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Jehiel Bar-Hajim je direktor JOINT-a za zemlje bivše Jugoslavije, Češku Republiku, Alžir i Tunis. SaLon je zamolio Jehiela da podijeli sa nama svoje viđenje o nekim aspektima teškog zadatka kome se tako predano posvetio. Odazvao se spremno.

DOBROČINSTVO JE NAŠ ZADNI IZBOR EKSPERIMENTI JOINTA U SOCIJALNOM PODUZETNIŠTVU

Prema Majmonidesu:

Najviša forma dobročinstva je da se pruži podrška osobi prije nego što osiromaši tako da mu se na dostojan način ponudi značajan poklon, da mu se ponudi pogodan zajam, da mu se pomogne da nađe zaposlenje ili da se snade u poslovima, tako da nema potrebe da ovisi o drugima.

Ako se pažljivo pogleda u cjelokupne Majmonidesove "Ljestve dobročinstva" (ima osam nivoa), čini se da je rukovodeći princip: Pruži pomoć; sačuvaj dostojanstvo.

Kako primijeniti te davnašnje principe na svijet 21-og stoljeća?

Mi koji se bavimo danas humanitarnom pomoći, suočeni smo sa dilemom.

Sa jedne strane insistiramo na jednakim ljudskim pravima za sve kao geslo socijalne pravde, pravima koja ne uzimaju u obzir bilo kakav fizički, mentalni ili socijalni hendikep ili manu.

S druge strane, mi – naše organizacije i oni sa kojim radimo – suviše često ovisimo o opštem dobročinstvu. Bez vlastitih neovisnih izvora, ostajemo u zavisnosti od velikodušnosti drugih. U modernom svjetovnom društvu, dobročinstvo se cijeni kao čin slobodne volje, odluka koju neovisno donosi pojedinac, dakle, izraz osobnog smisla za samilost. Dobročinstvo više nije, kao u Majmonidesovo doba, neporječiva obaveza svih koji su u mogućnosti da daju, obaveza koju su morali poštovati i najsiromašniji članovi zajednice.

Na našu žalost, shvatili smo što više, da se zahtjev za jednaka prava ponekad iznosi u okolnostima ekonomske zavisnosti. Suviše često se oni koji najviše trebaju, nađu u neprijatnoj situaciji da mole (da ne kažemo prose) druge da prihvate, ponekad mimo njihove volje, relacije međusobnog poštovanja i solidarnosti. Koliku puta moramo praviti kompromise na račun digniteta da bi osigurali pomoć?

Moramo li zauvijek živjeti sa ovom dilemom? Ne postoji li bolji put?

U potrazi za odgovarajućim, alternativnim načinom da se pomogne, mnogi od nas su eksperimentirali sa projektima zapošljavanja koji su donosili prihode.

Za mene, sve je krenulo u Makarskoj. Tamo smo, Jevrejima koji su izbjegli rat u Bosni i koje je JOINT pomogao i sklonio duž dalmatinske obale, dali mogućnost da zarade džeparac pletući Kipot, koje smo pokušali prodati širom svijeta.

U novije vrijeme, odlučili smo platiti grupi sposobnih ljudi ali bez sredstava, da obezbjeđe robu i usluge drugoj grupi neproizvodnih ljudi. Primjera radi, JOINT je u saradnji sa "La Benevolencijom" kupio specijalne džempere (zване "Bader jakne"). Ove su ispleli paraplegičari iz Centra za samopouzdanje u Sarajevu a razdijeljeni su starijim osobama koji su vezani za kuću i žiteljima dobrotvornih institucija širom zemlje.

U Srbiji, nedaleko Beograda, kupili smo drveni namještaj proizveden u radionici jednog doma za mentalno hendikepirane odrasle i njime opremili sličnu instituciju, ali za djecu.

Ima mnogo drugih primjera.

Na osnovu ovog raznovrsnog i geografski razasutog iskustva, dosli smo konačno do zaključka, da ovi pokušaji treba da prerastu u širu, dinamičniju strategiju.

No, ključno pitanje je i dalje pred nama:

Kako, kao ne-profitna organizacija, možemo pomoći invalidima i hendikepiranim da zarade za život?

Sa ovim ciljem pred očima, prošlog juna JOINT i "La Benevolencija" su u Sarajevu lansirali "Fond J". Fond J je specijalni, bezkamatni obrtni zajam, posebno kreiran za one NGO, (nevladine, ne-profitne) organizacije koje su u stanju da posude ovaj novac i koriste ga za razvoj korisnih poslova za ljude sa manama i hendikepirane.

U lansiranju ovog programa "zajmovi za poslove" uživali smo snažnu i trajnu podršku i ohrabrenje od neuobičajenog filantropa, Dr. Alfreda Badera iz Milvokija, Viskonsin. Do sada je velikodušno poklonio Fondu J, sumu od \$ 200.000.



Ulazak u zajam, ipak, nije rezultirao ranije, niti će sada, niti može rezultirati istim entuzijazmom među korisnicima, kao što bi to bilo sa novim uručivanjem dobrotvornih davanja. Već kod samog podnošenja zahtjeva za zajam, mora se prihvatiti zahtjevni, odrasli jezik odgovornosti. Umjesto apela "Molim pomozite", koji se može izraziti na mnogo obavezujućih načina, mora se početi razgovarati o: "planiranju; strategiji; marginalnim troškovima; profit i gubitak; povrat investicija; dugoročni proizvodni ciljevi."

Za mnoge nevladine organizacije koje rade sa invalidima i hendikepiranima ovaj poslovni glosar, može predstavljati novi – a ponekad prijeteci- riječnik. I zaista, prihvatiti novac koji treba vremenom vratiti, zahtijeva često nadprosječan talenat, obaveza i odlučnost. To zahtijeva također spremnost da se prihvati i nosi sa nesigurnošću i neizvjesnošću - posljednje što bi neko sa invaliditetom poželio. Kroz Fond J a primjenom filozofije socijalnog preduzetništva, mi istovremeno uvodimo koncept rizika i napetosti otvorenog tržišta u često zaštićeni svijet inicijativa za zapošljavanje invalida.

Pomažući Nevladinim organizacijama da razvijaju realne i profesionalne poslovne planove, omogućavajući hendikepiranim i drugim nemoćnim pojedincima da se takmiče sa ostalima u skoro istovjetnim uslovima, mi želimo svima ukazati na raspon i vrijednost mogućnosti, koje su sada na sporednom kolosjeku.

Ne možemo očekivati da će "naše Nevladine organizacije" biti imune na poslovni neuspjeh. Može se reći da se program ne može smatrati uspješnim, ukoliko i dok se ne desi prvi zajednički neuspjeh. Ako hoćemo da slavimo preuzimanje rizika, moramo biti spremni da platimo i cijenu.

Čemu, onda težimo? Prije svega, stvaramo izazov za sebe i potencijalne partnere u ovim raznim humanitarnim poduhvatima. Ako razmišljamo o dobročinstvu kao prostom poklanjanju novca, onda neka "dobročinstvo bude naš zadnji izbor" i kad god i gdje god nam je moguće, neka umjesto toga, postanemo potpuno razvijeni socijalni poduzetnici.

Mjenjajući prirodu vlastitog učešća mi možemo utjecati na karakter rješenja. Time možemo omogućiti invalidima i hendikepiranima da "zarade" jednaka prava koje im naša društva ponekad nevoljko daju.

Ulazeći u partnerstvo sa siromašnim i invalidima kako bi im pomogli da se uzdignu iznad tog i takvog stanja, možda uspijemo pružiti pomoć i promovisati dostojanstvo u isto vrijeme. Na ovaj način nastojimo dostići najviši stepen Majmonidesovih "Ljestava dobročinstva"

Yechiel Bar-Chaim

Direktor za Bosnu i Hercegovinu, Hrvatsku, Makedoniju, Crnu Goru, Sloveniju, Srbiju Češku Republiku, Alžir i Tunis.

Američki jevrejski zajednički odbor za distribuciju (AJDC)

Yechiel Bar-Chaim is the AJDC Director for the countries of former Yugoslavia, the Czech Republic, Algeria and Tunisia. SaLon asked Yechiel to share with us his views on some aspects of the difficult task he is engaged in so devotedly. He has obliged readily.

CHARITY IS OUR LAST CHOICE

JDC'S EXPERIMENTS IN SOCIAL ENTREPRENEURSHIP

According to Maimonides:

The highest form of charity is to help sustain a person before he becomes impoverished by offering a substantial gift in a dignified manner, or by extending a suitable loan, or by helping him find employment or establish himself in business so as to make it unnecessary for him to become dependent on others.

If one looks carefully at Maimonides entire "Ladder of Tzedaka" (there are eight levels), the guiding principle would seem to be the following: Provide help; Preserve dignity.

How do we apply such time-honored principles in the world of the 21st century?

We who are involved in humanitarian aid today face a dilemma.

On the one hand we insist on equal human rights for all as a matter of social justice, rights that take no notice of any physical, mental, or social handicap or disadvantage.

On the other hand we - our organizations and those with whom we work - depend all too often on public charity. Without independent resources of our own, we end up relying on the generosity of others. And in the modern secular world, charity is seen as an act of free will, a decision made independently by each and every individual, an expression of then some personal sense of mercy. It is no longer, as it was in the days of Maimonides, the incontrovertible obligation of all who have the means to give, a demand made even of the poorest members of the society.

We have learned, moreover, to our sorrow that the demand for equal rights can sometimes sit uncomfortably with a situation of economic dependency. Too often those most in need end up in the awkward position of having to petition (not to say beg) others to accept -- somewhat against their will -- an agenda of mutual respect and solidarity. How often are we forced to compromise on the question of dignity to obtain assistance?

Are we obliged to live forever with this dilemma? Is there no better way?

In searching for an appropriate, alternative way to help the disabled, many of us have experimented with income-generating employment projects.

For me it all started in Makarska, Croatia where we gave Jews who had escaped from the war in Bosnia and whom the JOINT was supporting and sheltering along the Dalmatian Coast an opportunity to earn pocket money by crocheting kipkot and then trying to sell them around the world.

More recently we decided to pay one set of needy but capable individuals to provide goods or services for a second but non-productive population without means. For example, in cooperation with La Benevolencija, the JOINT purchased special sweaters (called "Bader Vests, "). These were knitted by paraplegics at the Center for Self-Reliance in Sarajevo and then distributed to home-bound elderly and residents living in welfare institutions throughout the country.

In Serbia, not far from Belgrade, we bought wooden furniture constructed at the carpentry shop in one home for mentally handicapped adults in order to equip another such institution, this one for children.

There are many other examples as well.

Out of this diverse and geographically scattered experience, we finally reached the conclusion that these experiments needed to be part of a broader, more dynamic strategy.

The key question, however, still lay before us:

How can we as a non-profit organization help those who are disabled or disadvantaged earn a living?

With this goal in mind, therefore, the JOINT and La Benevolencija launched last June in Sarajevo "The J-Fund". The J-Fund is a special, non-interest-bearing, revolving loan fund created in particular for those NGO's (non-governmental, non-profit organizations) capable of borrowing this money and using it to develop sustainable jobs for the disabled and/or the disadvantaged.

In launching this program of "loans for jobs" we have had the strong and constant support and encouragement of an unusual philanthropist Dr. Alfred Bader of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. So far he has generously donated to The J-Fund a total of \$200,000.

Starting a loan fund, however, cannot, does not, and indeed has not generated quite the same enthusiasm among its would-be beneficiaries as would announcing a new round of charitable grants. Even to apply for a loan means one has to adopt the demanding, adult language of responsibility. Instead of pleading "Please help" in all the many ways that compelling appeal can be voiced, one has to begin to talk:

"Planning; Strategy; Marginal Costs; Profit and Loss; Returns on Investment; Long-Term Performance Goals".

For many NGO's dealing with the disabled or the disadvantaged this business glossary can represent a new --- and sometimes daunting --- vocabulary.

Indeed, accepting money in order to repay it over time requires a frequently uncommon level of talent, commitment, and determination. It also demands a readiness to accept and cope with insecurity and uncertainty, the last thing anyone with a disability is looking for. Through The J-Fund and by applying the philosophy of social entrepreneurship we are introducing both the concept of risk and the tensions of the open marketplace into the often-protected world of employment initiatives for the disabled.

By assisting NGO's to develop realistic and professional business plans, by enabling handicapped and otherwise disadvantaged individuals to compete on nearly the same terms as anyone else, we hope to demonstrate for all to see the scope and the value of the abilities now being left by the wayside.

We cannot expect "our NGO's" to be immune from business failure. Indeed the program will not be counted as success unless and until it has its first loan failure. If we are to celebrate risk-taking, we have to be ready to pay that price.

So what then are we aiming for? First we want to challenge ourselves and our potential partners in these various humanitarian endeavors. If we think of "charity" as simply giving away money, then

Let's make "charity our last choice", and whenever and wherever we can become instead full-fledged social entrepreneurs.

By changing the nature of our own involvement, we can also influence the character of the solution. We can thereby enable the disabled and the disadvantaged to earn the equal rights sometimes our societies begrudge them.

By partnering with the poor and the disabled to help them rise above that condition, we might just end up providing help and promoting dignity at the same time. In this way we aim to reach the highest rung on Maimonides' "Ladder of Tzedaka".

Yechiel Bar-Chaim

Country Director for Bosnia-Herzegovina, Croatia, Macedonia, Montenegro, Slovenia, Serbia, Czech Republic, Algeria, and Tunisia

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Naravno da je dobru zaleđinu za ovakve "avanture" imao u činjenici da je Olivera već radila solidan posao, ali isto tako, presudno je bilo njegovo shvatanje da ne treba biti zadovoljan postignutim već da uvijek treba osmišljavati novo i više.

U međuvremenu, proteklo je više od jedne decenije. Otac koji se nije tužio i tvrdio da mu je dobro ali da nije sretan, napustio je familiju zauvijek. Posljednično, majci, koja je sve stoički podnosila, trebalo je pokušati nadoknaditi sve izgubljeno, a naročito životnog druga. Trebalo je u novim okolnostima, zaštititi, usmjeriti i ohrabriti sina Ognjena koji je od plašljivog dječarca dogurao do fakulteta. Sva je sreća da je familija, uža i šira, unatoč svim nedaćama uspjela ostati na okupu i hraniti se na međusobnoj potpori.

Kako Boriša definiše stanje u kome se našao. On misli da je dobro što je došao ovamo. Kaže u šali da je išao ulicama i zahvaljivao Slobi, Tučku i Alji što su ga ovamo liferovali. Rekli smo da je borac. Sve je bilo izazov, unatoč preprekama. To što je srce malo "zatokiralo" kao posljedica, traume, stresa i posebnih napora vidi kao sporedni efekat ali ne i kao zapreku. Danas radi sa voljom i umijećem sa grupom ljudi, uglavnom mladih, i, pogodili ste, svi su «odand», dakle, može sa ponosom reći da obezbjeđuje posao i jednom broju drugih familija.

Ne krije Boriša da misli da je u domovini postigao više nego ovdje. Prekid je uzazadio ali nije bacio na koljena. Izgubljeno je nemoguće nadoknaditi, sve je novi početak, ali čini sve da bude bolje nego što jeste.

Od kako ga je napustio, nikada nije navratio u Sarajevo. Nema, kaže, ni želju za tim ponovnim susretom. Isuviše je, a i dalje pogodeno gubitkom onoga što je najviše volio, cijenio i vjerovao u tom svom bivšem životu. On zna da je zauvijek nestao onaj osjećaj prisnosti, prijateljstva, zajedničkog života bez granica u kome se jednako osjećao kod kuće u Zaječaru, Bitolji ili Tuzli, u kome je Sarajevo nosilo barjak međusobne tolerancije.

Umalo da zaboravimo. Nikad i nikad neće zaboraviti šta mu je pružila ovde Jevrejska zajednica. Pri tom ne bi da izdvaja nikoga i zato ostaje pri izrazu Jevrejska zajednica, kao opšti pojam. Tako velikodušnu, nesebično i pravovremenu pomoć nije očekivao ni od roda najbližega.

Eto vam male priče o Boriši Ristiću u njegovima u ovim namrgodenim godinama. Nije moglo stati u manje prostora, a ima mnogo više da se kaže.

Branko Danon

BORIŠA RISTIĆ

Many thoughts are on Boriša's mind, the leading one in his life though being: „In order to create better living conditions here and now one should work harder, better with more creativity. It does not appeal to me to be in paid employment striving to save enough and therefore depriving myself of many things. A man should not get into a shell and restrict himself.”

And this is why we think you should meet him.

Boriša Ristić has just celebrated his 46th birthday. He was born in Sarajevo on 22nd of July 1960. After completing his Electric Engineering College education he started his career as a designer in Petroinvest following which he set into the uncertainties of private business. At first it was a video cassette lending and recording studio and later he moved on to export/import ventures until ...1992. That was the end to a challenging but undisturbed path towards a comfortable life in peace, among friends, where he enjoyed the familiar and understandable environment. At least, he thought so. Like most of us, it seems.

Like most of us, Boriša also goes through that dark, dramatic part of his life in a way comparable to a plane entering turbulences when flying above Alps.

Boriša razmišlja o svemu i svačemu ali ima jednu misao vodilju u životu: "Da bi si stvorio bolje uslove za život sada i ovdje, čovjek treba da nastoji da radi bolje, više, kvalitetnije i kreativnije. Nisam od onih koji bi se zadovoljili plaćenim poslom koji je takav kakav jeste, u takvim uslovima nastojati štediti, i u to ime odricati se. Čovjek se ne smije učauriti i sputavati se".

Ovo je vjerovatno bio i povod da vam ga predstavimo.

Boriša Ristić je netom proslavio svoj 46-ti rođendan. Rođen je 22.07.1960 g. U Sarajevu. Završio je Srednju tehničku školu, Elektro-smjer i započeo karijeru kao projektant u Petroinvestu, a zatim se otisnuo u nesigurne vode vlastitog preduzetništva, otvorio videotek i studio za snimanje, a kasnije se opredijelio za poslove uvoza-izvoza sve do 1992-ge godine. I tu dolazi kraj, napomom ali neporemećenom razvojnom putu ka jednom ugodnom životu u miru, prijateljstvu, uživanju u sredini koju poznaje i u kojoj se snalazi kao riba u vodi, u kojoj sve prepoznaje i razumije. Ili je bar tako mislio. Kao većina nas, valjda...

I kao većina, i Boriša prolazi kroz taj mračni, dramatični dio života, kao kad avion koji leti iznad Alpa uleti u turbulenciju. Uz pomoć Dječije ambasade uspije prebaciti ("privremeno"), kako su tada vjerovali) suprugu Oliveru i sina Ognjena u Staniće kod Omiša. On sam sa roditeljima, Paulom i Anđelkom, izlazi konvojem u Makarsku a sestra Biljana, tada u povratku iz Izraela stiže do Beograda i na jedvite jade i ona konačno u Makarsku. Borišino pokretanje iz Sarajeva u tim dramatičnim momentima, bilo je ipak poslovno inspirisano. Imao je dogovor da proba zgotoviti neke poslove zbog kojih je trebalo izaći iz Sarajeva. Međutim na tom putu desio se događaj koji ga je emotivno i svjesno opredijelio. U nekom Kiseljaku ugledao je srpske i hrvatske vojnike, koji su i jedni i drugi šćepali Sarajevo za gušu u smrtni zahvat, kako međusobno igraju fudbal. Shvatio je kako kaže da se «radilo o kriminalnom biznisu, a ne o suprotstavljanju nacionalističkih ideal». U grču i trenutno, shvatio je da se ne misli i ne želi vratiti. Otuda ga je put, on sam i sudbina doveo u Englesku. Zašto baš u Englesku, ako ga zapitate? «Zato što je to tada bila jedina opcija koju nam je Dragan Danon, predstavnik 'La Benevolencije', mogao ponuditi. A ja sam je odmah, bez mnogo dvoumljenja i odlaganja, prihvatio». Tako se Boriša sa suprugom i sinom obreo u Engleskoj na samom početku novembra 1992 g. Majka i otac koji su odlučili da sačekaju kćerku Biljanu, uvodjenjem viza, uz mnogo komplikacija ipak uspijevaju da se takodjer dokopaju Engleske ali tek u proljeće sljedeće godine, a sama Biljana čak u jesen 1994-te godine. Hepi end? Ne, pa tek je sve počelo, iznova. Početne tegobe koje prate sve izbjeglice nisu mimoišle ni ovog boreca. Ali, s obzirom da je borac, Boriša se nije dao dugo ometati. Poslije kurseva engleskog jezika, uslijedili su kursevi iz marketinga i biznis studija, uspijeva nostrificirati diplomu o završenom školovanju iz Sarajeva i okvalificirati se za atestiranje elektroinstalacija. Ovo "naoružavanje" korisnim znanjem obavio je kao preduslov ali i u toku prvih poslova. Eto tako je krenuo u svoj novi boj. Radi sticanja iskustva, usavršavanja jezika, lokalnih referenci i sticanja neovisnosti od državne pomoći, krenuo je sa volontiranjem, da bi se, sinhrono sa Oliverom zaposlio kao službenik u Ujedinjenoj Sinagogi. I tako 4 godine. Sada dobiva puni smisao ono što je rečeno na početku. Ne mireći se sa stanjem u kome se našao, podiže prvi hipotekarni zajam za kupovinu stana i nemajući sredstava, sam ga adaptira. Nakon dvije godine upušta se u drugi zajam i tu u punoj mjeri shvati da ima dovoljno energije i neospornog dara da se bavi upravo time – gradevinarstvom i adaptacijama, za svoje potrebe (jer se ispostavilo jeftinije da on sam gradi nego da radi kao činovnik i plaća drugog), kao i profesionalno, za druge. Ovdje i leži razlog zašto se redakcija SaLon-a odlučila da predstavi Borišu. On je prvi od cijele grupe došljaka u Englesku imao petlju, upornost i umijeće da prokriči samostalan put, i da uzme svu odgovornost za dobrobit svoju i svoje porodice u svojoj ruke.



Pavle Pavlović

SKYPE EXPRESS

Last night I was in Lillehammer, Norway. Tonight I am going to Auckland, New Zealand and Melbourne, Australia. I need no luggage, passport, dough or cards on this trip. It is important to arrange my hair properly, to adjust the moustache and look as relaxed and happy as possible. I select carefully what to wear on the upper part of my body. One should not always be seen in the same shirt. The background is also important. It should not always be the same flower or painting. Occasionally for a change there is a candle or a decorative plate. No worry for the bottom part of the body. Old jeans or shorts will do – nobody notices that on my journeys. A sip of juice or of something stronger and I am ready and excited to go.

But first about my trip to Lillehammer. In that little Olympic town I was met by my buddy Mimo Bešlić. He endured in Sarajevo all through the war and a year and a half into peace and then everything crashed. He said it was even worse than between 92 and 95. He packed his suitcases and followed the steps of his late father. During the previous war Mimo's late father was interned in cold Norway by Germans. He survived thanks to the help of the good, warm-hearted people from the polar circle. Later, coming back home, he led The Yugoslav-Norway Friendship Society. It was easier for Mimo's old man. He started the circle closed by his son. The father came to Sarajevo to start his life and Mimo came to Lillehammer to go on with his life.

Wait, Paya. Turn the speakers down and add some light. I want to hear and see you better. Yes, that's it. Can you see what am I holding in my hand? A glass of red wine to drink to our meeting after fifteen years. Pour a glass for yourself and let's touch the cameras. Agreed?

I reach for the bottle of red Montenegro Vranac bought in the shop of Damir Džananović in which - here in Holland – we feel as if we were in Sune's shop at Marijin Dvor.

- Well, Mimo, here is to your health!

- To your health!

Now, in Auckland, New Zealand, it is Vedrana - a friend from primary school Slaviša Vajner Čiča. She got somehow to that remote country early in 1994. She had lost everything, even the little life she carried in her body. For years she tried in vain to present her husband with heirs. Now, with pride, she shows a photograph of a dark-haired little boy:

- Look at my son! Where do you think he comes from? From our Sarajevo, from a Children's Home. He will be enjoying his life here like anybody. He will get all my love. After decades of sorrow the best years are coming to him, to me and to my hobby.

From Auckland to Melbourne, Australia in a few minutes by Skype Express. Where shall I go first? There are as many people here as once there were at the main spot on the promenade. I am trying to get hold of Dragan Macanović Maca. A few days ago while I was in Las Vegas my friend Slobodan Vidović Guz, the best restaurant singer Sarajevo had told me that he was here. The meeting with Guz was a special one. He took his guitar and started singing into the speaker some of our old songs. He boasted that he recently had a visit from Dr Kemal Hanjalić, my neighbour from Holland, former mayor of our home town. He says that they were singing and crying into the morning. The tears they shed were not those of sorrow but of joy that even the long years and thousands of kilometres could not destroy the Sarajevo spirit.

Maca is a special source of Sarajevo distinction in Australia. He brings the friends together, sings to them and reads poetry giving this reason for hope that we shall be together again.

-It is easy for you, Maca, to enchant them with your Skype at hand – I said – I do not know whose bright idea this was, but it is certain that all credits go to Bill Gates. May he be the richest man in the world to his death. This is really unbelievable! You sit in your misplacement but there with you are all your friends in the delusion of the smells in all Sarajevo barrooms: Kvarner, Parkuša, Sloga, Journalists Club, Cyrano; the sounds of Sarajevo music bands: Indexi, Vokins, Kodex; Pimpek's ceremonial voice announcing: Ladies choice... I remember that I was never chosen.

Mr. Skype, the tourist guide on my world journeys, rings again. This time it is a big concurrent gathering with Nerco in Canada, Zoka in Huston, Jo Delić and his Sladja in Tilburg, Holland and Cole in Sarajevo.

- Hi, pals, if you could only see how green Vilsonovo promenade is. Miljacka River has risen to the level it reached when we used to swim at the cascades by the Vojnički bridge. It is the place, if you remember, where Keko - who is somewhere in Australia now - catching fish under the rocks exclaimed that he snatched the largest chub. When he pulled it out, twisting in his hands was the largest water snake we ever saw in the most beautiful river of



our youth.

-Well, Cole, why do you provoke us by stories about Vilsonovo promenade, as if it is not green over here..

-I know it is, but nowhere is it as green as it is here.

-Stop it, we do not want any politics!

-What politics. It is just that some people are shy of mentioning some colours.

After this gathering a new meeting with Nečko Delić. He placed water in my mouth:

-Look, Paya. What do you say? Is it good enough?

I could see in front of the camera a piece of first-rate seasoned beef rump, brought to him by his friend's Bruno mother. Directly from Bosnia and straight to the focus of Delić's camera. I turned green with envy. It seemed to me that I could sense the smell of dried meat and taste the sweetness of the white fat. I felt like biting into the screen.

-And what about this? Nečko goes on torturing me. He exposes proudly a piece of cheese from Travnik. I logged off. It is much better for my nerves and my appetite.

I wait to hear from my old friend Josip Cico Kabiljo from Canada. During the preceding years Cico used to wander through different countries and continents; visited his friends; restored relations. He preceded Skype. He found Žiža in Las Vegas, Miki and Lisac in Los Angeles, Ranko and Božo in France, Hasan in Germany, Zaim in Canada. All of them old friends from the Monument among the Old Pavilions, by the present B&H Assembly in the very heart of Sarajevo. ... Thanks to Cico I have come to visit my friends in legendary L.A. Željko Čapalik, my best childhood friend and pre-war owner of the famous Sarajevo Bel Ami Night Club, built his nest here. For years, I remember, he would compare his height to mine to see how much he had grown. Here in L.A. his name is Mario for me.

-When they pronounce my name it is as if their tongue is breaking. It is terrific like this both for them and for me. It has been my long-lasting wish to be called Mario.

He refuses to tell me, though, how his dreams about his sons come true. One of them replaced tennis with acting. The casts of the newest celluloid products already include his name. The other son is fighting the mighty Microsoft. Čapalik Jr. launches his unique computer programme for electronic data protection. It is maintained that even the best crackers will not be able to "break" him the way they do now with the best known software programmes. Every Saturday Željko, sorry - Mario has coffee with Faruk and Miki Gutić, my childhood friend who lived two floors above me and who was later directing my TV programmes on SA3.

-He hides here that he was a TV director - Čapa tells me through Skype – There is no way he can tell it to the celebrated Harrison Ford, the interior of whose private jet he completely fitted. If you could only see all the things he has incorporated there. You can't believe his abilities. He is overbooked. In his fifth decade Miki has discovered that he is a genius for interiors in air traffic.

Here is Malm , Sweden. While waiting to see on the screen Davor Papić, the former editor in Masleša publishing house I evoke our boyhood walks with his late father Radivoje, the first editor in chief of Sarajevo Večernje Novine paper. We would wait for him in the evenings and then walk along the narrow gauge railway from Soukbnunar to our Vrbanja bridge or to the Jewish cemetery.

We would admire the town lights in the valley cut through by Miljacka river. Davor's father used to say:

-Children look at the pretty town down there. That is the place that one should never leave!

I can hear the ringing on my PC again. My guest through Skype this time comes from Essen, Germany. My friend Hasan Pašović. Since recently he is a very busy man bringing to reality our joint idea to get together the gang from the Istarska Street and the Pavilions.

-Hi, there, Paya. I had a call from Nedžad "Bubo" Hasibović who told me that he could find some old photos. Narcis Jugo is also here. He has even more photographs. Our WEB site with "Donkeys" Istarska Street boys and "Empty Headed" Pavilion boys is ever increasing, it seems. The gang that had scattered before the war or later is coming together again. We are all connected now.

I am getting tired of these travels. Luckily it is Monday tomorrow I will spend more time working than by the PC. I will forget about Skype, for a few hours at least. Than in the evening excited I will rush impatiently to my camera and screen to see the dear faces and hear the never forgotten voices. I know that many of you, especially those from Sarajevo will say that it is easy for those of us abroad - free of troubles about: unpaid salaries; children dreaming to cross the boundary lines; streets where the number of familiar faces is decreasing every day. All the time Sarajevo is becoming less the town we knew. Stick to Skype, is all I can say, defeat all the wars of those who wanted and are still destroying our Sarajevo. Only together are we stronger. This is not a communist slogan, I, the doomed unbeliever swear to God, and you should believe me.

LONDONSKI LAVIRINT

Desilo se da među prvim, u januaru 1992 kobne godine, stignem sa porodicom u London, desilo se da sam znao nešto engleskog i desilo se da sam kao takav zatrebao WJR-u (World Jewish Relief) za prihvata "mojih", kojima se iz raznoraznih pobuda i razmišljanja učinilo da im je Engleska dobro riješenje trenutnih nedaća. Kad kažemo trenutnih, obično mislimo na nešto što će ubrzo proći, zar ne? Mislimo da ćemo ubrzo nastaviti gdje smo stali, gdje smo prekinuti. E, pa prošlo je, kako kome, ali ne brzo i svakako nismo nastavili tamo gdje smo stali.

Na aerodromu Hitrou dočekujem grupu. Stižu iz Beograda gdje ih je SJOJ (onaj sa novim značenjem) privremeno prihvata. Odmah ih prepoznajem, nikog lično, jer ih i ne znam. Prepoznajem ih po ponašanju, po, kako bi Englezi rekli body language. Guraju aerodromska kolica, sa na brzinu natranim stvarima, koje su iz bog zna kojih razloga smatrali najneophodnijim i osvrću se unazad. Da, ne traže mene, ja sam naprijed, znali su da ih čekam, već gledaju unazad, uplašeno. Još ne mogu da vjeruju, da su upravo prešli preko Crvenog Mora i Sinajske Pustinja, da su došli do obećane zemlje i da im Faraon više ništa ne može. Upravo su, sa zakašnjenjem, jer je avgust, doživjeli svoj Pesah. A ne vjeruju, nevjernici.

Bila je to prva od mnogih grupa i pojedinaca koje sam dočekivao na aerodromu i svi su u dlaku radili isto. Za nekoliko mjeseci zajedničkog proživljavanja starih stekli su zajedničke karakteristike, nepogrešive za dešifriranje. A samo pola godine ranije bili su tako različiti. Evo još jedne potvrde. Tadašnja direktorka WJR imala je sastanak sa dvojicom naših lidera, Ivicom i Jakicom u Zagrebu. Kada su naišli, iako ih prvi put u životu vidim, odmah ih je prepoznala. "Jedina dva džentlmena koji su se usred Zagreba kretala ledima uza zid", objasnila mi je.

Hoću da prenesem jednu malu opservaciju koju ne znam gdje da utkam, pa što ne bih baš ovdje. Jedno od pitanja koja su se ticala mog posla u to vrijeme bilo je koliko je važno biti Jevrej u okolnostima u kojima se grupa našla. Recimo, baka po očevoj strani bila Jevrejka, Travnica. E pa vidite, napravio sam mali neformalni test, upitao sam svoje sunarodnjake, šta za njih znači ova adresa u Sarajevu: Dobrovoljačka 83! Nikom ništa! A to je, znate, bivša adresa Jevrejske opštine u Sarajevu. Neki su tu bili po prvi puta kada su kretali u egzil! Gdje je poenta? U tome da ne treba postavljati suvišna pitanja u nevrijeme. Niko i nije, ni tamo ni ovdje. U tome je poenta. A meni, Jevrejino, srce "ko kanta".

Meni su kao priučenom socijalnom radniku objasnili da naizgled neracionalno ponašanje pojedinaca nije ništa drugo do normalna reakcija na nenormalnu situaciju. Ima i nešto što se zove Sindrom post-traumatskog stresa. Mi smo neosporno u nenormalnoj situaciji. Na mojim redovnim obilascima da provjerim stanje i podjelim ohrabrenje i džeparac, stižem i do jedne porodice iz Hrvatske. Došli su preko Beograda. Nakon treće sedmice, otac porodice neće više ni da me vidi, i više sa vrha stepenica da se nosim, znate već gdje, jer gdje je više taj stan koji su mu obećali na odlasku iz Beograda! Normalno ponašanje u nenormalnoj situaciji. Pomišljam na njegov fantastični stil (ili možda vilu) tamo, u Hrvatskoj.

Otkako smo se obreli u ovoj moćnoj zemlji, naše moćne domaće jevrejske organizacije su nam omogućile, među inim, izlete. Šest puta godišnje, svake godine. Po principu "upoznaj svoju domovinu da je više voliš" malo je ostalo dvorca, parkova, vila, muzeja, katedrala, rimskih iskopina i objekata, spomenika raznim piratima i razbojnicima u krugu od 150 km oko Londona, koje nismo posjetili. I javnih kuća. Ne, nije zabuna niti smo mi tako razulareni – PUB je skraćena od engleskog Public House, ja samo prevodim, ipak malo bukvalno. Kad ispričamo mjestanima gdje smo sve bili, ženice se rašire u nevjerici. Cjelog svog života su ta u nisu bili ni u trećini mjesta koje spomenemo. Upomo tvrdim da nije sve ni tako crno kada si izbjeglica, pod uslovom da si Jevrej i pod uslovom da si u Engleskoj. Da potkrijepim. Hoze Kareras je tada bio u čuvenom triumviratu naj-tenora na svijetu. Nas 23 izbjeglice smo upijali ljepote zvuka u elitnom Royal Albert Hall-u. Mufta, a nominalna cijena karata je bila £ 60. Malo ko autohtoni je mogao sebi priuštiti doživljaj a još manji broj doći do karata. Ko zna možda prosječan Englez ne mari za klasičnu muziku, a prosječan izbjeglica možda da.

Kada se govori o ljudima istog porijekla neminovno se formira uopštena slikazajedničkih karakteristika, skloni smo generalizaciji. A toliko smo različiti. Ima nas koji obilazimo muzeje, izložbe, predstave...ali ima nas i onih koji kažu, šta me briga za sve to, meni je Sainsbury's iza ugla.

A domovina, nostalgija? Restrikcije u kretanju, nametnute situacijom u kojoj smo se našli, vremenom su nestajali i polako, osim u mislima, i fizički smo se počeli vraćati svom Sarajevu, Mostaru...nešto zbog zadovoljenja unutrašnje potrebe, a nešto poslom. Hrana, jelo i piće, nisam toga bio svjestan prije, vrlo su moćna komponenta identiteta. Ja obilazim Sarajevo i uveo sam ritual (kao što ritualno, svako jutro ovdje u svom stanu

pečem tursku kafu u džezvi a pijem iz fildžana); jedan dan idem na željanicu, drugi na čevapčice kod Mrkve, Želje ili Hodžića, treći dan na tulumbe i bozu na Slatkom čošetu. I sad, kao trebalo bi da se vratim svom Sarajevu, bar na kratko. Ali, ovaj, tog Sarajeva nema, zakovalo se negdje u moždanim vijugama, ali ga nema sada i tu. Sve više idem tamo da posjetim grob roditelja, rodbine, Miše i od lani Milana, dode mi kao hodočašće. Sada Sarajevom tutnje neki novi klinici, Sarajevo koje više nema ulicu Vuka Karadžića, ali ima ulicu Asima Ferhatovića popularno zvanog "Slino". Sarajevo gradi novi identitet u kome mjesto za mene sve više blijedi a još uvijek me vežu grobovi i pite.

Život ovaj, iz početka tako stran i zastrašujući, polako postaje naš svakodnevnica. Završavamo škole, zapošljavamo se, penzionišemo, radamo se i umiremo. Polako se prilagođavamo. Neko bolje, neko lošije. Kada se lupa vremena izmakne na stoljeca i milenijume, vjerovatno neće nigdje ni u hronikama za istorijska proučavanja biti pomena o nekoj grupi ljudi sa dalekog Balkana koja se obrela u Engleskoj u zadnjoj deceniji dvadesetog stoljeća. Možda će negdje biti zabilježena drama raspada Jugoslavije i tragedija bratoubilačkog rata, a mi? Mi smo samo beznačajna reverberacija, engleski jezik ima za to dobar izraz – side effect. No, šta ima veze, bar ne možemo, poslije svega, reći da nam je život bio dosadan.

Branko Danon

LONDON MAZE

It so happened that I, together with my family, was among the first arrivals in London in January of the ominous year 1992, it also happened that I knew some English and as it happened that as such I fitted into the WJR intentions at the time. I was suitable for welcoming those, "my" people, who for whatever motivation or reasoning believed England to be a good solution for their temporary problems. When we say temporary, we usually think of things that would soon be over, don't we? We believe that soon enough we will pick up from where we stopped, from where we were cut off. Well it was over, for some more and for some less, but not as soon as expected and certainly not from where we stopped.

I am welcoming a group at Heathrow. They are due to arrive from Belgrade where they were temporarily sheltered by the Union of Jewish Communities of Yugoslavia (the one with the new meaning). I recognize them straight away, not personally because I never knew them. I recognize them by the way they act, by their body language, as the English would put it. They push the airport trolleys stuffed with hastily piled things which, for whatever reason they believed to be essential and look backwards. Yes, they are not looking for me, I am in front; they knew I was waiting, but they looked backwards, frightened. They can't yet believe that they have just crossed their Red Sea and the Sinai desert, that they have arrived to their Promised Land and that Pharaoh can do them no harm any more. They have just, belatedly because it is August, lived their own Pesach. And they still do not believe, the unbelievers.

This was the first of many groups and individuals that I would welcome at the airport and they all do the same, to the letter. For just a few months of common experience of the horrors, they acquired common characteristics, unmistakable for deciphering. Just half a year ago they were so different. One more proof. The Executive Director of WJR at the time had a meeting in Zagreb with two of our leaders, Ivica and Jacob. Although this was the first time for her to meet these two gentlemen, when they came along she recognized them that very moment. "The only two gentlemen who moved in the middle of Zagreb with their backs against the wall", she explained.

I want to convey a small observation, which I do not really know where to thread in, so why not here and now? One of the questions revolving around my job at the time was the question of the importance of being Jewish in the circumstances the group was in. For example, a grandmother on father's side was Jewish from, say, Travnik. Well you see, I conducted a little un-formal test; I've asked my compatriots the meaning of this address in Sarajevo: Dobrovoljačka 83? No reaction whatsoever! For your knowledge this was the former address of the Jewish Community in Sarajevo. Some were there for the first time in their lives taking off to exile. So what is my point? It is in the statement that one should not ask questions at the time when it is inappropriate. And none were asked neither there (in Sarajevo) nor here! This is my point. And my Jewish heart was as big as the world.

As an apprentice Social Worker, I was explained that sometimes irrational behaviour of

an individual, on the face of things is no more than a normal reaction to an abnormal situation. There is also something called Post – traumatic Stress. We were obviously in an abnormal situation. On one of my regular rounds to check on things and offer encouragement and pocket money, I reach a family from Croatia, they came over through Belgrade. After three weeks, the father does not even want to see me any more, and yells from the top of the stairs to take myself to...well you know where; "where, the hell is that flat promised to me in Belgrade?!" he shouts. Normal behaviour in an abnormal situation. I try to imagine his fantastic flat (or a villa possibly) over there, in Croatia.

Since our arrival in this mighty country, our potent host Jewish organizations enabled us outings, among other things. Six times a year, each year. Following the principle "Get to know your homeland to love it better", there were few castles, parks, stately homes, museums, cathedrals, roman remains and buildings, monuments to pirates and outlaws within and around 150 KM from London, that we did not pay a visit to. And public houses. There is no mistake nor are we so freely behaved. A PUB is an abbreviation of a Public House, I am just translating, a bit literally though. When we talk to local people telling them of all the places we have been to, their pupils open up in disbelief. They have been here all their lives and they haven't visited even one third of those we mention.

I make repeated statements that it is not all that bad when one is a refugee, provided one is Jewish and provided one is in England at that. Let me support this statement. At the time Hose Carreras was referred to as one of the famous Three Tenors. 23 of us refugees sucked in the lovely tunes in the elite Royal Albert Hall. Free of charge, while the nominal price was £60 per ticket. Only few of the locals could afford the luxury and even fewer could get hold of the tickets. Who knows, maybe the average English does not care for classical music, while the average refugee does?!

Talking about people of the same origin, an overall image of mutual characteristics pops up inevitably, we are inclined to generalize. And we are so very different. There are those among us who like to visit museums, exhibitions, shows...and there are those who say –"what do I care for all this, Sainsbury's is just around the corner".

So what about homeland, nostalgia? Movement restrictions imposed by the circumstances we found ourselves in, were lifted over the time and gradually we started physically and not only in thoughts coming back to Sarajevo, Mostar etc., partly due to some sort of internal drive and partly for practical reasons. It did not occur to me before, but food and drinks are very powerful components of one's identity. I do visit Sarajevo and when I do, I introduce a kind of a ritual (as I do here in my flat drinking coffee each morning which I cook in a džezva and drink from a findžan): one day is dedicated to a spinach pie called zeljanica, the other is visiting Mrkva, Željo or Hodžić for chevapchichi (local kebabs) and another one is saved for tulumbe and boza (local sweets and drink) at the "Sweet Corner". So I am supposed to go back, at least for a short while, to my Sarajevo. But alas, that Sarajevo is nowhere to be found. It is stuck somewhere in the curves of my brain cells, but it is not here and now. The dominant reason to go there becomes ever more the need to visit the cemeteries and attend to the graves and memories of my parents, my relatives, my mate Mišo and Milan since last year. It looks like a pilgrimage to me.



There are now new kids on the block roaming around Sarajevo. The city where the street named after Vuk Karadžić is no more but there is a street named Asim Ferhatović, a.k.a "Slino" ("Running nose"). Sarajevo is building a new identity wherein a place for me is fading away rapidly and the link shifts to cemeteries and pies.

This life, initially so strange and frightening, slowly becomes our daily routine. We graduate from schools, we get employment, we retire, we give birth and we die. We adjust slowly. Some better, some not so well. When the magnifying glass of time shifts back to centuries and milleniums, it is most likely that there would be no mention of a group of people from the remote Balkans who found themselves in England in the last decade of the 20-th century, not even in the archives meant for history studies. It is a possible that somewhere a record would exist on the drama of the desintegration of Yugoslavia and the tragedy of fratricidal war, but what about us? We are only an insignificant reverberation. There is a lovely expression in English for this – a side effect. But who cares, after all we can't complain that our lives have been boring.

Branko Danon

HRONIKA RADA KLUBA

Posljednji zabilježeni događaj u Salonovoj Hronici događanja, u broju 38, bio je, da se podsjetimo 25. januara 2006, kada smo pogledali film "East is East". Pa da nastavimo.

Srijeda, 1. februar. Na programu su bile-palaćinke. Sa orasima, raznim džemovima. Navalilo raje sa svih strana Londona.

Srijeda, 8. februara. Sa danom zakašnjenja obilježili smo dan zaljubljenih - Valentinovo. Ovdašnji starosjedioci ga obilježavaju obavezno, zašto ne bismo i mi. Naši neumorni pregaoci potpomognuti nekadašnjim i sadašnjim TV SA radnicima, potrudili su se da naprave program sa sekvencama iz antologijskih ljubavnih filmova, sa svijećama, dekoracijom i naravno prigodnom poezijom. Zabavljao nas je mali irski sastav sa njihovim folklorom muzikom, onda su nam za naš gušt zapjevali nekolicina članova bivšeg hora "Seljo" iz Sarajeva. Bilo je ugodno i zabavno.

Srijeda, 1. mart. Pogledali smo nekoliko zaista lijepih kreacija u glini i keramici naše prijateljce i poznanice Jelene Kalićin. Ovdje je stekla kvalifikaciju, poželja već nekoliko priznanja, a izlagala je bogami i u odajama NJ. V. Kraljice Elizabete II.

Nedjelja, 5. mart. Promocija knjige "Preživjeli smo Drugi svjetski rat" našeg člana Cezara – Zadika Danona. U prostorijama Shalvate okupilo se neubičajeno mnogo ljudi, naših članova, prijatelja, Cezinih poznanika i "zemljaka". Mostarsko veče. Prigodan govor, čitanje fragmenata iz knjige. U knjizi Cezar iz srca i na vrlo jednostavan način opisuje svoje... Uostalom ima još par knjiga na raspolaganju u Šalvati (£7), pa ko voli, nek' izvoli.

Srijeda, 8. mart. Prigodno, kupljeno je nekoliko karanfila, tek toliko da se ne kaže da smo zaboravili naše dame i njihov praznik.

Srijeda, 15 mart. Sa malim zakašnjenjem obilježili smo Purim U današnje vrijeme to je uglavnom praznik za djecu, i ovom prilikom mame, tate bake i ko zna ko još ne, su se pokazali pravi majstori u pravljenju maski i kostima za djecu i unuke. Bilo je ica i pića i zabave.

Srijeda, 12 april. Pesah - prva Seder večera. Ovo je treća godina kako obilježavamo jedan od najsvetijih jevrejskih praznika. Uz prigodno ceremoniju i meni, večera je imala svečan karakter, a 22 prisutnih nije mali broj za naše prilike.

Srijeda, 26 april. Konac dijelo krasni. Aprilski program smo završili sa koncertom Ivane Gavrić - klavir i Helene Paskins – clarinet. Simpatični mladi duo vrlo uspješno nam se predstavio sa nekoliko dijela klasične muzike, da bi završili skupa sa auditorijumom "Adio kerida", koja pjesma je postala himnom za Jevreje Sefarde izbjegle iz Španije i koji su našli svoja ognjišta na tlu današnje BiH.

Srijeda, 17 maj. Nabavili smo veliki projektor i video i DVD i TV, pa nije bilo razloga i da ne pogledamo prenos Arsenal – Barcelona, za kup šampiona i to na velikom ekranu.

Srijeda, 21 juni. Opet jedna projekcija. Ovoga puta film - "Orlovi rano lete", po romanu besmrtnog Branka Ćopića. Poslije svega što se oko bivše nam Juge izdogađalo, a i sa mnogima od nas, djelo je u nama poprimilo nove forme kritičnog posmatranja. Ipak se nismo mogli oduprijeti neuništivo smiješnim Ćkaljinim gegovima, diviti se Ljubiši Samarđiću u ulozji slavnog partizanskog borca Nikoetine Bursaća i drugih već pomalo zaboravljenih glumaca iz tadašnje plejade.

Srijeda, 28 juni. Održano je već tradicionalno sijelo uz obavezne pite - tvorevine ženske sekcije (Paja, Irena...ja ko bi drugi) i pićence (light) dakako. Okupilo nas se dvadesetak a možda i više. Zapjevao je i ostatak "Selje"- na zemlji, ogranak London plus jedno pojačanje iz Torontoa. Prvi put poslije dvadesetak godina zapjevalo se kao nekad. Neki efekat se nije mogao ni očekivati, za taj repertoar svega najmanje dvadeset ljudi, ali je to došlo kao pravo osvježenje za ono malo slušalaca, da čuju nešto "novo" (iako su većina autora izvedenih kompozicija još iz srednjeg vijeka). A nije ispalo ni loše, dobro čak. Poslije toga ushićenje i demek, ostalo se čak do 11 uveče. Oni koji nisu došli, mogu malo i zažaliti; ostali su uskaraceni za jedan osebanjan i neubičajeni ugodaj.

Julij predviđen za ljetne odmora, a i da se malo odmorimo jedni od drugih.

Četvrtak 3 august. Uz malu svečanost otvorili smo za upotrebu nove prostorije u Šalvati. Da se ne prekine tradicija upriličena je kratka prigodna govornica, simbolično presjecanje trake, zdravica. Pogledali smo nekoliko fotografija iz dosadašnje aktivnosti izloženih na panou i, nešto pokretnih slika iz prošlosti.

I eto, to je to. Nadajmo se da ćemo u novim prostorijama imati bolje uslove, raznovrsniji program i privući više članova na okup.

Priredio Dragan Ungar

Sadržaj/Contents

POGLEDI / ISKUSTVA

VIEWS / EXPERIENCES

- Dobročinstvo je naš zadnji izbor / Yachiel Bar Chaim2,3
Charity is our last choice / Yachiel Bar Chaim3,4

PORTRETI / PORTRAITS

- Biriša Ristić5,6
Boriša Ristić6,7

MODERNA VREMENA / MODERN TIMES

- Skype Express / Pavle Pavlović8,9
Skype Express / Pavle Pavlović10,11

SJEĆANJA / REMINISCENCES

- Londonski lavirint / Branko Danon12,13
London Maze / Branko Danon13,14

HRONIKA

- Događaji u klubu / Dragan Ungar15

SARAJEVO JAVLJA

- Rad Jevrejske opštine ocijenjen pozitivno / Boris Kožemjakin .. 17,18
Komunalne vijesti18



IZDAVAČ ◊ PUBLISHER

Jevrejska Zajednica "Prijatelji La Benevolencije" London
Jewish Society "The Friends of La Benevolencija" London

ADRESA ◊ ADDRESS

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I KOMPJUTERSKA ◊ COMPUTER
OBRADA PROCESSING

Dejan Stojnić

SaLon je besplatan i izlazi tromjesečno

SaLon is free of charge and published quarterly

Mišljenja u SaLonu nisu nužno i stajališta urednika ili izdavača.

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Printed by Freedman Brothers Printers

RAD JEVREJSKE OPŠTINE OCJENJEN POZITIVNO

U maju ove godine, u Sarajevu, u Jevrejskoj opštini, održana je redovna godišnja Skupština, na kojoj je Predsjedništvo opštine u skladu sa obavezama, podnijelo izvještaj o radu, kako samog Predsjedništva, tako i Opštine u cijelini, te Jevrejskog kulturno-prosvjetnog i humanitarnog društva "La Benevolencija".

Sumirajući rezultate iz predhodnog dvogodišnjeg perioda, opšta ocjena članstva je bila apsolutno zadovoljavajuća, te je i rad predhodnog Predsjedništva ocijenjen povoljnom ocjenom.

Važno je podsjetiti da smo i dalje u koliziji između želja i aktivnosti s jedne strane i finansijskih mogućnosti s druge strane. Nažalost, novac je uvijek bio, a izgleda da će i biti, limitirajući faktor svih naših aktivnosti, te su tako i planovi za budućnost "skrojeni" saglasno objektivnih finansijskim mogućnostima, kako Opštine, tako i društva.

Nastojimo da zadržimo veoma važan segment našeg rada, brigu o starijim i bolesnim članovima Opštine, ali donacije ubrzano "presušuju", tako da smo već ove godine morali napraviti restrikciju za 40%, kako korisnika naših usluga, tako i aktivistkinja koje su ovaj posao obavljale. Nismo sretni zbog ove činjenice, iskreno nas brine odnos donatora, koji ne vide svu plemenitost ove brige, ili da budem pošten, pomalo postaju i umorni od Sarajeva i Bosne i Hercegovine. Ipak je prošlo nešto više od deset godina kako je rat završio i krajnje je vrijeme da pokušamo naći domaće izvore, kojih nažalost u ovoj državi još dugo neće biti, tako da smo prilično obeshrabreni.

Na kulturnom planu činimo napore da se predstavimo, kao narod knjige, narod kulture, i čini mi se uprkos činjenici da smo malobrojni, uspijevamo biti adekvatno predstavljeni široj zajednici. Naše prisustvo se svakim danom osjeća, ne damo da se izgube korijeni jevrejskog bitisanja na ovim prostorima.

Na kraju, uz novo Predsjedništvo, i napor svih članova Opštine, pokušat ćemo učiniti i više od onoga što objektivno možemo, ali za to nam treba i pomoć, ne samo materijalna, već i u konkretnim aktivnostima članstva i "dijaspore".

Radi obavještenja našim ranijim članovima, ljudima koje volimo i koje nam je predhodni rat rasuo po cijelom svijetu, samo podatak za kraj ovog javljanja iz Sarajeva, da je za predsjednika Opštine izabran Boris-Bobo Kožemjakin, a za potpredsjednika Dragica Levi.

Boris Kožemjakin

Redakcija SaLon-a čestita Bobi i Dragici

**POSITIVE ASSESSMENT OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THE JEWISH COMMUNITY**

This year, the Annual General Meeting of the Jewish Community in Sarajevo took place in May. Following the regulations the Presidency came out with a report on last year's activities of the Presidency of the entire Community and of the Jewish Cultural, Educational and Humanitarian Society "La Benevolencija". The members judged the results of the past period absolutely satisfactory so that the activities of the previous Presidency were passed positively.

It is important to remind everyone that a discrepancy still exists between the intentions and activities on the one hand and the financial potential on the other. Sadly, money has always been and will be, it seems, the limiting factor to our activities. Therefore, our plans for the future would be tailored in accordance with the realistic financial potential of the Jewish Community and the Society as a whole.

We are trying to maintain a very important field of our activities, i.e. care for the elderly and the sick members of our Community. The donations however, are rapidly drying out, so that we had to cut down the number of both the beneficiaries and of the carers by 40%. This fact does not make us happy, in fact we are worried about the attitude of the donors. They do not seem to understand the humanity of the care we provide. To be frank, they seem to gradually become weary of Sarajevo and Bosnia and Herzegovina. A decade or so has passed from the end of the war and it is high time to try and find local sources of finance. These will not be available in this country for years to come which is very discouraging.

It seems to me that our efforts to show that we are book loving people absorbed in culture bears fruit, so that although small in number, we are adequately represented in the wider community.

We make our presence felt daily and we would not let the roots of Jewish life in this space fade away.

Finally with the new Presidency and the efforts and participation of all the members of the Community, we are to try and do even more than objectively possible. To do this we'll need all the support, not just financial but also in kind, from the members and from our "Diaspora".

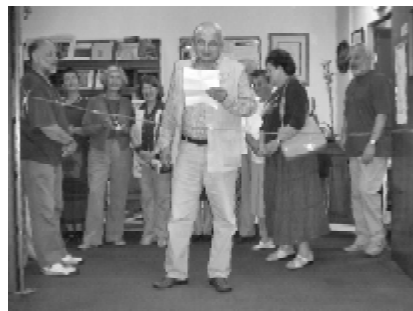
For the sake of informing our former members, the people we love and whom the winds have scattered all over the world we end this report notifying that the newly elected President of the Community is Boris-Bobo Kožemjakin and the new Vice President is Dragica Levi.

Boris Kožemjakin

Editorial board of SaLon congratulates to Bobo and Dragica

KOMUNALNE VIJESTI

Sa zadovoljstvom obavještavamo čitaoce da je **Zajednica od 02.08.2006 počela sa okupljanjem i radom u lijepim prostorijama HSC** sa adresom Parson Street/Corner of Church Road, London NW4 1QA. Ova promjena je značajna jer je prostor mnogo prijatniji i pruža veće mogućnosti. Važno je napomenuti da vlasnik prostora, Jewish Care, nije postavio nikakva vremenska ograničenja, što znači da se može u miru raditi bez pritiska.



Redakcija čestita **Leonu Danonu uspješnu odbranu doktorske teze** iz fizike pod naslovom "Komunalne strukture u kompleksnim mrežama". Tezu je odbranio 27.07 ove godine na Barcelonskom univerzitetu. Leon planira nastaviti rad u naučnom istraživanju.

Danas su članovi "Prijatelja La Benevolencije" raspoređeni na 55 adresa. Možda vas zanima slijedeće: 25% nas je u Hendon-u; 21% u Golders Green-u; 11% u Finchley-u; 6% u Kilburnu; po 4% u Edgware-u, Stanmore-u, Westminster-u, Highgate-u i Kensingtonu i 28% u raznim drugim kvartovima, grofovijama i gradovima. Ne ponašamo se ništa drukčije od ostalih doseljenika, koncentrišemo se tamo gdje su naši.

OBRATITE PAŽNJU, OVO JE 40. BROJ SaLona !!! - PAY ATTENTION, THIS IS THE 40th ISSUE OF SaLon !!!

COMMUNITY NEWS

