/jevrejskom temom.

Priče mogu biti napisane na jezicima prostora bivše Jugoslavije. Natječaj je

anoniman. U obzir dolaze priče koje nisu dosada objavljene.

Rad obilježen šifrom i pisan pisacim strojem ili na drugom mediju (MS WORD

format) treba poslati u dva primjerka s naznakom "Za nagradni natječaj Bejahad

2005" i s naznakom šifre.

Rješenje šifre – puno ime, adresa i zanimanje autora – treba

priložiti u zasebno zatvorenom pismu.

Krajnji rok za slanje radova je 15.06.2005. Radovi se mogu

slati na adresu:

Židovska općina Zagreb

BEJAHAD

Palmotičeva 16

10001 ZAGREB

sa naznakom za "Natječaj Bejahad 2005"

Radove će ocijeniti žiri i dodijeliti prvu, drugu i treću nagradu. Nagradene priče bit

će objavljene u književnom prilogu Bejahad 2005.

Rezultati natječaja bit će objavljeni u časopisima Ha Kol, Bilten i Most i na

www.makabijada.com. Nagrade će se dodijeliti na kulturnoj manifestaciji "Bejahad

2005" koja će se održati od 24.9. – 1.10.2005. u hotelu "Amfora" na Hvaru.

Radovi se ne vraćaju.

