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U 2003-oj godini, desila su se dva različita a međusobno povezana događaja kojima će ovaj broj posvetiti pažnju. Prvo, u septembru je obilježena na Rabu 60-ta godišnjica formiranja rabske brigade, i drugo, u oktobru je održana sada već tradicionalna manifestacija Bejahad.

Da krenemo od ovog drugog u našem uvodu. Sa ciljem podsticanja zajedništva u novim uslovima, ova manifestacija uspijeva da stavlja sve više u prvi plan one karakteristike koje su zajedničke za one Jevreje koji su preživjeli Drugi svjetski rat i čije su slijedeće generacije decenijama "udisale isti zrak i pile isto mlijeko"; isti govorni jezik, ista nedavna istorija, isto kulturno naslijeđe. No tu ima mnogo zajedničkog i sa drugim narodima koji su tu živjeli skupa. Oni - ti drugi narodi - su odlučili da to što su imali zajedničkog nije dovoljno da ih i dalje drži skupa. Jevreji su, za razliku od drugih, imali vezivni cement koji je ostalima nedostajao, imali su jevrejstvo, koje podrazumijeva neku posebnu istoriju, poseban jezik (ili jezike), posebno kulturno naslijeđe, posebno njegovane običaje i neke zajedničke šire vidike. Ta naizgled čudna simbioza dvojnosti koja je u suštini veoma uzbuđljiva, nije dala mira entuzijastima i pouzdanim organizatorima sa kojima smo u prošlog godini razgovarali na stranicama SaLon-a i kao rezultat, rodio se Bejahad. Prošle, 2003 godine, Bejahad-u su prisustvovali i naši članovi Kamhi-Danon Bulka i Kučinović Želimir. Zamolili smo ih da iznesu svoje impresije sa ove manifestacije koja, kako vrijeme protiče, postaje sve više od fokalnog značaja za Jevreje sa područja bivše Jugoslavije.

Značajno mjesto prošle godine dodijeljeno je i trima godišnjicama, pri čemu su sve tri bile 60-godišnjice. 60 godina ustanka u Varšavskom getu, 60 godina od masakra makedonskih Jevreja i 60 godina od formiranja Rabske brigade a s time i Rabskog jevrejskog bataljona. S obzirom na naše članstvo i čitaoc, nešto detaljnije ćemo govoriti o Rabskom bataljonu i općenito o okolnostima Koncentracionog logora u Kamporu na Rabu. Govorićemo kroz sjećanja preživjele učesnice ove dramatične a nedovoljno poznate epizode Drugog svjetskog rata, sa Paulom Ristić.

EDITORIAL

There were two significant events in 2003. The 60th anniversary of Rab Brigade formation was marked in September and then in October the already traditional "Beyachad" event took place.

Let us start with this second event in our introduction. Aiming to stimulate a newly found spirit of closeness, this manifestation succeeds to put ever more into the foreground the characteristics shared by those Jews who survived The Second World War and whose next generations "breathed the same air and drank the same milk" for decades. The same spoken language, the same recent history, the same cultural heritage. They also had a lot in common with the other nationalities who lived there together. These - the other nationalities - have, nevertheless, decided that the things they had in common were not sufficient any more to keep them together. In contrast to the others the Jews had binding cement which the others were lacking. They had their Jewishness, implying a distinctive history, distinctive language (or languages), distinctive cultural heritage, distinctively cherished customs and some common wider views. This seemingly strange symbiosis of duality, but essentially a very exciting one, would not leave alone the enthusiasts and the reliable organisers to whom Salon already talked a year ago. That is how Beyachad was born. Last year, i.e. in 2003, two of our members - Bulka Kamhi-Danon and Želimir Kučinović were present at Beyachad. We asked them to share with us their impressions of this event, the significance of which becomes ever more focal with the passage of time for the Jews from the regions of former Yugoslavia.

Three anniversaries were of high significance last year. All were 60th anniversaries: 60 years from the Warsaw Ghetto uprising, 60 years from the massacre of Macedonian Jews and 60 years from the formation of the Brigade on the Island of Rab, which actually also meant formation of the Rab Jewish Battalion. Considering our members and readers we shall deal with greater detail with the Rab Battalion and generally with the circumstances regarding the Concentration Camp at Kampor on the Island of Rab. You will read the recollections of Paula Ristić, one of the several survivors among us of this dramatic but not sufficiently known episode from the Second World War.

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RAB - MOJA SJEĆANJA

Paula Ristić

Krajem 1941 g., u Sarajevu je bilo veoma teško opstati. Odvođenja u logore smrti bila su svakodnevna.

U oktobru, meni je bilo 19 godina, porodica odlučuje da se prebacim u Mostar. Mene je pod feredžom prokurirao jedan željezničar, Musliman. Možda je nešto kasnije prebacivanje poprimilo i nešto organizovaniji vid, ali tada u oktobru snalazili smo se pojedinačno kako smo znali i umjeli. Odveli su me navečer pravu porodici obučara Kabilja a nakon par dana dobijem sobu kod nekog mesara. U novembru su stigli u Mostar majka, brat i sestra, koji su pobjegli iz sinagoge na Mejtašu gdje su ih ustaše privede i zet, koji se u dramatičnim okolnostima spasio prilikom pretresa stana. Otac je odveden u Jasenovac. U to vrijeme, frizer iz Trebinja, putem oglasa je tražio pomoćnicu. Javim se na oglas i on me pozove da dođem. Mlada i ludo hrabra, tražila sam i *dobila* zvaničnu propusnicu uz saglasnost italijanskih okupacionih vlasti. Kod njega sam i stanovala. Neke veze sa tom familijom su ostale. Čak sam, sjećam se, 1991 g. držala govor na sahrani njihove rodice koja je živjela u Sarajevu.

Koncem 1942 g. Italijani mene i jednu drugu porodicu odvođe u sabirni kamp na Lopudu gdje su dovedeni uglavnom Jevreji iz Mostara. Bilo je i drugih logora u blizini kao onaj u Kuparima i u Gružu. Međutim neke porodice su odvođene i u logore na Hvaru i Velu Luku na Korčuli. Recimo, jedan dio moje porodice iz Vele Luke nikad nije ni stigao do Raba, već su 1945 g., direktno iz Vela Luke emigrirali u Izrael.

Na Lopudu su stvarana trajna prijateljstva i tu se po prvi put uključujem u ilegalni rad.

Meni ta vrsta zabranjene organizovane aktivnosti nije bila strana, jer sam još prije rata bila aktivno uključena u ilegalni rad kroz KRĐ "Matatja".

Zbližuje nas ista sudbina, ali posebno one od nas koji smo odlučili da se organizovano pripremamo za događaje koje nismo mogli tada predvidjeti. Tada su nas ponukali na rad Iso Papo, Viktor i Majo Hajon, ali meni su u neizbivom sjećanju ostala imena Elice Baruh, Gine Finci - Konforte, Anice Finci - Montiljo, Elice Hajon, Erne Koen-Knežević, Lilike Levi, Klare Mačoro, Rite Majce, Lune Papo, Mire Papo-Kon, Anice Romano-Drače, Flore Tolentino, Gige Trenk... Na žalost, mnoge su poginule u ratu ili umrle. Sa Klarom i Mirom održavam kontakte ali rijetko. Život je tako hito.

S proljeća 1943 g. Italijani su brodom izvršili prebacivanja iz navedenih sabirališta na otok Rab, u logor Kampor. Nas oko 4000 interniraca. Trajna prijateljstva sa Lopuda se još više utvrđuju na Rabu.

U Kamporu su nas Italijani smjestili u zidane prizemnice tako da su porodice ostale na okupu a ostali podijeljeni u muške i ženske paviljone. Tu i odmah smo nastavili ilegalni rad, ali sada ozbiljnije i sa ciljem. Pošto smo došli u maju 1943 g., već tada je bilo glasina da se bliži kraj italijanskom ratovanju pa su naše pripreme sve više bile usmjerene u tom pravcu. Treba imati na umu da smo došavši na Rab, u Kamporu zatekli već broj zatočenih Slovenaca i nešto Hrvata koji su tu dospjeli u nastojanju Italijana da provedu svojevrstno etničko čišćenje onih teritorija za koje su računali da će ih prigrabiti kao ratni plijen. Za Slovence i Hrvate koji su tu bili zatočeni od 1942 g., Rab je bio pravo gubilište i masovno su padali pogođeni, gladu, poplavama i svakojakim bolestima. Naši predstavnici su odmah stupili u kontakt sa njima kao i sa pokretom otpora na samom Rabu. Jasno je bilo također da je postojala tješna saradnja sa jedinicama NOV-e na kopnu. Naše aktivnosti su uključivale štampanje raznog propagandnog materijala, jer smo imale skrivenu opremu, krojile smo i šile, npr. petokrake zvijezde, pa čak i zastavu. Održavali smo tajne sastanke gdje smo čitali pristigliu literaturu i primali nove informacije. Ja sam dobila i ulogu kurira između našeg i slovenačkog logora. Pod lažnim utiskom da smo organizovali školu za dodatno orazovanje, mi djevojke završile smo kurs za bolničarke koji je vodio dr. Han iz Zagreba.

Može se reći da su sve ove pripreme rezultirale vrlo organizovanom akcijom, skoro neposredno po kapitulaciji Italije 08.09.1943 g. Već sljedećeg dana dokopali smo se oružja, razoružali Italijansku posadu, preuzeli vlast i odmah pristupili formiranju borbenih jedinica. Formirana je Rabska brigada gdje je Jevrejski bataljon bio jedan od pet formiranih. Na Rabu se dulje nije zadržavalo. Za manje od sedmice, 12.09.1943 g. na otoku je ostala manja grupa, a svi ostali su se našli na kopnu. No tu se putevi mnogih razilaze. Još dok smo bili u

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fazi formiranja, rukovodioci slovenačkih dijelova brigade, u nedostatku djevojaka, a znajući za naš kurs, obratili su nam se sa pitanjem da li neke od nas žele da se priključe njihovim jedinicama kao bolničarke. Odazvalo se nas dvadesetak. Tako sam ja sa Slovencima preko Senja dospjela do Bakra, gdje su se Rabske jedinice okupile i zajedno krenule na slovenačku oslobođenu teritoriju, ka Mašunu. Oduševljenju nije bilo kraja. Ostali dio oslobođenih Jevreja iz Kampora su se posredstvom XIII Divizije NOV-a, koja ih je prihvatila po prebacivanju na kopno, priključili VII Diviziji sa kojom su, krećući se preko Velebita a kasnije kroz Kordun i Baniju i dalje kroz oslobođenu teritoriju, dočekali kraj rata i oslobođenje.

Ove 2003-će godine, rado sam se odazvala pozivu organizatora iz Slovenije i Hrvatske da prisustvujem svečanom obilježavanju 60 godina od formiranja Rabske brigade i oslobađanja iz logora. Bilo mi je važno da ponovo posjetim logor i groblje na kome je sahranjeno 4700 Slovenaca – logoraša. Na žalost, osim mene, svečanosti su u svojstvu predstavnika Jevreja prisustvovali samo gospoda Kraus i Pal iz Zagreba i niko drugi od bivših logoraša, a ima ih još dosta živih. Ova činjenica me je pogodila, i ne razumijem razloge za ovakav odnos. A mislim da je ova tradicija vrlo važna i da je treba njegovati kroz opštine/općine i kroz razgovore sa preživjelim.

RAB - MY MEMORIES

By: Paula Ristić

Survival in Sarajevo was getting increasingly difficult by the end of 1941. People were taken daily to the death camps.

I was nineteen at the time. My family decided that I should be moved to Mostar. A Moslem railway worker smuggled me under a veil. Transfer of people may have become more organised later on, but then, in October, we had to do it individually the best we knew. When I reached Mostar I was taken immediately to the family of Kabiljo, the shoemaker. A few days later I moved to a room at a butcher's. In November my mother, brother and sister also came to Mostar. They fled from the Mejtaš synagogue to which they were brought by Ustaše. My brother-in-law joined us as well. He fled under dramatic circumstances during a flat search. My father was taken to Jasenovac death camp. At that time a hairdresser from Trebinje advertised for an assistant vacancy. I applied for it and was invited to come. I was young then and madly brave. I applied and was granted official pass with the agreement of the Italian occupation forces. I lived in the house of my employer. I am still in some sort of a contact with that family. I even gave a speech in 1991 at a funeral of their cousin who lived in Sarajevo.

The Italians took another family and me to Lopud in 1942. This was the collection camp mainly for the Jews from Mostar. There were some other camps in the vicinity, Kupari and Gruž among them. Some families, nevertheless, were taken to Hvar, Vela Luka and Korčula camps. As an example I'll mention that a part of my family never reached Rab but directly from Vela Luka they immigrated to Israel in 1945. Lasting friendships were started at Lopud. For the first time I joined the underground there. This sort of a forbidden organised activity was not new to me. Even before the war I took part in the underground actions of "Matatja", a Jewish Cultural Workers' Society.

The same destiny brought us closer together; especially those among us who had decided to organise our preparations for the imminent events, which could not be envisaged by us at the time. We were inducted to do so by Iso Papo, Viktor and Majo Hajon, but I can never forget the names of Elica Baruh, Gina Finci-Konforte, Anica Finci-Montiljo, Elica Hajon, Erna Koen Knežević, Lilika Levi, Klara Mačoro, Rita Majce, Luna Papo, Mira Papo-Kon, Anica Romano-Dračić, Flora Tolentino, Giga Trenk. ... I am sorry to say that many of them were killed during the war or died. I am still in contact with Klara and Mira but not as much as I would wish. This is life.

In spring 1943 the Italians transferred about 4000 internees by ship from the mentioned collection camps to the Kampor cam on the island of Rab. The friendships started at Lopud became even firmer when we came to Rab.



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The Italians housed us in one-floor buildings, so that families stayed together. The rest were separated to man and women pavilions. We continued immediately with the underground work, this time it was more serious and the aim was much clearer. As early as May 1943, when we came to Rab, rumours were spreading that the end of Italian war was approaching, so that our preparations were directed to this end. One has to keep in mind that when we came to Kampor camp on Rab we found there quite a number of Slovenian detainees and some Croat ones. The Italians brought them there in an attempt to ethnically cleanse those territories for which they assumed that they would seize as war plunder. For the Slovenians and Croats who were imprisoned there since 1942, Rab meant a place of execution. They perished there in great numbers due to starvation, floods and numerous diseases. Our representatives immediately got in touch with them and with the resistance movement of Rab itself. It was also clear that a close co-operation existed with the units of Peoples Freedom Army on land. Our activities covered printing of propaganda material for which we had hidden equipment. We made the five pointed stars and even a flag. We held secret meetings at which we used to read the literature which had reached us and at which we used to receive new information. I was appointed the courier between our camp and the Slovenian one. On the pretext that we wanted additional education, we, the girls took a course for nurses which was organised by Dr. Han from Zagreb.

All these preparations resulted in a well-organised action, almost immediately after the capitulation of Italy on the 8th September 1943. The very next day we acquired weapons, disarmed the Italian staff, took over the control and presently started forming the combat units. The Rab brigade was formed. It consisted of five battalions one of them the Jewish Battalion. There was no staying on Rab any more. On the 12th of September 1943, less than a week later, only a small group stayed. All the others were on land. People went their different



Mozaik iz spomen obilježja - Mosaic from the memorial

ways. While we were still in the stage of forming, the leaders of the Slovenian parts of the brigade, not having girls of their own, and being aware on the other hand, of our course, asked whether some of us would be willing to join their units as nurses. Some twenty of us accepted the invitation. It thus happened that with the Slovenians I got via Senj to Bakar where the Rab units gathered and started to the Slovenian freed territory towards Mašun. There was no end to our enthusiasm. The XIII Division of Peoples' Liberation Army embraced the remaining Jews from Kampor camp after they were transferred to land. Through them these Jews got in touch with the VII Division. They marched with them over Velebit, then later through Kordun and Banija and on through the liberated territories to the end of war and freedom.

In 2003 I was glad to accept the invitation of the organisers from Slovenia and Croatia to attend the festivities marking sixty years since the Rab brigade was formed and since we were freed from the camp. It was important for me to visit again the camp and the cemetery where 4700 Slovenian prisoners were buried. Regretfully, only Mr. Kraus, Mr. Pal and myself were there to represent the Jews, none of the former internees, although a number of them are still alive. Unable to understand the reason for such attitude I was upset by this fact. It is my opinion that this tradition is very important and that it is necessary to cherish it through activities in communities and through talks with the survivors.

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Ovu priču smo izabrali iz knjige "Priče" sarajevskog autora **Darija Džamonje**

BIFE TITANIK

Još davno je moj prijatelj Branko Čučak imao ideju da svojoj knjizi da naslov Na Drini ćuprija, pa kad neko dođe u biblioteku da traži istoimenu knjigu, pitaju ga: "Od koga? Andrića ili Čučka?"

Naslov ovog teksta nije iz nimalo sličnog razloga, nego zato što sam se, nakon sedam godina, ušavši u bife Pozorišta mladih, osjećao kao da sam zaronio u hladne morske dubine i kao da plutam u olupini jednog broda, koji je nekad davno bio simbol svega onoga pozitivnog što je simbolizovalo Sarajevo: duha i duhovitosti, onoga što se sada tako popularno zove multietnička kultura, a to je, u stvari, jednostavno bilo jaranstvo, tolerancija, podnošljivi javašluk i dobrodošlica, ležernost i širina duše...

Bife, zapravo, nikad nije bolje izgledao, s novim aparatima i frižiderima, šankom i namještajem, ali previše je bio opsjednut dugovignom prošlosti i ljudi da bih se osjećao lagodno. (Da ne govorim o televizoru u uglu, koji bi u bivšem bifetu bio sasvim nepotreban, da ne kažem i nepristojan, jer odvlači pažnju i ne da da se sagovornik sasluša do kraja).

Teško je bilo opustiti se, popiti piće, a da ti pred oči ne izađu lica ljudi koja više nikad nećeš vidjeti: eno tamo u uglu je Srdan, sa svojim blistavim osmjehom, Đeduka, s izgledom tipičnog sarajevskog "jalijaša", nosi mu hladno pivo; za drugima stolom je Vučko, dobroćudnog lica, kao u plišanog mede, cijedi rozu, a mene direktor, Đoko, kojemu ljekari zabranili piće, pita kako sam se ja osjećao kad sam prestao piti, a jam u odgovaram da nikad u životu nisam bio bolji, on tužno klima glavom: "I ja se osjećam super. Ali, brate, dosadno."

Poslije par ispijenih loza Durmo, najmirimiji čovjek na svijetu, počinje "lovačke" priče o svojim ljubavnim avanturama, a žena mu, Refa, prilazi patkastim hodom i kaže: "E, sad je već vrijeme da aids kući."

Iako su živi, mala je šansa da će se na vratima pojaviti Mujo (koji sad utovara kola negdje na Floridi i kad prepozna registarsku tablicu iz Wisconsina, sav ozaren kaže vozaču: "Ja tamo imam jarana" – misleći pri tome na mene – a on mu suho odgovara: "Baš me briga"...)

... ili da će ludi Zoran Jolić "potegnuti" čak iz Australije da bi napravio neki od svojih legendarnih folova, kao, na primjer, onaj kad je poslije lutkarske predstave u nedjelju prijedodne, cijelo Pozorište bilo puno frke, majki i očeva, koji se trude da ne izgube svoju djecu ili da ne odvedu tuđu kući (što se jednom desilo Paji), kad se uspostavio kakav-takav red, izašao na stepenište i obznanio: "Djeco, eno Lijepa Brena dijeli ploče u Sali." Naravno, nastao je kaos i vriška – što oduševljene djece, što očajnih roditelja.

Zlaja Pegla (koji je dobio taj nadimak po tome što vam, poslije pola sata provedena s njim, nije trebao ključ da bi ste ušli u kuću, nego ste se jednostavno mogli provući ispod vrata – toliko bi vas znao "ispeglati") je u Londonu, gdje je nesretno oženjen jednom prelijepom Irkinjom; tamo je i Mula, kojeg još grize savjest što je napustio Sarajevo i strah ga je da se vrati da se ne bi morao suočiti sa rajom (mada mu ja, u čestim telefonskim razgovorima, kažem da ne budali, da je ovaj grad raširenih luka dočekivao i "tuđe", a kamoli "svoje").

U jednom drugom Londonu, u Kanadi, na obali jezera Michigan, Tiho sam sebi, na uho, pjevajući Svilen konac, a u Australiji su Blaža i Tule. Dubravko Marjanović se u Louisiani pravi dam u je dobro, a Meho-drot na Floridi vozi autobus i mada često dođe u Sarajevo (i svrati do pozorišta), iako je još deblji nego što je bio, to nije ni pola onog čovjeka kojeg pamtim...

Nema više ni Boletove knjižare na čošku, iz koje se svakog dana moja kćerka Nevena vraćala sa naramkom slikovnica, koje je dobila na poklon, jer njenom šarmu ne može niko odoljeti. (Tata Daco kasnije nastoji šarmirati prelijepu prodavačicu kupujući – doduše na kredit – kompletne knjige koje nikad neće otvoriti, a onda se sjeti da je to potpuno besmisleno, jer je oženjen, a on je na to potpuno zaboravio.)

Sada sjedim sa svojim rahmetli prijateljima Hamićem i Kilom, pijem pivo, a ono pije mene, jer se više nikad nećemo vidjeti u ovom životu.

Kao i svi mrtvi, tiho i stugom se prisjećamo naših bivših života, u koje nam nema povratka, jer karta za Titanik se kupuje samo u jednom smjeru.

ZABILJEŠKE SA HVARA

Već dugo sam odlagao da napišem ovaj tekst, sve očekujući da se iskristališu misli I sjećanja doživljena tokom skoro 10 dnevnog boravka na Hvaru, i ako je to bio razlog mislim da sam sad spreman.

I da odmah pređem na ono najbitnije, a to je “BEJAHAD”.

Sve tamo od početka šezdesetih pa do polovine osamdesetih godina (prošlog vijeka) ja sam bio na skoro svim manifestacijama širom Jugoslavije koje su organizirale Jevrejske opštine. Bili su to susreti za Novu Godinu, Makabijade, ljetovanja, razna druženja i sl., ali nešto tako kao što je bio “BEJAHAD 2003” nisam nikad doživio.

Iznosim svoje mišljenje i želim da kažem da na tako visokom kultumom i intelektualnom nivou, na prostorima bivše nam domovine u organizaciji bilo koje Jevrejske zajednice, nije bilo takve manifestacije.

Da li je zato zaslužan samo Vlado Šalomon koji je idejni pokretač i realizator svih dosadašnjih “BEJAHADA”, ja ne znam, ali u svakom slučaju “BEJAHAD” treba da opstane i u tom smislu Vladi treba podrška ne samo Jevrejskih opština sa prostora bivše Jugoslavije nego i šire, jer je sama manifestacija svojim kvalitetom, gostima, izvođačima i ljudima koji dolaze na “BEJAHAD” prerasla te okvire. Zašto mislim da Vladi treba podržati i pomoći? Jer sam čuo nekoliko “pričica” kako je “BEJAHAD” preskup, preozbiljan, preambiciozan. Pa ja ne mislim tako. Vlado je postavio neke standarde, ispod kojih se više neće moći, i koji služe na čast svim Jevrejima sa prostora bivše Jugoslavije.

Da kažem nekoliko riječi i o programu. Nije bilo dana da nešto sa uživanjem niste mogli vidjeti i čuti i ako treba nešto posebno izdvojiti, ja ću pomenuti tri događaja koji su na mene ostavili najdublji utisak. Spomenut ću ih onim redom kako su izvedeni po programu, jer stvarno ne znam koji je bio bolji od boljeg.

Prvo-Izložba skulptura i keramike gospode Vere Dajht-Kralj.

Gledajući te čudesne skulpture imao sam utisak da nisu pravljene rukama nego su morale biti “izsanjane”. Te skulpture su pune neke poetične nostalgije, emotivnosti I osvjetljene nekom svojom unutrašnjom svjetlošću koja dolazi niotkuda i osvjetljava samu sebe. Prelijepa izložba.

Drugo-Prelijepo izlaganje gosp. Lasla Végela o životu i književnom djelu Aleksandra Tišme, i o njegovoj bolnoj, cjeloživotnoj, potrazi za identitetom - otac mu je bio krajiški Srbin, a majka mađarska Jevrejka. Toplina kojom gosp. Vegel priča o Tišmi mi kazuje da su oni bili prijatelji i ja maltene osjećam skoro fizičku bol kad gosp. Vegel na kraju svog izlaganja kaže kako je Tišma koji je za sebe govorio da je posljedni Jugoslaven, pred kraj života, zatražio izraelsko državljanstvo i bio odbijen sa obrazloženjem da je kršten po pravoslavlom obredu i da ne može dobiti Izraelsko državljanstvo.

Treće-Predavanje gosp. Žarka Puhovskog. Tema je bila, ” Da li su Jevreji bili samo nijeme žrtve?”

Mislim da niko nije tako zaokupio slušateljstvo kao gosp. Puhovski. Po završetku izlaganja, pljuštala su pitanja i elokventni odgovori, slaganja i neslaganja, argumenti i kontra argumenti.

Prišao sam poslije gosp. Puhovskom i čestitao mu na intelektualnoj hrabrosti i poštenju da jednu takvu temu prezentira na “BEJAHADU”.

Nadam se da nećete misliti kako ostali programi nisu bili kvalitetni, ali ja jednostavno nemam više prostora da ih sve komentarišem, jer hoću da kažem i ono osnovno, a to je zašto sam došao na “BEJAHAD”. Otišao sam jer sam htjeo bolje razumjeti i jače osvjetliti ne samo sjećanja, nego i vlastiti život , vidjeti te osobe s kojima sam prijateljevao tokom tih ključnih godina kad sam se formirao kao ličnost. Zato jeste važno sto nisam zaboravio Šabiku, Danijelu, Bertu, Dragana, Jakicu, Rubena, Blaženku, Vladu i druge drage osobe, jer sam i po njima stvarao i stvaram svoje predodžbe o životu.

Tokom tog 10 dnevnog boravka upoznao sam i neke nove osobe: Saru (Jadrankinu sestru) iz Mostara, Adu iz Makedonije, ona sad živi u Njemačkoj, i još mnoge i nadam se da će i ova nova poznanstva, možda, prerasti u iskrena prijateljstva.

Žao mi je što neki koji su trebali doći na “BEJAHAD” ovog puta nisu došli , ali se nadam da će u budućnosti biti još “BEJAHADA” i prilika da se sretnemo. Žao mi je bilo što i gospoda

Paula Ristić iz Londona, nije bila jer je ona jedna od preživjelih iz Rabskog koncetrionog logora i član Rabskog Jevrejskog partizanskog bataljona koji se formirao na Rabu 1943 god., a “BEJAHAD” je predstavio i prelijepu izložbu o tom važnom događaju.

I na kraju da vam nešto kažem i o Hvaru, iako ja više volim njegov izvorni naziv Pharos - nekako mi zvuči egzotičnije. Iskopine koje datiraju iz kamenog i bronzanog doba potvrđuju da je već tada Hvar bio naseljen, a 385 BC Grci osnivaju koloniju Pharos. Poslije dolaze Iliri, Rimljani. Slaveni dolaze u 8 i 9 stoljeću, ali najveći procvat grad doživljava pod venecijanskom upravom od 14 do 16 stoljeća.Svoje tragove će ostaviti i Španci i Francuzi.

U franjevačkom samostanu možete vidjeti nekoliko vrijednih slika uključujući “Posljednu večeru” koju je slikao Matteo Rosseli, Veronesiov učenik. Ovo sve možete pročitati u malo boljim (skupljim) brošurama, a ovo što ću vam sad kazati ne možete naći nigdje jer se to čuva kao najsvetija tajna.

U tvrđavi Španjoli ima jedna kula, kula zahrđalog vremena, i ako tu pokupite svice i u noći bez mjesečine ih stavite u more, vidjet ćete kako obzorjem prolaze ponosne španske galije i vitki francuski i venecijanski jedrenjaci. U jednoj od sjenovitih uličica je i konoba; ja je nazvah “Konoba zarobljenih sjećanja”. Tu možete praviti trobojke od dalmatinske pršute, paško sira i vina plavca, a kao desert-od gazde koji nije od ovog svijeta-možete zatražiti jedno od svojih najljepših sjećanja i bit ćete usluženi.

Za toplih noći ostavite otvorene prozore i vjetar zapadnjak će vam sa lavandinih polja donijeti miris lavande. Taj opojan miris će vam otjerati turobne misli i strah od rata. Ali da vam ne kažem sve; dodajte i vi na idući “BEJAHAD” koji se opet održava na Pharosu i otkrijte nešto i sami, a ja, ako opet dodem, sve ću vam ovo pokazati.

Želimir Kučinović-Čaja

NOTES FROM HVAR

For a long time I have been delaying the writing of this article. All this time I was waiting for my thoughts to crystallise and my memories of the Hvar experiences to settle. Has this been the reason to postpone the writing I have realised that I am ready now.

Let me start with the essential thing immediately – with BEYAHAD.

I attended most of the events from the sixties to mid eighties of the last century organised all over Yugoslavia by Jewish communities. These were the gatherings for the New Year, Maccabiades, summer camps, and various other events. Still, I have never experienced anything similar to “BEYAHAD 2003”. This being my opinion of the event I would like to say that none of the events organised by any of the Jewish communities anywhere in our former motherland was ever at such cultural and intellectual level.

I cannot say whether Vlado Šalomon, whose brainchild BEYAHAD is and who organised all its gatherings so far, is the only person responsible for this success. In any case BEYAHAD has to stay. This is why support has to be given to Vlado not only by the Jewish communities from former Yugoslavia regions, but from all over the world, because the quality of the event, the guests, the performers and the people attending it extend beyond these boundaries. Why do I think that Vlado has to be supported and helped? Because I have heard a few “allegations” that “BEYAHAD” is too expensive, too serious, too ambitious. That is not what I think. Vlado has set certain standards below which it will not be possible to go any more. These standards do honour to all the Jews from former Yugoslavia regions.

And now a few words about the programme. Every day one could hear or see something to enjoy and even to single out. Three events made the highest impression on me. I will mention them as they took place because it is difficult to say which was the best.

The first one was the pottery and ceramics exhibition by Mrs. Vera Dajht-Kralj.

Looking at the marvellous sculptures it was my impression that they were not made by hands but that they were “dreamed out”. These sculptures were full of poetic nostalgia and emotion radiating an intrinsic light coming from nowhere, yet illuminating itself. A most beautiful exhibition.

The second one was the exquisite lecture by Mr. Laslo Vegel on the life and literary work of Aleksandar Tišma and his painful, lifelong search for identity – his father was a Serb from Krajina and his mother a Jew from Hungary. The affection with which he told the story of Tišma revealed their friendship and I almost felt real pain when at the end of his talk Mr. Vegel told us that Tišma, who used to say about himself that he was the last Yugoslav, applied for an Israeli citizenship by the end of his life, but was refused with an explanation that he was baptised according to orthodox rite.

The third event was the lecture by Mr. Žarko Puhovski titled: “Have the Jews always been only the silent victims?”

I think that nobody kept the attention of the audience as Mr. Puhovski did. The shower of questions, which followed his lecture, was answered with eloquence. There were many agreements and disagreements, many arguments and counter arguments.

I went to congratulate Mr. Puhovski for his intellectual courage and honesty in presenting such a topic at the “BEYAHAD” gathering.

I hope that you will not be under the impression that the other programmes were not of high quality, but the available space does not allow me to comment on all of them. Still, I’d like to explain why I attended “BEYAHAD”. I went there because I wanted to understand and clarify better both my recollections and my life, but also to see again the people who were my friends during the key period of my life when I was formed as a person. Therefore it is important that I have not forgotten Šabika, Danijela, Berta, Dragan, Jakica, Ruben, Blaženka, Vlado and other dear to me people, because they also helped me to form concepts about life.

During the ten days of my stay there I met some new people: Sara (Jadranka’s sister) from Mostar, Ada from Macedonia who now lives in Germany and many other. I hope that these new acquaintances may develop to friendships one day.

I am sorry that some people who were supposed to come to “BEYAHAD” did not make it this time, but I hope that “BEYAHAD” will be repeated in future and that we shall have the opportunity to meet. I regretted that Mrs. Paula Ristić from London was not there because she is one of the survivors from Rab concentration camp and a member of The Rab Jewish Partisan Battalion, which was formed on the Island of Rab in 1943. “BEYAHAD” organised a very good exhibition covering its history.

I’d like to end these notes with a few words about Hvar itself. I prefer, though, its original name of Pharos – it sounds more exotic. Excavations dating back to stone and Bronze Age confirm that Hvar was settled even then. In 385 BC Greeks start the settlement of Pharos. They were followed later by Illyrs and Romans. The Slavs came in the eighths and the ninth century, but the town reached its peak under the Venetian rule, from the 14th to 16th century. Spaniards and French also left some traces.

There are several valuable paintings in the Franciscan Monastery, among them “The Last Supper” by Matteo Rosseli, a disciple of Veronese. You can read about all these things in some better (more expensive) booklets, but you cannot find anywhere the following story, which is kept as a most holy secret. In the Spanolla fortress there is a tower, a tower of rusted time. Should you gather fireflies from that tower and take them to the sea during moonless nights, you will see the Spanish galleys and slender French and Venetian tall ships passing along the horizon. In one of the shady streets there is a tavern “The tavern of Forgotten Memories” as I named it. There you can make tricolours using Dalmatian food delicacies from the Island of Pag and dark red wine. You may ask the landlord, a man not from this world, to serve one of his best memories as the last course, and you will get it. When the nights are warm leave your windows open and the west wind will bring the lavender scents from the fields. This intoxicating fragrance will drive away all your gloomy thoughts and fear of war. I am not going to tell you everything. Come to the next “BEYAHAD” gathering which will take place on Pharos again and discover something by yourself. Should I be there again I will show you all of this.

Želimir Kučinović – Čaja

Svako dobrovoljno društvo, grupacija, udruženje, zajednica, prolazi kroz razne faze ali uvijek i stalno mora da ima razloge zašto postoji. To važi i za one najuspješnije i veoma je važno da se pronađu i na najbolji način iskoriste situacije, momenti i događaji koji će povećati koheziju članstva i koji će potvrditi da razlog postojanja i opstojanja nije slučajaj. To važi i za nas. Zajedničko proslavljanje svadbe člana društva je jedan takav događaj.

ODE NAŠA BRANKICA

Ovo naprijed naročito važi kada se dobar dio članstva, prema tom svom članu odnosi, pretjerano je reći kao roditelji, ali u najmanju ruku kao tetke. Te što je pametna, pa mlada, pa lijepa, pa ima divan posao, vidi što je kupila lijepu kuću, a oni Irenini gobleni su se divno tamo smjestili, a šta li samo čeka, nije valjda previše izbirljiva... A naša Brankica, ode preko bare u tajne misije kao Britanska obavještajna služba (ko vas šiša, tetke jedne) i vrati se sa – mladoženjom. I ona mama Irena, čovjek bi pomislio da u svojoj bezazlenosti ne zna ni šta znači riječ konspiracija, ušutjela se ko jegulja, ni jedne da prozbori. Iznenadenje je bilo potpuno, a mi tetke smo se pomalo osjećali zapostavljeni – nije nam pružena ni najmanja prilika da učestvujemo u pripremama a da ne kažem u izboru! A Brankica k'o da veli izbor je moj i samo o izboru (ko vas šiša, tetke jedne).

I sad, pošto se mladoženja obreo u Londonu, valja ga vidjeti, ocijeniti, procijeniti, okrenuti, odmjeriti, odvagati. Valja se uvjeriti – naša Brankica mora dobiti ono što zaslužuje, što joj pripada... Eto koje smo mi tetke, kao da mladoženja u svemu tome nije imao udjela, pustio čovjek da ga se bira, k'o ovca.

Kada su nas majka i mlada sa oduševljenjem pozvale da sa njima podijelimo radost, dobili smo u divnoj atmosferi i (kako to pripada) uz obilje ića i pića, mogućnost da ocjenimo i procijenimo, i... dopalo nam se, nama tetkama, šta smo vidjeli. Samo se nadamo da smo se i mi njemu dopali, i da neće biti da nam ode Brankica, nego da nam je došao Braco.

BRAČNI STAŽ

Desilo se da se na Brankinom veselju, među ostalim gostima za našim stolom našao već "iskusni" bračni par Maja i Vladimir Vukičević. Planova naravno imaju mnogo. Onaj koji iznose pred nas je već dogovoreni odlazak na Jahorinu na skijanje. Ovo slavije im je prva prilika da svoju svadbu stave u pretinac pod nazivom "sjećanja". Istina još uvijek svježa sjećanja, ali ipak prebačena u aorist. Po svemu se vidi da cho slavlja koje su oni priredili ne samo da još uvijek odzvanja u njihovim bićima nego se pojačava kako se jedno drugom više približavaju. A i mi se sjećamo prave gozbe kojom je označen početak njihovog zajedničkog života. Sjećamo se svih ozarenih poznatih i nepoznatih lica u velikoj sali Avenue House-a. Sjećamo se stolova prepunih pića i nebrojenih slanih i slatkih posluženja. Sjećamo se Seke i Slobodana, Majinih roditelja, koje je skoro gušilo zadovoljstvo što mogu da nas sve počaste povodom takvog događaja. Sjećamo se muzike koja nas je sve još više razdragala. A nadasve se sjećamo mladenaca, svečano obučenih za tu priliku, koji su nastojali da sa svakim gostom porazgovaraju, da im zahvale na toplim željama i da se slikaju sa što više zvanica.

Mada ih dijeli nekoliko mjeseci, ova dva događaja su se pretočila jedan u drugi. Maja i Brankica, predstavnice našeg mladog i mladog naraštaja dale su po još jedan doprinos i time što su nam dovele još dva člana. Dobro nam došli Vlado i Braco.



Every voluntary society, group of people, association or community goes through different stages but it always and permanently must have reasons for its existence. It is true even for the most successful ones. Therefore it is very important to find and make best use of situations, moments and events in order to increase the cohesion of its membership which on the other hand will confirm that the reason for the existence and survival is not pure chance. It is true for us as well. Collective celebrations of society member weddings are among such events.

OUR BRANKICA WENT AWAY

The above is even more so when a large share of the society members treats the newly married member as if they were her aunts at least, it would be too much to say her parents. How clever she is, and how young, and pretty and how good a job she has got. Look at the house she has bought, and how well the pictures embroidered by Irena fit into it. But what is she waiting for?

She is not too choosy, one would hope. ... However our Brankica went over the pond in a secrete mission as if British intelligence service (who would pay attention to what you say, auntsies) and came back with a bridegroom. And when you think of Mammy Irena, one would assume that naive as she is she would not know even what conspiracy means. She was as quiet as a mouse, not uttering a word. The surprise was complete – and we, the auntsies, felt ignored a bit. We were not given any chance to take part in the preparation, not to mention the choice! Brankica, though, as if was saying: 'the choice is mine only mine (who would pay attention to what you say, auntsies).'

And now as the bridegroom came to London we had to see him, appraise him, judge him, estimate him, weigh him. We had to be reassured. Our Brankica must get what she deserves, what she is worthy of. ... This is what sort of auntsies we are. As if the bridegroom had not participated in all this, as if he allowed to be picked, like a sheep.

When the mother and the bride eagerly invited us to share their joy with them, in the exceptional atmosphere (and as it becomes to such events) with abundant food and drink we could appraise and estimate, and ... we the auntsies liked what we saw. We hope, however, that he also liked us, and that this will not mean that our Brankica went away but that Braco came to us.

MARRIAGE EXPERIENCE

As it happened, among the other guests sitting at our table were the already "experienced" couple Maja and Vlado Vukičević. They had many plans, of course. The one they told us about was the arranged skiing trip to Jahoina. The celebration that we were attending was their first chance to file their own wedding under the title "memories". True, these were fresh memories still, but nevertheless already in past tense. It was obvious that the echo of the celebration hosted by them was not only resonating in their beings but was gaining in strength, as they were becoming closer. We also remembered the feast marking the beginning of their life together. We remembered all the beaming familiar and not so familiar faces in the large hall of Avenue House. We remembered the tables heavy under drinks and numerous savoury and sweet dishes. We remembered Seka and Slobodan, Maja's parents, who were almost choking with pleasure to be able to entertain us on such an occasion. We remembered that we went into rapture over music. But most of all we remembered the newly-weds smartly dressed for the event, who tried to talk to each of their guests, to thank them for their good wishes and to take pictures with as many people as they could.

Although several months apart, these two events have mingled into one. Maja and Brankica, representing the young and the younger generation have each given another contribution by bringing two more members. Vlado and Braco, we would like to welcome you among us.

O IMENIMA I JOŠ PONEŠTO

Da vam ispričam nešto o imenima. Imena ne odgovaraju uvijek izgledu ljudi koji ih nose. I onda, roditelji nisu uvijek svjesni posljedica koje će imena koja izaberu imati na djecu. Na primjer, mene je mati nazvala Branko. Nije ni sanjala da će to Englezima izgledati čudno pa se radije opredijeliše da me zovu Bronco. Ko nije u toku, samo da kažem, da nam je poznato iz kaubojskih filmova da je to opšti naziv za one divlje prierijske konje koje su divlji indijanci pripitomljavali. Ili, siguran sam da Draganova majka svog omiljenog sina nikad nije mogla zamisliti kao aždaju. A upravo su ga Englezi (opet oni) prozvali baš tako – Dragon. Dragan i ja se inače dosta razlikujemo. Obojica smo, doduše čelavi, ali ja imam bradu. Osim toga, Dragan je dobro mladi od mene. Žali se na bolove u lijevom ramenu i desnoj nadlaktici, a meni su ti bolovi odavno preselili na kukove i koljena.

Sjedimo tako nas dvojica uz jutarnju kaficu, kad ulazi Mary-Lu, nova (što ne znači obavezno i mlada) kolegica sa posla. E, vidite ovde je majka imenovala svoje potomče sasvim adekvatno, pošto Mary-Lu po svojim gabaritima ni slučajno ne može da se smjesti ni u Mary a kamoli u Lu, ponaosob, mislim. Sjednu tako Mary-Lu pred nas i kažu, znate vas dvojica, mi zaista imamo problema oko vaših imena, toliko čudno nam zvuče da nikako ne možemo da razlikujemo koji je Bronco a koji Dragon. Mislim, da joj kažem kako sam ja onaj ljepi, naljutitice mi se Dragon, pa eto belaja. Zato ja velim i Mary i Lu: "To vam je jednostavno, Dragon je onaj čelavi". Aaaa-ha rekoše Mari-Lu i sa brigom manje odoše na svoja radna mjesta. Od tada njih dvije nemaju problema da razlikuju nas dvojicu.

Branko Danon



ON NAMES AND OTHER BITS

Let me tell you about names. Names do not always match the image of their bearers. And then, parents are not always aware of the consequences of the names they have chosen for their children. For instance, mother named me Branko. It never occurred to her that the name would sound odd to the English, so they rather decided to call me Bronco. For the ignorant ones, let me explain that we know from the Wild West films that it is a collective name given by wild Indians to wild horses from the prairie. I am also sure that Dragan's mother would have never thought of her darling son as of a dragon. But the English (them again) decided that they would rather call him just that – Dragon. By the way, Dragan and I look pretty different. It is true, we are both bald, but I have a beard. On top of that, Dragan is much younger. He complains of pain in his left shoulder and his right upper arm, pain that moved a long time ago to hips and knees, in my case.

So, one day the two of us were enjoying our morning coffee, when Mary-Lu, our new (which does not necessarily mean young) colleague comes in. You see, in her case, mother was visionary with the choice of name, because, due to contours Mary-Lu could not fit in Mary, not to mention Lu. Individually, I mean. So, sit Mary-Lu opposite us two and say: "You know you two, we really have difficulties about your names. They are so strange to us that we can't tell Dragon from Bronco". I stop for a while; to tell her that I am the handsome one, Dragan gets offended and there comes trouble. So I say instead to both Mary and Lu: "It is very simple, actually. Dragon is the bald one". "Aaaa-ha" said Mary-Lu in unison and went to their office with one worry less for the day. From then on they have no problems to distinguish Dragon from myself.

Branko (not Bronco) Danon

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PJESMA NAD PJESMAMA

Jedna od knjiga Starog zavjeta je i knjiga koja se zove Pjesma nad pjesmama. To je u stvari zbirka ljubavne poezije koja se pripisuje caru Salomonu. Komentari na ovu knjigu su različiti. Jedni dovode u pitanje uopšte mjesta takvim pjesmama u Bibliji, pošto smatraju da su bez alegorije koja bi nosila teološke poruke. Međutim Pjesma nad pjesmama je veoma značajna ako se uzme za ono što jeste – ljubavna poezija jer Biblija treba da bude vodič u svim vidovima života, uključujući i ljubav između muškarca i žene. U svjetskoj književnosti se Pjesma nad pjesmama smatra jednim od najviših dostignuća lirske poezije. U nastavku donosimo četvrto pjevanje ove knjige u prevodu Đure Daničića.

Lijepa ti si, draga moja, lijepa ti si,
Oči su ti kao u golubice između vitica tvojih;
Kosa ti je kao stado koza koje se vide na gori Galadu;

Zubi su ti kao stado ovaca jednakih, kad izlaze iz kupala,
koje se sve blizne a nijedne nema jalove.

Usne su ti kao konac skerleta, a govor ti je ljubak;
Kao kriška šipka jagodice su tvoje između vitica tvojih:

Vrat ti je kao kula Davidova sazidana za oružje,
Gdje vise tisućama štitovi i svakojako oružje junačko;

Dvije su ti dojke kao dva laneta blizanca,
Koji pasu među ljljanima.

Dok dan zahladi i sjenke otidu,
ići ću ka gori smirnovoj i ka humu tamjanovu.

Sva si lijepa draga moja, i nema nedostatka na tebi.

Hodi sa mnom s Livana, nevjesto,
Hodi sa mnom s Livana, da gledaš vrha Amanskoga,
S vrha Senirskoga i Ermonskoga,
Iz pećina lavovskih, s gora risovskih.

Otela si mi srce, sestro moja nevjesto,
Otela si mi srce jednijem okom svojim i jednijem lančićem s grla svojega.
Lijepa li je ljubav tvoja, sestro moja nevjesto,
Bolja je od vina ljubav tvoja,
I miris ulja tvojih od svih mirisnijih stvari.

S usana tvojih kaplje sat, nevjesto,
Pod jezikom ti je med i mlijeko, i miris je haljina tvojih kao miris Livanski.

Ti si vrt zatvoren, sestro moja nevjesto,
Izvor zatvoren, studenac zapečaćen.

Bilje je tvoj voćnjak od šipaka s voćem krasnijem, od kipra i narda.

Od narda i šafrana,
Od idirota i cimeta sa svakojakim drvljem za kad,
Od mirne i aloja i sa svakim prekrasnim mirisima.

Izvore vrtovima, studenče vode žive i koja teče s Livana.

Ustani sjevere, i hodi juže, i duni po vrtu mom da kaplju mirisi njegovih;
Neka dode dragi moj u vrt svoj,
I jede krasno voće svoje.

THE SONG OF ALL SONGS

This collection of songs is considered to be written by King Solomon. Comments on this book differ a lot. One of the reasons is that many considered that Bible is not the place for simple love songs, and if lacking allegory there is no theological message in it. But The Song of Songs is very significant if taken for what it is – a love song, because the Bible should be a guide in all aspects of life, not least in love between a man and a woman. In world literature The Song of Songs is considered to be one of the highest accomplishments of lyric poetry. Here below is the fourth Song from that Book.

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair;
Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks;
Thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead.

Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn,
Which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins,
And none is barren among them.

Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely:
Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks.

Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury,
Whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

Thy two breasts are like two young roes
Which are twins, which feed among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.

Thou art all fair my love; there is no spot in thee.

Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon:
Look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon,
From the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse;
Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.

How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! how much better is thy love than wine!
And the smell of thine ointments than all spices!

Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue;
And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.

A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits;
Camphire with spikenard.

Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense;
Myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:

A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and stream from Lebanon.

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden,
That the spices thereof may flow out.

Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.



