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PODVUČENA JE CRTA

18. januara 2006.-og ljeta gospodnjeg prisustvovao sam jednom događaju, koji sigurno spada u značajnije datume u mom životu. Kada se osvrnem unazad, nisam siguran da li je događaj bio veseo ili tužan. Naime, Lord Leopold Rotšild je te večeri, zaokružio rad, zatvorio, podvukao crtu pod aktivnosti Jewish Refugees Committee (Jevrejskog komiteta za izbjeglice), isturenu ruku za pomoć izbjeglicama u UK jevrejske organizacije CBF/WJR. (Central British Fund/World Jewish Relief).

Ovaj je datum za mene bio značajan iz više razloga. Nisam siguran koji je od dva rata kroz koja sam prošao bio teži. Da li onaj u kome sam, još dijete i Jevrej bio jedan od miliona ciljeva uništenja, ili onaj u kome se preda mnom, zrelim čovjekom, srušio cijeli sistem vjerovanja i vrijednosti, pažljivo građen godinama ali očigledno na pogrešnim pretpostavkama. Eto takvog, potpuno izbačenog iz ravnoteže, skupa sa porodicom, prihvatio me Jevrejski komitet za izbjeglice (JRC). Tek sada, nakon toliko godina, moguće je sagledati značaj ove činjenice. Toplina, umijeće, strpljenje i privrženost s kojom smo ja sa porodicom i mnogi nama slični, prihvatili tih za nas toliko dramatičnih dana, su neponovljivo iskustvo, koje nam je dalo vremena da duboko udahnemmo i povratimo dio poremećene ravnoteže. JRC nas je prevashodno dočekao kao Jevreje ali bez dvoumljenja kada je postalo jasno da smo mi mješovito društvo, da nam često bračni drugovi nisu Jevreji, osim po osjećaju pripadnosti. Ti kosmopolitski vidici su djelovali kao antidoza otrovu u mojoj duši. Eto jednog od razloga da ovo bude značajan događaj u mom životu.

Drugo, je li okolnost bila vesela ili tužna? Pa mislim da je pomalo žalosno da ne postoji više adresa kojoj možete poslati čestitke za tzv. Visoke blagdane i izraziti svoju podršku i zahvalnost. Adrese koja je bila simbol novog zaokreta u životu. No, treba ocijeniti zašto je pala odluka da se zatvore ova vrata. Zato što nema novog žarišta progona Jevreja, niti je takvo žarište na vidiku u bliskoj budućnosti. Nema, dakle, raison d'être za JRC. Onda je to dobro, zar ne?

Treće je lično, i govori o tome kako treba tražiti pozitivne strane i u naizgled bezizlaznim situacijama. Ja sam imao prilike posjetiti London i kada sam bio zreo inženjer, sa vizijom šta hoću i šta očekujem. Tada sam, kao znatiželjni posjetilac oblijetao oko zgrade Parlamenta i gledao je sa suprotne, desne obale Temze. A sada, ovog 18.-og januara, ne zato što sam bio nekakav nadobudni inženjer, nego samo zato što sam bio izbjeglica, izašao sam na rijeku sa njene lijeve obale, i to iz zgrade Parlamenta iz dijela gdje Lordovi prezalogaje. Ono isto mjesto odakle se stoljećima drmalo svijetom i gdje se stvarala istorija. Vjerovatno ima veze i značaja u svemu, što je taj i takav prostor stavljen na raspolaganje WJR-u.

Ovoj večeri, bili su prisutni predstavnici mnogih izbjegličkih grupa; iz Iraka, Irana, bivšeg SSSR-a, nekih drugih arapskih zemalja, zavisno od naleta problema koji su pritiskali jevrejske zajednice tih sredina. Iz naše male grupe, bila je tu i Henika Konforti i Mirjam Volić-Ovadija. Volio bih da nas je bilo više, no valjda nije bilo mjesta za sve.

Na kraju, još nešto. Osim istaknutih pojedinaca, lidera organizacije, treba se sjetiti i svih onih koji su na svojim leđima «nosili vodu» i iz dana u dan izgarali na tom zadatku, onih koje smo svakodnevno srećali kada nam je bilo najpotrebnije, onih koji su nam pisali aplikacije, slali nas na kurseve engleskog, upućivali nas u prava i način korištenja zdravstvenih usluga, upisa djece u škole, koji su nas branili od nasilnih stanodavalaca. Neki su bili prisutni, ali fokus nije bio na njima. Isto tako, osjetio sam nedostatak važnih osoba koje iz raznih razloga nisu mogle prisustvovati. Nije bilo npr. bivšeg Predsjednika Harry-a Kleemana, koji više nije među nama, ali nije bilo ni energične i vrlo efikasne Cheryl Mariner, Izvršne direktorice ili preosjetljive i poštivovane Patricie Pitchon, Menadžerice Komiteta za izbjeglice.

Tako smo se sa sjetom oprostili od jednog segmenta svog života, ali i sa svjesnom spoznajom da je ohrabrujuće što ova forma pomoći više nije potrebna. Podvučena je još jedna crta.

Branko Danon

A LINE HAS BEEN DRAWN

On the 18th of January 2006, I was present at an event which certainly has been among the most significant dates of my life. Looking back I am not quite sure whether it was a sad or happy occasion. Namely, that day in the evening, in the presence of 150 guests, Lord Leopold Rothschild wound up, closed, drew a line under the activities of Jewish Refugees Committee, the extended hand for support of refugees in the UK, of the Jewish Charity – CBF/WJR. I am not sure which of the two wars I went through, was the more difficult one. Was it the one when still a child and a Jew, I was one of millions targeted for extermination, or was it the one in which the whole system of beliefs and values, carefully built over the years but apparently on faulty presumptions, crumbled in front of me – a mature man. In such state, completely off balance and together with my family, I was given shelter by the Jewish Refugees Committee. Only now, so many years on, it is possible to perceive the significance of that fact. Friendliness, competence, patience and devotion by which my family and many similar to us were taken care of during those dramatic days, was an unrepeatable experience; that gave us time to breathe deeply and regain some of the lost balance. JRC welcomed us primarily as Jews but showed no hesitation when it became clear that we are a mixed community, that often our spouses were not Jewish, except for the sense of affiliation. This cosmopolitan attitude acted as an antidote to the poison in my soul. This is one of the reasons why this has been a significant event.

I also said I was not quite sure whether it was a happy or a sad occasion. It is sad, I think that the address does not exist any more and that it is not possible to send there good wishes for the High Holidays and express support and gratitude. It was the address which was the symbol of the new turn in our lives. But, at the same time it is necessary to keep in mind the full meaning of the decision to close that important door. It is because there are no new sources of persecution of Jews, nor are such places in sight in the near future. Accordingly there is no raison d'être for the existence of JRC. Thus, it means a good thing, does it not?

The third point is a personal one. It is about looking for positive sides even in the situations when one may think that there are no ways of recovery. An experienced engineer, with a vision of targets and directions, I had the chance to visit London. A curious visitor at that time, I ran around the Parliament building and looked at it from the opposite right side of the Thames. And now on this 18th of January, not because I was a pretentious engineer, but only because I was a refugee, I approached the left bank of the river from the Parliament itself, from the part where the Lords are having drinks and snacks. It was that same place from where world has been ruled and history has been made over the centuries. There is probably sense and significance in the fact that such facilities were given to the disposal of WJR.

I noticed that there were representatives of many refugee groups, Jews from Iraq, Iran, former USSR and some Arab countries, depending on the pressure on the Jewish communities in those environments. Our small group included Henika Konforti, Mirjam Volić-Ovadija and myself. I would have liked it if there were more of us, but it seems that there was no place for all.



At the end, one more point. In addition to the eminent individuals, leaders and people heading the organization, it is necessary to remember all those who day in and day out carried "the burden" on their shoulders and worked with zeal on that good mission; all those that we used to meet every day when we needed help most; those who wrote applications for us, who sent us to English courses, gave instructions on the rights and the way to use health services, on registering children to schools, who protected us from aggressive landlords. Some of these people were present that evening, but they were not in the focus. I also want to remember people who were very important at those critical times for me, but who could not be present due to various reasons. Among them was Harry Kleeman, the former Chairman, who sadly is not among us any more, but we were missing also the dynamic and very efficient Cheryl Mariner, the Executive Director and the very sensitive and devoted Patricia Pitchon, Manager of the Committee for Refugees.

Thus we parted with melancholy, aware at the same time that it is encouraging that this form of support is not needed any more. A line has been drawn.

Branko Danon

UK - ŽIDOVSKI FILMSKI FESTIVAL

Koncem listopada svake godine u Londonu se održava međunarodni filmski festival, a odmah iza njega, početkom studenog počinje židovski filmski festival, sada već četvrti put. Oba se festivala gotovo isprepliću, jer se neki filmovi sa židovskog festivala mogu vidjeti već ranije u okviru londonskog. Tako je dvostruku londonsku premijeru doživio izraelski film režisera Gidi Dara **‘Ushpizn’** (Ritual tradicionalnog gostoprimstva) u produkciji strogo ortodoksnе židovske zajednica iz Charedija blizu Jeruzalema. Film obraduje promjene u odnosima jednog ortodoksnog braćnog para bez djece. Nadaju se da će se stvari pozitivno pomaknuti kad u znak tradicionalnog gostoljublja za vrijeme vjerskih praznika prihvate u svoju kuću strance, koji su ustvari kažnjenici u bijegu. Neočekivana situacija dovodi do svakakvih komplikacija. Drugi ortodoksnі film, doduše domaae britanske proizvodnje, prikazan na Londonskom filmskom festivalu bio je **‘Pjesma nad pjesmama’** i obraduje ideološki vjerski sukob između asimiliranog brata i pobožne sestre u okviru jedne britanske ortodoksnе obitelji.

Za program židovskog filmskog festivala odabrani su filmovi raznih kategorija, igranih, dokumentarnih i veliki broj kratkih filmova. Prije svakog cjelovečernjeg filma prikazivao se po jedan kraći, igrani ili dokumentarni, a posebnu retrospektivu filmske proizvodnje kratkog filma imala je filmska i televizijska škola Sama Spiegela iz Jeruzalema. Filmovi polaznika ove akademije pokazali su znala ku umješnost pričanja kratkih filmskih priča, a svi njihovi prikazani filmski skečevi, njih šest, slike su iz svakodnevnog života Jeruzalema.

Ukupno je na festivalu prikazano 20 izraelskih filmova od čega ih 16 po prvi puta u UK. Osim izraelskih filmova prikazano je par francuskih, dvije njemačke židovske komedije, norveški igrani film, mnoštvo koprodukcija i nekoliko američkih filmova koji su već u distribuciji. Osim kvalitete, jedan od uvjeta postavljenih autorima bila je simulacija za razgovor. Ovu inicijativu Festival je usvojio 2002. da bi obuhvatio stimulatvne filmove o događajima koji aee omogućiti dijalog povezan sa situacijom na Bliskom Istoku i njenog utjecaja na globalna zbivanja. Tu se dobro uklopilo izraelski polemični dokumentarni cjelovečernji film **‘Hilliers’** o izraelskoj obitelji koja hoće dokazati da njihov sin nije izvršio samoubojstvo za vrijeme služenja vojnog roka, kako je obitelj obaviještena. To traženje istine otvara političku Pandorinu kutiju.

‘Traganje za izgubljenim glasom’ (‘Be’ikvot Ha’kol Ha’avud’) izraelski cjelovečernji dokumentarni film režisera Tzipi Tropea bio je prikazan odmah na početku židovskog filmskog festivala. I ovaj je film potvrdio ozbiljnost problematike s kakvom se suočavaju autori filmske izraelske produkcije. Film priča o punk pjevaču Omri Goldinu koji je zajedno sa grupom svojih prijatelja, sve djecom visokih izraelskih vojnih lica, protestirao protiv militarizacije izraelskog društva. No 2002. talentirani pjesnika Omri-a, u 21. godini života ubiju u jednom terorističkom samoubilačkom napadu na autobus. Od tog trenutka film prati složene životne prilike njegove pacifističke obitelji anagžirane na projektu suživota s izraelskim Palestincima, njihovom suočavanju s gubitkom sina, odnosa s palestinskim susjedima i ustrajnost Omrijeve obitelji na putu koegzistencije. Londonska publika pozdravila je ovaj film čija je ekranizacija na festivalu popraćena živom diskusijom pod vodstvom jedne izraelske psihoanalitičarke/ terapeutkinje, savjetnice obitelji koje su pretrpjele takve gubitke. Zajedno s njom na pitanja publike odgovarao je jedan palestinski pisac iz Libanona. Kroz prikazivanje svakodnevnog života Omrijeve obitelji angažirane na izgradnji izraelsko palestinske koegzistencije na Zapadnoj obali, film je pokazao slojevitost života u Izraelu i kroz to otvorio mogućnost za razgovor o mnogim gorućim temama kao što su izraelsko arapski odnosi unutar granica Izraela; problem koji u svakodnevnom životu predstavlja zid; ponos jednih i drugih; unutarnje prilike u Izraelu kao i sukob generacija gledan očima mladih, u ovom slučaju djece izraelskih generala, koji kroz rock- punk pokušavaju graditi mostove miroljubive koegzistencije. Povrh svega film dodiruje jedan od najdubljih problema u današnjem Izraelu, ponor i sukob između svjetovnih Izraelaca i ortodoksnih settlera, kao i ulogu države koja na kraju izvlači tepih ispod mirotvoraca obavustvom sredstava projektu koegzistencije. I konačno, film govori o tenzijama koje izazivaju neravnnoteža moći i politička bespomoćnost.

O psiho-fizičkim dimenzijama kontroverznog zida koji dijeli Palestince od Izraelaca bavi se dokumentarni film **‘Zid’** (Le Mur) u francusko/izraelskoj koprodukciji. Autor

filma Simone Bitton u filmu putuje duž obje strane zida i razgovara s Palestincima i Izraelcima koji žive i rade u njegovoj blizini. Film vizualizira značenje nepropusne barijere za život tih lokalnih zajednica.

Vještom montažom arhivskog filmskog materijala, američki dokumentarni film **‘Zamišljeni svjedok’** (The Imaginary Witness) progovara o obfuskciji oko i ignoriranju pojave Nazizma od strane holivudske filmske proizvodnje od 1933. godine.

Londonska publika je s dugačkim aplauzom popratila **‘Vodeni tragovi’** (‘Watermarks’) dokumentarni film o sedam Bečanki, sportskih plivačica židovskog sportskog kluba ‘Hakoah’. Klub je bio osnovan 1909. godine kad židovsku mladež nisu primali u članstvo ostalih sportskih klubova. U razdoblju između dva svjetska rata, Hakoah klub se proslavio ženskim timom plivačica. Njih sedam 1936. godine odbile su reprezentirati Austriju na Olimpijadi u Berlinu pa su im rezultati i imena brisani iz austrijskog registra sportaša. 77. film razvija priču o njima u francusko/američko/izraelskoj koprodukciji. Temu je istražio i film režirao Yaron Zilberman koji je plivačice sakupio šezdeset godina kasnije. Posjetio je svaku u drugoj zemlji, jer ih je rat rastrkao. Neke su u Americi, druge u Izraelu i u Britaniji. Odmah poslije Anschlusa njihov klupski trener pomogao im je pobjeći iz Austrije u zadnji čas. Režiser je za svoj film organizirao njihov ponovni sastanak u Beču, nakon svih tih godina. Beč je za njih pun lijepih uspomena iz mladosti ali prevladavaju gorke sjećanja na Nazizam. Londonska publika u razgovoru reagirala je posebno na jednu sekvencu u kojoj se jedna od protagonistica u 85-godini života prvi put od 1939. vraća u Beč. Na putu od aerodroma ona razgovara s taksistom koji joj mrtvac hladan kaže da je normalno da je kao strankinja morala otići iz Austrije jer tu strancima nije mjesto (?).

‘Čuvaj mi dušu’ (Prendimi l’anima/ The Soulkeeper’) je francusko/ talijansko/ britanska koprodukcija o Sabini Spielerein koju je iz Rusije otac poslao na liječenje hysterije i anoreksije u umobolnicu u Zurichu 1905. godine. Mladi liječnik Karl Gustav Jung uzima Sabinu pod svoje okrilje i na njoj po prvi puta eksperimentira s metodama svog učitelja dr. Sigismunda Freuda. Jung i njegova pacijentica doživljavaju strastvenu ljubavnu aferu. S vremenom Jung izlječi Sabinu a ona završi studij medicine da bi sama postala psihoanalitičarka. Oduševljena mogućnostima koje području psihoanalize pruža postrevolucionarna Rusija, Sabina se vraća u Moskvu gdje osniva poznatu dječju ‘Bijelu školu’. No ubrzo njene avangardne metode odgoja djece, kao i psihoanalizu općenito zabranjuje Staljin. Zna se samo da su Sabinu i njenu kćer ubili nacisti u Rostovu u masakru u sinagogi 1942. U toj je sinagogi kasnije pronađen njen dnevnik i arhiviran u moskovskom arhivu. Priču o njoj otkriva dvoje istražitelja koji rade u arhivu, ali se njena potka uglavnom osniva na trostrukoj prepisci između Sabine Spielrein, Freudu i Junga, slučajno otkrivenoj tek 1977. godine.

Njemačka je festivalu dorpinjela dva filma iz svoje proizvodnje. Pogledala sam komediju **‘Sve na Zuckera’** (Alles auf Zucker) koja je u Njemačkoj doživjela veliki komercijalni uspjeh. Film je najavljivan kao uskrnuće njemačko/židovske komedije, a radi se o zabavnoj situacionoj komediji, punoj tragikomičnih elemenata i nekompatibilnosti u odnosima asimiliranih i ortodoksnih Židova, ali i ne Židova na pozadini problema kakve je za mnoge istočne Nijemce dovelo ujedinjenje dvije Njemačke.

Organizator festivala drži da je prenošenje znanja o Holokaustu putem filma integralni dio programa. Zbog toga se svake godine za vrijeme festivala održavaju predavanja uz prikazivanje filmova namijenjenih nastavnicima i učenicima srednjih škola. U ovu kategoriju svakako ide izvrsni dokumentarni film britanske proizvodnje **‘Skrivanje od Hitlera’** čiju priču pričaju sami svjedoci. To su ljudi koji su kao djeca u Poljskoj uspjeli preživjeti Holokaust, neki od njih u kanalizaciji, drugi u rupama iskopanima u zemlji, na nečijem štaglju ili tavanu, često potpuno sami i od nikoga pomognuti.

Festival se završio gala premijerom jednog takvog filma a to je bio maddarsko/njemački film **‘Bez sudbine’** (Sorstalansag) režisera Lajosa Koltaija prema knjizi Nobelovca Imre Kertesz. Kerteszeva je još jedna stravična priča preživljavanja. Kao 14 godišnji dječak Kertesz je deportiran u koncentracioni logor, iz Budimpešte u Buchenwald. U logoru ga poneki zatvorenici poduče kako preživjeti u nemogućim uvjetima. To mu jedva uspije, zapravo pravo je čudo da je u tom užasu ostao živ i još k tome normalan. Međutim kad se poslije svega uspije vratiti u Budimpeštu, ravnodušje ili neprijateljstvo koje osijeca prema sebi daleko su teže iskustvo od samog logora.

Vesna Domany Hardy

UK - JEWISH FILM FESTIVAL

The International Film Festival is held in London at the end of October, followed in early November by the Jewish Film Festival, now already for the fourth time. Both these festivals are almost intertwined; some of the films from the Jewish Festival can be seen before - within the London Festival. Thus we had the double premiere of the Israeli film **‘Ushpizn’** (Ritual of traditional hospitality) directed by Gidi Dar and produced by strictly orthodox Jewish community from Charedi close to Jerusalem. The film treats the changes in the relationships of an childless orthodox couple. They hope that things might improve when as a token of the traditional hospitality during the high holidays they take strangers into their home, who happen to be runaway convicts. The unexpected situation brings to all sorts of situations. The other orthodox film, although of home British production, shown at the London Film Festival was the **Song of Songs**. It treats the ideological religious conflict between an assimilated brother and a religious sister in a British orthodox family.

The selection of the Jewish Film Festival covered films of different categories – feature, documentary and quite a number of short films. Before every feature-length film there was a short one, either feature or documentary; there was also a special retrospective of short films production by Sam Spiegel’s Film and Television school from Jerusalem. Films by this academy’s students demonstrated their skills to tell short film stories, all of which - six of them - were sketches from everyday life in Jerusalem.

Twenty Israeli films were shown in total on the Festival, sixteen of them for the first time in the UK. In addition there were a couple of French films, two German Jewish comedies, a feature film from Norway, quite a number of co productions and a few American films already in general distribution. Not only quality but stimulation to discussion were the requirements imposed by the Festival organisers on the film authors. This initiative was taken on by the Festival in 2002 to include stimulating films on events which would allow a dialog regarding the situation in The Middle East and its impact on global affairs.

These conditions were adequately met by the polemical film **‘Hilliers’** - an Israeli evening-long documentary film about an Israeli family trying to prove that their son did not commit suicide during his army service, as the family was informed. Their pursuit of truth opens a political Pandora box.

‘In search for the Lost Voice’ (‘Be’ikvot Ha’kol Ha’avood’) an Israeli evening-long documentary film directed by Tzipi Trope that was shown immediately at the beginning of the Festival. This film has also proven the sincerity of the problems facing the authors of the Israeli film production. The film is on Omri Goldin, a punk singer, who together with a group of friends, all of them children of high ranking army officials in Israel, protested against the militarization of the Israeli society. However, in 2002 the talented poet Omri, aged 21, was killed in a suicide terrorist attack on a bus. From that moment on the film follows the complexities faced by this pacifistic family involved in a project of coexistence with the Israeli Palestinians; how they face the loss of their son; their relationship with their Palestinian neighbours and the perseverance of Omri’s family in search of coexistence. The London public welcomed this film the screening of which was followed by lively discussion led by an Israeli psychoanalyst/psychotherapist lady counselling families who suffered such losses. To answer the public questions there was also a Palestinian author from Lebanon. Showing the every-day life of Omri’s family trying to build the Israeli-Palestinian coexistence on the West Bank, the film has shown the stratified life in Israel and thus opened the possibility for discussions on many pressing topics as are the Israeli-Arab relations within the Israeli boundaries; the problems imposed by the wall to everyday life; the pride of one and the other side; internal circumstances within Israel itself and the generation gap as seen from the view point of the young, in this case children of Israeli generals, who try to build a peaceful coexistence bridge through rock-punk. In addition the film touches on one of the deepest problems in present Israel – the abyss and the conflict between the secular Israelis and the orthodox settlers, and the role of the state which ultimately pulls the carpet under the feet of the peacekeepers stopping the funds for the coexistence project. And finally the film speaks of the tensions created by the imbalance in power and the political helplessness.

The psycho-physical aspect of the controversial wall separating the Palestinians from the Israelis is treated by the documentary film **‘The Wall’** (Le Mur), a French-Israeli co production. Simone Bitton, the author travels in the film on both sides of the wall and

talks both to Palestinians and Israelis living and working in its vicinity. The film visualises the meaning of the impermeable barrier in the life of the local communities.

By skilful editing of the archive material, **“The Imaginary Witness”** an American documentary film talks how Hollywood film production from 1933 and on obfuscated and ignored the emergence of Nazism.

Long applause of the London public followed the screening of **“Watermarks”**, a documentary film on seven Vienna women – swimmers in “Hakoah”, a Jewish sports Club. The Club was established in 1909, when the Jewish youth were not accepted to other sports clubs. In the period between the two wars this club gained fame through the women’s swimming team. In 1936 these seven refused to represent Austria at the Berlin Olympic Games so that their results and names were erased from the Austrian registers of athletes. Film 77 unfolds a story about them in a French/American/Israeli co production. The theme was explored and the film directed by Yaron Zilberman who assembled the swimmers sixty years later. He visited each of them in another country because the war had dispersed them. Some are in the States and some in Israel or Britain. Immediately after the Anschluss their club trainer helped them to flee Austria at the last minute. For his new film the director organised for them to meet again in Vienna after all those years. Vienna has brought many nice memories from their youth but the bitter memories of Nazism prevailed. Discussing it the London public reacted in particular to a sequence in which an 85 years old protagonist comes to Vienna for the first time after 1936. On the way to the airport she talks to the taxi driver who tells her coldly that it was normal that she as a foreigner had to go from Austria because there was no place for foreigners there.

“The Soulkeeper” (Prendimi l’anima) is a French/Italian/British co production about Sabina Spielerein, sent by her father from Russia to a mental hospital in Zurich in 1905 for treatment of hysteria and anorexia. Karl Gustav Jung, the young doctor takes Sabina under his wings and experiments on her applying the methods of his teacher Sigmund Freud. Jung and his patient experience a passionate love affair. Over the time Jung restores Sabina’s health and she completes the studies of medicine to become psychoanalyst herself. Excited by the opportunities offered by psychoanalysis to post-revolutionary Russia Sabina goes back to Moscow where she starts the well known children’s “White School”. Soon her vanguard methods of children upbringing and psychoanalysis in general are forbidden by Stalin. The only known fact is that Sabina and her daughter were killed by Nazis in Rostov in the synagogue massacre of 1942. Her diary was later found in that synagogue and was filed in the Moscow archives. Two researchers working in the archives reveal her story but the basic element is the three-way exchange of letters among Sabina Spielrein, Freud and Jung brought to light by chance only in 1977.

German contributed to the Festival two films from its production. I saw the comedy **Alles auf Zucker** which was a great commercial success in Germany. The film was announced as a revival of German Jewish comedy; it is actually an entertaining comedy of situation full of tragicomic elements and incompatibility in the relations of assimilated and orthodox Jews, but also of non-Jews on the background of the problems that were brought upon to many East German Jews by the unification of the two Germanies.

It is the opinion of the Festival organisers that transfer of knowledge on Holocaust by film is an integral part of the programme. Every year, therefore, during the festival lectures are given and films screened for teachers and students of secondary schools. This category includes of course “Hiding from Hitler”, the excellent documentary film of British production the story of which is told by the witnesses themselves. These are the people who survived Holocaust as children in Poland, some of them hiding in sewerage, others in the holes dug in the ground, stables or lofts, often on their own, not helped by anybody.

The festival was closed by the gala first showing a film within this category. It was **“Without Destiny”** (Sorstalansag) directed by Lajos Koltai and based on the novel of Nobel Prize recipient Imre Kertesz.

There is another shocking story of survival by Kertesz. When he was 14 Kertesz was deported from Budapest to the concentration camp in Buchenwald. Some of the camp prisoners thought him how to survive in the insufferable conditions. He only just succeeded in that; it is actually a miracle that he managed to stay alive in that horror and stayed normal besides. Nevertheless when he eventually makes it to Budapest, the indifference even animosity is a much harder experience for him than the camp itself.

Vesna Domany Hardy

SIMON WIESENTHAL

U 2005-oj godini, umro je po nekim mišljenjima jedan od velikana 20-og stoljeća, ne kao osvjetnik nego kao jedan od najvećih tragaoca a time i privođenja pravdi nad ljudima koji ne zaslužuju da se tako zovu i koji su bili direktno krivi za smaknuća najbrutalnijim sredstvima miliona ljudi. Sigurno, neobičan i izuzetan čovjek koji je bio u stanju, smisao svog života kanalisati, bez rezerve i zadržke, ka hvatanju i privođenju pravdi ogromnog broja zločinaca, nosioca i izvršioaca masakra u ime rasne nacističke megalomanije. Mislili smo da to treba obilježiti i kod nas.

Simon Wiesenthal je umro u utorak 20.09.2005 u 96-oj godini u Beču.

Našao se među rijetkim koji su preživjeli ozloglašeni logor Mauthausen. Oslobođen je 1945-te godine, težak svega 45 kg. Za vrijeme rata sklopio je sporazum sa poljskim pokretom otpora da mu oslobode djevojku, kasnije suprugu Cylu iz logora za prisilni rad. Sastali su se kasne 1945 vjerujući jedno za drugo da su mrtvi. Osamdeset i devet članova obje porodice je stradalo u Holokaustu.

Njegove su mnoge karakteristike: tvrdoglav, uporan, predan, ponekad umišljen i samoreklamer a uz njegov rad vezano je dosta kontroverzi. Dolazio je u sukob sa liderima Svjetskog jevrejskog kongresa jer su se oglašili o njegove rane nagovještaje o mjestu boravka Eichmann-a (Argentina) za čije mu je hvatanje trebao novac. Napisao je knjigu “Kako sam ulovio Eichmann-a”, zapostavljajući ulogu i zasluge Mossada, tajne Agencije Izraela, čime im se zamjerio. Oni nisu mogli odmah reagovati zbog osjetljivosti podataka, ali kasnije, kadaje bilo moguće iste objaviti, optužili su ga za laž i karijerizam. No sve ovo je neodvojivi dio jedne nepobitne činjenice: Visental je priveo pravdi 1.100 nacistica. Nakon što je u američkoj vojsci u odjelu za ratne zločine, radio na pripremanju dokaza o zločinima, Wiesenthal je otvorio u Austriji istorijski dokumentacioni centar za skupljanje podataka za buduća sudjenja. Skromne prostorije njegovog Centra u Beču i naizgled haotičan izgled dokumentacije neupućenim ne ostavljaju utisak ogromnog značaja koji se krije iza navedenog podatka. *1.100 ratnih kriminalaca privedeno je pravdi*. Teško je i zamisliti šta je taj veličanstveni čovjek sa svojim malim timom zanesenjaka morao poduzeti, “prekopati” dokumentaciju, savladati prepreka, zamora da dođe do cilja, do hiljadu i sto pojedinačnih ciljeva! A koliko tragova se ugasilo, koliko je zločinaca izbjeglo pravdi umrijeviš prirodnom smrću. Nije odustajao ni onda kada su počeli da se rasplinjaju američki i sovjetski napori za hvatanje ratnih kriminalaca, označivši 1953. jedan od najvećih uspjeha informacijom koju je dostavio izrelcima da se Adolf Eichmann nalazi u Argentini. Osam godina kasnije, ovaj visoko kotirajući nacistica je uhvaćen unatoč suprotnim informacijama koje su stizale do FBI-a. Vizental je ušao u trag i, Karlu Silberbauer-u oficiru Gestapoa koji je uhapsio Annu Frank i Franzu Stangle-u komandantu Treblinka i Sobibora. Nezadovoljni i ugroženi njegovom nadnaravnim upomošću i umijećem, neonacisti su pokušali atentat bombom u njegovom domu.

Simonu Wiesenthalu za života su mnogi javno odavali priznanja za nepresušnim traganjem za ratnim zločincima nacističke strahovlade neposredno prije i za vrijeme II svjetskog rata. Među visokim priznanjima koje je dobio, ističu se Zlatnja medalja američkog Kongresa koju mu je uručio Jimmy Carter 1980-te te počasno plemstvo Velike Britanije 2004 godine.

Lord Janner je iznio slijedeće o njegovoj duhovitoj strani karaktera: Vizental ga je pozvao na večeru u čuveni bečki restoran. Kada ga je upitao hoće li dobiti sto odgovorilo mu je: “Ako bude problema, reći ću im da mi potraže pager-om među gostima Simona Wiesenthala i restoran će se odmah isprazniti”. Pita sam ga da rezimira svoju životnu mudrost u jednoj rečenici. «Upoznaj svoje neprijatelje a njegov prijatelj», odgovorio je.

Rekli su o njemu:

- Rabin Abraham Cooper, dekan Centra Simon Wiesenthal (u Americi), rekao je, između ostalog nakon njegove smrti: “Odbio je da ode. Bio je neizabrani ali vrlo efikasni ambasador 6 miliona duša”.

-Predstavnik izraelskog Ministarstva vanjskih poslova: “Bio je idol za Izraelce, za Jevreje i za sve koji su se suprotstavljali rasizmu i nepravdi”.

-Sir Jonathan Sacks, Glavni rabin velike Britanije: “Iz početka njegova misija je bila usamljenička i neshvaćena.. On je neprekidno insistirao da je tragao za pravdom a ne osvetom”.

Danon Branko

SIMON WIESENTHAL

Simon Wiesenthal, one of the great men of the twentieth century died in 2005; not an avenger but great in tracking down and accordingly bringing to justice those people who do not deserve to be called so – those who were directly responsible for the most brutal killings. There is no doubt that he was an exceptional man able to channel the meaning of his whole life to tracking down and bringing to justice the enormous number of criminals, the ideologists and the executors of the massacres carried out in the name of the racial Nazi megalomania.

Simon Wiesenthal died in Vienna, on Tuesday, 20th of September, 2005 at the age of 96. He was among those rare ones who survived the notorious Mauthausen Concentration Camp. When liberated in 1945 he was weighing only 45 kilos. During the war he reached an agreement with the Polish resistance movement to liberate Cyli, his girlfriend, later his wife, from the forced labour camp. They met late in 1945, each of them believing that the other one had died. Eighty nine members of both their families perished in the Holocaust.

He could be described as: stubborn, determined, devoted, vain and self-advertiser at times. Quite a number of controversies are linked to his work. He was for a while in conflict with the leaders of World Jewish Congress because they ignored his early indications relating to the place of Eichmann abode (Argentina) for the hunting of whom he needed money. Mossad, the Israeli secret agency held against him the fact that in his book: *How I captured Eichmann* he neglected their role and contribution. They reacted belatedly, only when it was possible to publish sensitive information, to accuse him of lies and careerism. All this, nevertheless, is just one of the facets of the undeniable fact that Wiesenthal brought to justice 1,100 Nazis. After working in the War Criminals Department of the American Army on the preparation of crime evidence, Wiesenthal opened in Austria a Documentation Centre, the purpose of which was to gather evidence for further trials. From the modest facilities of his Vienna Centre and the seemingly chaotic appearance of documentation an ignorant person would not get the impression of the huge importance hidden by the fact that *1,100 war criminals were brought to justice*. It is difficult even to imagine what this magnificent man with his small team of enthusiasts had to undertake: dig through the documents; overcome the obstacles fatigue and



tiredness – in order to reach the target – one thousand and one hundred individual targets! And how many trails went cold, how many criminals escaped justice dying a natural death? He did not give up even at the time when the American and Soviet efforts to catch the war criminals started fading away. In 1953 he marked one of his greatest successes by the information he submitted to the Israelis: Adolph Eichmann was in Argentina. Eight years later this high ranking Nazi was captured in spite of information to the contrary coming from the FBI. Wiesenthal also traced Karl Silberbauer, who imprisoned Ana Frank as well as Franz Stangle the commander of Treblinka and Sobibor. Unhappy and threatened by his supernatural persistence and skill the Neo-Nazis tried to kill him by planting a bomb at his home.

During his life Simon Wiesenthal was publicly prized by many for his inexhaustible hunt for war criminals of the Nazi regime.

Talking about his sense of humour Lord Janner told this story: Wiesenthal had invited him to a well known Vienna restaurant. Lord Janner was wondering whether they will get a table but Wiesenthal told him that if there should be a problem he would tell the chief waiter to pager-search among the guests for Simon Wiesenthal and the restaurant would clear of guests immediately. To the question how he would summarize his life wisdom, he answered: “Know your enemies and cherish your friends.”

They told about him:

- Rabbi Abraham Cooper, Associate Dean of Simon Wiesenthal Center (in the States) said among other things after his death: He refused to go. He was the unelected but very efficient ambassador to six million souls.

- Israeli Foreign Ministry spokesman: Wiesenthal earned the recognition of Israel, of the Jewish people and of everyone who supports the fight against racism and injustice.

-Sir Jonathan Sacks, UK Chief Rabbi: At the beginning his mission was solitary and misunderstood. He had permanently insisted that he searched for justice and not for vengeance.

Branko Danon

KONCERT

Srijeda, 11. Januara 2006. Večeras je u Šalvati na programu sefardska muzika. Koncert za čelo i klavir. Izvođači su Gemma Rosefield, čelo i Yvonne Behar, klavir. Sve aranžmane je uradila Yvonne Behar. Sticajem okolnosti malo kasnim i na prstima dolazim do prazne stolice i sjedam. Gledam okolo i vidim da je sala skoro puna, primjećujem da je Bulka Kamhi večeras nekako posebno lijepa. Na njoj ništa napadno, a opet iz nje zrači neka aura koja je, bar u mojim očima, odvajava od svih ostalih. U mislima ovu večer i koncert posvećujem Bulki. Od Bore, koji sjedi do mene uzimam program večerašnjeg koncerta i prvo što mi privlači pažnju su dva prezimena. Rosefield i Behar. Ako "Rosefield" prevedemo na naš jezik dobit ćemo "Ružino polje", a prezime Behar bar mi ne trebamo prevoditi, i mislim kako se večeras dosta toga sastavilo i to ne slučajno, jer po Kabali se ništa ne dešava slučajno, a Španija je kolijevka Kabale. Kad je ovako počelo, šta li će biti dalje?

Polako se prepuštam muzici i začuđim se kako je zvuk čela sličan ljudskom glasu i ja se prepuštam tom glasu koji me uvodi u neke paralelne svjetove, gdje vrijeme gubi svoj linearni pravac i sve što se desilo i što će se desiti egzistira u istom trenu. Zemlja kao da uspori svoje kretanje i ja pun nekog unutrašnjeg obasjanja obuhvaćen bešumnim vjetrom lebdim u nekom sveviđecom oku, obavijen tamnim zvukom čela. Evo me u Španiji, Španiji prije Izabele i Ferdinanda, prije progona i inkvizicije. Ljubičasti sutoni, miris limuna u cvatu, kao smaragdi blješte gradovi, Sevilja, Toledo, Malaga i Kordoba. Vidim uvažene rabine kako u svetlim tekstovima traže tajanstvena značenja da bi uz njihovu pomoć otkrili magično ime Gospodnje. U dokumentarnom filmu Vesne Ljubić jedan sarajevski Sefard kaže da je najsrjetniji period, u dugoj historiji jevrejskog naroda, bio od dolaska u Španiju pa do pojave Izabele i Ferdinanda. To je vrijeme u kom su Jevreji-Sefardi doživjeli kako ekonomski tako i intelektualni procvat. Ferdinand će ih ognjem i mačem istjerati iz tog za njih zemaljskog raja i ponovo ih rasuti širom svijeta.



Tamni zvuk čela sad me vodi u nove predjele, drugi je grad, nekad se zvao Bizant pa potom Novi Rim pa Konstantinopolj, a sad da li i konačno Istanbul? U nekoj svečanoj tišini Gemma Rosefield, na čelu, i Yvonne Behar na klaviru sviraju improvizaciju - Yigdal - liturgijsku melodiju iz istanbulske sinagoge. Kako se u tom gradu kontinenti češu jedan o drugog tako se i muzika mješa i ja čas čujem pjev kantora, a čas poziv mujezina saminareta, i sve to prekrasno zvuči u nekoj čudnoj harmoniji, sad dva suprotstavljena svijeta. Na kraju su šarmantne dame odsvirale i pjesmu

sarajevskih Sefarda "Čiko Janiko". U pjesmi se govori o tome kako mali Janiko pravi burek, ali je nezgoda što ga on pravi od sira. Po završetku koncerta publika je izvodjače nagradila dugim i iskrenim aplauzom i kako aplauz nije prestajao dame su na bis izvele "Adio kerida" da bi se nakon toga aplauz još više pojačao. Nije bilo smisla više insistirati da još nešto odsviraju, jer se na njima primjećivao umor. Koncert je trajao puni sat. Po običaju nakon završenog programa bilo je malo posluženje i svi su se rado dohvatili osvježavajućeg pića.

Ja izlazim pred vrata da zapalim. Vadam cigaretu iz kutije na kojoj debelim masnim slovima piše "Smoking kills". Palim cigaretu i mislim kako se ne umire od duhana. Umire se od života, jer život je bolest neizlječiva, bolest koja nema lijeka. Vraćam se u salu, svi su zadovoljni i oduševljeni koncertom i prava je šteta što ovakvih večeri nema tako često.

Želimir Kučinović - Čaja

THE CONCERT

Wednesday, 11th of January 2006. Sephardic music is on the programme in Shalvata this evening. Concert for cello and piano. The performers are Gemma Rosefield and Yvonne Behar. All the arrangements have been by Yvonne Behar. As it happens I am a bit late. I come on my tiptoes to an empty chair and sit there. Looking around I see that the room is almost full. I notice that Bulka Kamhi is beautiful in a special way this evening. Nothing glamorous about her but radiating from her is an aura separating her from all the others. In my thoughts I dedicate this evening and this concert to Bulka. Taking the programme for the concert from Boro who sits next to me, the first thing attracting my attention is the two surnames Rosefield and Behar. I identify both of them as flowers, Rosefield or the field of roses and blossom, because that is how Behar is translated into our language; I think how many things have been brought together this evening – not by pure chance, because according to Cabala nothing happens just by chance and Spain is where Cabala had flourished. "When the evening has started like this, how will it progress?" I think.

Slowly I surrender to music surprised how the sound of cello is similar to human voice. This sound takes me to some parallel worlds where the time loses its linear course and everything that has happened and that will happen exists at the same moment; as if the Earth is slowing down its rotation. Full of some internal radiation taken in by noiseless wind I float within an all-seeing eye enveloped by the soft sound of cello. Here I am in Spain; Spain before Isabella and Ferdinand, before the persecution and the Inquisition. Purple twilights, the smell of lemon blossom, glittering like emeralds are the towns of Seville, Toledo, Cordoba and Granada. I can see the esteemed rabbis looking into the holy texts for the mystical meanings by the means of which they might reveal Lord's magical name. In the documentary film by Vesna Ljubić a Sephardic Jew from Sarajevo says that the happiest period in the long history of the Jewish people was the one from their arrival in Spain to the appearance of Isabella and Ferdinand. That was the time during which Sephardic Jews were at the peak of their economic and intellectual power. Using fire and sword Ferdinand expelled them from that Heaven on Earth, as it was for them, and dispersed them all over the world again.

The soft sound of cello takes me now to new regions; it is another city - once its name was Byzantium then New Rome and later Constantinople and now, is it final, Istanbul? Everything is quiet and peaceful in the room while Gemma Rosefield on her cello and Yvonne Behar on her piano play the liturgical tune from the Istanbul Synagogue. Same as the continents touch one against the other in that city, thus also the music mixes together and at one moment I can hear the singing of the cantor and the next moment the call of the muezzin from the mosque tower; this sound is delightful and brings two opposing worlds into a strange harmony. To end the concert the charming ladies play "Chico Ianiko", a Judeo-Spanish song from Sarajevo. The song tells us how Little Ianiko makes burek, but it is made with cheese and butter. Genuinely moved the audience applauds for a long time to which the ladies respond by playing once more "Adio Querida". This invites even more applause but there are no more encores as they seem to be tired. The concert lasted for one full hour. As the custom goes some drinks are offered after the concert.

I go out to have a cigarette. I take the cigarette out from a box bearing the inscription in bold letters "Smoking kills". I light up the cigarette and think that cigarette does not kill. Life kills, because life is an untreatable illness, there is no medicine to cure it. I go back; everybody is happy and delighted by the concert. It is really a pity that we do not have more such events.

Želimir Kučinović - Čaja



JEDAN RATNI DAN

Jutro. Već je treći mjesec rata. Nema struje, vode, telefoni su već odavno utihnuli, niko ne odvozi smeće. Teški miris paljevine, smeća i autobuskih guma širi se Grbavicom. Svako jutro sastajem se sa Vladom i Anom na raskršću kod MIS-a, jedine prodavnice gdje se povremeno može kupiti konzerva sardina ili nešto prokljajalo krompira. Ana je gradsko dijete, tragično zaplašena ratom, nestupano se osvrće, kao da je neko prati, a kreće se priljubljena uz zidove zgrada. To bi izgledalo komično da situacija nije krajnje ozbiljna. Vlado je pak, narodski čovjek, okretan i snalžljiv i u svemu uvijek vidi neki izlaz. Vlado nas oslovljava sa „Ko to strada?“ „Strada jadni kongoanski narod“, odgovaram na pozdrav. Ovo pozdravljanje potiče iz jedne anegdote iz Vladinog vojničkog života. Evo te anegdote:

Na jutarnjem času moralno političkog vaspitanja koji su obično držali podoficiri, a u kome je obično izlagan pregled političkih događaja u svijetu, dežurni podoficir govorio je nešto o ratu u Vijetnamu, koji se upravo u to vrijeme intenzivirao. Vojnici sjede u pregrijanoj prostoriji, većina još u polusnu ili istinski spava. Vlado se trudi da ne zaspe i ne padne s klupe. Iz polusna ga vrati u realnost povišeni glas vodnika koji postavi auditorijumu pitanje: „Ko to strada u Vijetnamu, drugovi?“ I nakon male stanke, kao što to čine pravi predavači, slijedio je odgovor: „Strada jadni kongoanski narod!“. Vlado, ne vjerujući svojim ušima, potraži pogledom nekog od drugova da vidi ima li kakve reakcije na ovu omašku predavača. Nikakve reakcije, niko ne sluša sta predavač govori, ni kad ponovi „Jeste drugovi, strada jadni kongoanski narod“. Ovu sentencu, potpuno nerazumljivu onima koji nisu iz našeg užeg kruga prijatelja, prihvatili smo i koristili da izrazimo naš stav prema ratu i kako strada „ordinary people“ zbog valikih ideja.

„Strada jadni kongoanski narod“, ponovi Ana kiselu. Razmjenjujemo vijesti, glasine i informacije gdje se nešto od namimica može kupiti. Vlado nas nagovara da idemo s njim jer on pouzdano zna da se u nekoj kafani mogu nabaviti cigarete. Ana neće ni da čuje. Odjednom se ispred prodavnice formira red. Svi imaju u rukama šerpe, lonce, plastične kante, ko je šta prvo dohvatio. Proširila se vijest da će se dijeliti mlijeko. Nas troje smo na začelju sa slabim izgledima. Pošto je moj stan najbliži, odem po posude. Sat kasnije, stvarno stiže cisterna sa mlijekom. Mlijeko se pretlače direktno u lonce. Već je podne kada smo došli na red. Ana nas moli da je otpatimo do stana. Pozdravljamo se i zakazujemo sastanak sutra u isto vrijeme.

Isti dan poslije podne. Sjedim za stolom i pokušavam da nešto čitam. Na stolu sveska Tehničke enciklopedije, otvorena sasvim nasumice pod odrednicom „drvne konstrukcije“. To nema nikakve veze ni sa mojom strukom ni interesovanjem. Tu je i stara baterija „Croatia“ i akumulator mog GOLF-a, čija olupina leži tačno ispod balkona. Iznenađeno čujem strašnu lupu na ulaznim vratima. Otvaram vrata i u hol upada vojnik. "Gdje je onaj plavi što je sad uskočio?"; viče i pogledom luta kao da traži nekog u stanu. "Nema ovdje nikakvog plavog, ovdje smo samo mi", odgovaram zbunjeno. Mi, naime, stanujemo na drugom



katu i teško da neko može da „uskoči“. Ali nije vrijeme za suprotstavljanje. U taj tren moja punica otvara vrata kupatila i gotovo se sudari sa vojnikom. Oboje iznenađeni ustuknu. Kad vojnik spozna ko je po srijedi, otkrivi se, ulazi u sobu, pita me za generalije, čime se bavim, imam li skrivenog oružja, trudi se da posjeta izgleda zvanična. Ugleda bateriju na stolu, uzme je, strpa u džep i promrmlja „Nije dozvoljeno“. Ode isto tako brzo kao što je i došao. Još smo pola sata dovodili punicu u normalno stanje.

Veče. Spremam se za podrum. Razmjena minobacačkih granata zaraćenih strana intenzivira se obično noću. Zakasnili smo. Večeras je razmjena počela nešto ranije, mimo uobičajenog rasporeda. Odjednom strahovit prasak. Kao da je nešto eksplodiralo tačno iznad naših glava. Lom skršenog stakla po stubištu. Puženo po podu i naivno tražimo mjesto u stanu koje bi bilo najmanje izloženo direktnom pogotku. Nakon svake eksplozije ocjenjujemo koliko smo blizu ili daleko od mjesta gdje je granata prizemljila. Poslije dugih pola sata, sve utihnu. Jedna granata je pala tačno ispod ulaza u naše stubište, a druga ispod prozora balkona. Moja draga supruga kaže da ne treba čekati da se nišandžije koriguju. „Vrijeme je da se ide“, kaže. Dosta nam je rata. Idemo u izbjeglištvo. Sutradan stojimo sa zavezljajima na trebevičkom raskršću. Čekamo autobus. Otvorena je redovna linija Grbavica – Pale. Autobus nije došao. Zapalio se negdje na trebevičkom putu. Ja, potajno sretno što se stvari tako odvijaju, tražim da se vratimo kući. Supruga kaže da nema povratka. Čekamo da nas neko poveže. Tako je počelo putovanje, a završilo se 10.000 milja zapadno od raskršća kod MIS-a. A kako je bilo na putovanju, to je već posebna priča.

Albi Papo

A WAR DAY

Morning. This is already the third month of the war. There is no electricity; no water; the telephones fell silent a long time ago; nobody hauls the waste away. A heavy smell of burning rubbish and car tyres spreads over Grbavica. Each morning I meet Vlado and Ana at the crossing by MIS, where is the only shop in which it is occasionally possible to buy a tin of sardines or some already germinating potatoes. Ana who was born and has grown up in the city is tragically frightened by the war; she is looking back continuously, as if somebody is following her, and moves sticking to the walls of the buildings. It would be quite comical were the situation not extremely grave. On the other hand Vlado, a man of the people, is practical and resourceful and can see a solution to any situation. Vlado salutes us with “Who are those that suffer here?” “The unfortunate people of Congo”, I reply. The origin of this exchange of greetings is an anecdote from Vlado’s service in the army:

During the morning class of Moral-and-Political education usually coached by non-commissioned officers the usual topic of which was the account of the current political affairs in the world, the officer on duty was talking something about the war in Vietnam which had intensified just at that time. It was too warm in the room and the soldiers in a state of drowsiness or even solid sleep. Vlado tried not to fall asleep and not to fall from the bench. He was brought back to reality by the risen voice of the sergeant who posed the following question to the auditorium: “Who are those who perish in Vietnam, comrades?” Then, after a short pause, as all true lecturers do, he gave the answer: “The unfortunate people of Congo suffer!” Vlado could not believe his ears, looking around his friends he searched for some reaction among them to this lapse by the lecturer. There was no reaction, nobody was listening. There was no reaction even after he repeated: “Yes comrades, the unfortunate people of Congo perish!” We used this sentence which was completely unintelligible to those outside our circle of friends, to express our attitude to the war we were experiencing and how ordinary people perish for the sake of great ideas.

“The unfortunate people of Congo” Ana repeats bitterly. We exchange the news, rumours and information where to buy any groceries. Vlado tries to make us come with him to a café because he says he has reliable information that it is possible to get cigarettes there. Ana doesn’t want even to listen to it. All of a sudden a queue starts forming in front of the shop. Everybody is holding pots, plastic dishes or whatever came first to their hands. The news was spreading that milk will be distributed. The three of us are at the end of the line with slim prospects. As my home is the nearest I go to bring some containers. And really,

an hour later a cistern with milk arrives. The milk is transferred directly into the dishes. It is already noon when we came to the head of the queue. Ana asks us to walk her to her place. Saying our good-buys we agree to meet tomorrow at the same time.

That same afternoon I am sitting at the table trying to read something. On the table is a volume of Engineering Encyclopaedia randomly open on the page containing the entry of “wood structures”; nothing to do either with my profession or my interests. Also on the table are an old “Croatia” battery and the battery of my “Golf” car, the wreckage of which is immediately under my balcony. Suddenly I hear terrible banging at the entrance door. I open the door and a soldier rushes in: “Where is the fair-haired who jumped in now?” he shouts and his gaze wanders around as if looking for somebody in the flat. “There is no fair-haired person here, we are the only ones”, I answer, bewildered. Actually we live on the second floor and it would be difficult for anybody to “jump in”. But it is not the time for confrontation. At that moment my mother-in-law opens the bathroom door and almost runs into the soldier. Surprised they both step back. When the soldier realizes who actually it is he relaxes, comes into the room, asks about my personal data, my occupation, whether I have hidden arms and tries to make the visit to look like an official one. He notices the battery on the table, takes it, puts it into his pocket mumbling “It is not allowed”. He leaves as quickly as he came. It took us half an hour to calm down my mother-in-law.

It is evening. We are preparing to go to the cellar. The exchange of the mortar shells between the warring factions usually intensifies over the night. We are late. This evening the exchange started a bit earlier than the usual schedule. All of a sudden an appalling bang. As if something exploded right above our heads. Noise of broken glass. We crawl about the floor, naively looking for a place in the flat which would be least exposed to a direct hit. After every explosion we



estimate how close or how far we are from the place where the shell landed. After a long half hour everything falls silent. One shell fell directly in front of the entrance to our staircase and the second under the window of our balcony. My dear wife says that we should not wait for the marksmen to correct their aiming. “It is time to go”, she says. We had enough of war. We are going to exile. The next morning we are standing with our bundles on the Trebević road-crossing and waiting for the bus. A regular line Grbavica – Pale has been opened. The bus does not come. It caught fire somewhere on the Trebević road. Secretly I am happy that the things take this turn and say that I want us to go back home. My wife says that there is no return. We wait for anybody to give us a lift. That is how our travel started and it ended 10,000 miles far from the crossing by MIS. The travel itself is a separate story.

Albi Papo

U periodu poslije redovne Godišnje skupštine koja je održana u septembru, do zaključenja ovog broja Salona imali smo nekoliko zapaženih događaja. Pa da krenemo redom.

Srijeda, 9 novembar Nastavak i kraj prikazivanja iz serije “Nadrealisti”. Veče provedeno sa mješovitim osjećanjima. Iako se radilo o humorističkoj emisiji, ipak nas je podsjetila na tužne i tragične događaje u našoj bivšoj domovini.

Srijeda, 16 novembar. Slobodne aktivnosti. Partija karata čak na dva stola. Neuobičajeno. Nekad nema dovoljno interesenata i za jedan.

Četvrtak 17 novembar. Veče poezije u spomen pokojnog Mire Jančića i komemoracija, upriličeno u ambasadi Republike Bosne i Hercegovine. Etela Pardo naša članica, čitala je odlomke. Iako su pozvani svi iz dijaspore i događaj nije organizovan od strane “Prijatelja La benevolencije”, primjećeno je prisustvo naših članova. To je bila i jedinstvena prilika da se sretnemo i malo pročaskamo sa “zemljacima”.

Srijeda 23 novembar. Vrlo ugodno provedeno veče. Sveto Gaćinović po treći put nas je poveo na putovanje svojom digitalnom kamerom, ovoga puta nastavio je šetnju po Južnoj Americi. Urugvaj pa Argentina - zemlja neobičnih prirodnih ljepota i pojava, zemlja tanga i ljubavi ili bolje reci ljubljena; ljudi plešu i po ulicama ljube se kad i gdje stignu. (Neka. Bolje nego da se tuku). Sve zaslađeno Svetinim ukusnim komentarima i humorom. Imalo se šta vidjeti, saznati i čuti. Sveto, sve čestitke tebi na ovome i hvala!

Srijeda 30 novembar. Čevapčijada. To je već prešlo u tradiciju. Vrijedne ruke naših “bohoreta” opet zu zamijesile čevape onako kako samo one to znaju. Još kad se tome dodaju vješte ruke majstora roštilja kao što su u ovom slučaju bili Branko i Dragan, sve oko ulunutar i van sale obavio je zanosni miris našeg omiljenog roštilja. Bogami i oni iz “Devetke”, “Hodžića” i “Mrkve” mogli bi im zavidjeti na ovome. Nešto bolja posjeta nego na gore pomnutim događajima. Pitamo se koji je razlog? Možda zato jer je dan prije toga bio 29. novembar. Ko zna...?

Srijeda 7 decembar Pogledali smo video projekciju filma “Ljeto u zlatnoj dolini” mladog BH režisera Srđana Vuletića. Potresna savremena tematika iz BiH. Droga, korupcija otmice ucjene, ubistva, samoubistva... Bolje zaboraviti, ako već ne možemo ništa učiniti.

Srijeda 14 decembar. Veče poezije i proze upriličeno u povodu ničega, tek oslikava da malo promijenimo atmosferu. Jadranka, Čaja i Dragan očitali su nam Singera, D. Cesarića, jednog indijskog pjesnika iz V vijeka, Zmaj Jovu, Boru Kostića... Na kraju smo čuli i jednu Čajinu kratku pjesmicu. I sve to uz svijeeće i vino. Baš je bilo lijepo. Samo da je bilo više posjetilaca...

Srijeda 28 decembar 2005 Sjedeljka za Hanuku, Praznik svjetla. Tradicionalna podjela vouchera za juniore. Na žalost opet je bilo više vouchera nego prisutne djece. Poslije obavezne Hanuka ceremonije, malo se sjelo, pročaskalo uz iće i piće. Eto.

Srijeda, 11 januar 2006 Ovoga puta ugostili smo dvije šarmantne dame; Ivonne Behar i Gemma Rosefield. Dovoljno je još samo dodati: klavir, čelo i Ladino muzika. Dobra muzika, dobar događaj, a ni njih nije bilo loše pogledati, dosta dobra posjeta. Da je toga više... A kupljeno je i dosta njihovih CD-ova.

Srijeda, 25 januar. Pogledali smo film “East is East” (Istok je Istok). Radnja smještena negdje u “unutrašnjosti” (kako bi mi rekli) Engleske. Multietnička okolina (blago njima). “Paki” oženio domaću gospođu. Navaljali djece, jedno drugom do uha. On tjera svoje (običaje, odakle je došao), a ona svoje. I multietničke komšije su tu da sve zapapriče. Gledaoce tjera do suza i od tuge i od smjeha.

Pored navedenih događanja, moramo napomenuti da u ostalim redovnim terminima srijedom za druženje, prisustvovanje članova se svelo samo na nekolicinu entuzijasta. Dešavalo se i da niko ne dođe. Zapravo ti “događaji” ne bi trebali proći nezapaženo.

Komunalne vijesti

Nema odmora dok traje obnova! – Naš mladi naraštaj, koji je ovdje naglavačke uletio u škole, sada postiže što mnogima od nas starijih nije uspjelo – zapošljava se. U ovoj godini za nama, doznajemo da su posao uspješno našli Ela i Ana Smiljanić, Davor Stojnić i Slaven Ungar. Naše čestitke.

Dragan Ungar

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SAMSON I DALILA

Na samom početku naseljavanja Izraeličana u Kanaan svakim pojedinim područjem vladao je po jedan vođa ratnik. U doba mira te vode su preuzimale uloge sudija odgovornih za zakon i red i za to da naseljenici ne usvoje religije pagana. Debora, jedina žena sudija iz tog doba za koju se zna bila je i prorokica i ratnik koja je sama predvodila pobjedonosnu vojsku protiv Kanačana.

Priča o Samsonu i Dalili se odvija u tom periodu Sudija. Samson je bio Izraeličanski heroj neizmjerne snage, predodređen da Izraeličane spasi od Filistejaca. Filistejci su zauzimali priobalnu oblast Izraela i stalno se borili sa Izraeličanima. Samson je rođen u mjestu Zora, blizu granice sa Filistejskom zemljom. Prije njegovog rođenja andeo je najavio njegovoj majci da će on biti spasitelj Izraela. Bio je obdaren nadljudskom snagom; jednom je golim rukama rastrgao lava. Bio je odgojen kao Nazirej, kome je bilo zabranjeno da pije alkohol i da sječe kosu.

Čak i prije nego što je rođen data je u njegovo ime doživotna zakletva na abstinenciju, ali ga ona nije sprečavala da juri za Filistejskim ženama, a upravo preko njih je dolazio do prilike da stalno napada njihove muškarce. Njegova jedina nevjesta (bez znanog imena) bila je iz Filistejskog grada Tamnat. Za vrijeme svadbenog slavlja postavio je Filistincima zagonetku, kladeći se u odjeću trideset muškaraca da je neće moći riješiti za sedam dana. Kada ih je njegova mlada otkrivši odgovor obavjestila o tome, Samson je svojju opkladu riješio tako što je u Aškelonu ubio trideset Filistejaca i uzeo njihovu odjeću. Kada je njegovu mladu otac dao drugom čovjeku, Samson je uhvatio 300 lisica, svezao po dvije za repove, postavio baklje u tako nastale čvorove i pustio ih u Filistejsku ljetinu.

Kasnije je Samson posjetio jednu prostitutku u Gazi, a Filistejci su čekali u zasjedi na kapiji grada. Mjesto da bude uhvaćen Samson je odnio čitavu kapiju na leđima. Nije imao podršku ni svog naroda, naprotiv članovi plemena Jehuda su ga predali Filistincima, a on je pokidao veze kojima je bio vezan i ubio 1000 Filistinaca prvim oružjem kog se latio - čeljustima magarca.



Ma koliko da je bio moćan, Samson nije mogao da se odupre gundanju žena. Njegova Filistejska mlada ga je ubjedila da joj objasni zagonetku plačući čitave sedmice svadbenog slavlja. Kasnije je Dalila (za koju se ne kaže da mu je bila žena) izvukla od njega tajnu njegove snage - njegovu dugu kosu. Dalila je bila posljednja Filistejska žena koju je Samson jurio. Pet Filistejskih knezova je obećalo Dalili skoro petnaest kilograma srebra ako bi otkrila tajnu Samsonove snage. Stalno je jadikovala da mu neće vjerovati da je voli ako joj ne kaže u čemu je tajna. Dva puta joj je slagao. Prvi put je rekao da bi ga snaga napustila ako bi ga vezali zelenim vrbovim granama, a drugi put ako bi ga vezali novim užadima. Svaki put je to ona ispričala Filistejcima, a oni bi tu informaciju koristili da ga napadnu. I svaki put se Samson lako oslobađao svojih veza - ali ne i Dalile. Treći put je priznao da se njegova snaga nalazi u njegovoj dugoj kosi, ali je dodao da sedam pramenova na njegovoj glavi treba priviti

na vratilo. Kao i ranije ni ovaj napad Filistejaca na Samsona na osnovu Daliline informacije nije uspio. Međutim on se na kraju toliko umorio od njenih prigovora da joj je na kraju rekao istinu. Kada ga je navela da legne i stavi glavu na njena koljena, obrijala je kosu sa njegove glave dok je spavao i poslala ga vani da se bori. Filistejci su Samsona, koji nije bio svjestan da je izgubio svoju ogromnu snagu zarobili, a Dalila je dobila dogovorenu nagradu. U zatočeništvu Filistejci su oslijepili Samsona. Primorali su ga da u tamnici melje žito. Kasnije na jednom prazničnom skupu su ga pokazivali svijetu koji se okupio. Tu je zamolio momka koji je pazio na njega da ga odvede do stubova koji su nosili hram. Uputio je Bogu molitvu kojom je tražio da mu još jednom podari snagu. Snaga mu se vratila i pošto je bio spreman da umre sa Filistejcima, srušio je stubove i čitavo zdanje se srušilo. Tu je pobio više Filistejaca nego što ih je ubio za života.

Pripremila Branka Danon

SAMSON AND DELILAH

When the Israelites first settled in Canaan, each local area was ruled by its own warrior chief. In peacetime they acted as judges, responsible for law and order and for making sure that the settlers did not adopt a pagan religion. Debora, the only woman judge recorded, was both a prophetess and a warrior, who herself led victorious army against the Canaanites.

The story of Samson and Delilah is set in this period of judges. Samson was the immensely strong Israelite hero destined to save Israel from the Philistines. The Philistines occupied the coastal area of Israel and were continually fighting the Israelites. Samson was born in Zorah close to the border with the Philistine lands. Before his birth an angel told his mother that he would be Israel's saviour. He was endowed with superhuman strength, once tearing a lion apart with his bare hands. He was brought up as a Nazarite, forbidden to drink alcohol or to cut his hair.

The lifelong vows of abstinence had been made on his behalf before his birth, but this did not prevent him from pursuing Philistine women and it was through them that he had the opportunities to harass their menfolk. His only bride (unnamed) came from the Philistine city of Timnah. At the marriage feast he set the Philistines a riddle, wagering thirty men's clothing that they could not solve it within seven days. When his bride discovered the answer and told them, he settled his bet by killing thirty Philistines in Ashkelon and taking their clothes. When her father promised her to another man, Samson tied the tails of 300 foxes together, fastened torches into the knots, and let them loose in the Philistine fields.

Later, Samson visited a harlot in Gaza and the Philistines waited to trap him at the city gate; Samson, however, carried away the whole gate on his shoulder. Far from being supported by his people, he was handed over to the Philistines by the tribesmen of Judah; he broke his bonds and slew 1000 Philistines with the first weapon at hand, the jawbone of an ass.

Mighty as he was, Samson could not withstand women's nagging. His Philistine bride had persuaded him to explain the riddle by weeping throughout the week of the wedding feast. Later, Delilah (who is not called his wife) prised out from him the secret of his strength - his long hair. Delilah was the last Philistine woman that Samson pursued. Five Philistine nobles promised her nearly thirty pounds of silver if she could discover the secret of Samson's strength. She moaned to him continually that unless he told her, she would not believe he loved her. Twice he lied to her about it. First he said that his strength would leave him if he were bound in fresh bow strings, then if he were bound in new ropes. Each time she told the Philistines and they acted on her information. And each time he easily shook himself free from his bonds - but not from her. The third time, he admitted that his strength lay in his long hair, but added that seven locks of his hair should be weaved with the web. Again, the Philistines acted on Delilah's information and, as before, he shook them off. At last however, he grew so tired of her complaining that he told her the truth. She made him lie down with his head on her knees, shaved off his hair while he was asleep and sent him out to fight. Samson, unaware that he had lost his great strength, was captured and Delilah collected her reward. Betrayed to the Philistines, he was captured and blinded. They set him to grind corn in prison, but later paraded him at a festive assembly. There he asked the attendant to guide him to the pillars supporting the temple and prayed God to grant him strength once more. His strength returned and, content to die with the Philistines, he pulled down the pillars and the whole building collapsed, killing more Philistines than he had ever killed while he lived.

Prepared by Branka Danon



