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VUKOVAR

srpska priča

Serb's story

27

autor / author:

Svetlana Lukić

+ SVETLANA VUKOVIĆ

ton-majstor / sound engineer:

Tomislav Damjanović

dužina / duration:

25' 44"

produkcija / production:

Radio B92

Makedonska 22/V, 11000 Belgrade, Yugoslavia

phone and fax: +381 11 324 8075

e-mail: matic@b92.opennet.org

Web: <http://www.opennet.org>

prevod / translation:

Siniša Mesarović

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cover photo: B. Pantelić



*"Neka drugi govore o svojoj sramoti,
ja ću o svojoj"*
B. Brecht

Vukovar: srpska priča

Posledica raspada Jugoslavije je krvavi građanski rat. Ispostavlja se da II svetski rat još uvek nije završen. Uplašeni narastajućim hrvatskim nacionalizmom i srpskom državnom propagandom, Srbi iz Hrvatske dižu se na oružje protiv novoosnovane hrvatske države. Ovo je priča o Srbima i Vukovaru, gradu koji je u toj borbi osvojen prvi i izgubljen poslednji.

Tokom 91-e godine na obe zaraćene strane osnivaju se paravojske i milicije: dobrovoljci, gardisti, četnici i ustaše. Jugoslovenska narodna armija je vojska bez države, ali sa ogromnom oružanom moći. JNA staje na stranu Srba i 18. novembra 91-e godine, posle tri meseca opsade i razaranja, ulazi u ono što je ostalo od Vukovara. Sledećeg dana dobile smo dozvolu od Armije da uđemo u grad.

U leto 95-e godine Srbi gube rat. Povlačeći se pred hrvatskom vojskom, oni se slivaju u Vukovar, jedini grad koji je ostao pod njihovom kontrolom. Nekada simbol pobeđe, ovaj grad pruža poslednje utočište poraženim Srbima. Neželjeni i od Srbije i od Hrvatske, oni čekaju svoju sudbinu u ruševinama Vukovara.

Razgovarale smo sa tim ljudima u proleće 97-e godine. 8. juna 97-e godine hrvatski Predsednik poseo je Vukovar. Srušeni grad je vraćen Hrvatskoj.

*"Let others speak about their shame,
I'll speak about mine."*
B. Brecht

Vukovar: Serb's Story

The break-up of Yugoslavia resulted in bloody wars of secession. Suddenly, it seemed as though WWII never ended. The mayhem begun in the Serb populated parts of Croatia where the Serbs, frightened by the rise of the state-sponsored Croat nationalism and Serbia's state propaganda, were determined not to live in Croatian state and took up arms to carve up their own state. This is a story of the Croatian Serbs and Vukovar, the city first conquered and last to be lost.

In 1991, various paramilitary and militias - "volunteers", "guards", "chetnics", "ustashas" - flourished on both sides. Yugoslav People's Army was an army without a state but with enormous fire power. It took the side of the Serbs and, in November 1991, after three months of siege and destruction, entered what was left of Vukovar. The next day, we obtained permission from the Army to enter the city.

In Summer 1995, it has become clear that the Serbs have lost the war. Expelled from their homes in other parts of Croatia by a victorious Croatian Army, Serbs swarm in Vukovar - still under their control. Once the symbol of their victory, Vukovar is now the last refuge of the defeated Serbs. Unwanted by both Serbia and Croatia, they await their fate among the ruins of Vukovar.

We talked to these people in spring 1997. On 8 June, the Croatian President visited Vukovar. The ruined city was returned to Croatia.



SKANDIRANJE:

Franjo! Franjo! Franjo! Franjo! Franjo! Franjo!
 Hrvatska! Hrvatska! Hrvatska! Hrvatska! Hrvatska!
 Hrvatska! Hrvatska! Hrvatska! Hrvatska!

HOR (Hrvatska himna):

Lijepa naša domovino,
 O junačka zemljo mila,
 Stare slave djedovino,
 Da bi vazda sretna bila.

/tamburice/

VODITELJ ODBORA ZA DOČEK: Evo štovane dame i gospodo, ovog trenutka pred ostatke željezničke postaje u Vukovaru, stigao je vlak koji život znači, vlak za Vukovar. Rekli smo već, kojim se hrvatska država vraća na svoje povijesne prostore, gdje su oduvijek živjeli Hrvati. S njim dolazi i vrhovni državni poglavar, Predsjednik Republike Doktor Franjo Tuđman.

FRANJO TUĐMAN: Ali razumje se, ne može biti govora da se svih, ne znam, sto pedeset ili dvjesto tisuća vrate, pa da ponovno imamo razdor i rat!

GENERAL ŽAK KLAJN: Sve što vam želim reći je da date šansu. Let's give peace a chance!

VUKOVARAC: Nek dođu! Ni četrdeset prve godine se nisam bojao ustaša, ni danas se ne bojim ustaša. Nek dođu! Moj život nije najskuplji i ja ću ga položiti za slobodu.

LJUTI KRAJIŠNIK: Doterao me, Tuđmanova armada ustaška doterali sa kamom dovde, a još nji ne mrzim, oni su mi neprijatelji. Nego ove Miloševićeve - to treba pobit. I Milošević, da Bog da svoju djecu čekao Dunavom da mrtvi dođu mu u slobodu.

DRUGI VUKOVARAC: Pa nemam kud. Van Hrvatske nemam ništa, a u Hrvatskoj mi je sve.

ZADRANIN: Ja sam iz Zadra došao u Benkovac, iz Benkovca u Knin, iz Knina u Sremsku Mitrovicu, iz Sremske Mitrovice u Loznicu, iz Loznice u Novi Sad, iz Novog Sada u Zaječar, iz Zaječara ovde. E tako je to išao put taj. Laki put.

LJUTI KRAJIŠNIK: Ovde će ostati oni koje Milošević ne želi nimalo, oni koji nemaju niđe ništa. Beda, najniži stalež, taj mora ostati da ga Tuđman pokolje, da još, što nisu izvršili planom koliko je trebalo pobiti, da pobiju.

TREĆI VUKOVARAC: Mi smo ovde čardak ni na nebu ni na zemlji. Mi nismo Srbija, nismo Krajina, nismo



photo: Zoran Sinko

CHEERING:

Franjo! Franjo! Franjo! Franjo! Franjo! Franjo!
 Franjo! Croatia! Croatia! Croatia! Croatia! Croatia!
 Croatia! Croatia! Croatia! Croatia!

CHOIR: (Croatian anthem)

Oh, our beautiful fatherland,
 Oh, you valiant land!
 You, heritage of old glory,
 May you be merry for ever!

/mandolines/

MASTER OF THE CEREMONY: There, dear ladies and gentlemen, the train that means life has arrived to the remnants of the Vukovar railway station, the train for Vukovar. As we have already said, this train is bringing the Croat state back to its historic regions, where Croats have lived from times immemorial. It is bringing the head of the state, President of the Republic, Dr Franjo Tuđman.

FRANJO TUĐMAN: But, naturally, the return for all the hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand is out of the question, then we would have division and war again.

GENERAL JACQUES KLEIN: All I want to say to you is to give a chance... *(in English)* Let's give peace a chance!

VUKOVARIAN: Let them come! I wasn't afraid of Ustashas in nineteen forty one, I am not afraid of them today. Let them come! My life is not the most valuable and I'll lay it down for freedom.

ANGRY KRAJINIAN: Tuđman's Ustashas have driven me here with knives in their hands, but I still don't hate them; they are just my enemies. But the Milosevic's - they should be killed. And Milosevic, may the Lord make him wait for his children's corpses to come floating down the Danube.

SECOND VUKOVARIAN: I have nowhere to go to. Outside Croatia I have nothing, all mine is in Croatia.

ZADARIAN: I came from Zadar to Benkovac, from Benkovac to Knin, from Knin to Sremska Mitrovica, from Sremska Mitrovica to Loznica, from Loznica to Novi Sad, from Novi Sad to Zajecar, from Zajecar I came here. That was the journey. My easy journey.

ANGRY KRAJINIAN: It is those whom Milosevic doesn't want to see, those who have nothing in the world, that will stay here. It's the have-nots, the lowest class that must stay to be butchered by Tuđman, so that Croats can kill as much as they planned to.

THIRD VUKOVARIAN: We're not on Earth, not in Heavens. We're not Serbia, not Krajina, we're not Croatia. We're

Hrvatska, mi nismo nigde i niko i ništa. A gde su ti Srbi? Zašto oni sad opet ne prihvate nas da mi ostanemo i dalje Srbi?

LJUTI KRAJIŠNIK: Šta je, uzeo si Arkana za desnu ruku, jebo ga on! A Julka posebno. Julka ljepotica. Mili Bože, pa njih dvoje - to je ljepota. To su biseri Srbije, lijepe naše otadžbine majke. Jebeš takvu i maćiju, a ne mater. */smeh/*

NOVINAR: Pa šta ćete vi sada, kažite vi meni.

LJUTI KRAJIŠNIK: Ma ništa, pokrepaćemo mi. Pa mi se nećemo nikad vratiti na svoje. Idem ko gljiveni čep na vodi, gdje ga voda izbacila tu ću ostat, i tako. Devedesete godine da je Miloševiću trebalo dat oko, fali mu oko, ja bi izvadilo svoje i dao sam - da bi me doveo sade do ovoga svega. I kad poguliš ovo sve na meni, to je sve iz Crvenog krsta. To niš nije moje. A moje sve je ostalo ko zna gdje rasuto po Hrvatskoj. Eto vam, šta je u stvari, šta je napravljeno od nas. Zato što smo varani! Mi smo prevareni hiljadu puta u ovom ratu, izvarani, i mi smo poniženi i do kraja sve najgore što se može reći.

NOVINAR: I nema više ratnika od Srba?

LJUTI KRAJIŠNIK: Nema više, Srbin može samo da pogine. Ja rađe kažem mom komandantu: izvadi pištolj i ubi me! Ja neću pušku, neću da ratujem. I vješaj. Nađi još dvojicu koji će mi metat pušku kad spane sa ramena. Nek ide za mnom nek je diže i meće na rame, ja je neću metut. A i moje djete, reko b' mu: ubi se rađe, nemoj više srpsku pušku uzimat na ovake načine. Nema ratnika od Srba.

KAMENOREZAC: Bio sam u Vinkovcima kamenorezac. Imao sam vrednosti sigurno milion maraka a sad nemam ništa. I prije petnaest dana dobio sam odbijenicu kao nepoželjan rvatskoj državi. Pa valjda me smatra ratnim zločincem, zato što sam nosio pušku od prvog dana, od devedeset prve godine. Bio u Mirkovcima puškomitraljezac, poznaju me svi. Eto zašto. I sad da ja njih čekam pod tim izgovorom. Evo mu baja. Sam'da ozeleni, u ajduke, pa ko koga. Tu je autoput, pa nekoga krknem. Pa živim dok mene ne ubije.

NOVINAR: Jeste li podigli domovnicu?

VUKOVARČANKA: Jesam. Pa moram, kad moram tražit penziju, jer sam zaradila u Hrvatskoj penziju, pa moram. I nemam kud da odem. Kud ću ja, stara sam da idem negde. A odakle ste vi ?

NOVINAR: Iz Beograda.

VUKOVARČANKA: A iz Beograda ste. Ajd dobro, ja sutra idem u Beograd. Pa kad vi ne volite nas. Zašto nas nećete da uzmete? */smeh/*

PJESNIK: Ne da nećemo,
Nego ne možemo.
A ne možemo,

nowhere, nobody and nothing! And where are those Serbs? Why don't they accept us as Serbs?

ANGRY KRAJINIAN: He's made Arkan his right hand, fuck him! And Julka (*Milosevic's wife*), the gorgeous Julka! Dear God, those two are some beauties. They are the pearls of Serbia, of our beautiful motherland. Fuck such mother that is rather a step-mother. *//laugh/*

JOURNALIST: What are you going to do now?

ANGRY KRAJINIAN: Nothing, we'll die like dogs. We'll never go back to our homes. I'm floating like a rotten cork on the water. Where the water washes me on the shore I'll stay, that's it. In nineteen ninety, if Milosevic needed an eye, I would have taken my own eye and given it to him - all that so that he would lead me into this. And if you tear all this clothes off me, it's all from the Red Cross. Nothing's mine. And all mine's scattered who knows where in Croatia. There you have it, that's a fact, that's what's been made of us. Because we've been cheated! We have been double-crossed a thousand times in this war, we have been cheated blind žtill the end, and humiliated, and all the worst.

JOURNALIST: And there's no more warriors among the Serbs?

ANGRY KRAJINIAN: No more. Serb can only get killed. I'd rather say to my commander: Take the gun out and kill me! I won't take the rifle, I won't go to war. And you can hang me! Find two others to pick my rifle when it falls. I won't put carry it. And I told my son: Kill yourself rather than take the rifle on again like this. There's no more warriors among the Serbs.

STONEMASON: I used to be a stonemason in Vinkovci. I had assets worth at least a million German marks, now I have nothing. Fifteen days ago, I got the official note saying I was not welcome in Croatia. I'm probably regarded as a war criminal for having carried the rifle from the first day, since ninety one. I was a machine-gunner in Mirkovci, everybody knows me. That's why. And now, I should just wait for them. Wait my arse! Just wait till the woods are green. I'll be a rebel, and then it's me or them. There's the motorway. I'll kill until I get killed.

JOURNALIST: Have you got your Croatian citizenship certificate?

VUKOVARIAN WOMAN: I have. I had to because I have to seek my pension. I earned it in Croatia so I had to. I have nowhere to go. Where could I go, I am too old to go anywhere. Where do you come from?

JOURNALIST: From Belgrade.

VUKOVARIAN WOMAN: Oh, from Belgrade, I'm going to Belgrade tomorrow. Why don't you love us? Why won't you accept us? *//laugh/*

POET: Not that we want not,
But we can not.
And we can not,

Jer nećemo.
Ma da i hoćemo,
Ne možemo.
Nego Gospode,
Da se dogovorimo.
Popusti malo Ti,
Malo mi, Srbi.

VODITELJ MITINGA: U ovom trenutku mi moramo samo da apelujemo na ljude da ne skidaju crep i građu da nose preko (*u Srbiju*).

UČESNICI MITINGA: Tako je!

VODITELJ MITINGA: To je ljudi, to je poražavajuće i ponižavajuće. Kako ljude te koji to rade nije stid?

*/trube sa mitinga,
truba/*

ŽIVOJIN PAVLOVIĆ (filmski reditelj): Sa velikom jezom sam gledao snimke na televiziji kada preko Gazele, pod onim bakarnim svetlom noćnim živinih svetiljki su promicali ti tenkovi. I kad su ljudi mahali i pozdravljali, ne znajući naravno, kud to ide i kud to vodi.

CIGANI: (*pevaju*)

Cigani, juriiiš!
Bum! Bum! Bum! Bum! Bum!
... Puc! Puc! Puc! E-ja-ja!
Bum! Bum! Bum! Bum! Bum!
... Puc! Puc! Puc! E-ja-ja!
....
Kalašnjikov! Kalašnjikov!
Kalašnjikov! Kalašnjikov!
Kalašnjikov! Heeej!

STARI LENKIĆ: Njima su bile bolje da puste da zakolju sto Srbina. Baš da vidimo, dal će da ih zakolju, znaš. Nego ovako smo ih mi poklali iljadama. Sami. Ubili. A oni: će da ih pokolju, će ih pokolju! Bilo neki put. Ne mora da bude ono što je bilo baš uvek. Da se to vidi malo. Nego ovo, na prečac.

ARKAN: Pa pička mu materina, ovo je rat! Ovde se gađa minama, ovde se gine i umire! Ali vi ginete i umirete za Srbiju i za otadžbinu! Jeste razumeli?

DOBROVOLJCI: Jesmo!

ARKAN: Tako je! Pomoz Bog, braćo!

DOBROVOLJCI: Bog ti pomogo!

ARKAN: Idemo na presvlačenje.

/pucnji/

NOVINAR: A šta se tamo događa?

PRVI DOBROVOLJAC: Gde?

NOVINAR: Tamo.

PRVI DOBROVOLJAC: Tamo? Čiste verovatno

Because we would not.
Even if we wanted,
We could not.
So, here's the deal
Oh, Lord!
You give in a bit,
And we, the Serbs will too.

RALLY SPEAKER: At this moment, we appeal to people not to take the roof-tiles down and not to carry them over the border. (*to Serbia*)

PARTICIPANTS OF THE RALLY: That's right!

RALLY SPEAKER: It's humiliating! The people who are doing it should be ashamed.

*/rally trumpets,
gypsy trumpet/*

ZIVOJIN PAVLOVICH (*film director*): I shuddered as I watched on TV, the tanks going over the bridge under the copper-coloured night lights. And people waving and cheering, unaware, of course, of where it all was leading to.

GYPSIES (*sing*):

Gypsies! Attack!
Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Make a crash! Tac! Tac! He-jeah!
Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Make a crash! Tac! Tac! He-jeah!
...
Kalashnikov! Kalashnikov!
Kalashnikov! Kalashnikov!
Kalashnikov! He-jeeah!

OLD LENKICH: They should have let them butcher hundred Serbs, just to see whether they would really do it, you see, rather than kill thousands of them just like this. They said: They'll slaughter them, they'll slaughter them. It happened before. What happened before doesn't have to happen again. We should have waited a little. Not rushed as we did.

ARKAN: Fucking hell, this is a war here! Shells fly here, people get killed and die! But you are getting killed and dying for Serbia, the motherland. Understood?

VOLUNTEERS: Yes, sir!

ARKAN: That's the spirit! God bless you, brothers!

VOLUNTEERS: God bless!

ARKAN: Let's get uniforms.

/shots/

JOURNALIST: What's going on over there?

FIRST VOLUNTEER: Where?

JOURNALIST: There.

FIRST VOLUNTEER: There? Probably clearing the

od zaostalih mina... Juče smo... Juče smo oslobodili Vukovar. Juče negde oko 5 sati ovde smo vodili zadnje borbe, za školu dole. Za gimnaziju. Za vodotoranj.

DRUGI DOBROVOLJAC: Ima ovamo jedan, taman je izašao iz skloništa juče. I odma je umro.

NOVINAR: Ko?

PRVI DOBROVOLJAC: Od sreće čovek umro.

/pucnji/

PRVI DOBROVOLJAC: Eno tamo. Evo taj čovek je umro od srčanog udara juče.

NOVINAR: Pa što ga niste sklonili ?

PRVI DOBROVOLJAC: Ne možeš ga skloniti, mi smo išli u proboj. On je bio u probodu juče, a ja sam bio gore na tornju, gađao snajperom onu gimnaziju tamo.
/pucanj/

NOVINAR: Jel ono katolička crkva bila? Nije?

PRVI DOBROVOLJAC: Da!

VOJNIK: Fala Bogu da je ovo gotovo. Ja se radujem, a opet nekako ne znam. Ne znam. Nije ovo nikom trebalo.

NOVINAR: Kad ćeš kući?

VOJNIK: Kad završim vojsku, pasoš svoj u džep i - preko bare. Neću, neću u ovoj državi da živim. Ja ovako nisam zamislio ovo, jebi ga. Ne sviđa mi se i gotovo. Ne verujem da ću se lako naviknuti ponovo na onaj civilni život, jebi ga. Jel pedeset dana pod oprezom... Šta, imam osamnaest i po godina, i meni ovo uopšte nije potrebno. Ja sam mislio lepo odslužiti svojih dvanaest meseci, doći kući, odmoriti jedno šest meseci, pa onda upisat fakultet, pa u Beogradu živeti i tako. A sad mi se zgadio i Beograd i Jugoslavija i sve. I odo odavde što pre to bolje. Meni, meni...ja ne znam više stvarno, nemam reči. Ovakve stvari da se dešavaju. Što kažu ono, savremeno doba, jebi ga, ljudi se kolju motornim testerama. A bilo je toga ovde. Ne znam, beži odavde. To ti je moj savet.

ARKAN: Odavde izlaze samo tigrovi i lavovi. To je brza obuka. Obučavaju se po ceo dan sedam dana. Međutim, zbog najezde ljudstva sada, obuka je skraćena malo.

*/zviždanje,
eksplozija,
lavež psa/*

NOVINAR (psu): Šta ti braniš?

UNUKA: Kad smo izašli, evo jutros smo izašli iz podruma. Četiri mjeseca smo tu u podrumu. Nađemo eto tako, da izvinete, kako se kaže, od tih otpadaka, što te granate poubijaju stoku okolo. Nađeš, oguliš kožu, isečeš. Eto pojedemo tako, ispečemo.

mines... Yesterday, we liberated Vukovar. Sometime around five o'clock we had the final struggle for the school down there. For the High School and water-tower.

SECOND VOLUNTEER: There's one over here. Just got out of the shelter yesterday and died immediately.

JOURNALIST: Who?

FIRST VOLUNTEER: Happiness killed him.

/shots/

FIRST VOLUNTEER: Over there. That man over there died of heart-attack yesterday.

JOURNALIST: Why didn't you take his body away?

FIRST VOLUNTEER: We couldn't. We were breaking through, he was breaking through yesterday, and I was on the tower. I was sniping that High School over there. */shot/*

JOURNALIST: Is that where a Catholic church once stood?

FIRST VOLUNTEER: Yes!

SOLDIER: Thank God it's over. I am glad, but then I don't know. Somehow I don't know. No one really needed this.

JOURNALIST: When are you going home?

SOLDIER: When I do the service, I'll pack my passport and... over seas. I won't, I won't live in this country. Fuck it, I did not plan it this way. I don't like it and that's it. I don't think I'll be able to get used to the civilian life, fuck it. Fifty days on alert... What, I am eighteen and a half and I do not need this at all. I thought I would serve my twelve months, go back home, take half a year to rest, enrol at the university, then to Belgrade to live. Now I'm sick and tired both of Belgrade and of Yugoslavia and all. And I'm leaving here as soon as possible. I,... I don't really know any more. I'm speechless. Such things to happen in, as they say, the modern age, fuck, people slaughtered with chain-saws. That did happen here. I don't know, just run away from here. That's my advice.

ARKAN: Only lions and tigers get out of here. This is rapid training. They are trained for seven whole days. The training is a bit shortened now, since we're overcrowded.

*/whistling,
blast,
barking/*

JOURNALIST (to the dog): What are you defending?

GRANDDAUGHTER: We've left the basement only this morning. We spent four months in the basement. We get out and find those, forgive me, those remains, the corpses of the cattle killed by shells lying around. Find it, skin it, cut it. We eat it, roasted.

NOVINAR: Ne znate vi gde vam je rodbina? Ne znate?

BAKA: Ne znam.

UNUKA: Njo je muž poginio.
To mi je baka.

BAKA: Ubilo ga. Pala granata i eto. Da. A šta možeš, zakopali ga u baštu.

NOVINAR: Molim?

BAKA: U baštu ga zakopali.

NOVINAR : Vi ste ga zakopali u baštu ?

BAKA: Da. A kud da radim, zamotala u ćebe i ajde. Šta možeš. Znaš šta je, kad je to tek počelo malo pucket, a moj muž samo kaže, ma neće to bit dugo, Borovo selo, znaš kad je bilo ono. Ma neće to bit dugo, neće to bit dugo. A kad je počelo malo više, a on bjež u podrum, bjež u podrum jadan. Onda je on srčanik bio, znaš. A volio je puno piti. Auu, pio je, ali nije nikog vređo. Volio je pit, samo više mrnjauuu. Tak je imao vikanje, znaš. Onda ga znali svi. I onda tako sjedio je jadan, izišo je napolje i sjeo je kod šupe jedne. Ja bila u kuhinji, pravili smo kolače neke, znaš. Nedelja bila... Kad ono nešta gruni! A kad ja, ne gledam ja ništa, ja mislila on ošo van, tamo u podrum. Kad žena trči, kaže: juu, kaže: valjda nije nji ubilo. Kad ona uze za tamo, da izvinete, za prsnjak, a njenom mužu odsečena glava.

NOVINAR: Od granate, jel?

BAKA: Od onog zraka, znaš. Da je granata raznela bi. Al ja nak malo moga muža vako povuče, njemu nije glava bila, neg samo vako izguljeno. Jooj reko, joj meni kako si to pretrpio, on je jako nježan. A šta'š, to je bio moment!

UNUKA: Ne znam, više ne vjerujem, pa da mi je rođeni brat, da izvinete. Ne vjerujem više nikome. Ne znam više, bojim se, sama svoje sjenke se uplašim.

BAKA: Ona samo drkće. Pa šta drkćeš? Čuti! Čuti, nemoj drkćat. Ne boj se, budi hrabra. Pa da. Šta ćemo, nismo sami mi. Nismo samo mi.

OFICIR: Ovaj rat se nigde nije vodio u svetu, ovo što se radilo u Vukovaru. Shvatate jednu stvar. Prema tome, ovoliko tehnike i ljudstva skoncentrisano na ovako malom prostoru... Jezivo... Idemo tenkisti! Ajmo! Kod svojih vozila. Idemo, vodi ekipu. Mi moramo da radimo naš posao, znate... Ima tu scena koje nisu baš prijatne da se...



photo: Stojanović

JOURNALIST: You don't know where your family is, do you?

GRANDMOTHER: I don't.

GRANDDAUGHTER: Her husband has been killed. She's my grandmother.

GRANDMOTHER: It killed him. The shell hit, and there. Yes. What can you do, buried him in the garden.

JOURNALIST: Sorry?

GRANDMOTHER: Buried him in the garden.

JOURNALIST: You buried him in the garden?

GRANDMOTHER: Yes. What else could I do, I wrapped him in a blanket and off you go. What can one do? You see, when the shooting just began here and there, my husband just said: it won't last long, Borovo Selo, you know how it was before. It won't be long, it won't be long, but when the shooting got worse, we ran to the cellar. He had a heart disorder, you see. He loved to drink. Oh, he drank so but he never offended anybody. He loved to drink, he would shout: Miaou... That was his shout. Everybody knew him. And so he sat, poor thing, he got outside and sat down by the hut. I was in the kitchen, making cakes, it was Sunday. And suddenly it boomed! I don't see anything, I think he's gone to the basement. Then the woman came running and shouting: Ayel she said, It couldn't have killed them. And then, there, her husband's head was cut off.

JOURNALIST: The shell did it, didn't it?

GRANDMOTHER: From the blast, you see, if the shell hit him it would have blown him to pieces. I pulled my husband like this, but his head wasn't cut off, only the skin was all scraped off. Oh, I said, How you suffered! He was so fragile. Thankfully, it was only a moment.

GRANDDAUGHTER: I don't know, I don't trust anyone, be it my brother, if you'll pardon me. I don't trust anybody anymore. I don't know anymore, I'm scared, my own shadow frightens me.

GRANDMOTHER: She's trembling all the time. Why are you trembling? Hush, hush, don't tremble. Don't be afraid, be brave. There. What can we do, we're not the only ones. We're not the only ones.

OFFICER: No such war has ever been fought. Such as was fought in Vukovar. You must understand. So much technology and manpower concentrated in such small place... Horrible... Let's go tank-men. To the tanks! Let's go, lead your crew! We have to do our job, you see... There are things over there that are not quite nice to...

VUKOVARAC: Pa di ste vi?

OFICIR: Gospođo, može li?

VUKOVARČANKA: Zaboravila tašnu! Na po puta se setim, pa dokumenti ostali.

OFICIR: Budite ljubazni.

NOVINAR: Reče nam ovaj jedan da ih je ostalo još u bolnici i da se sa njima još pregovara.

DOBROVOLJAC: To su ranjenici, strah ih je da neće... Njih je strah od masakra, da ih ne...

NOVINAR: Pa jel ima razloga da ih bude strah?

DOBROVOLJAC: Pa sad, pojedince. Nema sve, iskreno rečeno, ali... U pojedinim situacijama, doduše, dođe ti sve da... Ali uglavnom, pojedinci su koji trebaju... Han Pijesak bez presedanja.

ARKAN: Ova gospoda koji nose bradu moraju da znaju da su ustaše počele da upotrebljavaju bojne otrove. Moraće svako da se obrije do gole kože. Tako da kasnije, kad budemo ušli u Zagreb, svi ćemo dovde brade da pustimo. Ali sad braćo, moraćete svi da se obrijete.

NOVINAR: Šta ti je ovo?

SAŠA: Ovo? To? I ovo? Šta misliš zašto služi? I ovo. S tim ubijam isto.

NOVINAR: Kolko...kolko, kolko misliš da si ubio ljudi do sada? Pitam onako, ne moraš da kažeš.

ČETNIK: Ne broji.

SAŠA: To se nikad ne govori, znate. Na primer, evo sinoć sam imao noćne more. Jednog sam ubio, na primer, sanjao sam ga.

NOVINAR: A gde ti je žena sad?

SAŠA: Evo, tu je. Eno je tamo sedi u maskirnoj, vidite sa beretom i s naočarima. To mi je žena.

NOVINAR: Čula sam da si ostavila dete od pet godina kući.

NATAŠA: Jesam. Pa zbog deteta sam i došla ovde. Gledala sam, znaš šta, one reportaže i onda mi je puko film. Kažem: pa neće valjda moje dete meni neko da kolje. Idem, pa šta bude.

NOVINAR: Pogine ti muž, pogineš ti, kome će on....

NATAŠA: Moje dete je zbrinuto. Kod mame je, super. On je ionako inače kod mame, pošto smo mi tako malo nesređeni.

/eksplozija/

VUKOVARIAN: Where have you been?

OFFICER: Can you make it, madam?

VUKOVARIAN WOMAN: I've forgotten my handbag. I thought of it half way there, I've left my papers there.

OFFICER: Please.

JOURNALIST: That one told us that there's more of them in the hospital and that they are still negotiating.

VOLUNTEER: Those are the wounded, they're afraid they'll... They're afraid of a massacre, that they'll...

JOURNALIST: Should they be afraid?

VOLUNTEER: Well, then, some of them. Not all, frankly, but... Sometimes, you just feel like all of them... But, it's mostly individuals... who deserve... one way ticket.

ARKAN: Those gentlemen with beards should know that the Ustashas have started using poison gases. Everybody would have to shave under the skin. Later, when we enter Zagreb, we'll grow our beards waist long. But now, brothers, you'll all have to shave.

JOURNALIST: What have you here?

SASHA: This? That? And that? What do you think it's for? And this? I use that to kill, too.

JOURNALIST: How many... how many people do you think you've killed so far? I'm just asking... you don't have to tell.

CHETNIK: He doesn't keep score.

SASHA: You never say that, you know. For instance, I had nightmares last night. I killed one man, for instance, and I dreamt about him.

JOURNALIST: Where's your wife now?

SASHA: There, there she is. There she is, the one sitting in the camouflage uniform, see, the one with the beret and the sunglasses. That's my wife.

JOURNALIST: I've heard you've left your five-year-old kid back home.

NATASHA: I have. It's because of the kid that I've come here. I watched those reports, you know, and then I had it, I said: I won't have my kid's throat cut. I'm going, and that's it.

JOURNALIST: What if you and your husband get killed, who'll take care of him...

NATASHA: My kid's taken care of. With my mom. Super! He was with mom anyway since the two of us are so unsettled.

/blast/

NOVINAR: A jel...jel si /eksplozija/ ... ubila nekog ovih dana?

NATAŠA: Ja bi volela, znaš kako bi volela, ali - ne vide se.

ARKAN: Mi nismo zaklali nikog. Mi imamo samo jednog kome je dozvoljeno da kolje, a to je pas Džipsi, koji je treniran da napadne na reč: ustaša. Razumete. Svaki Srbin će biti osvećen. To ja obećavam.

/.../

VUKOVARČANIN IZ KOLONE: Daj mi cigaretu... Jednu, jednu. Baka ne puši.

VLADA: Neka me vidi celo rukovodstvo Jugoslavije. Neka me vidi cela Jugoslavija.

ČOVEK KOJI PLAČE: Ne laj, Vlado.

VLADA: Ne lajem, ja govorim istinu. Sram ih bilo, nek dođu da vide šta su uradili. Nek vidi cela javnost i ceo svet neka vidi šta su uradili od ovog Vukovara, divnog grada, divnog mesta. Srbin sam, i ne bežim od toga! I dan danas žive...evo vidite ovu kolonu. Tu ima i Srba i Rusina i Hrvata i svih. Nas niko nije pito, a svi su oni glasali i za Tuđmana, za njegovu republiku, za Srbiju, za Miloševićevu republiku. Evo vidite, sad prvi put posle tri meseca vidim ovaj kraj ovde. U podrumu smo bili. Kuću da vidite... evo vidite, to je ta mala kućica. Evo ova mala gde su žuti prozori. I ako mi dozvolite samo da odem do kapije da vidim. Ništa više.

DOBROVOLJAC: Ej ne može, ne može sad da ideš.

VLADA: Samo da pogledam od kapije... Dobro ajde, nema problema.

/.../

VLADA: Ljudi, verovali da je ovo pakao, pakao, pakao tri meseca što smo mi tri meseca praživali. Ja ne znam šta je ovo. De da idem? Kažite mi de da idem? Imam majku u Beogradu, osamdeset godina. Kako ću ja, mesto da idem njoj da pomognem, ja idem njoj na teret. Ja bi voleo, samo mi je jedina želja da vidim moju unuku.

NOVINAR: A gde je ona?

VLADA: U Beogradu.

NOVINAR: A što toliko sumnjate da će te doći do Beograda?

VLADA: Ne verujem. Izgubio sam sve poverenje. Poverenje sam izgubio u sve. U sve ljude.

/.../

VLADA: Nije on ranjen, da se razumemo, on je isčaošio nogu.

ČOVEK KOJI PLAČE: Nisam ranjen, nego boli me noga.

JOURNALIST: And have you, have you... /blast/ killed anyone these days?

NATASHA: I would've loved to, I would've loved it like hell, but - you can't see them.

ARKAN: We haven't cut anybody's throat. We have only one who is allowed to cut throats, and that's Gypsy, the dog, who is trained to attack at the word Ustasha. You see. Every Serb will be avenged. I promise you that.

/.../

VUKOVARIAN FROM THE LINE-UP: Give me a cigarette... One, just one. Grandma doesn't smoke.

VLADA: Let the whole Yugoslav leadership see me! Let whole Yugoslavia see me!

CRYING MAN: Shut your big mouth, Vlada.

VLADA: I don't have a big mouth, I'm just telling the truth. Shame on them, let them come and see what they've done. Let the public and world see what they've done to Vukovar, the lovely city, the lovely place. I'm a Serb, and I'm not running from that! They still live... look, this line-up here. There's Serbs, and Ruthenians, and Croats, and all. Nobody's asked us, and all of them voted for Tuđman and his Republic, for Miloševic and his Republic. Look here, I see this region here for the first time in three months. We were in the basement. Come, see the house... Here, see, that small house. The one with yellow windows. If you could only let me to the gate to see it. That's all.

VOLUNTEER: Hey, you can't, you can't go there now.

VLADA: Just a peek from the gate... OK, no problem.

/.../

VLADA: People, would you believe this hell. Hell! We've been through hell for three months. I don't know what's this. Where do I go? Tell me, where do I go? I've got mother in Belgrade, she's eighty. How can I, instead of going there to help her, be a burden to her. I wish, I have this one wish - to see my granddaughter.

JOURNALIST: Where is she?

VLADA: In Belgrade.

JOURNALIST: Why do you doubt so much that you'll reach Belgrade?

VLADA: I don't trust. I've lost all trust. I've lost trust in all. In all people.

/.../

VLADA: He's not wounded, let's get that straight, he's just sprained his ankle.

CRYING MAN: I'm not wounded, I've hurt my leg.

ČETNIK: Odakle ti Zengine čizme?
Odakle su ti Zengine čizme? Idi ga odvedi
tamo malo da...

PRVI ČETNIK: Na ispitivanje.

ČETNIK: Na ispitivanje. Mož da bude moj
rođeni brat... Ja sam brata ostavio na Baniji
mrtvog i nisam mogao da ga izvučem. Ostao je da ga
jedu svinje.

PRVI ČETNIK: Otac mi je pre mesec i po dana u
Belom Manastiru poginuo. Od ovih smradova
ustaških, jebem ih u usta.

ČETNIK: Odakle ti bre čizme ove? Ko ti
je dao, bre? Vojska ti dala? Dala ti u
kurcu vojska! Sad ste svi
naši, jel?

/.../

NOVINAR: Gde je vojska, gde je vojska?

ČETNIK: Sad su svi naši, u pičku materinu. Dala ti
vojska Zengine čizme... Ajmo da ...

NOVINAR: Nemoj da grešiš dušu, bre... Nikad nije
kasno za to, bre.

ČETNIK: Na ispitivanje
sad...

NOVINAR: Pa iščašena mu je noga, noga mu je
iščašena ... Uzmi mu ličnu kartu. Srbin je iz Beograda,
ako on garantuje ...

ČETNIK: Ne, ne on...

NOVINAR: Ali, on je njegov... Evo, daj mu ličnu
kartu...

VLADA: Zapaljeno nam sve...
soliter...

ČETNIK: A odakle njemu Zengine.

NOVINAR: Daj mu, daj mu... Dajte mu ličnu kartu...
Kad on garantuje.

VLADA: Uzmi dokumenta.. Evo ti lična karta... Evo
lična karta, šta god očeš...

ČETNIK: Ovo, ovo...
Šahovnica...

VLADA: Koje šahovnica, de tu ima šahovnica? Nemoj
zajebavati, tu nema šahovnice.

ČETNIK: Koji ćeš ti kurac ovde iz Smedereva, bog te
jebo?

VLADA: Pa ja tebe pitam, ja sam tri meseca zatočenik
ovoga ovde i tvrdim za njega. Ja tvrdim za njega da
čovjek ni kriv ni dužan nije.

ČETNIK NA MOTORU (off): Ajde Vojvodo!

CHETNIK: Where did you get Zenga (*Croat militia*)
boots? Where did you get Zenga boots? Go take
him over there for...

OTHER CHETNIK: For interrogation.

CHETNIK: For interrogation. Even if he was my
brother... I left my brother dead back on Banija, I
could not get him out. He remained there for pigs to
eat his corps.

OTHER CHETNIK: My father got killed in Beli Manastir
month and a half ago. Those stinking Ustashas, fuck
them!

CHETNIK: Where did you get those boots? Who
gave them to you, eh? Has the army given them to
you? The army's given you, my prick. You're all ours
now, eh?

/.../

JOURNALIST: Where's the army, where's the army?

CHETNIK: They're all ours now, fucking hell. The
army's given you the Zenga boots... Let's...

JOURNALIST: For pity's sake, don't... It's never late
for that, man.

CHETNIK: Come on, we'll take you for interrogation
now...

JOURNALIST: He's sprained his ankle, he's sprained
his ankle... Here, take that one's ID card. He's a Serb
from Belgrade, if he guarantees...

CHETNIK: No, not him...

JOURNALIST: But he's his! There, show him your ID
card.

VLADA: Everything was burned down... The sky-
scraper...

CHETNIK: Where did he get the Zenga...

JOURNALIST: Give it to him, give it to him... Give
him the ID... He guarantees.

VLADA: Take the papers... Here's the ID... Here, the
ID... Whatever you need...

CHETNIK: This, this... This is the check-board (*Croat
coat of arms*)...

VLADA: What check-board, where do you see the
check-board? Don't fuck me, there's no check-board.

CHETNIK: What the fuck are you doing here from
Smederevo, fuck you?

VLADA: I'm asking you that, I've been prisoner here
for three months and I claim... I claim that he's inno-
cent.

CHETNIK ON THE MOTORCYCLE: (off) Let's go
Duke!

NOVINAR: Evo ga, ovaj čovek tu, ima ličnu kartu, Srbin. Ako on garantuje da je ovaj bio sa njim tri meseca dole, pa nemojte da mu napravite sad neko čudo.

OFICIR: Molim?

VOJNIK: Ne vode oni njih nigde na neko streljanje...

OFICIR: Ne vodimo mi njih nigde. Mi vodimo vas, brate, da se smestite tamo.

NOVINAR: Pa, to... Za to se pobrinite malo.

OFICIR: Ma ima ko će o tome da razmišlja, ništa se vi ne sekirajte.

ČETNIK: Samo da sam vas je uvatio, pička vam materina... Da sam ih ja uvatio, kako bi otišli ova četvorica na ispitivanje, odma iza ćoške.

CIGANI (pevaju):

Nema više sunca,
Nema više meseca,
Nema tebe, nema mene,
Ničeg više nema jooj!
Pokrila nas ratna tama,
Pokrila nas tama, jooj!
A ja se pitam, moja draga,
Šta će biti sa nama.

MLADI LENKIĆ: I sada držim to ubeđenje do sebe da je bolje ratovati na tuđoj, nego na svojoj teritoriji.

STARI LENKIĆ: A men sramota na tuđu.

MLADI LENKIĆ: Bolje je biti osvajač nego osvojeni.

STARI LENKIĆ: Ja mislim, da ja idem u tvoje dvorište da se svađam, sramota. Nego dođi ti u moje pa da vidiš kako ćeš da prođeš.

MLADI LENKIĆ: Zašto ne uzeti sve to što se može uzeti.

STARI LENKIĆ: Ma mani bre čoveče, ne pričaj svašta.

MLADI LENKIĆ: A osim toga, to je nekad bilo naše, i sami dobro znamo. Ne znam koliko vi poznajete, al ja nešto malo poznajem istoriju.

STARI LENKIĆ: Šta bre ti znaš šta je bilo tvoje!

MLADI LENKIĆ: Sada razmišljajući o tom ratu, mađa veoma malo razmišljam, mislim da nije bio pravedan, ali da se ponovo desi tako nešto slično, opet bi išao u istom takvom ratu.



photo: B. Pantelić

JOURNALIST: Here, this man there, he's got an ID, he's a Serb. If he guarantees that the other one has been with him for the three months down there, don't let them do something to him.

OFFICER: Pardon?

SOLDIER: They're not taking them to no execution...

OFFICER: We're not taking them anywhere... We're taking you, brother, to the shelter there.

JOURNALIST: Well, that... Take some care.

OFFICER: There is somebody to think about that, don't you worry.

CHETNIK: If only I'd got hold of you, you motherfuckers... If only I'd get hold of them, they'd go for interrogation, just round the corner.

GYPSIES (sing):

No more sunshihe,
No more moonlight,
No more you, no more me,
No more nothing, yeah,
The darknes of war is upon us,
Darkness is upon us, yeah!
And I wonder, my darling,
What'll be of us.

LENKICH JUNIOR: I still hold the belief that it is better to have a war on someone else's territory than on one's own.

OLD LENKICH: And me, I'm ashamed to go to someone else's.

LENKICH JUNIOR: It's better to be the conqueror than the conquered.

OLD LENKICH: I think, it's shame for me to go into your yard and start a quarrel, but if you come to mine, you'll see what you'll get.

LENKICH JUNIOR: Why not take everything that you can take?

OLD LENKICH: Go away, you're talking nonsense.

LENKICH JUNIOR: Besides, that used to be ours, we all know that well... I don't know about you, but I know a little history.

OLD LENKICH: What the hell do you know about what used to be yours?

LENKICH JUNIOR: Thinking about that war now - although I seldom think - I think it wasn't just, but if something like that happened again, I would do the same.

STARI LENKIĆ: Zašto nisu tako se dogovorili da, di je kuj nek ostane. Nek ostanu te granice, razumeš. Kake su, nepravedne, nepravedne. A ja znam, čuo sam i verujem u to da je to povučeno ovako otprilike, od oka. Ali kad je tako, tako. Nek ostane tako. Ali da taj Srb in u toj Hrvatskoj ima sva prava njegova.

MLADI LENKIĆ: Nisam ratnički raspoložen ali sam, brate, za ispravljanje tih granica. Ako je neko pogrešio, i nepravedno prema nama pogrešio, dajte da ispravimo to.

STARI LENKIĆ: To bi bilo isto da sad, deda što prodao imanje da mi to povratimo. Da damo malo više para.

MLADI LENKIĆ: Tačno.

STARI LENKIĆ: Pa ne može to! Nema od toga ništa. Ne dadu ljudi.

MLADI LENKIĆ: Sve što je bilo naše vratiti da bude ponovo naše.

STARI LENKIĆ: Možda će te pustiti i da poseješ, tako na silu. Pooreš, poseješ, čutu oni. A kad dođe berba - nema. Pada glava i nema beriket. Ne dadu to ljudi. Kad nasledi neki nešto dedino, on rado gine za to dedino. A dal ga deda iskočko, iskurvo, šta radio, jel dobio to imanje na ono il na ono, da ne pričam baš onako. Svejedno, al unuk ne da dedovinu. Tako i oni. Oni znaju ljudi dokle bilo njino, i će da ratuju ceo vek. I dva veka će da ratuju. Hm, šta možeš.

CIGANI (pevaju):

Mesečina, mesečina, joj-joj, joj-joj!
Sunce sija, sunce sija, joj-joj, joj-joj!
Sa nebesa zrak probija,
niko ne zna, niko ne zna,
niko ne zna, niko ne zna,
niko ne zna šta to sija!

/ciganske trube/

ŽIVOJIN PAVLOVIĆ:

Trunu šljive i orasi,
Mile sine moj,
Nema šljive kuj da bere,
Mile sine moj.

/ciganske trube/

OLD LENKICH: Why didn't they settle so that the borders remain as they were, see. As they are. If unjust - unjust. I know that, I've heard it and I believe it that they were drawn carelessly. But if it is so, then it is so. Let it remain so. But let the Serb in that Croatia have all his rights.

LENKICH JUNIOR: I'm not in favour of war, but I believe that those borders should be corrected. If someone's made a mistake and made it to our detriment, let's correct it.

OLD LENKICH: It would be as if we tried to get back the land the grandfather had sold. Let's pay some more money.

LENKICH JUNIOR: Exactly.

OLD LENKICH: You can't do that. No way. They won't let you.

LENKICH JUNIOR: All that used to be ours should be retrieved.

OLD LENKICH: Maybe they'd let you sow - if forced. You plough, you sow - they don't care. But when harvest time comes... you'll get nothing. You'll get bullet in your head, and there's no yield. People won't allow that. When you inherit from your grandfather, you perish gladly for your grandfather's land. Whether the grandfather got the land by gambling, whoring, one way or the other, if you'll pardon me. It's all the same, the grandson won't let go of his grandfather's land. So won't they. They know what used to be theirs and they would fight over it for a century, for two centuries. Hm, what can you do.

GYPSIES (sing):

Moonlight, is it noon?
Sun shines, is it midnight?
From the sky a ray of light breaks!
No one knows, no one knows,
No one knows, no one knows,
Whence the light comes!

/gypsy trumpets/

ZIVOJIN PAVLOVIĆ: (folk song)

Rotting plums and walnuts
Mile, my son.
No one gathers plums
Mile, my son.

/gypsy trumpets/