



# IZVJEŠTAJ

## GODIŠNJA SKUPŠTINA

Od devet godišnjih skupština Jevrejske zajednice "La Benevolencija", SaLon je donio izvještaje sa osam, jer je Salon za godinu mladi od Zajednice, pa prema tome i njenih godišnjih skupština. U redakciji nije baš bilo popularno praviti izvještaj sa tih sjednica. U početku je isticano kao značajno da se pobliže sve formalnosti sa skupa, ali je to vremenom postalo jednolično, pa su naši izvještaji ličili k'o jaje jajetu jedan na drugi; mogli ste lijepo uzeti prošlogodišnji, promijeniti ime predsjednika (ne uvijek), nekoliko datuma, poneko ime izabranih članova odbora i stvar bi išla.

Sad da li je tome uzrok neinventivnost SaLon-ovog izvještača, ili su te skupštine upale u istu kolotečinu, pa je izgledalo kao da svi predsjednici pišu izvještaje na potpuno identičan način, samo ih različito pročitaju - neki razgovjetnije, a neki manje razgovjetno - to i nije toliko bitno.

Ove godine, dakle 17. septembra 2003, ta deveta Skupština je održana u bitno drugačijoj atmosferi. To, istina, nije proizlazilo ni iz "noviteta" u izvještaju predsjednika Borisa Montilja, niti iz polemčnosti i vatrenosti učesnika u debati - koje zapravo nije bilo - nego iz jednog mnogo fundamentalnijeg razloga: vlasnici prostora naše mjesne zajednice su napravili takav sistem zagrijavanja prostora u kome se dosljedno realizuje princip "što vam je bog dao i ja ću vam dati", pa su na taj dan, 17. septembra, kad je u Londonu bilo 27 stepeni Celzusa, pustili grijanje do daske. Članovi Odbora su se preznajavali u radnom predsjedništvu, a članovi



zajednice - koji su ovoga puta u zaista velikom broju prisustvovali Skupštini - su se snalazili kako su znali i umjeli: jedni su tražili mjesto najviše promaje, ili pratili rad Skupštine kroz prozor, a drugi (ipak većina) strpljivo su sjedili, vjerovatno smatrajući da je sve to rezultat zagrijavanja majčice zemlje na šta se treba privikavati. I Predsjednik i Odbor su učinili sve da se rad uskladi sa takvim atmosferskim prilikama: u izvještaju je rečeno da je rad kluba naznačajniji, ali to nećemo preporučiti, jer bi se ponavljali, pošto smo o tome redovno pisali u Salonu; rad ženske sekcije je najpožrtvovaniji, samo su izvještaji sve kraći; izleti su najzanimljiviji, blagajna je uredna, sponzori nas podržavaju. Samo je u rečenici posvećenju radu redakcije SaLona uneseno više sućuti, jer je to "mala i umorna redakcija" koja ipak istrajava. Treba joj pažljivo obrisati znoj sa čela.

Bila je to zaista redovna Skupština koja je odražavala realnost naše Zajednice, u kojoj nema ničega spektakularnoga, ali se oni oblici društvenoga života koji su prihvaćeni od članstva istrajno održavaju. Možda više ne treba ni očekivati.

Na kraju je izvršen izbor Odbora u koji su ušli: Boris Montiljo, Bulka Kamhi -Danon, Jadranka Smiljanić, Draško Suvajdžić, Olivera Ristić, Irena Altarac i Branko Danon.

U narednoj godini predsjednik Odbora će biti Boris Montiljo.

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# REPORT

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## ANNUAL ASSEMBLY

Salon was reporting only about eight annual assemblies of the "La Benevolencija" Jewish Society, although there were nine of them. It happened so because SaLon is a year younger than both the Society and its annual assemblies. Reporting from these assemblies has not been a popular assignment among the editors. At the beginning the emphasis was to record all the formalities from the meetings. Things started repeating themselves and the reports began to look like eggs from the same basket. Sometimes it was possible to take a report of a



previous year, change the name of the president (not always), the names of some voted for members to the board along with the dates and you could have the new report.

The reason for that it is not important, although the explanation could be attributed to the insufficiently inventive "Salon" reporter or to the fact that the assembly meetings were so much alike all the time. It seemed that all the presidents were writing their reports in an identical manner but that they read them in a different way - some more clearly than the others.

The atmosphere of this ninth assembly meeting which was held on the 17 of September 2003 was completely different. To tell the truth it was neither the result of a "new" approach in the report by Boris Montiljo, the President or of a very animated discussion of those active in the debate - it virtually did not exist. The reason was of a more fundamental nature: the heating system used by owners of the hall we rent for our meetings never pays any attention to weather conditions. Thus it happened that on that Wednesday evening when the temperature in London reached 27 centigrade the heating was on to its full capacity. The members of the board who had to sit officially at the table were perspiring, while the members of the Society, whose attendance was large, coped with the problem in different ways. Some of them, looked for places with highest draft, or followed the events looking through the window. Most of them though were patiently sitting; probably believing that one has to get used to the heat because, as they thought, Mother Earth was responsible for it. The President and the Board did everything to adapt to the climate conditions. It was stated in the report that the work of the Club is most important, but as we were writing about this in SaLon we will not go into details here in order not to repeat ourselves. Women Group has been the most

devoted one, but their reports have been getting ever shorter. The outings are most interesting. The state of the finances is in order. Our sponsors are generous. Only the sentence describing the work of Salon board sounded more sympathetic, because it is "a small and tired" board which in spite of everything persists. The sweat from their brow should be wiped away carefully.



It really was a regular Assembly Meeting reflecting the reality of our Society, with nothing spectacular in it but with the continuance of those forms of social life which are accepted by the members. Probably nothing more should be expected.

The meeting ended after the election of the new Board: Boris Montiljo, Bulka Kamhi-Danon, Jadranka Smiljanić, Draško Suvajdžić, Olivera Ristić, Irena Altarac and Branko Danon. The President for the next year will be Boris Montiljo.

# TEMA LJETO 4

Još jedno ljeto gospodnje je za nama. Sada se lično oslobađanje izražava, među ostalim, i putovanjima. Prije jedne decenije, i nešto više, provjeravali su nam po Evropi identitet na prolazima na kojima piše "ostali". Sada, kad putujemo van evropske zajednice, dokazujemo da smo Evropljani. Čak i tamo, odakle smo. Dok se i oni ne priključe... Slovenija već naredne godine.

U ovoj inkamaciji koja nam je oduzeta, težili smo za time da idemo na ljetovanje u inostranstvo. Italija, Grčka, Španija, Tunis, čak i Sejšeli su bili razmatrani kao opcija. A sad, iz inostranstva, opet hoćemo u inostranstvo – na Jadran, u države koje se zovu Hrvatska, Slovenija, Srbija i Crna Gora... Idemo i u Sarajevo ili Mostar – "poslom" – ali i da vidimo, procijenimo, doživimo – da li smo emotivno i inače, daleko ili još uvijek blizu; koliko se brzo udaljavamo jer život tamo teče mimo nas.

O tome, u ovom broju od iskusnih i od mladih, od nas i od drugih.

Evo još jednog priloga našem nastojanju da zaokružimo utiske o ljetu koje je upravo prošlo.

Mlada **Ana Smiljanic** skrenula je našu pažnju u par navrata na svoje priloge puno zanimljivih opažanja. Uz visoki standard njenog nepriznatog pisanja, veoma je važno da ona putnika druge mlade ljude da se jave sa svojim prilozima. Mi iz redakcije želimo da ohrabrimo i podržimo ovakav trend.

## Da li sam suviše mlada za sjećanja na djetinjstvo?

Gledajući na svoje djetinjstvo, mogu reći da sa zadovoljstvom mogu da se prisjetim mnogih sretnih trenutaka. Među ovim uvijek se jave veselje i sreća vezane za ljetovanje. Ponovo sam ove godine posjetila Jadran. Ustanovila sam da su me sretna sjećanja ponovo preplavila, ali važnije od svega, sada kada sam starija, uvidjela sam da su postojale mnoge stvari za koje sam bila suviše mlada da cijenim i koje konačno mogu da razumijem.

Jedna od stvari koje sam shvatila jeste kako vrijeme brzo prolazi. Rasteš, mijenjaš se i razvijaš; samo priroda i ljepota Jadrana uvijek ostaje ista.

Čim sam stigla, krenula sam na plažu i nije mi trebao ni tren da shvatim šta mi je čitavo vrijeme nedostajalo, i kako će ovo biti jedan od najljepših trenutaka za koje sam živjela ove godine.

Zadovoljstvo i milina koje izaziva izraziti miris svježeg zraka, potiče intenzitet i dubinu udisaja, što te navodi da svaki cijeniš kao da ti je posljednji. Po prvi put počinješ obraćati pažnju na pokrete vlastitih pluća i brzinu disanja i svaki udisaj koristiš da zadovoljstvo i sreću prihvataš sa opuštanjem.

Zasljepljujuće svjetlucavo plavo more toliko je sveobuhvatno i čisto da sa prvim pogledom koji baciš ugledaš svoj odraz dok se sunce odbija od malih treperavih talasa koji klize ka plićaku, tamo gdje se djeca igraju.

Posmatrala sam malu djevojčicu koja je jurcala uokolo i igrala se u pijesku. Htjela je u vodu, ali je lagani strah naveo na oklijevanje. Kada je konačno skočila u more, istrčala je nazad u eksplozivni uzbuđenja, trčeći ukruz, zbunjena dilemom da li da ostane u vodi ili da prvo obavijesti roditelje o svom dostignuću. Kako je trčala mali otisci stopala u pijesku ostajali su za njenim sitnim koracima, a njeno smijanje je odavalo sretno uzbuđenje. Posmatrajući ovu djevojčicu, usred druge djece koja su se smijala i vrisкала, učinilo mi se kao da posmatram sebe samu, mnogo godina ranije. Zaista je začuđujuće kako je vrijeme brzo prošlo. Sve više sam postajala svjesna kako je potrebno svaki dan doživjeti do maksimuma da bi svaki trenutak dobio na značaju. Jedno je sigurno da ne možes promijeniti prošlost vraćajući vrijeme unazad. Osvrtanje na ova divna sjećanja samo pojačava želju za još.

Upotpunjujući dan, sjela sam da posmatram zalazak, absorbovana ljepotom sunca koje se lagano sakrivalo iza mora ostavljajući za sobom spektar narandžastih, crvenih i žutih boja. Izdužene grane drveća na obali - otklonjene u pravcu sunca - izgledaju žive i kao da žele da ga prihvate. No, poput mene, moraće sačekati novi dan.

Iscrpljena od besposličarenja na obali sa velikim naporom sam pošla u krevet to veče. Svjesna sam toga da to znači još jedan dan manje prije kretanja u pravcu zagađenih, prenapučenih i kišnih ulica Londona, koje me iščekuju na povratku kući. Ipak, nije za očekivati da možemo ovako zauvijek živjeti, no ja se vraćam sa osmijehom na licu, znajući da ću naredne godine da se ponovo vratim ovoj zemlji koja me ostavlja bez daha.



# SUMMER THEME 5

Another summer that the Lord gave us is behind. Nowadays, among other things, we express our newly found freedoms by travelling. A decade ago and a bit more, throughout Europe, our identity was checked at gates marked with "Others". Today, when we travel outside the boundaries of the EU we declare ourselves as Europeans. Even, where we originate from. Until the time they join in... Slovenia, the next year already. In the incarnation that was taken away from us, we were inclined to go abroad for our holydays. Italy, Greece, Spain, Tunisia, even the Seychelles were contemplated. And now, from abroad, we want to go abroad – to the Adriatic, to countries now called Croatia, Slovenia, Serbia & Montenegro.... We travel to Sarajevo or Mostar, on "business", but also to see, judge, experience - whether we are emotionally and otherwise far or still close; how fast we are drifting away, because life over there goes on without our involvement. These you will find in this edition: From the experienced and from the young, from us and from others.

Here is another contribution to our effort to summarize our impressions from the summer that has just gone by.

Young **Ana Smiljanic** has turned our attention to her perceptive writings a couple of times by now. In addition to the high standard of her uninhibited writings, it is as important that she incites other young people to come forward with their thoughts and feelings. We, the editing board want to encourage and support this trend.

## Am I too young for memories of my childhood?

Looking back on my childhood, I can say that I'm lucky to be able to retrieve many joyful memories. Among these I can always recall the joy and happiness of summer holidays. This year I visited the Adriatic Sea once again. I found that the happy memories came flooding back, but most importantly now that I am older, there are many things which I was too young to appreciate and can now finally understand.

One thing that I realized is just how quickly time flies by. You grow, change and develop but the nature and beauty of the Adriatic Sea always remains the same.

Straight away after my arrival, I headed for the beach and it only took me one moment to realize what I have been missing and how this will be amongst the best moments I have lived for this year.

The distinctive smell of the fresh air is so pleasurable and sweet that it encourages your every breath to consist of depth and intensity making you appreciate it as if it is your last. For the first time you begin paying attention to the movement of your lungs and the speed of your breathing, using each breath to make you feel completely at ease with satisfaction and happiness.

The first glance of the blinding blistering blue sea is so overwhelming and clear that you can see your reflection in it while the sun reflects from the little ripples which glide towards the shallow end where the children play.

I observed a little girl running around, and playing in the sand. She wanted to go in the water but her slight fear made her hesitate. When she finally jumped in she ran back out in a burst of excitement while running round in confusion as to whether to remain in the water or firstly inform her parents about her achievement. As she ran, her little steps left tiny foot prints in the sand while her smile and laughter showed that she was fluttering in happiness. Watching this girl among other children laughing and crying seems like a reflection of myself many years ago and I am truly amazed at how quickly time has passed by. I was becoming aware that the one thing you have to live every day to the maximum to make each moment count. The one thing you can never do is change the past by turning back time and reminiscing at such happy memories makes me want to have many more.

To complete the day, I sat and watched the sun set and amazed myself at the beauty of the sun slowly hiding itself behind the sea leaving behind a spectrum of orange, red and yellow colours. The lengthily branches of the trees on the beach which are tilted to face the sun look alive and as if they are reaching for the sun themselves however like myself they have to wait for another day.

Too exhausted from doing nothing on the beach makes it a huge effort when it comes to going to bed that evening. You know this means there is one day less before heading for the polluted, crowded and rainy streets of London city which are waiting for me when I come back home. However, we can't possibly expect to live life like this forever, but I travel back with a smile on my face knowing that next year I will return once again to this breathtaking country.

# TEMA LJETO 6

## KAKO PREPOZNATI SARAJEVO

Piše Gojko Berić

Da nedavno nisam upoznao jednog Italijana, ne bih ni znao koliko sam sretan što živim u Sarajevu. Duzepe Kado putuje po zemljama jugoistočne Evrope i prodaje građevinske i druge mašine jedne velike italijanske firme. Neke od njih koštaju i po milion dolara. Na mene ga je uputila jedna moja prijateljica iz Udina. Duzepe mi je donio bocu crnog vina iz svog podruma i kutiju italijanskih špageta, ali mu ja, nažalost nisam mogao pomoći da sada ono što ga je jedino interesovalo: kako se zovu najčešće pilane u Bosni, gdje se nalaze i kako se do njih stiže. Duzepe je sigurno mislio kako jedan "takav novinar" mora znati sve, jednako o političarima, kafanama i kuplerajima, kao i o pilanama i medvjedima.

Bio je to visok riddkos čovjek atletske građe. Nije mogao imati više od četrdeset godina. Kako ga ne bih posve razočarao, odveo sam ga u carstvo Bašaršije u čevabdžinicu kod "Hodžića", koja se smatra najelitnijom u Sarajevu. Poručio sam svom novom poznaniku pun pladanj čevapčića, suđuke i drugog mesa sa roštilja. Dok smo čekali jelo, Duzepe mi je ispričao da mu je žena rođena Beogradanka. Srkinja koja je pred rat živjela u Rijeci, odakle je došla u Udine. Upoznali su se u plesnoj školi i danas imaju osmogodišnjeg sina. Duzepe je studirao mašinstvo u Sloveniji i obraćao mi se na mješavini italijanskog, slovenačkog i bivšeg srpskohrvatskog jezika. Bilo je zabavno slušati ga. "Moja duša vibrira na Balkan. Obožavam Balkan", kaže. "Rim mi je dosadan, jer u Rimu žive samo Italijani. A Sarajevo je manjifiko, na ulicama vidim razne ljude."

Konobar gledajuci jedan veći i jedan manji pladanj. "O, mama mial!", reče Duzepe gledajući svoju porciju specijaliteta sa roštilja. Nozdrve su mu se širile u dodiru sa mirisom čevapčića i toplog somuna. "Super!", rekao je već nakon prvog zalogaja. "Super!", ponovio je još mnogo puta.

Kad smo se vraćali, Duzepe reče: "Sinjor Beric, vi sretan covek!" "A zašto, sinjor Duzepe?" Zato sto svaki dan možete jesti cevapi", odgovorio je zagledan u bašaršijske dućane, ašćinice i čevabdžinice.

Ah, ti ludi stranci, pomislih. Oni ništa ne shvataju. Njima je ovdje uvijek dobro, bilo da dođu na tri dana ili na četiri godine. Bezbroj puta sam pomislio kako bi bilo mnogo bolje da sam i ja, poput mnogih, otišao iz ovog grada i iz potonule zemlje koja se zvala Jugoslavija. A sada me neki Duzepe, koga sam prvi put u životu sreo, uvjerava da sam sretan što sam ostao. Jebi se, Duzepe! Ti nemaš pojma u kakvoj zemlji živim. Ipak, Duzepe je u izvjesnom smislu u pravu: u životu je sve relativno, a mudrome je i komarac muzika. A naročito je u pravu kad je riječ o sarajevskim čevapčićima.

Sve se mijenja, ali ono što je na Bašaršiji vječno, to je njen neodoljivi zov hedonizma. Zov čevapčića!

Ljeto je i hiljade Sarajlija, koji danas žive na raznim stranama svijeta, dolaze da posjete svoj grad. Nakon što raspakuju kofer i pozdrave se sa rodbinom, put ih vodi pravo na Bašaršiju, na "deset u somunu" kod "Zelje", u "Mrkvu", "Peticu", kod "Hodžića" ...

Bašaršija je možda jedino mjesto gdje se Sarajevo i njegovi bivši stanovnici mogu međusobno prepoznati. Dolazeći sa nakalemljenim američkim ili evropskim senzibilitetom i običajima, generacija Sarajlija koja danas ima 20 ili 25 godina ima izvjesnih mentalnih teškoća u kontaktu sa gradom u kome je rođena. U njenoj percepciji Sarajevo djeluje kao normalan, čak bogat grad. Oni vide mnoštvo kafica i ljetnih bašti, povzdani ispunjenih, obično mladim svijetom. Ulice su prepune prelijepih, ukusno obučeni djevojaka, koje griju svoje gole pupkove na plus 30 i više stepeni. Bivši Sarajlija stiće dojam da svaki srednjoškolar ima mobilat, a svaki drugi automobil, i da u Sarajevu gotovo niko ništa ne radi, ali da svi troše. Sve to mogu izgledati privlačno, zar ne?

Sreo sam jednog pametnog mladića koji živi u Švedskoj. Čita "Oslobodenje" na Internetu i želio je da me upozna. Iz Sarajeva je otišao početkom rata, kao desetogodišnjak. Danas ga grad zbunjuje. Zbunjuje ga Bosna: u listovima i magazinima sve sami kriminal, nacionalistički ispadi, štrajkovi i glupe parlamentarne debate bez kraja i konca o pitanjima za koja u svijetu već odavno postoje prirodna i logična rješenja. Na kraju me je, ipak, donekle utješio. "U Švedskoj se živi bolje, a u Sarajevu se živi ljepše", kaže dok sjedimo pod jednim od velikih suncobrana sa oznakom Coca-Cole u Ferhadiji. On, naravno, ne shvata da u mnoštvu prolaznika koje posmatramo više od polovine njih nema možda ni dvije marke u džepu.

Ne upuštam se u precizan opis današnjeg Sarajeva. Za takvu ambiciju bilo bi potrebno mnogo konkretnih saznanja sa različitih mjesta. Tek rijetke ruševine podsjećaju na rat, na ulicama je sve više skupih automobila, a elitni restorani i ekskluzivne prodavnice, kakvih prije rata nije bilo, liče na one iz evropskih metropola. Nekada kulno izletište Sarajlija, lildža je pretvorena u tajkunska naselje, prepuno vila s bazenima, izgrađenih po skoroejčevskom ukusu njihovih bogatih vlasnika, gotovo isključivo Sandžaklija,

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na čiju beskrupuloznu vitalnost autohtone Sarajlije gledaju s nemoćnim prezirom. Sličnim građevinama narušeni su i drugi dijelovi grada.

Ali, postoji i ono drugo, većinsko Sarajevo; Sarajevo nezaposlenih i siromašnih, Sarajevo ljudi koji svakodnevno čekaju u redu pred kuhinjama Crvenog križa, Sarajevo poniženih penzionera i sirotinjskih kuća i dvorišta. Trebalo bi danima i danima obilaziti ta jedna mjesta, na kojima žive oni najsiromašniji, pa oblikovati nekakvu sliku o gradu za koji nikada ne smiješ reći da o njemu sve znaš.

Rijetko se vozim tramvajem, pa i tada ne dalje od Dolac malte, ali sam neki dan krenuo "trojkom" do "Oslobodjenja" u Nedžarićima. Ukrcao sam se kod Katedrale i sjeo, a već na sljedećoj stanici tramvaj je bio pun. Unutra je bilo zagušljivo i sparno. Neko dovikuje vozaču da isključi grijanje, "nemere se ostati" od vrućine", ali vozač ne haje. Neki putnici drže u rukama plastične boce s vodom, povremeno naginju iz njih, kvase ruke i rashlađuju vrat i lice. "Ima više od trides" stepeni", govori jedna žena. "ima i četeres", kaže čovjek koji sjedi do nje.

Nisam ni primjetio kad su u tramvaj ušla trojica ošišanih mladića. Izgledali su kao da su tek pušteni iz zeničkog zatvora. Jedan od njih je pušio. "Ne puši se u tramvaju", upozorava ga stariji putnik koji je stajao u njihovoj blizini. Pušač ga je samo prijeteci pogledao i nastavio da dimi. Starac koji je sjedio ispred mene držao je na koljenima mali kanister s vodom. Napio bi se iz kanistera, a onda bi vođu sipao po glavi i dlanom nježno trljao svoju čelu. Voda se razlijevala po tramvaju.

Uto se začu ženski glas: "Ljudi, ukradoše mi novčanik." Putnici se uskomešaše, ali se sve završi na tome. Pogledao sam prema mjestu na kome su stajala ona tri mladića. Nije ih više bilo.

U Sarajevu, kao što vidite, ima mnogo čega je i nekad bilo, a još više onog čega nikada nije bilo. Kako dobrog, tako i lošeg.

Preuzeto iz Bosanske Pošte od 25.07.2003 g

## How to Recognise Sarajevo

By: Gojko Berić

If it were not for a recent encounter with an Italian I would not be aware how lucky I am to live in Sarajevo. Guisepe Cado travels the south-eastern countries of Europe and sells construction equipment of a large Italian firm. Some of them reach the price as high as million dollars. A friend of mine from Udine referred him to me. Guisepe brought for me a bottle of red wine from his cellar and a box of Italian spaghetti. Regretfully I could not provide him with the one information he was most interested in: what are the names of the major sawmills in Bosnia, their locations and how to reach them. Guisepe certainly thought that "such a journalist" for sure knows everything: about politicians, cafés and broths but also about sawmills and bears.

He was a tall, ginger man of athletic build and not older than forty. Endeavouring not to disappoint him completely I took him to the Bašćaršija empire to the čevapčići shop considered to be the smartest in Sarajevo. For my new acquaintance I ordered a tray full of čevapčići, sausage and other grilled meat. Waiting for the meal, Guisepe told me that his wife was born in Belgrade. She was a Serb who living in Rijeka before the war moved later to Udine. They met in a school for dance and today they have an eight-year boy. Guisepe studied mechanical engineering in Slovenia. He talked to me with a mixture of Italian, Slovenian and former Serbo-Croat. It was amusing to listen to him "My soul vibrates in Balkans. I adore Balkans", he said. "Rome is boring, because only Italians live in Rome. Sarajevo is magnifico. I can see diverse people in the streets."

The waiter brought one larger and one smaller tray. "Oh, mama mia! Said Guisepe looking at his portion of specialities from the grill. His nostrils widened in touch with the aroma of čevapčići and the hot bread. "Super!", he said after the first bite. "Super!" he repeated many times.

On our way back Guisepe said: "Segnir Beric, you lucky man!" "Why, if I may ask Segnir Guisepe?" "Because you can eat čevapčići every day" he replied staring at the Bašćaršija food shops.

Oh, the silly foreigners, I thought. They understand nothing. They always like it here, whether they come for three days only or for four years. Many times it occurred to me that it would have been much better if I had left this city and the sunken country which was once called Yugoslavia. Now a Guisepe whom I met for the first time in my life tells me that I am lucky because I have stayed. Damn you Guisepe! You have no idea what sort of country is this one in which I live. Still, Guisepe is right to a certain extent: all is relative in life, and even a mosquito is music to the prudent. He is especially right when talking about Sarajevo čevapčići.

Everything changes, but the one eternal thing on Bašćaršija is its irresistible hedonism.



# TEMA LJETO 8

The call of čevapci.

It is summer and thousands of Sarajevo people, living today worldwide, come to visit their hometown. After opening their suitcases and talking to their relatives, their way takes them directly to Bašćaršija to the portions in the well known čevapčići shops

Bašćaršija is probably the only remaining place where Sarajevo and its former inhabitants can recognise each other. Coming with taken on American or European sensibility and customs, the Sarajevo generation between the age of twenty and twenty five has some mental difficulties in contact with the city in which they were born. One perception of Sarajevo is that it seems to be a normal, even a rich city. These young people can see numerous cafés and summer gardens always occupied with mostly young people. The streets are full of beautiful tastefully dressed girls warming their bare belly buttons at thirty and more centigrade. The impression of the former Sarajevo man is that each and every high school student has a mobile and one in two has a car and that almost nobody works in Sarajevo and that everybody spends. All this may look attractive, may it not?

I have met a clever young man who lives in Sweden. He reads "Oslobodjenje" from the Internet and he wanted to meet me. He left Sarajevo at the beginning of the war at the age of ten. He is confused by the city today. He is confused by Bosnia: all the papers and magazines write mostly about crime, nationalist disturbances, strikes and absurd endless parliamentary debates on issues for which natural and logical solutions already exist in the world for a long time. Nevertheless finally he somewhat consoled me. "The life in Sweden is better, but in Sarajevo it is more pleasant", he said while we were sitting under one of the big parasols bearing the Coca-Cola logo on it. He has not understood of course that probably more than half of the passers by have no more than two Marks in their pockets.

I will not get into precise description of present day Sarajevo. Such ambition would require many specific pieces of information from different places. There are just a few ruins reminding of the war, there is an ever-growing number of expensive cars on the streets. The elite restaurants and the exclusive shops, the kind that had not existed before the war, resemble those in European capitals. Iliđa, once a favourite outings place for Sarajevo inhabitants has been transformed to a settlement of tycoons full of residences with swimming pools built to the taste of their nouveau riche owners, most of them from Sandžak, whose unscrupulous vitality Sarajevo natives watch with helpless scorn. Similar buildings disturb other parts of the city as well.

But the other Sarajevo, Sarajevo of the majority also exists. It is Sarajevo of the unemployed and the poor. Sarajevo queuing daily in front of the soup kitchens of the Red Cross. Sarajevo of the humiliated pensioners and of houses and yards in which the poor live. It would take days and days to visit all the places in which these deprived people live to form an image of a city for which one should never say that he knows everything about it.

I am not a frequent passenger on the tram, and even then I never go beyond Dolac malta, but the other day I took a number three to get to "Oslobodjenje" in Nedžarići. I entered the tram at the Cathedral and had a chance to sit but at the next stop the tram was already full. It was stuffy inside. Somebody calls out to the driver to turn off the heating, "it is not possible to stand this heat", but the driver does not give a damn. Some commuters have plastic bottles with water in their hands, occasionally wetting their hands and cooling their necks and faces. "It is more than thirty centigrade", said a woman. "It is as much as forty", said the man sitting next to her.

I had not even noticed when three young men with shortly cut hair entered the tram. They looked as if they were just released from Zenica prison. One of them smoked. "Tram is a no smoking zone", an elderly passenger who stood in their vicinity warned him. The smoker just cast a menacing look in his direction and went on smoking. The old man sitting in front of me held a small water container on his knees. He would drink from the container and then pour the water over his head and gently rub it onto his bald head. The water was spilling all over the tram.



At that moment a women's voice cried out: "Help, somebody has stolen my purse." There was a commotion among the passengers, but that was the end of it. I looked towards the place where the three young men were standing. They were not there. There are things in Sarajevo that existed before, but even more things that never existed. Both - the good and the bad ones.

Translation Branka Danon  
Borrowed from Bosanska Posta,  
25.07.2003

# SUMMER THEME 9

## Moje ljetovanje u Makarskoj

Ovo me se doima kao da moram pisati školsku domaću zadaću. Ali ovoga puta ne za školu i učitelja nego ovamo u nekom sasvim drukčijem vremenu i prostoru, za neke sasvim druge kline pa u neku ruku i ocjenjivače. Tema dobro poznata; kako sam (i gdje) proveo ljetovanje. I sada kao i onda, imao sam muke kada sam negdje u septembru morao pisati ovakvu zadaću. Još preplanuo od sunca, mislima i dalje negdje na moru i od svih dogodovština, i nezaboravnih ljetnih utisaka, baš ništa da mi padne na pamet. A sutra valja to donijeti u školu... Ali što je tu je, pa evo.

Ugodno smo se smjestili u Rayan Airbus. Stjuardesa nas je na nekom meni nepoznatom engleskom jeziku upozнала sa kapetanom koji se zvao Dragan (zaboravio sam prezime) i u ime cijele posade poželjela nam ugodno putovanje. U Trstu smo odmah sjeli u auto. Mogla bi ovo biti i korisna informacija; let za troje i rentakar (može u Hrvatsku, ne može u Bosnu) dvadeset dana - sav taj luksuz za nešto manje od sedam stotina. Vožnja magistralom ugodna, ali duga. U početku mi je trebalo da se prilagodim na desnu stranu i magistralu. Prolazimo kroz poznata dalmatinska mjesta - prazna. Nema gostiju. Babe u crnom i dede, sa tablom "zimmer frei" čame pored prazne kućerine. Tužna slika. Idemo dalje. Pomalo me hvata zamor. Sjedamo na kaficu. U kafani pored mora samo par mještana. Idemo dalje. Slaven preuzima volan. Malo bih zakunjavao, ali se bojim. Prvi put u svojoj desnom stranom i to magistralom. Brzo je skopčao. Pomalo počinje sumrak a mi tek pred Zadrom. Ali ne žurimo. I tako mic po mic i eto nas u Makarskoj u jedan sat po ponoći. Putovali smo dakle "samo" dvanaest sati.

Moje ljetovanje anno domini 2003 proveo sam dakle sa Verom i Slavenom u cijelosti u tom svima nama poznatom mjestu. Kao mali a i veliki nikada tamo nisam ljetovao. Prvi put sa sada otkrio gdje je gradska plaža. U Makarsku sam dolazio iz obližnjih ljetovališta (Velika i Mala Duba, Brela, Tučepi, Podgora) obično na kratko, kada bi me dobro izmезetili komarci, da se u njihovoj dobro obskbljenoj ljekami snabdijem potrebnim mazama i ljekovima. Usput bi svratio do pijace, a bogami malo i prošetao između obale i kafana i obično bi sreo dosta prijatelja sa kojima bi onda malo i posjeo. I onda kao danas najviše se vremena i živaca izgubilo vožnjom kroz centar i nigdje mjesta za parkiranje.. Osim što se Makarska proširila i u lijevo i u desno i u Biokovo, nije se mnogo drugih stvari promijenilo. Čak su i komarci ostali isti: dosadni i neugodni. Jest da ih je puno manje, ali sam i dalje ostao osjetljiv na njihove ubode. Ali je zato tu i dalje ista opteka sa istim mazama i pembrinitima, isto pijaca. Isto sunce, ako ne prži i nemilosrdije (nikad više tamo usred ljeta), isto lijevo plavo more, ista gužva, iste kafane...Radnje punije nego prije, neki novi "Lidlovi", "Cash and Carry"-ja koliko hoćeš, ima robe koje, čini mi se ni u Londonu nema.

Kako matorim sve manje podmosim sunce. Zato sam izbjegavao ležanja na plaži po cio dan. Ujutru bih dovezao svoje na "naše" mjesto na plaži, ostavio njima sve; i auto, i para, a ja krenuo u moj način ljetovanja. Uvijek sam volio tumarati po malim budžacima, uskim uličicama, sa skalina, i uvijek bi nalazio nešto interesantno u tome. Da sam slikar imao bih šta naslikati. Ovakvo morao sam se zadovoljiti foto-kamerom. I sunce mi nikada pod tim okolnostima ne smeta; meni se moji zgražavaju kako mogu po takvoj vrućini tumarati po gradu, a ja opet ne mogu da se načudim kako se oni mogu cijeli dan pržiti na suncu na plaži. Uvijek sam volio taj ambijent malih primorskih gradića. Tumarajući, misli mi svukuda odlutaju.

Ipak, priznao ja to sebi ili ne, još jedan motiv zašto sam tumarao tako sam po gradu bio je ne bih li sreo nekog poznatog koga nisam vidio od davnina. Ali baš nikog. Nekoliko puta mi se dogodilo da se zabuljim u nekoga ko mi se učini poznat, a ovaj (ili ova) se zabulji u mene sa očitim upitnim izrazom na licu "Što li se ovaj zablenuo u mene?" I tako sve tri nedelje koliko sam bio tamo- baš niko poznat. Uzvao, ali tako je to. Vrijeme i svima nam poznati događaji, uradili su svoje.

Dok sam izbivao, Veliku Britaniju sam doživljavao kao zemlju u kojoj kao da nikad nisam bio. Doimala mi se kao strana zemlja o kojoj sam znao onoliko koliko se to čuje u školi na času geografije. Vrijeme povratku se neumitno približavalo. Obuhvatata me je pomalo jeza pri pomisli da se vraćam u napornu svakodnevnicu, i onu školsku predstavu o Vel. Britaniji sve je više zamjenjivao dojam povratka u dom u kojem kao da sam se rodio i cio život tu proveo.

I eva nas opet u Trstu na povratku. Sada više nisam siguran idem li kući ili od nje. Kroz veliko staklo aerodromske zgrade pogled nam se svima zadržavao na putnike koji su izlazili iz Rajan air-ovog aviona u koji mi treba da se ukrcao za London. I gle čuda; u toj gomili prepoznamo Bracu Danona glavom i njegovom bradom. A u Makarskoj baš nikog poznatog da sretnem. Eto.  
Dragan Ungar



## My Holidays at Makarska

This is as if I had to write homework at school. This time it is not for the teacher. In this completely different time and space it is for different kids and judges, if I may say so. The topic is well known: Where have I been for my holidays and what was I doing there. My present difficulties are the same as those that I experienced during the long gone days, when in September I had to write about this subject. Still sun tanned and somewhere by the seaside in my thoughts I could remember none of the events and unmemorable impressions. Still I had to take it to the school the next day. My present homework has to be handed over tomorrow to the editor.

We settled comfortably in RAYAN AIRBUS. Addressing us in English that I could not understand completely, the hostess introduced us to the captain whose name was Dragan (I have forgotten his surname) and wished us a pleasant flight on behalf of the whole crew. Coming to Trieste we rented a car immediately. By the way, this could be a useful information: the luxury of flight tickets for three persons and a hired car (to Croatia – but not to Bosnia) for twenty days costs less than seven hundred pounds. The drive along the motorway was good but very long. It took me some time to get used to driving on the right side of the road – in this case the motorway. We were driving through places in Dalmatia, familiar but empty. No guests could be seen. Old women dressed in black and old men with “zimmer frei” placards languished in front of an empty house. Sad views. We drove on. I was getting tired a bit. We stopped to have coffee. Only two local people were sitting at a table in a café by the sea. We drove on. Slaven took over the wheel. I would have gladly taken a nap but was afraid. It was the first time for him to drive on the right side of the road. He grasped the skill quickly. Even before we reached Zadar the twilight started creeping in. We were not in a hurry, though. So, bit by bit we reached Makarska at one o'clock in the morning. We travelled “only” twelve hours.

I spent my complete holidays of the year 2003 AD with Vera and Slaven in that place so well known to all of us. Never as a child or an adult have I been there for my holidays. It was the first time that I discovered where the beach was. Years ago O would come to Makarska from the surrounding holiday resorts (Velika and Mala Duba, Brela, Tučepi, Podgora) for short visits only, in order to supply myself with the necessary ointments and medicines after being bitten by the mosquitoes. I would use such opportunities to go to the market place and stroll from the seafont to the cafés where more often than not I would find quite a number of friends. One of the things that has not changed from that period is the time and temper one loses driving through the town in an effort to find a parking place. Makarska has extended to the right, to the left and to Biokovo Mountain, but not much else has changed. Even the Mosquitoes are the same: irritating and unpleasant. It is true that their number has decreased but I am still sensitive to their stings. The same pharmacy is still there with the same ointments and medicines. The same market is there. The same sun – its heat even more merciless, it seems (never again shall I go there in the middle of the summer). The same blue sea, the same crowd and same cafés. The shops are better stocked than before. You can find as many “Lidle” and “Cash and Carry” outlets as you would want and it appears that you can buy things that you cannot buy in London. The older I get the less I agree with the sun. Consequently I avoided staying on the beach all day long. My daily routine was to take my family in the morning to “our” place on the beach with the car and some money and then go on to do the things I always enjoyed. I would wander round the small squares, narrow streets and stairs. There was always something interesting there. If I were a painter this would provide me with a lot of material. But in my case camera had to do. The ambience of the small coastal towns always attracted me. My thoughts wander along with my feet. Doing the things I liked I did not mind the sun even. My family could never understand how I could roam the town on that heat. On the other hand I could not understand their basking on the beach.

Whether I admit it to myself or not there was another motif for my strolling around. I was hoping to meet somebody I knew. Several times I even started gazing at people who seemed familiar to me. In such cases the gaze would be reciprocated with puzzled expression, which could be read as: “Why on earth does this man stare at me?” During the three weeks of my stay in Makarska I have met nobody I knew before. It is sad but true. This was to be expected after all these years and the well-known events.

While away from Great Britain, it was just a foreign country for me the knowledge about which was limited to that gained during geography classes. The time to return was inexorably approaching. My awareness that I am returning to the tiring routine filled me with slight apprehension. The “school years” perception of Great Britain was replaced by the sensation that I am going home. It seemed to me that I was born and had lived there my whole life.

We were in Trieste again on our way back. I was not sure whether I was going home or away from it.

Through the large window of the airport building we watched the passengers who were leaving The Rayan Air plane that was waiting for our embarkation on our way back to London. And what a surprise: in the crowd we recognised a beard and under the beard we recognised Braco Danon. To think that in Makarska I could not see anybody I knew.

Well! That's it!

Dragan Ungar

Translation: Branka Danon

## Zabilješke iz Sarajeva

Konačno sam i ja posjetio Sarajevo, među posljednjima iz naše ovdajne grupe. Tako i treba: i stigao sam u London među posljednjima...

Prva slika: sjedimo tako Darija i ja sa Dževadom Tašićem i njegovom suprugom Katarinom u jednom simpatičnom kafetu u zgradi Ekonomškoga fakulteta sa ulazom iz bivše ulice Vase Miskina, sada Ferhadije. Kad smo već posjedali za sto, diže se Darija da napravi fotografski snimak nas troje preostalih, a konobarica koja nas je posluživala, pomalo umornom a iskusnom kretnjom sasvim poslovno odloži tacnu na susjedni prazan sto, zatraži od Darije fotoaparata rječima: “Dozvoiliti da vas ja okinem *all together*”. Njen postupak je profesionalno ljubazan, a izgovor dijela fraze na engleskom sasvim korektan. E, ta mi se rečenična kombinacija odmah učinila nekim okvirom unutar koga bi se moglo nešto reći o današnjem Sarajevu, ili još bolje, o meni u Sarajevu: šta je u tome ono “**okinem**”, a šta je “**all together**”? Ono što se već na prvi pogled vidi, ugostiteljstvo je drugačije i radikalno bolje u odnosu na prijeratno stanje. Restorani, hoteli, kafane, raznovrsne i atraktivne, na svakom koraku. Valjda zato što je bilo dugo i toplo ljeto, svuda su postavljani suncobrani i stolovi - u baštama, na ulici; na trotoarima, trgovima; čitava Štrosmajerova ulica, od katedrale do bivše ulice JNA, prekrivena je suncobranima i udobnim stolicama najrazličitijih boja, kao da neke tropske ptice žele da privuku pažnju mužjaka. Svaka od tih kafana je različita u načinu kako da predoči domaći ambijent i specijalitete, ali i u napadnom naglašavanju onoga što bi se nazvalo evropskim standardima. Od desetak restorana i kafana u kojima sam bio, prljavi klozeti - naša vječita rak-rana - su priča od juče. Neke od tih kafana liče na engleske pavove po tome kako su iskičene, ali se zapaža neka razlika. Taj kič je u engleskim pabovima napadniji; jednom sam u Warren Streetu, ulici diplomata i ambasada, naišao na pab u kome su na plitkoj polici stajale knjige, a one od njih koje su bile šire nego polica - jednostavno su prepilane da bi se dobila odgovarajuća mjera! To je sigurno kuriozitet, ali ono što nije kuriozitet i što nećete sresti u Londonu, je fakat da najveći broj kafana u Sarajevu su male galerije slika, ali ne fotografija i reprodukcija kao po londonskim pabovima, nego originalnih slika sarajevskih slikara. Evropa je “umarsirala” i u trgovinu; na savkom koraku raznovrsne radnje, butici, saloni, velike robne kuće; na kioscima evropska štampa; na televiziji gledam u živo utakmicu Newcastle - Wolverhampton sa dna tablice engleskoga prvenstva, ali i Real Madrid - Porto iz evropskih kupova; domaćeg televizijskoga programa složenije strukture izgleda - nema. Saobraćaj na ulicama čini se da je neprekidno na ivici kolapsa, gužva prevazilazi onu u najstrožem centru Londona.

I sve je to iz onoga domena što je naša konobarica smatrala da treba izraziti frazom na engleskom, a gdje je ono “okinem”? Gdje je ono što Sarajevo unosi u tu svoju sopstvenu “evropeizaciju”?

Kad se tako postavi pitanje, mnoge mi stvari izgledaju realne, liče ponekad na zalutalo svjetlo neke davno zgasle zvijezde. Pa već i ta moneta - marka, pa još konvertibilna i, u opštoj sirotinji, stabilna - ide u taj realitet. Te marke, (čuvene Deutsche Mark, ili Reichs Marke, nekad ponosa i izraza moći njemačke države i eknomije) odrekli su se njeni tvorci - Nijemci, ali nekako u isto vrijeme naziv te monete uveden je i održava se, eto, u Bosni; izgleda jedino tu. A Bosna pamti novce različitih carstava, ali eto, marke nikad nije imala. Nadjem u knjiziari knjigu priča Darija Džamonje, zaljubljenika u Sarajevo, ali i te njegove kafanske slike, sa imenima kafana i nadimcima junaka koji oštro sijenče njihove ličnosti, a potpuno su izvan konteksta njihove nacionalne ili religiozne odredenosti - slike su jednog svijeta koga više nema. Što ima bogatoga svijeta i sirotinje to je socijalna normala novog reda stvari, drugačije ne može ni biti; što ima mnogo nezaposlenih to je očekivano; ali ono što je tu takodje realno jeste to što to nikoga ne uzbuđuje, jeste i teza da Sarajevu i ne treba nikakva industrijska produkcija, da ono može živjeti od “tercijalnih djelatnosti”. Ne znam kako može; dok je tu 30.000 ljudi zaposlenih kod stranaca, toliko ih kažu ima, oni možda mogu zamijeniti Energoinvest, TASS, UPI, čije hale sablasno zvrije prazne, i pumpati potrošnju i na njoj zasnovane “tercijalne djelatnosti”; ne znam koliko to može trajati, a nisam čuo nikoga da o tome nešto kaže. Ali može li to biti udio Sarajeva u sopstvenoj “evropeizaciji”? Izgleda mi mnogo uvjerljivija cijena koja se za ovakvu “evropeizaciju” plaća: komšinica koja radi u jednom centru za socijalni rad kaže da samo kod njih svakodnevnu besplatnu hranu u kuhinjama dobrotvornih organizacija traži i prima 4.000 osoba; penzioneri, njih hiljade i desetine hiljada sa 120 maraka penzije čija isplata kasni, jedini izlaze na ulice i demonstriraju, jer izgleda nema ko drugi.

Ono što je zasigurno originalno naše i što mi tamo nudimo dolazećem svijetu globalizacije je naša - separisanost i nastavljanje, rekao bih “bijelog etničkoga čišćenja”, bez primjene sile ali gotovo neumitnog... Ta separisanost ima bezbroj lica. Najprije, (ono koje ja želim da

vidim) postoji opiranje prijatelja i poznanika tim podjelama. To opiranje među običnim svijetom se uzima kao neki lajtmotiv, opšte mjesto, ali ga niko ne artikuliše. Najvidljivije je to opiranje u kulturi. Filmu naprimjer. Ni u najbolja vremena BH - kinematografija nije bila produktivnija, talentovanija; nikad u isto vrijeme nisu radili tako talentovani reditelji, kao što su Kenović, Tanović i Žalica; takvi profili djelatnika javne riječi kao što je jedan Gojko Berić suvereno bi se kretali i u sredinama koje se smatraju kulturno superiornije. Njihovo opiranje podjeli i destrukciji jednog civilizacijskoga tipa društva je podloga njihove moralne čvrstine i profesionalnoga digniteta. I to se tek ovdje vidi u pravome svjetlu.

Ali kod običnoga svijeta polako se taloži n a v i k n u t o s t na apartezacijama. Jedan moj prijatelj vodi me prema Kobiljoj Glavi. Na izlazu iz grada, odmah u Blažuju, u sarajevskoj polju, pruža se slika grčevitoga graditeljstva: na sve strane grade se kuće; u bivšim srpskim selima stoji poneka pusta kuća, poneka i srušena, ali pored njih, takorekuć na njima grade se nove kuće, bez reda, bez plana, nabacane kao da ih je tu neki vjetar nanio. “Zvorničani i Srebreničani”, kaže moj prijatelj, “divlja gradnja” dodaje sa očajnom pomirenošću. On je poslovan čovjek, on je posljednji koji je za dijeljenje, ali za vikend-kuću svog prijatelja kaže: “Isपालa mu je zgodna prilika, vrlo povoljna cijena, kupio je od udovice doktora ..... koja se odselila u Beograd...” Kao da je taj udovici pokojnoga profesora učinio uslugu; a zapravo i jeste, i u tome je izgleda stvar.

U avgustovskom broju nedjeljnika “Dani” dr. Neven Anđelić, (nekad novinar Radio - Sarajeva, sada živi u Londonu) je objavio članak u kome analizira vandalsko rušenje nadgrobnih spomenika na katoličkim, pravoslavnim i jevrejskim grobljima i ispituje reakciju svojih prijatelja na tvrdnju: “Sarajevo je muslimanski grad”. Debate o tome ne stišavaju se, i ja sam naleto na njih. Fotokopiju toga članka dobio sam u kafani od profesora Zorana Pajića. Neven kaže da se njegovi prijatelji liberalnih pogleda sluša sa tim, dok su oni sa “užarenijim nacionalni osjećanjem” uzdržani oko toga. On analizira procenat stanovništva jedne vjere, imena koja se daju novorođenčadi, osmrtnice, sastave sportskih ekipa itd. Meni se pak čini da tvrdnju da je Sarajevo postalo muslimanski grad optimisti uzimaju kao nešto ozbiljno ali ne beznačajno, a oni drugi kao nešto beznačajno završeno ali ne više osobito ozbiljno. Ono što meni prosto bude oči jeste sistematično razaranje ili rastakanje pretpostavki integriteta te zemlje, koja sem geografskog naziva (pa i to neki relativiziraju stavljanjem u množinu, pa Bosna i Hercegovina zvuči kao dvije odvojene pokrajine) nema bližeg odredjenja - nije republika, nije protektorat, kažu “država”. Na putu sa aerodroma, dva takva primjera se ne mogu previdjeti. Ruševina zgrade “Oslobodjenja” je raščišćena, bolje rečeno “počišćena”. Ona više nije vlasništvo “Oslobodjenja”, uposlenici toga lista ulaze u dio zgrade na sporedni ulaz... U svijetu najviše vrednovana nezavisna sarajevska novina je podstanar u nekadašnjoj svojoj sopstvenoj kući. Napadno se ističu dva polukružna zdanja sa fasadom od zelenoga stakla, kao dva silosa: palata “Dnevnog avaza”. Malo dalje Dom radio - televizije stoji nekako mračan i napušten: kažu donosi se zakon da se zdanje parceliše i rasproda.

Nekad - sedamdesetih godina prošloga vijeka - oba zdanja gradjena su istovremeno, kao značajne pretpostavke integriteta i ravnopravnosti republike Bosne i Hercegovine. Sad stranci - koji su inače tu, navodno, da modernizuju i reformišu “državu”, rade u Sarajevu tačno ono što im i ne pada na um da urade kod kuće. Jer, niko ne pokušava da isparceliše i rasproda ORTF, RAI ili BBC. Ko će to kupiti zdanje radio-televizije? Možda taj Radončić koji gazduje “Avazom”, ili neko sličan njemu, a onda je sva priča o intelektualnoj eliti Sarajeva i njenom liberalnom antinacionalističkom ustroju, samo lokalna atrakcija. Pa ni sa drugom akcijom koja se pod pritiskom “medjunarodne zajednice” energično provodi - povrat imovine - ne postiče se bog zna šta. Među povratnicima je najveći broj onih koji su politički i poslovno neproduktivni; pad cijena stanova na tržištu je idealna prilika ratnim profiterima da olako dodju do nekretnina.

.... Letimo avionom slovenačke kompanije “Adria Airways”(pokušaj ustanovljenja domaće avio-kompanije je upravo propao.) I tu jedna zanimljivost: kako su Slovenci riješili jezičko pitanje Bosne. Putnicima se kapetan obraća na engleskom, slovenačkom i na jeziku za koji misli da je jezik putnika koje vozi; stjuardese, sa simpatičnom primjesom slovenačkog umekšavanja govore - da kažemo - štokavskim govorom - za koji misle da svi ljudi u Sarajevu znaju. Niko nema primjedaba, a prijatno je....

U.Milan

## Notes from Sarajevo

Finally, I also have visited Sarajevo, among the last in our group. This is how it should be because I was among the last to come to London.

Darija and myself were sitting with Dževad Tašić and his wife Katarina in a pleasant café within the building of the Faculty for Economic Studies, the entrance to which is from the former Vase Miskina street. Now it is Ferhadija. Wishing to take the picture of the three of us, Darija got up, but the waitress laid down her tray on a near-by table with a somewhat tired but experienced movement asking Darija in an expedient way to hand her the camera, saying: "Let me, please, shoot you **all together**." Professionally her act was helpful and the pronunciation of the English part of the sentence (all together) was correct. The make-up of this sentence attracted my attention immediately and it seemed that it could be an adequate framework for a few thoughts about Sarajevo at present, or even better about me in that Sarajevo: what is "shoot" in that sentence and what is "all together"?

One notices immediately that catering is different and compared to the situation before the war much better. There are diverse and attractive restaurants, hotels and cafés all over the place. The long hot summer had invited garden and tables to gardens, streets on pavements. Along the Štrosmajerova street, from the Cathedral to the former JNA street, these parasols are mingled with the comfortable chairs of many colours as if they were tropical birds wishing to attract their females. Each of these differs from the others in their effort to attract the public by their welcoming ambience and specialities, aggressively emphasising though, the "European Standards". If judged by the ten or so restaurants and cafés that I have visited, untidy toilets – our permanent problem – are a story from yesterday. Some of these remind of English pubs by their decoration but one may notice a difference. This kitsch in English pubs is more aggressive. Once in a pub in Warren Street – the location of many embassies and diplomats – I noticed a narrow bookshelf. The books that were wider than the shelf itself – were sawed off to fit on. It is a curiosity I am sure, but a curiosity not to be found in London is the fact that the majority of the cafés in Sarajevo are small galleries, not of photographs and prints as is the case in London pubs, but of originals by Sarajevo painters. Europe "marched" into the shops as well. There are all kinds of them all over the city. Newsagents sell papers from Europe. I saw two live matches on TV: Newcastle – Wolverhampton, teams from the bottom of the English league, but also Real Madrid – Porto (from the European Cups). It seems that no structured program exists on the local television. The traffic on the streets appears to be on the verge of collapse permanently. The jams exceed those in the very centre of London.

This was probably what our waitress implied by the English phrase within the sentence (all together), but what about "let me shoot you"? Where is the part that Sarajevo contributes to its own "Euro-transformation"?

When the question is put in this way many things seem unreal to me. Sometimes they look like a light from a star extinguished long ago. This sensation of unreality is present even when you think of the local currency – the Mark. In the prevailing poverty it is stable and convertible on top. This Mark (the famous Deutsche Marks, or the Reichs Marks, once the pride and expression of the German state and economic power) was renounced by its creators – the Germans. About that same time the name of that currency was introduced and since has been maintained in Bosnia: it seems to be the only place to keep it. Bosnia still remembers the currencies of various empires, but as it happened it never had the Mark before.

In a bookshop I found a book by Darijo Džamonja, an author who is in love with Sarajevo. It is a book of anecdotes from cafés with their names and the nicknames of its heroes. These nicknames mirror their characters but are completely out of context of their national or religious definition. These are images of a world that is no more. Existence of the rich and the poor is normal in the new order of things in the society, it can not be otherwise. The high number of the unemployed was to be expected. The unreal thing is that nobody cares and that a contention is present according to which there is no need for industrial production in Sarajevo and that it could live on services. I do not know how this is possible. The 30,000 people employed by the foreigners, as I was told, might substitute ENERGOINVEST, TASS, and UPI whose production facilities are ghostly empty. These 30,000 might boost the consumption and the services resulting from it. Still, I do not know for how long would it last and I have heard nobody talking about it. Can this be Sarajevo participation in its own "Euro-transformation"? The price paid for it seems to be much more convincing: a neighbour working in a social work centre told me that in the soup kitchens of their centre only some 4,000 people a day claim and get free food in. These are pensioners, thousands and tens of thousands of them with pensions of 120 Marks monthly which are frequently delayed.

They are the only ones who get to demonstrate on the streets because it appears that nobody else does it.

The only original thing that we offer there to the advancing world of globalisation is our separatism and continuation of something that I would call "white ethnic cleansing", without force but almost inexorable. This separatism is multifacial. First of all (the face I want to see) there is the resistance of friends and acquaintances to these divisions. This resistance among the ordinary people is taken as a slogan, but nobody articulates it. This resistance is best visible in culture. Film is a good example. The cinematography of Bosnia and Herzegovina is more productive and with better talents than ever; never before have the best talents in directing - Kenović, Tanović, Žalica - been active at the same time. People in the media like Gojko Berić would be accepted as highly accomplished professionals even in environments which are considered culturally superior. Their resistance to division and destruction of a civilised society is the basis of their moral strength and professional dignity. Only here it is perceived in the right light.

On the other hand ordinary people are slowly becoming accustomed to "apartheidisation". A friend of mine took me to Kobilja Glava. At the exit from the city, in the Sarajevo Valley one can see the ongoing feverish construction: houses are being built all around. In the former Serb villages there are some isolated deserted houses, some of which were demolished, but beside them or almost on top of them new houses are being built with no order or plan whatsoever as if tossed by the wind. "People from Zvornik and Srebrenica" my friend said, "Unauthorised building," he added accepting the situation with despair. He is a businessman and the last person in favour of divisions, but for the country house of his friend he said "It was a good bargain for him, he bought it from the widow of doctor so and so. When she moved to Belgrade...". As if he made a favour to the widow of the late professor; but actually he did - and that is the whole point.

Dr. Neven Anđelić (former correspondent in Radio Sarajevo, now living in London) published an article in the August issue of the weekly magazine "Dani". By this article he analyses the vandalism perpetrated on the monuments on the Catholic, Greek Orthodox and Jewish cemeteries and examines the reaction of his friends to the statement: "Sarajevo is a Moslem city". The debates on this issue are not abating. Even I stumbled on them. Professor Zoran Pajić gave me a photocopy of that article in a café. Neven said that his liberal friends agree with what he said, while those with "more heated national feelings" are more reserved. He analysed the percentage of the population of a religion, the names given to the newly born babies, obituaries, who are the members of sports teams etc. It seems to me that the optimists think that the statement that Sarajevo has become a Moslem city is something serious but not hopeless, while the other ones think of it as something hopelessly terminal but not especially serious any more. I found especially distressing the systematic destruction of the prerequisites for the integrity of that country which except for its geographic name does not have a more specific definition – it is not a republic, nor is it a protectorate, they say "a state". It is impossible to overlook two such examples on the way from the airport. The ruins of the "Oslobodjenje" building were cleared or better to say "mopped away". It is not owned by "Oslobodjenje" any more. Those employed by that paper use the rear entrance to get to a part of the building. The highest rated independent Sarajevo paper is a subtenant in a house owned by it formerly. Attracting attention there are two showy crescents with green glass façades, as if they were two farm silos: this is the palace of the "Dnevni avaz" paper. Further on is the Radio and Television building which looks rather gloomy and deserted. A law is under consideration to parcel it out and sell - so they say. Once – during the seventies of the last century – both of these buildings were built at the same time as significant prerequisites of integrity and equality of the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina. These days the foreigners who are allegedly there to modernise and reform the "state" do in Sarajevo exactly the things that they would never do back at their homes. Nobody ever thought of parcelling out ORTF, RAI or the BBC. Who would wish to buy the Radio and Television building? Could that be Radončić who owns "Avaz", or somebody similar to him. If so, the whole story about Sarajevo intellectual elite and its liberal anti national structure is only a local attraction. The other action implemented energetically under the pressure of the "international community" - the return of property to their owners - also does not achieve much. Majority of those coming back to the country is not productive in political or business terms, the drop in the price of residential property on the market is an ideal opportunity for war profiteers to easily get hold of real estate.

We fly with "Adria Airways", a company from Slovenia (The attempt to constitute a local air company has just failed). There is an interesting point there as well. How the Slovenians have solved the language issue of Bosnia? The captain talks to the passengers in English, in Slovenian and a language that he believes is the language of passengers on board his plane. Nobody complains, and we enjoy the flight.

U. Milan

Translation: Branka Danon

*Earth*

*I am devastated,  
Part of me is killing and destroying,  
Every cut hurts, every shot burns.  
I look to the high heavens,  
and I am ashamed to present my world, Earth.  
The thing I loved living for,  
the beauty of the way it worked,  
the way everyone was in peace and harmony,  
and now I have to look at this world, Earth.  
I wish it didn't belong to me.  
I've watched it for many years,  
and I've seen it grow,  
and now I will see it die.*

*Mum*

*I love you mum  
and nothing can change that  
not a cold winter day,  
just after we had an argument  
not anything.  
I love you mum  
you were the one who  
taught me to live in this world  
you were the one who  
gave me hope and joy  
you were the one who  
kissed me every day  
so I just want to say  
I love you mum*

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## Mojsije

Nakon naseljavanja na ušću rijeke Nil Jevreji su tu živjeli još tri stotine godina i kako je generacija slijedila generaciju njihov broj je narastao na više hiljada. Na vlast je došla nova dinastija faraona. Što su se Jevreji više množili to su se Egipćani više plašili njihovog broja pa su ih zbog toga i porobili. Kako bi se ograničio njihov broj naredeno je da se u Nilu udave svi novorođeni dječaci. Jedna žena koja je već imala sina Arona i kćerku Miriam - robinju najmlađe Faraonove kćerke, rodila je dječaka. Isplela je košaru u nju stavila dječaka i pustila da plavi niz Nil. Košara je otplovala nizvodno do mjesta na kome je Faraonova kćerka sa svojim pratiljama našla bebu. Princeza ga je nazvala Mojsije (sin). Odgojen je i školovan kao da je egipatski princ. Kada je odrastao morao je da pobjegne iz Egipta pošto je bio upletan u ubijstvo jednog Egipćana. Dok je bio u izgnanstvu vodio je ovce i koze u podnožje planine Sinaj. Dok je jednog dana sjedio u sjeni čuo je pucketanje vatre malo više u planini. Ali mada su plamenovi gorjeli oko grma, on je i dalje ostao zelen i neoštećen u sred crvenog srca ognja: čudo. Tada se začu glas iz grma: "Ja sam Bog Avrama, Isaka i Jakova. Čuo sam povike mog naroda i vidio njihovu bijedu. Izvešću ih iz Egipta u zemlju u kojoj teče med i mlijeko, u zemlju koju sam im obećao. Idi sada kod faraona i reci mu da pusti moj narod." Bog je rekao Mojsiju da povede sa sobom i svog brata Arona i da se on obrati i faraonu i narodu. Faraon je odbio da dozvoli Jevrejima da odu iz Egipta. Naprotiv, još više ih je opteretio. Tada je Bog poslao deset udarača da bi pokazao svoju moć i Egipćanima i Jevrejima. Ti udarci su: krv, žabe, uši, prištevci, boginje, grad i munje, skakavci, tama i smrt prvorođenih sinova. Kada je Bog ubio prvorođene sinove Egipta, poštedio je Jevrejsku djecu. Tek tada je faraon rekao Mojsiju da ode sa svim svojim narodom. Mojsije i Aron su vodili ogromni broj ljudi sve dok im duboka voda nije prepriječila put. Kad je to čuo, faraon je sa svojim ljudima pošao za Jevrejima. Svom zatraženom narodu Mojsije reče: "Ničeg se nemojte bojati. Bog vas je doveo dovdle i on će vas štiti. Vjerujte Bogu pa ćete se uvjeriti." Podigao je svoj štap iznad vode i pomolio se Bogu. Pojavio se kanal suhe zemlje od jedne do druge obale mora, a sa obe strane su se dizali stubovi vode. "Požurite" povikao je Mojsije. Kada su pod nogama osjetili suhu zemlju i shvatili da su vodeni zidovi bezbjedni kao kamen prešli su na drugu stranu i pjevali pjesme radosti. Kada je faraon sa svojim ljudima pošao za njima, srušili su se vodeni zidovi i svi su se potopili. U početku su Jevreji bili puni radosti zbog bezbjednog prelaska preko mora i sudbine Egipćana. Njihovo nezadovoljstvo se pojavilo kada su se umorili i ogladnili nakon četrdeset dana u pustinji. Tada su im prepelice i mana postali izvor hrane koji nikad nije presušio tokom svih godina njihovog lutanja kroz divljinu. Vodu su dobili nakon još jednog čuda kada je Mojsije udario stijenu svojim štapom i otvorio je. Tada su stigli do Sinaja na koji se Mojsije peo sve dok ga nije obavio oblak. Pao je na koljena i molio se kada je začuo Božije zapovjesti. "Ja sam tvoj Gospod Bog. Izbavio sam te od ropstva. Ne smiješ imati drugih bogova sem mene. Ne smiješ praviti likove životinja, ljudi ili živih stvorenja kojima ćeš se moliti. Ne smiješ se zaludu zaklinjati u Božije ime. Sedmi dan treba da bude svet kada ćeš se odmarati kao što se Bog odmarao sedmog dana stvaranja. Poštivaćeš svoje roditelje. Ne ubij. Ne vrši preljubu. Ne kradi. Ne optužuj lažno. Ne zavidi svojoj sabrači i ne zaželi ništa što im pripada. "Slijedećeg dana Mojsije se ponovo popeo na planinu. Tada mu je Bog rekao da je put do Obećane zemlje čist i da će Bog odvesti Jevreje u zavjetnom šatoru koga treba da sagrade po njegovim uputstvima. Mojsije je vidio da se pored njega nalaze dva pljosnata kamena sa ispisanim Božijim zapovjestima. Mojsiju se činilo da njegov boravak na planini nije trajao duže od nekoliko sati. Međutim, kod Jevreja je prošlo više dana, pa i sedmica. Postali su veoma nestrljivi i ljuti. Da bi ih smirio, Aron je poslušao njihovu želju i napravio zlatno tele od nakita koji su mu dali. Zlatnom teletu su sagradili oltar i pjevali i plesali u njegovu slavu. Kada je to ugledao Mojsije je kaznio Jevrejsko idolopoklonstvo tako što je ubio sve one koji nisu bili na strani Boga. Postepeno se gnjev Boga stišao, pa su nakon nekoliko sedmica lutanja stigli do granica Obećane zemlje. Jošua, Kaleb i još deset mladih ljudi su pošli da obidu i pogledaju zemlju. Natrag su donjeli grozdove zrelog grožđa i priču o bogatjoj plodnoj zemlji, zemlji meda i mlijeka. Ali su pričali i o utvrđenim selima, gradovima opkoljenim zidovima i vojskama tako da su se Jevreji upaničili.



U strahu su tražili od Mojsija da ih kroz pustinju povede natrag do Egipta, rekavši da je ropstvo bolje od smrti. Bog ih je kaznio tako što ih je zadržao u pustinji još narednih četrdeset godina. Svi oni koji su iz Egipta izašli kao odrasli ljudi su poumireli, sem Jošue i Kaleba; samo je djeci bilo dozvoljeno da uđu u Obećanu zemlju. Proveli su život u nastojanju da postignu cilj koji niko od njih nije doživio. Čak je i Mojsije kažnjen zbog male neposlušnosti. Mojsije je vidio Obećanu zemlju tako što je pogledao na Dolinu Rijeke Jordan sa planine Pisga, sjeveroistočno od Mrtvog mora. Tada je umro.

## Moses

After the Israelites settled in the delta of the river Nile they lived there for three hundred years and as generation followed generation their number swelled to thousands. A new dynasty of Pharaohs had come to power. The more Israelites increased, the more the Egyptians were afraid of their numbers and as a consequence had enslaved them. To curb their number orders were given to drown baby boys born to an Israelite in Nile. A woman who already had a son, Aaron and a daughter, Miriam, the personal slave of the Pharaoh's youngest daughter had a new baby boy. She wove a basket and let it float down the Nile with the baby lying inside it. The basket floated downstream where the Pharaoh's daughter and her maids found the baby. The princess called him Moses (Son). He was brought up and educated as an Egyptian prince. When he reached manhood he had to flee from Egypt after being involved in the murder of an Egyptian. While in exile he used to take his sheep and goats to the foothills of Sinai. Sitting in the shade one day he heard the crackle of flames from further up the mountain. But although flames flared all around a bush, it stood green and unharmed in the fire's red heart: a miracle. Then a voice from the bush said, "I am the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. I have heard my people's cries, and seen their misery. I shall lead them out of Egypt into a land flowing with milk and honey, the land I promised them. Go to the Pharaoh now, and tell him to let my people go." God also told Moses to take with him his brother Aaron and let him speak to the Pharaoh and the people. Pharaoh refused to let the Israelites go from Egypt. Instead he even increased their burden. Then, God sent the plagues to demonstrate his power to the Egyptians and Israelites alike. They are blood, frogs, lice, ulcers and boils, hail and thunder, locusts, darkness and death of the first-born. When God killed all the first-born of Egypt he spared those of the Israelites. Only then did Pharaoh tell Moses to go with all his people. Moses and Aaron led the huge number of people until their way was blocked by deep water. Hearing about this Pharaoh came with his army after Israelites. To his terrified people Moses said, "Fear nothing. God brought you this far, and he will protect you. Trust God and see." He held his stick over the water and prayed to God. A channel of dry land appeared, from coast to coast across the sea, and on each side waves towered like walls. "Hurry!" shouted Moses. When they felt dry ground underfoot, and realised that the water walls were as safe as stone they marched to the other side singing hymns of joy. When Pharaoh and his men followed the Israelites the water-walls toppled and they were all drowned. At first, the Israelites were full of glee at their own safe sea crossing and the Egyptians' fate. Their discontent emerged when they became hungry and tired after forty days in the desert. By this time quails and manna became their source of food that never ceased during all the years of their wanderings through the wilderness. Water was brought to them by yet another miracle when Moses hit a rock with his stick splitting it open. Then they came to Sinai and Moses set off up the mountain and climbed till he was enveloped in a cloud. He fell on his knees and prayed when he heard God's commandments. "I am the Lord your God. I brought you out of slavery. You will have no other gods before me. You will make no images to worship, of animals, people or other living things. You will not swear in God's name, and break your word. You will keep the seventh day holy, and rest as God rested on the seventh day of creation. You will honour your parents. You will not kill. You will not commit adultery. You will not steal. You will not make lying accusations. You will not envy your fellow human beings or long for anything that belongs to them." The next day he climbed the mountain again. This time God told him that the way to the Promised Land lay clear ahead and that God will lead the Israelites in a tabernacle to be built according to his instructions. Then Moses found that beside him were two flat stones covered with the writings of the Ten Commandments. To Moses his stay on the mountain had seemed no more than hours. But for Israelites whole days and weeks passed. They became very impatient and angry. To appease them Aaron obeyed their wish and made a golden calf of the jewellery they gave him. They built the Golden Calf an altar and sang and danced to honour him. Seeing all that Moses punished the Israelites' idolatry by ordering the killing of all those who were not on God's side. Gradually God's rage lessened, and in a few weeks' wandering they reached the borders of the Promised Land Joshua, Caleb and ten other young men were sent out to look around the country. They brought back bunches of ripe grapes, and reported rich, fertile countryside, the land of milk and honey. But they also spoke of fortified villages, walled towns and armies and the Israelites panicked. In their terror they begged Moses to lead them back across the desert to Egypt saying that slavery was preferable to death. God punished them keeping them in the wilderness, lost, for forty more years. One by one, all those who had left Egypt as adults fell ill and died, except for Joshua and Caleb; none but the children were allowed to set foot in the Promised Land. This was the Israelites' punishment for distrusting God. They spent their lives struggling to reach a goal none of them lived to see. Even Moses was punished for a small act of disobedience. Moses saw the Promised Land looking down into the Jordan valley from the peak of Mount Pisgah northeast of the Salt Sea and died.

