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NEŠTO NOVO I ZANIMLJIVO U KLUBU

Neke aktivnosti u našem klubu već stiču izvjesnu reputaciju. Klub je, na primjer, bio domaćin više uspješnih promocija knjiga, počev od promocije engleskog izdanja pripovjedača Isaka Samokovlije, do savremenih pisaca, posebno onih koji su članovi La Benevolencije. Zadnjih mjeseci prošle godine, izgleda da se počela začinjati jedna nova tradicija, koja, sudeći po uspješnom početku, ima sve izgleda da potraje i privuče pažnju.

Počelo je 26 novembra. Grupa naših članova sa malo inicijative, malo domišljatosti i dosta povjerenja u ukus naših ljudi organizovala je jedno lijepo druženje. Najprije su napravili jednostavan dekor: u polukrug su postavili i upalili više malih svijeća, ugasili neonsko svijetlo i tako potisnuli u drugi plan arhitektonsko siromaštvo naše "mjesne zajednice". Samo za stolom, za kojim su sjedili izvođači postavili su jednu neupadljivu stonu lampu, tek toliko da mogu nesmetano čitati. Tako je stvorena ugodna atmosfera nekog zaista poetskog kluba. Kad smo se malo privikli na taj dekor, Darija Stojnić nam je jednostavno rekla šta će se dešavati. Željko Kućinović - Čaja je čitao svoj sentimentalni lament o Dona Raheli i Sari; Darija je pročitala jednu od svojih, naoko jednostavnih, ali priča sa izrazito lirskom potkom, uvijek osjenčenom blagim humorom. Onda je Jadranka Smiljanić, po svom sopsvenom izboru, čitala stihove Alekse Šantića; učinila je to osjećajno, sa onim "pjevujućim" tonom tako tipičnim za mostarke koje su jedine znale, i izgleda još znaju, izraziti svu muzikalnost četvorokacentnoga sklopa našega jezika. Olja Ristić je lijepom dikcijom, sa izuzetnim osjećanjem mjere, pročitala dvije priče Anđelke Ristića.

Zanimljivo je to da je tu minimum "organizacije". Tako je svaki od učesnika sam birao ono što će čitati, pa i tam izbor postaje zanimljiv sam po sebi; Jadranka Smiljanić je izabrala "Pretprazničko veče" Šantićevo, a Olja Ristić je pored Anđelkovih kratkih priča, izabrala programsku pjesmu Jovana Dučića "Moja poezija", pomalo aristokratsku, larpurlartističku. Ali, eto, to se sviđjelo Olji, a i nama je bilo lijepo to čuti. Darija je na kraju sve "začinila" pjesmom "Uz'o deda svog unuka...", koju su svi znali napamet. I to je sve. Kad su se upalila neonska svjetla, bilo je i malo šmrcaja i neuobičajene upotrebe maramica. Stvar je lijepo prošla.

Drugo poetsko veče, kako se to vjerovatno može nazvati, ili kako bi moglo biti nazvano, održano je tačno mjesec dana kasnije, zadnje srijede mjeseca decembra prošle godine. Dekor je bio isti, samo sad je sve to preseljeno u solidno zdanje Shalvate, pa je izgledalo još ljepše i poetičnije. Ovog puta veče je započela doajen londonske La benevolencije, gospoda Milena Danon. Na prvoo poetskoj večeri bilo je riječi o antologijama koje su ljudi ponijeli i odakle su uzimali šta će čitati, ili su to tražili na internetu. Pominjanje jedne takve antologije ponukalo je Milenu da napiše uzbuđljivu priču o toj antologiji u njihovoj porodici. Tu knjigu je njen muž ponio sa sobom, najprije u vojničkom ruksaku kad je pozvan u vojsku na početku II svjetskog rata, a zatim u njemačko zarobljeništvo, gdje je s njom drugovao pune četiri godine, prenio je od Pomeranije, do na zapad Njemačke, pred njenu kapitulaciju, zatim vratio kući u Sarajevo. Kad se porodica bila iselila u Izrael, antologija je putovala s njima, zatim se opet vratila u Sarajevo. Nagli odlazak u Veliku Britaniju imao je za posljedicu, na žalost, da antologija ostane u Sarajevu. Da knjiga ipak nađe zasluženo mjesto u porodici pobrinula se Bulka koja je navedenu antologiju u cijelosti izkopirala. Antologija je prevaila putege koje nije ni sanjao njen sastavljač, prof. Bogdan Popović, kada ju je sastavio i priredio negdje početkom prošloga stoljeća.

Te večeri Jadranka Smiljanić je čitala prozu Ive Andrića iz knjige "Spomenici pokraj puta", a Darija je izabrala resku lirsku poeziju Pere Zubca "Mostarske kiše" koja je primana kao da su slušaoci pravno došli na koncert ansambla "Mostarske kiše" i kao da se sve ono što se u međuvremenu odigralo može prebrisati. I jedan gost te sesije budio je sjećanje na - Treći program Televizije Sarajevo, emisiju Pavle Šou. Bio je to Pavle - Paja Pavlović, koji je bio u gostima kod rodbine u Londonu i jednostavno se priključio paradi. Čitao je vlastitu priču "Ni tamo ni ovamo", nostalglično prisjećanje ljudi i njihovih sudbina. Po njegovom izboru, Dragan Ungar je pročitao priču savremenog sarajevskog pisca Samira Krilića "Sanjin prvi školski dan". Ta čudna odiseja djevojčice koja nikako da nađe za nju podesnu školu, predstavlja zapravo oporu parodiju na razbijeno i nacionalno getoizirano školstvo.

Pripremio U.M.

SOMETHING NEW AND INTERESTING IN OUR CLUB

Some of our club activities have started gaining some prominence. To give an example: the club acted as a host to a number of book launches, ranging all the way from the launch of the English translation of the short stories written by Isak Samokovlija to books written by contemporary authors especially those who are the members of La Benevolencija. A new tradition started emerging, it seems, over the last few months of the last year. Judging by its successful beginning its prospects to last and attract attention are good.

Everything started on the 26th of November. Taking the initiative a group of us who believed in the good taste of our members hit on the idea to organise a very pleasant form of socialising. To start with, they arranged a simple decoration: many small candles placed in a circle were lit, the overhead lighting was switched off moving into the background the architectural poverty of our premises. Only a small unsophisticated lamp illuminated the table around which the performers were sitting to help them with the reading. The atmosphere of a poetry club was achieved. When we accommodated to this ambience Darija Stojnić told us in simple words what would be going on. Željko Kućinović - Čaja read his sentimental lament about Dona Rahela and Sara; Darija read one of her short stories that might seem ordinary when heard for the first time, but their basically distinct lyrical feature is always tinted with gentle humour. Jadranka Smiljanić read her own choice of verses by Aleksa Šantić; her sensitive performance was characterised by the "chanting" tone so typical for the Mostar ladies who were the only ones who have known how to express all the musical features of our language. With a pleasant diction and exceptional feeling of balance Olja Ristić read two stories by Anđelko Ristić.

The minimum of "organisation" was employed for the evening so that every participant made his/her selection for the reading making the selection itself interesting in its own right. Jadranka Smiljanić selected "The Holiday Eve" by Šantić. In addition to reading Anđelko's short stories, Olja Ristić also read the programmatic poem "My Poetry" by Jovan Dučić. This slightly aristocratic type of poetry written as art for arts sake, appealed to Olja and we enjoyed hearing it. To finish with something special Darija read the poem "Grandpa took his grandson ..." which everybody knew by heart. And that is all. When the neon lights were switched on again, one could hear some sobs and see some unusual usage of tissues. It was a pleasant evening.

The next evening of poetry, as it probably will be, or as it could be named took place a month later. It was the last Wednesday in December last year. Decoration was the same, but as this time it

was in the solid building of Shalvata it looked even better and more poetical. The evening was started by Mrs. Milena Danon, the doyen of London La Benevolencija. Anthologies were mentioned during the first poetry evening to explain where the various poems read that evening were taken from. Mention of one of these anthologies prompted Milena to write an exciting story about the significance of that anthology in her family. Her husband took the book with him when he was called up into the army at the beginning of the Second World War and later when he was taken to the war prison in Germany. He never parted from it over the next four years, even when marching over Pomerania to the western most border of Germany before its fall. He then came back to Sarajevo. When the family moved to Israel the book travelled with them and came back to Sarajevo again. Having to leave abruptly for Great Britain unfortunately meant that the anthology has been left behind in Sarajevo. Bulka was the one who saw to it that the book should find its worthy place in the family by copying the whole of it. The anthology covered distances that even its compiler, Prof. Bogdan Popović could have never dreamt of when working on it.

That evening Jadranka Smiljanić read prose pieces by Ivo Andrić from his book "Monuments by the Road", and Darija selected the witty lyrical poetry by Pero Zubac "Mostarske kiše" (Mostar Rains) which was taken in as if the audience just came back from a concert by the "Mostarske kiše" group and as if everything that has happened in the meantime could be erased. One of the guests at this session evoked memories of Pavle Show from Sarajevo Television Third Programme. Pavle - Paja Pavlović read his own story "Neither there nor here", nostalgic recollection of people and their destinies. He selected the story "Sanja's First Day at School" by Samir Krilić, a contemporary Sarajevo author which was read by Dragan Ungar. That strange odyssey of the girl failing to find a school which suited her, is actually a rough parody of the fractured school system accommodating the national ghettos.

Prepared by: M.U.

ZDENKO LEŠIĆ U LA BENEVOLENCIJU

PROMOCIJA KNJIGE I DOBRODOŠLICA AUTORU

Club je svoju aktivnost u novoj godini započeo nečim što uspješno radi od svog osnivanja – promocijom knjige i autora. Dan poslije Nove godine, 2. januara, sala u Shalvati bila je, uprkos praznicima i prorijedenom saobraćaju, podobro popunjena onima koji su željeli da prisustvuju događaju. Branko Danon je najavio veće držeci u ruci dvije knjige: jedna je bila englesko izdanje zbirke Isaka Samokovlije, a drugo novi roman o Sarajevu, *Sarajevski tabloid*; obe knjige u našem klubu povezuje ime Zdenka Lešića. Prije više godina, negdje u decembru 1994, Zdenko je držao predavanje o Isaku Samokovliji; bila je to jedna od prvih akcija Kluba, a iz nje je potekla ideja o engleskom izdanju Samokovlije; izbor pripovjedača i predgovor uradio je tada profesor Lešić. Sada je s nama bio Zdenko Lešić kao autor romana “Sarajevski tabloid”, koji je među našim svijetom, ovdje u Londonu, izazvao veliki interes. Roman su publici predstavili prof. Duško Puvačić i Vesna Domany-Hardy. Puvačić je naglašavao postupak univerzalizacije u strukturi romana, a Vesna Domany je govorila o dvije vrste čitalaca, onih koji su preživjeli opsadu i razaranja Sarajeva, i onih drugih. To je izazvalo živ razgovor u kome je bilo i emotivnih iskaza, razumljivih u ovakvim prilikama. U razgovoru je učestvovao i autor, a vrlo je snažan dojam ostavilo čitanje jednog odlomka iz romana. “Requiem za jednu aleju starih kstenova.”

Razgovor se završio zahtjevom velikog broja učesnika da odmah nabave knjigu, pa je to Branko Danon, kao i uvijek, promptno organizovao; već naredne srijede oni koji su željeli dobiti su knjigu.

Povodom promocije “Sarajevskog tabloida” upriličili smo razgovor sa Zdenkom Lešićem, koji SaLon donosi u ovom broju.

RAZGOVOR SA ZDENKOM LEŠIĆEM

P. Napravili ste karijeru profesora univerziteta, književnog istoričara i kritičara; decenijama ste studentima tumačili teoriju književnosti na djelima različitih pisaca. Sada ste napisali knjigu umjetničke proze, roman. Recite nešto o tome.

O. Sve do sarajevskog iskustva nisam imao ni želju ni potrebe da u pisanju do izražaja dovedim svoj vlastiti doživljaj života, svoje intimne snove, svoju ličnu muku. A kad sam izašao iz opsjednutog Sarajeva dospio u London, obuzeo me je patos koji je prosto zahtijevao da se izrazi. Po danu sam uživao u slobodnom lutanju ulicama grada koji sam nekada davno zavolio, a noću sam opet bio zatočen u nesretnom Sarajevu. Uspomene koje su me opsjedale pretvorile su se u noćne more. Osjetio sam da ih se moram osloboditi i počeo sam ih pretakati u *fiction*: junaku romana sam na rame prebacivao svoje nepodnošljivo psihičko breme; tako mi je bilo lakše. U toj londonskoj fazi roman se, takoreći, sam pisao. U stvari što sam tada pisao bila je naprosto čista *katarza*; očišćenje od osjećaja straha (užasa) i sažaljenja (samosažaljenja). Međutim, kasnije, u Koreji, kada sam se odmakao od našeg tužnog prostora i zanio se Istokom, osjetio sam neku psihičku lakoću, koja mi je omogućila da to što sam bio doživio odvojim od sebe, da to *romansiram* i da svemu tome što je bilo lično (moje i naše) pridam neki nadlični značaj. Tada je roman, u stvari, dobio tabloidni oblik kakav sad ima. A onda mi se *kreativno pisanje* osladilo, pa sam napisao još jedan, sad već sasvim drugačiji roman, koji sad čeka da ga neko pročita. Tako sam pod stare dane osjetio instinski radost pisanja.

P. Tematski roman je vezan za opsadu i razarenje Sarajeva. Teško je literarno oblikovati tako drastična zbivanja, kad je život dramatičniji od svake drame, kad su fakta slikovitija od svake metafore. Kakva su vaša iskustva u vezi sa tim?

O. Roman nisam ni pisao sa namjerom da opišem i pokažem sarajevsku ratnu stvarnost, već da iskažem svoj *doživljaj* te stvarnosti. Naravno to je doživljaj koji su sa mnogom djeljivo stotine hiljada drugih ljudi. Ali ja nisam pisao za *njih*. Roman zato nisam ni želio objaviti u Sarajevu. Činilo mi se da bi bilo suviše sado-mazohistički dati ga na čitanje ljudima koji su preživjeli isto što i ja! Neki od tih ljudi su mi priznali da ga nisu mogli čitati: suviše im je bolno! Većina onih drugih, međutim, kazali su mi da ga nisu mogli ostaviti kad su ga počeli čitati: suviše ih je obuzimao! I jedan i drugi sud primam kao kompliment.

P. U knjizi se značajan prostor posvećuje Jevrejskoj opštini u Sarajevu. Koliko je to stvarna percepcija njene uloge, a koliko ima simboličnog značenja?

O. Oko tih poglavlja romana imao sam neku nelagodu. Pitao sam se koliko je sve to tako bilo? A onda mi je neki dan Jakica Finči dao svoju ocjenu: “Pročitao sam vam knjigu, jako je dobra!”. Pitao sam ga za mišljenje o tom “jevrejskom djelu”. “Sve je tačno!”, odgovorio je! (“Otkud on za ovo zna?”), kaže da je sam sebe ponekad pitao. “Malo špijunske aktivnosti,



malo romansijerske imaginacije”, rekao sam mu). Naravno. Sve to sa Jevrejima ima šire značenje, i u kontekstu sarajevskog rata i u kontekstu “Sarajevskog tabloida”.

P. Prije nekoliko godina smo ovdje, uz vaše angažovanje, osigurali englesko izdanje Isaka Samokovlije. Kako sada, nakon nekoliko godina, gledate na taj angažman?

O. Mislim da se vrijedilo potruditi oko Samokovlije, bez obzira što recepcija možda nije bila onakva kakvu smo očekivali. Ali među milionima knjiga koje se na Zapadu izdaju nije lako “probiti se”, ni sa Samokovlijom. Činjenica je, međutim, da Jevrejska opština u Sarajevu, svojim gostima redovno poklanja to izdanje, i čini to s ponosom. A i to mnogo znači.

NAPOMENA O AUTORU. Zdenko Lešić je rođen na otoku Ugljen, 1934 godine, a kao šestogodišnjak je došao u Sarajevo. Tu se školovao, završio fakultet, doktorirao i postao redovni profesor na Filozofskom fakultetu. Predavao je teoriju književnosti, započinjao i afirmisao strukturalno moderne pristupe književnoj teoriji i tumačenju književnog djela. Napisao je desetak knjiga iz domena književno-teorijskih istraživanja, ogleda i studija o istoriji književnosti u Bosni i Hercegovini. Pisao je o Ivanu Goranu Kovačiću, Isaku Samokovliji, zatim studije “Jezik i književno djelo”, “Teorija drame kroz stoljeća”, “Pripovjedačka književnost u Bosni”, u dva toma i druge.

“Sarajevski tabloid” je prvo književno djelo kojim autor predstavlja sebe svijetu; do tada je tumačio djela koja su pisali drugi, a sad je napisao i sam takvo djelo, pa odmah najsloženije – roman i na, vjerovatno, najsloženiju temu – opsadu i razaranja Sarajeva. To nije pojava koja se često susreće u književnosti, pa je i po tome zanimljiva.

Zdenko je jedno vrijeme radio u Londonu, zatim na univerzitetu u dalekom Seulu, a onda se vratio u Sarajevo – “da skupim ono što je ostalo od života”, kako sam kaže. “Opet sam profesor na istom fakultetu, na istom predmetu, u istom kabinetu. Ali više ništa nije isto” kaže Zdenko.

Pripremio U.M

ZDENKO LEŠIĆ IN LA BENEVOLENCIJA

BOOK LAUNCH AND WELCOME TO THE AUTHOR

Launch of books and authors has been an activity of our club, which meant success from the very beginning. This year was started with yet another of these events. In spite of holidays and poor public transport, all those eager to come filled up the hall in Shalvata on the second day of the New Year. Branko Danon opened the evening with two books in his hands: one of them was the English translation of the Short Stories by Isak Samokovlija and the second the new novel about Sarajevo **The Sarajevo Tabloid**. There was a reason: in our club Zdenko Lešić forms a link between both these books. Some years ago, in December 1994, Zdenko gave a lecture on Isak Samokovlija. It was one of the first activities of the Club which initiated the idea of publishing the English translation of Samokovlija. The stories were selected and the preface was written by Professor Lešić. This time Zdenko Lešić came to us as the author of **The Sarajevo Tabloid**, a novel attracting great interest among our people here in London. Duško Puvačić and Vesna Domany-Hardy presented the novel to the public. Puvačić emphasised the course of universalisation in the novel structure and Vesna Domany talked about two types of readers, those who experienced the siege and destruction of Sarajevo and the other ones. This prompted a vigorous discussion in which strong emotions were often expressed, as one would expect under such circumstances. The author also took part in the discussion. The reading of “Requiem for the Old Chestnuts Alley” – fragment from the novel made a very strong impression.

When the discussion was completed many of those present expressed their wish to get the book as soon as possible and Branko Danon, as always, organised it promptly. They had it the next Wednesday.

The launch of **Sarajevo Tabloid** was an opportunity to talk to Zdenko Lešić. Please share this talk with us:

INTERVIEW WITH ZDENKO LEŠIĆ

Q: You achieved a career as an university professor, literary historian and critic, for decades you explained the theory of literature to your students based on the writing of various authors. Now you have written a book of artistic prose, a novel. Could you tell us something about that, please?

A: Before my Sarajevo experience I never wanted or needed to express in writing the way I feel about life or my intimate dreams nor my private torments. But after leaving Sarajevo under siege and arriving in London, I was overcome by pathos, which was seeking to express

itself. During the day I would enjoy the freedom of roaming the streets of the city that I was long ago attracted to, but during the night I would be imprisoned again in the unfortunate city of Sarajevo. The haunting memories changed into nightmares. Increasingly I felt that I have to get rid of them and I started transforming them to *fiction*: I threw my unbearable psychological burden onto the shoulders of the main character in the novel. It made my life easier for me. In that London Phase the novel was almost writing itself. Actually, my writing at that time was simply pure *catharsis*; purification of the feeling of fear (horror) and pity (self-pity). But, later in Korea, when I moved away from our sad region and when I was enthralled by the East I felt a kind of spiritual ease. This enabled me to detach from my experiences and to *novelise* them, attributing to everything private (mine and ours) significance surpassing the private element. That is, really, when the novel was created in its present tabloid form. And then *creative writing* started appealing to me and I wrote another, completely different novel waiting to be read. That is how I sensed true happiness of writing at my advanced age.

Q: The novel deals with the siege and destruction of Sarajevo. It is difficult to depict such drastic events by literature when life is more dramatic than any drama is and when the facts are more impressive than any metaphor. What are your experiences in this respect?

A: When writing the novel it was not my intention to describe and present Sarajevo war trauma, but to express my *experience* of that reality. It is an experience, of course, shared with hundreds of thousands of other people. But I did not write *them*. For that very reason I did not want to publish the novel in Sarajevo. It seemed to me that it would be too sadistic and masochistic to offer it for reading to those who had the same experience I had. Some of these admitted that they could not read it, it was too painful for them! Most of the other ones, on the other hand, told me that they could not leave it once they had started reading it: they got completely taken over by it. I take as a compliment both of these judgements

Q: The book pays notable attention to the Sarajevo Jewish Community. To what extent is this an actual perception of its role and to what extent is it symbolic in meaning?

A: I felt a bit uneasy about these chapters in the novel. I asked myself how much does it reflect the actual events? And then, the other day, Jakica Finči told me what he thought about it: “I have read your book, it is very good.” I asked for his opinion about the Jewish part. “Everything is correct,” he replied. (“How does he know about this?” Jakica said that he sometimes asked himself. “A bit of spying activity, a bit of novelist’s imagination.” I told him.) All this with the Jews has a broader meaning, of course, both within the context of Sarajevo war and the context of “**Sarajevo Tabloid**”.

Q: Some years ago we managed to publish with your help the English translation of Isak Samokovlija. How do you look at your involvement from a distance of several years?

A: I think it was worthwhile to make an effort for Samokovlija, in spite of the fact that it was not received as expected. But among the millions of books published in the West it is not easy to make “a thrust”, even with Samokovlija. The fact is, nevertheless, that the Jewish Community in Sarajevo presents this book to its guests with great pride. This also means a lot.

A Note About the Author. Zdenko Lešić was born on the isle of Ugljen in 1934 and came to Sarajevo when he was six. After graduating from the university he took his PhD degree and became a professor at the Faculty of Humanities. He taught theory of literature, introduced and affirmed structurally modern approaches to literature theory and interpretation of literary work. He wrote about ten books in the domain of literature theory research, essays and studies on history of literature in Bosnia and Herzegovina. He wrote about Ivan Goran Kovačić, Isak Samokovlija as well as the following studies: “Language and Literature work”, “Theory of Drama Through Centuries”, “Storytelling Literature in Bosnia” in two volumes and some other ones.

The Sarajevo Tabloid is the first literary work by which the author presents himself to the world; till that time he interpreted works by other authors, but now he wrote a literary work himself, and immediately the most complex form of all – he wrote a novel. And also it is probably the most complex of themes – the siege and destruction of Sarajevo. This phenomenon is not often found in literature, so that this also is interesting.

For a while Zdenko worked in London, following which he worked at the university of Seoul, and then went back to Sarajevo – “to gather the remnants of my life” as he says. “I am professor again at the same university, teaching the same thing, sitting in the same room. But nothing is the same again,” says Zdenko.

Prepared by U.M.

Darija Stojnić

Izbjeglice u Briselu

(Konferencija posvećena umjetničkom izrazu izbjeglica)

U novembru mjesecu prošle godine u Briselu, održana je konferencija pod nazivom "Journeys in Between" sa tematikom kako se izbjeglice kroz umjetnost pokušavaju integrirati u novu sredinu.

Ideju za održavanje konferencije dalo je udruženje "British Artists", a realizovao British Council u Briselu, gradu koji je u 2000 godini bio glavni centar evropske kulture i tada sakupio iskustva i objedinio programe relevantne za održavanje konferencije. Socialno-kultumi izraz u kreativnom pisanju, teatarskom i vizuelnom prikazu kao i različiti oblici umjetničkog izražavanja u domenu psihičkog zdravlja izbjeglica, bile su teme Konferencije.

Ja sam se u Briselu, na konferenciji, našla u trojakoj funkciji. Došla sam kao predstavnik Exiled Writers Ink-a udruženja pisaca izbjeglica iz Londona, Refugee Support Centra iz Londona za koji radim kao psiko-terapist, što je bilo zvanično, i u ličnom svojstvu kao izbjeglica iz Sarajeva, što je bilo nezvanično.

U toku tri dana, koliko je konferencija trajala, moje tri uloge su se smjenjivale gotovo ravnopravno, ali je ipak dominirala ona: I tamo sam bila izbjeglica.

Odkakivala sam od stolice, nemoćna da sakrijem bijes kada sam gledala kako se tragedija Sarajeva u ratu, po hiljaditi put opisuje na jedan površan prepotentno-patronizirajući način, od autora koji nema pojma o suštini, dubini i snazi razaranja jedne civilizacije koje se dogodilo u Sarajevu. Auditorijum je pljeskao jadnoj djeci, nemuštim crtežima i dirljivoj emotivnom autoru, koji je napravio "remek-djelo" a meni su se suze poniženja sručile niz lice. Mada, kada sam se ohladila, ipak sam prihvatila dobru namjeru autora i značaj tog filma za djecu koja su ga napravila u punom jeku rata u Sarajevu.

Konferencija je bila još jedna uspješna predstava "velikih" u odnosu na "male". Skakali su po sceni sa-braća Afrikanci, udarali po svojim bubnjevima, poete izvrtale svoju dušu gluhim ušima a amateri glumci glumatali, patili i davali sve od sebe da pokažu kako je izbjeglička tuga pregolema. Gopoda predsjedavajući stalno je ružila iza svoje govornice, a auditorijum se sve više i više osipao, tipično konferencijski do prve pauze prepuna sala a onda sve manje i manje...

U punom broju svi smo se ponovo nazlazili na savršeno organizovanim prijemima sa šampanjcem, kavijarom, livejrisanom poslugom i kraljevskim manirima domaćina gdje smo bili u prilici da damo osvrt na ono što smo čuli i vidjeli. Svi su sve hvalili.

Ima razloga i za pohvalu. Domaćini su se zaista potrudili da sve bude gotovo, do bola, profesionalno organizovano.

Na jednom od takvih prijema stajala sam i dugo čavrljala sa Martin Rose, direktorom British Council u Briselu, o onome šta je odabrano i predstavljeno na konferenciji, ali i iznijela mu svoje poglede oko intelektualaca-izbjeglica koji nisu bili zastupjeni na konferenciji i pošto mi nije dao mira morala sam da mu kažem kako se cijela Konferencija bavila samo tim kako "zapadnjaci" nesebično pomažu i osvjetljaju put izbjeglicama "iz trećeg svijeta" i da to nije bila konferencija o integraciji izbjeglica nego kako su "domaći" (iz svih evropskih zemalja) iskoristili izbjeglice da bi napravili Konferenciju. Tipično Engleski je prihvatio sve moje argumente: "O, really, it is a very good point".

Srela sam se i sa gospodinom Nigel Osbourne sa Department of Music, University Of Edinburgh, koji je sa puno razumjevanja i iskrenog divljenja govorio i o Vedranu Smajloviću- sarajevkom čelisti i o Radetu Šerbedžiji- glumcu sa kojim je i iskreni prijatelj. Ne mogu grješiti dušu i reći da se tu završilo profesorovo poznavaje izbegličkih prilika, ali kada smo iscrpili prepoznajne likova izgubili smo i temu za razgovor.

Najljepše je ipak bilo kad smo svi pjevali. Kako? Lijepo! Dirigent (predstavnik domaćina) zadao nam je riječi i melodiju koju smo trebali da u tačno određenom trenutku odpevamo. Bilo je zabavno.

Rastali smo se u euforiji "značaja" posla koji smo obavili, razmjenili e-mail adrese i obećali da ćemo održavati kontakte.

Ništa se posebno neće desiti, kao što to obično i biva poslije takvih događaja, ali je bilo korisno to vidjeti.

Darija Stojnić

Refugees in Brussels

(Conference on Refugee Artists Expression)

"Journeys in Between", a conference held in November last year in Brussels was a forum on the role of the arts in the integration of refugees into the new environment.

The idea to organise the conference was initiated by the "British Artists" association. It was implemented by the British Council in Brussels. This city - European Cultural Capital in 2000 - gathered experiences and put together programmes relevant for the organisation of the conference. On the agenda were the socio-cultural aspects in creative writing, theatre and visual arts as well as other forms of artistic expression in the domain of mental health of the refugees. Mine was a triple function at that conference. In my first official function I was representing Exiled Writers Ink, an association of London Refugee Writers and in the second I was representing The London Refugee Support Centre in which Centre I am employed as a psychotherapist. My third and unofficial function was that of a refugee from Sarajevo,

Over the three days of the conference my three roles interchanged almost uniformly, but even there my dominating role was that of a refugee.

I was jumping from my chair, unable to hide my rage while watching how for the thousandth time the Sarajevo war tragedy was described in a very superficial, pretentious and patronising way by an author who did not have the slightest idea about the essence, depth and power of destruction of a civilisation which took place in Sarajevo. The public applauded the poor children, the inarticulate drawings and touchingly emotive author, who created a "master piece". My face was covered with tears born from humiliation. When I cooled down, though, I accepted the author's good intentions and the significance of the film for the children who made it when the war was at its peak.

The conference was another successful show of the "big" ones as compared to the "small" ones. African co-brothers were jumping on the scene, beating their drums, the poets exposing their souls to deaf ears and amateur actors did their best acting their pain to show how great the sorrows of the refugees are. While the presiding lady went on scolding from behind her lectern the public withered away. Typical for a conference - the place was overcrowded till the first break but from then on the numbers were ever decreasing.

All of us were present again at the perfectly organised receptions with Champagne, caviar, waiting staff in livery and the kingly behaviour of the host. There we had the opportunity to comment on the things we had heard and seen. Everybody praised everything. It is true that there were some reasons for praise. The hosts made every effort to organise everything professionally, almost painfully so.

At one of these receptions I was chatting for a long time to Martin Rose, Director of the British Council in Brussels, about the selection presented at the conference. I also expressed my views about the intellectuals among the refugees who were missing from the conference. Not being able to resist the temptation I had to tell him that the topic of the whole conference was the generosity of the "west" helping the "third world" refugees and lightening their path. It was not a conference, I said, about refugee integration but that the "hosts" from all over Europe, used the refugees in order to organise the Conference. In a typically English way, he accepted all my arguments by saying: "Oh, really, that's a very good point".



I also met Mr Nigel Osbourne from the Department of Music, University of Edinburgh. With great understanding and genuine admiration he talked about Vedran Smajlović - Sarajevo cellist and Rade Šerbedžija - actor, whose friend he is. To be honest, this was not the end of the Professor's knowledge of refugee circumstances, but when we exhausted the list of the persons we both knew we also lost the topic of conversation.

The best thing, still, was when we all started singing together. How? The conductor (representing the host) gave us the words and the melody that we had to sing at a given moment. It was quite amusing.

We parted in the euphoria of the "significance" of the task we had completed. E-mail addresses were exchanged and promises were given that we will keep in touch.

Nothing special will take place, as is almost always the case after such conferences, but it was useful to be there.

PITANJE PAKLA

U nastavku dajemo pitanje koje je na Vašington Univerzitetu stvarno postavljeno na polugodištu na ispitu iz hemije. Odgovor jednog studenta se toliko isticao da je profesor odlučio da ga objavi.

Dodatno pitanje glasi: Da li je pakao egzotermičan (oslobada toplotu) ili endotermičan (apsorbuje toplotu)?

Većina studenata su dokazivali svoja ubjeđenja koristeći Bojlov zakon (gas se hladi pri širenju, a zagrijava pod pritiskom) ili neku od varijanti istog.

Jedan student, međutim, napisao je sljedeće:

Prvo treba da ustanovimo kakve su promjene s vremenom u masi pakla. Za to nam je potreban podatak o intenzitetu kojim duše ulaze i napuštaju pakao. Mislim da sa sigurnošću možemo reći da duša koja ude, nikada ne napušta pakao. Stoga, niti jedna duša ne izlazi iz pakla. Što se tiče podatka koliko duša ulazi u pakao, pogledajmo razne religije koje danas postoje na svijetu. Neke od njih tvrde da ako ne pripadaš toj vjeri, ideš u pakao. Uzevši u obzir postojeće procene porođaja i smrtnosti, očekivati je eksponentno povećanje broja duša u paklu.

Sada, pogledajmo brzinu promjene volumena pakla jer Bojlov zakon kaže da kako bi temperatura i pritisak u paklu ostali isti potrebno je da se volumen pakla povećava proporcionalno prilivu duša. Ovo pruža dvije mogućnosti:

- 1 Ako se volumen pakla povećava sporije od priliva duša, tada će se temperatura i pritisak u paklu povećavati sve dok se pakao ne rasprši.
- 2 Svakako, ako se pakao širi brže od priliva duša, tada će temperatura i pritisak u paklu opasti do potpunog smrzavanja.

Šta je dakle od to dvoje ispravno? Ako prihvatimo izjavu koju sam, dok sam bio brucoš, dobio od gđice Terese Banyan "... da će prije pakao da se ohladi nego ti dozvolim da sa mnom spavaš", i ako uzmemo u obzir da još uvijek nisam uspio imati sa njom seksualne odnose, onda mogućnost br. 2 ne može biti istinita pa sam zato siguran da je pakao egzoterman i da se neće smrznuti.

Navedeni student je jedini dobio ocjenu "A"

THE QUESTION OF HELL

The following is an actual Question given on University of Washington chemistry midterm. The answer by one student was so "profound" that the professor shared it.

Bonus question: Is Hell exothermic (gives off heat) or endothermic (absorbs heat)?

Most of the students wrote proofs of their beliefs using Boyle's Law (gas cools off when it expands and heats up when it is compressed) or some variant.

One student, however, wrote the following:

First we need to know how the mass of Hell is changing in time. So we need to know the rate that souls are moving into Hell and the rate they are leaving. I think that we can safely assume that once a soul gets to Hell, it will not leave. Therefore, no souls are leaving. As for how many souls are entering Hell, let's look at the different religions that exist in the world today. Some of these religions state that if you are not a member of their religion, you will go to Hell. With birth and death rates as they are, we can expect the number of souls in Hell to increase exponentially.

Now, we look at the rate of change of the volume in Hell because Boyle's Law states that in order for the temperature and pressure in Hell to stay the same, the volume of Hell has to expand proportionately as souls are added. This gives two possibilities:

1. If Hell is expanding at a slower rate than the rate at which souls enter Hell, then the temperature and pressure in Hell will increase until all Hell breaks loose.
2. Of course, if Hell is expanding at a rate faster than the increase of souls in Hell, then the temperature and pressure will drop until Hell freezes over.

So which is it? If we accept the postulate given to me by Ms. Teresa Banyan during my freshman year "...that it will be a cold day in Hell before I sleep with you", and take into account the fact that I still have not succeeded in having sexual relations with her, then # 2 cannot be true, and thus I am sure that Hell is exothermic and will not freeze.

The student received the only "A"

U situaciji kada smo svjesni da neka književna djela koja nam se čine posebno važna, nisu pristupačna svim našim čitaocima, odlučili smo da povremeno objavljujemo odlomke uz prevod za našeg engleskog čitaoca.

Za ovaj broj odabrali smo jednu malo skraćenu priču iz zbirke Ya Sponto La Luna, Drite Tutunović iz Beograda. Radi se o izuzetno vrijednom naporu da se istrgne od zaborava kulturna zaostavština sefardskih Jevreja (koju je skoro dokrajčio holokaust), možda upravo zato što je malo pisane riječi i što se ova zaostavština oslanjala uglavnom na usmeno predanje.

Gđa Tutunović, sama rođena u austrijskom konc-logoru, je u taj napor unijela ljubav, znanje i upornost i, kako u predgovoru kaže Jachiel Bar-Chaim Direktor JOINT-a za bivšu Jugoslaviju, ovu priliku treba iskoristiti da se ocjeni i cijeni trajni duh sefardskog jevrejstva. Možda naročito mladi.

Knjige se mogu nabaviti. Zainteresovani neka se jave Branku Danonu.

SUDBINU NE MOŽEŠ PREVARITI

Bio jedan kralj. Imao je tri sina: Mošu, Avrama i Davida. Živeli su srećno i zadovoljno. Kralj je već dugo vladao, njegov narod živeo je u miru, a kralj je bio spokojan, jer ga nikakve brige nisu morile.

Tokom jedne šetnje po vrtu ugledao je svoj odraz u vodi.

- Kako sam lep i mlad! – pomisli – *Na mladosti se drži svet!* Iznenađa spazi pored svog lika, drugi vrlo ružan lik. Kralj se zgrozio:

- Ko si ti? – upita.

- Ja sam starost! – odgovori rugoba.

Kralj, grdo uplašen, smesta se vrati u dvor i poče da razmišlja.

- Mora da postoji nešto čime se starost može pobediti.

Pozva dvorane i upita ih zna li ko od njih kako se starost može pobediti. Neko reče:

- Upitaj građane.

Niko nije znao, ali jedna žena predloži:

- Upitaj seljane, oni poznaju svakakvih trava, i može biti da će neko od njih znati da ti odgovori.

Nisu znali, ali jedan starac reče:

- Ja znam odgovor, slušaj dobro šta ću ti reći: Ne, ne postoje trave kojima se može pobediti starost, ali vrlo daleko odavde postoji jedna planina, a na planini izvor voda koja ti može dati život ili zadržati mladost zauvek, ipak, može ti ispuniti samo jednu od te dve želje, obe nikako! Ovaj je izvor veoma dobro čuvan. Pošalji mi svog sina i ja ću mu reći šta mu je činiti, ali da znaš, tvoj sin me mora sam naći. Ako je sposoban, naći će me, ako nije- ništa mu ne vredi. Kralj se silno obradova. Čim je stigao u dvor, pozva najstarijeg sina i posla ga na put.

Moša je tražio cele nedelje i umorivši se vrati se kući.

Avram, srednji kraljev sin, je išao ovamo-onamo tražeći starca čitave četiri nedelje i ne našavši ga vrati se kući.

Najzad se i najmlađi sin opremi da pode na put. David je imao dadilju koja ga je mnogo voljela, i znajući da David najviše voli kolačiće sa orasima, ona mu pripremi veliku količinu da mu ne bi nedostajali dok bude putovao.

David pode tražeći na sve strane starca. Jednog dana nađe se pred vrlo velikom šumom. U podne David sede pod jedno drvo da štogod pojede i malo se odmori, no kako beše umoran, san ga prevari i on zaspao. Kada se probudio zaželeo je da se zaslađi kolačićima i iznenadi se mnogo jer je nedostajala polovina kolačića. Slijedeću noć je proveo pod povećim drvetom. Probudivši se ustanovi da je količina kolačića još manja no prethodne večeri. David je bio zbunjen. U podne odluči da uhvati lopova. Lećice i praviće se da spava, pa kad se lopov pojavi, on će ga lako uhvatiti.

Rečeno – učinjeno. Lopov je bio baš onaj starac koga je David tražio, i kad David naglo otvorio oči i zgrabi ga za ruku, starac se nasmeja i reče:

- Ah, uhvatio si me, mnogo su mi se sviđeli kolačići! Pa, hajde da ti pokažem put: Poći ćeš ovim putem, sve dok ne dođeš do jedne kućice u kojoj živi jedna žena, ona će ti reći šta ti treba. S Bogom pošao!

David lako nade ženu. Ona mu reče:

- Na tri dana odavde nalazi se izvor života. Znaš već da ga dobro čuvaju, pa ćeš zato poneti: četiri ovce, dve kokoše, jedno veće ugojeno pile i ovaj mač, koji ću ti dati da njime ubiješ

aždaju. Kada dođeš do prve kapije, četiri lava će jurmiti na tebe, a ti im baci četiri ovce, oni će se njima zabaviti a ti prodi. Kod druge kapije, dva orla će se ustremiti na tebe, a ti im kokoši baci, oni će se njima zabaviti, a ti prodi. Kod treće kapije, zmija će se uspraviti da te ujede, a ti joj baci pile ugojeno, ona će se njime zabaviti a ti prodi. Tako zabavljeni oni neće probuditi aždaju, pa ti budi pritrči i ovim mačem glavu joj odseci, zatim najbrže što možeš, zahvati vodu pre no što aždajina krv dospe u vodu, jer će ta krv vodu zatrovati i oduzeti joj moć za hiljadu godina.

Kraljević David srdačno zahvali ženi i pode istog časa.

Za tri dana stiže do planine. Približi se prvoj kapiji, a četiri lava jurmu na njega, on im brzo baci četiri ovce, lavovi ih zgrabiše, a on prode. Na drugoj kapiji orlovi se ustremiše na njega, on im baci kokoši koje orlovi zgrabiše a on prode kroz drugu kapiju. Na trećoj zmija se uspravi razjapivši čeljust, spremna da ga ujede, on joj brzo baci pile ugojeno, pa kad ga ona zgrabi David prode i kroz treću kapiju i nade se pred usnulom aždajom; manu sabljom i odsječe joj glavu.

Zatim najbrže što može zahvati vodu u sud koji je poneo i pode kući. U međuvremenu, kralj koji beše siguran da je David našao izvor jer je već bilo prošlo tri meseca kako je otišao sa nestrpljenjem iščekivaoše njegov povratak stojeći na prozoru i kad ga je konačno ugledao od silnog nestrpljenja potrča niz stepenice Davidu u susret okliznu se, pade i ostade da leži na dnu stepenica. Svi se okupiše oko njega. Dodoše lekari, pogledaše ga i rekoše:

- Nema mu spasa!

U tom trenu ude David:

- Gospodine oče, šta da učinim – hoćeš li da ti spasem život ili ćeš radije da umreš mlad?

- Život – sa mukom procedi kralj.

David usu vodu života kojom će okupati kralja u lavor. Kada je kralj pogledao u vodu, ružno lice starosti mu se rugalo sa dna lavora.

Aware that some literary works considered by us of special importance are not accessible to all our readers we have decided to occasionally publish chapters from such work with a translation into English.

Our selection for this issue is a slightly abbreviated version of one of the short stories from *Ya sponto la Luna* (The Moon is Rising), a collection by Ms. Drita Tutunovic. This is a valuable effort to save from oblivion the cultural heritage of Sephardic Jews (which was almost destroyed by the Holocaust) probably due to the fact that this is mainly oral and not written tradition.

Born in an Austrian concentration camp, Ms. Tutunovic worked on this book with considerable knowledge, love and eagerness. In his preface to the book, Mr Yechiel Bar-Chaim, JDC Country Director for the Former Yugoslavia, invites readers – especially young persons - round the world to read the book in order to be able to appreciate the spirit of Sephardic Jews.

Those interested to buy the book can get it from Branko Danon.

YOU CANNOT CHEAT DESTINY

Once upon a time there lived a king. He had three sons: Moshe, Abraham and David. They lived happily and cheerfully. The king ruled for a long time, his people lived in peace and the king was placid having no troubles at all.

Walking in his garden, he saw his reflection in the well.

How handsome and young I am! – He thought – *The world rests on youth!* But there, next to his image he noticed another very ugly appearance. The king was disgusted.

- Who are you? – He asked.

- I am old age! – Replied the monster.

Utterly terrified he went back to the palace and he started thinking.

- There must be something to conquer old age.

He summoned his courtiers and asked them if anybody knew how old age could be conquered. Somebody said:

- Ask the citizens.

They did not know, but a woman suggested:

- Ask the peasants. They are familiar with all kinds of herbs and somebody might be able to give you an answer.

They did not know, but an old man said:

- I know the answer, listen carefully. There are no herbs to overpower old age, but very far from here there is a mountain. On that mountain there is a spring of water, which can either give you life or keep your youth forever. It can, nevertheless, fulfil only one of the two wishes, by no means both of them. This spring is efficiently guarded. Send me your son and I will tell him what to do, but your son has to be able to find me, because I will not tell you my ways. If he is capable, he will find me, if not – there is nothing to help him..

This made the king very happy. As soon as he got to the palace he summoned his oldest son and sent him off.

Moshe walked and searched for a week and ... getting tired he went back home!

Abraham, the king's second son went hither and thither for four long weeks but not finding the old man he went back home.

Finally, the youngest son got ready to go. David had a nanny who loved him dearly and knowing how much he liked her walnut biscuits she baked a large quantity to last for a long time.

David started and looked for the old man all over the place. One day he reached the edge of a huge forest. By noon David sat underneath a tree to have something to eat and to take a rest, but as he was tired he fell asleep. When he woke up he wanted to take some biscuits. He was surprised to find that half of them were missing.

He spent the next night under a large tree and when he woke up he found out that the quantity of biscuits was even smaller than the evening before. David was bewildered.

At noon, he decided to catch the thief. He decided to lie down and pretend to be asleep, thinking that it would be easy to catch the thief when he comes.

No sooner said than done. The thief was that old man whom David was looking for. When David suddenly opened his eyes he grabbed him by his hand. The old man laughed and said:

- So, you have caught me. The biscuits are so good! Well, let me show you the way. Take this path and you will come to a hut in which a woman lives. She will tell you what to do. God be with you!

David had no problems finding the woman. She told him:

- It will take you three days to get to the spring of life. It is well guarded. Take with you four sheep, two hens a large fat chicken and this sword to kill the dragon with. At the first gate four lions will attack you. Throw these four sheep to them. They will be occupied and you will be able to pass. At the second gate two eagles will dive at you. Throw the hens to them. They will be occupied and you will be able to pass. At the third gate the snake will straighten up to bite you. Throw the large fat chicken to it. The snake will be occupied and you should be able to pass. Occupied in this way they will not wake up the dragon. Run quickly and cut off its head with this sword and then hurry to take water before the dragon's blood reaches the spring, because the blood will poison the water depriving it of its power for one thousand years. David thanked the woman and started off.

David arrived at the mountain in three days. He approached the first gate and the four lions attacked him. He quickly threw the four sheep. The lions seized them and he passed. At the second gate the eagles dived at him. He threw the hens. The eagles grabbed and he passed through the second gate. At the third gate the snake straightened up opening its jaws wide, ready to bite him. He quickly threw over the chicken, and when the snake caught it David went through the third gate and found himself in front of the sleeping dragon. He hit with the sword and cut its head off.

Then as quickly as he could he scooped the water into the dish he brought with him and started back home. In the meantime, the king who was sure that David found the spring because it was more than three months since his departure, was impatient waiting for his return. Standing by the window he saw David coming and started running down the stairs with impatience. Slipping, he fell and lay not moving at the bottom of the stairs. Everybody gathered round him. Doctors who checked him up said:

- He cannot be saved!

At that moment David came in.

- Father, my lord, what do you want me to do? Do you want me to save your life or would you rather prefer to die young?

- *Life* – the king uttered with an effort.

David poured the water of life into the washbowl to wash the king. When the king looked into the water, the ugly face of old age mocked him from the bottom.

PIŠITE NAM

Prije izvjesnog vremena redakcija "SaLona" me promovirala za urednika omladinske rubrike i normalno je bilo da se osjećam počastvovanim, ali u isto vrijeme i obaveznim da na stranicama "SaLona" potražim saradnike među omladincima i omladinkama koji bi trebalo svojim prilozima da popune prostor za omladinsku rubriku.

Znao sam odmah da neće biti mnogo onih koji žele da saraduju, ili koji jednostavno nemaju afiniteta prema pisanju, ali da neću naći nikoga djelovalo je pomalo zabrinjavajuće. Ne bih sada tražio razloge za ovakav stav, jer ih ima i previše i mogu se objasniti na bezbroj načina. Mi smo uvijek mislili, a to je stav redakcije i danas da "SaLon" treba da bude otvoren za sve naše članove koji su sticajem okolnosti napustili bivšu nam domovinu i sada žive širom zemaljske kugle, a tako i za one koji su ostali na prostorima bivše Jugoslavije. Ovo je dobar povod da pozovemo sve naše poznanike i prijatelje da postanu aktivni saradnici SaLona i da njihovoj djeci, prvenstveno njihovoj djeci, koja im se već pomalo otimaju, koja žive jedan drugačiji život i cijene neke druge vrijednosti, ponudimo prostor da objave svoja razmišljanja, svoje literarne radove, ili nešto drugo što bi interesovalo sve nas, a naročito njihove vršnjake.

Možda ćemo na ovaj način saznati šta je to što interesuje našu omladinu u Izraelu, Jugoslaviji, Bosni, Kanadi, Hrvatskoj, Španiji, Americi, Francuskoj i svim onim zemljama u kojima sada žive, a to je i dobar razlog da održimo kontakte jedni sa drugima i osvježimo neka davna poznanstva i prijateljstva preko stranica "SaLona". Iskreno se nadam da ovaj poziv omladini za saradnju neće ostati bez odgovora, jer poznavajući vaše roditelje, ne vjerujem da među vama nema takvih koji, mogu napisati prekrasne priče i sve nas obogatiti jednim novim saznanjem i ponuditi nam jedno ljepše i plemenitije shvatanje života kojim živimo, jer na kraju krajeva vi ste ti koji će iscrtati vlastitu sliku života i promovirati vrijednosti u kojima ćete živjeti. Ako ostanem bez vaših priloga ja ću morati pisati na stranicama koje su predviđene za vaše priloge. Nije da ja nemam šta da pišem, ali jednostavno ono što mene interesira ne interesira moju djecu i to je normalno, jer oni žive jedan život u sredini koja se drastično razlikuje od one u kojoj sam ja odrastao i u kojoj sam formirao svoje etičke i estetske vrijednosti. Ne mislim da u tome ima išta loše što moju djecu interesiraju druge stvari, što imaju druge poglede na svijet, što slušaju drugu muziku i oduševljavaju se nekim stvarima koje ja baš potpuno ne prihvatam, jer da pošteno kažem te stvari ja i ne shvatam potpuno. I ne krivim ih za to, jer dovoljno sam svjestan i pošten da kažem da svi imamo pravo na svoj doživljaj svijeta i njegovu interpretaciju. Zato ne želim da uzmem sebi za pravo da ja ispisujem stranice koje trebate vi popuniti onim temama koje su primjerene vašim godinama i vašim razmišljanjima.

Za mene je pisanje, ipak, lični iskaz emocija i misli i ne znam da li bih se ja sa svojim temama i razmišljanjima uklopio u vaše viđenje svijeta.

Zato molim vas pišite i dajte da i mi doznamo šta je to što vas oduševljava, u čemu uživate, čega se plašite. Iznesite svoje emocije slobodno, jer te vaše emocije su nešto najljepše što posjedujete.

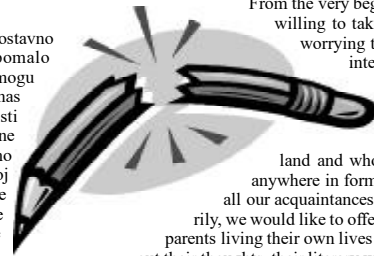
Oni koji su čitali "SaLon" znaju da to nije tematski list nego objavljuje sve ono što interesira našu zajednicu i na stranicama "SaLona" su se svojim prilozima oglasili kako neki od poznatih imena naše književnosti, tako od onih koji su svoj literarni debi ostvarili u našem listu. Ako ima onih koji nisu do sada bili u prilici da čitaju "SaLon", a željeli bi čitati naš list redakcija će učiniti sve da im to omogući. Inače "SaLon" je besplatan i objavljeni radovi se ne honorišu. "SaLon" izlazi četiri puta godišnje i ukoliko imate nešto što bi htjeli objaviti pošaljite hitno. Adresu na koju možete slati svoje radove možete naći na zadnjoj stranici "SaLona", a možete poslati i E-mailom na adres kucinovic@hotmail.com

A sad nešto potpuno lično i izvan ovog konteksta. Ukoliko ste dobili zadatak da za ručak napravite krompir salatu, a vi se zanesete nekim tekstom kao ja ovim i krompir vam se prekuva, ne očajavajte, jer uvijek možete napraviti PIRE krompir kao što sam ja napravio u svom slučaju.



WRITE TO US

Some time ago the SaLon editorial board promoted me to the Editor of the Youth Column. I was honoured, of course, but at the same time I felt it my duty to use these pages to look for contributors among the youngsters who would help us with the column intended for them.



From the very beginning it was clear to me that many people will not be willing to take part or are not inclined to writing, but it was quite worrying to learn that there was no response at all. It is not my intention to look for the reasons for this, because there are too many which can be explained in countless ways. The editorial board has always been of the opinion that SaLon should be open for all our members both those who, as it happened, left our former motherland and who now live world-wide, as well as those who stayed anywhere in former Yugoslavia. Therefore I would like to invite again all our acquaintances and friends to actively contribute to "SaLon". Primarily, we would like to offer children - who gradually escape the influence of their parents living their own lives and valuing some other things - space in SaLon to put out their thoughts, their literary writings, or anything else which might interest all of us, most of all their generation.

In this way we might find out what are the interests of our youngsters in Israel, Yugoslavia, Bosnia, Canada, Croatia, Spain, America, France and all those countries in which they live now. "SaLon" might help us so to keep our contacts and refresh some past friendships.

Our dear young friends I really do hope to have responses to this invitation. Knowing your parents I can not believe that it is not possible to find people among you who can write most beautiful stories, enriching us with new knowledge and extending to us a better and more benevolent comprehension of the lives we live. At the end of the day, you are the ones who will plot your own images of life and promote the values along which you will live. Should I be deprived of your contributions I will be forced to write on the pages provided for your writings. Not that I have nothing to write about, but the things that interest me do not interest my children, as is normal. Because they live their lives in an environment drastically different from the one in which I grew up and in which my ethical and aesthetic values were formed. There is nothing wrong in the fact that my children have other interests and other views about many things or that they listen to some other music and are excited about things I do not completely agree with - but to be honest I even do not understand them completely. I do not blame them for that. I am aware and honest enough to be able to say that everybody is entitled to his own experience of the world and its interpretation. For that very reason I do not wish to claim the pages which should be filled in by you with topics befitting your age and reflections.

Writing, as I see it, is an individual expression of emotions and thoughts and I am not sure that my topics and thoughts would fit well into your view of the world.

I would like, therefore, to ask you to write and let us know also what things spur your enthusiasm and bring you joy or what are the things that you are afraid of. Lay out freely your emotions - they are the best of your possessions.

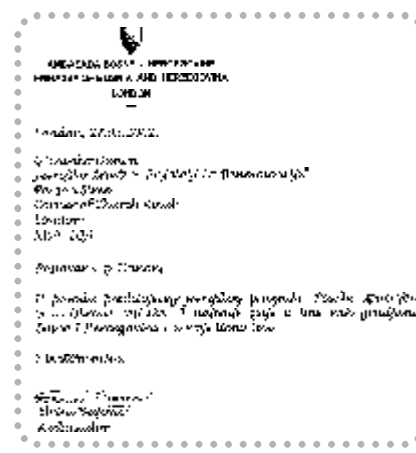
Those who read SaLon are aware that it is not a one-topic periodical. Anything of interest for our society is published here. Some of the best known names of our literature were published on these pages, but also those with their debuts in literature. If there are people who have not had the chance to read "SaLon", but would like to read it, the editorial board will do everything to make it possible. I would like to add piece of another information. SaLon is free and thus anything published is not paid for. It is published four times a year and should you have anything to offer please do it as soon as possible, You are invited to send your works to the address on the last page of SaLon, but you can also E-mail it to the address: kucinovic@hotmail.com.

Let me, please, write a few personal lines that have nothing to do with the above. If you were given the assignment to make potato salad for lunch and you were carried away by a text you were writing, as it happened to me with the present one, and the potato overcooked, do not despair, because it is always possible to make mashed potatoes as I did.



KLUB

- Avugst je mjesec odmora, nismo imali nikakvih aktivnosti, ali Klub je i dalje bio otvoren.
- 05.09.2001. Mnogi naši članovi su postali britanski državljani. Pa evo povoda da se okupimo uz piće i iće i tako proslavimo ove značajne događaje.
 - 12.09.2001. Gospodin Stephen Bank održao je još jedno predavanje iz ciklusa o Cionizmu. Kao i obično, ova tema je privukla znatizželjnu publiku.
 - 19.09.2001. Po jevrejskom kalendaru ove godine 19.09. je drugi dan Nove 5762. godine pa je Klub bio zatvoren.
 - 26.09.2001 Na red je došla i naša godišnja skupština. Vrijeme je za donošenje odluka, biranje novog Odbora.
 - 03.10.2001. Prema sugestijama članova Kluba, odlučili smo prikazati video projekciju Morcombe i Weise, englesku hit komediju.
 - 10.10.2001. Ležerno.
 - 17.10.2001. Porodica Kamhi je obilježila tri vrlo značajna događaja; rođenje unuka, dobivanje državljanstva i useljenje u novi stan. Pravi povod za slavlje!
 - 24.10.2001. Održana je promocija knjige Mirze Fehimovića "Ni jedna Gospa nema posta, samo Gospa od Agosta".
 - 31.10.2001. Poslije silnog slavlja i promocije na red je došao mali predah.
 - 07.11.2001. I dalje odmaramo uz časkanje i kafu.
 - 14.11.2001. Hajde pogodite sta je privuklo veliki broj članova Kluba ove srijede? Pa naravno čevapčići! Dugo ih nije bilo, poželili smo ih.
 - 21.11.2001. Evo još jedna promocija, ovaj put zbirke pjesama na engleskom Miroslava Jančića pod nazivom "Walking Through the Town".
 - 28.11.2001. Veće poezije i literature. Članovi naše zajednice, Želimir Kučinović, Olja Ristić, Jadranka Smiljanić i Darija Stojnić, čitali su svoje radove i radove drugih autora po vlastitom izboru..
 - 05.12.2001. Predah u aktivnostima, naravno društvene igre su uvijek na raspolaganju.
 - 12.12.2001. Proslavili smo Hanuku uz tradicionalno paljenje svijeća. Dragan Ungar je pročitao blagoslov. Sve po propisu.
 - 19.12.2001. Mali predah.
 - 26.12.2001. Ponovo smo se okupili uz poetsko veče. Učesnici su bili Milena Danon, Pavle Pavlović, Jadranka Smiljanić, Darija Stojnić i Dragan Ungar.
 - 02.01.2002. Naš Klub je ugostio Zdenka Lešića. Priradio nam je književno veče i promociju svog romana "Sarajevski tabloid". Bilo je vrijedno posjete, čak i ako se mnogi još nisu otreznili od novogodišnjeg slavlja.
 - 09.01.2000 Mali predah, uz naravno priču, karte, i ostale zanimacije.



- 16.01.2002. Promjena. Ko je došao u Klub imao je priliku da pogleda dijelove iz predstave Radovan III. Naravno na videu.
- 23.01.2002. Da li koristimo kompjutere pravilno i pri tome znamo sve što nam nude? Odgovor na ova pitanja dao je gospodin Dejan Stojnić.
- 30.01.2002. Vesna Domany Hardy nam je pričala o učešću na Bejahadu, manifestaciji održanoj na Braču koja okuplja Jevreje iz opština bivše Jugoslavije.
- 06.02.2002. Vrijeme provodimo ležerno uz ovo kišno veče. Ali ne damo da nam to pokvari raspoloženje i želju za druženjem!

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Ÿ SaLon

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O MOSTARSKIM JEJREJIMA

Mada nema egzaktnih podataka, sa dosta sigurnosti se može datirati pojava prvih Sefarda u Mostaru, a to možemo slobodno povezati sa ličnošću jevrejskog trgovca s područja Turske carevine iz 16. vijeka, Danijela Rodrigeza. Taj izuzetno snalažljivi, energični i poslovni trgovac obavljao je posredničku trgovinu između Osmanske imperije, čiji je bio stanovnik, i Venecije, a pri tom često boraveći u Veneciji, ali i u Dubrovniku, Splitu, na ušću Neretve, gdje je trg Drijeva (ili Narenta) imao izuzetan značaj za trgovce Bosanskog pašaluka. Poslovni duh ga je naveo da 1566. godine uputi zahtjev Republici S. Marka da se u Splitu organizuje tranzitna luka sa skelom koja će podići trgovinu sa Venecijom, ali je taj posao urađen tek pri kraju 16. vijeka. No, ovdje je bitno to što je Rodrigez, vodeći svoje trgovačke poslove, boravio u tom periodu i u Mostaru; to je vrijeme, dakle, prije 1570. godine a kako je on, sigurno, imao u Mostaru nekog svog zemljaka – to se logički može zaključiti da su se prvi Sefardi u našem gradu sigurno pojavili u sedmoj deceniji 16. vijeka.

Nakon austrougarske okupacije Bosne i Hercegovine 1878. godine, već 1879. godine se u Mostaru javlja, po popisu, 35 Jevreja, uglavnom Sefarada; tad pristižu u naš grad i Aškenazi, pa po popisu iz 1910. godine, u gradu ima već 84 Sefarda i 170 Aškenaza itd. Jevrejska opština u Mostaru je osnovana 1885. godine, a tad su se počele voditi i matične knjige rođenih. Od 1890. godine mostarski Jevreji su, po osnovu prvog gruntovnog popisa novih vlasti, imali vlasništvo nad grobljem "Beklijine trešnje" (Zalik) otkad su tu sahranjivali svoje umrle pripadnike. Isto tako, već od 1889. u Mostaru su oni imali svoju sinagogu, da bi, zbog njene dotrajlosti, 1904. godine kupili zemljište u Brankovcu od vlasnika Salke Čibera i tu podigli svoju novu sinagogu (1952. godine ona je preuređena u pozorište lutaka i otad u Mostaru nema jevrejske bogomolje).

Da su naši Jevreji bili potpuno integrirani u društvo mogu potvrditi i spiskovi upisane djece Gimnazije, pa tako školske godine 1893./1894. upisani su Goldberg (Samuela) Makso i Mandolfo (Rafaela) Marjio; 1894/95. godine: Becker Julije, Kohn David, Merkadčić Rafael itd. U Gimnaziji su profesuru imali i jevrejski prosvjetni radnici: Jozef Fišbajn (Fishbein) je bio vjeroučitelj u šk. god. 1895 – 1927 a ujedno je bio i rabin u Mostaru; on je imao veoma veliko stopalo, pa se u gradu za onoga ko je nosio cipelu velikog broja govorilo da ima "Fišbajnovu nogu"; Jozef Goldberg je bio profesor od 1908. god. a kasnije je imao profesuru u Sarajevu i Zagrebu na Prirodno – matematskom fakultetu – bio je izuzetni naučnik i kandidat za Nobelovu nagradu iz geofizike; Marija Bergman – Kon, profesorica maternjeg jezika od 1919 do 1930. godine; kao školski lekar radila je dr. Berta Bergman, od 1928. do 1941. god.; u šk. god. 1928/29. radila je Marta Konforti, itd...

Govoriti o mostarskoj Gimnaziji ne može se a ne spomenuti čuvenog Marcela Šnajdera (1900-1941) sjajnog učenika Gimnazije a kasnije studenta filozofije i matematike u Beču i Zagrebu (gdje je 1924. doktorirao sa temom "Pokušaj određenja istine") ili Alberta (Abo) Kohena, rođenog 1896. u Mostaru gdje je završio gimnaziju i bio poznati novinar – dopisnik do 1941. godine kad je u ubijen od ustaša.

Pored prosvjetne djelatnosti naši se Jevreji bave i drugim djelatnostima a naročito trgovinom, ugostiteljstvom ili građevinskim poduzetništvom, pa se ističu neke imućne porodice: Hajon (ciglana u Vrapčićima), Drutter (imućni trgovac), Papo (poznati lokal "Kod lovca" na Carini u vlasništvu Gabrijela – Gavre Papo, to je otac kardiologa Isidora), Danon, Konforti...

I u sportskom životu grada Jevreji su uzeli učešća, n.p.r. da je prvu fudbalsku loptu u Mostar donio Bernhard Lajhner (Leichner) 1900. godine, dok je njegov sin Oskar bio poznati sportski radnik i fudbalski sudija. I u radničkom, lijevo orijentisanom fudbalskom klubu "Velež" osnovanom 1922. godine, igralo je više fudbalera Jevreja: Armin Altarac – Cibili je bio istaknuti golman unatoč svojoj kratkovidnosti (na utakmicama je nosio naočale); igrači su bili Puba i David Altarac, Miko Kamhi, braća Oskar, Moric i Henrich Mandelbaum.



Na kraju, uz želju da će čelni čovjek mostarske jevrejske opštine Zoran Mandelbaum što prije otvoriti sinagogu na Bulevaru, nadam se povratku onog nekadašnjeg specifičnog tolerantnog duha svih konfesija kad se, kako bi to rekao rahmetli Zuko Džumhur, "mnogo manje mrzilo a mnogo više disalo – serbez čista srca i rahatluka diše..."

Tekst "O mostarskim Jevrejima" preuzeli smo iz šireg članka "Burna prošlost Jevreja" autora Nermana Pala, objavljenog u mostarskom listu Most.

ABOUT MOSTAR JEWS

Although exact data are not available, it is quite safe to set the date of the first Sephardic Jewish arrival in Mostar by linking it to Danijel Rodrigez, the Jewish merchant of the 16th century Turkish Empire. That exceptionally resourceful, energetic and enterprising merchant acted as a trading mediator between the Ottoman Empire, whose citizen he was, and Venice. He paid frequent visits to Venice, but also to Dubrovnik, Split and the mouth of Neretva River, where the Drijeva (or Narenta) market was of the utmost importance for the merchants of the Bosnian Pashalik. His enterprising spirit prompted him to invite St. Mark's Republic to organise a transit port in Split to be provided with a ferry in an effort to increase trade with Venice. This was, nevertheless, achieved only late in the 16th century. It is significant here that he spent time in Mostar while trading. It was the period before 1570. It is certain that he had a compatriot with him in Mostar from which it is reasonable to conclude that the first Sephardic Jews came to Mostar in the seventh decade of the sixteenth century.

The census of 1879, following the Austro-Hungarian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1878, shows that there were 35 Jews in Mostar, most of them Sephardi. After that the first Ashkenazi Jews arrived, so that according to the 1910 census there were 84 Sephardic and 170 Ashkenazi Jews in the city. The Mostar Jewish Community was established in 1885 at which time the birth registers were also started. Based on the first real-estate records of the new authorities in 1890, Mostar Jews owned the "Beklijine trešnje" (Zalik) cemetery from which time on they buried their dead there. They also had a synagogue as early as 1889, but as it became dilapidated, they bought land from Salko Čibera in 1904 on which the new synagogue was built (in 1952 its function has changed to being a marionette theatre, and Mostar was left without a Jewish place of worship).

As the lists of the children in the Secondary school indicate our Jews were completely integrated into our society. Makso (Samuel) Goldberg and Marjio (Rafael) Mandolfo were included in the list for the school year 1893/1894; Julije Becker, David Kohn, Rafael Merkadčić and some others for the school year 1894/1895. In addition there were Jewish teachers on the staff of the High School: Jozef Fishbein was a religion teacher from 1895 to 1927, but he also acted as rabbi in Mostar. His foot was very large and people in the town would say for those with a large shoe size that they had "Fishbein's foot". Jozef Goldberg was teaching from 1908 on, but later he moved to teach in Sarajevo and Zagreb at the Science Faculty. He was an exceptional scientist and was nominated for the Nobel Prize in Geophysics. Marija Bergman – Kon was teaching our mother tongue from 1919 to 1930. Dr. Berta Bergman was a school doctor from 1928 to 1941. Marta Konforti was employed in 1928/29 school year, and so on and so on.

When speaking about Mostar High School one has to mention Marcel Šnajder, the distinguished scholar (1900-1941), who was an exceptional student of the High School and later a philosophy and mathematics student at Vienna and Zagreb Universities (where he took his doctor's degree in 1924, titled "An Attempt to Define the Truth"). In addition there was Albert (Abo) Kohen well known reporting journalist who was born in Mostar on 1896. He was killed by ustasas in 1941.

Our Jews did not take part only in education but in other activities as well, especially in trade, catering or construction. Some better off families stand out: Hajon (a brick plant at Vrapčići), Drutter (a wealthy merchant) Papo (the well known Restaurant "Kod lovca" at Carina owned by Gabriel – Gavro Papo, the father of Isidor, the heart surgeon), Danon, Konforti ...

Jews were also involved in sports life in the town. Bernhard Leichner brought the first football to Mostar in 1900. His son Oskar was a well-known sports activist and a football referee. There was quite a number of Jewish footballers playing in "Velež", a working class, left oriented football club. Armin Altarac – Cibili was a celebrated goal keeper in spite of being short sighted (he had his glasses on during the matches). The players were: Puba and David Altarac, Miko Kamhi, brothers Oskar, Moric and Henrich Mandelbaum.

Finally, with the hope that Zoran Mandelbaum, the leading man in the Mostar Jewish community, will open the synagogue in the Bulevar soon, I am looking forward to the restoration of the former tolerant spirit among all the religions, when "there was much less hatred and much more breathing - more pure hearts and peaceful souls" as the late Zuko Džumhur would say.

The text "About Mostar Jews" was taken from a broader article titled "The Turbulent Past of the Jews" by Nerman Pala, published in Most, a Mostar magazine.

