



# GODIŠNJA SKUPŠTINA

2

# ANNUAL MEETING

3

## Deset godina od našeg organizovanog dolaska u London

### Izveštaj sa redovne skupštine Jevrejske zajednice "Prijatelji La Benevolencije"

Prije deset godina, 1992 godine, prva organizovana grupa članova i prijatelja Jevrejske opštine u Sarajevu prispijela je u London sklanjajući se ispred razbuktaloga rata. Već dvije godine kasnije, 1994 godine, održana je osnivačka skupština Jevrejske zajednice "Prijatelji La Benevolencije" u Londonu, tako da ove godine održavamo devetu redovnu skuštinu Zajednice. Prije početka zvaničnoga dijela Skupštine, Branko Danon je uputio nekoliko poruka koje se odnose na obilježavanje desetogodišnjice našeg dolaska u Britaniju, a to je ponukalo i predsjednika, Borisa Montilja, da u svome Izveštaju evocira sjećanje na naš život tu u Londonu. "U ljudskom vijeku to nije malo, a s obzirom na naš sastav po godinama starosti, nekima je taj period značajniji nego drugima. Iako je sadržina ovog jubileja kompleksna, ipak mislim daje to dobar povod za radost. Najteže je iza nas i napetost popušta."

Ocijenjujući aktivnosti u izvještajnom periodu, Boris je istakao "da je prošla godina bila nešto drugačija od prethodnih i po određenoj svježini koja je uvedena u aktivnosti kluba. Ovo se desilo zahvaljujući osvježanju u sastavu Odbora u ovogodišnjem mandatu... "Promjena je u tome što smo u aktivnosti i događanja u klupskim prostorijama u nekoliko navrata prošle godine uspjeli uključiti značajan broj naših članova. Sama ta činjenica svjedoči da smo našli način kako da se poveća interes i prisustvo, kako da se provocira i potakne pozitivna reakcija prema događajima koje smo pripremali. Ovo me je ponukalo da ovaj izvještaj oslobodim konvencionalnog pristupa. U prilogu ćete naći izvještaje Ženske sekcije i blagajne, a mislim da nema potrebe nabrajati sve pojedinačne događaje u klubu. Ja želim da se sjetimo prijatnih osjećanja koji su nas prožimali kad su nam svoj odnos prema pisanoj riječi i svoju pisanoj riječ u par navrata ponudili Čaja, Darija, Dragan, Milena, Jadranka, Olja, Paja (Pavlović). Mislim da dijelim vaše prijatno iznenađenje kada su nam Jadranka, Branka, Bulka, Henika, a da ne govorimo o Pauli i Mileni, priuštili mogućnost da podijelimo i razumijemo njihov poriv i uzvik: "Ne dam da me svakodnevnica povuče u apatično prosječnost". Neki od tih radova nisu lišeni umjetničkih ambicija, ali ako cijenimo izrečeni motiv da se radi o zadovoljenju unutrašnje potebe, onda je baš lijepo što su riješili da tu potrebu podijele sa nama"

Ali, bilo je i drugih aktivnosti kao što su čitanje dramskoga teksta Mirze Fehimović "Sarajevska deklaracija" u kome je uzelo učešća više naših članova. "Naravno, bilo je i drugih događanja vrijednih pomena, koji su na poseban način izraz evolucije našeg odnosa prema Zajednici." Kao primjere takvih akcija, Boris je naveo ples u povodu Valentine's Day, obilježavanje 80 -tog rođendana doajenke Zajednice Paule Ristić, a zatim značajnih i zanimljivih gostovanja. "Miro Jančić je ponovo eksperimentisao sa poezijom na engleskome jeziku, a Zdenko Lešić, inače kritičar i istoričar književnosti, govorio nam je ovaj put u ulozu autora koji je sam napisao djelo u formi tabloida, pa ga je i nazvao "Sarajevski tabloid". Posebno smo se obradovali Jelisaveti - Seki Sabljic koja nam je, uz učešće profesora Dušana Puvačića, predstavila Danila Kiša, ali i svoje teatarske "vragolije". Bilo je i predavanja, a posebno je zapaženo predavanje o pogledu na džez tokom swing perioda, gosta Johna Levi-a". Inventivnim izborom zanimljivih mjesta, izleti u Norwich, Worcester, Withstable, Petworth i Chichester, su i dalje zadržali popularnost i privlačnost među akcijama koje vodimo.

"Namjerno sam izvještaj skratio i uprostio da ostavim prostora našim razmišljanjima, kako o proteklih 10 godina, tako i kako treba da živimo u periodu koji je namijenjen za pripremu nekih novih poglavlja, da smo dosadašnje vrijeme iskoristi kako smo znali i umjeli, ali i da u ovom našem socijalnom smislu ima mogućnosti da se i dalje okupljamo." Predsjednik je podsjetio i "na olakšanje koje smo osjetili kad su nam jevrejske organizacije i pojedinci pružili ruku - na pravi način i u pravo vrijeme"

Poslije se razvio živ razgovor o perspektivi razvoja i opstanka Zajednice, o novim prostorijama, članarini, u kome su učestvovali Paula Ristić, Branka Danon, Svjetlana Marijanović, Draško Suvajdžić, Boris Montiljo, Tea Suvajdžić i drugi. Na jednoglasan zahtjev svih prisutnih članova Skupštine članovima dosadašnjeg Odbora obnovljen je mandat i za sljedeću godinu, tako da će u tom tijelu raditi Olja Ristić, Jadranka Smiljančić, Draško Suvajdžić, Irena Altarac, Mile Švarc Boris Montiljo i Branko Danon. Odbor je za svoga predsjednika ponovo izabrao Borisa Montilja.

## Ten Years from Our Organised Arrival in London

### Report from the Regular Annual Assembly of the Jewish Society "Friends of La Benevolencija"

Ten years ago, in 1992, the first group of members and friends of the Jewish Community in Sarajevo arrived in London seeking shelter from the raging war. Only two years later, in 1994, the Jewish Society "Friends of La Benevolencija" in London had its inaugural assembly. This means that this year's assembly is our Ninth Regular Assembly. Before the official part of the Assembly started, Branko Danon made a few comments relating to the marking of the tenth anniversary of our arrival in Britain. This in turn incited our President, Mr. Boris Montiljo to evoke in his report memories of our life in London. "It is not a short period in a human life, but as our group is of mixed age, that period means more to some of us than it means to others. Although this jubilee is a complex bag of different things, I still think that this is a good reason for celebration. The most difficult period is over and the tension eases."

When talking about the period covered by the report, Boris pointed out that "the last year differed somewhat from the previous ones by freshness introduced to our club activities. This was due to the new Board members in this term. The difference is primarily in the fact that a larger number of our members took part in several activities organised in our club premises. This proves that a way has been found to increase members interest and their presence and also to provoke and incite positive reactions to events prepared by the Board. All this is reflected in this not very conventional annual report. Enclosed you will find the report of the Women's Group and the state of our Fund. I will not mention each and every event here. Still I would like to remind you of the pleasant feelings during the several occasions when Čaja, Darija, Dragan, Milena, Jadranka, Olja, Paja (Pavlović) offered either their attitude to writing or their own writings. I am sure that I shared your lively surprise when Jadranka, Branka, Bulka and Henika not to mention Paula and Milena enabled us to understand and share with them their impulse and shout: "I will not let everyday life drag me into mediocrity." Some of these works are not lacking artistic ambition, but should we appreciate the expressed motif that it was to fulfil their intimate necessity, their decision to share it with us is appreciated indeed."



"Some other activities have to be mentioned here also, among them, of course, the reading of "Sarajevo Declaration", a text written by Mirza Fehimović. Quite a number of our members took part in the event. Some other events worth mentioning express in a specific way our attitude to the Society." To illustrate it Boris mentioned the dance organised for St Valentine's Day or marking of the eightieth birthday of Paula Ristić, our doyen. He also mentioned a number of notable and interesting guests: "Miro Jančić experimented again with poetry in English, and Zdenko Lešić, who is a literary critic and historian, talked to us in his role of an author who wrote a book in the form of a tabloid, and indeed it was adequately titled "The Sarajevo Tabloid". We were especially glad to have Jelisaveta-Seka Sabljic among us. Together with Prof. Dušan Puvačić she presented the author Danilo Kiš to us. She also performed her theatrical "jests". Lectures were given also. To many of us of special interest was the one on jazz during the swing period, presented to us by our guest Mr. John Levy. The inventive selection of interesting places for our outings to Norwich, Worcester, Withstable, Petworth and Chichester still maintain popularity. It is still among our favourite activities.

"I made this report shorter and more simple in order to leave space for our thoughts both on the past ten years but also on the visions of the future. How do we see our lives in the period to come set for the preparation of some new chapters. Have we used our time the best we could? Are there prospects for our social meetings in future?" The President reminded us also "of our alleviation when the Jewish organisations and individuals offered their hands - in the right way and at the right time."

The report was followed by animated discussion about the development and existence of our Society, about the new premises, membership fee. Among those who took part in the discussion were Paula Ristić, Branka Danon, Svjetlana Marijanović, Draško Suvajdžić, Boris Montiljo and Tea Suvajdžić. All the present unanimously voted for another term for the present Board. Thus the members of the Board for the next year will again be: Olja Ristić, Jadranka Smiljančić, Draško Suvajdžić, Irena Altarac, Mile Švarc, Boris Montiljo and Branko Danon. The Board has elected again Boris Montiljo for the President.

## JELISAVETA-SEKA SABLJIĆ

Prilikom gostovanja u Londonu u junu 2002 g., beogradska glumica Jelisaveta Sablić vratila je i kod nas. Iskristili smo prilikom da malo popričamo.

Seka kratko o sebi kaže:

Rodena sam u Beogradu, na Čuburi kod Kaleničeve pijace. Majka, beogradska Muzikarica sa Dorćola. Završila gimnaziju, srednju muzičku školu i veoma rano, zavolela sam i bavila se glumom. Uvek sam bila sigurna na sceni, mnogo više nego u životu. Kako tada tako i danas.

Završila Pozorišnu akademiju, uvek primećena kao "veoma talentovana". Posle Akademije mali "poraz", primljena sam u Dečije pozorište, tamo sam igrala mnogo uloga i radila dve godine, a onda najveća sreća, velika Mira Trajlović me prima u Ateleje 212 gde sam ostala. Taj period za Mirina života je bio najviša tačka Atelejeja a ja sam u tome učestvovala. Mnogo uloga sam odigrala u pozorištu, televiziji, filmu, igrala na Dubrovačkim igrama, bila 2 godine u Zagrebu – Teatar u gostima kod Relje Bašića. Snimala u Makedoniji, Sarajevu itd. Nikada nisam snimala u inostranstvu. Naravno ne prebacujem sebi, to je sudbina ove sredine, uvek iza tarabe, iza zavese. Valjda će jednog dana i naši zidovi pasti.

P. Evo već u dva navrata, iskristila si svoj posjetu Londonu da gostuješ i kod nas u Klubu. Nije ti trebalo više od "čarape" na glavi i kecelje da se gledaoci zapale!

O. Zaista mi je drago da sam prilikom ova moja dolaska, naravno uz vrlo veliki trud i pomoć, stigla da realizujem te skromne susrete u Jevrejskoj zajednici. Ovom prilikom se zahvaljujem gospodinu Dušanu Puvačiću koji je učestvovao u delu programa "Podsećanje na Danila Kiša".

P. Za mnoge od nas, ti si predstavnik jedne cijele, izuzetno talentovane generacije glumaca bivše Jugoslavije. Da li su onaj polet i oduševljenje našli svoje sljedbenike? Kako gledaš na budućnost teatra u promijenjenim okolnostima?

O. Da, ja sam iz iste stare generacije koja je išla napred puna nade i uživala u sve "boljim" vremenima. Postojala je produkcija: tetar, TV, film itd. Radilo se mnogo i kvalitetno. Nove generacije se bore kako znaju i umeju. Veoma im je teško, jer nemaju na čemu da se realizuju, da "postaju", da sazrevaju. Smatram da su mnoga godišta prosto žrtvovana. Jedino je sigurno da ima mnogo talentovanih. Samo to je tek start, treba im ponuditi kvalitetna obrazovanja, okruženja itd.

Naravno, teatra će uvek biti, onakvog kakvog ga publika traži. Repertoar vaspitava publiku i publika diktira repertoar, ali ipak prvo publika diktira a onda teatar ima malu mogućnost da vaspitava publiku.

P. Kada se pomene ime Jelisavete – Seke Sablić, odmah asocijamo na komediju, satiru pa i burlesku. Znamo da radiš i "ozbiljne" stvari. Postoji li žanr koji smatraš svojim izrazom?

O. Ne mislim na žanr. Ako je preda mnom komedija odem na tu stranu, ako je drama, prirodno ulazim u dramske tonove, ali nikada ne izostavim u drami boju humora i ironije i obratno. Komedija je obeležila moje najaktivnije vreme jer je bila, a i dalje je, jako zastupljena. Beograd ne voli baš mnogo ozbiljnost. Ja lično sam volela i volim tu lepotu ozbiljnosti.

P. Rekla si nam da trenutno učestvuješ u jednom uzbudljivom i kompleksnom projektu. Nešto o tome?

O. Da, upravo je izvedena predstava Hazarski rečnik u režiji veoma poznatog reditelja Tomaža Pandura. Ta predstava i probe sa Pandurom su nekako bile posebno uzbudljive i na neki poseban način volim tu predstavu. Predstava upravo ima tu lepotu ozbiljnosti, pritom nije zaboravljen humor, ironija.

P. Izraz da iver ne pada daleko od klade, potvrdio se i kod tebe. Stefan, tvoj sin, stiče ime kao pozorišni reditelj i ima šire interese vezane za daske koje život znače. Da li se kod kuće pokušavate odmoriti od te teme?

O. Da, Stefan je napravio već nekoliko malih uspešnih predstava. Sa Stefanom odlično razgovaram i to isključivo kad me pita, kada ima problem i šta da pita. Mislim da dosta uči od mene, naročito rediteljski deo "rad sa glumcem" u predstavi. Kod novih rediteljskih generacija taj deo je primetno sapostavljen.

P. Na kraju, reci nam nešto o tvom odnosu prema jevrejstvu: kao osobe i kao glumice.

O. Veoma se osećam Jevrejkom. Nekad sam smatrala da je to deo intime, sada ne. Često se sasvim jasno deklarišem kao Jevrejka. Nisam baš nešto jevrejski obrazovana ali je zato Stefan sve to nadoknadio boraveći nekoliko godina u Izraelu.

Intervju vodio Branko Danon



## JELISAVETA-SEKA SABLJIĆ

During her visit to London in June 2002, the Belgrade actress Jelisaveta Sablić dropped in to visit us as well. We used that opportunity to talk to her.

This is what Seka said briefly about herself.

I was born in Belgrade at Čubura near Kalenića Market. My mother was a Belgrade Jew from Dorćol. I graduated from high school and college for music. I fell in love with acting and got into it at a very early age. I always felt safe on stage, much more so than in real life. This was so then and it is so now.

I graduated from the Academy for Performing Arts and was always noticed as "highly talented". After the Academy a small downfall followed. I was employed by Theatre for Children. I had many roles there and worked for two years. Then my luck turned for the better. The great Mira Trajlović took me to "Atelje 212" Theatre, where I stayed. That period during Mira's life was the peak of Atelje achievements and I am proud to say that I was part of it. I played many roles for theatre, TV and film; took part in Dubrovnik festivals; spent two years in Zagreb with Relja Bašić's "Teatar u gostima" Theatre; had shootings in Macedonia, Sarajevo and some other places. Never abroad. I have never reproached myself for this. This is the fate of this environment. Always behind the fence, behind the curtain. Hopefully our walls will also come down one day.

Q. It is already the second time that during your visit to London you came to perform in our club as well. You needed nothing more than a "sock" on your head and an apron to ignite the audience.

A. I am really glad that during both my stays I had succeeded, of course with great effort and help by Branko Danon, to achieve the modest meetings in The Jewish Community. I would like to use this opportunity to thank Mr. Dušan Puvačić who contributed to that part of the programme which reminded us of Danilo Kiš.

Q. For many of us you represent a whole exceptionally talented generation of actors from former Yugoslavia. Have your zeal and enthusiasm found followers? How do you see the future of the theatre in the changed circumstances?

A. Yes I am from the same old generation that marched on, full of hope and enjoyed the ever "better" times. Production existed: theatre, TV, film etc. Work was in abundance and of good quality. The new generations fight the best they can. It is very difficult for them because there is nothing there to prove themselves, to "become something", to mature on. It is my opinion that many generations were simply sacrificed. It is quite certain, though, that many of them have talents. But that is only the beginning. It is necessary to offer to them good quality education, adequate environment etc.

One thing is sure and that is that the theatre will always be there, but it will be the theatre that the audience wants to have. The repertoire educates the audience and the audience dictates the repertoire, but it is primarily the dictate of the audience and only then the slight possibility that the theatre will educate the public.

Q. Mentioning of the name Jelisaveta – Seka Sablić is always associated with comedy, satire and burlesque. We are aware that you have been involved with "serious" work as well? Would you say that any single genre is your specific form of expression?

A. I don't think about a genre. If I am faced with a comedy I follow that line, if on the other hand it is a play naturally I enter drama tones, but I never leave out the shades of humour or irony from a drama or vice versa. Comedy characterised my most active period because it has been present all the time. Belgrade does not cherish seriousness very much. As for myself I have always liked the beauty of seriousness.

Q. You have mentioned that at the moment you are part of a very exciting and complex project. Could you tell us something about it?

A. Yes, we just had the performance of the "Dictionary of Khazars" directed by the famous Tomaž Pandur. This performance and the rehearsals with Pandur were somehow especially exciting and I like this production in a unique way. The production has that beauty of seriousness, but humour and satire have not been forgotten either.

Q. Your son has proved that he is a chip off the old block. Stefan is gaining his reputation as a theatre director and has a broad interest in respect to the stage. Do you try to get a break from this theme when you come home?

A. Yes, it is true. Stefan already made a few successful productions. I talk to Stefan, but only when he asks me to, when he has problems to solve. I think he learns quite a lot from me, especially when it comes to director's "work with the actor" in a performance. This part is noticeably neglected among the new generations of directors.

Q. And finally, could you tell us something about your Jewishness, as a person and as an actress?

A. My feeling of Jewishness is very strong. There were times when I thought that it belongs to my intimate self. But I do not think like that any more. Quite often I declare as a Jew in a very straightforward manner. I do not have proper Jewish education, but by staying in Israel for several years Stephan has made up for that.

Interview conducted by Branko Danon

## Zapisi sa ljetnih putovanja

Ovog ljeta, izgleda mnogo više nego ranijih godina, naši čitaoci su putovali, išli na duže ili kraće - češće kraće nego duže - odmoro i ljetovanja. Tome može biti više uzroka. Prošlo je punih deset godina otkako je glavnina nas stigla ovdje. To se tako brzo zaokružilo na jednu deceniju, ali je dugo trajalo, ljudi su prolazili kroz sito i rašeto prije nego su pustili korijenje i kako tako organizovali život u novom okruženju. Mnogi u međuvremenu nisu nikud putovali pa su osjetili potrebu da "napune baterije". Najveći broj je, u međuvremenu, regulisao status, dobio putne dokumente pa je i to čitavu stvar činilo lakšom. Onda su svi još jednom procijenili porodični budžet, prevnuli ono uštedjevine i ovako i onako, pa se prema tome odlučili za mjesto putovanja i dužinu boravka. Poneko se odlučio za Španiju ili u neku od sličnih zemalja, ali najveći broj se odlučio da posjeti Sarajevo ili Jadran.

To je uticalo da su utisci snažniji i ljudi prosto žele govoriti o tome. Tako je u Klubu jedne od julskih srijeda upriličen razgovor na tu temu. Prvi "govornici" su bili Darija Stojnić i Željko Kučinović - Čaja. Njih dvoje su u startu naznačili potpuno različite pristupe jednoj istoj temi, različita viđenja jedne iste stvarnosti. Darija je u susretu sa prijateljima i poznanicima nalazila lijepe trenutke boravka u Sarajevu, Željko je bio preokupiran sunovom slikom one stvarnosti ispod površine. Rijetko kad je neki razgovor u Klubu bio življe prihvaćen. Ljudi su prosto upadali jedni drugima u riječ, želeći da iznesu svoje viđenje, varirajući početno naznačeni osnovni pristup, ali unoseći nove valere doživljaju i nijanse slici doživljenog. Uz sve razlike, svi iskazi imaju jednu zajedničku crtu: to su snažni doživljaji i ljudi žele da ih iskažu. Već je upotreba osnovnih pojmova u razgovoru nabijena emotivnim značenjima. Neko to naziva "posjeta starom kraju"; drugi unose više patosa govoreći o mjestu "bivšeg života", treći su išli na "naše more", a oni suzdržaniji i praktičniji da su bili u Sarajevu, u Makarskoj ili u Mostaru.

Redakciji "Salona" se učinilo da bi objavljivanje nekoliko iskaza naših ljudi na ovu temu na prigodan način potsjetilo nas na desetogodišnjicu našeg bivstvovanja u Britaniji, a izišlo u susret jednoj od želja naših čitalaca.

M.U.

## 10 YEARS ON

## Notes Taken during Summer Travels

It seems that this summer our readers travelled much more than previously. They took longer or shorter - more often shorter than longer - breaks and holidays. Several things could be the reason for that. It is more than ten years now that the majority of us came to this country. Although a decade has passed so quickly, it actually lasted quite a long time for many who had to face and cope with various difficulties before taking root and organising their lives in the new environment. Over this period quite a number had not travelled at all and therefore felt the need to "charge their batteries". In the meantime most of us got our passports and the whole thing became much easier. The family budget and the savings had to be assessed again before deciding where to go and for how long. Many have opted for Spain or some similar country, but the majority has decided to visit Sarajevo or the Adriatic.

The decisions of the last ones resulted in stronger impressions and people feel the urge to talk about them. This theme was therefore taken for a debate one Wednesday afternoon in our club. The first two to talk were Darija Stojnić and Željko Kučinović-Čaja. From the very beginning it was obvious that theirs are two different approaches to one and the same reality. Meeting her friends and acquaintances Darija found some pleasant moments during her stay in Sarajevo. Željko, on the other hand, was preoccupied by the sombre picture of the reality which he found under the surface. The discussion that followed was one of the most animated ever heard in our club. People would interrupt each other to express their views, actually variations to the initially indicated elementary approach but with the introduction of new hues and shades. Despite all the differences there was one common element to everything that was mentioned there: these were strong experiences and people wished to express them. The basic concepts used in the discussion were charged with emotional meanings. Some used the term "visit to the old country", others applied more pathos referring to it as to the place of "former life". Some went to "our sea" and the more restrained and practical ones visited Sarajevo, Makarska or Mostar.

It seemed to SalOn editorial board that publishing some of the notes on this theme might appropriately remind us of the tenth anniversary of our life in Britain meeting at the same time one of the wishes of our readers.

M.U.

## Dragan Ungar

U Blažuju zastoj. SFOR zaustavio saobraćaj. Neko dojavio da će pobiti trojicu velikana. Mogli su vala taj samit u Sarajevu malo i odgoditi. Stigoh oko četiri popodne. Osjećam se samo malo depresivno, barem tako Sarajevo ostavlja na mene prvi utisak.

...

Gužva, galama, prepirke, psovke. Službenica sa imenom Jasmina na bedžu oko vrata, kod svake stranke nalazi nešto pogrešno ili nešto nedostaje. Strepim. Nisam nešto sa "vezama", a toliki put prevalio. Dodoh na red. "Dobar dan" - izmjenjasmo jedno drugom, "Izvolite šta ste trebali"? Provucoh papire kroz otvor. "Ličnu kartu" - rekoh. Ne znam gdje se osjećam manje stranac; ovdje ili u Home Office. Stavila je papire na stol ispred sebe, sortirala po nekom samo njoj znanom redoslijedu, prevrtala, provjeravala. Sve to radi u žurbi. Sigurno sam joj od jutros stoti, a najmanje još toliko je čeka do kraja dana. Onda zastade, zagledala se bez ijednog pokreta u jednu tačku na papiru. Gledam je odozgo. Kao da ne diše. A kada malo mrdnu rukom laknu mi. Ipak je živa. Sada kroz mene prostruji zebnja; nešto nije u redu. Prodoše mi kroz glavu iskustva predhodnika koji su ovo već prošli. Nemam staru ličnu, ali ima JMB pa mi ne trebaju svedoci da sam ja ja. Nemam prijavnicu, ali imam odluku o povratu stanarskog prava. Imam glanc novi rodni list koji je još topao od printera u Opštini. Imam sve uplatnice; i federalne i kantonalne dažbine. Imam pola sata stare fotografije iz DES-a... Pa šta onda pogodu još fali. Kontam možda smišlja, pošto imam sve, da mi izmisli neki novi papir koji nemam (kažu svašta izmišljaju samo da ti zagorčaju život). Na kraju podiže glavu prema meni. "Pucaj!" - pomislilih. Gledala me direktno u oči. Izbacila je donju usnu naprijed kao malo dijete kad se sprema na plač zbog neke nanesene mu nepravde i reče nesigurnim glasom: "A vi ste Dragan Ungar". "Jesam", rekoh, "Šta tu ne valja"? - "Pa ja sam... ovaj... ja... ja živim u vašem stanu..." Sad sam ja blenuo u nju. Ostao sam kako ono kažu - paf. Mene, a vjerujem i nju, spopade ista misao. Moraće mi izdati dokument koji će ubrzati njenu deložaciju. Ovo mjesto više nije bilo pogodno za bilo kakav dalji razgovor. Zamolila me da je sačekam na izlazu. Ubrzo se pojavila. Kakav rendez-vous!

...



dogodine ili možda kad na vrbi grožde rodi?

Da ne duljim, razgovarali smo smireno, oboje svjesni da ja tražim svoje pravo, a ona je ta koja mora da mi ga ispuni. Svjesni smo da svako radi svoj posao. Smirenim tonom i biranim riječima sam nastojao da joj ne zagorčam život koji joj je ionako već dosta gorak. Objasnio sam da nisam došao da je izbacim na ulicu. Po izgledu njenog lica sam primjetio da sam donekle uspio. Na kraju razgovora rekla mi je da će lična biti gotova - sutra.

Sutradan joj se javim - preko reda. Provede me pored ogromnog caje kroz vrata sa ogromnim natpisom: "Nezaposlenima strogo zabranjen ulaz". U nekoj kancelariji nešto potpišem, pa trk na sljedeći kat da se sve provede. Ode Jasmina u jednu kancelariju, a mene ostavi u drugoj. Tu sjedi čovjek koji mi reče da će mi lična biti gotova za sedam



dana jer sam predhodnu izgubio (vruga izgubio- eno je u Home Office-u). Tek sada sam svjestan da sam dole potpisao izjavu o gubitku lične karte. Ja se pobunih: "Šta bolan sedam dana, ja sutra odoh u..." (šuti bog te j...). A onda nehotice dreknuh: "Jasmina!" Izleti Jasmina iz druge kancelarije, "Šta je" - veli. Rekoh: "Ovaj čovjek kaže za sedam dana..." "Ma jok!" - veli ona. "Sad ćemo mi to, "Osmane dodi ovamo!" Ode Osman, vrati se poslije petnest sekundi. Kaže: "Sad ćemo mi to." Spusti on to dakle sa sedam dana na petnaest minuta. Udoše još neki ljudi, a onda se pojavi neka ženska, ukupno desetak ljudi u kancelariji i caje među njima, a ženska dreknu: "E ljudi vidite ovog gospodina" - pa pokaza na mene. "On se zove Dragan Ungar, a naša Jasmina živi u njegovom stanu, elem on doš'o dič' ličnu, a Jasmina mu je mora izdati". Svi bleje u mene, smijure se. Očito je da je Jasmina jučer nadigla čitav MUP da mi se danas napravi lična karta. Ja razveo neodređen osmjeh od uha do uha (šta da kažem), a jedina mi je misao kako odavde izaći živ (sa ličnom kartom, naravno). Ništa nisam rekao, znam samo da mi je neko prinio da zacnim prst i pritisnem po policijskom kartonu. Još pet minuta čekanja ili bolje rečeno blejanja po zidovima, ljudima i plafonu kad eto Jasmine sa glanc novom L.K. Izašao sam, sačekao Jasminu, tutnuo joj bombonjeru (za curice). Rastadosmo se napokon uz jedno obostrano- hvala.

...

Obavješten sam da je Jasmina iselila. Dok nekom ne smrkne drugom ne svane.

...

Umalo da zaboravim. A utisci o Sarajevu? Šta sam radio? Koga sam sreo? Gdje sam bio? Dig'o ličnu pod jedan. Vidio burazera, ženu rodbinu, par preostalih prijatelja... Uvečer Čaršija sa svim njenim čevapima i kafanama. Imao sam divan osjećaj uz saznanje da sutra - odlazim. A doći ću ja opet.

I otići.

Eto!

## Dragan Ungar

A hold-up in Blažuj. SFOR has stopped the traffic. Somebody informed that three persons of high rank would be killed. Really, they could have postponed that summit meeting in Sarajevo. I arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon. I felt just a bit depressed after my first impression of Sarajevo.

...

A crowd, noise, squabble, swearing. An officer with Jasmina written on her badge finds something wrong or missing in the documents submitted by each member of the public. I am afraid. I have no "contacts" here and just to think of the long journey I took to come here. It is my turn now. We exchange the "Good mornings". "How can I help you?" I put my papers through the opening. "Identity card, please". I do not know where I feel less of a foreigner, here or in Home Office. She places the papers on the desk in front of her, sorts them, turns and checks them in an order known to her only. All this in a hurry. I am sure that there were a hundred people before me this morning and at least this same number is to be dealt with before the day ends. Than she stops and gazes at one spot on the paper. I look at her from above. As if she is not breathing. When she moves her hand a bit I feel better. So, she is alive. I feel anxiety now: something is wrong. I remember the experiences of those before me. I do not have my old identity card, but I do have the Personal Reference Number so that there is no need for witnesses to prove my identity. I do not have the registration form but I do have the decision on my entitlement to the flat in which I lived before. I have a brand new copy of my birth certificate, still warm from printing in the Council. I have all the payment receipts both for the federal and the cantonal tax. I have my half-hour old photos. What is missing, for God's sake? I start reckoning that because I have everything needed she is contemplating what new paper she might ask from me. (They say that they think up all sorts of things only to make your life miserable.) Finally she lifts her head. "Shoot" I think. She looks straight into my eyes, her lower lip put forward the way a little child would do ready to cry because of some injustice he felt. She says in a shaking voice: "So you are Dragan Ungar". "Yes, I am. What is wrong with that?" "Well, I am. How to put it. I live in your flat." Now I stare at her. The same idea occurred to both of us. She will have to provide me with a document speeding up her removal. This



place is not safe any more for any further conversation. She asks me to wait for her at the door. She comes out quickly. What a rendezvous.

...

I knew about her through my lawyer, but I did not know where she worked. I know, it is not easy for her. She is a mother of two small girls, living with her parents and without her husband, who is a Moslem martyr. They come from somewhere in Eastern Bosnia. The law is against her and inclined to me. Heavy thoughts are on her mind, I am sure. Who stands now in front of her? Will I ask for her immediate dislodging or use rude and threatening words? Does it mean for her: tomorrow - out? I am not relaxed, either. Will she tell me to come for my identity card tomorrow, or next year or when hell freezes over?

To make a long story short, we talk placidly, both aware that I am seeking my right, and she is the one to provide it. We are aware that both of us are doing our jobs. In a tranquil voice and choosing my words I try not to make her already bitter life even worse and I explain to her that I have not come to throw her into the street. At the end of our conversation she tells me that my identity card will be ready tomorrow.

The next day, jumping in the queue, I let her know that I have arrived. She takes me by a huge policeman through a door with a sign saying: "Unauthorised persons not allowed." I sign something in one of the offices then we run to the next floor to register it. Jasmina goes to one office and leaves me in another. The man sitting there tells me that the card will be ready in seven days because I have lost the previous one. (Of course I have not lost it - there it is in the Home Office.) Only now do I become aware that on the first floor I signed a statement about the loss of my identity card. I protested: "What do you mean by seven days, I am leaving tomorrow for..." (Shut up I say to myself.) Unwillingly I shout: "Jasmina!" Jasmina runs out from the other office: "What happened" she says. "This man says in seven days. ...". "Of course not" says she. "We'll do it now. Come here, Osman!" Osman goes and comes back in fifteen seconds, saying: "We'll do it now". The seven days have been reduced so to fifteen minutes. Some other men came and then a woman. There are some ten people in the office, policemen among them when the woman shouts: "His name is Dragan Ungar and our Jasmina lives in his flat and he came to take his identity card and Jasmina is the one who has to issue it to him". Everybody gapes at me, tittering. It is obvious that yesterday Jasmina approached everybody in the Ministry for Home Affairs to get ready my identity card for today. My smile from ear to ear is undefined (what should I say), my only thought how to get alive out of here (With the Identity card of course). I say nothing. I am aware only that somebody brings the inked pad for me to leave my finger mark on the police card. After five more minutes of waiting or better to say of my gazing round the walls, people and ceiling Jasmina arrives with a brand new identity card. I go out, wait for Jasmina, give her a box of chocolates (for the girls). Finally we take leave with reciprocal "thank you".

...

I have been informed that Jasmina has moved out. One man's meat is another man's poison.

...



I have almost forgotten. What about my impressions of Sarajevo? What was I doing? Whom did I meet? Where was I? First of all I have my identity card. I saw my brother, my wife's family and few remaining friends. In the evening Bačaršija with all its čevapi and cafes. I had a splendid feeling with knowledge that tomorrow - I was leaving. But I will come again.

And leave.

There you are!

Translated by Branka Danon

## Darija Stojnić

## Moja sarajevska priča

U Sarajevu sam se rodila i živjela 40 godina. Napustila sam ga u oktobru 1992 godine. Ponovo sam došla polovinom 2002. Deceniju sam izbivala.

U ratu nisam plakala. Ni kada sam izbjegla iz ratnog Sarajeva nisam plakala. Na zločin koji je počinjen nad Sarajevom ne može se plakati. Ostane se sleden. Zaplakala sam kada sam ušla u svoj prazni stan. Prijatelji su mi rekli da ne treba u Sarajevu da pitam gdje su mi fotelje, jer ljudi i djeca su ginuli u ratu i da nije fer to pitati. Zaštjetela sam i nisam nikome ni riječ rekla, ali samu sebe mogu upitati: "Ko li mi ukrade sve što je išta vrijedilo? Nažalost, činjenica da sam ipak opljačkana od sugrađana će zauvijek ostati sa mnom, rekla ja to glasno ili ne. Da bar znam kod koga su mi uspomene od pokojne majke, pa da ih odkupim.

Život ide dalje, slegnula sam ramenima i pomislila da i oni koji su to uradili i oni moraju živjeti s tim.

Sarajevo je ratovalo, preživjelo, liječi rane i kreće u novi život.. Mene tamo nije bilo čitavu deceniju. Puno toga se promijenilo nešto na bolje nešto na gore. Srećem neke nove ljude na ulicama, čujem neki drugi govor, zapažam neka nova ponašanja koja su meni strana. Onda sam shvatila da je moje Sarajevo krenulo u taj novi život bez mene, ali moji dragi prijatelji neko iz mladosti neko od kasnije, neko iz prvih radnih pripravnčkih dana i neki poznanici ostali su "stari", uslovno, jer o ratu i ko je koliko ostao "očerupan" jednostavno nismo željeli da pričamo. I oni i ja smo se promijenili, ali nam je jako prijalo da je izgledalo da nismo.

Draga mjesta, koje sam nekada davno voljela ostala su ista, ako ne i ljepša. Poslije par dana boravka kao da su mi krila počela rasti. Gotovo sam poletjela u nekoj euforiji povratka tamo gdje pripadam. Moj jezik, moje navike, ukus hrane, voda, zrak, pločnik kojem znam svaki saht, svaku staru zgradu prepoznajem, sjećam se i prepoznajem i tako neprestano. A, tek čevapi! Cijele sam ih gutala.

Ta čarolija prepoznavanja me je raspametila. Sve što je ostalo isto, kao što je bilo nekad, moj osjećaj pripadnosti je povećavao. Stari komšilik, sem jednih, je ostao isti. Svi me grle i ljube i plaču. Moje kolege sa Radio-Televizije iz moje radne jedinice su mi se baš obradovala, samo neko od nekuda je pružao ruku, pozdravljala sam se gotovo histerično ushićena od povratka. Moji stari prijatelji iz tužilaštva i sa suda su mi se isto tako obradovali. Nije bilo kafane u koju nismo otišli. Bila sam na izložbi, na promociji knjige i vidjela jednu pozorišnu predstavu. U Collegium Artisticum-u isti okrugli stolovi ista meza, iako neki "drugi klinici" sjede i za jednim i za drugim stolom atmosfera Collegium-a je ostala ista. Udem u Collegij u podne da samo vidim ima li koga i ne izidem do navečer, samo neko navire od nekuda. "Šta će meni London", nije bilo dana kada se to nisam upitala. Ovo je moj život.

Kada sam hodala Titovom, ja sam disala punim plućima. Nisam mogla da koraka napravim, a da nekoga ne sretmem. "Ma, Darija jesi li to ti? Kako si, šta ima? Gdje si, bona? Ja kažem: "Ma, u Londonu sam, pusti me". Nastavak razgovora je gotovo uvijek istii: "Neka pametno ti je to". U sebi mislim ko zna više šta je pametno.

Jedino što me je konstantno iritalo bile su novine - dnevna štampa. Strašno. Srce mi je počelo lupati poslije trećeg dana čitanja dnevnih novina i samo sam rekla sebi: "Smiri se ti odlaziš za dvije nedjelje baš te briga što je većina napisala prizemna i nepismena". Šeta. Ipak sam našla nešto pozitivno u tim novinama. Našla sam oglas za posao: Pravnik sa najmanje 5 godina rukovodnog iskustva i znanjem Engleskog". Mašta mi je proradila i počela sam da se pitam, a šta bi bilo, kad bi bilo? U Londonu radim ko' stoka od zvijezde do zvijezde samo da bih plaćala račune. Šta čekam, što se ne javim na taj oglas i vratim se gdje pripadam?

Od svih planova ja sam se, ipak sigurno, vratila u London i shvatila da poslije deset godina boravka na neki način i ovdje pripadam. Započela sam novi život, promjenila struku, naučila novi jezik i krenula u misiju da sebi i djetetu napravim neki bolji život.

Kako se sada osjećam: Srce mi je u Sarajevu, ali život mi je ovdje, mada ne znam i ne mogu zamisliti moju starost u Londonu.



## Darija Stojnić

## My Sarajevo Story

I was born in Sarajevo and had lived there for forty years. I left in October 1992 and went back to it in mid summer 2002. I was away for a decade.

I never cried during the war not even when I fled Sarajevo torn by war. One cannot cry over the crime committed on Sarajevo. One freezes over it. I started crying over my empty flat. Friends told me not to ask where my armchairs were. People and children were killed and it would not be fair to ask such questions, they said. I said nothing to anybody, but I could ask myself: "Whoever stole everything of any value from me?" Sadly enough the fact that I was robbed by my fellow citizens will remain with me for ever, whether I told it in a loud voice or not. If I only knew where the things were reminding me of my late mother, I would have gone to buy them up.



Life goes on, I shrugged my shoulders and thought to myself that those who had done it have also to live with it.

Sarajevo survived the war and it has been healing its wounds marching on to a new life. Many things have changed during my absence. Some of them are for the better, others for the worse. I met new people in the streets, heard another dialect and noticed a new behaviour strange to me. Then I understood that my Sarajevo had been marching into that new life without me. Nevertheless, some of my dear friends and acquaintances from my youth remained the same. When we were together we simply refused to talk about war. Both they and I have changed but being together was very pleasant and it seemed that nothing ever happened.

Places once dear to me remained the same or even more pleasant. Several days after my arrival I felt like flying in some sort of elation because of my return to the place I belong to. My language, my habits, the taste of food and water, the air, the pavement where every manhole was known to me, I recognised every old building. I remembered and recognised and so it went on. Oh well, and "čevapi"! I swallowed each in one go. I went crazy with the magic of recognition. Everything that had not changed enhanced my sensation of belonging. The old neighbourhood remained almost the same. They all hugged me and kissed me and cried. The colleagues I used to work with were very glad to see me. People all round me stretched hands in my direction. I greeted them almost hysterically delighted with my return. I cannot think of one single café that I did not visit with my friends. I went to an exhibition, to a launch of a book and saw a theatre performance. The same round tables, the same snacks served on them, were still in "Collegium Artisticum". Although some "other kids" were sitting round those tables, the atmosphere was the same. I would drop at noon into "Collegium" just to see if there was anybody I knew but would not get out till evening. People just would pour in. "Who needs London?" I asked myself every day. This was my life.



My breathing was deep when walking down Tito Street. I would meet somebody every minute: "Hi, Darija, is that really you? How are you? Where have you been, old friend?" I would respond: "Leave me alone, in London". The answer was always the same: "Well done, that is clever". I would think to myself: "Who could tell what is clever".

The press irritated me, nevertheless. Awful. "Calm down", I said to myself, "You will be leaving in two weeks. You should not care for the articles, the majority of which are base and illiterate." Still, I found something I liked. It was a job advertisement for: "A lawyer with at least five years of executive experience and knowledge of English." My imagination was set into motion: "What would be it? I work in London like mad, from the early morning till late in the night only to pay for the bills. What am I waiting for? Why do I not apply for the job and come back where I belong?"



All my plans were put aside and I have come back safely to London and have realised that in a way I belong here as well. I have started a new job, changed my vocation, learnt a new language and started a mission to create a better life both for my child and for myself.

How do I feel now? My heart is in Sarajevo, but my life is here, although I cannot think of my old age here in London.

Translated by Branka Danon

## Želimir Kučinović - Čaja

## Kad ja dođoh na Bembašu....

Skoro će deset godina kako sam otišao iz Sarajeva, a ja i dan danas još dobro pamtim taj dan. Dan prije odlaska obišao sam grad želeći da sa sobom ponese sliku grada koji sa napuštao. I to je bila greška. Sarajevo je već tad izgledalo napušteno i nije više ličilo na onaj grad koji sam poznavao i u kojem sam proveo dotadašnji život. Po dolasku u London, u snovima sam se stalno vraćao u Sarajevo i to su bile more, jer sem se ja vraćao u onaj grad koji sam zapamtio prilikom zadnjeg obilaska, a to je bila nevesela slika. A onda je vrijeme učinilo svoje i ja sam sve manje mislio na Sarajevo, a vijesti koje sam primao su mi malo po malo gušile želju za ponovnim vidjenjem. Bilo je tu i nekog straha, ali ne onog straha da bi mi se nešto loše moglo desiti, već onog straha kao kad se nakon dugoga izbjivanja vraćate dragoj osobi i plašite se da su se emocije ugasile i da će se umjesto izliva radosti i sreće voditi jedna pristojna konverzacija u kojoj se pričaju šuplje priče i kad jedva čekate da se razgovor završi.



Nisam želio ponovo izgubiti rodni grad.

A onda se desilo nekoliko stvari koje su potakle želju da odem u Sarajevo. Prvo, i najvažnije, želio sam vidjeti brata i njegovu porodicu i drugo, prisustvovati proslavi 40-to godišnjice maturiranja u sarajevskoj klasičnoj gimnaziji. Letio sam od Londona, preko Beča, gdje sam mijenjao avion prema Sarajevu. I već tu su počeli neki otpori u meni. Ulazim u prostoriju gdje treba da sačekam ulazak u avion i zatičem dosta svijeta koji preglasno priča i gdje je većina obučena u trenerke, jal' Adidas jal' Nike, patike su obavezne, što šarenije to viši status i one naše četvrtaste glave što smo ih mi Sarajlije zvali "glava k'o štokrla". Masno jelo i Coca-Cola. Sjedam i polijećemo; na putu većinom oblačno, približavamo se Butmiru i kroz otvore u oblacima gledam poznat mi krajolik. Tragovi razaranja su još vidljivi.

Slijedećemo, sitna kišica rominja, pred aerodromskom zgradom dva aviona, jedan turske a drugi švicarske kompanije i mislim: evro me dočekaše križ i polumjesec. Na aerodromu nisam želio niko da me dočeka, jer taj prvi susret sa gradom htio sam da doživim sam. Sjedam u taksi i krećem. Dobrinja izgleda sablasno i ja idem dalje put Vojničkoga Polja gdje mi je bio stan i tu je neka strahovita zapuštenost i prljavština. Poslije prolazim pored zgrade Radio-televizije i opet neka praznina u stomaku. Dolazim na Skenderiju kod brata i ulazim u njegov stan - i tu je drugi šok. Brat, koji je mlađji od mene, izgleda dest godina stariji nego ja i nekako izgubljen.

Grlimo se i plaćemo.

Poslije izlazim u grad i lutam ne srećući nikoga poznatog. Uvečer odlazim do Sloge i, naravno, ni tu nekoga ne poznajem. Prvi čovjek koga ću poznati u Sarajevu je Sveto Gačinović - koji živi u Londonu i koji je kao i ja došao na godišnjicu mature. Nešto najljepše što mi se desilo je ta matorska večer, gdje srećem meni drage osobe i neke profesore i negdje duboko u meni se javljaju sjećanja na tu bezbrižnu i sretnu mladost. Zamolim profesoricu Sedrarević da je poljubim i ona mi dozvoljava, a ja joj pričam kako mi se eto ispunila želja duga četrdeset godina da je poljubim. Na proslavi ostanem do duboko u noć i jedino što je sjenčilo to veče je nedolazak nekih školskih drugova i drugarica od kojih neki nisu mogli, a drugi nisu htjeli doći, a koje bih volio da sam sreo. U preostale dane sam srećao drage mi prijatelje i našli smo vremena da se o svemu ispričamo i da se podsjetimo prošlih dana.



Čitavo vrijeme boravka u Sarajevu, sem te matorske noći, meni je u grlu satajala neka knedla koju nisam mogao progutati i nedostajala prava riječ konjom bih mogao objasniti taj moj doživljaj Sarajeva. Tek po povratku u London ja ću pronaći tu riječ; a ta riječ je je s u r o g a t. Jer imao sam utisak da sve to što sam vidio je samo jedna imitacija života, politike, kulture i svega onog što jedan ljudski život čini kompletnim.

Ne bih želio da ovaj tekst završim, a da ne spomenem Jevrejsku opštinu u Sarajevu, ali o tome i još nekim razlozima zašto mi Sarajevo više nije Sarajevo, drugi put.



## Zelimir Kucinovic - Čaja

### Once Upon a Time

It is almost ten years now since I left Sarajevo, but I still remember that day. The day before, I strolled around wishing to take with me the image of the town I was leaving. That was a mistake, though. Already then Sarajevo left the impression of a deserted town having no resemblance to that known to me all through my life. Here in London in my repeated nightmares I would return to that last tour, not a cheerful picture. As the time went on I was thinking less and less of Sarajevo, and the news reaching me gradually suppressed my wish to see it again. Some kind of fear was also present. It was not the fear that something unpleasant might happen to me but fear felt by those who after a long time go back to those they loved once. They are afraid that their former emotions have disappeared and that instead of an outpouring of joy and happiness an uncomfortable civilised meaningless conversation might take place.

I did not want to lose my hometown again.

Several things, nevertheless, prompted my motive to go to Sarajevo. First, and foremost, I wanted to see my brother and his family and secondly I wanted to be present at the reunion party of my generation celebrating the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary of our graduation from secondary school. I flew from London through Vienna where I change to a plane for Sarajevo. Already there I sensed some sort of resistance. The conversation in the waiting room was very loud. People were mostly dressed in track-suits and obligatory Addidas or Nike trainers, the more colours on them the higher is the status they denote. Their heads the well-known squares that we, Sarajevo citizens always laughed at. Greasy food and Coca-Cola. I took my seat in the plane. We took off. It was mainly cloudy on the way. Through the holes in the clouds I looked at the familiar landscape. Traces of destruction were still visible.

When we landed there were two planes in front of the airport building - one belonged to a Turkish and the other to a Swiss company. It occurred to me: "A cross and a crescent are here to meet me". I did not want anyone to come to the airport wishing to be alone when experiencing that first encounter with the town. I took a taxi. Dobrinja looked ghostly. Vojničko Polje where once I used to live was also in a complete state of neglect and filth. I passed by the Radio and Television Building and again an empty feeling in my stomach. Finally I got to Skenderija where my brother lives - and another shock. My brother who is younger than I am, looked as if he were ten years older than I. Also, somehow he seemed to be lost.

We embraced each other and cried.

Later on strolling through the streets I did not meet anybody I knew even not in Sloga when I went there in the evening. Sveto Gačinić was the first person I recognised but he also lives in London and he also came to the Anniversary celebration. That reunion party was one of the most beautiful things that ever happened to me. There I met people dear to me, teachers among them and somewhere deep in me I recalled the memories of my untroubled

and happy youth. When I asked our former teacher, Ms Srdarević for a permission to kiss her and was allowed to do so I told her that my forty years long wish was finally answered. It was very late in the night when I left the party. The only shadow cast on that evening was the absence of a number of school friends that I would have enjoyed seeing. Some of them could not come others did not want to. The rest of my time in Sarajevo I spent seeing dear friends. We found time to talk about everything and to remember the days gone by.

During my stay in Sarajevo, except for the anniversary party evening, I could not remove the lump in my throat, but I could not find a word to describe what I felt. Only when coming back to London had it occurred to me that the missing word was "surrogate". It was my impression all through my stay that everything I saw there was just an imitation of life, politics, culture and everything that makes a human life.

I will use some other occasion to write about the Sarajevo Jewish Community and some other things which contributed to my perception of Sarajevo which is not any more the town I knew.

Translated by Branka Danon



## Ana Smiljanić

Nikada neću zaboraviti kako sam se osjećala kada sam došla u Bosnu prvi put nakon devet godina. Kada sam bila mala djevojčica moj dolazak u Englesku zbog rata, nije značio ništa više od lošeg dana u školi. Pošto sam tada bila isuviše mlada da shvatim zašto, realnost me je pogodila tek nakon devet godina. Tokom putovanja tamo, nisam razmišljala o mnogo čemu, jedino me jako interesovalo šta treba da očekujem. Sem toga veoma sam bila uzbuđena što ću vidjeti baku i djeda. Prije nego što sam stigla bila sam svjesna toga da se grad izmjenio, ali šok doživjeti tek kada to vidiš svojim očima, kao recimo u slučaju Starog mosta. Bila sam iznenađena opštim izgledom grada i dugo sam se pitala da li je to san i kada ću se probuditi.

Grad je bio ispod onoga što sam očekivala, ali su zato bar moji baka i djed bili i iznad toga. Njihova sreća što su me vidjeli bila je neizmjerena i divno sam se osjećala zbog svih komplimenata o tome koliko sam narasla i kako dobro izgledam. Provođeci vrijeme sa njima i slušajući njihova razmišljanja i priče shvatila sam šta je sve ove godine nedostajalo u mom životu.

A kada sam doznala da je moja najbolja drugarica još uvijek u gradu bilo mi je još ljepše. Odlučila sam da ću joj nenajavljena pozvoniti na vrata i iznenaditi je. Kada je otvorila vrata, shvatila sam da ona više nije ona mala plavokosa djevojčica sa fotografija snimljenih za moj šesti rođendan. Mjesto toga, tamo je stajala jedna lijepa mlada djevojka. U početku se nismo prepoznale. Ona je pomislila da sam ja neko ko je slučajno pozvonio na kriva vrata.

Kada sam joj rekla ko sam, obje smo ostale bez riječi, pa su ogromni zagrljaj i osmeh bili dovoljni da jedna drugoj pokažemo šta osjećamo. Mnogo vremena smo zajedno provele, ali kao i obično brzo je proletio.

Mada je u početku moj stav prema Mostaru bio negativan, moram da priznam da sam se u London vratila samo sa pozitivnim razmišljanjima.

Sa engleskog prevela Branka Danon

## Ana Smiljanic

Arriving in Bosnia for the first time after nine years is definitely an experience that I won't forget. As a young girl, arriving in England because of war, was nothing more than a rainy day at school. Too young to understand why, it wasn't until nine years later that reality hit me. On the journey there, nothing really passed my thoughts apart from the emotions that swept through my mind about what it will be like and what I had to expect. I was also extremely excited about meeting my grandparents. Before I arrived, I was aware that the town had changed, but it is not until you see it with your own eyes that thoughts such as the ones of the 'Old Bride' get crushed. My overall view of the town was surprising and it led me to spend a lot of time wondering whether this was a dream and how long it would take me to wake up.

Although the town was hardly what I expected, at least my grandparents were. Their happiness alone in seeing me was amazing and it was fantastic to get so many compliments about how much I've grown and how well I looked. The time spent listening to their ideas and stories made me realise what was missing in my life all these years.

Things only got better when I realised that my best friend was still in town. I decided to ring on her doorbell and pay her a surprise visit. When she opened the door, I saw that she is no longer the little blond girl from my 6<sup>th</sup> birthday party photos. Instead she was standing there as a beautiful young lady. Initially we didn't recognise each other and she thought I was someone who accidentally rang on the wrong doorbell.



Once I told her who I was, we were both so speechless that an extremely big hug and smile was enough to show each other how we felt. We spent a lot of time together but as usual, it flew quickly.

Although I initially had a negative perception of Mostar, I can say that I came back to London carrying nothing but positive thoughts.



## HRONIKA

- 19.06.2002 Još jedna familija, i još jedan poziv na radost. Jolići, koji su u međuvremenu povećali broj članova, dobili "papire"!
- 26.06.2002 Približava se juli, ljetni raspusti - svijeta malo. Klub je otvoren za entuzijaste.
- 03.07.2002 Nakon velikog uspjeha u Americi, i "Oskara", itekako zainteresovani, gledali smo video-projekciju "Ničije zemlje". Niko nije ostao ravnodušan, a sve se dešavalo tako nedavno.
- 10.07.2002 80-ti rođendan Paule Ristić, bio nam je dovoljan povod da se okupimo, provedimo ali i meditiramo o prošlom vremenu koje nezaustavljivo tutnji.
- 17.07.2002 Domaćini večeri bili su Čaja i Darija. Povelili su razgovor i uključili i druge u sređivanju i upoređivanju utisaka o posjeti "starom kraju". Sada kada legalno nema zapreka, mnogi od nas se odlučuju iz raznih pobuda i potreba da posjete stara ognjišta. Razgovor je bio zanimljiv i na momente emotivan.
- 24.07.2002 i
- 30.07.2002 Oba ova dana Klub je bio otvoren za neobavezno okupljanje i aktivnosti po izboru.
- MJESEC avgust je bio lijep i topao, pa smo se razišli kojekuda a Klub smo zatvorili do septembra.
- 11.09.2002 Probali smo sa organizacijom plesne večeri i pripremili dobar izbor muzike. Posjeta je bila razočaravajuća. Izgleda da nas većina ima po dvije lijeve noge.
- 18.09.2002 Porodica Pavičić/Zerajić ima razloga za radovanje. Poslije velikih potucanja po Londonu, najzad su došli do zadovoljavajućeg riješenja za krov nad glavom, pa im se učinilo da je to ljepše proslaviti u društvu. Odabrali su za to Klub.
- 25.09.2002 9-ta Godišnja skupština, protekla je nekako mirno. Akamacijom je produžen mandat dotadašnjem odboru u punom sastavu. Ne može se tvrditi da je u pitanju neko opšte zadovoljstvo učinjenim ali je dominirao osjećaj zadovoljstva da smo na okupu evo već 10 godina i da i dalje osjećamo kao grupa potrebu za okupljanjem.
- 02.10.2002 Za nas veliki događaj. Obilježili smo 10 godina od dolaska u UK. Vrlo dobro organizovan događaj u čijoj realizaciji je uzeo učešća veliki broj članova. Imali smo priliku da pogledamo retrospektivnu izložbu fotografija, kao hroniku događaja u proteklom periodu, što uvijek izaziva pažnju i komentare. Naši umjetnici - Sonja Radan, akademski slikar, Miro Smiljanić i Zoran Molinar su se predstavili poznatim radovima no i sa ponečim novim, a Sonja posebno dekorativnim staklom. Ništa manje nisu privukli pažnju ni keramičarski eksponati Jadranke Smiljanić, Branke Danon i Bulke Kamhi-D. Henika Konforti sa svojim slikama je prijatno otkrovenje a dugogodišnji rad ljubav i strpljenje vire iz svakog goblena Irene Altarac. Još smo uočili naša dostignuća u izloženim knjigama prevedene zbirke na engleski Isaka Samokovlje - Tales of Old Sarajevo, te komplet do sada štampanih SaLon-a. Programski, čuli smo odlomak iz ove prevedene zbirke, koji je čitala glumica Etala Pardo, satirični prikaz Darije Stojnić te kratki efektni prilog mlade Dunje Fehimović koji je nazvala "Mama me pita". Gostiju dosta. U našim okolnostima, ovo nije prilika za slavljenje, ali je sve prošlo svečano.



## Sadržaj/Contents

IZVJEŠTAJ / REPORT:	
Godišnja skupština (SH).....	2
General Annual Meeting (Eng) .....	3
INTERVJU / INTERVIEW	
Jelisaveta-Seka Sablić (SH).....	4
Jelisaveta-Seka Sablić (Eng) .....	5
DESET GODINA POSLIJE / TEN YEARS ON .....	6
U Sarajevu / In Sarajevo	
Dragan Ungar (SH) .....	7,8
Dragan Ungar (Eng) .....	8,9
Darija Stojnić (SH) .....	10
Darija Stojnić (Eng) .....	11
Želimir Kučinović (SH).....	12
Želimir Kučinović (Eng) .....	13
U Mostaru / In Mostar	
Ana Smiljanić (SH).....	14
Ana Smiljanić (Eng) .....	14
KLUB	
Događaji u klubu .....	15
ZONA UČENJA / LEARNING ZONE	
Iz biblije .....	17
From the Bible .....	18



## IZDAVAČ ◊ PUBLISHER

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

## ADRESA ◊ ADDRESS

Shalvata - Jewish Care, Att Mr Branko Danon  
Parson Street - Corner of Church Road  
London NW4 1QA

Email: Sa.Lon@ukgateway.net

## REDAKCIJA ◊ EDITORIAL BOARD

Branka Danon, Branko Danon, Maja Đurđević  
Želimir Kučinović, Milan Uzelac, Vesna Domanj-Hardy, Darija Stojnić

TEHNIČKIUREDNIK DESIGN AND  
I KOMPJUTERSKA ◊ COMPUTER  
OBRADA PROCESSING

Dejan Stojnić

## LEKTORI ◊ TEXT EDITORS

Milan Uzelac

Myra Green

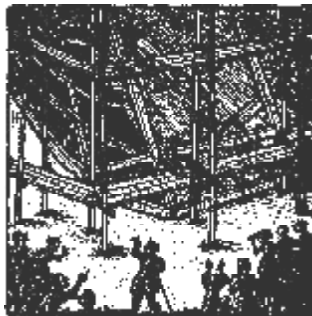
SaLon je besplatan i izlazi tromjesečno  
SaLon is free of charge and published quarterly

Mišljenja u SaLonu nisu nužno i stajališta urednika ili izdavača.  
The opinions expressed in SaLon are not necessarily those of the editors  
or the publisher.

Ÿ SaLon

Printed by Freedman Brothers Printers

Nastavljajući sa biblijskim pričama, došli smo i do priče o Noju. Da li je to puka koincidencija nakon poplava koje su pogodile svijet prije kratkog vremena?



Noje: Adam i Eva su imali i drugu djecu koja su se množila sve dok zemlja oko raja nije vrvjela ljudima. Njihov životni vijek je bio ogroman. Stari su vladali, a zemlja je bila puna nezadovoljnih mladih ljudi, odraslih, ali bez ikakve moći, koji su čekali da stariji umru.

Bog je pokušao da upravlja ljudima tako što im je skratio vijek. Dozvolio je da žive sto i dvadeset godina. (Otuda se i kaže: Da poživiš do sto i dvadesete.) Ljudska zloća je i dalje vladala svijetom. Konačno, kada je Noje imao šest stotina godina, Bog je odlučio da pošalje poplavu koja bi očistila svijet.

Bog reče Noju da sagradi drvenu barku, dovoljno veliku za njega, njegovu porodicu i po jednog mužjaka i jednu ženku svakog bića koje je živjelo na zemlji. "Poplava će potopiti sve drugo", reče Bog, "preživjeće samo oni u barci." Kada su se Noje, njegova porodica i sve životinje smjestili u barku, kiša je počela i padala je je četrdeset dana i noći. Voda je pokrila je sve, samo je Nojeva barka ostala na njenoj površini.

Tokom sto i pedeset dana voda je plavila Zemlju i tek onda je počela da se povlači. Noje je čekao još sto dana da bi pustio gavrana da potraži zemlju. Ali on se vratio. Nakon nekoliko dana poslao je golub; i on se vratio. Nakon sedam dana opet ga je pustio. Sada se vratio sa maslinovom grančicom u kljunu. Opet je nakon sedam dana pustio goluba. Nije se vratio i Noje je znao da je našao kopno. Barka se nasukala na strmu planinu. Noje je otvorio barku i pustio životinje da izadu. Na padinama planine je sa porodicom sagradio oltar Bogu i kao žrtve mu je primio životinje koje su se okotile tokom boravka u barci. Bog na to reče: "Noje, zemlja je očišćena. Više neće biti poplava. Ja to obećavam, a kao znak mog obećanja ja postavljam svoj luk na nebu." I bog objesi dugu na nebo. Svaki put kada kišni oblaci napune nebo i kada Bog pošalje sunce da ih rasprši, ponovo se javi duga, opomena i garancija Božijeg obećanja da će ljudima biti naklonjen.

Neki naučnici tvrde da je mjesto na kome se našla Nojeva barka planina Ararat. Planina je visoka 5230 metra. Vijekovima su lokalne legende pričale o komadima drveta pokrivenog smolom koje je bilo razbacano po padini. Neke su čak i spominjale gomilu pocrnjelog kamena, oltar na kome je Noje prinosio životinje Bogu.

I u slijedećoj priči ima neke koincidencije.

**Vavilonska kula:** Potomci Noja su generacijama nakon poplave bili nomadi. Lutajući od mjesta do mjesta došli su u Šinar, potez zemlje između dvije široke rijeke. Zemlja je bila ravna i toliko plodna da odlučiše da tu ostanu. Naredne generacije su doživjele prosperitet, ali su zaboravile Boga. Toliko su postali gordi da su odlučili da će sagraditi kulu koja bi bila visoka do neba, bio bi to spomenik njihovoj genijalnosti. Sagradili su veliki kvadrat od čerpiča. Iznad njega su sagradili manji, nešto manji kvadrat i tako dalje. Kula je bila ogromna, kao brdo sagrađeno ljudskim rukama. "Ako to ljudi završe", reče Bog, "o čemu će sanjati nakon toga? Misliće da ništa nije nemoguće. Njihova drskost će uzletjeti iznad zvijezda."

Mjesto da uništi kulu, Bog je koristio prirodu graditelja kule da bi ih zaustavio u gradnji. Svi su oni bili Nojevi potomci i svi su govorili isti jezik. Bog je njihovu slogu zauvijek prekinuo tako što je svakom ogranku porodice dao drugi jezik. Brljanje raznih jezika je ispunilo prostor, nesporazumi su doveli do riječkanja, riječkanja do neshvatljivih svada, svade do tuča. Na kraju su graditelji napustili kulu. Ljudi su krenuli u pustinju da nađu nove domove. Ljudska rasa se rasula po svijetu, njeno jedinstvo je bilo uništeno. Na ravnicima između dvije rijeke, vavilonska kula je ostala poluzavršena i napuštena. Onaj mali broj porodica koje su još uvijek tamo živjele, zaboravile su da su to sagradili sabraća ljudi i počeli su da vjeruju da su je napravili bogovi koje su oni izmislili. Uskoro je Vavilon postao izvor svih lažnih religija na svijetu.

Prpriemila Branka Danon



Continuing with the biblical stories we reached that one about Noah. Is it just a coincidence after all the floods that we have experienced earlier this year?

**Noah:** Adam and Eve had other children who multiplied until the lands around Eden were thronged with people. Their life span was enormous. The old ruled, and the country was crowded by discontented younger people, adult but powerless, waiting impatiently for their seniors to die.

God tried to regulate human beings by shortening their lives. He allowed them one hundred and twenty years from birth to death. (Hence the saying: may you live to one hundred and twenty.) Still, human wickedness tainted the world. At last, in the six hundredth year of Noah, God decided to send a flood to cleanse the world.

God told Noah to build a wooden ark big enough for himself, his family and one male and one female of every creature that lived on Earth. "The flood will drown every other creature", God said, "only those in the ark will live." When Noah's family and all the creatures were in the ark the rains began and lasted for forty days and forty nights, until there was nothing but flat water, with Noah's ark on its surface.

For one hundred and fifty days water swamped the Earth before it began to withdraw. Noah waited for one hundred more days to release a raven to look for land. But it came back. After a few days he released a dove; it too came back. Seven days later he released it again, and this time it came back with an olive-leaf in its beak. Seven days later he sent out the dove again. It had not returned, and Noah knew that the floodwaters disappeared. The ark was grounded on a steep mountainside. Noah opened the ark and let the creatures out. With his family he built God an altar on the mountainside and made a sacrifice from animals born during his stay in the ark. God said, "Noah, the Earth is cleaned. There will be no more floods. This I promise, and in token of my promise I set my bow in the sky." And God hung a rainbow in the sky. Every time rain-clouds fill the sky, and God sends the sun to scatter them, the rainbow reappears, a reminder and guarantee of God's promise to favour the human race.

Some scholars say that the place where Noah's ark came to rest was Mount Ararat. The mountain is 5230 meters high. For centuries, local legends told of pieces of pitch-covered timber strewn across the hillside. Some even mentioned a pile of fire-blackened stones, the altar on which Noah sacrificed animals to God.

The next story bears some signs of coincidence as well.

**The Tower of Babel:** For generations after the flood, Noah's descendants were nomads. Wandering from place to place they came to Shinar, a stretch of land between two broad rivers. The land was flat, and so fertile that they decided to stay there. In the generations that followed they prospered but also forgot God. They became so proud that they decided to build a tower as high as heaven, a monument to their ingenuity. They built a square of ground with mud bricks. Above it they built a second, slightly smaller square and so on. The tower was enormous, like a hill made by human hands. "If the people finish it," God said, "What will they dream next? They'll think nothing impossible. Their arrogance will outsoar the stars."

Instead of destroying the tower God used the builders' own nature to stop them finishing it. Everyone in the settlement – the entire human population of the world – was one family. They were all Noah's descendants and they all spoke the same language. God ended their harmony forever by giving each branch of the family a different language. A babble of languages filled the sky; misunderstanding led to squabbles, squabbles to incomprehensible arguments, arguments to fights. In the end the builders abandoned the tower. People set off into the desert to find new homes. The human race scattered across the world, its unity destroyed. In the plain between the rivers, the tower of Babel stood half-finished and deserted. The few families who still lived there forgot that the tower had been built by fellow human beings and started believing that the gods they invented made it. Soon Babel became the source of all false religion in the world

Prepared by Branka Danon

